

The Force

I was thirteen years old when it happened.

I was in the theater, watching Star Wars, and got completely tripped out during that scene where old Obi-Wan and Luke got pulled over by the Imperial Trooper. Obi-Wan waved his hand and the gonzo in the Styrofoam bodysuit completely forgot what was happening.

The other thing that got me going - maybe not as much, but still - was those slick light sabers; those things were simply too cool, by half. I wanted one. REAL bad.

After I saw the movie about a dozen times, I finally got started on the idea of how something like "the force" could work, and what the hell those light sabers could be. I started trying to read up on anything I could find that might have anything to do with it. Initial progress was pretty good, but when I exhausted the readily available stuff, things slowed down - a LOT.

Hypnotism I picked up pretty quick, learning self-hypnosis easily. It helped me in school by making it easier for me to study and stay calm during tests, but didn't do much to let me control others. But hypnotism led me off to meditation - which helped my concentration - then yoga (which I passed off as a way to avoid injuries on the baseball and basketball teams - I was secure in my place as a good, but not great, player on both teams). There were a limited number of subjects that dealt directly with the mind, so I found myself trying to learn what I could of how the mind WORKED. The only noticeable benefit from that was a distinct improvement in my grades: when you start trying to learn college-level biochemistry, physics, medicine, neurology, and all that kind of stuff, you can't help but show improvement in the latter stages of middle school. Since all my studying and reading was having a benefit on my grades, my folks were content to leave me alone, for the most part. At first, my younger sister - Holly - delighted in harassing me about it, but when it didn't do her any good, and our parents didn't fuss about what I was doing, she soon gave up.

Along with trying to learn how something like Obi-Wan's mind control gig worked, I also got thinking about what a light saber was, and how it could work - and that got me going in electronics and physics. I'm not all that smart, but a lot of this stuff seemed to 'click' with me, and I didn't have that much trouble with it - I mean, both subjects had very distinct, very clear 'rules' that they operated by, and once I learned those rules, it all pretty much fell into place. Hell, a lot of it was pretty interesting, and I found myself spending more and more time learning about EEGs (electroencephalograms), biofeedback, and stuff like that, and less and less on 'the force'.

By the time I got to high school, I had a pretty elaborate electronics setup in the basement - test equipment, parts, tools, and the whole thing. I had part-time jobs with a couple of electronics places in town that kept me in parts and books, plus a little spending money. I wasn't getting rich, by a long shot, but I didn't have to worry too much about going to a

movie or anything, either. I wasn't exactly a nerd, by virtue of being involved in sports, but I wasn't a jock, because I had an interest in this other stuff, too. The net effect was that I had a few close friends - some of the less nerdy brains, and some of the smarter athletes.

The other thing that happened was that my sister, two years younger than I was, started to blossom; then get interested in boys, and going out with her friends. Her almost constant need for money, and my need of test subjects, kind of brought us together - more often that she liked, and not as often as I wanted. The deal was that when I needed a test subject (mapping brain waves, for example) AND she was hard up enough to want the money from me, she would agree to be wired up for an hour or so. I'd get the data I needed, and she'd get the money she wanted. Our folks worried about it at first, but when nobody got hurt (something I was **meticulous** about), and since both of us seemed reasonably content with the transactions, let it go. The testing wasn't difficult - I'd simply paste a number of electrodes to her head, and record the patterns of voltages of her brain waves when I had her think about certain subjects, or how she responded to certain words.

Toward the middle of high school, I'd been able to map brain activity of a number of different people - my sister, of course, along with a few of my friends, a couple of Holly's friends that were more adventurous and tolerant, my folks (only a couple times each, in their desire to make sure I wasn't hurting anyone), and myself.

I was fiddling around with using my computer to overlay the mappings of the different scans I'd done when I suddenly realized that there was a LOT of correlation between what happened in different parts of the brain, and what the person was thinking - and that the more concentrated they were on something, the stronger the signals that their brain put out. The patterns of signals weren't exactly the same, but certainly close - kind of like the way cars travel down a multi-lane highway: no two of them took EXACTLY the same route, but still within a reasonable range of variation.

With that discovery and realization, I started making the effort to find out if there was any way to influence how the mind worked. And that got me back to the subjects of hypnosis, biofeedback, and all the rest. After a lot of designing, testing, and re-designing, I was finally able to come up with a 'helmet' of sorts that fit over my head, and measured the brain activity at certain points that I'd settled on as being important. By using the 'helmet', I was able to gradually develop my mental muscles - in only a few months, I was generating much stronger signals than anyone else that I'd been able to test, and could do it quickly and easily. But I still couldn't do anything to influence other people, on the few occasions that I tried.

But I found that I was able to influence Holly, through the use of the helmet: as an experiment, I tried using it to impress the desired signals on her, rather than simply using it to measure. Initially, I simply tried using it as a transmitter of sorts, to see if I could 'block' the patterns that she developed: when asking her to think of something, I'd apply the voltages for something else, and see how she reacted - usually by getting a confused,

troubled look on her face, as though she couldn't _quite_ get her mind to focus on what I'd asked her. From there, it wasn't long before I was actively asking her what the problem was, and hearing her tell me that all she could think of was whatever pattern I was applying to the helmet.

But there was still the problem of exercising that kind of control WITHOUT the helmet, and I simply couldn't get past that point.

At least, not until I happened to read a couple of VERY different books that, together, led me to a different way of thinking.

The first was a mystical type book - The Third Eye - written by a Tuesday Lobsang Rampa, supposedly a Tibetan that had been able to transfer his spirit from one body to another; the other a science fiction book, The Space Swimmers, by Gordon R. Dickson. In it, the lead character was able to develop a mental construct of the problems he faced, and find solutions using it - as part of a group of people that had a very much heightened sense of awareness of where they were, what was around them, and so on.

It seemed to me that both of these books pointed toward the same general thing: that there **was** a fundamental 'force' or 'being' that ran through all things, and that it **was** possible to become aware of that force.

So back I went to my self-hypnosis, and biofeedback, and meditation, and all the rest of the stuff that I'd started out with - but this time, with the addition of some technology.

Wearing my helmet, I'd put myself into a hypnotic state, and then try to watch the output on my test equipment to see what changes happened as I tried different things. I quickly realized that trying to directly go after something was about as productive as trying to nail jelly to a tree - it simply wasn't going to happen. Something like having someone walk up to you and telling you NOT to think of a polar bear - first thing you do is visualize the damn bear.

What I had to learn to do was to kind of 'ease up' on things - not approach them directly, but at an angle, sort of spiral in on them. Once I learned that technique, it didn't take long for me to refine it, so that rather than spending minutes getting to where I wanted to go, I could do it in a matter of just a few seconds. Goofy as it sounds, if you've ever read the description of how to fly in the Hitchhikers Guide series by Douglas Adams, it was like that - only inside my mind. With the ability to move around established, the next step was to start picking my destinations, and then what to do when I got there.

I was in my 'lab', as the family called it, one evening, and had gotten myself into a free-floating, not-being frame of mind when I started easing toward the idea of seeing if I could 'feel' things around me - and found out that I could. Living, organic things were easiest - bugs, people, wooden desks, anything that was, or had been, alive was easy to 'sense'. Inorganic stuff - steel, electronics, carpet - was harder, but could still be sensed, if in a different way.

The process of developing the ability to sense things was long, but not difficult - it seemed that each time I did it, my 'range' improved, until I could sense everything for hundreds of yards around me. And as my ability to do that improved, it overflowed into my 'real' life - like on the basketball court, I *knew* when someone was behind me, and who it was, and could act accordingly. I still couldn't shoot too well, but was a hell of a passer to the people that COULD hit the hoop.

From the sensing of what was around me, it didn't take me long to develop a 'feel' for the way things interconnected, and what would happen if something changed - a kind of sensing of a 'force' that actually connected everything, and flowed through it. With that, my athletics improved - I KNEW that if I threw the basketball with a certain amount of force in a certain way, it would hit nothing but net; I KNEW that if I waited to throw a baseball a second later, it would get to the second baseman in time for him to tag out the runner coming from first, but still let the other player head for third - only to be trapped into a rundown.

It was when I started trying to draw on that force, that interconnection, that I thought I'd die.

I'd put on my helmet in my lab, and was working on trying to draw on the energy that I could sense. I could 'feel' it getting close, but couldn't quite get it to happen - until I decided to simply open myself to it. When I did that, it felt like a combination of having my body turn to helium, I felt so light, and the pressure in my skull jump to about 50,000 psi. I passed out.

When I woke up, I had one HELL of a headache, and every muscle in my body felt like it had been boiled for use as spaghetti - soft, limp, and weak. All I could do was lay there, gasping, as I tried to sort out what the hell had happened.

When I was finally able to get myself back together, I started looking at the electronic records of what had happened - and found that it could only be described as the mental equivalent of electronic positive feedback. In essence, the outside energy that I'd tapped into had fed back on what I already had and amplified it, letting in more of the outside energy, amplifying what I already had inside, letting in more, and so on. To this day, I'm both amazed and thankful that I didn't burn out some mental circuit.

It was a few days before I dared try it again - and even then with no small trepidation. But I had to *know*.

So I hooked myself up again, but this time, rather than simply opening myself up to all the energy, I visualized a small spigot, and opened *it*, instead.

And it worked.

Even as I could _feel_ the energy entering me, and my mind, I could see the readouts on my test equipment showing that I was generating far and above the normal levels of brain

wave activity. So much so, in fact, that I soon overloaded the machine, and it simply refused to display anything other than error messages.

With that successful experiment, I went on to develop my newfound skills and abilities, and in just a matter of a few weeks, had reached the point where I could 'tap into' it easily, and with a minimum of effort. I even tried experimenting in front of my family, and none of them ever seemed to notice what I was doing.

From there, it was a short hop to finding out if I could apply what I'd learned to people.

My sister's very best friend, Diane, stopped by late one afternoon. She got there a little before Holly usually got home, and she sat in the family room with me, watching TV until Holly arrived. Since I wasn't a pain in the ass kind of brother, I was okay to sit with - for a little while, anyway.

As we sat there, I realized that Diane wasn't bad looking. In fact, she looked pretty damn good: straight dark hair to the middle of her back, brown eyes, clear complexion, full lips, breasts about the size of half-softballs. When she got up once, to get herself a drink of water, I also saw that she had an uncommonly fine ass - tight and firm, that flowed *very* nicely into her long, smooth legs.

When she sat down again, I got the idea of seeing if I couldn't draw on The Force, as I'd taken to calling it, and use it to get her to do something. In just a few seconds, I'd not only visualized the spigot that I drew from; but also visualized the brain waves helmet I used over her head, to help me concentrate on what control points I needed to use.

Thinking back over all the data I'd collected, I brought up the pattern for an itch (I'd seen it often enough), and started to project it toward her. After a few moments, I could see her starting to get mildly uncomfortable, and realized that an itching sensation without a specific spot was pretty useless. Shifting the pattern slightly, I had it seem to be on the inside of her left thigh - and sure as hell, she absently scratched at it.

Okay, maybe a coincidence. So I changed over to a sensation of cold, and moved it to her breasts - and promptly saw her nipples harden under her blouse as she shivered slightly.

I removed the cold sensation, and saw that her nipples gradually disappeared. One final test.

"Diane?"

She turned to look at me, and I asked "Could you do me a favor, and bring me a Coke?", I asked. Normally, she'd just look at me before telling me to get it myself, but I projected the pattern for contentment at her.

After a second, she smiled, and said "Sure, I guess I could do that.", and got up, heading for the kitchen. It worked! I could actually use The Force, the way old Obi-Wan did!

When she came back, I was careful to keep my face impassive, and when she handed the Coke to me, thanked her before she sat down again.

A while later, Holly got home, and the two of them went up to her room for whatever they were up to. It didn't matter to me - I was busy thinking about the possibilities for what I'd just confirmed.

I have to admit that there was a LOT of temptation to just do as I damn well pleased - but a couple of things kept me from it.

First, I still wasn't sure just what I could actually get away with. Sure, I could control people to some extent, but it wasn't like they were zombies, or anything. And besides, I LIVED here - people knew who I was, and where I lived, and who my folks were, and all that kind of stuff. Granted, I wasn't likely to be found out - but why risk it?

Second, I really didn't have any desire to draw attention to myself, or what I could do. I mean, this was the late 70's, right? There were all these stories about stuff the government was doing, and the idea of guys in suits showing up and hauling my ass off to prison, or to just 'disappear', REALLY didn't appeal to me. Paranoia? Sure. Justified? You tell me - I've never pushed it too hard, and never gotten busted.

Anyway, with the discovery that I could manipulate people that way, I was off and running. I'd 'scan' people to see what they were thinking and feeling, and the more I did it, the better I got at it. It wasn't like I could actually read their minds kind of thing. For people that I didn't know very well, it was more of a vague impression of what they were feeling in general - kind of like being able to read their expression, only more so. With people that I **did** know, I could go so far as to be able to get inside their skin, sort of, and experience some of what they were: seeing, tasting, and so on. At the very best, all I could do was get the general drift of what they were thinking, since people think more in images than actual words. Nor could I actually force them, or take over their minds. It was more like I could 'steer' the way they thought, guiding them toward what I wanted.

I'd try impressing sensations and thought patterns on people; gently at first, simply trying to bias them toward one thing or another, then as my skill developed, almost bending them to my will. I never outright 'took over' anyone; instead, I chose to implant reasons and justifications for them to do what I wanted, and used those to make the desired adjustments. Interestingly, when they thought it was their own idea, the changes I made to people seemed to be more effective and last longer.

I was just past 16 when I got to this point, and chock full of hormones and lust - and that made girls my favorite targets. I knew that I could have any girl I wanted, but didn't want to raise too high of a profile; so I contented myself with the 'average' girls at school. Not the cheerleaders or popular girls, but the ones most folks never really noticed; it didn't take me long to lose my virginity to one of them. Whoever I went out with, I'd carefully scan them to see if they were more interested in a good time, or were inclined toward something 'more'. Whichever the case, I'd meet their desires; and as I found out later, it

didn't take long for me to develop a reputation as someone that was 'nice' to go out with - for whatever reason. For the ones that just wanted to have fun, they always went home happy, thanks to my ability to read what they wanted, and give it to them. Those that were more available went home pleasantly satisfied after I impressed one or two orgasms on them along the way to my own pleasure.

Even as I kept myself occupied with the girls at school, I didn't neglect my two favorite subjects: my sister Holly, and her friend Diane. Even two years younger than I was, both of them were knockouts, and I delighted in being able to watch, and manipulate, them. With Holly around most of the time, it didn't take me long to get her 'trained': I could readily scan her, and whenever she had a question or problem, gently insert the thought that I was her older brother, and could maybe help out. Each time it happened, she was that much happier with me, and more willing to seek me out the next time. Along the way, I started calling her 'Pumpkin', as a left-handed compliment about the color of her hair. I also gradually relaxed her toward the idea of letting me see her in progressively more exposed states of dress (or should that be undress?). Dark red slightly curly hair (Dad teased Mom about it for years - neither of them had any known family with red hair), fair complexion (but not the white-with-freckles that so many redheads have), deep green eyes, and slender - but not thin - frame, she was always a cutie. But when she started to sprout parts, well, she just went from cute to cuter: medium-sized breasts, trim waist, and very nicely curved hips and ass.

It was a gradual process, so our folks didn't notice it - particularly since the clothing part of it really only applied when they weren't home, anyway. It also slid by Diane - except for the fact that as my sister's best friend, she would be privy to Holly's thoughts about me, and would be there to see that Holly was patently unconcerned about letting me see her in just a bra and panties, for example - after all, no more was showing than if she was wearing a bikini swimsuit, right? Of course, I was always careful not to take any special notice of those situations - other than to scan Diane, and increase her acceptance of me as a benign presence that only took notice of them as required. It didn't take long before Diane was perfectly comfortable matching Holly's state of (un)dress, and making my life at home **ever** so much more interesting and pleasant.

It was the summer between my Sophomore and Junior years - I'd turn 17 that summer - that it finally really hit me that I was just as willing to jump my sister's bones as I was Diane's - and I began working to make it happen.

In the back yard, we had an above-ground pool, with a nice deck on three sides of it. I was on a chaise, under the claim I needed some sun - but the goal, of course, was to watch Holly and Diane frolicking in their as-small-as-they-could-get-away-with bikinis. The jigging and bouncing and tight, wet suits did wonders for my libido, and it didn't take long before I had to 'sun my back' - that is, hide my erection from them so they wouldn't know I was watching.

A bit later, they decided that some sun was called for, and moved to lie in a couple of chaises on the other side of the 'horseshoe' from me. As they settled in, I scanned them,

and carefully went about making sure they noticed how warm the sun was, and how sensual it felt. In short order, both were feeling mildly aroused by it, and I went on to direct each of them to really notice the other - how their nipples were slightly erect, the smooth skin, the curves of breasts and thighs and asses, and so on. With them aware of each other, I went on to plant the idea in each of them that the other was attractive - with a slight hint of sexuality added. To my surprise, both of them accepted the idea without any fuss.

Over the next half hour or so, I gently and carefully increased the overt sexuality of their thoughts about each other, so that they would accept it more easily - Holly was quite accepting of it, with Diane being only slightly less so. Scanning them almost continuously, I knew that both of them were definitely feeling aroused, and more than a little wet inside at the thoughts I was bringing into their minds.

After a while, I carefully got up, and headed into the house, "for a nap" as I told them. Once up in my room - which overlooked the pool - I carefully opened a window a crack, so I could hear when they started talking, and started inserting images into their minds again. It wasn't long before Holly sat up and asked Diane to put some oil on her - and when Diane agreed, reached behind herself to untie her bikini top, then drop it to the side.

"What are you *doing*?!", Diane demanded.

"I don't want any tan lines."

"But what if Mike comes back out here?"

"Pooh. When he takes a nap, he's good for *at least* an hour, usually more. Besides, if he sees me, so what? It's not like he's going to DO anything. Anyway, it might be kind of fun to see his reaction!", my sister giggled.

Diane got a wicked grin, and followed Holly's example, removing her bikini top and dropping it next to the chaise she was on. With both of them in the sun, it was easy to see how they looked. Holly's breasts weren't as large as Diane's, but still a nice size, generally conical, and capped with small, rosy-pink areolas and smallish nipples. Firm, they didn't sag at all, and hardly jiggled when she moved - and barely even changed shape when she bent over to pick up the suntan oil next to her chaise.

Diane's breasts, though larger, were more rounded, so they didn't seem to stick out as much - clearly, they were just as firm as Holly's. They were tipped with dark areolas and fair-sized nipples which were plainly erect. As early in the summer as it was, both of them still had faint tan lines - Diane's more obvious than Holly's; and somehow, more erotic for the contrast.

Handing the bottle to Diane, Holly turned away so that Diane could apply the oil to her back. I quickly directed Diane to do it slowly, and enjoy the feel of my sister's skin under her hand - and saw her nipples erect even more as she did. While she was busy, I moved

into Holly's mind, and found that she was enjoying Diane's touch. To that, I added a little more pleasure, and some arousal, so that by the time Diane finished, Holly's nipples were clearly hard, too.

At my 'suggestion', Holly turned around, and asked "Do my front, too?" - surprising Diane, and, with my help, pleasing her. Another squirt of oil, and Diane had her hands all over my sister's breasts, feeling their weight and firmness, sizing them with her hands, running her palms and thumbs over her nipples (which hardened even more in response, something that delighted her), and enjoying the feel of Holly's skin under her hands.

Diane continued to rub the oil into Holly's skin well past the point necessary for simply 'helping out'. Only when Holly said "Want me to do you, too?" - Diane easily understood the double meaning - did Diane stop, and after only the briefest pause, hand the oil to Holly.

Holly made no pretense that she was 'just' applying suntan oil - she went straight to Diane's breasts, without a word, cupping them and holding them in the palms of her hands, running her fingers and palms and thumbs over the nipples, and even squeezing them gently.

As Holly ran out of oil, and both of them started to pant slightly, she moved closer to Diane, so that their faces were just a few inches apart. She finally ended her attentions to Diane's breasts, and with a look into Diane's eyes, moved in to kiss her softly on the lips. The kiss lasted only a few seconds, and when it broke, they looked deeply into each other's eyes for several long seconds - before Diane moved forward to kiss her, in return. Their second kiss lasted longer, and as it progressed, both of them reached a hand up to cup the other's breast, and run a thumb over its nipple. I reached out to read Diane, and found that she was not only excited by the kiss, but wanting more from it; I carefully guided her to open her lips, and touch my sister's lips with her tongue - and felt her surprise and pleasure when Holly returned her overtures. It wasn't long before the two of them were engaged in a fierce, if friendly and passionate, tongue duel as they caressed each other's breasts, then bodies.

Only when Holly, under my direction, laid a hand on her thigh did Diane break the kiss, saying "That... that was really...something. I think I'd better take a dip to cool off, before the, uh, sun gets to me" before standing up and moving over to jump into the pool. Holly watched her for a few seconds before getting up to join her; the two of them quickly let the event drop into the background as they went back to splashing each other as they played in the pool for a while before getting back out to lay in the sun again - this time, without any offers or requests for help with suntan oil.

I took my nap, and woke up about an hour or so later. I reached out to them, and had them remember their willingness to tease me by finding out what my reaction would be to finding them both topless on the pool deck. That done, I went downstairs and made a little noise, so they'd know that I was up from my nap, before grabbing a Coke and

heading back out to the pool. I scanned them as I approached, and found that both of them were eagerly waiting to see me freak out (Holly) or lose control (Diane).

I surprised both of them by pausing by where they were laying, and when they looked up at me, simply said "Nice tits" before continuing on my way to set my Coke next to a chaise, then jumping into the pool for a couple of (fairly short) laps. As I swam, I probed them, and found that both of them were disappointed that I didn't have the anticipated/desired reaction, pleased at my comment, and wondering what the hell to do next in response. I planted an idea in Holly's mind, and she quickly huddled with Diane to discuss it - and a minute later, both of them jumped into the pool with me, still topless.

Diane got behind me, and swam underwater to my legs as Holly moved in to try and push me off-balance with Diane's help. Of course, it was my idea, so it didn't work as well as they wanted, and they tried again, and again. Before long, we were playing in the pool, trying to dunk each other in ever-changing two-on-one attacks. Along the way, there was plenty of grabbing and touching, and both of them had more than one feel of my semi-erect penis through my trunks, just as I had more than a few passing feels of their breasts against me, and even in my hands. As long as we were 'playing', none of us made any big deal of it; but my scans of them found that both of them were well aware of my situation, and appreciative of it. They were just as pleased by my 'innocent' contact with them, and slightly aroused by it.

I finally let them dunk me, and with a protest that I was getting tired, I got out of the pool. I was careful to stand in profile as I dried myself off, so that they could see that I was almost completely erect from our play. As I sat down and put my sunglasses on, they whispered with each other, and then casually got out of the pool to take their own seats opposite me, on the edge of the pool - where I could not only see their breasts, but the way their wet suits molded to the curves of their asses, and pubic areas. Both had a distinct line where their cleft was, and the way the suits fit, I could tell that both had nice growths of pubic hair - Holly's being slightly larger.

The pool was toward the side of the house where the garage was, and we could all hear as my folks got home from a small shopping expedition. Both girls quickly moved to put their tops back on, and with them securely in place, looked at me as though begging me not to say anything to Mom and Dad.

Mom came out into the back yard, and after a Look at Holly's suit - Mom was more tolerant of it than Dad, but even SHE thought it was a bit small - asked me "Is everything okay, Mike?"

I assured her it was, and she asked if there had been any trouble; again, I assured her that everything was fine - to the girl's obvious relief. She started to ask me something else, but the phone rang, and she went in to answer it. Diane and Holly both looked over at me, and smiled their appreciation of my covering for them before lying down on their chaises again.

Several minutes later, Mom and Dad came out to the pool, looking troubled. I sat up when I saw them, and when the girls saw me move, looked at them, too, and sat up just as quickly.

With our attention on them, Dad told us that the phone call had been our Aunt Paula who'd called to tell them that our Uncle Jack had been hurt on their farm, and was going in for emergency surgery. Both Holly and I liked Paula and Jack, and immediately asked if he would be okay. Mom looked at Dad, then told us that Jack was expected to be out of the hospital the next day, but that he wouldn't be able to work the farm for several days. Then Dad told us that he and Mom were going to go to Paula and help her out while Jack was out of commission. Holly and I looked at each other, and asked when we were going. Mom told us that it was just them that were going - that Holly and I were to stay home and take care of the place, since there wasn't any way to make arrangements for all of us to be gone on such short notice. Both of us protested, but Dad quickly cut us short, telling us that that was the way it was going to be - and thanking us for wanting to help. Then he told us that he and Mom were going to be hitting the road within the hour, and that they were leaving us some money and one of their credit cards - strictly for emergencies! - to keep us in food and such while they were gone. They also assured us that they'd call us every so often to let us know how things were going.

Holly started to cry a little then, and Diane moved over to hold her, and comfort her; Mom and Dad saw it, and told her that she was welcome to stay with us, if she wanted to, for a couple of days to keep Holly company. Diane nodded at that, but most of her attention was on Holly.

When they headed back inside, I followed them at Dad's gesture, and as they packed, they gave me the 'house rules' for while they were gone - along with \$300 and Dad's credit card. The house rules were pretty simple: 1> no parties, 2> Diane could stay for as long as she wanted, as long as her parents okayed it, 3> no PARTIES, 4> Holly was explicitly prohibited from swimming anywhere but home - neither Mom nor Dad trusted her to wear a 'decent' suit anywhere else without their checking it, 5> NO parties, 6> I was in charge, AND RESPONSIBLE: if they got home and found out that I'd abused my authority, I was dead meat; Holly and Diane would be so informed of this fact - both to encourage them to behave, and to fink on me if I got crazy. Oh, yeah, and rule number six: NO PARTIES! Sending out for pizza and such for meals was okay, as long as we didn't eat the same thing all the time; fast food was okayed, as well, but we were 'encouraged' to eat properly. At that age, Diane and I shared the view that the four food groups were Pizza Hut, McDonalds, Kentucky Fried Chicken, and Taco Bell - with Dairy Queen as a supplement.

By the time they finished, Holly and Diane were both back inside the house, waiting in the kitchen for Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad told them the rules, too, and Diane was a little better able to thank them for the invitation - despite Dad's dirty looks at Holly's choice of swimwear. After hugs and kisses, and a reminder where Paula and Jack's phone number was, and a promise to call if there were any problems, Mom and Dad were back

in the car and on the road - leaving me, Holly, and Diane standing there looking at each other, wondering what to do next.

Diane finally spoke up, saying that she needed to call her folks if she was going to stay, then moving to the phone. Holly and I stood there, openly listening to her as she told her parents what had happened, and about the invitation. They wanted to speak to me, and when I took the phone, asked if it was true. I said that it was, and they quickly asked me to give my aunt and uncle their best wishes, and their approval for Diane to stay with us. As long as she and Holly had been friends, the two of them sleeping over with each other wasn't any big deal; the only thing that made this time special was the duration, and circumstances. I handed the phone back to Diane, and we listened as she told them she'd be fine - she and Holly were close enough to the same size that they could share clothes, and yes, she'd call them if it was going to be more than a couple of days.

That settled, we all decided to grab a shower to clean off from the pool, and get dressed. Being in charge, I got to go first, and I was distracted enough that I made it quick, leaving them plenty of hot water for their shower - which each took separately.

I was in the living room, with the TV on but not watching it, when they came in to join me - one on each side of me, as though for comfort. Diane had been with Holly up to Paula and Jack's farm, and had fallen in love with it, and them, so she felt worried about them just as Holly and I did. We sat like that for a couple of hours, just holding each other, before my stomach let out a loud growl. Diane asked if anyone else was hungry, too, and Holly finally admitted that she was too - but not in any mood to fix anything. Diane said she'd take care of it, for us to go ahead and stay there - she'd call us when it was ready. With that, she got up and headed into the kitchen. A few minutes later, I could smell the tempting aroma of the roast beef Mom had made a couple of days before; and a little while later, Diane told us it was ready. When Holly and I got to the kitchen, we saw that Diane had set the meal up in the breakfast nook - large enough to hold all of us, but small enough to be comfortable. She'd not only heated up the roast beef, but leftover mashed potatoes and green beans. We helped ourselves, and ate, though without the usual banter and appetite that accompanied our meals.

When we were done, Holly and I cleared the table as we usually did, then the three of us got together to do the dishes - I washed, Diane dried, and Holly put things away. We hadn't any more than gotten back to the living room when the phone rang - I beat Holly to it only by virtue of being standing when it rang, while she was already seated. It was Mom and Dad, and they let us know that they'd made it fine, and that Jack was out of surgery. Everything had gone fine, and he would be released to go home the next day; the doctors said he would be back to normal in a week, or so. I relayed the news to Holly and Diane, and both of them started crying in relief as they hugged each other. Mom and Dad said they would be staying with Paula and Jack for three or four days, then heading home; which I also relayed to the girls. Mom asked if we'd eaten yet, and I told her that we'd just finished the roast beef from a couple of nights before. She had trouble believing it, but finally accepted what I told her - after I described the dishes it had been in. Dad told us again to be careful and watch out, but that everything was fine; and repeating

when they'd be home. I let Holly talk to him, then Mom, and when they were done, she hung up the phone. Turning to Diane and me, she said "They just said everything was going to be okay, and for us to take care of ourselves." - then rushed into my arms, as did Diane, the three of us hugging each other in relief.

When we finally separated, both of them blushed slightly, and Diane said "I don't know about you two, but I could go for some entertainment - something to brighten things up around, here, preferably."

Holly quickly agreed, as did I, and after a few minutes discussion, we decided to go to a recently opened video store where our family had an account set up, and rent a couple of movies. Along the way, we were going to stop by Diane's house, so she could get some clothes, and let her parents know that my Uncle was okay.

We could have taken my car - an old '57 Ford Fairlane that I'd worked on to speed it up - but I thought it would look more 'responsible' if I drove my mom's station wagon. We piled in, and headed for the store, where it didn't take us long to settle on a comedy, and to my mixed pleasure and surprise, a horror movie. That done, we stopped off at Diane's house, and as she got some clothes together, Holly told her parents the good news. They seemed a trifle concerned at Diane staying with us, and when I scanned them, found out they were a little worried about whether or not I was mature enough. I casually mentioned that even though Dad had left me his credit card, we'd paid for the movies ourselves, and that I'd driven us to the video store and their house in my Mom's car. That seemed to reassure them, and when Diane came downstairs with a small bag of clothes, they told us to be careful and stay out of trouble - but in a happy, friendly tone that let us know they cared, without being Parental.

We piled back into the car, and when we got home, Diane and Holly immediately demanded that we watch the comedy first. I was fine with that - that meant the horror movie would be the last thing we watched before we went to bed, and I *knew* how they reacted to being frightened.

We quickly got organized for the movie marathon: we agreed to watch it on the floor in front of the couch in the living room, so Holly got some pillows and a couple of blankets to lay on. Diane made a HUGE batch of buttered popcorn as I went around making sure all the doors and windows were locked, at their insistence, and got the TV and VCR set up.

When everything was ready, and all of us seated, I hit the play button on the VCR, starting some old Jerry Lewis thing that soon had us laughing hysterically, tears running down our faces. It probably wasn't really that funny, but after the emotional roller coaster of Uncle Jack, it was more than enough to cheer us up.

When the movie ended, all of us were laying on the floor, our sides sore from laughing so hard. As the VCR switched over to rewind the tape, I said that I was a little warm, and that I was going upstairs to change into something cooler; Holly and Diane both said that

they were going to go ahead and change for bed - they didn't want to waste any time between when the movie ended, and when they felt nice and safe in Holly's bed. I said I'd probably stay up for a bit after the movie, but their idea sounded good - and implanted the idea in them to replay their topless stunt from that afternoon, as a way to tease, and test, me. As the movie rewound, we all headed upstairs to change. I put on a pair of cutoff sweats that I liked to sleep in, and headed back downstairs, where I got the movies changed over, and got us all another drink before dimming the lights for 'atmosphere'.

I was sitting in front of the couch, leaning back against it, when Holly and Diane came in - wearing only panties and a smile. They stood in front of me for a second before and Holly asked "Still think we have nice tits, Mike?", with a grin on her face. With that kind of invitation, I took my time looking them over before answering "Sure - but you're in front of the TV. Plant yourselves, and I'll get the movie started." Both of them blushed slightly, and sat down - one on each side, in anticipation of grabbing me during the scary parts. I started the VCR, and off we went.

Sure as hell, every time there was something scary happening, or something happened real sudden, both of them would grab an arm, and 'hide' behind me while peeking over my shoulder to see what would happen next. I kept my hands to myself, but enjoyed the feel of their bodies pressing against me - and took advantage of the opportunity they presented. *I* didn't think the movie was all that scary, so I scanned them fairly often, and after each scary scene, I'd carefully nudge their fear over into arousal - interestingly, the two patterns are very similar in women, so it wasn't difficult to do. Before long, I could detect the faint, pleasant aroma of excited female from both of them; between it and the feel of their bodies pressing against me, I had a full-blown raging hard-on tenting my sweats. Fortunately, they'd pulled a blanket up to cover their heads with, and it was enough to conceal the bulge.

When the movie ended, both of them were huddled against me, shivering slightly from the adrenaline shots they'd gotten. I calmly announced that I was going to turn the lights out, and go to bed - and if they wanted to see where they were going on the way to Holly's room, they'd better get their butts moving. With considerable trepidation, they got up, letting the blanket fall onto my lap (thankfully), and revealing that both of them had erect nipples, and unless my eyes deceived me, damp panties. They started edging toward the stairs, and I couldn't help but suddenly shout as I slapped both of them on the backside - causing both of them to shriek in fear, and make a mad dash for Holly's room as though the devil himself were after them. Only when I heard them clear the stairs did they realize that it had been me, and Diane called down "Mike, you TURD! I'll get you for that!". My only reply was to laugh, and answer "Not if you scare THAT easy, Diane! Better get in bed before the Boogey Man comes and gets you!" - and reaching into their minds to change the last scare into physical desire.

A minute later, I heard the door to Holly's room open, then shut, and knew that I could get up and finish securing the house for the night without worrying about anyone seeing the log in my pants.

As I headed for the stairs, I got an idea, and grabbed one of the blankets we'd been sitting on, then reached out to Diane's mind to plant an idea.

After climbing the stairs, I tossed the blanket over my head and turned out the lights before heading down the hall. As I got close to the door to Holly's room, I could hear them giggling inside. When I got next to it, it suddenly opened up, and Diane jumped out in an effort to scare me - only to find the undefined shape of something in front of her that suddenly raised it's arms(?) and **lunged** at her. She screamed, scaring Holly, and all but fell over herself to get back into Holly's room - only to hear my laughter as I made my way into my own room. As I closed the door behind me. I could hear her shout "You are such a TURD, Michael!", followed by Holly's laughter.

Once in the sanctity of my room, I lay down, then reached out to find that both of them were suitably buzzed from that last adrenaline rush, and not likely to fall asleep any time soon. Both were also aroused from the effects of the movie - by way of me. With them primed that way, I inserted the memory of their encounter that afternoon, and how it had affected them; both recalled it with pleasure, and I went on to insert the desire to not only repeat it, but to let it continue past it's previous point. Between the adrenaline rush they'd just gotten, and the fear-turned-arousal of the movie, both were quite open to the idea; so I went on to plant the thought of relieving themselves, and each other, of the tension they felt. Holly was pretty much agreeable to the idea, but uncertain as to Diane's willingness; when I scanned Diane, she seemed hesitant. Further probing revealed that the idea of intimacy with another girl made her worry that she was lesbian, even though she thought of boys, too. I carefully brought out the idea of making out with boys, and even having sex with them, into her mind. That established, it was on to help her realize that if she was thinking of boys first, she couldn't possibly be lesbian - lesbians didn't think of boys at all, that way. So, as long as she thought of boys, then anything she did with a girl was just 'feeling good', and nothing to worry about. While I was at it, I made sure that when she had a thought of making out or having sex with a boy, it would be ME that she thought of - and then did the same to Holly.

With both of them now open to the idea of intimacy with each other, I continued to scan them as they moved to 'go to bed', though sleep was the farthest thing on either's mind.

With a little effort, I found that could split my attention between them; the effect was that I could 'watch' them from each other's perspective - even as one of them was doing something, I could simultaneously experience it from the other's view. It was both a little frightening, and erotic as hell.

After they'd lie down and pulled the covers up, they lay there for a while, talking about the movies, and what had happened during the day - while carefully avoiding the subject of what had happened between them next to the pool. Neither of them was willing to bring it up directly, so I gently nudged Holly into saying something to open the subject up between them.

"I really appreciate you staying here with me tonight. Especially after that MOVIE! It almost scared the pee out of me!", she said.

"I'm glad to be here, too - even if Mike DID scare me so bad out there in the hall, and after watching THAT movie. Damn right it was Friday the 13th - for a whole LOT of people!"

"Yeah! Still, it feels good to have you here with me - now I've got somebody to hide behind if anyone shows up!", Holly teased.

Diane got a play-indignant look on her face, and reached out to try and tickle Holly - who expected it, and resisted. In short order, they were wrestling playfully, and had pushed the bedcovers out of the way; and not long after that, they'd worked off some of the adrenaline in their systems, and calmed down enough to lie next to each other, touching.

Holly had her hand on Diane's waist, and softly stroked it a few times before saying "Your skin is so soft and smooth; it really surprised me this afternoon - you know, out by the pool."

Diane blushed slightly, and replied "I was kind of surprised, too. I mean, I really didn't expect you to just take your top off like that; and then when you turned around and asked me to do your front, well it just surprised the hell out of me!"

"But you did it. And it felt good. Really good.", Holly responded, her nipples erecting slightly.

"It felt pretty good to me, too - both ways.", Diane answered, noticing Holly's reaction, and mirroring it.

Holly moved forward, and kissed Diane on the lips - and this time, there wasn't any delay or hesitation; Diane willingly parted her lips, and the two of them began kissing deeply, and passionately as their hands began to again explore each other's bodies. Waists, arms, breasts, and shoulders, everything above the waist was fair game; at least, at first. But it was Diane that was the first to reach down to touch Holly's thigh - first on the outside of one, then the inside of the other. Encouraged by Diane's advances, Holly didn't delay in starting her own explorations. Laying her hand on Diane's hip, Holly enjoyed the smooth softness of it before sliding her hand down and back, to cup Diane's ass cheek in her hand before caressing it, and giving it a number of soft squeezes.

From Diane's ass, Holly moved on to caress the inside of her thigh - first near Diane's knee, then slowly upwards, until she was lightly touching Diane's pubis. At that point, Diane took her hand gently, and said "Just so you know - that movie got me really hot. I mean, I'm pretty wet inside, so you don't have to, uh, do anything if you don't want to."

Holly just smiled at her, then replied "It's okay. It did the same thing to me. If you don't mind, I don't! It might even be kinda fun to, uh, get off with each other, you know?"

With that, Diane released Holly's hand - which promptly moved up to cup her sex, pressing her middle finger against Diane's cleft through her panties. In response, Diane did the same to her, so the two of them they lay there with a hand at each other's crotch as they began kissing again.

As their kisses intensified, both of them began rubbing each other's mounds, focusing mostly on the other's clitoral area. It didn't take long before both felt as aroused and wet as they'd ever been - and both were fully aware of the other's aroma, as well as their own. A few minutes later, Holly broke the kiss to say "I... I want to feel you. Skin to skin. Let's take our panties off!"

Diane answered by saying "No - let's take *each other's* panties off!", with a grin. Holly quickly nodded her agreement, and pivoted herself so that her head was at Diane's hips, and lay on her side as she reached out to slide her fingers under the waistband of Diane's panties - even as Diane was doing much the same to her. By unspoken agreement, they each slid the other's panties down, revealing the other's pubic bush, before continuing to slide them down smooth, firm thighs, past nicely turned calves, and further; until both lay there, naked, facing the other's downy pubic mound.

Holly was first to raise her leg, and place her foot behind her bottom leg, opening herself to Diane's view - and a moment later, Diane did the same. With their panties off, and legs parted, the heady aroma each had noted became even stronger, drawing their faces closer to the other's mons. With a glance at each other, they moved their heads forward, Diane examining the parted lips and glistening center of Holly's femaleness, even as Holly was making the same discovery about her.

I scanned each of them in turn, so as to 'see' what they did: Holly saw a narrow wedge of dark, short, soft hair that ran from just above Diane's pubic bone to taper off quickly as it passed her vaginal opening. Diane's labia were thin, and well-defined; parted around her vaginal opening which all but drooled her liquid arousal. Diane's clitoris wasn't fully visible, but clearly erect. For her part, Diane faced a tuft of rust-red hair, somewhat sparse and slightly curled, that started at Holly's pubic bone and ended abruptly just past the bottom of her opening. Holly's labia were of medium thickness, and extended, making them plainly visible through her hair. They were also well-parted, framing the obviously wet opening of her vagina. Where they came together at the top, they neatly flowed under the hood of Holly's clitoris, which was fully erect, and glistening.

Holly was the first to reach out, softly running her fingertips through Diane's bush, finding it soft and sensual; Diane quickly followed her example to discover much the same about Holly's intimate down. Then she went on to gently trace a finger between Holly's labia, pausing to press softly at Holly's entrance, and getting a gasping moan for her efforts. She dipped a finger into the wetness she found. When she withdrew it, Holly looked at her, and she returned the look as she pointedly put the finger in her mouth, tasting Holly's salty/musky essence. Holly's eyes closed for several seconds as a wave of excitement washed over her. Then, as Diane watched, Holly did much the same, drawing a finger between her vaginal lips, collecting a fair sample of Diane's oils on her finger

before looking into Diane's eyes as she slowly wrapped her lips around it and sucked it into her mouth, her eyes widening as she discovered the earthy/sweet taste was as good as the smell.

When she'd cleaned her finger of Diane's essence, Holly didn't hesitate to put her face between Diane's legs, and extend her tongue to draw it slowly, and gently, across Diane's opening - and drawing a moan from Diane as her legs quickly parted to make her sex more accessible to Holly. A few more swipes of Holly's tongue, and Diane finally got herself together enough to reciprocate. In less than a minute, both were avidly licking at each other's opening, savoring the nectar they found; and delighting in the sensations they were receiving. A few minutes later, both were gasping and moaning in desire and pleasure as they quickly brought each other to an ever higher level of arousal.

It was Diane, again, that took the next step in their increasing intimacy and pleasure by extending her efforts to include Holly's clitoris - first licking across it, and when Holly responded favorably (!!) and did the same to her, went on to use her tongue to massage it, and then put her lips around it and suck on it gently. Holly readily followed her lead, and the two of them seemed to feed off each other (pun intended), their excitement and lust steadily increasing.

While Diane was the more sexually inquisitive of the two, the one who tended to move first, Holly was the more enthusiastic, the more 'intense' - and it was Holly that managed to bring Diane to orgasm first - a fast, hard one that left her gasping as she quickly applied herself to bringing Holly to release as well. She succeeded, admirably - Holly found herself going through a deep, intense, LOUD release.

With the noise, I had an excuse to look in on them, and quickly went to Holly's door. I knocked briefly, and after a couple of seconds, opened it, to find the two of them laying on the bed, on their backs, faces shiny with each other's juices - and the smell of aroused female thick in the air. When the door opened, both turned to look at me, and it took them a couple of seconds to realize who it was - even when they did, they were too wasted on after orgasm glow to much care.

I just looked them over before saying "It's cool if you want to get off - just keep the noise down, okay?"

Both eventually managed to nod, and I went back out into the hall, closing the door behind me. Shortly after I heard it latch, I heard them start giggling on the other side.

I was in the kitchen late the next morning, waiting for the coffee to finish brewing (I'd started drinking it the previous winter), when they came in. Both were dressed only in panties, and neither *seemed* to have the slightest concern about it - but when I scanned them, both were mildly worried that I might say something about it. The view was nice, so I didn't.

Both rattled around the kitchen for a minute or so before Diane turned to me to ask if I'd had breakfast yet. I told her no, and she and Holly went into a huddle for several moments before she turned back to me and offered to make breakfast for ALL of us. I was being included 'for being so cool last night'. I accepted, and after a brief discussion, we settled on French toast.

After breakfast, we sat around for a while before changing into our suits and heading out to lie around on the deck, next to the pool. Diane and Holly both showed up wearing only their suit bottoms. As the day warmed up, we all took turns taking brief dips into the pool - until mid-afternoon when Holly quietly announced that she didn't want ANY tan lines, and took off her swimsuit bottoms. A couple of minutes later, Diane did the same - and a couple minutes after THAT, both started teasing me about not following their example. I listened to it for a while before finally standing up and calmly dropping my suit before laying back down on the chaise I was on - face up, my feet toward them as they sat there in stunned silence. I scanned them, and found that both were extremely surprised that I had actually done it - and aroused at the sight of my semi-erect penis.

It was maybe half an hour later when the two of them jumped into the pool to cool off; I heard them whispering a bit, and then heard some splashing before I was suddenly hit with a wave of water they'd managed to generate. The water was more than a little cool, and I quickly sat up to their amused laughter. I gave them a play-dirty look, and said "Do that again, and you WILL be sorry!". They shared a look, and promptly splashed me again; my response was to release a low war-cry as I stood, then moved over to jump into the pool with them. Both shrieked, and headed for a different part of the pool, but it didn't do them any good - I was both bigger than they were, and a *much* better swimmer; it didn't take me long to catch each of them and dunk them by tossing them into the air to fall back into the water.

Their response was to try and gang up on me to dunk me, too. They succeeded a few times, but not nearly as much as they'd have liked. I scanned them, and found that they weren't trying to actually dunk me all that hard - they were less interested in the results than the process: they were having more fun touching me, and rubbing up against me, in the EFFORT to dunk me. Truth be told, I felt pretty much the same way - it was *way* more pleasurable holding their naked, slippery bodies against mine as I tried to get enough of a grip on them to dunk them.

Things eventually cooled off as far as dunking was concerned, but there still remained a policy of grope-and-release - and all of us took full advantage of it, copping feels, fondling anything we could lay hands on, and just generally rubbing against each other. It didn't take me long to sprout an erection, which quickly became the focus of their attention, though they didn't ignore my ass or chest or legs. Nor did I ignore theirs!

I think we all decided pretty close to the same time that things were getting a bit too intimate, and that we'd better cool things off; finally breaking apart to get out of the pool, and lay on our respective lounges to warm up from the water, and cool off from the

contact. None of us was bashful about eyeballing the others, enjoying the views we saw, though.

The rest of the day went by without any more group-gropes of that magnitude; that's not to say that there wasn't more than a little grab-ass at various points - just that we were careful to keep it playful, not passionate.

As afternoon turned into evening, we made our way back into the house, in search of food. None of us had any interest in the few leftovers in the fridge, and quickly agreed on pizza - and took much longer to settle on the toppings. As we waited for it to be delivered, we decided that we'd better get dressed; Diane and Holly put their swimsuits back on while I headed upstairs to put on some jeans and a shirt.

When we'd finished eating, I pointed out that we could take the movies back, and get a couple more; the girls quickly agreed, and went upstairs to change so they could go with me - somehow, I doubted the video store would fully appreciate a couple of nubile young teenyboppers marginally dressed in bikinis of questionably legal sizes.

The rest of the evening went pretty much the same way as the one before - me in my cutoff sweats, them in panties only. This time, though, rather than trying to hide behind me, they pulled my arms around them - giving me ample opportunity to feel their warm, smooth, firm bodies against mine. Again, I reached into their minds, and changed their fear into arousal - and was rewarded with 'casual' touching of their breasts as they held my hands to their chests.

When the movies ended, we cleaned up the living room, and went to bed - in our own beds. I scanned them for a little bit, and was 'present' as they started another 'encounter'. One they managed to keep down to a dull roar as they brought each other to orgasm.

The rest of the time our folks were gone, Diane, Holly, and I spent plenty of time together - swimming, sunbathing, watching movies, and so on. Clothing was way casual, but nudity wasn't out of the question, either. We also continued to 'play' with each other - touching, fondling, and groping as we played in the pool, watched movies, and so on, though it never reached the same 'intensity' as that first afternoon we were on our own.

Our folks got home as planned, and were pleasantly surprised to find the house clean and undamaged, no reports of riots, no fights, no parties, and that we'd apparently eaten properly. They got their \$300 back along with Dad's credit card; he seemed pleased that we'd been as responsible as we had. Both of them also seemed curiously refreshed, considering why they'd been gone.

As the summer progressed, so did the intimacy between Diane and Holly - and between them and me. It didn't take long before it wasn't any big deal for one of us to see any of the others nude - mostly me and Holly, but when she was around, Diane, too. And it

didn't take us to be comfortable with casual touching; none of us hesitated to play with one or both of the other's asses, and it was fine with them if I wanted to cop a feel - as long as it wasn't someplace public or where someone might see; and naturally enough, I was cool with them reaching down to check me out, as well. Scanning them, I knew damn well that they would sometimes use ME to get _each other_ worked up. They were even willing to sit on my lap for a little mutual touching when they got to the point of coming to me with their 'boy questions', as they called them. They had finally been allowed to go out on group dates with boys, and were frequently confused and/or offended by some of the actions taken by the guys they met; they'd come to me with questions about what was so-and-so doing, what was he trying to prove, etc. My two-year age advantage made me close enough in age to be able to understand their questions and answer them, but still old enough not to be guilty of the offenses. Those questions frequently turned into discussions that occasionally turned into requests for me to 'speak' to the guilty party - something I did with great pleasure. There were seldom second offenses, and NEVER a third. And I only had to pound one of the little shits into the ground. After that, word spread real fast that when Holly or Diane said 'no', 'no' it was.

Of course, we all kept all this pretty low-key around Mom and Dad, and other people; but when we were alone, things were WAY more relaxed and intimate.

In August, Mom and Dad made arrangements for a vacation - they were going to go on a cruise, while Holly and I were to go up to Paula and Jack's farm. Holly brought up the question of whether Diane could come along, and after checking with Jack, got her request approved. Jack and Paula didn't have any kids of their own; something to do with Paula from what I'd heard Mom and Dad saying a few times, but they loved each other, and us. Whenever we went up to their farm, they made sure that we had something to do to help out with the chores, but they didn't try to work us to death, either - it was more like "Mike, I need you to get that hay up into the loft in the next couple of days", and then Jack would leave me alone to do it. I'd get it done before the deadline without having to rush, and he'd have something else for me - but never anything that I couldn't take a little time to get finished, so that I had plenty of time to relax and have fun. It worked the same way with Holly and Diane: always something to do, but nothing they needed to hurry at. Of course, we all still helped out with the regular stuff: collecting eggs from the chickens, helping with milking the cows in the evening (mostly directing traffic; the cows seemed to know what was going on better than we did), helping with meals and laundry, and so on. I think they did it as much to be able to tell our folks that we 'helped out', as to keep us from getting bored.

They were also a lot more tolerant of what we wore when we went down to one of the stock ponds to swim in the afternoons. The first time, Aunt Paula kind of gave Holly and Diane the fisheye when she saw the suits they were wearing, but when I didn't seem to notice or care, didn't say anything - with my help, of course. Nor did Uncle Jack (again, with my help) when he was driving by on the tractor (the one piece of Big Farm Machinery I could correctly identify 3 times out of 4). The only time it came up was a couple days later, at supper. We were having some of Aunt Paula's incredible fried chicken (I've never found anything even CLOSE to it), when he said to Holly and Diane

"You girls are starting to get some kinda grewed up", before turning to me and asking "Don't you think, there, Mike?". I glanced at them, and said "Yeah, I suppose", before starting to wrap myself around another chicken thigh. My apparent indifference to them seemed to satisfy him, and after that, neither he nor Paula said another thing to any of us about it - or the time we spent at the different stock ponds and tanks on their property. We were always careful to use one of them that the animals wouldn't be near - not out of any fear of the animals or anything like that, but simply because none of us had any particular desire to go swimming in horse slobber, or have to walk through cow flop to get there. Yeah, I know, typical city-kid attitudes. So? We WERE city kids, and didn't see any particular merit to communing with nature THAT close.

Uncle Jack wasn't a lazy man, by any stretch of the imagination - but he was careful to work SMART. He'd set the stock tanks up so that they were pretty much grouped together: where different areas came together, he'd put the tanks in the corners, so that there was only the one water pump and a little piping involved. That meant that while us kids were in one tank, the animals might be in one or more of the fields next to us, generally not too far from the water. The net result was that whenever one of the males felt a little frisky, we were there to watch as he started trying to romance a female - and more than once, watched as they bred.

As a teenage male, the effect on me was involuntary - I couldn't HELP but sprout an erection; the girls invariable noticed, and with only a little help from me, soon felt their own arousal at the shows we got.

So when the three of us watched a stallion breed a mare, all three of us made a rapt audience for his 'performance'. A quick scan of Diane and Holly showed that they were about as excited as I was at the show.

I took the opportunity to plant an idea in Diane's mind, since she was the more adventurous of the two: the idea was that SHE wanted to get at least a *little* bit of an idea of what the mare was feeling.

She surprised the hell out of Holly when she reached under the water to pull off the bottoms of her suit, laying them on the side of the stock tank. Holly looked at her, and asked "Diane! What are you *doing*?!"

Diane answered Holly while looking straight into my eyes: "I want to know what it's like for that mare when the stallion is on her. I want Mike to put his finger in me."

"But why MIKE? Why not just use your *own* finger?", Holly asked, still shocked.

"Because I don't think my finger is big enough. Mike's hands are *way* bigger than mine, but not so big they'll hurt me. And I trust him not to try to, uh, do anything more."

Holly looked at me, and I scanned her to discover that while she was shocked at the idea, she was also a bit excited by it. It didn't take much to make her a willing observer, and even start her thinking about the idea herself.

I asked Diane what she had in mind, and she told me "I want you to put your hand between my legs, and kind of, uh, play with me a little bit. When I tell you it's okay, you can put your finger in me - but go slow, so if it starts to hurt or anything, I can tell you. I know you've been out with other girls, so you know what to do; just remember that I'm still a virgin, okay?"

I nodded, and turned myself so that I was crouching at the side of the tank, kind of propped up against it. Diane hesitantly came over to stand in front and to the side of me, and nodded to me when I looked into her eyes. With her ready, I carefully reached forward to lay my hand on the outside of her mound, getting a good feel of the soft hair of her bush for the first time.

I slowly drew my fingertip across the outside of her mons, and heard her gasp softly as it crossed the nubbin of her clitoris. Extending my finger, I curled it again, letting the end slip between the delicate folds of her labia - and watched as she bent her knees and spread her legs to give me better access to her opening. I finished moving my finger by letting it softly press against her clitoris again, and her moan in response. When Holly heard that, she moved over to stand next to us, looking down to where she could see my hand between Diane's thighs.

The third time I lay my finger along Diane's cleft, I deliberately left it laying there, pressed against her - waiting to see what she would do. She surprised me by reached down to lay her hand on where my erect penis was tenting the front of my suit, telling me "I... I want to touch you, too..." as she looked into my face.

I told her "Go ahead, then, if you want to!", and after only a moment's hesitation, she moved her hand to slide it into my suit, holding me in her hand. When she realized that she couldn't really feel - or do - much that way, she pulled her hand back out, and then used both of them to pull my suit halfway down my thighs. I heard her and Holly both gasp when my erection popped free to stand out in front of me - the water in the tank was almost perfectly clear, and they could easily see it.

With me fully exposed to her touch, she quickly took me in her hand again before arching her back slightly to press herself against my hand. With that simple request, I let my fingertip begin probing at her entrance. I started gently and carefully, because as she'd reminded me, she was a virgin, and the last thing in the world I wanted to do was hurt her - in ANY way. Second, I figured if I could make her feel good, Holly would know it, and be more agreeable to letting me get my hands on her, too.

At first, all I used was the first digit of my finger, pressing into her slightly to make sure she was open, and wet, enough inside for me to continue.

As I carefully pressed my finger farther into her, I ran into the slight obstruction of her maidenhead. "Ran into" is probably the wrong term, though: because I was being so slow and careful, it was more a case of discovery. When I got to it, I was extremely careful not to do anything that would hurt or frighten her - the way she was holding my erection, and investigating it with her fingers felt too damn good for me to want to do anything that might make her stop. A little careful investigation of what lay at the end of my fingertip, and I found that her 'cherry' wasn't a single, continuous piece of skin. Instead, it was more of a ring of thin tissue - open in the middle, but still enough of an obstruction that I'd have to be careful if I was to get past it. It felt soft and flexible enough that I thought I could get more of my finger into her if I took it slow.

The feeling of me sliding my finger around in her was apparently having its effect on Diane - she was softly panting as she slowly wiggled her hips in pleased response to my probing. Holly and I could both easily see that her nipples were hard and erect, with her areolas crinkled and puckered in her excitement.

I started pressing against her hymen like I was doing a stretching exercise: keeping a steady gentle pressure on it while rhythmically pushing it a little harder. After a few times, I thought I could feel it stretching a bit, so I kept going - Diane was FAR from indicating any pain or discomfort from what I was doing. If anything, her body was telling me to keep at it: she'd developed a blush across the upper slopes of her breasts and on her face, and she was pressing right back against me each time I pushed on her maidenhead.

As I was doing this, I looked over at Holly; I saw that her eyes were going from where Diane was slowly stroking my erection to where my hand was between Diane's thighs, and back again. Her nipples were almost as erect as Diane's, and as I looked at her, I saw her arm start to move. It was as though she wanted to reach out to where Diane had hold of me, but was still afraid to actually let herself do it. I scanned her, and saw that that was almost exactly the situation: the only thing stopping her from doing it was the fact that I was her brother. I brought up the memory in her that she'd already had a few passing feels of me before, when we'd been in the pool; that seemed to give her something to work with.

While I was at it, I went on to scan Diane; what I found there was that she actually was feeling a little mild discomfort, but that the pleasure of what I was doing to her - and the thrill of what she was doing to me - had more than compensated for it.

Realizing that I had a little more leeway in how fast I went, and how hard I 'pushed' her, I increased my efforts to get past her cherry - and a minute later, did, feeling it as the opening of it slid past the tip of my finger to about the middle of the first digit. I immediately stopped, even as Diane gave a small squeak of mixed surprise and pain.

She moved her eyes from my penis to my face, and I asked her "Are you okay? Do you want me to stop, or pull it out of you?"

She thought it over for a moment, then said "No, you're okay. It only hurt a little bit, for a second. Just go a little slower now, okay?"

I assured her that I would, and when I didn't do anything to move inside her for a few seconds, her attention went back to where she still had her hand wrapped around my erect penis.

When I felt her moving her hand on me again, I carefully slid my finger out of her a little ways - letting the opening in her cherry shrink back a little bit. Then I slowly slid my finger into her again, feeling it as the ring of her hymen slid down my finger until it got to the first knuckle. I stopped there, so that both of us would have a little more time to let her opening stretch. I slid my finger back out, then in again; this time, it seemed a little easier to do, even though I still stopped when I got to my knuckle. Another out, and back in; only this time, I let my finger slide into her enough that I felt the inside ring of her hymen slip past my knuckle. She didn't seem to feel any discomfort from that, so that was the pattern I started following: pulling my finger part way out of her, then sliding it back in just a little farther than it had been before. That way, I was able to not only stretch the opening of her cherry, but the movement of my finger sliding in and out of her helped get her excited, making what I was doing even easier.

Of course, there finally came the point where both of us felt my finger slip into her all the way, filling her completely. When it happened, I simply stopped, waiting to see what she wanted to do, or wanted ME to do. I wasn't surprised when she stopped sliding her hand and fingers along my erection; what DID surprise me was the look of absolute delight and satisfaction that she got as she simply stood there, straddling my hand. She got a far-away look in her eyes, and Holly had to speak her name several times before she came back to our planet.

"What does it feel like?", Holly asked.

Diane smiled, and said "It feels *wonderful*. It's like I suddenly found a piece of me that I didn't even know was missing."

"It doesn't hurt?"

"Oh, no! It feels *great*!"

Holly got a slightly envious look on her face as she watched Diane slowly raise herself up a bit; I took that as my cue to slide my finger back out of her - but only about halfway, before easing it back into her. Holly watched all this, and saw Diane's smile get even wider as my finger filled her again.

A few seconds later, I did it again; and a few seconds after that, another time, a little more quickly. Each time, Diane's please smile got wider; and each time, it got easier for me to do. Over the next couple of minutes, I very gradually increased the speed that I let my finger move in her while I let the length of the stroked increase, too. By the time I got

to the point that I was moving in her almost constantly, she had a very distinct blush on her face and shoulders, and she was panting and gasping as her pelvis moved in time with my hand.

Diane had put one hand on my shoulder to help steady herself as she held my erection in the other, so I was pretty surprised when I felt another hand touch my penis. I looked down to see that Holly had finally gotten past her mental block, and had moved to find out for herself what an erect male penis felt like - even if it WAS her own brother's. She'd also taken off the bottoms of HER suit, as well.

With Holly's hand moving on my erection, it wasn't as much of a surprise to me when I felt her use her other hand to pull mine down between her thighs. Again, I lay it against the outside of her mons, delighted at the soft mass of her rust-red bush.

Needing to put my attention on Holly, I gradually let Diane take control over how my finger moved in her: as my hand slowed, her movements increased, so that finally, my hand held still, with Diane sliding herself up and down my extended finger. She also took the opportunity to reach behind herself to unfasten the top of her suit, and pull it off, setting it next to where she'd put the bottoms.

Able to focus on Holly, I let my finger slip between her inner lips, feeling how slick and oily they were. Though she was only slightly shorter than Diane, Holly was a *lot* smaller inside. As I eased the end of my finger into her, I scanned her, and found her to be extremely turned on by what I was doing - and the fact that it was ME doing it. She was more than willing to accept some discomfort along the way if it meant she could experience anything close to what she could tell Diane was feeling.

Holly was a lot tighter inside than Diane, but she was also a LOT wetter. That made it easier for me to twist my finger a little bit to spread her oils around, so that I could ease some more of my finger into her. Another scan of her, and I knew that she wasn't having any problems - at ALL - with what I was doing. I eased my way into a little further, and came to where her cherry blocked me. Doing things a little differently for Holly, I slid my finger in and out of her several times, making sure that it was well-lubricated with her juices before pressing against her hymen - and feeling it quickly and easily slide past the end of my finger. She gasped slightly when it happened, and I stopped to scan her again, discovering that she wasn't the slightest bit uncomfortable - rather than feeling anything like that, all she felt was pleasure, and desire for me to continue.

I backed my finger out of her a little ways, then pressed it back in; again, the opening in her hymen easily stretched to fit around my finger, then slide down almost to the second knuckle. Amazed at how easily she was taking me, I withdrew again to spread her wetness around before pressing in again. This time, the rest of my finger slid into her easily, so that the elastic opening of her vagina was wrapped around it, down near my hand.

Another scan of her and I knew that what she felt was almost exactly what Diane had: that all she felt was the pleasure of having something long and hard filling her womanhood, scratching an itch she hadn't been fully aware of. For me, it felt like my finger was in one of those Chinese finger traps, the kind that only get tighter when you try to pull your fingers apart - except that this trap was hot, and wet, and SO much tighter. And it belonged to my own sister.

I could feel the small pea of her clitoris pressing against my hand at the base of my finger; I let it stay there as I used the ample lubrication she was producing to lubricate my finger, making it possible for me to start sliding my rigid digit in and out of her female treasure.

In short order, Holly was as excited and aroused as Diane was; both of them had a hand on my erection, working together to explore and examine my manhood as I pleased both of them in return.

With both of them gasping and panting as I thrust my finger in and out of their openings, I leaned forward a bit to kiss Diane - who didn't hesitate to kiss me right back, meeting my tongue with hers. When our kiss broke, she looked into my eyes with a new awareness of me; a quick scan let me know that for the first time, she was thinking of me as a sexual being - and a potential partner. As Holly watched us, she, too, took off the top of her suit, leaving her as naked as Diane.

I kissed Holly next, and she eagerly opened her mouth when my tongue touched her lips, using her tongue to duel with mine as we tried to check each other's tonsils. I scanned her, only to find out that she didn't *care* who she was kissing, or whose finger was inside her - all that mattered to her was how *good* it felt to her. With that discovery, I didn't hesitate to lower my head when our kiss ended, taking one of her delightful nipples into my mouth and sucking on it in time with my penetration of her young womanhood. In only a few seconds, I felt it harden under my tongue even as I felt her internal muscles clutching at my finger. With one nipple as hard as I could get it, I moved on to the other; in even less time, it was as hard and erect as the first.

When I released the tip of Holly's breast from my lips, I raised my head and saw that her firm young breasts were swaying _ever_ so slightly in time with her gyrations on my finger. I looked over to Diane, and saw that she was as fascinated by the sight as I'd been - and when she saw me looking at her, pleaded with her eyes for me to do the same to her.

Diane watched, mesmerized, as I leaned forward and lowered my head to take the tip of her breast between my lips - pulling her areola and nipple into my mouth to gently 'chew' on them with my lips as I repeatedly flicked my tongue across her pencil-eraser sized nipples, making them stick out even further as her areola puckered in response to my sucking.

As I was doing that, I carefully scanned her; when I 'saw' that she was ready, I switched over to do the same things to the other breast. I was deliberately responding to her internal wishes and desires - I'd found out with other girls that working that way, it made me seem to be more of a perfect lover to them, increasing not only their pleasure at what I was doing, but increasing their satisfaction with me. And the more satisfied they were with me, the greater my chances of getting into the same situation with them again.

As I was giving Diane's breast a thorough tongue bath, I felt Holly tighten around my finger before she released a deep groan as an orgasm took her over. Diane and I could both hear it as Holly moaned in time with what was obviously a deeply satisfying release.

Holly's orgasm was apparently more than enough to give Diane the push she needed; even as I felt Holly gently push my hand out from between her firm thighs, I felt Diane increase her motions on the finger I had buried in her. When I went back to sucking on her breasts and nipples, I could feel her actions increase even more, and less than a minute later, felt her vagina start fluttering around my finger as she nearly screamed her release.

Diane's hands stopped their movement on my penis as her orgasm was washing through her; when it finally ended, she slowly collapsed. I quickly - but gently - withdrew my finger from her, so that I could hold her in my arms as she recovered from what was clearly a powerful experience for her. I was more than a little pleased by the feel of her firm breasts pressing into me, and the way my erection was trapped between her belly, and mine.

As she got her breath and strength back, Diane slowly realized where she was. I scanned her as she recovered, finding that she was not only grateful for the help; but aroused by the contact, and pleased by what I was doing - and what I'd done.

When she was able to move, Diane shakily stood up, looking to where Holly was hanging by her arms from the side of the stock tank we were in. With her feet under her again, Diane turned back to me, and said "That made me feel *so* good. I... I want to make you feel good, too."

Holly looked on in surprise as Diane reached down to take my erection in her hand again before saying "Stand up, Mike. I want to watch when you shoot your stuff."

I stood up as Diane softly wrapped her hand around my erection and started stroking my length before she reached down to cup my balls in her hand, weighing them. As she felt me responding to her touch, her grip on me tightened slightly as a self-satisfied smile grew on her lips. I started to reach for her breasts, then stopped, waiting to see whether she would object. She looked into my eyes before nodding her permission as I cupped her firm, rounded breasts in my hands before running my thumbs across her nipples - watching as they perked up again in response.

What Diane was doing to me was feeling better and better - particularly since I was able to cup and squeeze her breasts. It didn't take much longer before I felt my balls tighten up, something that Diane could feel, too, since she was softly squeezing them at the time. She looked up at me questioningly, and I simply told her "Yeah. Pretty quick, now." before getting a pleased grin in return.

Both of them - Holly was paying CLOSE attention to what Diane and I were doing - were watching intently as I finally shot my load: the way Diane had hold of me, it landed squarely between her breasts, leaving a large splotch on her chest. The second landed only a little below the first, and the two of them soon merged to start sliding down her front. The third spurt landed on her stomach, while the fourth about halfway between the third and her belly button. The rest landed progressively lower on her, until there was only a small dribble of my semen trickling out the end of my softening penis.

Diane released her hold on me, and moved her hand up to collect some of my cum on her fingers. She felt the texture of it between her thumb and forefinger before raising her hand to sniff at it, then stick her tongue out to tentatively taste it before smiling at me as she licked her fingers clean. It was erotic as hell for me to see, and I quickly scanned Holly to discover that it was having a similar effect on her - along with a mild desire to find out what it was like. After only a little prodding on my part, she did just that: reaching out to Diane, Holly scooped some of my jism on her own fingers, then followed what Diane had done: feeling the texture of it, smelling it, and finally tasting it. A quick scan revealed that Holly didn't find it as pleasant as Diane did, but she didn't find it UNpleasant, either.

Diane scooped up some water to wash my semen off her front; when she was done, she and Holly teamed up to cup the wads that were floating in the tank, and jettison them over the side. Only then did they realized that they were both still naked, and that I was standing there with my suit halfway down my thighs, watching them. Both blushed, but defiantly watched me as they reached out to collect their suits, then put them back on. When they were done, I casually reached down to pull my suit back up, letting them watch as I adjusted it to fit around my still semi-erect penis.

I scanned them, and found that Diane was still thinking of me sexually, while Holly was confused: she'd really enjoyed what we'd done, but in afterthought, was concerned about us being brother and sister. I gently eased the realization into her mind that what I'd done would have felt just as good if I'd been someone else. I also implanted the thought that I was her *brother*, and that I loved her and wouldn't do anything wrong to her - after all, how many times had I helped her with other 'boy' stuff in the past? Wasn't this just another one, only a little more direct? It didn't take long before she began to accept the thoughts I was gently and carefully putting into her mind; that accomplished, I went back to see if there was anything I needed to do with, or about, Diane.

Her mind was pretty settled about the whole thing - I wasn't *her* brother (she was an only child), it had felt pretty damn good, and she was still technically a virgin. The only thing she was concerned about was how what we'd done would affect Holly - and their

relationship. I gave her the idea to go over to Holly, and kiss her; she did, and Holly was quick to respond (with my help) much as she always had. That reassured Diane, and the two of them moved over to take up positions next to where I was crouched down a little, leaning against the side of the stock tank.

With one of them on each side of me, I reached out to put my arms around them, down by their waists. First Diane, then Holly, took my hand, and moved it up to cover their breast before laying a hand on the inside of my thigh closest to them. I gave each of them a soft kiss on the lips, then one on the forehead; after that, the three of us were content to stay there for a little while, thinking about what we'd just done. I carefully scanned the two of them, and neither one was experiencing any regrets; rather, they were remembering it as fondly as I was.

A while later, we heard Uncle Jack calling for us. The girls quickly moved to the other side of the tank, and the three of us shouted to let him know where we were. A minute later, he pulled up on the tractor in the next field over. I climbed out of the tank and slipped my shoes on; as I was doing that, Uncle Jack got down off the tractor, and headed over toward us. I met him at the fence, and after he looked over to where the girls were hanging off the side of the tank, their backs to us in apparently deep conversation, told me "Mike, I'm going to need you help in a bit. Old Man Kenney had a little fire in one of his hay piles this morning, and I wanted to make sure that the hay I've got in the barn gets shuffled around some, so it won't catch fire like his did. It's getting toward harvest time, so there isn't that much of it, so it won't take long, but I want to make sure I get it done today."

"Sure, Uncle Jack - I'll be glad to. If you want, I can grab the rest of my stuff, and just ride back with you."

"That'd be fine, Mike. I appreciate it."

"No problem. Besides, it's about time I paid for all the groceries I've been putting away!", I joked.

He smiled, and headed for the tractor. A minute later, I was up there with him, and the two of us headed for the barn. When we got to one of the roads, we had to let some car traffic go by; I took the chance to put my clothes on over my swim suit, and put my shoes on.

When we got to the barn, I could see what Uncle Jack had been talking about - all the hay bales were stacked up in one big pile; it would take a while to get them moved around, and was certainly a two-person job.

We got started, and as we got to the center bales, both of us noticed that they were noticeably warmer than the bales that had been on the outside of pile. We just looked at each other, and kept going. We were almost down to the bottom layer when I had an idea.

"Uncle Jack?"

"What is it, Mike?"

"What makes a hay pile catch on fire?"

He paused for a moment, then told me "Usually, it's when you get too much hay piled up in one place, and you get the right combination of temperature and humidity to let bacteria in the hay get started. When that happens, they get growing, and that produces heat - and if the conditions are right, it's enough heat to actually let the hay catch fire."

"Has that ever happened in just ONE bale of hay?"

"Nope, not that I've ever heard of. Why, what have you got in mind?"

"Uh, would it work if we were to stack the hay bales up in kind of a crosswise pattern? You know, one layer pointed this way, the next layer pointed the other? And left a little space between the bales?"

"What are you thinking?"

"Well, it just seems like if we did that, there would be plenty of space for air to get in between the bales, so they wouldn't be able to get too warm or too damp. With a little space around each bale, it would be like it was laying there by itself, kind of. When I see pictures of them moving sacks of grain, that's how they're always stacked."

He thought that over for a few moments, then said "Yup, might work, at that. It'd mean the hay took up a little more space, though. Course, it'd mean a lot less work, too - and if the barn burned down because I *didn't* move the hay around, the space wouldn't matter. All right, we'll give 'er a try."

With that, we went back to work, and got all the hay bales moved out. After a little experimenting, we found an arrangement that let us stack the hay up in layers, with gaps between the bales. From there, it was short work to get it all stacked up again. Just as we were finishing, Aunt Paula came in. She looked at what we'd done, and raised an eyebrow at Uncle Jack. He explained my idea to her, and why he thought it would work. Then he added "It'll make the hay easier to get out when I need it, too. Probably keep it fresher for the stock, on top of that."

When she looked at me again, I could see in her face that she was proud of me.

That night for supper, Aunt Paula fired up the grill and cooked steaks and baked potatoes for all of us, as a kind of celebration of my idea. She and Uncle Jack both told me a couple of times that it had been a good one, and that they were going to make sure they told the other farmers in the area about it, and who thought it up.

The next morning, Uncle Jack asked me to go into town with him - something he did sometimes, but not all that often. We went to the little cafe where he and the other farmers met to discuss things (gossip, mostly, he told me once), and he ordered each of us a cup of coffee. For a while, the main topic was the fire at Old Man Kenney's place; then Uncle Jack spoke up, telling them about my idea for stacking hay. I'd completely forgotten what he'd said about telling the other farmers, so it caught me completely by surprise, and embarrassed the hell out of me. But he went on to tell them what we'd done, and how he figured it was going to help. When they asked, he admitted easily enough that the hay took up a little more space, but added that he figured that was better than working too hard or having the barn burn down. The other farmers at the table (actually about four tables pushed together) all nodded at that, and looked at me, embarrassing me even more.

A while later, we got up to leave, and Uncle Jack started to reach into his pocket to pay for our coffee. One of the other farmers spoke up, saying "I'll get it Jack. You and the young'un there, I reckon you done us a good turn with that hay idea."

Uncle Jack nodded and thanked him, then the two of us headed out to Uncle Jack's beat up old truck. Inside, he grinned at me, and said "That fella that bought the coffee? He's Tommy Smithers; he don't much take to new ideas, and he sure doesn't spend a nickel he doesn't have to. If he thinks your idea was good enough to buy us coffee, you can be sure every farmer in there will have his hay re-stacked by nightfall. You got a pretty good head on your shoulders, there, Mike. When you get ready for college and need some help, you just let me know."

I thanked him, and he politely ignored my embarrassment to start the truck and head us back toward the farm.

We got back to the house to find that Aunt Paula had gotten a couple loads of laundry done, and had the girls helping her hang it on their outside clothesline to dry. Uncle Jack told her about getting our coffee bought for us, and Aunt Paula gave me another one of her happy/proud looks before telling Holly and Diane what it meant. When she was done, both of them looked a little impressed, too.

I went off with Uncle Jack to get a couple of his smaller hay piles re-stacked while the girls stayed at the house to help Aunt Paula. When we'd all finished lunch, Uncle Jack told us "It's only a couple more days before your folks get back from their vacation, so why don't you kids go ahead and have some fun until then. I don't have any more chores for Mike, and I expect Paula could spare you two young fillies, so just go ahead and do what you like. Just remember, if you sleep in, you'll have to get your own breakfast!" he finished, teasing. He knew that all three of us enjoyed Aunt Paula's farm breakfasts too much to sleep in and miss them.

All three of us thanked him, and Aunt Paula, and they both assured us that they'd enjoyed having us around, and appreciated our help on the farm. Uncle Jack handed me the keys to his truck and \$20, saying "Mike, I reckon you and the girls might like to go into town

and catch a movie this afternoon. This'll cover the tickets and something to snack on while you're there."

I knew he didn't mean the small town near where they lived; both traffic lights in it were blinking yellow - the only traffic sign in it was a 'yield' sign where two streets merged. What he meant was that we were free to go the other direction to a larger town that had a small shopping mall and a small four-screen theater. All of us thanked him, and he just waved it off, saying "Go on, or you'll be late for something you might want to see."

All three of us cleaned up and changed into 'city' clothes (what we wore on the farm tended to be kind of worn and ragged, if comfortable), and with a hug for Aunt Paula, piled into the truck to head for the movie. Holly had picked up the local paper, and read us our list of options from the window seat as I drove with Diane sitting next to me. I got outvoted, with the girls deciding they wanted to see a romance, while I was trying to get us into an adventure flick. We could have each gone to what we wanted to see, but by an unspoken agreement, we chose to stay together.

Once inside the theatre, we discovered the advantage of going to weekday afternoon matinees: the only other people in our part of the there were a couple of older couples sitting a dozen rows ahead of us.

As the movie started, the three of us sat back to watch it - Diane was on one side of me, with Holly on the other. Neither one cared when I put my arms on the back of their seats to stretch out a little.

It was a good movie, with a couple of good actors playing their parts very well; it just wasn't my first choice for entertainment, was all. Still, it did help when first Diane, then Holly a few moments later, reached up to pull my hand down in front of them, holding it. When the movies started getting to the romantic scenes, each of them went further by guiding my hand to one of their breasts - leaving me to discover that neither one had bothered to put on a bra, and that both of their blouses were loose enough at the neck that I could easily slip a hand down the front to touch their breasts directly. In return, each of them laid a hand on my leg. Diane went on to softly stroke my thigh, and even expanded her range to brush against my semi-erect penis. Holly looked down once to see what Diane was doing, and then just smiled at me before turning back to watch the movie - which I was only half-watching, preferring to focus my attention on the delightful feeling of having two very different, but equally pleasant, breasts in my hands.

When the last scene of the movie faded, I carefully removed my hands from their blouses - something that a quick scan revealed was a disappointment for all three of us. Diane had gotten me nearly fully erect, so I simply sat there when the lights came up, so that I could have a little more time to let my erection go down before I had to stand up. Both girls seemed to know what the problem was, and grinned at my predicament. As the older couples in front of us made their way out, I could see the guys looking at me somewhat enviously: there I sat, with not one but TWO pretty girls right next to me.

After a bit, I felt ready to face the world, and the three of us got up and made our way out of the theatre. It was only mid-afternoon, and kind of hot, so we decided that an ice cream cone was in order. My first priority was to gas up the truck, as a courtesy to Uncle Jack. That done, it didn't take us long to find a place to get the cones; from there, we went on to find a small park in town to eat them. We sat at a picnic table, watching the squirrels trying to stockpile their winter meals, while we tried to eat the cones faster than they melted. We didn't do all that well at it, and finally had to go over to one of the water fountains to rinse the ice cream residue off our hands and fingers before drying our hands on our clothing.

It was on the way back to the truck that Diane took my arm and stopped me, then stood in front of me to say "Mike, there's something I want you to do."

"What's that?" I asked.

"I want you to be my first."

"Your first what?" (okay, so I have my dense moments, too)

"My first guy. I want you to be the one to take my cherry."

Holly just stood there, watching us - she'd obviously been expecting *something* like this. I scanned her, and found that she wasn't the slightest bit jealous or worried about Diane; Holly knew that *she* wasn't ready yet, and was quite content to let Diane decide for herself.

It took me a couple seconds, then I asked her "Why me? Why now?" I didn't doubt that she was serious or sincere, but I needed to make sure she was SURE; and this gave me something to work with while I scanned her.

Even as she told me "Because of what you did yesterday, and more important, HOW you did it. Because as much as the three of us have played with each other, and touched each other, you have *never* tried to 'do' anything with me." I was scanning her - and finding that she WAS sure about it, and just as sincere and serious as I'd expected. What surprised me, though, was how anxious she was, and how little fear she had. I listened as she went on "I don't mean that I want you - us! - to 'do it' right here and right now; what I meant is that when we can, I want it to be you, my first time."

Here, Holly finally spoke up, saying "Aunt Paula goes into town tomorrow to do her grocery shopping, and that always takes her a couple of hours. Uncle Jack will be out someplace, so that would give you some time, if you wanted."

"And what if Aunt Paula wants somebody to go with her to help carry groceries or something?" I asked.

"Then I'll do it." Holly answered, before adding "In fact, I think I'll ask her if I can go with her anyway. I think this is something for you two, not us three."

Something else occurred to me, and I asked Diane "What about birth control? I don't have any condoms at the farm, and there isn't enough money left for me to buy any here."

She nodded - a quick scan showed she was pleased that I'd asked - and told me "My mom put me on the Pill when we got out of school last time. She told me that she didn't know if I was still a virgin or not, but that if I was, she didn't expect me to be one much longer; and that she'd feel better knowing that I couldn't get into any trouble, either way. I've been taking them since last June, so there's no worry about getting me pregnant. I trust you not to give me any diseases; from what I've heard, you're pretty careful about stuff like that."

That was true: I'd broken up with a couple of girls that I'd found out were quite willing to sleep with anybody, any time, any where. The idea of catching something that might make my dick rot and fall off scared the hell out of me.

Understand that it wasn't like I didn't want to jump her bones; I just wanted to make sure that there weren't going to be any second thoughts or anything. Sure, I could have 'adjusted' them out of her, but that was something I tried to avoid doing if at all possible. Cute and sexy as Diane was, I still LIKED her, too. Maybe even loved her - I wasn't quite sure. If anything happened between us, I wanted it to be HER choice, not mine - just like I wanted Holly to be the one to ask me of HER own free will. Sure, I didn't have any problems with getting into their minds and giving them reasons to, but I **never** did anything to push them toward it. A subtle distinction, perhaps, but enough for me.

With the worries of disease and pregnancy taken care of, and the knowledge that we'd have the time and opportunity, there wasn't anything left for me to do but agree: "If that's what you really want, then it would be my pleasure!", I told her - and getting a smile at my joke. I went on to tell her "You've got from now to the time that we actually 'do it' to change your mind. If you do, I won't be mad or anything; I know this is a big step for you, and I'm not going to do anything to push you either way."

She nodded her understanding, and thanked me before stepping up to give me a kiss on the lips. I happily kissed her back, and we took a few seconds to explore each others tonsils before breaking apart to head back for the truck. On the way back to the farm, I scanned both of them.

Holly was perfectly content with the idea of leaving us alone the next day; she didn't think that she was ready to start having sex yet, and was quite happy to let Diane go first - she wanted to find out from Diane whether it hurt and so on before she gave it any serious thought. Still, she was thinking about getting started on birth control herself in anticipation of when her time DID come.

Diane was a different story: she was more than ready, emotionally and psychologically, to lose her virginity. I'd grossly underestimated what effect our activities of the previous day had had on her. Not only had I shown her the patience and gentleness she was looking for, but I'd been enthusiastic enough about helping her find HER pleasure before taking my own - something that was pretty important to her. Added to that was the fact that even after getting the two of them off, and having my own climax, I hadn't been afraid to hold them and show them affection. Finally, she knew that I was more experienced, and that I would take the time to make it easier and better for her; she thought that it might hurt, but after I'd been so careful not to rush things in the stock tank, she trusted me to make it as easy for her as it could be. The thing that surprised me, though, was her expectation that this wouldn't be just a one-time deal: she was anticipating that she and I would have more than just this one time together - that I would be the one to help her learn about all the different aspects of sex that she'd heard about.

So as to not seem as eager for the encounter as I really was, I planted the idea of having stories to cover ourselves in Holly's mind. She brought it up for me, and the rest of the way back to the farm, we worked out how best to distract Aunt Paula and Uncle Jack from what we were really up to.

We got back to the farm in plenty of time to help Aunt Paula get started on supper. By the time Uncle Jack came in, we had a good start on a fried chicken supper: the chicken, of course, as guest of honor, along with mashed potatoes, corn on the cob, green beans, home-made rolls, fresh-churned butter, and fresh apple pie with ice cream. By the time supper ended, **all** of us were pretty well stuffed. The girls and I tried to clear the table, but Aunt Paula wasn't having any - even gently chasing us off when we tried to help after she started doing it.

We all retired to the screened-in back porch, where we found Uncle Jack. He offered me a beer, which I gratefully accepted, and after a moments thought, offered one for Diane and Holly to share. They declined, in favor of their iced tea they'd brought out. As we sat there watching assorted bugs bounce off the screen, Uncle Jack asked us what we had in mind for the next day. I told him that I had a book that I'd brought along in case it rained; I figured to read it, since we'd only had a couple of small rain showers while we were there. Diane and Holly said that they were planning on catching some sun, and maybe doing some reading of their own. That seemed to satisfy him, and the four of us sat there, enjoying the cool evening breeze until Aunt Paula joined us. A while later, Diane offered to take on any or all of us in a game of Monopoly, and we spent the rest of the evening trying to build our empires. It was nearly 11:00 before Aunt Paula was declared the winner, so the lot of us could go to bed.

The next morning, Holly caught Aunt Paula as she was rounding up her things to head into town, and asked "Aunt Paula? Are you going in to town today for anything?"

"I was just getting ready to go, in fact."

"I'd like to go with you, if it's okay."

"Of course it's okay, dear. Why?"

"There's, uh, something I need to, uh, buy." By not coming right out and saying why she wanted to go, or what she wanted to get, Holly was letting Aunt Paula jump to the conclusion that she needed 'female products', as Uncle Jack called them. As we'd expected, Aunt Paula immediately 'understood', and assured Holly that she was more than welcome.

Diane was already in her swimsuit, laying on an old blanket in the side yard where she could catch some sun; while I was sitting on the back porch with my book, listening to them.

Aunt Paula looked around, and saw me sitting over in the corner, apparently buried in my book. She told me "Mike, Holly's going with me into town. We'll be back in a couple of hours." I looked up and nodded my understanding to her, then went back to my reading - knowing that it would be at LEAST two hours before she got back, and probably closer to three if Holly had anything to do with it. Satisfied, she went out to start 'her' car (an old Ford Ranchero) while Holly disappeared inside to get the small backpack she used as a purse. When the two of them were belted up in the car, Aunt Paula headed down the lane that would put her on the highway into town.

Diane would have heard them leave, and about ten minutes later, she came around the side of the house to where I was, then asking me "I think it's okay, now. Do you still want to do this?"

"Only if you do, and only if you're sure."

"I'm sure. Where should we, uh, go?"

I'd thought about it earlier, and suggested "How about up in the hayloft, in the barn? It's early enough that it won't be hot, and if Uncle Jack comes by for some reason, we can say I explaining why we stacked the hay the way we did."

She nodded her acceptance, and I got up to join her outside while she went to collect a small bag she had by the blanket she'd been laying on. As we headed toward the barn, she reached out to take my hand in hers; I reassured her by giving it a small squeeze, and getting a smile in return.

Inside the barn, I grabbed the small tarp that I knew was there. It was old and worn, but that was one of the reasons I wanted to use it: it was still heavy enough to protect us from the hay, but soft enough to be reasonably comfortable. Best of all, it was 'clean' - as in, stained and such, but not actually dirty. Diane checked it out, and readily agreed that it was just the thing. As I draped it across my shoulder, Diane headed up the ladder to the hayloft, with the small bag hanging from her shoulder. I was just a few seconds behind, and enjoyed the view tremendously: as she climbed, her ass cheeks clenched and unclenched in a **most** interesting way. A quick scan of her revealed that she knew she

was giving me a show, and had gone up first for that very reason. When she got to the top, she moved to the side, and gave me a kiss on the cheek when I got up there with her.

I pulled the tarp off my shoulder, and spread it out on the loose hay; when I turned around to Diane, I found that she'd used the time to strip off her suit, so she was standing there stark naked in front of me. With her hands at her sides, and one foot a little in front of the other, she was a vision of loveliness: her straight dark hair was hanging over one shoulder, instead of down to the middle of her back as it usually did. It only slightly concealed one of her half-tangerine sized breasts, and it's dark nipple. Below, her smooth, firm belly was accented by the dark wedge covering her mons - which was bracketed by a pair of trim thighs.

Even as I was looking her over, I could see her nipples erecting; when I was finally able to drag my eyes up to her face, I could see from the way her eyes were hooded that she was as ready as her nipples had promised.

As she looked me in the eye, I heard her say "I've heard that guys can, uh, go longer the second time if they've already shot off once. Is it true?"

"Yeah, it's true. Why?"

She got a Mona Lisa smile, and stepped forward to put her hands on my chest, then guide me back onto the tarp I'd spread. When I was where she wanted me, she looked into my eyes again, and said "I want my first time to last as long as possible. Just let me, um, take care of you, okay?"

I thought I knew what was going to happen, and simply nodded my head in agreement. She tilted her head up to give me a kiss on the cheek, and as she did, I put my arms around her to hug her. When she pulled her head back, we looked into each other's eyes for several moments - both of us to make sure she was ready for what she was doing. Satisfied that she did, we kissed; softly at first, then with again with more feeling. And yet again, longer, and with more passion. When we finally broke apart, both of us were panting slightly, and from the way she'd pressed herself against me, I knew she could feel my rising penis. Hesitantly, she reached out to take hold of the tee shirt I had on; when she started to pull it up to take it off me, I helped by taking hold of the bottom of it and pulling with her, guiding and helping her.

When my shirt was laying on the tarp, she reached out again to put her hands on my waist; when I didn't move, she let them drift forward to feel my abdominal muscles, and then on to my chest. Holding my upper arms still, I raised my forearms so I could put my hands on her sides, touching her, but not holding her. I delighted in the warm smoothness of her skin, and after a few moments, let my hands slide up and down her sides - waist to breast-level - to reassure her.

We kissed again, tongues dancing in each other's mouths, before she pulled back a little way to look into my eyes again. Seeing only patience and acceptance in them, she began

kissing me: first on my collarbones, then onto my upper chest. From there, she blazed a trail down my front, slowly lowering herself as she did. When she was finally kneeling in front of me, she looked up at me as her hands found the waistband of my cutoff jeans. When they moved to the snap, her gaze moved down to watch herself as she first unsnapped them, then tentatively grasped the zipper and lowered it. As the fly opened up, she could see that I had a pair of shorts on underneath - and that they covered a distinct bulge. She laid her hands along side it, as though holding it, for several seconds before she moved to slide my cutoffs down my legs. Less encumbered, my semi-erect penis tented my under shorts even more, her gaze still locked on it.

Slowly, hesitantly, she reached out again, to put her hands on my waist, her thumbs under the waistband of my under shorts. Her eyes stayed focused on where my penis stretched the material in front of her as she carefully moved to slide my under shorts down, too. I heard her breath catch as my penis came into view; a few moments later, I heard her soft gasp as it popped free. After that, it was only a few seconds before my shorts joined my cutoffs around my ankles.

Yet again, she reached out - only this time, the object of her desire was in plain view, and her hands found it readily enough. She lifted it slightly, examining it in minute detail even as it started to grow larger in her hand. She saw a drop of my pre-cum on the end, and tentatively stuck her tongue out to lick it off - then smiled when she found the taste still acceptable, if not pleasant.

Satisfied that I wasn't going to rush things, and that there weren't going to be any surprises, she leaned forward slightly and lifted my semi-erect penis enough to take the head of it in her mouth. She ran her tongue around the end of it, and smiling as she felt me growing even larger in her mouth. When I was almost completely hard, she tilted her head forward, taking a bit more of me into her warm, wet mouth - and causing me to gasp slightly. She looked up at me, her lips still wrapped around me, with a slight frown on her face; I could only smile at her and say "No, it didn't hurt - it feels pretty darn good, in fact!", and getting a smile in reply.

With the knowledge that what she was doing felt good to me, she gradually got more and more enthusiastic and active about what she was doing to me. At first, all she did was take as much of me between her lips as she could and caress me with her tongue; but it didn't take her long to start actually moving her lips up and down the length of me, and start actually sucking on me slightly. On her own, she discovered that leaving a film of her saliva on my erection made things easier for her (and better for me). In short order, she had me completely hard, savoring the way she used her mouth to excite and arouse me. As I felt myself getting close to my climax, she felt my balls tighten up in her hand. She released me just long enough to say "When you're ready to shoot, just let me know, okay?" - and accepted my gasped "oh, yeah!" before returning to her self-appointed task.

Finally, I could stand the pleasure of it any longer, and managed to exclaim "Diane! It's gonna happen!".

Even as I felt the first was of my jism leaving my balls, she pulled her head back so that only the end of my penis was between her lips; and as she felt it twitch, she sucked on me, as though that were the only way she was going to get the male nectar she wanted.

She continued to cup my balls in her hand as she sucked on me, even while I was filling her mouth with wad after wad of my hot semen - forcing her to swallow once when it started to force its way out of her mouth.

When she felt my twitches and spasms slow and soften, she swallowed the rest of my cum before using her tongue to make sure the head of my penis was well and truly cleaned of any residue. That done, she licked her lips to clean them, as well. She took my hand, and guided me to a sitting position on the tarp before turning to open the small bag she'd brought along. Inside, I found, she'd put a couple bottles of soda, still cold, judging from the condensation on them. Opening one, she handed it to me, then opened the other for herself. After we'd each taken a swallow, she leaned forward to kiss me on the lips, saying "I heard from some of the other girls in school that guys don't like to kiss them after they, uh, do what I just did."

"I appreciate the gesture, but it really wasn't necessary in MY case." I told her, putting my hand behind her neck and gently pulling her toward me for another kiss - one that ended only after I'd slid my tongue between her lips.

Satisfied that I wasn't grossed out by the idea of kissing her after she'd used her mouth on me, she gave me a shy grin. A moment later, she slowly and carefully moved to sit cross-legged in front of me. A quick scan revealed that she'd done it deliberately - leaving her pubes exposed to me, knowing that I would look at her, and finding the idea exciting. A further scan let me know that she was hoping that I'd do the same, because she wanted a little time to look at ME, in return: aside from our recent adventure at the stock tank, she felt that she really didn't *know* what a guy looked like.

Casually, I moved to follow her example, then started talking with her, as though there were nothing the slightest bit unusual about the situation. I thought that taking a casual approach to the whole thing would help her relax; after a couple minutes, I could see the tension in her start lessening. Still, I kept scanning her, and trying to guide her toward reducing her nervousness. After a while, one of my scans of her revealed that she was fairly fascinated by my penis - and that she was torn between a desire to be able to touch and examine it, and being afraid that I would say or do something to embarrass her if she said anything about it.

Attractive as she was sitting there across from me, I found myself wanting to get into her more and more, and finally figured that letting her check me out the way she wanted to would do wonders toward making it happen. I finally spoke up, asking her "Diane, we've only seen each other a little bit, between the water tank and here. How about if we take a little time to do that now?"

She looked surprised, but quickly nodded her head in agreement, saying "I, uh, know what you feel like, a little bit, but I'm *really* curious to see more, and really _find out_, you know?"

I smiled my understanding, and suggested "Then how about if we lay down on our sides, facing each other, your head toward my feet and my head toward yours? Then we can BOTH look, and if you want, we can even touch."

She gave me another shy grin, and said "Yeah, I'd like that. I'm kind of embarrassed about _you_ looking at _me_, but fair is fair. And, uh, touching is okay."

That said, she didn't hesitate to uncross her legs, and move to lie on her side. I mirrored her actions, so that in a few seconds, each of us was laying on our left side, facing each other. A little wiggling and adjustment, and each of us was facing the others pelvis. Diane reached out take my penis between two fingers, and I moved to put my left foot on the tarp, behind my leg, so that she had a clear view of - and ready access to - my penis. A moment later, she did the same, opening herself to my inspection.

What I found was a tuft of dark hair, somewhat short, that ran in a narrow strip from above her pubic bone to just past her opening, where it quickly faded away. Amidst her thatch, I could see the opening to her vagina, framed by a pair of thin lips, glistening with her wetness. I reached out to touch her bush, and found it to be incredibly thick, and soft. I'd found that some girls' pubic hair, though thick, was still sparse enough that I could see the skin underneath - something that simply wasn't going to happen with Diane; hers was simply too dark and dense. As an added benefit, its density and color made for a nice contrast with the pale pink of her inner lips, highlighting them, and the way they shined with her female oils. At the top of her cleft, I could see the nubbin of her clitoral hood - and close inspection showed that she was aroused enough that her clitoris itself was slightly visible, too.

Even as I felt Diane moving my penis and testicles around, I reached out for a tactile examination of HER intimate areas. She gasped slightly at my first contact, but didn't do anything to slow or impede my touch: if anything, her knees spread a bit wider, opening herself to me even more.

To avoid frightening her, my first touch had been on her mons, next to - but not touching - her opening or labia. But with the way her legs spread slightly, it didn't take me long to move my fingers. I slowly, softly drew my finger between her inner lips without pressing into her at all; my goal was to separate them more, and wet my finger with her fluids. I repeated my action, dipping *ever* so slightly further into her; then did it again, still deeper. The fourth time, I *ever* so slightly touched the muscles at her opening, and getting another gasp from her. I stopped to look at her, and she looked back before telling me "It's okay, Mike. It just felt good, is all" in reassurance.

Her cool hand and fingers were starting to have an effect on me, bringing me to semi-erectness; I scanned her quickly, and found that she was pleased with the effect she was

having on me, and enjoyed the way I was touching HER. Satisfied that I wasn't going too quickly, and that what I was doing was having the desired effect, I went back to examining her womanhood again. Before long, I was easily caressing her labia, and running my finger between them to press slightly against the entrance to her vagina; her increasing arousal was evident from her ample secretions, and their heady aroma.

After only a few minutes, she had me nearly completely erect; and I'd aroused her to the point where I could easily see her clitoris under its hood at the top of her shiny, fully extended vaginal lips. At that point, I couldn't resist any longer, and leaned forward to do with my tongue what I'd only done with my finger up to that point: run it from bottom to top of her cleft, collecting her delicious nectar on my way toward caressing her clitoris with the end of my tongue. Her response was to moan in appreciation, and spread her legs even farther, giving me maximum access to her female essence.

It didn't take long before I was totally involved in sampling her delights: my tongue and lips were fully engaged in tasting and teasing any part of her womanly flower that I could reach, and even pressing my stiffened tongue into her opening to try and draw out as much of her oils as I could. In response, she went to work on my fully erect penis as though it were an ice-cream cone, licking and sucking on the head of it. I gradually reduced the focus of my ministrations until I was totally concentrated on her clitoris, trying to bring her to an orgasm before she got ME off again.

I made it - but just barely.

Even as I felt the first stirrings in my balls, her thighs clamped together on my head as she experienced the first wave of her release - and she released her hold on my erection as spasm after spasm passed through her, each one pushing a small wave of her oils onto my tongue even as the muscles of her opening clasped at it.

It must have been a full two minutes before the spasming and twitching in her body stopped, and she was able to open her eyes to look at me. Even gasping for breath as she was, I could see the pleasure and satisfaction in her face and eyes as I felt her thighs relax around my ears, freeing me to move up to lay next to her.

I took her into my arms, and she hugged me tightly as she buried her face in my shoulder. I could feel her warm breath on my skin as she panted her way back to coherence; only when her breathing had finally slowed did she raise herself up enough to give me a deep, passionate kiss on the lips before saying "Thank you, Mike! That was **incredible**! I've never had an orgasm like that."

I smiled at her, and said "I didn't do anything that you and Holly haven't done."

She blushed slightly, and said "Yeah, that's true - but with you, it was somehow..... **different**. Maybe just because I know you're a guy, and that you're actually going to make love to me."

I looked into her eyes, and asked "You're still sure that you want me to do that to you, then?"

"Even more now, than before. If you can make me feel that good doing what Holly and I do, then doing what YOU do can only be better. Besides, you were slow and gentle and patient enough that I *know* you'll be careful with me. Yeah, I want it to be you, and now."

With that last part, she rolled over onto her back, pulling me onto my side in the process. Looking up at me, she said "Definitely you. And most definitely NOW" before raising her knees and spreading her legs in open invitation.

I lowered my head to kiss her again, and as our tongues dueled in each other's mouths, my hand rested on her belly - only to be moved by her until it rested on her breast, which she pressed into my hand. Cupping it, I brushed my thumb across her nipple, and heard her groan in desire as it erected to a small pebble. I softly squeezed her firm breast, as though milking it, before moving my hand to do the same things to the other.

As we continued to kiss, my hand went back and forth from one to the other of her breasts, caressing and squeezing them, playing with her nipples. After a bit, I let my hand slowly drift down the front of her, caressing her skin on my way toward her pelvis - giving her yet another chance, and more time, to change her mind. I wanted her, badly; but not badly enough to willingly do *anything* to rush or hurt her.

When my hand finally reached her mons, she spread her legs even farther, and tilted her pelvis up as further encouragement for me to do with her as I wished. And what I wished was to carefully and slowly slide my finger between her labia, wetting it, so that I could continue on to press the end of it against her opening. When she felt me do that, she raised herself even more, pressing the entrance to her vagina against it.

Firmly, but gently, I pressed against her, both of us feeling it as my finger eased it's way inside her in stages: in a little, then back out to make sure it was thoroughly wetted with her oils before pressing back in again. In only a minute or so, my finger was deep inside her again: much faster, and much easier than it had gone in the first time, to the surprise and delight of both of us.

For several minutes, I softly made love to her with my finger, ignoring my dick's demands to take its place; she'd trusted me to do right by her, and I was damn well going to. Only when she was gasping and panting, and hunching herself up to take my extended finger inside did I feel comfortable that she was ready for more.

As I slid my finger out of her for the last time, she reached over to take my erection in her hand, and say "This. Now it's time for THIS. Do it. Make love to me. Make me a woman!"

I got onto my hands and knees, and moved between her spread thighs, easing my knees back. As she watched, I lowered myself until the head of my erection was touching her. She reached down between us to take me into her hand. Holding me firmly, she slowly moved my penis between her labia, thoroughly wetting the head with her fluids, before positioning me at her entrance. Only then did she look into my face to ask "This is my last chance, isn't it? To say 'no', I mean?"

I shook my head, and told her "No. You can stop me any time up to the point where we actually break your hymen."

She looked deep into my eyes, and asked "You would, wouldn't you? Actually stop now, I mean. Or even after you were inside me a little ways. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

She looked at me with something akin to awe, and said "Well, you won't get the chance. I'm too hot, and too ready, to stop. Do it." - and tilting her pelvis up to press herself against me.

With her holding me in position, all I had to do was press myself forward - and I did, with a firm but gentle pressure. I could feel her trying to open herself up to me, even as I could feel my penis sliding into her *ever* so slowly. Finally, though, it happened: the head of my erection slipped past the ring of muscle of her opening. I heard her gasp even as her eyes opened wide, and I immediately stopped.

After a moment, she said "Thanks. For stopping a moment. Geez, I thought your *finger* was big, the other day! Just give me a minute to get used to it, okay?"

"Take whatever time you need. I'll be right here.", I teased.

She grinned in reply, then got kind of a far-off look on her face. After a few moments, I could feel her muscles around my erection - I could tell that she was trying to learn to control, or at least relax, them. It didn't take her long, and I wasn't surprised when she finally told me "Okay, I'm ready. Keep going."

I slid myself back and forth in her slightly, trying to get her lubrication spread around a little before I started pushing myself into her again. With the biggest part of me inside her, it went a little easier for a while - every so often, I'd stop, and then pull out a little bit, to make sure we BOTH stayed wet enough. Finally, though, further progress was blocked by a thin bit of tissue: her maidenhead.

Both of us, of course, knew what the impediment was. She looked up at me, and said "Now what? This much feels good, but I want MORE, dammit."

"I've only heard of a couple ways of doing this. First one is we just kind of bump against it to see if it'll fall apart. Second one is to just keep pushing against it until it breaks. Last one is for me to back up a little bit, and just ram right through it. Your call."

"I don't think I like that last choice - it sounds like it would hurt too much. Let's try the first one, okay?"

"Your wish is my command!" I told her, getting a smile in return.

I eased myself out of her a little way, then pressed back in until I felt myself 'bump' against her cherry. She grimaced a little bit, and when she saw me looking at her in concern, told me "That was just uncomfortable, not painful, and that's okay. Keep going."

I quickly scanned her, and found that she'd told me the truth: the pulling sensation I'd caused in her hadn't hurt, it had just been new and different enough to be uncomfortable. But the scan of her gave me an idea that I quickly implemented.

I eased myself a little ways back again, but this time I stayed 'inside' her with my mind as I pressed in again, so that I'd know **exactly** when to stop. Since I KNEW when she was uncomfortable, or in pain, I was able to push against her cherry only as hard and long as it didn't bother her. I did that a couple more times, then got an even better idea: that along with monitoring what she was feeling, I'd implant pleasant sensations from what I was doing. Essentially, anything other than when I was actually trying to get past her maidenhead would feel **good** to her - my thinking was that if she was aroused, she'd be more tolerant of the discomfort or pain that happened, letting us make more and faster progress. With that in mind, I quickly planted small seeds in her mind, and went back to trying to nudge her cherry out of our way.

After several more tries, I scanned her again, and found that my 'suggestions' were taking effect: not only was she getting hotter and wetter from me sliding back and forth in her, but the impacts of my erection against her hymen were less and less noticeable to her. With that encouragement, I went back to monitoring her closely, and found that I was able to be more 'enthusiastic' about getting past her cherry without causing her any distress. In fact, it wasn't much longer before I felt myself bump up against it, then slide on past it - drawing a gasp from both of us at the sensation.

Diane got a Cheshire Cat smile on her face, and said "The deed is done. Now, FUCK me, Mike!"

"Yes, Ma'am. Right away, Ma'am.", I grinned at her, even as I slid myself out a little bit before pressing in again - only to feel it as I slid the rest of the way inside her, stopping only when our pubic hair merged.

I looked down at her, and saw the distracted look on her face as she muttered "DAMN, that feels good!"

I held myself still over her, waiting for her to let me know when she was ready to continue. Eventually, she 'came back' from wherever she'd been, and looked at me with a Mona Lisa smile, saying "This is **incredible**. I feel so **full**, and at the same time, I feel _complete_, like there was something missing before that I didn't know about. **NOW** I know what it means to be a WOMAN."

"Glad to be of service, Ma'am. Will there be anything else?", I teased.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, there is.", she replied, getting into the spirit. "I seem to have this _itch_, and I was hoping that you could scratch it for me with that **marvelous** device you have."

I flexed my erection in her, and saw her eyes widen in response before I asked "With that device, Ma'am?"

"Yes, yes, that's the one, my good fellow."

"And where might the itch be, Ma'am?"

"Why, it's right where you device is, sir. What good fortune! Perhaps you could start scratching, then?"

"Is it a small itch, Ma'am, or a large one?"

"Why, it seems to be a **very** large itch, sir. I expect that it will take quite a bit of scratching to make it feel better."

"Yes, Ma'am. I can only hope that I'm 'up' for as much scratching as it takes."

She laughed at the joke, and said "My good man, I daresay you seem to be QUITE 'up' for it."

"Yes, Ma'am, thank you, Ma'am. Shall I get started, then?"

"Yes, please do!"

With that, I slid my erection back out of her, until only the head was inside. I paused a moment, then eased myself back into her, watching as her eyes widened as I again filled her - and even a bit further, when our pubic bones met, earning myself a deep-throated groan from her when it happened.

Over the next few minutes, I gradually increased the pace and force that I moved in her. As hot and tight and wet as she was, she felt truly incredible as she slid along the length of me. It was only through a combination of sheer willpower and good luck that I managed not to blow my load in her too quickly. The willpower was my own; the good fortune came when she had first one, then a little later, another, small orgasms. While

they were happening, I was quite literally unable to move in her, she clamped down on me so tightly. And my not being able to move in her, I was able to push back my own climax a little longer each time.

For the next several minutes, we made love with each other - when I lowered my head to take first one, then the other, of her nipples into my mouth and suck on them, she raked her fingernails across my back in her passion. When I moved to kiss her shoulder and nibble on her earlobe, she responded by sinking her teeth into my shoulder as she grunted her arousal and pleasure.

As we made love, it got easier and easier for her - and as it got easier for her, she got more and more aroused. And with the increase in her arousal came a willingness to open herself to me, and what we were doing. By the time I felt her third orgasm approaching, she had drawn her knees up nearly to her breasts, and spread her legs as far as they would go, allowing me to penetrate her as far as I could. I was pistoning almost straight down into her, bumping against her clitoris with each inward motion, when I finally realized that I was going to climax, no matter what happened. I managed to gasp out that fact to her, and it only seemed to stimulate her even more, since she told me "Yes! Do it! I want to feel you shooting inside me!"

A minute or so later, I could feel myself hit the point of no return, and slowed to a steady, long thrusting that I knew would get me off as strongly as possible. Diane seemed to understand what I was doing, and slowed her motions a bit so that I was more in control of how quickly I climaxed. Finally, there was no holding back, and I pressed myself into her as deeply as I could as I felt the first spurt of my jism shoot out the end of my penis. She must have been able to feel it, because her eyes flew open in surprise, and I felt it as her third orgasm tightened her around me.

The spasming of her vagina around my penis served to make my climax even stronger as she milked me for every drop of semen I had. I was still mostly hard when I felt the last few drops draining into her, and I took the opportunity to slide myself in and out of her a couple of times - our combined juices provided enough lubrication to _just barely_ make it possible, working them into a milky foam that was forced into our pubic hair as the last of her orgasm washed through her. When it was over, she all but collapsed underneath me; I lowered myself to my knees and elbows, covering her, but without putting any weight on her.

After a few moments, her eyes opened up. When she saw me over her, she quickly threw her arms around me, hugging me fiercely. When she finally let go of me, it was only so she could start kissing me all over my face and shoulders as she exclaimed her pleasure and satisfaction with what we'd just done. Finally, she calmed down enough to lay back - and only then did she realized that I was still inside her, if not completely hard.

We stayed there like that for a couple of minutes, softly kissing each other every so often, until we felt my penis finally shrink enough to pull free of her - and releasing a small frothy flood.

With that, I moved to lay next to her as she pulled a small hand towel from the bag she'd brought along, using it to wipe up most of the results of our lovemaking. When she was satisfied with the cleanup effort - including wiping ME off - she carefully took out a couple more sodas (only cool after this much time), before putting the towel in the bag.

I moved to lean against a bale of hay, and Diane opened the sodas, giving one to me before moving to sit between my legs and leaning back against my chest. When she was in position, she pulled my free hand around her, so that my hand cupped her breast as she held it in place.

She rested her head on my shoulder as the two of us finished catching our breath, and re-hydrating ourselves. I couldn't help but tilt my head to give her an occasional small kiss on the top of her head as we rested; each time I did, she would hug my arm to her in response. I scanned her, and found that she had a deep, deep affection for me. I couldn't help examining my own feelings toward her, and realized - much to my surprise - that what I felt toward her was much the same; given the time and even a modicum of opportunity, what each of us felt would turn into a full-blown adult _love_.

We sat there for quite some time, simply content to *be* with each other, before Diane finally spoke, telling me "Thank you, Mike. I wanted my first time to be good, and you did that for me."

I could *feel* her smile as I said "I'm glad it worked out all right for you."

"It was better than 'all right'. It was _wonderful_ - I couldn't have dreamed that it would have turned out the way it did. You were as patient and gentle and caring as I ever wanted."

"It was my pleasure, I promise."

She giggled, and said "Yeah, I noticed that. But only after you made sure it was MY pleasure, too."

We sat there a couple more minutes before she asked "Mike, you really *are* okay with me and Holly, aren't you?"

"Sure, why not?"

"That we're both girls and she's your SISTER doesn't bother you at all, does it?"

"Not really. I know how good of friends you were before, remember? I know you're not going to do anything to hurt each other; and the two of you together is a safe way for you to get rid of your tensions and make each other happy. Beyond that, I don't see that it's much of my business."

"Yeah, but even when you've seen us kiss and touch each other, you've never said or done anything, one way or the other. Why?"

"Pretty simple. I'm not going to put you down because I don't see it as a bad thing. I'm not going to cheer you on, because I don't want you to think that I'm trying to get involved."

"Would you?"

"Would I what?"

"Get involved."

I have to admit that the idea of watching the two of them - never mind actually participating - turned me on; something that Diane must have felt pressing against her back, because she exclaimed "You would! You would like to get involved!"

"Hold it, timeout. Wait just a darn minute."

"What?" she demanded, somewhat indignantly.

"Okay, yes, the idea of watching you two has a certain appeal" - "I can tell!", she exclaimed, before giggling - "just like it would for most guys: the idea of watching two women making love is pretty erotic. Where I've got a problem is getting involved. I mean, you're one thing, but Holly is my *sister* - my _younger_ sister. Granted that she's cute as hell, and sexy to boot, but she's still family. I don't know if I could get past that, or not." Okay, I was lying. I'd jump Holly as fast as I had Diane, given the right circumstances. But it Simply Wouldn't Do to have Diane know how easy I'd be.

"You think Holly is cute, and sexy?"

"Of course."

"But what about her being family?"

"I'm her brother. That doesn't mean I'm not a guy, or that I'm dead!", I answered.

"I can vouch for both of those last items!", she teased.

With that, she seemed to realize where we were, and what we'd been doing - and that the clock had been ticking the whole time. She turned slightly to look at me before saying "As nice as it is to just sit here with you, I think we'd better get going. I know Holly will distract Aunt Paula as long as she can, but the two of them WILL be back here before long - and I think WE need to clean up a bit before they do!"

"You're right" I sighed.

That settled, the two of us got up and got our things together - Diane repacked the bag she'd brought up, and I re-folded the tarp. Neither of us bothered to get dressed after Diane pointed out that if we did, the clothes would probably smell, and give us away, just as changing clothes would.

Naked, we made our way back to the house, then on into the bathroom. There, I grabbed a quick shower, careful not to get my hair wet in case Aunt Paula came home before it dried. Once out of the shower, I quickly dressed as Diane got started on hers - but only after she and I exchanged kisses and a little mutual groping. As she washed, I quickly cleaned out the bag she'd had: a container of baby oil and one of sun block replaced the empty soda bottles, and the used hand towel went inside a pair of dirty pants in the gym bag I'd brought my clothes in. It was one that we'd brought from my folks house, so Aunt Paula wouldn't have any cause to miss it.

I stuck my head in the bathroom to tell Diane what I'd done - caught her stark naked as she was drying off, though she didn't mind - then it was back out to the porch. There, I picked up my book, and started reading where I'd left off - as opposed to the couple of chapters before that that I'd had open for Aunt Paula.

When Diane came out, she saw that I had a little bruise on my shoulder where she'd bitten me while we were making love. I looked around, and saw the perfect excuse for a bruise: a couple lengths of steel pipe that Uncle Jack had been meaning to move. I went over and managed to haul them into the barn and put them where he wanted them. When I was done, Diane asked me what I'd done it for. I explained that having a couple of fifteen-foot lengths of steel pipe on my shoulder was perfectly reasonable explanation for having a small bruise there. She grinned, and said "Yeah - but I'd better learn to be more careful when we get back home!"

Our bases covered, and everything put away, we went back to the house to sit on the porch. I went back to my book, and Diane started on a magazine while listening to a radio with headphones on. It wasn't twenty minutes later that Aunt Paula came home to find us on opposite ends of the porch, each apparently in our own world. Both of us quickly went to help her with the groceries and such; I was careful to mark my place in my book with a bookmark that made it clear that I'd been reading the whole time.

As we carried things in for Aunt Paula while she put them away, Holly kept looking at the two of us for some clue as to what - if anything - had happened while she was gone. Diane finally just nodded to her; when Holly looked at me with a big grin on her face, I just looked at her as though to say "Cool it, or you'll give us away" - and wiping the grin off her face.

When things were put away, I picked up my book while Holly and Diane headed off to one of the stock tanks - to talk about what Diane and I had done, of course.

Part 2

School started again just a couple of weeks after we got home from Uncle Jack and Aunt Paula's farm. When Mom and Dad came to pick us up, Uncle Jack told them about my idea for stacking the hay, and how the other farmers in the area had responded to it - earning me a look of pride from Mom, and another one from Dad that I couldn't figure out.

With the start of school, and the start of my Senior year, I had ample opportunity to re-acquaint myself with most of the girls that I'd dated the previous school year. Diane still came over to visit Holly, and the three of us still had fun - more when our folks weren't home. Diane and I were a lot more relaxed around each other - kissing, hugging, being in varying states of (un)dress, and so on. It was coming up on Halloween when Holly asked me if I could drive her someplace after school the next afternoon, a Wednesday. I didn't have anything planned, so I said I'd do it, figuring that she just wanted to go to the mall, or something.

The next afternoon, she was waiting for me at my car when I got out of class. We both got in, and after I got the car started, I asked her "Where to?"

She responded by telling me to head for the intersection of a couple of streets. Slightly confused, I put the car in gear, and headed out. As we got closer, I could sense that she was getting more and more nervous - I scanned her and was surprised to find out that where we were actually going was a small strip mall a short distance from the intersection she'd given me - and more specifically, the family planning clinic IN the mall. And the purpose? So she could get fitted with an IUD! Holly had found a place that would let her get started on birth control!

To try and get some communication going with her, I asked her "So, where we going, exactly? Or did you join the police force when no one was looking, and you're starting your new job of directing traffic?"

Not even smiling, she responded by telling me "Um, we're not actually going to Baldur and Hayes. It's just that the place I'm going to is near there."

"And where might that be?"

"There's a mini-mall a couple blocks down the street, on Hayes. That's where I'm headed."

"Okay", I answered, willing to give her a little more time to tell me what was going on.

A couple minutes later, she finally spoke up, telling me "Uh, Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm actually going to the clinic there."

"Clinic?"

"Yeah. A family planning clinic."

"And you're going there because....."

"Because I want to start using birth control."

"And they're going to do what? Fix you up with a prescription for the Pill, or something?"

"Or something. I can't get the Pill because I'm still underage; at least, I can't get it without letting Mom or Dad know. But I can get started with an IUD without their permission."

"And what brought all this on?"

"You. And Diane."

"How so?"

She looked at me like I'd just wet myself, and said "After the two of you were, uh, together at the farm, Diane told me what it was like for her, and how good it made her feel. I had already been thinking about what sex might be like, but I knew I wasn't really *ready* for it when the two of you, you know....."

"So, what, you're feeling left out or something?"

"No, not that - I still have fun with her, and you're as nice to me as you've always been. It's just that I've been thinking about it more and more, and I want to be sure I'm ready - I mean, protected - when I finally DO decide I'm ready to start having sex. You know Mom and Dad would have kittens if they thought I was even *thinking* about sex, so I couldn't ask them about the Pill. I checked around, and the next best thing is an IUD. An IUD I *can* get without their permission."

"And you know the Pill and IUDs and how they work?"

"Sure. The Pill changes my hormones a little to make my body think I'm *already* pregnant, so that I can't GET pregnant. I'd take one every day of my period. An IUD is a little device that goes inside me, and does what the Pill does, only without chemicals by just BEING there."

That sounded pretty close to what I'd heard about them, so I let it go, and asked "So why are you doing this at a clinic, instead of the doctor's office?"

Again with the look, before she answered me by saying "Because the Doctor would probably tell Mom or Dad, even if he DID fix me up with one. The clinic I'm going to, they don't tell parents as long as the girl is sixteen - which I was a couple weeks ago, when I set up the appointment."

She'd definitely thought this through, and seemed to have a pretty good idea of what she was doing, and why.

"So you're getting set up with birth control _before_ you need it? As in, you haven't yet?"

"Yes, Mike, I'm still a virgin. But not for much longer, I think."

"Sounds like you've got somebody in mind."

"I do."

"Anybody I know?"

"Yeah. But I'm not ready to talk about it yet, okay?"

"Okay, I won't push. Just do me a favor and make sure first, right?"

"Oh, I will - I know I'm not ready to actually *do* it, yet; just that I'm ready to be ready, if that makes sense."

By this time, we'd gotten close to where she wanted to go; with a little direction from her, it was only a couple more minutes before I pulled into the parking lot and found a space that was reasonably out of the way. The clinic did their part by having their 'main' entrance at the side of the building, where it was somewhat concealed by shrubbery. All very discrete.

As Holly started to get out of the car, I asked her "Do I need to go in with you? Or should that be do you WANT me to go in with you?"

She smiled, and said "No, in either case - but thanks for the offer. I've got the payment, and you're the ride they told me I'd want when they were done, so that's about got it covered. They said I'd be in there for half an hour to an hour, so if you want to get a drink or something to eat, you've got some time."

"I'll just wait here, then. If I go someplace and come back, that just increases the chance someone will notice me, or us."

She smiled again, and nodded, before heading into the clinic. I sat outside, reading one of my homework assignments, until I heard footsteps approaching. When I looked up, I saw that it was Holly, walking a bit unsteadily to the car.

When she got in, she saw that I was looking at her uncertainly. Realizing my concern, she just laughed a little, and said "No, I'm fine; everything went just the way they said it would. I'm just feeling a little sore from the procedure. They said to take it easy tonight, that I'd be fine in the morning; and that I shouldn't get too active for the next couple of days."

By the time I got us home, Mom had gotten home from the volunteer work she did at a local charity; she saw Holly walking funny, and immediately wanted to know what was wrong. Holly just told her that she'd stumbled on the stairs at school, and had twisted her knee a little, and that she'd be fine in the morning, she was sure. Since her knee obviously wasn't swollen, it couldn't have been **too** bad, Mom was thinking when I scanned her. She wasn't happy about it, but - with my help - content to accept Holly's explanation. Supper that night was served in the family room, on trays, so that Holly didn't have to get up and move around any more than necessary.

Sure enough, the next morning, Holly was moving around, apparently fine. Only my scan of her revealed that there was still a little soreness that she was covering up so the rest of us wouldn't worry.

The following Saturday, Diane came over as usual. Dad was off to do some charity golf thing, and Mom was going with him for moral support: Dad wasn't that good of a golfer, even in the best of times, and needed her there to keep him steady.

I was taking a nap on my bed at the time, and was surprised when I woke up to find a naked Diane straddling my hips. I immediately started to get hard, which tented the cutoff sweats I was wearing - pressing them against Diane's crotch.

I looked at her and raised an eyebrow in question; she answered by telling me "Holly's still a little sore inside, and she doesn't think that we should, uh, **do** anything for a couple more days. I'm feeling really frisky, so she said I should come on in here and see if you could take care of me, instead. So here I am!", with a big grin on her face.

I smiled back, and started to move so I could reach up and touch her, but she just held me still and said "Huh-uh. You just lay there, and let me do the work - you did it all the first time, so now it's up to me."

I nodded my acceptance, and she released me before moving down my legs a little bit so she could start pulling my sweats down. When she got them far enough that my cock popped free, her eyes got wide for a moment before she tugged on them again to try and

get them lower. I lifted my hips to help her, and even as she tugged them down my thighs, her eyes were following the sway of my mostly-erect penis. She licked her lips in anticipation of what was coming (pardon the pun), and when she had my sweats down far enough to not be in her way, she turned them loose so she could take hold of my erection. Her eyes on mine, she grinned as she lowered her head to wrap her lips around me, taking nearly half my length in her mouth before she started dancing her tongue around the head, and along its length. It took only a few seconds of that (!!) before I was completely hard.

After a few more moments, she lifted her head - releasing me with a faint 'pop' - and looked up at me with a big grin on her face.

I grinned back, and said "I'd like to do you, too!", and her grin got even bigger before she started moving herself off my legs.

In short order, I had a clear view of her labia, which were slightly separated and obviously wet with her arousal. Even as she lowered her head to start sucking on me again, I was raising MY head to slip my tongue between the gates to her womanhood - and hearing her soft moan of pleasure as I did.

It took me only a second to collect some of her sweet, tangy nectar before I eased my tongue between her inner lips on my way to her clitoris. When I got there, I gently took it between my lips to hold it steady as I rapidly fluttered my tongue across its surface - and drawing a deep groan of arousal from her in response.

As I continued to tease her clit, Diane went to work on my erection: holding the base of it steady with her hand, she used her lips to nibble at me, taking soft 'bites' across the entire surface of my erect penis. That done, she used the very tip of her tongue to wet it with her saliva before taking me into her mouth again - and surprising me by lowering her head far enough that I felt the head of my erection press briefly against the back of her throat before she raised her head again. She patently didn't have much in the way of experience giving blowjobs, but she more than made up for it in enthusiasm and willingness to learn, and experiment. Every time she did something that got a positive reaction from me, she'd repeat it a few times, as though practicing a new lesson.

For my part, I simply took my time trying to bring her as much pleasure as I could - helped considerably by my ability to scan her to find out what worked fastest and best on her. Between softly sucking on her vaginal lips - separately, and together - and simply licking at the entrance to her vagina as though it were an ice-cream cone, it didn't take long before I had a steady trickle of her essence leaking onto my tongue, its pleasant odor filling my nose.

What she was doing to me felt great, but a scan of her showed that she wanted us to make love - and that starting with her on top of me was only the beginning. I also found that she again wanted me to climax first, so that I would be able to make love to her for as long as possible - she had a number of things in mind for us to do.

Willing (!) to let her have her way, I re-applied myself to bringing her as much pleasure as she was giving me. In only a couple of minutes, I had her panting around my erection, which she was rhythmically sucking on, in time with sliding her tongue around it's head. For my part, I had fastened my mouth over the opening to her vagina, and was softly sucking on it as I used my stiffened tongue to penetrate her as far as I could.

She finally shifted over to simply sucking on my saliva-slickened penis as she slowly bobbed her head up and down, almost literally fucking me with her mouth; from the way my balls tightened in her hand, she knew she was having the desired effect. My response was to shift my mouth down slightly, so that my lower lip was able to softly stroke across her clit as I continued to penetrate her with my tongue in time with what my lip was doing. Her reaction was to arch her back, giving me a better angle, so that I could penetrate her a little deeper.

Somehow or other, we got into synch with each other - matching each other's actions stroke for stroke, penetration for penetration: even as I felt her lips sliding down my erection, my tongue was slipping into her warm, tight vagina. A quick scan of her revealed that she found the situation as exciting and erotic as I did; with us feeding off each other like that (pun intended!), it didn't take much longer before both of us reached our release.

Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer; and launched spurt after spurt of my semen into Diane's eagerly sucking mouth, feeling it as she greedily swallowed it nearly as fast as I could give it to her. I say nearly as fast, because as I felt the last couple of small wads leave me, I could feel the sensation of a small trickle of my cum making it's way down my softening penis. Diane wasn't one to let it go to waste, though - after she'd swallowed what was left in her mouth, she released me from her lips so that she could begin cleaning me off with her tongue.

As she was doing that, I was able to go back to being the bee tending her womanly flower - and even as she was finishing up her cleanup of my wilted member, I could hear her breath quicken in time with what I was doing to her: lapping up the ample supply of her inner oils, pulling on her labia with my lips, and fluttering across her clitoris with my tongue. Finally, I heard her deep-throated groan as her vaginal entrance began clutching at my buried tongue. As her spasms passed through her, I used my lip to press against her clitoris, drawing out her release.

When her orgasm finally ended, Diane started to lower herself onto me; but I quickly guided her around so that she was laying next to me, so I could hold her.

She put an arm across my chest, to match the leg she laid across my lower belly; I could feel her firm breasts and hard nipples pressing into my side, along with the feel of her soft bush brushing against my hip. I slipped my arm around her, and she lay her head on my shoulder.

We lay there like that for several minutes, catching our breath, simply content to *be* with each other.

It was maybe 20 minutes later that I felt Diane's hand start exploring, starting with my pectorals, then on to my abdomen. There, she drew little designs on my belly, always ending them by tracing her fingertip to my navel. When she tired of that, she slid her leg off me so she'd have room to play with my pubic hair for a little bit before moving on to tracing the outlines of the muscles in my thighs by drawing her fingertips up toward my slowly-inflating penis.

Eventually, she had mercy on me, and took me into her hand. She alternated between slowly and softly masturbating me, and using her fingertips to lightly trace my steadily increasing dimensions. When she was finally satisfied with her handiwork, she moved on top of me, her knees on each side of me by my hips, her breasts pressing into my chest. Raising herself up slightly, she used her nipples to trace parallel designs on my chest - I could feel them hardening again as she did. After a few seconds of that, she also started hunching her pelvis, rubbing the outside of her vagina against my penis, which was now almost completely hard. It took only a few such passes before I could feel her oils being spread along the underside of my erection, making her actions even easier - and more pleasant - for both of us. Along with the feeling of her sliding along my penis from balls to head, I could easily detect the delightful aroma of her arousal.

She was panting slightly when I felt her raise her hips again, letting my erect penis move from between us to point toward the ceiling. When it had cleared her mons, she again lowered herself, then scooted back so that the top of my hardness was pressing against her labia. She again started rubbing herself against it, spreading her ample juices along my length, and teasing us both into even greater levels of arousal.

When she was satisfied that she'd wetted me down enough for her needs, she raised herself up so that she was crouching above my hips. She took my hands and put them on her breasts, encouraging me to play with them; I gently pinched her nipples between a couple of fingers. She put a hand on my chest, raised herself up, and took me into her hand before guiding the head of my slickened penis to the opening to her vagina.

Her eyes locked on mine, and our gaze never broke as she slowly lowered herself onto me, taking my entire length in a single, smooth motion. Only when her wonderfully smooth, firm, asscheeks were settled on my thighs did she stop - and only then did she close her eyes as a look of delighted satisfaction cross her face.

Her eyes stayed closed, and she stayed still above me, for perhaps a couple of minutes as I continued to play with her breasts: gently squeezing them, caressing them, teasing her already erect nipples. I couldn't help but be fascinated by the way her nipples stuck out like little volcanoes in the dark circles of her areolas - which were, themselves, tight and erect.

Eventually, her eyes opened, and again her gaze locked with mine as she began moving herself over me - not vertically, but horizontally, as she experimented with finding out how I felt inside her, and how she could make that feeling change. Too, I could feel her again learning some control over her internal muscles as she would tighten around me completely; then the tightness of her shifting in varying degrees and directions as she experimented with what she was learning.

As she learned what she wanted to know, Diane was also doing wonders to stimulate me, getting me as hard as I'd ever felt - but because she wasn't actually moving around me, I wasn't being stimulated too much: she was making, and keeping, me hard, but not so much that I was moving toward a climax. All in all, it was a **most** pleasant and novel experience - but I have to admit that I was happy when she called an end to her lessons, and went back to pleasing herself - and me.

She gradually started raising herself above me, letting my erect penis slide out of her womanhood, until the ring of her vaginal entrance was secured around the glans. She paused there for several seconds before lowering herself again, her face radiant as she clearly delighted in the feeling of having me fill her again. Only when she was again seated on my 'lap' did she say anything to me: "After that first time, I was a little sore - you know, inside - the next day. But even the **soreness** felt kind of good; it was a reminder to me of how good it felt to have you inside me, and that I was a WOMAN. Ever since then, I've wanted to find a reason for us to do this again. But I didn't want to do anything to hurt Holly, either. I didn't think it would look good if I came over here just to see you, so that meant that I could only really be here with Holly - and I don't want to make her feel like she's being left out of anything by spending time with you when I could be with her."

I could only respond by telling her "I understand. Holly's your best friend. I was happy to have our time on the farm; I really didn't expect anything more."

She smiled at me, then tightened herself around me, before answering "I know - that's part of why I didn't worry about it too much: I **knew** that you wouldn't be pushy about it, or expect anything more from me. But I want you to know that **I** want us to be together more. You're patient and gentle, and you're willing to let me move only as fast as I'm comfortable with, and that means a LOT to me - and makes me want to learn all about this making love stuff with you."

My hands had been resting on her thighs, but I reached up to cup her breasts again, and started playing with them. Her eyes closed, and she leaned forward slightly, pressing her breasts into my hands. She went on to hold them there as she again raised, then lowered, herself on my erection several times - each a little faster than before.

As she got more and more into impaling herself on me, I let my hands slide off her breasts and down onto her thighs, softly stroking them as I watched the slight gentle swaying of her breasts as she moved. Looking at where we were joined, I could see her erect clitoris peeking at me from between her glistening labia. I carefully reached

between us, and extended my finger so that her clitoris would brush across it each time she raised and lowered herself - something that stimulated and pleased her tremendously, judging from the gasps and moans that she started making.

After a couple more minutes, she cupped her own breasts, using her fingers to twist and pull on her nipples as she started all but slamming herself down on me. From the blush on her face and shoulders, I knew that she was completely aroused; the fluttering of her vagina around my penis told me that she wasn't far from orgasm. Another minute or so, and I could tell that she was getting close - VERY close; but I could also tell that she was starting to get a little tired, too. To help her along, I kept my hand against her mons, fluttering my fingertip across her clitoris. With that added stimulation, it took her only another minute or so before she tightened around me as she slammed herself down on me even as the first wave of her orgasm washed over her. I continued to stimulate her clitoris in time with the contractions I could feel, stretching her release out as much as I could.

As her climax tapered off, she was again able to speak to me, saying "Oh, GOD, that felt good!", followed a moment later by "You didn't shoot, did you? I want to feel you shoot your stuff in me!"

Tired from her efforts, she leaned forward, her hands on each side of me, resting on her arms. I gladly took the opportunity to lift my head and start licking her breasts, and sucking on her nipples. She moaned deep in her throat, and said "I mean it. I want to feel you cum in me."

I watched as her left nipple snapped back into place when I released it from my lips, and told her "I think you're a little tired. How about if I make love to you, now?"

She grinned, and said "Sounds good to me. But I want to do something different. I've heard about 'doggie style', and I know that's when you're behind me. I want to try it."

"My pleasure!", I assured her, earning myself another grin before she replied "I'll bet!"

We stayed together - her on top of me, my penis buried in her - for another minute before she finally eased herself off of me, and moved to kneel next to me. I quickly got onto my knees as well, and the two of us shared a deep, passionate kiss and hug with my glistening penis trapped between us. She eventually pulled back from me, then moved to her hands and knees, facing away from me slightly. I moved behind her, and paused to marvel at the way the globes of her ass flowed so smoothly from her hips and waist, and on down to her legs - truly, it was in inspirational sight.

She looked over her shoulder at me, questioningly, and I could only tell her the truth: "DAMN, but you look good from this angle!" - and earning myself a smile before she said "Yeah, fine, thanks. Now, would you stick that thing in me before I go crazy?"

I smiled back, and moved forward until the head of my erection was caressing her exposed vaginal lips. To my surprise, she reached down between her legs, using her

fingers to separate her inner lips, opening herself up to me. I took myself in hand, and guided the still-slick head of my penis to her entrance. I pressed forward slightly, and felt the head slip past her opening; with me firmly in place, she moved her hand back to the bed to steady herself. I let go of my hard-on, and put both hand on her hips to hold her steady as I pressed myself into her in a single stroke, stopping only when I felt the soft but dense growth of her pubic hair grazing my balls.

Looking down, I could see past the dark crinkle of her anus, to where her vaginal lips bracketed the little bit of my erection that wasn't inside her. I watched as they clasped at me, seeming to stretch slightly as I eased my penis about halfway out of her. Then, as I pushed forward again, I lost sight of them as they disappeared behind the dark cloud of her bush.

The feeling of her hot, wet tunnel was incredible - whether she was doing it on purpose or not, I could feel her internal muscles tightening around me in different ways and different places. I held myself in her for a few seconds, savoring the feelings she was generating before I slid myself out again, only to bury myself in her a few moments later.

In only a minute or so, I had started moving in her in a steady, smooth rhythm. The pace and force I was using - and the feeling of her wet, tight, and HOT vagina around me - was more than enough to keep me hard, but still without stimulating myself too much. As I was pistoning in and out of her, I took the opportunity to do a scan, and found that I was steadily moving her toward another orgasm - one that promised to be even bigger than what she'd just experienced. Happy to know that I was pleasing her as much as I was, I simply kept going; and was rewarded several minutes later by the feeling of her tightening around me again as she gave a deep groan of release. By this time, she was wet enough that I was able to keep stroking in her, and thanks to another scan of her, doing so in time with the spasms she was experiencing.

By the time it was over for her, the fluttering and clenching of her vagina around me hard-on had been enough to push me a considerable way toward my own climax. When I reached down, and around, to hold her breasts, a drop of sweat fell onto her back; she looked over her shoulder at me again, and asked "You want me to do it, now?"

I managed to gasp out that I'd appreciate that very much, and she nodded her acceptance. I regretfully let her move forward enough to let my erection slip free with a soft, wet noise. She quickly turned around, and guided me to a sitting position, so that I was resting against the headboard of my bed. Then she moved over my lap, her back to my chest, holding my slick erection steady as she lowered herself onto it again. With her facing away from me, it was much easier for me to reach around her and hold her breasts in my hands, feeling their weight shift as she slowly bounced up and down on my lap. I scanned her again, and knew that she was on her way toward another orgasm - and that me unloading my semen in her would trigger it.

It took a couple minutes, but she gradually got the hang of manipulating her internal muscles while she was moving over me - she would deliberately relax herself as she

lowered herself, only to tighten up and hold on to me when she raised herself up again. Between that, and the way she would lightly scratch across my scrotum with her fingernails, it wasn't long until I felt the stirring in my balls that meant relief was on the way.

When I felt myself getting close, I released one of her breasts so that I could reach down and start playing with her clitoris - which only served to motivate her to doing more to stimulate ME. In short order, my balls tightened up, and I pressed myself into her as far as I could while I hosed her insides with what felt like gallons of my semen. That, and my finger on her clit, was enough to push HER over the edge, as well, and she literally screamed her release as her hot sheath tightened down, then started milking me as the waves of her release washed through her.

As her orgasm tapered off, she leaned back against my chest. I put my arms around her to hold her as she caught her breath, and she rested her head on my shoulder - then put her hands on my arms, holding them.

Both of us were basking in the glow with our eyes closed when we heard Holly's voice say "That has GOT to be the most erotic, most _beautiful_ thing I ever hope to see!"

I opened my eyes to see Holly standing in the doorway to my room, all but staring at where Diane and I were resting - and more specifically, where we were still joined. Wearing only a pair of VERY sheer, *very* brief panties, she was a vision of loveliness: medium-sized breasts, firm, set high on her chest; smooth skin, without blemish; her small, dark red bush clearly visible behind the nearly transparent material of her panties which were almost molded to her mons - even to the point of revealing her cleft.

I felt Diane stir slightly in my arms before she said "Well, don't just stand there - c'mere and give me a kiss!"

Holly dragged her eyes up from where they were focused, and blushed slightly when she realized we knew where she'd been looking. After a moment's hesitation, she moved forward, stopping when she was standing by the side of my bed. She leaned over to kiss Diane, and started slightly when Diane reached up to cup one of her breasts. As they kissed, I could feel myself responding to the sight, but kept my face impassive when their kiss broke, and Holly looked at me. Seeing my _apparent_ indifference, she hesitantly reached out to put her hand over one of Diane's breasts, and the two of them started kissing again - causing me to react even more. I knew Diane could feel it when she slowly wiggled her cute butt in my lap in response.

When their kiss finally ended, Diane asked "As nice as that was, what brought you in here?"

Holly just laughed, and said "I heard *somebody* screaming. At first, I thought something had happened, and went to see what it was. When I got to the door, and saw you two, I knew what it was." - the last with a big grin on her face.

Holly's eyes dropped to where I was still inside Diane - mostly soft, but still inside. Diane saw where she was looking, and asked "Holly, do you want to look closer? I mean, *really* look?"

Holly blushed furiously, but quietly nodded, and Diane told her "Go ahead, then. *I* don't mind, and if Mike did, I'm sure he would have said or done something by now."

Still a little red from her embarrassment, Holly carefully climbed onto my bed, and moved to where she could get a clearer view between Diane's legs. After looking for a couple of minutes, and even moving her head around for different views, I saw her hand move. Diane must have seen it, too, and told her "If you want to touch, it's okay with me. Just don't do anything to make Mike pull out of me - I still have his stuff in me."

Holly's eyes got wide at that news, but she didn't say anything; opting, instead, to reach out and touch us.

Holly must have contacted Diane's clitoris first, because I felt Diane twitch *ever* so slightly in my arms as her breath caught in her throat.

I could feel slight changes in pressure as Holly carefully prodded Diane's pubis; I finally told her "Holly, it's okay to touch me, too, if you want. Just be careful, like Diane said." Again, Holly blushed, but nodded her head in understanding; a few moments later, I felt the lightest possible touch of her fingers on the base of my penis.

Several minutes went by with Diane and I sitting there as Holly quietly did a tactile exam of our union. A couple of times, Holly asked Diane a question, nodding slightly at the answer. Only when she was satisfied did she sit up again, blushing slightly when she saw us looking at her.

I scanned Holly, and found that she was most definitely excited - not just by the sight of Diane and I together, but by the fact that it was *me* she had been looking at, and touching.

Holly looked at Diane and asked "You really like having him in you like that?"

"Sure. Even though he's not hard or anything, I can still feel him there, and it feels good."

"And you like having his, uh, stuff in you?"

"Now, not so much, but a little, yeah. I like it most when I feel him squirting it inside me. I know when he's doing it because it feels so hot, and makes me feel even wetter inside."

"What... What did you do?" Holly asked, moving to sit cross-legged - unconsciously giving Diane and I a clear view of her parted labia. I wasn't real certain, but I *thought* I could see a slight difference in the color of her panties - as though they were damp.

Diane answered Holly's question by saying "Well, when I came in here, he was asleep, so I just took off my clothes and climbed onto the bed with him. When I got on top of him, he woke up and saw me. He started to get hard, and I could feel it inside his pants, kind of pushing against me, you know, *there*. He wanted to move, to touch me, but I had him wait while I pulled his pants down until I could use my mouth on him. After I did that a little bit, he wanted to do the same thing to me, and it felt *wonderful* - it made me *so* excited!"

Holly's eyes were wide at the idea that Diane and I had used our mouths on each other, but she nodded for Diane to continue.

"We kept doing that to each other until he shot his stuff in my mouth" - "He *did*?!" Holly asked, amazed - and getting a nod in response before Diane went on "and when he was done, he used his mouth on me again until *I* had an orgasm. When it was over, I wanted to lay down, but Mike pulled me around so I could lay next to him. After a little bit, I was ready again, and I started playing with him. When he started to get hard again, I got on top of him again and started rubbing myself against it. It felt so good, and made him even harder. Finally, I got on top of him, and put him inside me. I played around a little bit, finding out what I could do, inside. I could feel him getting even HARDER when I was doing that! He started playing with my tits then, and that started getting ME hot. When I couldn't stand it any more, I started moving on him, and it felt *SO* good to feel him sliding in and out of me!"

Holly got an envious look on her face as Diane continued "I was getting close to an orgasm again, but I was getting tired, too - and Mike just started playing with my clit, until I had my orgasm. When it was over - it took longer cause HE kept playing with my clit! - he knew I wanted to make love some more, and he had me get on my hands and knees, and did me from behind; you know, 'doggie style'. It felt great, and I had another orgasm, and he STILL didn't shoot his stuff in me, except for that first time when I used my mouth on him. After my orgasm, I saw that he was hot and sweaty, so I had him lay back like he is now, and I got on top of him again. He started playing with my tits again while I was moving on top of him. He was real patient with me while I learned how to do my insides at the same time I was making love with him - I think it turned him on a LOT!", with a giggle.

Seeing Holly's rapt attention, Diane finished up by telling her "Anyway, I was starting to get close again - he wasn't the ONLY one that was feeling good - when he started playing with my clit AGAIN. By that time, I was *SO* hot that when I felt him start to shoot in me, it just made me get off again *so* hard - I guess that's when you heard me", she giggled again, before asking "But what took you so long to get here?"

Holly blushed slightly, and said "It was only the one scream, and it took me a little while to get up the nerve to go find out what it was about."

Diane told her "That's okay - at least you looked first, instead of calling 911 or something!" - making us all laugh a little at the image we'd have presented - before

adding "Anyway, I really should get up now, and get a towel or something to keep from making a mess on Mike's bed."

Holly quickly jumped up - her breasts jiggling in a _most_ fetching way - and said "Wait, let me get one. You two just stay there, okay?"

Diane nodded her agreement, and I said "Thanks, Holly" - making her smile. She headed out the door, and was back in a few seconds with a large towel from the bathroom. She handed it to Diane, but didn't let go of it right away. Diane looked up at her, and asked "You want to watch, don't you?"

Holly looked at the floor, and finally mumbled "Well, uh, yeah, if you don't mind...."

Diane told her "Sure, it's okay. In fact, if you want to, YOU can do it."

Holly quickly got onto the bed again, but when she started to reach for us, I spoke up, saying "If I could offer a small suggestion?"

Holly immediately stopped, and looked up at me, while Diane turned her head to do the same. With both of them paying attention to me, I said "How about if I lift up a little bit first, so Holly can slide the end of the towel under me. Then we won't have to worry about anything escaping, and can take our time cleaning up."

Holly looked slightly confused, but Diane immediately understood, and said "That's a good idea. How do you do it?"

"I just lift us both up far enough for Holly to slide the towel under my butt. Then you can do whatever you want", I replied.

Diane turned to Holly and said "He's right. When he, uh, pulls loose, it's probably going to get kind of messy. If we didn't move fast, some of his stuff would probably get on his bed. This way, the towel will be there to catch it, and we won't have to hurry so much, or be quite as careful."

Holly nodded her agreement, if not understanding. Diane directed her into position, and when she was ready, I lifted my hips, raising Diane up with me. Holly quickly slid the towel under me, and sat back again when I planted myself on it. That done, I spread my legs a little so Holly could move between them, and get closer to where she needed to be. Holly took the free end of the towel, and under Diane's direction, reached out to gently pull me free of Diane. All of us were more than a little amused that Diane and I had become 'glued' together, but Holly carefully and gently pulled me loose - and releasing the mini-flood of my semen and Diane's juices. When that happened, her eyes got positively huge, but she quickly recovered, and started wiping us off - first Diane, then me. She got a mildly surprised/pleased look on her face when I started growing again after she took me in her hand - the idea of my own sister cleaning off my dripping penis after I just got through making love to her best friend did have a certain impact on my

libido. She looked up at me briefly, but when I smiled in approval of what she was doing, she quickly went back to cleaning me off.

That done, Diane suggested that she wanted to share a shower with me. I quickly scanned Holly, and found that she felt a little left out that she hadn't been included - particularly since SHE was the one that had cleaned both of us up. As Diane stood up, and I moved to follow her, I took Holly by the hand and said "C'mon, Pumpkin - you might as well get in on this, too!". She didn't hesitate to scramble to the edge of the bed, then stand up; following us only after she'd grabbed the towel she'd cleaned us up with. She stuffed it into the laundry hamper in the bathroom as Diane got the shower going. When the water was hot enough, she stepped in, pulling me in after her. Holly was delayed only as long as it took her to slip out of her panties and climb in with us.

After a little negotiation, we decided that the most fun would be for two of us to wash the third - one on each side of that person so that both of the washers could have front AND back fun with the washee. Diane was the first subject, and almost had another orgasm before Holly and I were done with her. Next was Holly - Diane and I were a little easier on her because of her recent medical adventure, but we still left her feeling pretty good. I have to admit that it was more than a little fun having my sister's naked, slippery body under my hands.

That left me for last - and it didn't take the two of them long to get me hard as a rock and ready to hump anything that would hold still long enough. Diane had mercy on me, and took the opportunity to demonstrate fellatio to Holly - explaining what she was doing, and why, along the way. She even let Holly help by having Holly masturbate me while Diane applied a gentle, rhythmic suction to the head of my penis. That I was able to play with Holly's breasts and ass while Diane was busy helped make my climax faster and stronger.

When she'd drained me, Diane stood up next to Holly, and the two of them shared a kiss - and, from what I could see, the taste of my semen.

With all of us cleaned up, we got out of the shower and dried each other off, taking the opportunity to do a little more groping and fondling in the process. When we were done, the two of them headed off toward Holly's room while I went back to mine to resume my now much-needed nap.

Over the next couple of months, the two of them got more and more relaxed about showing their affection for each other when I was around. It wasn't uncommon for them to blatantly make out with each other - up to and including taking each other's clothes off - in my presence. Every time it happened, THEIR little show proved to be more interesting than whatever else I was doing at the time. It didn't take me long to learn to do my homework in my room, with the door closed, lest I fall victim to their distractions.

Holly also demonstrated her acceptance of Diane's interest in me by making sure that Diane and I had more than a few opportunities to enjoy each other's bodies. In fact, the last couple of times before New Year's, Holly even joined in a bit. In between visits by Diane, Holly also showed a willingness for the two of us to have more intimate physical contact. Several times, she would join me in the shower when our folks weren't home, and the two of us would share some slippery fun. After a little initial hesitation on BOTH our parts, we were soon comfortable taking the opportunity to get each other off: as Holly would masturbate me in the shower, I would do the same for her, with both of us climaxing strongly as a result.

Even when our folks were home, we'd find ways to show our affection for each other: if I had to get past Holly to get someplace, she'd stick her butt out so that my penis would brush against it as I went by; or if she was going by me, she'd reach out and pat my ass or give my penis a quick grope. For my part, I couldn't let the opportunity to play with her ass go by, or pass up a chance to give her breasts a squeeze, or nipples a little tweak. Even when we were going someplace with Mom and Dad, we'd find ways to tease each other in the back seat of the car.

As it got close to New Years, Mom and Dad announced that they would be going out of town for a couple of days to celebrate. Holly and I knew how hard Dad worked, and didn't have any problems with him and Mom having some time to themselves - both of us knew that Mom had her hands full with taking care of all of us. We also found out that Diane's folks were wanting to go to a New Year's Eve party, as well; so it seemed pretty reasonable to everyone that Diane should stay with Holly and me.

Diane came over a couple of hours before Mom and Dad were supposed to leave on their trip. I stayed downstairs watching TV while she and Holly immediately set themselves up in Holly's room with the door closed; the two of them only came out when Mom and Dad announced that they were ready to leave. With hugs and kisses for all of us, and an admonition from Dad to behave ourselves, they loaded up the car with our help, and headed out. After they were out of sight, Diane and Holly went back to Holly's room, with me moving to the kitchen to dig up a snack before watching some more TV.

It was a couple of hours later that the two of them wandered into the living room - wearing (if such a term could apply) only their panties. I was stretched out on the couch, so the two of them spread a light blanket on the floor next to where I was laying, then used the couch as a backrest as they sat on the floor.

The three of us stayed there for a while, watching TV, until Holly leaned over to kiss Diane. Diane, of course, had to return it; in short order the two of them were making out with each other - and going at it hot and heavy. I tried to ignore it as best I could (there was a game on), but finally gave up on the idea when I saw the two of them removing each other's panties. When they didn't even *look* at me as they moved into a '69', I just turned the TV off in favor of the live show in front of me.

From the angle they were laying at, I had a fairly clear view of Holly's pubis as she lay on top of Diane. Of course, that also made the delightful globes of her smooth, firm ass open to my exam, as well; along with the dark pink rosette of her anus.

Already hard from watching them earlier, it wasn't possible for me to tent my sweats any more as I watched Diane's delicate pink tongue slide up between my sister's extended, glistening labia. I could also see Holly shiver as Diane's tongue began it's dance on her sex.

Over the next several minutes, I watched the two of them teasing and pleasing each other with their hands and mouths - accompanied by a near-constant moist slurping sound punctuated with gasps and moans of pleasure and arousal. The pace steadily increased until, finally, I watched as Diane's hips snapped up off the floor as she climaxed from Holly's attentions. When it was over, Diane redoubled her efforts on Holly, and was rewarded a couple minutes later by Holly crying out her own release. When Holly was mostly recovered from her orgasm, she let herself slide off Diane. When she did, Diane moved around to lay next to her so the two of them could cuddle.

After a few minutes, both of them opened their eyes - and when they saw me looking at them, blushed; Diane slightly, Holly a LOT more. When I didn't say - or do - anything, though, they went back to holding each other for a little while. It was when Diane started eyeing the bulge in my sweats that I suspected she had something else on her mind - something that a quick scan of her confirmed. So I wasn't surprised when Diane untangled herself from Holly, and sat up before reaching out to take hold of my penis through my sweats before saying "That was really nice - but I want some of THIS, too."

At that, Holly sat up too, so she could have a better view of what Diane was up to. And what Diane was up to was playing with my dick and balls through my sweats.

With Diane's skilled ministrations, it wasn't long before I was pressing myself forward in an effort to increase the pleasure she was bringing me. When that happened, she looked into my eyes and said "Yeah, I think you're ready!" with a grin. Taking her hand off my throbbing erection, she gestured that she wanted me to get up. I swung my legs around to put my feet on the floor, then stood up. When I was vertical (well, mostly - some of me was still horizontal), she reached over to gently tug Holly closer to where we were, telling her "C'mon, Holly. You might as well learn with Mike as anyone else..."

Holly and I both found out what she meant when Diane pulled my sweats down to reveal my erection before taking it into her mouth to slide her lips up and down it's length a couple of times. When she let it slide free of her lips, she gently tugged Holly into position and told her "Go ahead. He likes it, and I'll stop you before he shoots."

Doubtfully, hesitantly, Holly finally leaned forward enough to let the tip of her tongue run across the head before looking at Diane. Diane just smiled, and said "See? It doesn't taste bad, or anything. Go ahead and put it in your mouth!" A little more sure of herself, Holly did as Diane instructed: leaning forward again, she opened her mouth slightly, and

took the head of my penis in her mouth, just holding it there. I, of course, was careful not to disturb them - the thought of my own sister with her lips wrapped around my dick was something that I'd been dreaming about, and working toward, for a long time, and I wasn't about to do or say anything to mess it up. Particularly now that it was actually happening.

With encouragement and guidance from Diane, Holly began learning how to give blowjobs - keeping her mouth open enough that her teeth didn't hurt, letting her saliva lubricate me, applying suction, using her tongue to find and stimulate the different areas that get - or keep - a guy hard, and make him excited. Holly even got brave enough to cup my balls, rolling them in her hand as she tested their size and weight.

While she was doing that, Diane was careful to keep an eye on me, so that when I started enjoying what Holly was doing TOO much, she was able to call an end to it, saying "That's enough, for now. When he shoots, I want it to be in *me*!"

To my surprise, I saw a look of reluctance cross Holly's face before she released my erection - glistening with her saliva - from her lips. When I was again waving in the air in time with my heartbeats, Diane moved in again to start pulling my sweats the rest of the way down my legs. Holly realized what she was doing, and promptly started helping; in only a few seconds, I was naked as the day I was born.

At that point, Diane took my hand, and guided me down onto the blanket, on my back. Satisfied with my position, she moved over me, placing her knees on each side of my hips, then leaned forward so that her breasts were dangling in my face. She looked up at Holly and said "If you want to, you can get BOTH of us ready, and then hold him steady when I want him inside me." Holly got a surprised/pleased look on her face, and quickly moved down to kneel between my legs. I started playing with Diane's breasts, and sucking on her nipples. I felt Holly's breasts brushing against my legs when she leaned forward to begin licking and sucking on Diane's labia and clitoris. Every so often, though, she'd change targets, and take me into her mouth to make sure I stayed hard and slick - ready for Diane.

When Diane finally raised herself up a bit, I could see that being the focus of my, and Holly's, attentions had had it's effect on her: from the tops of her ears to the upper slopes of her breasts, Diane fairly *glowed* with an aroused blush. I felt Holly take me firmly - but gently - in her hand, holding me steady as Diane eased herself back. I felt Holly move me slightly, keeping me aimed at the center of Diane's sex - Diane was able to all but 'walk' herself onto my slippery manhood. Only when nearly half of me was inside Diane did I feel Holly let go of me. She stayed where she was, though, watching as Diane raised her body a little more before squatting down to take the rest of me inside. I heard Holly's aroused gasp as she watched my hardness slowly disappearing into Diane's hot, wet sheath. Holly moaned softly when Diane raised herself up, letting me slide out of her until only the head of my penis was inside, before lowering herself onto it again.

Holly continued to watch as Diane started moving herself over me, sliding her tight, wet vagina up and down my erection. Diane turned her head to say something to Holly, and a moment later, Holly moved to kneel next to my side so the two of them could kiss as they played with each other's breasts. I scanned Holly, and found that she was getting *extremely* turned on by watching Diane and I make love, and that she wanted some attention to HER sex, as well. She didn't flinch when I reached out to put my hand on her hip; nor did she resist when I guided her backwards. Only when she felt me trying to guide her over my head did she take any real notice - and even then, it was only to make sure that she didn't knee me in the head as she positioned herself over my face. I scanned her again, and found that all she cared about was getting some relief; that she knew it was ME, and what I was going to do to her, only made it more exciting for her.

I looked up into Holly's crotch, and saw the dark red hair framing her extended inner lips, and the nubbin of her clitoris peeking out at me. Lifting my head slightly, I was able to take her clit between my lips and begin caressing it with my tongue - and earning myself a trickle of her light, sweet, musky oils onto my lip, where I quickly licked them off.

When her labia extended and parted even more, I took it as an invitation to move my attentions there - and did, accompanied by a deep groan of arousal from Holly. Sliding my tongue between her inner lips, I collected a full sample of her delightful nectar, finding it deliciously delicate. It didn't take me long to form a rod with my tongue, and press it into her, drawing a pleased gasp from Holly in response. Over the next minute or so, I slowly tongue-fucked her, sliding it into her as far as I could before wiggling it around to the accompaniment of her impassioned gasps.

When I scanned Diane, I found that the combination of having me inside her, and watching me eat my own sister, was getting her hotter than she'd ever been before. Holly was next, and I learned that hers was a mirror image of what Diane was going through: watching Diane slide herself up and down my erection while *I* had my mouth on her sex was steadily pushing her toward an incredible orgasm. For my part, having Diane's tight, wet womanhood sliding up and down on me was doing as much for me as having Holly's virginal slit on my lips. I knew that none of us was *ever* going to regret this time, or forget it.

That settled, I turned my attention to getting Holly off: licking and sucking on her vaginal lips, fluttering the tip of my tongue across her clitoris, placing my mouth over the opening to her vagina and softly sucking her ample fluids into my mouth, and penetrating her as deeply as I could with my tongue. As I worked - a labor of love, I assure you - I could feel Holly getting more and more excited, and closer and closer to her release. Finally, as I was drawing firm but gentle circles around her clitoris, I felt her start to spasm over me. When I felt that, I took her clit between my lips and started 'milking' it in time with her spasms. Even from where I was, I could tell it was working: the mini-flood of her juices flowing onto my face and tongue was my first clue.

The sight and sounds of Holly's orgasm seemed to be all Diane needed, and I felt her tighten around me as she, too, was overtaken by climax. Even as her vaginal muscles

began clasping at me, she continued to slide herself up and down my erection; the combination of sensations she produced was more than enough to push me over the edge, too, and I fired the first of several shots of my hot seed deep inside her.

Holly was the first to finish her orgasm, and all but collapsed to the floor from it's intensity and duration. Diane and I both finished about the same time, and she managed to lay down on top of me with the last of her energy. We shared a kiss before I put my arms around her, and the two of us lay there for a couple of minutes before dozing off.

I woke up to the sensation of a pair of hot, wet lips wrapped around my rapidly-inflating penis. A quick check verified that Diane was still on top of me; her breasts pressing into my chest proved it wasn't her. That left just one choice - and a quick scan of Holly confirmed she was the one. It also revealed that she was just getting me 'primed' for what she really wanted: to give her virginity to me.

As I was laying there, enjoying what Holly was doing to me, I felt her release me from her mouth - and a few moments later, heard Diane gasp before moving over me. I scanned both of them quickly and learned that Holly was applying her considerable oral skills to 'cleaning up' Diane, with the goal of gently urging Diane off of me.

Holly spent the next few minutes going back and forth between Diane and I - keeping me hard and ready while gradually bringing Diane closer and closer to another orgasm.

Finally, Holly succeeded in her goal, continuing her ministrations as spasm after spasm passed through Diane. As Diane got her breath and senses back, she slowly slid off me to lay on the floor. With the way clear, Holly quickly went back to getting me as aroused and ready as she could - and herself as well, as my scan of her revealed.

When she felt she was ready, Holly pulled her lips clear of my saliva-slickened erection, and told me "Mike, I've been thinking about it for a long time - even before we started taking showers together. I KNOW I'm ready to start having sex, but I want my first time to be good. I know if I let some guy from school do it, it'll hurt, and he'll tell all of his buddies about it. I trust you to do me right; *obviously* you aren't going to talk to anybody about it."

I was finally at the point that I'd been aiming at ever since I realized all I could do with The Force: I was being offered the chance to separate my own sixteen-year-old sister from her virginity - and at HER request.

I looked Holly in the eyes as I gave her a deep, thorough scan.

What I found was that she really **was** ready, emotionally and intellectually, to start having sex - she'd been physically ready since shortly after she started sprouting parts. The only thing holding her back this long had been the uncertainty in her own mind, and a slight fear of that her first time would be too painful. After talking it over with Diane several times, and testing me to see how I treated her, she'd come to the conclusion that

she was ready to take this final step - but ONLY with ME. I discovered that the only real fear she had was that she'd do something wrong, or that she'd 'chicken out'; she trusted me completely, having no doubt that I would be as patient and gentle with her as necessary.

My eyes still locked on hers, I told Holly "If you're that sure, then I'll do the best I can. How do you want it to happen?"

I could see the relief in her face before she told me "That time I saw you and Diane on you bed, you know, I thought that it looked like a really easy and comfortable for her. I think that's how I'd like to do it my first time, so I can be a little more in control. I'm **really** nervous about this, and I want to be able to slow things down if I have to. I really do want to do this, I just want to make sure it doesn't happen too fast, you know?"

I nodded my understanding, and replied "That's fine, Holly. We only go as fast as YOU want, and only **do** what YOU want."

She smiled at me, and said "I knew you'd say something like that. Diane told me that you were willing to stop even after you were in her a little way, before you actually broke her cherry."

"We weren't quite at that point, but yeah, I would have, if she'd wanted." I replied.

She grinned at me, and moved up to straddle my hips before telling me "I believe it - that you would have stopped, I mean. But what I want now is for you to kiss me - like you mean it."

With that, she lowered her body until her breasts were pressing into my chest, putting her face close to mine. I smiled back at her, and lifted my head to touch my lips to hers. After only a few seconds, I felt her lips part, and her tongue lightly touch my lips. I opened my mouth in response, and met the next advance of her tongue with my own; the two of them danced for several seconds before we started checking each others tonsils. I knew that she could taste herself on my lips, just as I could taste MYself and Diane on hers. Somehow, that only made it more exciting for both of us, and I could feel her nipples hardening against my chest.

When our lips finally parted, I heard her gasp before she said "Yeah, you sure as hell meant **that**!" before raising herself above me again. She put her hands on my chest, feeling the muscles underneath. I responded in kind, but felt only the firm smoothness of her breasts under my fingers, and the pebbles of her nipples in my palms. For the next couple of minutes, each of us played with the other's chest - Holly delighting in the feel of my chest muscles as I enjoyed the rounded masses of her breasts under my hands. As the time passed, Holly slowly lowered herself, until we could kiss again. This kiss was less impassioned than the previous; rather, it was far more loving and sensual than any kiss we'd shared before.

As it progressed, I could feel Holly easing herself backward until she was finally able to feel my erect penis touching the rounded globes of her ass. At that point, she started a slow, gentle rocking on me that kept her firm asscheeks brushing against the head of my erection while her hard nipples tried to dig holes into my chest. My response was to let my hands wander across her body, savoring the smoothness of her skin as I traced over anything I could reach: her sides, shoulders, hips, the sides of her breasts, her back, and particularly the warm curves of her buns - which I could feel clenching and unclenching under my hands. After a little of this, I thought I could feel a slight dampness in the area where I could feel her soft bush against my lower belly.

With the end of this kiss, Holly again raised up - but this time, only slightly, so that her nipples remained in contact with my skin. As she did, her belly moved against mine, and I became certain that the dampness I thought I'd felt was really there - and from where it was, I could only conclude that it was where some of her feminine oils had escaped her to collect on my skin. We shared another short, soft kiss before she started easing her way backwards again, slowly, until she felt my manhood come in contact with her mons. She adjusted her hips slightly, and I felt the head of my penis slide along her cleft until it came to rest between her labia, pressing ever so slightly against her opening. At that point, she stopped briefly, the carefully worked herself around until she felt my penis was lined up properly. Then, with a Mona Lisa smile on her face, she again started working her way backwards, a fraction of an inch at a time, as she tried to slide herself onto my erection in a series of short rocking motions.

Each time she moved back, I could feel myself moving into her *ever* so slightly farther. It took several minutes, but there finally came the time when I slipped past the ring at the entrance to her vagina; and she paused with the realization that I was finally *in* her - for real.

I looked into her face, but didn't see any discomfort or anything other than the pleasure of having accomplished the first step toward her final goal. She saw me looking at her, and asked "What? Is something wrong?"

I just smiled, and said "Apparently not. I just wanted to make sure YOU were okay."

She grinned, and said "I'm feeling just _fine_, thank you very much! But if you've got any suggestions, I'd be happy to hear them..."

"Just take it slow. Don't hurt yourself. Move yourself around a little bit, so your wetness gets spread around; it'll make it easier for you. Other than that, there isn't much I can say."

She nodded her understanding, and shared a kiss with me before raising herself up again, this time far enough that I could get my hands between us and start playing with her breasts again: softly squeezing them, running my thumbs over her nipples, and softly tracing my fingertips all over them, marveling at their texture.

As I was doing that, Holly started pressing herself back against me in short thrusts. Each time she did, she'd get another fraction of an inch of my hardness inside her. Several times, she would take my advice to heart, and allow herself to move forward, letting my erection slide out of her a little ways, ensuring that it stayed well-coated with her intimate oils.

Finally, though, we came to the obstruction of her hymen. She paused a few moments, then resumed her rocking motion, bumping her maidenhead against my penis each time she moved back. To our mutual surprise and pleasure, it took only a few such impacts before we felt it give way, allowing me to slip inside her even farther. Holly didn't even slow down; with the obstruction of her hymen gone, without any apparent pain or discomfort, she was free to take me inside herself as quickly as she was comfortable with. I was pleasantly surprised to find out just HOW comfortable that could be: it took no more than another couple of minutes before I felt the tight ring of her entrance wrapped around the base of my erection.

When she got to that point, Holly raised herself so that she was sitting upright. From that position, she was able to lower herself the rest of the way onto me, merging our pubic hair. Both of us looked down to where we were joined; the view I had showed her inner lips wrapped around where my erection was buried in her, with her clitoris clearly visible at the top of her cleft.

Much as Diane had, Holly tried experimenting with her internal muscles, getting some idea of what she could do with them and how to control them. Along with that, she also moved her pelvis around a bit, experimenting with how she could change the way I felt inside her. The net effect of all this was that it was stimulating enough to keep me hard (!), but not enough to make me want to climax. If anything, the time she spent at all of this helped me push it back even farther.

Satisfied with what she'd learned, Holly finally raised herself up, allowing perhaps a quarter of my hardness to slide out of her tight sheath before lowering herself onto it again. When she did, I saw a smile of absolute radiance on her face before she did it again, this time letting half of me escape her hot, tight grasp. Then she did it again, lifting herself until only the head of my glistening erection was inside her before letting herself slide back down onto it **ever** so slowly, obviously savoring the sensation of having me fill her so completely.

When she was again settled on me, Holly finally looked down to see that I was watching her. I could see the love and affection and gratitude on her face as she told me "Thank you, Mike. It didn't hurt at all - it feels **wonderful**! Now that I've done it, I think maybe it might not have hurt so much with another guy, but I'm still glad I did it with YOU the first time. I was really afraid that I'd do something wrong, or that I'd be too afraid to really do it. But having you for my first made it a lot easier because I knew if I did it wrong, you'd just help me get it right without saying anything; and that even if I really DID want to stop, you wouldn't try to push me, and that you wouldn't say anything about it."

That said, she leaned over to kiss me; and again, it was a deep sharing of our love for each other. When our lips parted, Holly kept her eyes locked on mine as she put her hands on my chest before starting to make love to me. She started with slow, short movements that barely moved me inside her, but as the next couple of minutes went by, the speed and extent of her motions steadily increased until she was almost literally bouncing up and down on me, sliding almost my entire length in and out of her tight, wet vagina. After a little longer, I could tell from the way her vagina was claspng at me that she was getting close to orgasm - but I could also see that she was starting to get tired, so I reached down between us and started playing with her clitoris with one hand as I used the other to caress and tease her breasts. The effect on her was almost electrifying; in less than a minute, she was all but slamming herself down onto me as she rapidly approached her first coital orgasm. A few moments more, and it hit her, hard: with one last motion, she buried me inside herself, pressing her pelvis against me as I felt her tighten around my erection when the first of several spasms passed through her. Each wave of her release caused her to emit a deep, gasping groan of pleasure as her internal muscles clamped down on me.

When it was over, she managed to let herself lay forward, resting on me, as she got her breath and senses back. I was still hard, and still inside her, enjoying the involuntary twitching of her vagina as her breathing gradually slowed. After it had been back to normal for a little bit, she suddenly lifted her head to look at me as she exclaimed "You're still hard! You didn't shoot?"

I shook my head in response, and she got a big smile on her face as she told me "Good! That felt *so* good, I want to do it again - but my legs are too tired. Would you do it this time?"

"I think I can manage that", I teased, making her smile even broader.

We lay there a bit longer before I asked her to move her legs so that they were inside of mine. She did as I asked, and I took her in my arms to hold her steady as I rolled us over, putting Holly on her back with me over her. She understood what to do next, and it didn't take long for us to get rearranged so that I was laying between her legs, my penis still inside her. Supporting myself on my elbows, I slowly eased my hips back, sliding my erection out of her until the head of it was _just barely_ inside her before pressing it back into her as slowly as I could. As I did, I felt her hips lift as she welcomed my advance.

A few more slow strokes like that, and I was again well-lubricated by her secretions. With that accomplished, I moved to support my weight on my arms, leaving her free to raise her knees, then spread her legs, opening herself to me completely. Both of us looked down to where we were joined; because she had tilted her pelvis up, we both had a clear view of my glistening erection as I made several long, slow strokes in and out of her. I scanned her as I did, and found that she was as fascinated as I was by the way her inner lips seemed to try and hold on to me as I withdrew from her, only to disappear when I pressed back in again. She was also highly aroused by the sight of my penis moving in and out of her: knowing that it was ME inside her, that it was HER juices that made it

glisten, that SHE was able to make me so long and hard, that she was so hot and wet inside that I could move in her as easily as I did - all of it excited her tremendously.

I lifted my eyes to watch her face as I continued to move inside her; her focus was still on watching my erection slowly pistoning in her. A quick scan of her told me that being able to watch my erection moving in her even as she was feeling it move was getting her hotter and hotter, steadily increasing her arousal.

The increase in her arousal was having an additional benefit for both of us: it was making her wetter, too. In only a couple of minutes the sounds of our union took on a distinctly liquid tone as the pace of my thrusting steadily increased. After that, it didn't take long before my pubic hair was pretty well soaked by the overflow of her oils, with my scrotum being wetted as well, each time I thrust into her.

Eventually, the **feelings** of what I was doing to her became more important to Holly than the sight, and she lay her head back to look up into my face. Our eyes locked, briefly, before hers closed as she gave herself up to the sensations I was causing between her firm, silken thighs.

For the next few minutes, I simply maintained a steady thrusting into her hot, tight vagina, trying to bring her along to another orgasm while delaying my own release. A couple of quick scans of her let me know that I was having the desired effect, so I took the next step of lowering my head to begin licking her breasts, then softly sucking and chewing on her nipples, increasing her arousal even more. After a bit, she moved her hands from where they were caressing my arms, and put them on my waist, pulling on me in encouragement. Another scan of her showed that she was getting very close to her release, and wanted me to start moving faster in her - which I did.

By scanning Holly almost continuously, I was able to find THE combination of speed and force that she wanted, and give them to her. And because my focus was on scanning her, it helped me delay my own climax - as wonderful as she felt inside, I wanted to spend as much time inside her as I could. I didn't doubt that there would be more times that I'd be able to make love to her, but I wanted this first time to last as long as possible, for BOTH of us.

In a matter of only a couple of minutes, I had Holly on the very brink of her orgasm - and deliberately slowed down my actions to keep her there for a few extra seconds, knowing that it would make her release even stronger. When she started to moan in frustration, I knew the time was right, and gave her several rapid, hard thrusts, pushing her over the edge into a deep, hard orgasm. Even as her eyes flew open, staring at a point about a thousand miles behind me, I felt her tighten down on me before her internal muscles began a rhythmic spasming that would have drawn every drop of my seed out of me had I been anywhere near ready to climax. Even then, it was only through sheer force of will that kept me from unloading in her - my determination to get her off one more time before emptying my balls in her was all that saved me.

It naturally took her longer to recover from this orgasm than it did the one before; and it was longer still before she again realized that I was still hard and still inside her. A look of combined awe and delight was on her face when she asked me "Still? Aren't you *tired* yet?"

I grinned at her, and said "Yes, still, as you can tell. Yeah, I'm getting a little tired, but not too bad. If you don't mind, though, I'd like to do something else, now."

"Mind? Not hardly! What do you want? Or what should I do?"

"If you could get up on your hands and knees, I'd like to do you from behind."

"Doggie, huh? Sure, I'd love to!", she replied.

Her expression changed to one of mild disappointment when I pulled free of her - but just as quickly changed to eager anticipation when she started to roll over before getting onto her hands and knees, her wonderfully curved ass pointed right at my swaying erection. She looked over her shoulder at me, her eyes locked on my glistening manhood as I knee-walked up behind her. She was still looking at me as I positioned the head of my penis at her entrance, and I saw her eyes widen as I hunched my hips forward, burying myself in her in a single, smooth stroke.

I put my hands on her hips, and in just a few seconds I was pistoning in and out of her in a nice, steady rhythm. Holly tilted her head back and released a deep moan of pleasure and arousal in response before reaching back under herself to place her parted fingers on each side of my erection where her labia were wrapped around it. A few seconds after that, I released her hips to reach under her and take her breasts in my hands, feeling how their weight shifted in time with the way her body swayed in response to my thrusts. For the next couple of minutes, I played with her firm young breasts, softly squeezing them and pulling on and gently pinching her nipples as she moved her hand down from her labia to begin stroking her clitoris in time with my strokes.

A couple minutes later, I felt it as she brought herself to a small orgasm; I did my part to making it good for her by pulling on her nipples in time with the contractions I felt around my penis. Having met my self-imposed goal of bringing her to orgasm at least 3 times, I felt free to find my own release. With Holly's verbal encouragement, I steadily increased the pace and force that I used to enter her. I knew it was what she wanted by the gasps and pleased grunts she made each time I buried myself in her; it wasn't long before I had to release her breasts so that I could hold her hips steady as I thrust myself into her powerfully.

Even after all the time I'd spent in her, she was still incredibly tight inside; that, coupled with how wet and hot she was, and the moans of pleasure she released, it wasn't long before I finally felt my balls start to tighten up. Another minute or so, and I felt the familiar tingling in the head of my penis that told me that the end was near. With nothing to hold me back any longer, I simply turned myself over to the need to empty myself into

the intimate place my sister had offered me - a dozen strokes more, and I pressed myself as deeply inside her as I could as the first jet of my hot semen washed over her cervix. Even as I felt the second load of my cum leave my balls, I felt Holly tightened around me even more as she gasped out "Oh, GOD! I can feel it! You're shooting inside me, and it's so *hot*!"

Her vagina started spasming around me in a milking sensation, making my climax even stronger, and drawing out even more of my hot jism - which only made HER orgasm that much stronger.

Finally, when I thought that the next thing to shoot out the end of my penis would be my balls, Holly's orgasm started to taper off - and as it did, so did the sensations she was creating around my penis. With the end of our respective climaxes, Holly and I guided each other down to lay on the floor; I kept my penis inside her, and rested myself on my elbows and knees, covering her with my body without putting too much of my weight on her.

Only when we heard a gasping sound did we remember that Diane was there; we turned our heads to look at her and found that she was laying next to us: eyes closed and legs spread wide, she had three fingers of one hand buried in her vagina as she used the other to play with her clitoris. Even as we watched, she had must have been an incredibly powerful orgasm as her hips lifted off the floor and a soft scream escaped her lips. Our view was such that we could SEE the entrance to her vagina pulsing in time with the spasms that we knew must be passing through her.

I felt Holly's sheath fluttering around my mostly-erect penis as we watched wave after wave of Diane's orgasm wash over her. Between the sight of Diane in the middle of an orgasm, and Holly's vaginal movements, I couldn't help but start to get hard again; Holly must have felt it, because she started pressing herself back against me in response.

As Diane's climax slowly tapered off, her breathing gradually returned to normal; when she finally opened her eyes, she saw Holly and I still together, watching her. She blushed furiously, and said defensively "I got *so* hot watching you two, and you were so IN to each other that you didn't even notice I was HERE, and it was _so_ cool watching you make each other feel so good that I just couldn't HELP myself!"

Holly and I both grinned at her, and Holly said "It's okay, Diane." I followed that by telling her "Actually, it was pretty hot watching you get yourself off!"

Diane blushed again - not so hard this time - and asked Holly "I take it that you feel better, now?"

At that, it was Holly's turn to blush before she answered "Oh, yeah, I feel *lots* better!" with a giggle.

"He's still inside you, isn't he?"

"Yup! Feels great, too! Now I understand why YOU like having him inside even when you're done. But I'm still starting to feel a little chilly, even with Mike for a blanket."

Diane grinned, and said "Then I guess it's MY turn to get you a towel and clean the two of you up, isn't it?"

Holly grinned back, and said "I'd sure appreciate it; and I think Mike would, too, even if he isn't saying anything."

I spoke up, telling them "Cleaning up sounds pretty good to me, too. That includes a shower, if anyone wants to join me, followed by a nice snuggle."

Diane sniffed, and said "I think we could ALL use a shower; and a snuggle sounds just wonderful. I'll be right back." before getting up and heading for the linen closet. She was back in a few seconds, and came right over to where Holly and I were resting on the floor. Holly and I quickly got coordinated about lifting up, and Diane slid a beach towel under us. That accomplished, I eased myself out of Holly - with Diane helping get us unglued. When I finally pulled free of her, it released a small flood of my semen mixed in with Holly's juices - and the whole thing very faintly tinged in pink from Holly's blood. When she saw it, Diane quickly looked at Holly and asked "Did it hurt?"

Holly, as surprised as Diane, answered "No, not at all. I mean, I felt a kind of tug inside when it broke, but it didn't actually HURT or anything. I didn't even know I bled!" Diane looked dubious, but when I scanned Holly, I found that she was telling the truth. I made eye contact with Diane, and gave a quick, small shake of my head to let her know to drop the subject, which she did. If Holly hadn't known about it at the time, I didn't see any point to making a big deal of it afterwards.

When Diane had wiped me off, and soaked up what she could of Holly's overflow, she folded the towel over a couple of times, and had Holly sit up on it, telling her "That'll help it drain out of you a little faster, so nothing leaks onto the floor when you get up." Holly nodded her understanding, and since I was sitting behind her, leaned back to rest against my chest as I put my arms around her. Diane got up again to grab a light blanket to cover us up, then moved to sit next to me, snuggling into my side as she rested one hand on the inside of Holly's thigh. The three of us sat there for several minutes, content to have the physical contact with each other.

Only when I felt Holly shiver slightly in front of me did I suggest that we get our shower. Both of them quickly agreed, and the three of us trooped upstairs to get cleaned up. By the time it was done, and we got back to the living room, it was getting pretty late. None of us really wanted to leave the other two, so we finally decided to just make up a bed on the floor, and sleep there. While Holly and Diane got the 'bed' ready, I headed upstairs and grabbed our pillows off our beds; by the time I got back, the two of them were stretched out on the floor, the space between them clearly meant for me. I laid down on my back, and they quickly snuggled into my sides as I put an arm around each. Content with life, and thoroughly de-stressed, it didn't take us long to fall asleep...

Part 3

The next morning, I woke up neatly sandwiched between Diane and Holly. I was (still? again?) flat on my back, with both of them laying on their sides facing me, heads resting on my shoulders. They were holding hands on my chest, and each had a leg draped across me. I was content to just lay there for a while, looking from one to the other, and feeling rather pleased with myself at the contented smiles on their faces.

A few minutes later, Holly woke up while I was looking at her. It took her a few moments to realize where she was, and how she'd gotten there; but when it came back to her, she quickly tilted her head to look up at me - blushing slightly when she saw that I was looking at her. I grinned at her, then kissed her gently on top of the head before giving her a soft hug. She kissed my ribs, then started to move the leg that was laying on top of mine. When she did, I saw - and felt - as she tensed briefly.

She looked up at me again when I asked her "Are you okay?", my concern obvious in my voice.

"I'm fine, Mike. I'm just a little sore, you know, inside, from last night." she answered.

"Sorry?"

She got a bright smile on her face, and assured me "Not even a little bit! I think I would have felt something from it, no matter WHO was my first; at least with you, it was someone I know I can trust. You were as patient and gentle with me as I could have wanted, and you even helped me have *orgasms* while you were doing it. I've heard some of the other girls at school talking about their first time, and _none_ of them have said anything about climaxing their first time."

I gave her another soft hug, and she went on, saying "I mean it, Mike. I wanted it to be special, and you made it that way. And not just because you're my big brother - or maybe *because* you're my brother. You went out of your way to make sure it was special for me - you did everything you could to help me, and I appreciate that more than I can ever tell you. I was scared that it was going to hurt, or that I was going to do something wrong, or make a mistake, or SOMETHING. But you were always there to let me know that everything was okay, no matter what I did, or what I was thinking."

Both of us looked over at her when Diane spoke up, saying "It wasn't just because he's your brother. He was like that with me, too - the first time, and after. That's just the way he *is*."

Holly asked her "How long have you been awake?"

Diane grinned, and answered "For a while now - since before you moved your leg. I didn't say or do anything because I didn't want to disturb anyone, and it just felt so nice to lay here with both of you."

Holly grinned back, and told her "You're right - it *is* nice to lay here like this. And I'd like to do more, too; but I'm not quite ready for 'more', yet. But if you want to, go ahead - I like watching, too!" mischievously.

With that, they quit holding hands so that Diane could begin caressing my chest as she started gently rubbing my leg with hers. Her touch, and the way I felt her nipples hardening into my side, soon had me starting to get erect - something that both of them couldn't help noticing. Holly carefully and quietly eased herself away from me as Diane extended the reach of her hand to include my lower belly, then my inflating penis. When she started gently caressing and squeezing it, she raised herself up a bit so that the two of us could share a kiss. After our mouths had been in contact a few moments, I felt her tongue touching my lips, and readily opened my mouth to her explorations - then returned the favor as our tongues gently dueled in each other's mouths.

Diane raised herself even more, exposing one of her breasts to my touch: cupping it with my hand, I couldn't help but marvel yet again at how soft, yet firm, it was. I softly ran my thumb across her nipple, hearing and feeling her moan of pleasure as it hardened even more under my touch.

As we continued to kiss, I continued to gently squeeze and caress the breast in my had, delighting in its smoothness, and how her areolas puckered more and more as her arousal increased. For her part, Diane's hand held ample evidence of my own pleasure: I was nearly fully erect - hot and heavy in her hand as she slowly softly stroked my length.

After another minute or two, I gently guided Diane onto her back, where she readily spread her legs for me - happily giving my hand access to the center of her womanhood while my mouth took its place on her breast. Deliberately teasing her, I let my finger trace her vaginal cleft *ever* so softly as I took her nipple into my mouth, sucking on it. After only a few strokes across her opening, I felt her legs part even more as she lifted her pelvis in an effort to make firmer contact with my feather-light touches. Another minute, and I heard her release a soft, whimpering moan of frustration when I moved my oral attentions to her other breast. Upon hearing that, I let my finger dip a little farther into her: letting it slip between her inner lips to find her hot, wet opening. As I'd planned, my touch only served to increase her arousal, even though I was now letting my finger graze *ever* so lightly across her clitoral hood.

Again, it took only a minute or so before she found the increased attention as stimulating, but inadequate, as before. By this time, I was switching from one breast to the other and back again; licking and sucking on them: sides, bottom, top, and nipples - any part of their surface I could reach. Her fingers were in my hair even as her pelvis began a slow undulation of desire, trying to either capture or escape my teasing finger. By this time, I could feel that her labia had fully extended and parted; between them, her vaginal opening fairly radiated heat as it released her musky oils for me to distribute.

As the time passed and her arousal grew, I heard her breathing slowly change to a soft panting; when I heard that, I knew that she was ready for what I planned next. Lifting my head, I saw the dark blush of her excitement on her face and shoulders. She moaned slightly when she felt me let her nipple snap back from my lips; when I didn't move to the other as I had before, she opened her eyes to watch as I slowly and gently kissed my way down her torso, taking a tortuous route toward my goal: the steaming center of her sexuality.

When I finally fastened my lips around her erect clitoris, she gave a soft moan of pleasure. A moan that quickly deepened as I began softly fluttering my tongue across it, giving her the stimulation she so desperately wanted.

Scanning her, I continued to lick and suck on her clitoris, steadily easing her toward release. But when I knew that she was close, I pulled her back from the peak by changing my actions. From stimulating her sensitive clitoris, I moved to begin licking her engorged and extended labia, licking them clean of her abundant oils - savoring their sweet, heady scent and flavor. I took my time about my task, carefully working my way closer and closer to the source of her nectar. Finally, I was there: dipping my tongue *ever* so slightly into her opening, drawing out her liquid essence as quickly as she was producing it. Once again, I scanned her as I moved her toward her release - and once again, I pulled her back from the brink by moving to begin a new series of soft, slow ministrations to her clitoris.

When I did that, I felt something move under me - and a moment later, the sweet sensation of a pair of lips wrapping themselves around the head of my erect penis. I knew it could only be Holly, and quickly scanned her to find out that she suspected what I was trying to do to Diane, and wanted to do her part to help me - by making sure that I stayed hard and ready for when I finally made love to Diane.

Even as Holly was sliding her lips along my length, I was continuing my efforts to lift Diane to the brink of orgasm yet again. This time, as I licked and sucked around her clitoris, I let my hands move up to Diane's breasts. There I found her nipples hard as little pebbles as they sat atop her crinkled areolas, which in turn, capped her smooth breasts, themselves almost hard from her deep, intense arousal.

As I let my fingers slowly caress their surface, and flutter across her nipples, I could hear Diane's mixed noises of arousal, pleasure, and frustration: gasps, moans, panting, even

small hiccups passed her lips as her hands tightly gripped my forearms as she tried to force my attentions where SHE wanted them.

I was too strong for her, even in her impassioned state, and didn't have any trouble resisting her efforts. Instead, I continued to focus my attention on her clitoris, deliberately taking my time about ratcheting up her excitement as slowly as I could. As I did, Holly continued HER efforts - softly sliding my erection between her lips, ever careful to keep me aroused, but not stimulating me TOO much.

I continued to monitor Diane, so that even when she started making an almost continuous whining noise, I knew that she was again getting close to a climax. This time, when she got close, I stopped what I was doing - completely. When she tried to move her hands down to her crotch, to do it herself, I took hold of her arms, preventing her from touching herself. Diane and I both heard her deep sob of aroused frustration. When she felt me lift myself up slightly, Holly readily released me from her mouth - leaving behind a coating of her saliva for use as lubrication.

Diane felt me moving over her, and opened her eyes only when she felt the tip of my erection slip between her labia to touch her opening. Her eyes held only a deep, wanton gratitude when they locked with mine. A gratitude that quickly turned into unbridled joy as she felt me press myself against her opening, then slip past the ring of her entrance. I scanned her again, then entered her in the way that her own desire told me would make her happiest: with a hard thrust of my hips, I buried myself in her in a single sudden motion, filling her completely before she fully realized that I'd moved. She literally screamed out her pleasure at what I'd done, a single deep spasm of release running through her body in response to being so suddenly and thoroughly filled.

That single spasm was enough to move her well along the path to a full orgasm - but not enough to complete it. After it had passed, she realized there wasn't going to be another, and sobbed her frustration - a cry that was quickly cut off when she felt me starting to move in her.

It took only a couple of strokes of my penis in her before she lifted her knees nearly to her chest, locking her ankles behind my back - determined not to let me escape before she found TOTAL release. The change in her position tilted her pelvis up, opening her to me completely so that I was able to enter her as deeply as possible.

Monitoring her carefully, I began pistoning in and out of her in long, steady strokes. It didn't take me long to find a rhythm that would serve both of us: fast enough that it moved me toward my own release while slow enough to keep Diane from getting there too far ahead of me.

For the next several minutes, the only noise was the liquid sounds of my hardness moving in her, and the slapping of our flesh as our coupling continued, accompanied by our labored breathing.

As my scans of Diane showed she was getting closer to her orgasm, I let my tempo increase, keeping pace with her. Finally, though, it happened: feeling myself slipping over the edge, I pressed myself into her hard and deep as I felt the first jet of my semen launch into her. That sensation was enough to finally push her over the top, as well, the first wave of her orgasm washed over her, cutting off her scream of release. Even as I felt her tightening around me, her pelvis began a series of short, rapid thrusting movements as she repeatedly impaled herself on me as my spasming penis filled her with my seed. She barely had time to draw a breath before another deep wave of release forced a high-pitched squeak past her lips. When it passed, she managed to draw a deep, ragged breath before groaning as a third, then fourth, took her over as the spasming and fluttering of her hot, wet vagina drew even more of my juices from me.

Even without scanning her, I knew that her orgasm was deep and long. Only by the end of her fifth wave of release, was I completely drained. The sensations around my manhood were more than enough to keep me hard inside her, though; and as her sixth and seventh spasms passed, I pressed myself against her, pushing against her clitoris to draw them out even longer. As the eighth left, I felt her ankles unlock from behind me before she lowered her legs to the floor. Looking down at her, I could see her all but collapse from the drain she'd just been through.

I gently pulled myself free of her, then looked over to where Holly was - only to be amazed at the sight she presented. Her eyes glazed, she was looking at us with an expression of absolute wonder - even from where I was, I could see that her breasts were hard and tight, nipples erect. Her vaginal lips were fully extended and clearly parted, glistening with a wetness that was matched by trails of her vaginal fluids that had trickled down the insides of both of her thighs.

When she realized I was looking at her, she suddenly blinked a couple of times, and said "That was the most incredible, the hottest, the *sexiest* thing I could ever hope to see. God! It made me *SO* horny!"

I grinned, and said "I can see that!"

She looked down at her breasts, then with a start, leaned forward to examine herself between her legs. A moment later, she looked up at me, and said "I didn't know I got that hot! Dammit, Mike, now I *need* you!"

"You're not still sore inside?" I asked, worried.

"After seeing _that_?! Hell, no! At least, not enough to matter. Just DO me! I don't care if you shoot or not; I don't even care how long you last - I just *need* you, inside me!"

With that, she quickly moved to lay down, then spread her legs in open invitation. She was so obviously aroused, so enticing, that I couldn't help but want to make love to her. I knee-walked over to her, and her lust-filled eyes never left my swaying erection. As I moved between her thighs, I told her "I'm still wet from Diane, and my cum."

Holly just looked up at me and said "I don't care. Hell, that makes it even better! Just put that thing IN me, will you?"

I moved over her, and she didn't hesitate to reach between us to take my still-slick penis in her hand and position it between her parted labia. I moved a little to get myself in position, but before I could actually move to enter her, she hunched her hips up, wrapping herself around me in a single motion - and moaning her pleasure as she did.

I followed her down as she let her hips lower again, then eased myself out of her. She was incredibly wet, and as tight as she'd been the night before; I didn't hesitate to press myself into her again accompanied by her groan of satisfaction.

Between the stimulation of her obvious enjoyment, and the feel of her around my manhood, I quickly got into the spirit of the situation and began making love to her in earnest. To my surprise, it took only a minute or so before she orgasmed - her legs quickly wrapped around my waist as she pulled me down to fill her as much as possible. Spasm after spasm wracked her young body as her vaginal walls fluttered and clenched around me. Even though I'd just finished giving everything I had to Diane, I still felt a couple of twitches in my penis as it tried to unload nonexistent semen into her.

By the time her orgasm ended, I was feeling a little bit of strain myself, and wasn't too terribly unhappy to pull out of her and lay down on the floor between her and Diane.

After a few moments, I listened to both of them start to move around before I felt them move next to me - pretty much assuming the same positions they'd had when we woke up. In one ear, I heard Holly say "Thank you, Michael. That was *just* what I needed!", followed by a giggle. A minute later, Diane came to life enough to tell me "That was absolutely *incredible*. But don't ever do it again, okay?" before releasing heavy sigh of satiation as I gave her a small hug of agreement.

We lay like that for probably an hour, or so - not fully awake, but not asleep either - happy to be with each other, and *totally* relaxed.

When all of us were completely awake again, and finally motivated enough to actually move, we trooped upstairs for another shower. It was a nice, loving, comfortable experience for all of us - we all washed and dried each other with plenty of kisses and caresses.

When we were done, we decided to go ahead and get dressed. Back downstairs, I saw that Holly was feeling a little sore again; Diane was plainly completely wrung out. Despite their mild protests, I went into the kitchen to make breakfast. By the time I was done, both of them had been drawn into the kitchen by the smell of bacon and cheese omelets, hash browns, and toasted English muffins. Diane set the table while Holly got us all set up with milk and orange juice; by the time they were done, I was too, and delivered the plates to the breakfast nook just as they were sitting down.

Breakfast went quickly enough, and when we were done, it didn't take much discussion to figure out what to do next: Diane loaded and started the dishwasher while Holly and I went about cleaning up the rest of the house - paying special attention to the den! - and getting the laundry done so there wasn't any evidence that anything special had gone on.

Diane finished first, of course, and had plenty of time to get some of her energy back by the time Holly and I were done. While waiting for the clothes to finish, we'd sit on the couch with her and the three of us cuddled while we watched the different New Years Day parades.

The rest of the time before Mom and Dad got home, we kept ourselves occupied pretty much as we always had - TV, videos, videogames, music, and so on. The only change was that we spent the second night together in Holly's bed, Diane and I neatly sandwiching her.

The next couple of months went by quickly. Diane came over often enough that the two of us found several opportunities to make love with each other; each time we did, it seemed like we grew that much closer to each other in the process. In between, Holly and I had plenty of chances to expand HER horizons, as well. As often as not, one or the other of us would simply take the opportunity to get the other one off orally - but if we had the time, neither of us was the slightest bit reluctant to do more.

Such was our relationship that when my birthday rolled around in April, I was awakened to the sensation of a pair of lips wrapped around my erect penis while a **very** talented tongue danced along its underside. Diane hadn't spent the night, so I knew that it was Holly applying her considerable skills to getting me off - something that didn't take her long, at all. Only after I'd sprayed what felt like quarts of my semen down her throat did she let my rapidly-softening erection free - and tell me "Happy Birthday, Michael!" with a big grin (and a few specks of my cum) on her face. It was one HELLUVA Monday morning wakeup call!

That evening, while we had a small birthday 'party' for me, Diane handed me a small gift as she whispered "This is just for show, Mike. I'll give you your **real** present this weekend!".

The next evening, I was home studying alone; Mom and Dad had gone off to some charity event or other while Holly was out on a car date with one of the guys from school. I knew who he was, approximately; Charlie Wilkins, a guy that had transferred into our school over the Christmas break. Nobody knew much else about him, other than there weren't that many guys that actually **liked** him - he was something of a bully, and most of us just tolerated his arrogance and big mouth. I didn't much care for her going out with him, but didn't have anything specific to say against it, either. Besides, I figured, if I tried to stop her, she'd just as likely do it anyway out of spite or something.

I was half-laying on the couch in the den, reading my Civics homework when I heard the front door slam, followed by the sound of what could only be Holly rapidly stomping up the stairs. She was back home considerably earlier than I'd expected, so I went upstairs to find out what had happened - suspecting that I already knew.

I knocked on her door, asking Holly if she was okay. She didn't answer for a few moments, and I knocked again - only then did I hear her muffled "Come on in, Mike".

I opened the door to her room to find her bent over and rummaging around in her closet, dressed only in her panties, throwing things around as her shoulders shook in time with what were obviously sobs of anger and frustration. I asked her what had happened, and she told me "Charlie Wilkins. THAT'S what happened!"

"Let me guess - he got too friendly?"

"Oh, no, he didn't get too friendly!" she told me. As she stood up and turned around, I heard her say "He completely went off the deep end is what he did!"

When she was finally facing me, my blood ran cold: I could see obvious bruises on her breasts - and more on her thighs, between her legs.

I barely had time to take all that in before she ran into my arms, openly crying. It broke my heart to see her like that - not just bruised, but so obviously hurt and traumatized by whatever had happened. I held her there in my arms for several minutes while she cried it out of her system.

When she'd finally cried out her hurt and anger and frustration, I managed to get her to sit with me on the edge of her bed. Once there, it didn't take much to get her to tell me what had happened.

"It started off okay enough, for a first date.", she told me. "I mean, you saw him in the den when he picked me up and everything, right?"

I nodded, and she went on "Well, after we left here, he asked me if I wanted a burger or anything. I agreed, and he took us to the Burger Barn" - a common enough place for our school - "and was as nice as he could be; I mean we sat there talking to each other real nice and everything. After that, we got back in his car, and he told me that we were going to that new horror movie that's out. I told him I didn't think that I wanted to see it - I thought it would be too gross. He tried to talk me into going anyway, but I *really* didn't want to see it. He got kind of mad, and said that he was halfway tempted to see it anyway; I told him that was fine - but that *I* wouldn't be with him. Then he got even madder, and said that there wasn't anything else on that he wanted to see. I told him I was sorry, but that I just didn't like those gory kinds of movies. He seemed to calm down a little bit, and we just drove around for a while. Finally, he seemed to make up his mind about something, and a couple minutes later, I saw that he was pulling us into Thompson Park. I thought he might want to just sit and talk, so I didn't say anything about it. But

when he pulled into that parking area - you know, the one with all the bushes around it? - I got kind of nervous. But he didn't try anything right away. He just turned around a little bit to face me, and started talking to me - telling me about how good he was at sports, and how many girlfriends he had at his old school. When he started that, I decided right then that this was going to be my ONLY date with him, but I kept listening to him; you know, to be polite and everything."

"Then, all of a sudden, he leaned over, and kissed me! I pushed him back, and told him I didn't kiss anybody on a first date. He got mad again, and in this really mean voice, told me that that was fine with him - we could just move on to the next step. I asked him what he meant, and he leaned over again and put his hand on my breast; over my blouse. I pushed his hand away, and said that I didn't do **that** either. He got even madder, and told me that I was a cock-teaser - but that he didn't play that game, and grabbed my breast again. I slapped him, and he got even madder before he told me that he didn't go out on dates without 'getting some'. I told him he wasn't 'getting some' from ME, and started to get out of the car, but he grabbed my arm and pulled me back in, saying that we'd just see about that.

"I tried to push him away, but he was bigger and stronger than I am, and he got on top of me. He kept grabbing my breasts **really** hard - it hurt a lot - while he tried to kiss me. I kept turning my head away from him, so he finally gave up, and started trying to push my legs apart. I finally saw my chance, and kneed him; while he was gasping and holding himself, I jumped out of the car and ran toward a gas station I could see. When I got there, the guy asked me if I needed him to call the cops, and I told him no, but that if he'd call me a cab, I'd appreciate it. He did, and when it showed up, I took it back here. You know the rest."

By the time she finished her story, I was ready to hunt down Charlie Wilkins, and solve his sore balls problem - by cutting them off, slowly, and with a dull knife. Holly could see in my face that I was mad (!!), and grabbed my arm, telling me "Mike, don't!"

"Don't what?" I asked.

"Don't go after him. If you do anything to him, YOU'LL get into trouble, too. Maybe not as much, but it will still mess up your graduation."

I thought it over a few moments, and realized that I could take care of the bastard without laying a hand on him. I must have gotten some kind of grin on my face, because Holly asked me "What? Why are you smiling like that? You're scaring me."

I looked at her, and said "I'm going to take care of Charlie. He won't bother you, or anyone else, again."

"Michael, **don't touch him**! I mean it! If you do anything, YOU'LL just get into trouble too!"

"Don't worry. I'm not going to lay a finger on him - I'm just going to *talk* to him."

She looked at me, doubtfully, but didn't say anything - she knew that I wouldn't lie to her. But she also knew that I was damned well going to take care of Charlie, too - and she didn't have the slightest idea of how I was going to do it.

The next day at school, lunchtime couldn't come early enough for me. But the bell finally rang, and I was free to do what I wanted to do more than anything else in the world: take Charlie Wilkins out of the picture forever.

One of his few friends must have told him that I wouldn't be happy; when he saw me walking toward him, he looked ready to fight. He had a couple of his friends with him, and when some of MY friends saw me heading for him, they came over, too. When I was standing in front of him, Charlie looked down at me (he was a couple inches taller and about fifty pounds heavier than me), and asked "What? You got a problem, dickweed?"

"Not me, Charlie. You're the one with the problem. You hurt my sister last night. PHYSICALLY hurt her, even after she told you 'no' more than once. That's not a nice thing to do, Charlie."

He laughed, and said "So what are YOU gonna do about it, Mikey? Kick my ass?", before laughing again.

"Nope. If you'll just step over a little ways" - I gestured toward a tree a few yards away - "so we're alone, I just want to talk to you, and explain a few things."

His buddies laughed when he said "OOOOOOO! Gonna tell me what a bad boy I was, and hurt my feelings?"

"Sort of. You afraid of that, Charlie?"

I could see him start to get mad, and took a couple of steps in the direction of the tree, and looked back at him. I knew he couldn't afford NOT to do it, and wasn't surprised when he followed me a few seconds later.

When we were close to the tree, we stopped, and I moved a little bit so that we were generally face-to-face; but with me off to the side a little, so that everyone could see the front of him fully. My back was toward them; they couldn't see what I was saying or doing.

I looked up at him, and said "Charlie, you really pissed me off, you know that?"

He just grinned at me, and I went on "I'll bet you've hurt a few other girls, too, haven't you?"

"Yeah, maybe. So?"

"That's not a nice thing to do, Charlie. Real anti-social, in fact."

"Tough shit, dickweed. I take a girl out and spend money on her, she comes across, one way or another."

"Well, Charlie, that's not how it's going to work any more."

He laughed, and said "What, you think I'm gonna stop just because YOU say I should?"

"As a matter of fact, I do, Charlie", I answered - before opening the spigot to The Force farther than I ever had before, and projecting enough of it into his mind that I literally took it over before he could even *blink*.

I was pissed. I was more than pissed. I was so far beyond pissed that it was ridiculous. But I was also in control. Of myself, and of Charlie. I could see it in his eyes: he was absolutely terrified. He *knew* it was me doing it to him, and that there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it.

I started to do something that I'd never done before. Despite my resolve to never do anything that might draw attention to what I could do, this shithead had hurt *Holly* - and I wasn't about to let him get away with it. Instead of trying to hurt him physically, I deliberately went about trashing his mind, instead. Not by making him senile or crazy or anything like that; instead, I read some of his memories, and found a couple of other girls that he'd hurt the way he had Holly. Using the information in HIS mind, I was able to find them, too - and quickly pull from their minds what THEY had felt like. I literally REMOVED their memories of the events from them - they would never again suffer the pain and fear of what they'd been through. And I took those memories, and put them into CHARLIE'S mind: making him experience what he'd done to them from THEIR point of view. And I fused those memories into his mind, making them a permanent part of him. He would always know what he'd done to them as THEY had experienced it - he wouldn't be able to forget it any more than they had.

While I was doing it, I kept talking to him, saying "Now, Charlie, you know what it's like - you're helpless, and there isn't a damn thing you can do to stop me. You've always used your SIZE to control girls and get your way. Now I'm using my MIND to do the same thing to you. Like it? No? Then maybe you'll understand what it's been like for the girls that you've taken out. Oh, you think you're a *man*, and that makes it okay? Well surprise, Charlie: you're not a man, you're an oversized lump of SHIT. *I'm* a MAN: I respect people and treat them nice - at least, until they show me that they don't deserve it, like you have.

"Here, Charlie: here's what Eileen was feeling when you raped her in your dad's car that night. Oh, don't like it? Too bad - if it's okay for you to 'get some' from her because your body is bigger and stronger, then it's okay for ME to do this to YOU because my MIND is bigger and stronger. Wait a minute, Charlie - we're not done yet. Here are Stephanie's memories, too - she gave in, so you didn't hurt her as much, but doesn't change the fact

that she didn't want to. What, you don't like having to live with how she felt after you were done? Tough shit. You pushed what SHE wanted out of the way, so I'm pushing what YOU want out of the way. If it's okay for you to use your bigger body to get what YOU want, then it's okay for me to use my bigger MIND to get what *I* want, right?"

By this time, I could see the fear and desperation in his eyes. I told him "Charlie, you've been a bad, BAD boy. But I promised Holly that I wasn't going to touch you. Funny, isn't it? I can pay you back for her, and all the others, without laying as much as a finger on you. I can hurt you as much as you hurt them, all without mussing a single hair on your pointy head. No? You don't think it's funny? Well, too bad, Charlie. You fucked up, and now you're paying the price. You've got those memories, now - you KNOW what you did, and you KNOW it was wrong. And you're going to have to live with it the rest of your life. Because I put those memories in there for KEEPS. The last thing in your mind before you die will be the memory of what you did to Eileen, and Stephanie."

"Oh, now Charlie, that wasn't very nice! Thinking that if you kicked my ass or something, this would all fade away. Now, really, Charlie! Don't you think that if I could get inside your head as fast as I did a minute ago, I couldn't do it again? And that if you were trying to hurt me, I might not be as NICE as I have been? Do you suppose that if you were to even *pretend* to hit me, I might not make your balls blow up? Don't you think that I could make your DICK fall off if you even THOUGHT about hurting me, or anyone I care about? That's it, Charlie: be afraid. I want you to KNOW that I can do anything I want to you, any time I want, any WHERE I want. Oh, you don't believe it? How about this, Charlie, you pathetic excuse for a human being: I'm going to make you wet your pants. Yup, that's what I'm going to do, just to PROVE to you that I can do anything I want to you."

And I did. I reached into his mind, and found the spot that controlled his bladder - and *touched* it. I could hear the people behind me gasp, then snicker, as a large wet spot developed on the front of Charlie's pants.

"Now you believe, don't you Charlie? Yeah, I can see that you do. Good. Oh, that's not a good idea, Charlie. Really, now - who's going to believe that I somehow got into your head and MADE you do stuff? Who's going to believe that I could MAKE you do anything? I mean, really: here I am, shorter and smaller than you are, and *I'm* forcing you? Who would believe that for even a second, Charlie? Shucks, I'm not anywhere near you, much less actually touching you. Yeah, that's a good boy - just keep your big mouth shut, and take it. That's way better than looking even stupider than you already are, isn't it? Sure it is.

"Oh, and Charlie? As fucked up as you are, I know that you might get it into your feeble little mind to try and take this out on someone. That wouldn't be a good idea, Charlie. You see, now I know you. I can find you - your mind - any time I want. I can stop in and have a look at it whenever the mood strikes me. You're MINE, now, Charlie. And if I look in on you, Charlie, and find out that you haven't been a good boy? Well, I just might get it into my head to *punish* you for a little while. Maybe a bad case of the farts every

time you get within 3 feet of *anybody*. Or maybe you'll just throw up on any girl that talks to you. How about this: a case of blue balls that lasts the rest of your life. No? Then _behave_ yourself, Charlie.

"Now get the fuck away from me before I decide that I *really* don't like you!"

With that, I pulled out of his mind - and watched him start to cry with relief. I stepped aside for him, but he still moved well away from me as he made his way back to where his friends were - then continuing past them, his shoulders hunched in shame and fear.

I walked back to where the rest of them were, and told his buddies "Nobody hurts my sister - NOBODY. If she says no, she means no, and that's the end of it. Anybody else that doesn't understand that is going to think Charlie had it easy. Got it?"

They nodded solemnly, fear in their eyes, before beating a hasty retreat. My friends stood there, looking at me, before Sam - one of the guys on the baseball team - asked "What the HELL did you say to him, Mike?"

"Just pointed out the error of his ways, is all. Gave him a different perspective, kind of." I said, casually. He didn't believe it any more than any of the others - but like them, he didn't want to push it after seeing what I'd done with Charlie.

Word of what happened spread quickly. It wasn't two days before every girl in school knew about Charlie: what he was like, and what happened to him. Along the way, he lost every one of the people that had dared call him 'friend' - when he walked through the halls, it was like there was an invisible zone around him that no one would enter - either from disgust at him, embarrassment for him, or fear about him.

Word of who had done it to him spread even more quickly - and the girls that I'd gone out with took the opportunity to tell any of their friends that would listen that *I* was just the opposite of Charlie, and how much fun they had on dates with ME. The net result of that was that I had several girls come up and ask ME for dates, instead of the other way around. I accepted a few, politely and gently refusing the rest - always careful to leave the girl with the knowledge that it wasn't anything about HER that made me decline, so they didn't have any hurt feelings.

The few times Charlie and I saw each other, he visibly cringed at the sight of me, and quickly moved away. The school principal, and several of the teachers, were aware that something had happened between us - but there were simply too many people ready to verify that there hadn't been ANY physical contact of ANY kind between us for them to follow up on it. All they could do was watch us as we went about our daily activities.

Friday night, as promised, Diane came over to spend the night with Holly. Dad was scheduled for another charity golf thing the next day, so that meant that he and Mom would be gone all Saturday morning, and a fair part of the afternoon.

I wasn't all *that* surprised to wake up Saturday morning and find Diane in bed and under the covers with me - straddling my hips as she lay on top of me, watching me as I slept.

When she saw that my eyes were open, she gave me a big grin, and wiggled herself against my erection - the end of which was brushing against her vaginal opening.

"Holly's still asleep; I told her last night that I was going to give you your *real* birthday present this morning, so even if she wakes up, she'll give us some privacy." Diane told me, still grinning.

"And just what might that present *be*?" I asked, suspiciously.

"I'm going to let you make love to me..." - I raised an eyebrow in question before she finished by saying - "in my butt."

Seeing the look of surprise (!!) on my face, she added "When we've made love before, sometimes you've playing with me, you know, *there*; you even put your finger in me a couple of times. It always felt weird, but a few times, it felt pretty good, too. I got to thinking about it, and decided that I'd like to try it at least ONCE, just to see what it's like. I figured you would probably like to try it too, so I thought I'd give myself to you that way for a birthday present!"

I couldn't help it - my dick twitched at the idea of what Diane was offering. She felt it, too, and the grin on her face just got that much bigger as her eyes brightened. She wiggled back against me again, and said "I'm going to take that to mean you want my present!" before giggling.

"Uh, yeah, I'd like that. But only if you do - I mean, only if you're sure. I don't want to hurt you or anything!" I told her.

"Oh, no, you're not going to hurt me. If it starts to hurt, I'll tell you, that's for darn sure! I know you'll stop if it does, Mike - that's why I want to do it with YOU first."

I looked at her again, then scanned her, just to make *sure* she was really doing this because she *wanted* to. As much as the idea of burying myself between her cute ass cheeks turned me on, I wasn't about to do it if she was only making the offer because she thought I wanted to do it. But my scan of her revealed that she really did want to try it - she'd been thinking about it for quite some time, and it got her juices flowing every time she did. I even found that she'd thought it through pretty carefully, and had done everything she could think of to get ready for this morning: her bowels were empty, and she'd brought along some lubricant.

I put my arms around her and pulled her up toward my head so I could kiss her; she welcomed it, opening her mouth so our tongues could take turns dancing in each other's

mouths. When they did, I could feel the hard nubbins of her nipples pressing into my chest; as the kiss continued, Diane started hunching her pelvis against me.

As our kisses continued, I let my hands start roaming across her body. Shoulders to sides to waist, neck to hips, the swells of her breasts, her thighs - all were subject to my touch. And touch them I did, letting my fingers trace across the warm unblemished smoothness of her skin anywhere I could reach her. Over the next few minutes, both of us experienced a steady increase in our arousal.

Only when both of us were gasping from our passion and excitement did we manage to bring an end to our kisses. Diane raised up, holding herself over me with her arms; I quickly took advantage of the space between us by moving my hands to cover her breasts. Even as I felt their firm, spongy mass in my hands, I couldn't help but marvel yet again at their firm - yet soft - smoothness. Since I'd first seen them that day out by the pool, Diane's breasts had grown right along with the rest of her: her dark nipples and areolas still capped the rounded half-globes of her pale bust. On a whim, I went into her mind, and carefully prodded her memory; quickly enough, the information I was after became available to me: she was happy with, but not excessively proud of, her 32B-22-32 figure. At 5'-4" and 116 pounds, she figured she looked fine for being nearly 17 years old - I could only smile to myself in agreement.

I gently squeezed her breasts a few moments before cupping them in my hands; then ran my thumbs over her protruding nipples, causing them to extend even farther. On another whim, I lifted my head to get an even closer look at them - delighted at the chance to SEE, as I never had before, the convoluted surface of her crinkled areolas, and how her pencil-diameter nipples grew from them. From one to the other, and back again, I let my gaze travel across these obvious signs of her femaleness.

Only when I knew that I would NEVER forget the look of them did I allow myself to proceed: extending my tongue, I let it slide - slowly and gently - across first one breast, then the other. I listened to Diane's gasp as I did it, and watched as first one, then the other, of her breasts became even more pointed.

After repeating my actions a couple of times, I couldn't resist any longer; and took the end of one of her breasts into my mouth, nursing at as though I were a hungry child. My reward was a deep-throated moan of pleasure from her before she let her head drop far enough to begin kissing my forehead and hair as she softly panted her arousal.

Even as I was suckling at one breast, I was using my hand to softly caress and squeeze the other. When I'd had my fill of the one breast, I readily moved my oral attentions to the other, giving my hand freedom to do to the one I'd just left what I'd been doing to its mate.

For the next several minutes, I toggled between them, softly stroking and fondling whichever one of her mammaries wasn't between my lips. When I felt her pressing herself back against my erection, where it was wedged between her labia, I let my hand

fall from her breast - so that I could use both of them to begin softly, slowly stroking her body. From her shoulders, I traced a path down her back, then onto her sides (careful not to tickle her), then on to her hips. From those, it was down the insides of her thighs - where I could reach them - then back up along the sides, and curving around to cup and squeeze the delightful globes of her firm, round ass cheeks. A few times, I even dared to dip between them, and let my fingertips trace lightly over the pucker of her anus; each time I did, I heard her gasp softly as she arched her back in welcome to my touch.

As I was doing this, she steadily increased the pressure she was applying to the head of my erection; a quick scan of her told me that she wanted to feel me inside her.

I let my hands drift to a stop on her hips, then released her left nipple from my mouth. She released a soft groan of disappointment, and lifted her head to look down at me. I smiled up at her, and said "How about if you let me scoot back a little, so I can rest against the headboard? Then you can get me inside, and I can pick up where I left off?"

She quickly nodded her agreement, and she lifted herself up enough to let me pile the pillows up behind me, then slide up to rest against them. After only minor adjustment on her part, she was satisfied that she could get me inside. That settled, I promptly went back to what I'd been doing: sucking on first one breast, then the other, and back again. With the change of position, I had better access to her body, and was able to expand my efforts to include not just the ends of her breasts, but almost their entire surface - something that pleased her tremendously.

My hands again tracing the delightful curves of her body, she resumed her rocking motions on my 'lap'. She'd positioned herself with the head of my erection firmly in place between her labia; so that with each backward press of her body, she was slowly impaling herself on my penis - I was filling her a tiny fraction of an inch at a time. I knew she wasn't having any problems taking me inside: I could feel the damp spot on my lower belly that told me she was fully aroused, and even leaking some of her sexual oils.

It took several minutes, but she was finally able to get herself completely wrapped around my now-throbbing erection. With her goal reached, I felt her moving over me, and a moment later, felt her hand move to between her thighs. That was followed a moment later by a low moan of pleasure as she started playing with her clitoris.

Satisfied with her position, Diane resumed her rocking motion - but this time, the idea was to slowly slide herself up and down me for perhaps a quarter of my length. I scanned her, and found that she actually had a reason for what she was doing: it was her intention to use what she was doing to get herself thoroughly aroused, and thus, even more relaxed in preparation for what she **really** wanted. She also planned to stop what she was doing if it looked like I was going to climax. Her thinking was that if she stopped me before then, I'd not only be able to enter her anus sooner, but last long enough for her once I was there. It seemed pretty reasonable to me, too, so I went along with it by gradually increasing how often I'd let my fingers slide between her ass cheeks, and the pressure I applied as I let them slide across her rectum.

Between her self-stimulations, and what *I* was doing to her, it didn't take long before Diane found herself well along the way toward orgasm. I was feeling pretty good, myself, but wasn't anywhere near unloading in her. So we continued like that for several more minutes, Diane's excitement increasing much faster than mine - until, finally, I felt her clamp down on me as she orgasmed. When she did, I quickly moved my hand down so that I could use my finger to press against her anus in time with the spasms washing through her as I continued sucking on the nipple I had in my mouth. The feeling of her tight, wet vagina clasp and fluttering around my penis was incredible; I could only imagine and dream about what her nether hole would feel like. I have to admit to feeling relieved as the sensations she was creating began to subside - if they'd gone on much longer, I would have filled her with my seed, and spoiled her plan.

As her orgasm tapered off, Diane eventually pulled back from me a little way. When I let go of her, she quickly moved toward me again, placing her lips on mine for a wonderfully sensual, loving kiss before sitting upright again. Only then did she open her mouth to speak to me, saying "That was *incredible* - especially when you started using your finger to, uh, push on me.", with a grin.

I smiled back, and said "I'm glad you enjoyed it - I've been having plenty of fun, too, thanks to you."

She felt that I was still hard and inside her; when she started to move, I told her "Uh, I think you better hold still for a little bit, unless you want to wait a while to give me my 'present'".

She looked at me questioningly, and I explained "What you were doing was feeling pretty good, and it got even better when you came. I'm pretty close right now, and every time you move around like that, I get a little closer."

She immediately held her body still, but lifted her arms so that she could rest her wrists on my shoulders as I cupped her breasts. Looking into my eyes, she told me "Thanks for letting me know. I, uh, I was thinking that if you stopped before you shot, it wouldn't take you so long to be ready to, um, put it in my butt."

"That's fine." I replied.

"You don't mind waiting? To climax, I mean?"

"Nope. If you're as much fun *there* as you have been everywhere else, I want to enjoy it for as long as I can!"

She blushed slightly, and said "I was kind of thinking the same thing - that if you didn't actually shoot, you'd last longer the other way."

By this time, I had been able to kind of 'pull back' a bit, and knew that I wasn't going to climax any time soon. I told her "If there's anything you have to do, I think I'll be ready to go on in a minute or two."

She blushed a little again, and said "I, uh, took care of making sure I was ready earlier. I think the only thing we need to do is use the lubrication I brought."

"Sounds like a plan to me. Whenever you're ready, then."

She smiled at me, and used my shoulders to steady herself as she got her legs underneath her, then slowly got up onto her knees. I got onto my knees then, too. While I was doing that, she reached over to the towel that was laying off to the side, and reached under it to pull out a bottle of petroleum jelly. She started to hand it to me, saying "I think we need to, um, use this, right?"

"I expect so. I'll do yours if you'll do mine!", I teased.

She grinned at me, opened the bottle, and scooped out some of it onto a couple of her fingers. Handing the bottle to me, she reached out for my still-glistening erection and said "From the look of it, you don't need much of this!"

I collected my own dollop of the stuff, and answered "Maybe not - but do you want to take the chance?"

She grinned, blushed, and said "Not on your life!" before taking me into her hand and starting to smear the stuff along my length. A minute or so later, satisfied with her handiwork, she turned me loose and grabbed the towel to clean the excess off her hands. That done, she turned away from me and lowered herself to her hands and knees.

I couldn't help admiring the globes of her ass; only when she looked over her shoulder at me and asked "Well?" did I move behind her.

With the glob of petroleum jelly in one hand, I only had one free to try and separate her cheeks so I could apply it. I made a few tries at it, but it never quite seemed to be a good combination. Seeming to realize the problem, Diane lowered her shoulders to the bed, then reached behind herself. A hand on each cheek, she readily spread them for me, giving me free access to - and a clear view of - her most intimate place. Again, I had to admire the scene before me for a few seconds before reaching out to apply the lubricant. I made sure to not only spread it around the rosette of her anus, but pushed some of it inside her, as well. As I was doing all this, I could see her labia becoming longer and darker with her arousal, and a few dewdrops of her natural oils appearing between them. Clearly, she was aroused by the thought of what we were about to do.

Finally satisfied that things would be as easy as possible for BOTH of us, I cleaned my hand off with the towel she'd brought. Only then did I move the last few inches forward, getting myself into position to take this last of her treasures.

I positioned the head of my penis against the pucker of her rectum as she continued to hold herself open for me. I asked her "Diane, are you **sure** you want to do this?"

"Yes, Mike, I'm sure. But thanks for asking.", she answered, pleased by my question.

Holding myself in place with one hand, I put the other on her hip to steady myself as I gently pressed forward. I could see it as my efforts pushed the ring of her anus inward, but it wasn't enough to get me THROUGH - I was simply too reluctant to risk actually hurting her. I eased up for a moment, then tried again, with a little more pressure; still without success.

Diane, recognizing the problem, told me "Mike, it's okay. I **want** you to do this. If it starts to hurt or anything, I **promise** I'll tell you."

Reassured that she really did want it to happen, I realized that I could do what I'd done the first time I'd deflowered her: simply scan her, continuously, so that I'd know if/when I was hurting her. With that in mind, I took a deep breath, got into her mind, and started pressing myself against her.

From her mind, I knew that it was uncomfortable for her, but not painful. Pressing harder didn't hurt her, either; though it DID increase her discomfort - and surprisingly, her arousal. More pressure, and I could feel - from her mind - as she started to open up to me. A little more, and suddenly, I was through: the head of my erection popped through her opening, even as she clamped down around me.

I heard her gasp, and immediately stopped, happy to discover that she wasn't in any pain - only surprised and slightly discomforted by the suddenness of it. She released her hold on her buttocks, and grabbed a double handful of my bed covers as she told me "That's it - just hold still for bit. Jeez, is that your dick, or did you slip your arm into me when I wasn't looking?!"

I couldn't resist the temptation, and stuck both arms over to where she could see them, waving my hands in the air. She gave a gasping giggle, and said "Okay, okay. I don't know if I feel any better knowing that, or not!", with a grin.

I grinned back, and said "Well, the question DID do wonders for my ego, though!", earning myself smile.

After a few moments, I could feel her starting to relax around me. Another scan of her, and I knew that she still wasn't feeling any pain - and actually starting to adjust to it. About that time, she told me "I'm getting used to it, now. Just take it slow, okay?"

"Whatever you say", I reassured her.

Still, I waited a little longer before putting my hands on her hips, then pressing myself into her - **slowly**, as she'd asked. I scanned her as I did, learning that she had decided

that the worst was over: once I was inside her, the rest of me was pretty much the same size, so she wasn't being stretched any farther. By the time I got about halfway into her, my scan revealed that not only was she relaxed about having me inside her that way, but was actually starting to ENJOY it: as she'd gotten used to my presence in her, the feeling of having me fill her so completely as I entered her farther and farther was arousing her.

Soon enough, the deed was done: both of us felt it as her sphincter met the base of my penis; my pelvis wedged into the juncture of her ass cheeks while my balls softly kissed her wet and extended labia. I was inside her most intimate place, completely and fully.

With my pubic hair brushing against the tight ring of her anus, I held myself steady inside her - ready to give her as much time as she needed before I began to make *active* love to her.

After I'd been inside her for a few moments, Diane took a deep breath, then releasing it in a low moan of pleasure and arousal. I felt her relax around me even more as she said "Oh, GOD, that feels weird! But it feels *so* _good_, too!"

A few moments later, she told me "Go ahead and pull out a little bit, then back in again - but slow, okay?"

Holding her hips steady, I carefully - SLOWLY - eased myself back, letting perhaps half my length slide out of her tight opening. I waited a few seconds, and then - just as patiently - pressed myself back into her.

I felt her shudder as I did, and quickly scanned her - only to discover that the sensation of having me fill her again was nearly overloading her with pleasure. Knowing that not only was she not feeling any pain, but was actually *enjoying* what I was doing, I didn't hesitate to do it again. And again. And again.

Each time I did, I sped up my actions *ever* so slightly. After a couple of minutes, I was pistoning in and out of her incredibly hot and tight anus in a smooth, steady rhythm - a rhythm that her moans and gasps told me was as pleasing and satisfying to her as it was to me.

The next few minutes were incredible - Diane had finally managed to raise her body up, supporting with her arms. That left her breasts to sway gently in time with my thrusts into her. The sight of it fascinated me, and I couldn't help but lean over her a bit so I could take them into my hands. When I did, I felt her nipples dragging across my palms as the weight of her mammaries shifted in time with my thrusting; and I felt them harden even more at the contact.

I scanned her again, and found that the feeling of having my erection sliding in and out of her - filling, then emptying, her most intimate place - was steadily moving her toward an orgasm. The problem was that *I* was moving closer to it faster than she was: the feeling of her bowels being wrapped around my hard member, and KNOWING where I was in

her, was having too much of an effect on ME. I knew that if something didn't happen, I was going to empty my balls in her before she got HER release, too. As good as it felt to be buried in her that way; I wanted her to get the ultimate pleasure from it so that she'd be more willing to do it again.

As I continued thrusting into her, I tried to figure out a way to delay my own release without it being too obvious. A few moments later, I got an idea, and quickly went about implementing it.

Entering Diane's mind, I carefully planted a thought: that as nice as what I was doing to her FELT, it might be just as erotic to SEE it. That done, I continued to monitor her; taking every opportunity to bring the idea up again and again. In short order, she spoke up, telling me "Mike! I want to see - you know, *us*."

"I think we can do that."

"How?"

"You get on your back. I'm between your legs. All you have to do is lift your legs some more, and you should be able to see."

She thought a moment, and then quickly agreed to my suggestion. I released her breasts where I was cupping them in my hands, and took hold of her hips. Holding her steady, I slowly eased my hips back to slide myself free of her clenching rosette. With a barely audible 'pop', the head of my penis pulled free of her; she quickly moved to lay on the bed, then rolled onto her back. Looking up at me, she spread her legs in invitation before raising her knees nearly to her chest.

Looking down at her, I said "You're still going to have to hunch your back a lot to see. You'll probably want a couple of pillows to help keep you comfortable." I was after ever second of delay I could get.

She nodded her understanding, and let her legs drop as she quickly grabbed the pillows to stack them under her shoulders. That accomplished, her knees resumed their previous position. I moved between her legs and leaned forward to put my hands on the bed on either side of her. She put her hands behind her knees and pulled them even higher, nearly to her shoulders. She released her legs, letting them rest against my arms. After only a little adjustment, we were ready: taking hold of myself with one hand, I positioned the head of my erection against the dark pink ring of her rectum. A quick glance at showed that her eyes were locked on where we were touching. I scanned her to find out that she was more than ready for what came next; indeed, she was looking forward to it.

I looked down between us and let my weight push my penis against her anus - and watched as it easily popped through, allowing the rest of my erection to follow it. As this

was happening, I could hear Diane grunt as I entered her again, followed by her moan of pleasure as she simultaneously felt and **watched** what was happening to her.

When I was again filling her, Diane looked up at me, saying "Oh, **god**, that was so sexy! I mean, I could *_watch_* what you were doing at the same time I was actually FEELING it. It was just **so** incredible!"

"I'm glad you liked it" I told her, before lowering my head to kiss her. Our kiss continued for nearly a minute, ending only when I couldn't resist the temptation to flex my erection inside her. When I did, she broke our kiss to gasp, and then tell me "That was such a turn-on, but I want MORE now."

Having had enough time that my excitement had tapered off a bit, I was ready to pick up where I'd left off - and slowly eased myself out of her until only the head was inside her sphincter. Our eyes stayed locked on each other as I let my weight push me back inside her until I felt my balls grazing her skin.

Over the next couple of minutes, I again gradually ratcheted up the speed of my strokes. Finally, I was again in the same tempo that I'd been in before. It wasn't much longer before Diane started hunching herself up toward me; her body welcoming my invading member as I plundered her most private place. When she did, I scanned her, and found that she was getting even more excited this time than she had before: being able to *_watch_* as I filled and emptied her back channel was as stimulating to her as the act itself. So much so that I began to feel a change in the way I was entering her - and when I looked down to see what was causing it, saw that she was lubricating so much that there was a small overflow that was trickling down to where we were joined; mixing with the lubrication we'd applied.

I scanned her a few times, and realized that I could speed up my actions a bit - she was moving more quickly toward her release than she had been before. I gradually increased the pace of my actions, carefully monitoring her to make sure that I wasn't hurting her, or moving her too quickly to her orgasm. I was safe on both counts, and the increased pressure and motion helped get me moving toward my own release.

Finally, we found ourselves on the 'home stretch': even as I felt my balls tighten up, I scanned Diane to find that she was on the verge of release herself, needing only some undefined trigger to make it happen. A dozen strokes into her, and I was close; a dozen more, and I was there - I felt my penis throb as the first spurt of my cum jetted out the end to begin flooding her bowels. That seemed to be all Diane needed to push her over the edge, as well: even as I felt myself tighten up to do it again, I felt her anus clamp down on me as her entire body went rigid. I nearly didn't get the second load into her: she was so tight around me that I could barely past the tight ring of her anus. It was only by pushing myself as far into her as I could that I was able to get enough of my erection into her to let it happen - and that added penetration of her only seemed to make her orgasm more intense.

As I was filling her dark passage with my semen, Diane was gasping and groaning with her release; I felt a slight warmth across my balls as the spasming in her vagina pushed her essences out to saturate our pubic hair. I could see her eyes roll back into her head as wave after wave of her orgasm washed over her, in counterpoint to the wads of my semen washing across her bowels.

I stayed inside Diane for as long as I could, even after my own climax had ended. She experienced a few more spasms, but they gradually faded out. I stayed above her, holding her, until my penis finally softened enough that the pressure of her rectum pushed it out. When that happened, I released first one then the other of her legs to guide them to the bed. Next, I eased myself back a little, to let her pelvis relax as well. As Diane slowly got her breath back, I moved next to her, and then gently lifted her head and shoulders to take one of the pillows - letting her lay back down again. With my own pillow now, I used it to prop myself up a bit so that I could put an arm across her to hold her. She fairly hummed her appreciation as she lifted her legs again, and then gestured for me to slide my legs under hers. I did, and she let hers down again, so that we finished up with her 'sitting' on my 'lap'. Then she took my hand and moved it to her breast before resting her hand on my arm. We lay there like that for several minutes, getting our breath and senses back as we cuddled.

The intimate silence between us was broken only when Diane softly grasped my arm and said "Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you."

"For?" I asked.

"For this, you dummy!", she grinned.

"Glad you enjoyed it."

"Seems you enjoyed it, too."

"Yup. One of the best birthday presents I've gotten in a *long* time!"

"ONE of the best?!" she demanded indignantly.

"Well, there was this fire truck I got when I was four..." I responded.

"A _fire truck_?"

"Yeah. It had a siren, squirted water, the whole deal. *Really* cool."

"You're comparing me to a _fire truck_?!"

At that point, I couldn't stand it any longer, and busted out laughing at the expression on her face. Only then did she realize that I'd been teasing her, and poke me in the chest with her elbow before exclaiming "Michael, you are such a *turd*!" - and laughing with me.

We were still laughing when Holly stuck her head in the door, demanding to know what was so funny. So I told her, and she started laughing, too.

When all of us finally calmed down again, Holly told us "When I woke up, Diane was gone, so I figured she was down here. I was just lying in bed, thinking about stuff, when I heard you two laughing and I *had* to come in and see what was so funny. I figured if you were laughing, you weren't, uh, busy."

Diane told her "No, we're not busy - NOW. I gave Mike his birthday present, and BOTH of us are quite happy about it."

Holly looked at her dubiously, and asked "And just what WAS your present to him? All you told ME was that it was something special that you had to give him alone."

Diane looked at me questioningly, and I answered with a small shrug of my shoulders - it was up to her if she wanted to tell Holly what we'd just done. She knew that I wouldn't talk to Holly about us, just as I didn't talk about me and Holly to HER - and didn't expect them to talk to me about what THEY did.

Diane thought it over for a few moments, and then told Holly "I was curious about anal sex, so I found out about it with Mike as a special present to him."

I was surprised when it took Holly a few seconds to get it before her eyes got positively HUGE as she asked "You DID? *There*? Really?"

"Yes, I did, there, and really." Diane answered, an incipient grin on her face.

Holly just stared at her for a few moments before turning her head slightly to look at ME. I just looked her in the eye without saying anything; after a few seconds, she broke our gaze to stare at Diane again.

Finally, Holly spoke up, asking Diane "It didn't hurt? It wasn't gross or anything?"

"No, it didn't hurt. We used some lube, and he was as nice about it as he was when he got my OTHER cherry! And it wasn't gross, either. I, uh, took care of that before I got in here. What it WAS, was wonderful! I mean, I was *really* surprised at how excited it made me - I mean, I even _orgasmed_ from it!"

Holly got a doubtful look on her face, and Diane quickly assured her "Really, I did! I mean, having him *there* got me _so_ hot. But when I got to SEE it, too, well, that was it."

"You *watched*? How? Never mind, just tell me what happened!"

"Later, okay? Right now, I'm feeling kind of, um, *squishy* and want to clean up."

Holly's face fell in her disappointment, and Diane quickly added "I said I wanted to clean up - I didn't say I wanted to do it alone, silly! I was hoping Mike would help, too; and you're *always* welcome to take a shower with me!"

Holly perked up considerably at that, and looked over at me.

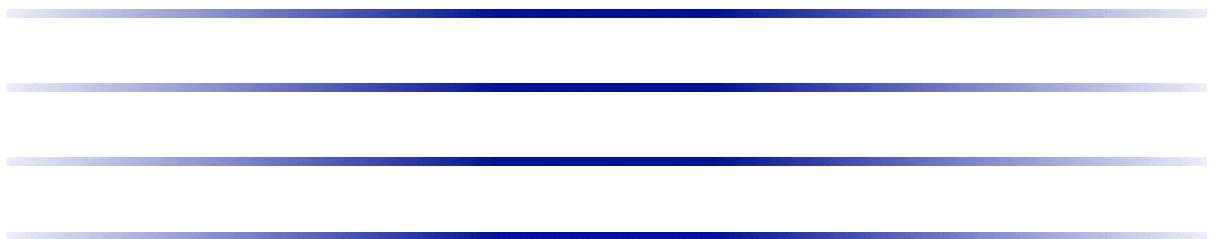
"I'm feeling kind of 'squishy', too - different way and a different place, though. I'd *love* to clean up with you - either or both of you."

That settled, Diane lifted her legs so that I could slide mine out from under her. When I did, Holly got a view of Diane's ass - her eyes widened briefly when she saw the remains of the lube still there. I quickly scanned Diane, and learned that she'd done it for that very reason: to give Holly reason to believe what we'd just done.

With Diane and I untangled, she got up and moved to the edge of the bed to get up. I waited a few seconds - giving Holly a chance to see the lube on ME - and followed her.

A couple minutes later, the three of us were in the shower, cleaning up. Happily, the lube that Diane had gotten washed off fairly easily; I wasn't looking forward to spending the next few hours wearing it. During the shower, Holly couldn't help but try to find out more: when she tried to wash between Diane's ass cheeks, Diane jumped a little bit as Holly's fingers passed over her anus. That seemed to be all Holly needed to confirm what Diane had told her, and she didn't try anything else - aside from trying to masturbate me to erection, which didn't happen. The truth of the matter was that *I* was a little sore from where I'd been, too - Diane had been THAT tight.

Dried off and dressed, we made our way downstairs for some breakfast before separating to our different tasks. I had a few errands to take care of; Holly and Diane were going to talk about that morning, of course.



Part 4

Over the next couple of months, a number of things happened. For my Senior Prom, I asked out the girl from school that I'd gone out with the most, and we had a great time. We finished up our evening with a three-hour sex marathon at a local motel chain. When I got home, Holly and Diane were both still awake - and when I scanned them, both were envious of the girl, but not jealous of her. By way of compensation, I took the two of them to a local amusement park a couple of times, and all three of us had a blast.

The other major event was when I started getting back the results of my college applications. I was surprised that so many of them accepted me; Dad pointed out that he didn't think colleges got that many high school students that not only subscribed to the American Journal of Physics, but had letters to the editor published.

When I'd gotten all the responses back, I went to Dad and talked to him about where I should - and could - go to college. After a fairly lengthy discussion, I finally settled on going to a college in our state, even though I'd been accepted to CalTech. Dad made pretty good money at his job, but we weren't actually "rich". He could afford to send me to college, but not to CalTech; he reminded me that Holly would probably want to go to college to, and that he'd have to pay her tuition, as well. I understood, and didn't have any problem with it - the school I was going to had 90% of CalTechs' reputation, but at half the cost. The school was just over two hundred miles away; I could easily come home for weekends if I wanted, but wouldn't be able to actually live at home. Diane and Holly were both disappointed by that, but even happier about the fact that I was getting into such a good school.

After graduation, there really wasn't much for me to do. Dad and Mom gave me a *really* nice watch as a graduation present, while Holly and Diane put on a private sex show for me - then invited me to join in about the time I thought my dick couldn't get any harder. As it turned out, it could.

Mom and Dad were both fine with the idea of my just lazing around for the summer - *all* of us knew that I'd be busy enough when school started. Diane and Holly both found summer jobs - jobs that left them plenty of free time to spend with me, together and individually. I also had a few last dates with some of the girls that I'd taken out before; most of them were headed off to college, too, and we knew that we'd likely not see each other for a while, if ever.

The end of July, Uncle Jack and Aunt Paula invited us to their farm for a couple of weeks, and all three of us quickly accepted. As always, they gave us enough to do to keep us from getting bored, but not enough to actually work us. We'd been there only a few days when Dad called to let me know that the college had sent a letter telling me that I'd been awarded a scholarship to cover my tuition. I'd told them that I planned to major in physics, and they'd put my name in for a scholarship; the person that had first crack at it had decided to go to MIT, instead, so it was being awarded to me, instead. When Aunt Paula and Uncle Jack learned that, both of them fairly beamed in pride in me. Even Diane and Holly looked mildly impressed.

Uncle Jack talked to me a few times about college. When he found out that I was planning to stay in the dorms to save Dad money, he gave me one of the few dirty looks I'd ever gotten from him. Then he promptly called Dad, and chewed on him for about 5 minutes about being stupid enough to agree to let me stay in the dorms - saying that Dad knew damn well that there would be so much noise and commotion that I'd never be able to get any proper sleep or studying.

Amazed at how Uncle Jack was talking to him, I listened as Uncle Jack went on: "Dammit, Bob, I know you're not made out of money, and you've only got a couple more years before Holly goes off to college, too. Yeah, I know you set up those college tuition accounts; but both of us know that it costs more to go to college now that you thought it would. And *I* know it's still not going to be easy for you.

"Bob, don't be any stupider than you have to be: ever since Paula and I learned we couldn't have kids, we planned to help Mike and Holly get through college. I know we didn't tell you - and we didn't just because we knew you'd be a damn fool and fuss about it like you are now! Fine, you've done your part to make sure he can go to college. Now let me do MY part, and make sure he can do it right. Oh, quit bitching and listen to me! Mike's got *brains* between his ears, and he uses them. This boy has half a chance, he's gonna do us ALL proud. You know that thing about stacking my hay? The Ag agent stopped by one day and saw it. He asked me why, and I told him. Then he asked me who, and I told him that, too. Impressed the hell out of him, it did. His exact words were "That's some smart kid." He didn't believe me when I told him Mike was in his senior year of HIGH school; had to show him that copy of Mike's last report card that you'd sent us to prove it. The next issue of the state Ag newsletter I got, there was Mike's idea, giving him full credit for it. I wouldn't be surprised if other states didn't pick up on it, too. Yes, it was THAT good!

"Now, are you going to let your pride get in the way, and send him off to do a half-assed job in college? Or let me chip in some of what I - and a bunch of other farmers - owe him, and let him do it *right*? I don't want to set him up in some penthouse apartment or anything; I just want to make sure he's got a quiet place to sleep and study - maybe share an apartment or something with some other kids."

With that, Uncle Jack got quiet for a couple minutes, and then finally said "Glad to hear it, Bob. Thank you. And now that your knickers aren't all bunched up, I'll tell you that Paula and me, we plan to do the same thing for Holly."

A few moments later, he followed that up by saying "To bad. We're gonna do it anyway. Like I said, your job is to get 'em INTO college; we're making it OUR job to see to it they have the best chance they can once they get there."

He listened for a minute, before telling Dad "Now you listen to me: these kids are the young 'uns that Paula and I couldn't have. They mean as much to us as they do to you, and we're both damn proud of 'em. We're gonna do whatever it takes to make sure they get the most they can from college. That means that all they should have to worry about

is SCHOOL, and doing good in their studies. We ain't plannin' on paying for parties and trips to the Bahamas or that kind of nonsense - but we're damn well going to make sure that they aren't missing anything they really need, either. If the situation was the reverse, I know damn well you'd be doing the same for me, so there's no point in you arguing about it."

He listened a little more, and then said "That's fine. We understand each other, and we both know what's gonna happen. Okay. Yeah, that's fine with me. Okay. Yeah, we'll see you next time. Bye."

Hanging up the phone, he turned to me, and said "You just heard what I told your dad. Me and Paula, we're going to pay for you a place to stay off campus. I know you, Mike, and I know that you're not going to stay in some place where it's parties all the time. I know you'll be looking for fun, too, but I trust you not to let it get in the way of your schooling."

I nodded, and he went on "You're closer to being a man than most your age. There ain't a doubt in my mind that you're going to do right good at school, given a decent chance. And like you heard me tell your dad, me and Paula are going to make sure you get it - you AND Holly. Both of you kids have done us some kind of proud, and like I told your dad, we think of you like you were our OWN kids. You didn't know this, but it's in your dad's will that if anything happened to him and your mom, WE were the ones to take care of you. He didn't have to ask us to, we TOLD him we would."

He went on to say "You aren't going to tell your dad this, but we'll also be sending you a little extra money to make sure that you can have a little fun, too. Paula and I both went to college, and know a body needs to have something to do besides study all the time. Like I said, it won't be enough to be throwing any parties or going on any trips, but if you have the time to go to a movie or something, we're going to make sure you have the money for it, too."

I thanked him, and he told me "That's all right. Like I said, your Aunt Paula and I have both been to college, and know what it's like. And that's why you're welcome to come here any time you want a good meal, too. That school you're going to isn't but an hour away, so if you need a meal or some fresh groceries, you know where to find us. As a matter of fact, I think Paula and I would BOTH feel better if you'd come here for Sunday dinner once or twice a month. We went to that school, and unless they've had some major improvements, the student cafeteria isn't fit to feed my hogs."

I assured him that I'd be happy to wrap myself around some of Aunt Paula's cooking, and he smiled at me before telling me "I figured. Okay, now that we got all that settled, let's head back to the kitchen and see what the women have been up to."

I got up, and together we found out that Aunt Paula and the girls had been making apple pies. So of course, we all had to sit down and 'test' one of them - with scoops of fresh ice cream to do it properly.

The rest of our time with them went by pretty much as usual. It was only on the day before we were supposed to leave that Uncle Jack asked me to go someplace with him. Of course I didn't hesitate, figuring that he needed some help with one of the animals or something. I got into the truck with him, but instead of heading toward some part of the farm, he headed toward town. As he was driving, I flexed my muscles a little bit, trying to loosen up for the carrying and hauling I expected to be doing - surely, we were going to be loading the truck with something.

Instead of the store or grain silo, though, he pulled into one of the few garages in town, being there primarily to serve the farmers. He got out, and I quickly followed him. As he approached the owner, Bill, he asked "She ready?", and got a nod in response. Uncle Jack headed over toward where a few of the local farmers were bunched around a pickup truck, looking it over. It was a few years old, and had obviously seen some use, but was in surprisingly good condition - even to having received a new paint job: a bright, BRIGHT red.

When we got close to it, Uncle Jack asked me "Well, what do you think of her, Mike?"

I walked around it, looking it over - like I said, it was obviously used, but in even better shape than I'd first thought: no obvious nicks, dings, dents, or other body damage. New tires, new shocks (I bounced on the front bumper to check them), clean under the hood and in the cab. I asked "How long has she been sitting here?", and got the answer "Oh, couple of days" from one of the farmers. I knelt down and looked under the engine - not a fresh drop of oil or anything else to be seen: no leaks of any of the engine fluids.

"She looks pretty good." I admitted, "but how's the engine?"

One of the farmers told me "Rebuilt a couple weeks ago. She's been drove enough to break her in, but that's it."

Another tossed me a set of keys, and said "Go ahead, start 'er up."

I climbed into the cab - the door closed with a satisfying dull 'thunk' - and fired up the engine, which purred like a kitten. No smoke or anything else came out of the exhaust when I started it, or when I revved the engine a bit - which surprised me by how quickly it responded. Four-speed transmission, stick on the floor, proper gauges instead of idiot lights, the odometer showed a little over 80,000 miles. Yeah, it had been worked hard - but with the engine rebuilt, it was good for that many more, easily.

I shut the engine off, and climbed out, telling them "Sounds pretty good, too. Right nice."

The farmers all got grins on their faces, and Uncle Jack told me "Glad you like her, Mike. She's yours."

I stared at him, dumbfounded, as the grins got even wider.

Uncle Jack openly laughed at the expression on my face before telling me "Close your mouth, Mike, before a fly gets in!"

I picked my jaw up off the ground, and Uncle Jack told me "You heard me tell your dad, that was a right good turn you did us with that hay idea. It was my idea to give you a truck for your graduation; I figured that clunker you have is fine for around town, but didn't think it was something to take on the road" - I'd had the same thoughts - "and the boys here decided to dress it up some after you made the Ag paper."

As he was talking, the farmers moved around the truck so that they were generally lined up, facing me. Uncle Jack went on to tell me "Fred, there" - he took a step forward, and I shook his hand, thanking him - "put the tires on it. Gus" - another stepped forward, and I thanked him the same way - "covered the whorehouse paint job." - they all laughed at that - "Andy" - another farmer that I thanked - "came up with the engine and Al" - I shook his hand, too - "took care of getting it rebuilt. Tommy Smithers" - absent from the group - "chipped in by paying for getting the mechanical cleaned up and fixed. Bill, over there, spent some of his free time taking care of the bodywork. The title is in the glove box, and you've got the keys. She's all yours, Mike."

I looked all of them in the eyes before telling them "Thank you. Thank you *very* much."

It was Andy that told me "It's us thankin' you, Mike. We haven't had a single hay fire since we all took up your idea; and we'd usually have had a couple or more by now. Seems the stock is a little happier with it, too. Last winter, my milk cows output went up even more they have before, and I reckon it was the better fodder." The others were nodding as he was talking, letting me know that he was speaking for all of them.

A few moment went by, and Al spoke up, saying "I'm glad you like 'er, Mike. I'm glad I could get in for this, and glad to have met you again. But I'm sorry to say that I still got chores."

I quickly moved to shake his hand again; then as the others told us they had to go, too, with them as well. In each case, they looked at me in a way to let me know that they were thinking of me as more than just a high school kid - that I was one of them, after a fashion.

When they'd all left, I went over to thank Bill, too - who told me "Glad to do it, Mike. You do those folks a good turn, you're helping all of us here in town, too."

As Uncle Jack and I headed back to where his - and my! - trucks were parked, he clapped me on the shoulder, and said "I told you, Mike. You're a bunch more grown up than most your age. Those boys saw it, too. There isn't a one of them that wouldn't be happy to have you working on their farm, or sitting at their table. Now we'd best be getting back before your Aunt Paula starts getting worried, and so you can show the girls your new toy!"

I got in and started the engine again, letting it warm up a little before carefully putting it in gear to follow Uncle Jack back to the farm - with a grin plastered to my face the whole drive. When we pulled into the area where Uncle Jack and Aunt Paula parked their vehicles, Holly and Diane came out of the house to see who was with us - and shrieked their joy for me when Uncle Jack told them what had happened. While both of them were hugging me, I looked over to where Uncle Jack and Aunt Paula were both looking at me with obvious pride and affection.

The next day, they saw us off as we headed back home in MY truck. Before we left, they loaded us up with plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables - and the admonition to be careful. Diane and Holly took turns sitting next to me during the drive, my arm around their shoulders and my hand over a breast - at their insistence - as the three of us sang along with the radio in the truck.

A couple of days after we got back, Dad told me that he thought we should find me a place near college in the next few days. I said that it sounded like a good idea, and we made arrangements to do it that following Friday.

During the drive, Dad and I had a chance to talk some more; I learned that he still wasn't *happy* about Uncle Jack's help, but had come to realize that it made sense. Then he did something that absolutely amazed me: he told me how proud he was of me. I always knew that he and Mom loved us and all that, and he'd even congratulated me when I did well in school. He even helped me with some of my school projects when he could - but he'd never come out and said anything like *THAT* to me.

He told me "Mike, I know I've never told you this before, but I'm proud of you, son. Real proud. You've always done well in school, and you've never caused me or your mother any worry - at least, nothing that ANY parent of a teenager doesn't worry about!" - that part with a wry grin - "You're not _great_ at sports, but you've been good enough to make the teams, and I could see that you *always* gave it your best shot. I worried about you going out with girls, but you've been smarter and more careful than I had any right to hope for: I don't think for a minute that you're still a virgin, but there haven't been any pregnancies or angry parents calling me up. I don't know how close you've gotten with Diane - but she seems happy enough, and she still comes over, so I'm not going to worry about it. She's a good person, and I think you could do a lot worse than having her as a girlfriend, if it comes to that. I don't know - and don't WANT to know! - about you and Holly. You're only a couple of years apart, and you both live in the same house. God knows, your mother and I have left you alone often enough. But I trust you, Mike - I trust you, and Holly, enough to believe that nothing has happened that would hurt either one of you. I think you've both got enough good sense not to get involved with anything really *wrong*. I heard about that kid that tried to rape Holly, and I heard that you did SOMETHING to him. I don't know what it was, and doubt that I ever will - but it proves to me that you wouldn't do anything to hurt her yourself, either.

"I know how much Paula and Jack love you, and how proud of you they are. Jack told me that he was going to give you a truck for graduation; what I didn't know was how good it

was going to be. If he, and those other farmers, were so impressed with what you did that they're willing to go that far with it, I've got to figure that what you did was really something. Jack sent me a copy of the article about you from that magazine or newsletter he gets; and your idea really made an impression on some people.

He sighed, and went on "I guess the bottom line is that I know Jack was right. You're a good kid - no, young MAN - and you've got a good head on your shoulders. I can afford to send you and Holly to college. But I have to admit that Jack's help will make the difference between the two of you just going, and doing it RIGHT. And I'm proud enough of you - your good sense, your smarts, your *character* - to be willing to accept his help to make sure you get the best chance possible. I kind of knew it before, but didn't really SEE it until Jack told it to me: given half a chance, you're going to make us ALL proud - even prouder than we already are."

It was one long speech, coming from Dad - all I could do was say "Uh, thanks, Dad. I won't let you down."

He looked over at me and smiled, telling me "I know, Mike. I know.", his confidence and trust in me clear in his voice.

We got to the college around mid-morning. I didn't know it, but Dad had gotten some of the newspapers for the area and done a little research. We spent the morning looking at places, but neither one of us was really satisfied with any of them by the time we took a break for lunch. It was the second place we tried that afternoon that we hit pay dirt: a smallish 3-bedroom house a couple miles from school. The previous years, it had been home to a series of guys going to school - when one graduated, the ones left behind would find a replacement that would stay there until THEY graduated. It resulted in a certain degree of continuity with the landlord, who gave them a little bit of a break on the rent - and was quicker to respond to the very infrequent problem. Because of the continuity, and the fact that they behaved themselves, the neighbors were surprisingly tolerant of having a bunch of college students living there - it was actually a residential neighborhood. The previous year, there had been three of them, of course: a math major, a chemistry major, and an English major. The English major had graduated, so they were looking for someone to take his place; next to leave would be the chemist. They were initially a little hesitant about taking in a freshman, preferring sophomores - until they learned that I was there on a scholarship. Any last fears they had were calmed when Dad gave them his business card, and told them "I know there aren't going to be any problems. But if you have ANY questions or want to say ANYTHING to me about him being here, you can call me - collect, if you want. Whatever it is, I'll make it right. I know Mike is here to study, not party, but if it would make you feel better, I'll give you a blank check right now, to guarantee you don't get stuck for rent or anything like that."

His willingness to 'put it on the line' like that reassured them that I was a good risk, and we quickly settled on the details: I was to pay one third of the rent and utilities, including local phone. Long distance was separate; groceries were my own problem. The rules were pretty simple: everybody pretty much knew what they brought in to eat, but putting

initials on things was a guarantee that it wouldn't be molested. Quiet hours were from 10:00 PM to 6:00 AM - but excessive noise at other times was still discouraged. I'd have the smallest bedroom (sparsely furnished, like the rest of the house), to start. As people graduated, the custom was that those left behind got to 'move up' to the next larger room. Everyone chipped in to clean the place on Saturday afternoons; the cleaning tasks were assigned by seniority - they showed me the list (used long enough that they'd had it laminated!) and people were identified only as A, B, and C. As new guy - C - I got the crud jobs, like cleaning toilets; but nothing I hadn't done at home. It was still expected for everyone to clean up after themselves - whether dishes, meals, or anything else - so none of the jobs was particularly tough or demeaning. The new guy was on probation for half of a term. To ensure we all followed the rules, it had been established that if someone violated them, that person would receive a written notice. 3 such notices and the person was out. But because the two left behind would have to pick up the additional rent and utilities, there was reason for them not to abuse their nominal power. No drugs, no booze - not even beer. Girls were a gray area: as long as they didn't violate the rules, or cause other problems, it was up to the individual - but the clear implication was that anything more than an occasional sleep-over was frowned on.

They even had all this typed up, and handed me a copy of it before we (okay, Dad) gave them a check for the first month's rent. With that done, they gave me a key to the place, and we worked out when I'd move in. At their suggestion, I agreed to move in a little over a week before registration - it would help me beat most of the rush, and would give me some time to get used to the area. Both of them offered to help guide when they could, and said they'd give me some tips to make registration faster and easier, too. They brightened considerably when I asked where I should park - both rode bicycles when the weather permitted, and riding a bus or catching a ride with a friend when they had to. Reassured that the vehicle was in good repair (specifically, a working muffler so the neighbors wouldn't be disturbed), they let me know that the driveway next to the house was fine - that they'd never had any trouble with vandalism or anything like that.

When we'd left the house, our next stop was a bank, where Dad helped get me set up with an account. The bank had something new - Automatic Teller Machines - that I could use to get money any time I needed. With that as an option, I decided to pass on actual checks: I didn't want even the *temptation* of overdrawing my account, and having just the ATM card would prevent that from happening. Dad seemed pleased at my reasoning.

Now that I had a place to stay and a bank to use, all that was left was for me to make sure I could find my way around. When Dad stopped at a gas station to fill up, I went inside and bought maps of the area to go along with the ones the college had sent me. To my surprise, Dad suggested that we drive around for a little while, so I could get an idea of where things were in relation to each other - I'd thought about doing that, but didn't want to bother him with it. I quickly agreed, and we spent the next couple of hours just finding our way around. I got a pretty good idea of where the nearest grocery and convenience stores were, where I could do my laundry, and where the libraries, parks, and so on were located.

As we drove, Dad and I talked. Not just about school, but about him, me, Holly, Diane, Mom, and anything else we thought of. Every so often, Dad would quiz me about where we were, and how to get to someplace else; after a couple of hours, it became clear that I wouldn't have any real problems finding my way around - at least, in a general sense. Apparently satisfied that I wouldn't run out of gas and die of starvation in the middle of an urban environment, Dad finally pointed the car toward home. Even on the drive back, we continued our conversation - by the time we pulled into the driveway, I felt even closer to him than I had before.

The last couple of weeks before I was to move, things were busy; even hectic at times. But there was never any real sense of 'out of control', either. Mom took me on a shopping spree for the stuff that I'd need: bed linens (the bed in the house was a different size than what I had at home), some basic cooking utensils, school supplies, clothes, and so on. Somehow, I managed to keep her from breaking the budget by pointing out, wherever I could, the things that I already had, and could take with me: towels, nearly all my clothing, my shelf-top stereo, the small TV in my room, my alarm clock, and so on. It was only by refusing to use it that I convinced her not to buy me a miniature fridge for my bedroom - she was worried that the other guys would eat everything I brought home, leaving me to starve. She finally gave in when I told her "Mom! This is COLLEGE - nobody's going to beat me up and take my lunch money, okay?"

Dad did his own part: handing me a couple of gas station credit cards, he told me "Here, Mike, I want you to have these. Don't be afraid to use them, either: I know you're not going to be driving all over for the fun of it, and if someone offers to give you a couple bucks for taking them somewhere, I trust you to accept it. But there are other things you'll probably need them for, too, like oil and that kind of thing. And here's a card for our phone. You call us with that any time you want; it guarantees the cheapest rate, and gets billed here. You know how your mother will get if you don't call her often enough - and I'll want to hear from you, too."

A couple of days later, he brought home a new computer. Not the top-of-the-line model, but not missing it by much, either. He told me "This is yours, Mike. If anyone in this house can put it to use, you can. If there's anything you need to go with it, let me know."

I was busy doing my own thing, too. Holly got the keys and title to my car - she'd been hinting at Dad that she'd like one, and it got Dad off the hook: I knew he had enough other things to worry about. She knew about its few quirks, and would never be far from help if she needed it.

I really didn't have anything to give Diane - except me. Every moment I could spare was given to her, and to a lesser extent, Holly. Both of them understood, and neither of them asked for more than what they got. On several occasions, I **made** the time to be with Diane.

On the last one - a couple days before I was to leave - Diane and I were sitting in the yard by the pool, her in my lap and my arms around her. My hands were inside the light robe

she was wearing, cupping her breasts, and neither of us noticed when Dad came out - until he cleared his throat. Both of us looked up at him in surprise, and Diane gave out a small squeak. Pointedly not looking at her, he told me "Mike, I've got something else for you - one of my credit cards. It's for emergencies, and I trust you to know what constitutes an 'emergency'. Use it if you need it, then let me know, okay?", and stuck his hand out. In it, I could see the card that he hardly used, referring to it as his 'gotta have it' card - meaning that he kept it in reserve for emergencies or for when he HAD to have something and didn't want to risk going over the limit on his other cards. He was _meticulous_ about keeping a zero balance on THIS one.

Diane was shivering slightly in my lap, waiting for him to say something, but he was careful not to notice where my hand mysteriously appeared from when I took the card from him - other than to give me a wink that Diane couldn't see before heading back into the house.

Diane was amazed when he left - she's fully expected him to say *something* to her, or me, about the situation we'd been in when he found us. She turned her head to ask me "Uh, am I imagining things, or did your dad just catch us with your hands on my tits, and not say or do ANYTHING about it?"

"No, you're not imagining things. While I was at college with him, he came out and TOLD me that he figured we might have been doing stuff - and that he was cool with it. He didn't use those words, of course, but it was clear enough."

She gave me a doubtful look, and I explained "Really, he did. He even said he thought you were a pretty good person, and that he thought I could do a lot worse than having you as my girlfriend."

"And what do you think?"

"I think he's right. That's why I was going to ask you if you would - be my girlfriend, that is."

"WHAT?!"

"Look, I know the timing is lousy, with me going off to college. But I'll be coming home pretty often, and you really are pretty important to me. I love you."

Diane stared at me for several long, long seconds. I know that I could have scanned to find out what her answer was, or even GIVEN her the answer I wanted. But with her and Holly both, I'd deliberately avoided scanning them or putting thoughts in their heads any more than necessary. Yes, I'd influenced them - on several occasions. But I had NEVER outright *pushed* them. And the more I really got to know them, the less I wanted to do anything like that TO them.

So I was most definitely nervous when Diane finally opened her mouth to give me an answer: "Yes, Mike, I'll be your girlfriend" - leaving me with a sense of incredible relief that she'd agreed.

What surprised me, though, was when she followed that by asking "But what about college, Mike? I know you're going to meet girls there. What happens then?"

I'd thought about it, of course. Long and hard, in fact. So I was ready with my answer.

"Then I'll meet them. Same as you're going to MEET guys. Doesn't much mean anything either way - unless something happens. I don't think I'm likely to meet anyone that could mean as much to me as you do, though. And I can promise you, I'm certainly not going to be *trying* to meet one, much less looking."

She looked deep into my eyes for a bit. Satisfied with what she saw there, she nodded, and said "Fair enough. You're not promising me it won't happen, and that's fine - you couldn't control that, anyway. Your word about the rest of it is enough for me. I know there will be places you'll want to go, and things you'll want to do, that you'll take a girl with you. But I know that you'll only take her because *I* won't be there, and nothing more. I love you, too, Michael - more than I really knew before tonight. So yes, I'll be delighted to be your girlfriend."

We looked into each other's eyes for a few moments before she moved into my arms, and the two of us shared a hug and a long, loving kiss. When that happened, I realized that I didn't know how much I loved her, either, until that night.

We stayed out there for quite a while, content just to be in each other's arms. Only when it started to get late did we finally get up, and head inside holding hands. We stopped at the end of the hallway, next to the bottom of the stairs; I think Dad must have talked to Mom somewhere along the line: she deliberately avoided looking at us as she wished us a good night. I knew that it wasn't because she was upset with us; rather, she just wasn't wildly enthusiastic about the idea, and didn't want us to think she was. Dad DID look at me - us - and gave us a slight nod of his head before wishing us the same. Behind him, Holly had a big grin on her face, and mimed applauding us. The two of us said our goodnights to them, and headed up the stairs, still hand in hand.

Once in my room, I closed the door behind us - I didn't bother locking it because I knew that no one would disturb us before morning. With our relationship essentially out in the open, Diane and I both felt more comfortable and relaxed as we undressed. I was wearing only shorts and sandals; she a bikini under her robe. It didn't take long before we were both naked and facing each other.

I took her hand in mine, drawing it up to my lips so I could kiss it softly. When I was done, she slowly moved into my arms so we could share another that was more personal, more loving. Several seconds later, holding hands again, we moved to the bed where Diane guided me to lay down. A few moments later she lay down, too - then continued

on until she was lying on top of me: her legs straddling my waist and her breasts pressing against my chest as she lay face to face with me.

Taking my face in her hands, she told me "Michael, as long as you will have me, I'm yours. You are the one who made me a woman, and showed me what it was like to really CARE about someone. You know what I have with Holly, and you don't mind - if anything, you almost encourage it, because you seem to know it's something *special*. I know that Holly and I BOTH teased you a lot, there at the beginning. But you never, _ever_ said or did anything to push us or make us uncomfortable. You've been incredibly patient and gentle and caring and LOVING with both of us. There isn't a doubt in my mind that if it had been me, instead of Holly, with Charlie Wilkins, you would have done the same thing - and I can't tell you how much that means to me. I know that you've gone out with some of the girls from school, and 'been' with them. I'm okay with that - I know that you wouldn't do it unless you cared about them, at least a little bit, and that's fine with me. I've gotten to know you, Michael, and I know that if you cared about them enough to want to be with them like that, then they were good people. And now you've asked ME to be your girlfriend. Not just somebody to go out on dates with, but your *girlfriend*. You know that I've been out on dates with some of the guys from school. I even let some of them kiss me goodnight - but ONLY goodnight kisses. I never did anything more with ANY of them for one simple reason: they weren't YOU. I really didn't understand that until tonight: then, I just thought that it didn't seem right, or that I wasn't that interested in them; it was only tonight that I understood the REAL reason. You tease me mercilessly, you tell me your bad jokes, and sometimes you just make me crazy - but you're always there for me, too: loving and gentle and caring. When I'm in your arms, I feel safe, and loved - and more than anything else, HAPPY. Yes, Michael, I'll be your girlfriend. Knowing that I'm yours, and that you're mine, well... I can't think of anything else that seems so *right*."

I took her into my arms, and held her as I guided her onto her back while I lay on my side next to her. I put my hand on her cheek and told her "Yes, Diane- I'm yours, just as you said you were mine. What I first noticed about you was this" - I moved my hand long enough to gesture along her body, then put it back - "But what I fell in love with was what's inside: here" - a finger to where her heart was - "and here" - another to her temple, indicating her mind. I went on to say "You gave me your virginity - TWICE. Both times, it was even more special to me because it was YOU making the offer. You told me that all you've had with other guys has been goodnight kisses, and I believe you. But even if it had been more, I wouldn't mind - because I know you wouldn't give yourself that way to anyone that you didn't think worthy of your gift. But I'm YOURS now, and I have absolutely no interest in changing that in any way.

I went on to tell her "Yes, I DO believe that what you and Holly have is special. You saw her just now: she was actually *happy* that we're going to be together. If she can be that enthusiastic about OUR happiness, I've got no interest in getting in the way of HERS. You're both female - and delightfully so! But that doesn't matter to ME except for any problems it causes you because of other people. If it happens that the two of you decide that all you want is to be able to be friends and not lovers, then that's up to you - it's not

for ME to decide either way. All that matters to me is that both of you are happy. What you do, or don't do with Holly; what you've done or not done with other guys - none of it matters to me now. I'm yours, and you're mine, from this moment on."

By the time I finished, Diane was starting to leak a little bit around the eyes. I quickly scanned her, making sure that they were GOOD tears, not bad. Then I leaned down to kiss them away - and kept kissing her, anyplace I could fit my lips. Eyes, ear, nose, forehead, cheeks - all were targets for my attentions.

And when she moved my hand from her cheek to her breast, I knew that she wanted to consummate our new, deeper, relationship.

I looked into her eyes, and she gave me a small nod of her head to confirm what I'd thought. I nodded slowly in return, letting her know that I accepted - and respected - her decision. I lowered my head again to place a feather-light kiss on her lips before moving over her. She readily moved her legs apart to make room for me; resting on my knees and elbows above her, I started kissing her again: first on the point of her shoulder, then the base of her neck. Her collarbone was next, then the top of her shoulder. Back to the base of her neck, and up to her earlobe. Forward to her temple, then to the corner of her jaw. Along her jaw line to the other side, with a brief side trip to her throat. The top of her ear, then the earlobe. Her collarbone was next, followed by the base of her neck. The point of her shoulder, and back to the point of her jaw. Every square inch of her face, in random order. Down to the base of her throat, and back again, stopping at her lips where we shared a soft - but passionate - kiss. Raising myself over her, I took her hands in mine, kissing the back of each of her fingers softly before turning her hands over to kiss their palms. Releasing them, I lowered myself again to begin kissing her body - starting at the upper edges of her chest.

From one side to the other, I kissed my way across her body - each pass from one side to the other a trifle lower than the one before. In a couple of minutes, I'd worked my way to the upper slopes of her breasts, accompanied by Diane's rapid breathing. Closer now to my first goal, I carefully switched over to a series of circles and curves and spirals; using my lips to gently nibble at her breasts. Ever so slowly, I went from one to the other, and back again - spiraling up one breast only to stop halfway, and nibble my way over to the base of the other. Each time, I started slightly higher on her breast, and broke off my actions that much closer to her areolas and nipples, which were clearly erect with her arousal. Finally, it was time: when I'd spiraled my way to the edge of her areola, I pulled my lips away, only to take her nipple in my mouth a moment later, accompanied by her gasp of pleasure. I sucked on the end of her breast softly as I fluttered my tongue across its nipple and 'chewed' on it with my lips. Diane's response was to bury her hands in my hair and hold me in place, encouraging me to continue. I did for a while - but I didn't want the other breast to feel neglected, and moved to repeat my actions on it, as well. For the next couple of minutes, I switched back and forth between them, until I had both of her nipples hard and erect. After giving each of her nipples a lick with my tongue, I moved on to something else: moving my mouth to different parts of her breast - other than her nipples - and gently sucking them partway into my mouth before releasing them

with a soft lick. Sides, bottoms, tops - the entire surface of her breasts received my attentions.

Again I had a plan in mind, and as I finished my ministrations, I eased my way into a pattern across her lower torso. From there, I moved to a series of soft kisses across her belly, again easing my way down her body with infinite patience as she panted her arousal. I paused for a little while to pay special attention to her belly button - an 'innie', and as cute to me as she was. From there, it was on to her abdomen - one hip to the other, and back again, I showered her with small kisses. Finally, I knew that I was nearing my final goal: I could feel the softness of her pubic hair gradually tickle its way up my throat to under my chin, and under my lips. I carefully kissed my way around the dark, dense mass of her pubis, down along the crease between her thigh and pelvis.

Even before I'd gotten as far as her navel, I could smell her - the thick, rich, heady scent of female lust. Now, as I got nearer and nearer the source, the aroma grew stronger and more defined. Slowly and gently, I closed in on my target. As I did, Diane spread her legs, drawing them up toward her body to make room for me between her firm young thighs.

From the crease of her thigh and pelvis, I eased my way down her thigh: at the end of each kiss of her smooth skin, I'd use my lips to give her a feather-light nibble, barely disturbing the surface of her warm flesh. As my lips blazed a trail along the inside of her thigh, my hand was mapping the rest of her leg. From her toes to her knees to her hips, there wasn't a bit of her that wasn't subjected to my Braille explorations. By the time my lips reached mid-thigh, she was all but quivering under my ministrations; I slowly reversed course back toward the dark wedge that covered her mons, but did nothing to conceal her arousal - her vaginal lips were extended and well parted, the gap between them faintly glistening.

Once again at her pelvis, I moved from one side to the other of her mons, pausing only long enough to give her inner lips a soft lick that barely disturbed them as I collected a small sample of her musky, spicy-sweet oils.

I duplicated my actions on her other leg - kissing my way toward her knee as my fingers danced across her soft skin. This time, though, as I neared the mid-point of her thigh, she **did** start quivering. I backtracked to the where I started from, then a little farther: directly under my lips, her fully-extended labia flowed downward from her erect and exposed clitoris as they framed the visibly wet entrance to her womanhood.

Taking a quick look up at her, I saw that she had her hands full of bed covers and her eyes were closed as her head slowly turned from side to side; she was anxiously - eagerly - waiting what she knew was next.

I didn't disappoint her.

Lowering my head, I licked her cleft from bottom to top, tasting the exotic oils she was producing for me, before letting my tongue deal a dancing blow to her hardened clitoris. When that happened, her eyes flew open as she released a loud gasp and her hips snapped off the bed in response. As her hips slowly lowered to the bed again, I fastened my mouth on her steamy opening: softly sucking precious nectar from her as I let my tongue trace the delicate folds of her vaginal opening. She groaned deeply as she spread her legs, opening herself to me even more. For perhaps a minute, I delighted in the flavor that Diane shared with all women, yet was uniquely hers.

With the essence of Diane still on my taste buds, I expanded my efforts to include her clitoris. I started by licking at it **ever** so softly and briefly, then gradually increasing the pressure and time I spent on it. I continued that until I heard Diane start moaning with a combination of arousal and pleasure; only then did I gradually change over to circling her clitoris with my tongue, in varying patterns and pressures - from slow firm circling pressure to a rapid flutter across it, and anything and everything else I could think of, it all pleased her.

When my tongue started to tire, I went back to her labia and the opening they guarded. I'd take one of them into my mouth and gently suck on it as I used my lips to 'chew' on the rest - then pause to lick and suck at her hot and wet vaginal entrance before doing the same to the other. Back and forth - and between them - I went, until I felt that my tongue was sufficiently recovered.

When she felt me probing at her opening with it, she again lifted her hips, then spread her thighs in welcome. Forming a rod with my tongue, I pressed it into her as deeply as I could - and getting myself a fresh taste of her woman's nectar. For the next couple of minutes, I used my tongue on - and in - her in every way I could: making love to her with it as though it were my penis, trying to curl and flex it inside her, and simply lapping at her as though she were an ice cream cone. Only when I felt her pressing her pelvis against my mouth as she tried to get more of me inside her did I slow, then stop, my actions.

When I left her pelvis, she emitted a soft groan of disappointment; when she felt me move over her, she quickly opened her eyes - then smiled when she saw that I was moving over her, my erection softly swaying beneath me.

When we were again face to face, I lowered myself to rest on my elbows as Diane raised her head to give me a kiss - tasting her own flavor on my lips and tongue. As the kiss went on, she put her arms around me, hugging me tightly. Only when we had to come up for air - both of us panting slightly - did she loosen her grip.

We looked into each other's eyes for several long moments before I felt Diane move under me: rubbing her pubis against my erection where it was resting on her mons. Our eyes still locked, I lifted myself slightly then eased back a bit so that my penis hung down, the head touching her labia near her clitoris. Her eyes stayed on mine as I felt her

lift her hips slightly, positioning herself to that I was at her entrance. Our eyes still on each other, and still in each other's embrace, we silently agreed that it was time.

I gently pressed myself against her slightly, making sure that we were lined up properly. Satisfied that we were, I pushed again, more firmly; feeling it as I started to slip past the tight ring of her entrance. For her part, Diane spread her thighs again to make it easier for me; I could **feel** it as she consciously relaxed herself to take me in. In only a couple of seconds, I was through, and I felt the muscles at her vaginal entrance tighten around my penis as she released her control of them. What I'd been doing to her had made her incredibly hot and wet inside - I knew that I wouldn't have any trouble getting the rest of myself into her. What pleased me most, though, was how wonderfully tight she felt around me: if I hadn't been the one to deflower her, I would have thought that she might still be a virgin.

With the change in our relationship, I wanted to make this time even more special than it already was: the last time we'd be able to be together before I left for college. Both of us knew that it would be several weeks before I'd be back.

I entered her slowly, gently, and carefully. I slid myself into her a fraction of an inch, then back out again slightly to spread her ample oils. Back in, a little further, then not as far back out. Over the next minute, I took my time: easing myself into her, patiently. It wasn't until I felt my pelvis against hers that I saw her eyes close as a smile of satisfaction crossed her face. We stayed like that for several seconds, locked with each other, before her eyes opened again. When they did, I could see in them how happy she was; how pleased with what I'd just done; and how much joy she felt at being there with me.

We had no time limit, no worries about being 'caught', no need to rush. For the first time ever, we were free to take our time and please each other without having to concern ourselves about anything else. The times we'd had before were good - even great. All of our time before had been loving; but this - this was LOVE.

And that was what we did: made LOVE.

Both of us watched as I started moving in her: her labia extended as I withdrew from her, claspings at me as though trying to hold me inside. Then, when I pressed myself back into her, they reversed direction as though guiding me. A few more strokes, and I was thoroughly wetted with her juices; when that happened, Diane's vaginal lips relaxed their grip on me, changing position only slightly as my glistening penis slid between them. I couldn't resist the temptation, and scanned Diane: she was surprised at how wet she was, and how her labia had changed as we made love. She was delighted with the sight of my glistening penis sliding between her vaginal lips as she felt me alternately filling and emptying her womanhood.

With not hurry or pressure, we took our time as we made love - neither of us feel any need to rush things, which left us free to not just enjoy, but savor the sensations we

were creating in each other. Our lovemaking was slow and gentle and patient; when I started to feel a little tired, Diane knew it, and we changed positions by unspoken agreement.

I pulled free of her, and Diane readily moved to her hands and knees - after pausing to quickly lick her juices off my erection. I moved behind her and easily slid myself back into her before reaching down and forward to take her soft/firm breasts in my hands. Before I could begin moving in her, Diane took charge, easing herself forward to let my again-shiny penis slip out of her until only the head was inside her before rocking herself back toward me again. As her rocking motions slowly sped up, I continued to caress and softly squeeze her breasts, and gently pull on her nipples. We spent many long, pleasurable minutes with Diane slowly impaling herself on me as I let my hands gently wander across her back and sides and hips and thighs and body, delighting in the soft smoothness of her skin where it covered the rubbery-firm muscle underneath.

After a while, I could tell that it was Diane's turn to feel the effects of her efforts; again, no word were necessary as I guided her to lay on her back where she happily spread her legs for me in invitation. I eased myself between her thighs, and then moved her legs so they were draped over my own - leaving me essentially sitting on the bed with Diane laying in front of me. She quickly understood what I was planning to do, and carefully scooted herself 'down' until my manhood was resting on her dense muff. I eased myself back a bit as I guided my member between Diane's vaginal lips while she used one hand to hold herself open for me. We looked into each other's eyes as we felt me slip into position, then on through the elastic opening of her femininity. When I let myself slip forward to the place I'd been in before, we found that we were in perfect position: just over half of my male sword was surrounded by her female sheath. With very little effort, I would be able to plumb the depths of her hot cavern; as an additional benefit, it left both of us with our hands free to explore each other's bodies.

A few minutes later, I leaned forward so that the two of us could share a long, deep, and loving kiss as we continued our lovemaking. When the kiss ended, I made a small detour so that I could start licking and sucking on Diane's puckered breasts and erect nipples as she lightly dragged her fingernails across my back and sides.

By the time I lifted my head again, I could feel Diane's vagina clapping at my erect penis as it slipped in and out of her. The sensation of her tightening around me felt terrific, and it didn't take much of it before I could feel myself beginning to respond. As the pace of my thrusts increased slightly, I raised my body again so that I could look down at Diane; her breasts were swaying **ever** so slightly in time with my penetrations. With the change in my movement in her seemed to have a reciprocal effect on Diane - it took only a couple of minutes before I watched as she began playing with her own breasts, squeezing them and pulling and pinching her nipples. A few more minutes, and she was lifting her hips in response to my thrusts. The change in angle that I was entering her at helped stimulate me even more, as did the sight of her open labia as they 'flexed' in response to my actions.

As I felt myself start down the 'home stretch', I leaned forward again, holding myself over Diane while she kneaded the muscles in my arms and chest.

We'd been making love for well over half an hour; but still, neither one of us was in any rush to bring an end to it. Along with the physical joining, we were also sharing an _emotional_ bond - and it was that union of our *hearts* that we wanted to prolong for as long as possible.

As my arousal increased, my distance over Diane decreased - until we were face-to-face with each other. Back and forth, we took turns kissing each other. Lips, face, nose, ears, shoulders, and throat; all were subject to kisses and lip-nibbling.

Our lips had parted and I was enjoying the feeling of her erect nipples drawing SpiroGraph designs on my chest when I finally felt my balls tighten up in the last stage before I unloaded in her. I made a few more slow steady strokes into Diane as she kissed my shoulder, then it was time: pressing myself into her as deeply as I could, I felt the first shot of my hot semen travel the length of my erection to explode into her wet cavern. That seemed to be all Diane needed, and I felt her hot sheath tighten around me as her own climax took her over. Even as I felt her vagina clamp down on me, making her even tighter than she'd been when I took her virginity, I felt her teeth sink into the base of my neck as she all but screamed her release into it - and rake her fingernails across my back, as well.

With each gush of my cum into her, Diane would clamp her jaws on me again as she released a deep, guttural grunt of pleasure. Our lovemaking had been leisurely - and so was our release: instead of a sudden plunge off a cliff, our climaxes were more like a long, slow earthquake of pleasure. What they lacked in power, they more than made up for in depth. I felt as though I'd emptied pints or quarts of my semen into her by the time I was finished.

To my surprise, I stayed almost completely hard inside her as Diane's orgasm slowly tapered off. Only when I felt her release her toothy grip on my neck did I feel Diane stir under me as she slowly let her hips and head lower to the bed, and her arms relax around me. I held myself over her, softly kissing her lips and closed eyelids, giving her a reference point in reality as she recovered from what was obviously an extremely powerful orgasm for her.

After a couple of minutes, her eyes fluttered open; and when she saw me there, she started crying as she quickly wrapped her arms around me again, hugging me fiercely. I gently - but firmly - hugged her back, muttering soft words of reassurance to her until she again released me to lie back on the bed.

Only then did she seem to realize that I was still nearly completely erect, and inside her. When it hit her, I saw her eyes widen in surprise before she asked me "You're still inside me? Like *that*?"

"Yes - to both." I answered, grinning, and I carefully wiped the tears from her face.

"I know you shot; I felt it, it was what made it happen for ME. How come you're still hard?"

"Just lucky, I guess", I teased.

She gave me a little bit of a dirty look, and said "No, really - I want to know."

"Honestly?" - she nodded her head - "I don't really know, for certain. I'm sure part of it is how good it feels to be inside you like this. Part of it is how long it took before it happened. How much of what else, I really don't know; I'm just glad it happened - or isn't happening." That last part earned me a small grin.

The little bit of explanation I had seemed to satisfy her, and she lifted her head to give me a kiss before telling me "Um, If we can do it without *disturbing* things, I'd like to stretch my legs out."

I readily agreed - feeling the need, myself - and after a little experimentation, we figured out how to let both of us straighten our legs without losing our intimate embrace. As we were doing that, I heard Diane give a small gasp. When I was again facing her, she looked sad and unhappy.

I asked "What's the matter?"

She started to cry again as she told me "Mike, I'm *so* sorry! I didn't mean to hurt you!"

I looked at her, puzzled, and she went on to say "There, on your neck - and I think on your back, too, even though I didn't get a very good look."

Using one hand, I checked my neck - knowing where I'd felt her sink her teeth in my neck, it didn't take me long to realize that I'd have one HELL of a bruise and sore spot for a few days. I went on to flex my back a little bit, and decided that she'd left at least a few scratch marks on it. From the feel of it, she'd broken the skin, and probably even drawn a little blood, but it didn't feel particularly bad, either.

When I looked down at her again, she was still quietly crying, and looking at me as though she was afraid of something. I smiled at her in reassurance, and said "It's okay, Diane. It's not bad at all."

She looked at me doubtfully, and said "It sure doesn't look 'not bad' from here."

"Maybe that's so - I can't see. All I can tell you is that it doesn't FEEL bad."

"You're sure? I mean, you're not just trying to make me feel better?"

"Yes, I'm sure - and no, I'm not just saying it to make you feel better. But if it DOES make you feel better, then that's fine, too."

She didn't look like she was quite ready to believe it, but she knew that I'd never lied to her before, either. After a few moments, I watched as she took a deep breath - punctuated by a hiccup that made her start to giggle - before she visibly relaxed.

When I saw that, I told her "Besides, what's wrong with a righteous hickey on my neck to show people that I'm a real stud that pleases his lady?"

THAT gave her a fit that alternated between bouts of the giggles, and mortal trepidation at the realization that that was just **exactly** what people would think when they saw it - particularly our folks.

When she finally calmed down again, she looked up at me with a mock-stern expression on her face and said "Michael, you are SUCH a turd!"

I responded by getting my own pretend surprised expression, and asking "Now, where have I heard that before..." in a thoughtful tone - and getting laughter in response.

By that time, I'd finally softened enough that both of us could feel me starting to pull free of her intimate grip. She frowned slightly, and told me "THIS is the part of being with you that I don't care for much - I always feel so **squishy** and *_leaky_* when you're not in me; I'm always afraid some of it is going to leak out and make a mess on something."

"So some of it leaks out. That's not something that I think we have to worry about, any more." I told her.

She got a thoughtful look, and a moment later, replied "You're right. I'm still thinking like it's something we have to keep secret, when we DON'T any more."

I suddenly got an idea, and reached over to grab one of my pillows. When Diane looked at me, I said "If you'll lift up a bit, we can slide this under your butt; that will keep it inside you long enough for me to grab a towel. After that, we can put on our robes and take a shower, if you want."

She nodded her understanding, and said "Yeah, I *_would_* like a shower - but just a short one, okay? What I want to do more than anything else is lay here and snuggle with you tonight, for as long as possible."

I smiled at her, and answered "Yeah, I'd like that, too. Okay, on three - one... two... three!" and both of us raised up far enough for me to slip the pillow under her. A little minor adjustment, and it was perfect. I carefully pulled free of her, and quickly collected a couple of towels from the linen closet in the hallway.

When I came back into my room with TWO towels, Diane looked at me quizzically. I just told her "One for now, and a spare in case anybody gets any ideas later!"

To my surprise, she blushed furiously before taking the towel I offered her. Together, we managed to collect everything that leaked out over the next few minutes as we held each other. When the flow was all but stopped, Diane indicated that she was ready for the shower.

As agreed, our shower _was_ quick - for the two of us sharing it, that is. Dried off, and back in my room, we quickly shed our robes so that we could share a skin to skin embrace as we kissed yet again. When it broke, I watched as Diane moved to turn down the covers on my bed, then lay on it before gesturing for me to join her. It took only a moment (!), and I had her in my arms again: the two of us laying on our sides, spoon fashion, with me behind her. She was resting her head on one of my arms while the other was draped across her, her hand on top of mine as I cupped her breast. She wiggled around a little bit, and finally succeeded in nestling her smooth, warm butt in my 'lap', trapping my flaccid penis between her ass cheeks. We lay there like that for quite a while, softly discussing our love and future before we slowly drifted off to sleep.

I woke up the next morning to the wonderful sensation of Diane's breasts pressing into my back, and her lush pubic mound tickling the top of my ass. Having her there like that made me so happy, so proud, that I couldn't bear the thought of disturbing her - even though I *desperately* had to use the bathroom.

We must have laid like that for a half hour or more before there was a soft knocking at my door. I felt Diane wake up behind me, and indicated that I was awake. Then I heard Mom tell me "Mike, it's time for breakfast, if you're hungry." I thanked her, and said I'd be right down. As I listened to her footsteps fade away, I felt Diane move away from me a little, and quickly turned over to face her.

I told Diane "Its okay. Mom knows you're in here, even if she didn't say anything."

"How do you know?" she asked.

"I know because that's the first time in my LIFE that she hasn't stuck her head in the door to talk to me directly. If she didn't look in here, it's because she knew she didn't want to see what was here."

"She's upset that I'm here?"

"No, I don't think 'upset' - just getting used to it. I expect that her and Dad have talked about it, and she's still getting her mind around the idea that her 'little boy' is grown up enough to be thinking about girls - particularly you, who she likes - *that way*."

About that time, there was another small knock at the door, and when I answered, Holly stuck her head in. Seeing us awake, she opened the door enough to slip into my room,

and leave some clothing on the chair by my desk, telling us "I thought I'd save you some time and trouble by bringing some clothes for Diane."

Diane blushed slightly, and both of us thanked her for her thoughtfulness. She smiled in reply, and quickly made her way back out, closing the door behind her.

Diane and I *almost* didn't make it to breakfast. We started 'helping' each other get dressed, and it nearly turned into another lovemaking session before my stomach growled, telling BOTH of us that we needed nourishment.

When we got downstairs, and seated at the table, Mom and Dad were both careful not to notice - thus have to comment on - the giant bruise on my neck, or the tooth marks that bore witness to how it got there. Holly's eyes got HUGE, and it was all she could do not to stare - at either or both of us. She only managed to get herself back together when Mom gave her a Look as she handed Holly one of the dishes of food.

Diane tried to help Mom with the dishes when breakfast was over, and got chased out of the kitchen for her efforts as Mom told her "Now you just go on, Diane - I'm sure you'd rather be with Mike than me."

Diane and I spent most of the morning in the backyard, splashing around in the pool; a little before lunch, I took her home - and went inside with her so the two of us could tell her parents we were a Couple. Both of them actually seemed pleased at the news, and her dad even went as far as to shake my hand.

That afternoon, I went about the task of making sure my truck was ready for the trip - changing oil, topping off the various fluids, giving it a bath, cleaning it out, and so on. While I was working, Holly came out to talk with me for a while. At one point, she put her hand on my back and saw me flinch; she quickly pulled my shirt back and looked at the wounds Diane's fingernails had left. She didn't say anything to me, but her eyes again got big at the sight.

That evening, the last before I left for school, Mom and Dad took me and Holly out for dinner. When we got back, I was surprised when it was Mom that asked me if I'd like to call Diane and invite her over.

I didn't hesitate to make the call, and went over to pick up Diane in my truck. She invited me in when I got there, and I spent a couple of minutes talking with her folks before she came in with a small overnight bag in her hand.

She asked if I was ready, and after I nodded that I was, she told her parents "I'll be spending the night with Mike, and tomorrow morning with Holly. I'll give you a call if I'm going to be any later than lunchtime, okay?"

They easily agreed, and the two of us wished them good night.

Once in the truck and on the way home, I asked Diane "Okay, I'll play - what was that all about?"

She looked a bit sheepish, then defiant, before she told me "This afternoon, Momma and I talked for a little while - about me, and you - because she saw the big hickey on your neck, and figured I gave it to you. I told her that you'd asked me to be your girlfriend, and after she asked me, I confessed that you were the one I gave my virginity to - and that you were the ONLY one I've 'been' with. I was surprised when she just told me that she was glad that I was on the Pill, and that I was being so careful about who I was with. She said she'd talk to Daddy, and a little while later, they called me into the living room."

I nodded, and she went on "Once I was there, Daddy told me that he and Momma had talked about me and you, and that he understood it. He told me that he wasn't happy to see his little girl growing up, but that he was proud that I was being so careful and responsible about who I was with. Then he told me that he thought you were a pretty nice boy, and had a good head and heart. He told me that he wasn't going to make any fuss about it, even though I'm still technically a minor. Then he and Momma just told me that they loved me, and to be careful."

I nodded my understanding, and a couple minutes later, pulled into our driveway. The two of us went inside, and as I went into the family room, Diane went upstairs to leave her bag in my room. A minute or so later, she joined us, and we all enjoyed a comedy that Holly had gotten that afternoon. By the time it ended, it was getting a little late, and Mom and Dad said they were going to bed. Diane, Holly, and I said that sounded like a pretty good idea. Holly stayed behind to clean up the family room a bit, but Diane and I held hands as we made our way to my room. As Diane and I got to the door to my room, Mom and Dad were at the door to theirs; both of them turned to us and wished us a good night, as though we were a married couple just like them. Diane and I hadn't been in my room but a minute when there was a knock at the door. Diane answered, and Holly came in to wish us both a good night, and giving us each a *serious* kiss to show she meant it. With that out of the way, she quickly left us, closing the door behind her.

Diane and I looked at each other, and by unspoken agreement, started undressing. I finished first, and went over to turn down the bed covers; as I was getting into bed, Diane came over to join me. She turned to me and put her hand on my face before saying "Mike, I love you. I love making love with you, and just being around you. I like to touch you, and be touched BY you. What we had last night was something special, and I don't want to mess it up by trying to do anything like it tonight. All I want for us tonight is to be together, in each other's arms. You're going off to college tomorrow, and we both know it's going to be a while before you come back to visit - and I want the memory of us holding each other tonight so that I'll be able to remember it until we can do it again."

I didn't bother trying to say anything. All I wanted was to make this night special, too, if in a different way; and what Diane wanted for us that night was as special as anything else that I'd thought of. I simply smiled and nodded my agreement before opening my arms to her. She quickly and happily moved into them, and the two of us soon got

ourselves settled into a comfortable position. Neither of us spoke as we eventually drifted off to sleep: happy and content to be next to each other, there wasn't anything for us TO say.

The next morning, I woke up early - well before the alarm I'd set. Still, I was surprised to find Diane awake, and looking at me. I raised an eyebrow in question, and she told me "I like looking at you, even when you're asleep. Or maybe *especially* when you're asleep. Is that okay?"

"Well, if I'm sleeping, I guess I don't much care one way or the other." I answered, making her smile.

A few moments later, she told me "Mike, I think there's something you should do before you leave."

"What's that?"

"Make love to Holly."

"Excuse me? Am I hearing my girlfriend tell me that I should jump my sister before I head off to college?"

She grinned at me, and answered "Yes, that's what you're hearing. You and I have had two *wonderful* nights together, and that's enough to keep me going until you come back again. But you haven't really spent _any_ time with Holly, and I know that she wants to be with you again, at least once. Would you?"

I thought it over a few moments, and finally told her "If Holly comes in here and makes it clear she wants me to make love with her, I will. If she comes in here and just wants to snuggle, I'll do that, too."

Diane just grinned at me, and got out of bed. She quickly put on her robe, and quietly left my room without latching the door. A couple minutes later, Holly came in, carefully closing the door behind her. When she turned around to face me, she simply unfastened her robe and let it drop to the floor, exposing her nakedness to me.

Looking me squarely in the eye, she said "Diane told me that if I came down here, you would do what *I* wanted: make love or snuggle, my choice. I know she loves you *very* much, and if she's willing to share you with me the morning you leave for college, I'm damn well going to take her up on it. I don't know if we'll ever get another chance, and I want to feel you inside me, at least ONE more time."

"And where IS Diane?"

"She's staying in my room, so if Mom comes by, she can make it seem like I'm still in my room. So, you wanna?"

My answer to that was to simply throw the bedcovers back, leaving myself as exposed as she was.

With a big smile on her face, Holly quickly moved to join me on the bed, giving me a big kiss as she hugged me. When our kiss broke, she gently pushed me onto my back before saying "You just lay back, big brother. Ever since Diane told me I could have you, I've been getting hotter and hotter, so you don't have to worry about me - just let me get you started, and I'll take it from there."

I nodded my acceptance, and Holly quickly moved herself down my body, then between my legs. With a mischievous smile and a twinkle in her eye, she leaned forward to take my slowly inflating penis in her mouth as she used her fingernails along my thighs. She gently sucked on me as she used her tongue to draw a variety of patterns on the underside, stimulating me tremendously. It wasn't long before I was almost completely erect, and Holly's lips were sliding up and down my member. A couple more minutes, and both of us knew that I was completely hard, and ready for her. She made one last down and back up my manhood, leaving a coating of her hot saliva as lubrication for what she planned next. She quickly moved to put her knees on each side of me as she positioned herself over my glistening manhood. With that done, she took it in her hand, holding it steady as she lowered herself until I felt it brushing her dark red thatch. As she used the head of it to part her labia, I could see how they shined with her feminine oils - and I could even see where some of her essence had even trickled a little way down the inside of one of her thighs.

Satisfied that she was in the right position, Holly didn't hesitate any longer: with my glans pressing against her opening, she lowered herself onto it, taking nearly half my length in a single motion. She raised herself up a bit, and then lowered herself again, stopping only when her pubic hair was merged with mine. I don't think she realized she did it, but I heard her murmur "Oh, GOD, that feels so good!"

She waited like that for several seconds, savoring the sensation of having me fill her once again. Only when she felt my hands move to caress her thighs did she open her eyes to look at me as she started slowly moving herself over me.

As she'd asked, I wasn't worrying about her - but I was damned well trying to hold back so that *I* could enjoy this as long as possible, too. In only a couple of minutes, the only sound in my room was the liquid sounds of our union, and Holly's soft panting as she found the rhythm that pleased her most. As she was impaling herself on my manhood, I delighted in watching the gyrations of her breasts as they moved on her chest; after a few more minutes, all I wanted to do was get my hands and lips and mouth on them.

When Holly felt my hands on her hips, she opened her eyes, then gradually slowed her motions before looking at me in question. I told her "I want to be able to kiss you, and suck on your tits."

She quickly agreed, and the two of us carefully moved toward the head of the bed so I could prop myself up with a couple of pillows. Once I was ready, Holly happily resumed her self-impalement - but this time, she was kind enough to lean forward so her breasts were within range. I quickly put my hands over them, again marveling at how smooth, how firm - yet soft - they were before I released one of them long enough to take it's nipple between my lips. In short order, I was nursing at it like a newborn babe, even as I used my hand on its mate, squeezing and caressing breast and nipple by turns. In only a minute, I could hear Holly's breathing increase as she started moaning softly in reaction to what I was doing to her delightful mammaries.

When I'd gotten the one nipple hard and long in my mouth, I readily switched over to perform a similar service on it's twin - and ratcheting Holly's pleasure and arousal that much higher. I took a few moments to look down between us, and saw that Holly was as wet as I'd ever seen her: her secretions had thoroughly wetted both our pubic areas, and her labia were all but dripping from her arousal as they alternately stretched out, then disappeared in response to the way she was hunching herself over me. Holly was as tight and hot as she had been before, but this time she was also so much wetter inside than before, too. The spicy, musky-sweet scent of her filled my nose as I went back to squeezing and gently pulling on her breasts and nipples.

A few more minutes, and I could feel myself passing that point of no return: I knew that it wasn't going to be much longer before I filled my sister with my hot seed. I quickly scanned her, and found that she wasn't far behind me - but she **was** behind me on the path to release. I still didn't want to disappoint her, so I put my hand on her lower belly and started caressing her erect and visible clitoris with my finger - softly stroking it in time with her rise and fall over me. From the way her breath caught in her throat when I first touched her, and how her vagina started claspig at me as I continued, I knew that I was easily going to be able to get her off.

We continued like that for another couple of minutes when Holly suddenly almost slammed herself down onto my penis before her vagina clamped down on my so hard it was almost painful. I hadn't been scanning her, so this was all a surprise to me - but a pleasant one as I felt her internal muscles spasming around my hardness. It took only a couple sessions of that incredible sensation before I felt my balls tighten up as I started to empty myself into her. The sensation of spurt after spurt of my hot semen flooding her insides seemed to make Holly's orgasm that much stronger: she tried to press herself onto me even more, and the soft groans she emitted between her gasps for breath.

Even though it had been over a day since the incredible experience I'd shared with Diane, I still didn't have that much semen in me; as wonderful as it felt to empty myself into Holly, I only had so much to give: it was only the milking sensations of her hot vagina that kept me semi-erect after I'd unloaded everything I had into her. I was truly amazed at how long Holly's orgasm was lasting, even though I was gently pressing against her clitoris each time I felt her tightening around me. Finally though, I felt them start to taper off, and as they did, I softened then stopped my touch on her sensitive nubbin. A few

moments after I pulled my hand from between us, Holly all but collapsed in my arms, gasping for breath as after-tremors of her release washed through her.

We sat/laid there like that for several minutes as both of us got our breath and senses back. I scanned Holly a few times, and wasn't surprised when she suddenly raised herself up long enough to throw her arms around me for the fiercest hug I'd ever gotten from her. I hugged her back - though not as tightly - and after a little bit, she released her hold on me so that she could lift her head to give me a kiss that *almost* got me hard again.

When the kiss finally ended, Holly laid her head on my chest, and told me "Thank you, big brother. That was one of the best I've had, ever - with you OR Diane. I'm going to remember that for a LONG time, and not just because of why I was here." I put my arms around her again, holding her, and the two of us were content to simply be with each other for a little while.

Holly finally told me "Mike, I really DO have to get up - I know Diane is covering for me, but I still want to clean up a little bit, and it's probably better if I'm actually in my own room when Mom comes around."

"That's fine, Holly. It's nice holding you like this, but I know we don't want to push it, either. If you want it, there's a towel over there on my chair; we can probably get close enough for you to grab it, if you want."

"I do want, thanks, Mike."

We carefully wormed our way toward the edge of the bed until Holly could finally stretch out enough to reach the towel - looking at her tight body stretched out like that was it's own reward. A couple minutes later, she was standing by the edge of the bed, cleaning ME off to, with the explanation "Diane was nice enough to let me borrow you; I'm not going to give you back any messier than I have to!"

My penis finally cleaned of our combined juices, Holly started for the door. I quickly scanned Mom and Dad, and found that Mom was getting ready to head for the bathroom. I told Holly "Wait a minute - I think I hear something!". She paused, and both of us heard the sound of a door opening. Knowing that Diane would wait for Holly to get back, Holly understood that it had been either Mom or Dad. A moment later, we heard the bathroom door close, and Holly smiled at me, saying "Thanks, Mike!" before quickly heading back for her own room. Diane had barely gotten into my room and closed the door behind her when we heard the bathroom door open.

When she turned around to look at me, Diane made a show of sniffing the air before saying "Yeah, Holly wanted some time with you!" and grinning at me.

"You're okay with that?" I asked.

"Yeah, for now. Holly and I have talked before, and she's told me that as much as she likes making love with you, she wants to find her own guy. She wanted you to be her first, and since you were so nice about it, she realized that you would be a good teacher for the other stuff she wanted to find out about. She knows she's safe with you and all that, but she also knows that the two of you can't keep doing it, either. If this wasn't the last time she makes love with you, I'll bet it's pretty close to it. So, yeah, I'm okay with it."

That said, she easily moved to the bed and lay down next to me. I turned on my side, and Diane laid on her back in front of me, her legs draped over mine. The effect was that she was 'sitting' on my 'lap' as I held her breast in my hand. We lay there like that for quite a while, quietly talking about our future plans until we heard Mom knock at the door to tell us that breakfast would be ready before long. Both of us knew that I needed a shower, and Diane went along to 'help' me by making sure all of my parts were properly cleaned. Dried and dressed, the two of us went down to the lavish breakfast Mom had prepared.

Around mid-morning, I got started loading my truck with the stuff I was taking to school; Diane and Holly both helped. Holly knew she couldn't give me the kind of going away kiss she wanted in public, so she took the opportunity to give it to me when just the two of us were in the garage. When I was all packed and ready to go, Mom and Dad came out too, to see me off. Dad surprised me by sticking his hand out for me to shake and telling me "I know you're going to do just fine, Mike, but be careful, okay?"

I assured him I would, and Mom moved in to give me a tearful kiss on the cheek. Diane was last, and she didn't hesitate to let me know that she'd be missing me. Mom and Dad carefully looked away; Holly just watched and grinned. I took the chance to give Diane's ass a quick squeeze.

The drive wasn't anything difficult, though I did make a couple of wrong turns while trying to find my new home. I caught my mistake quickly enough, though, and easily got back on track.

The guys - Bill Elliott, the chemist, and Don Jacobs, the math major - cheerfully came out to help me get moved in. My first load of stuff, I saw that I had a couple of letters in my 'in' basket: some time previously, someone had the idea of nailing a small basket by the door to each bedroom to hold any mail that came for that person. With all my stuff unloaded from the truck, I quickly checked the letters, and found that both of them were from Aunt Paula and Uncle Jack. The first held a short letter letting me know what was happening on the farm, and reminding me that I was supposed to visit them at least once a month. The other held a check from Uncle Jack, for an amount equal to my third of the rent and utilities, plus an additional twenty percent. No, I wasn't going to be throwing any parties on Uncle Jack's money, but I wasn't going to have to miss out on a movie or anything, either.

Bill and Don quickly agreed to my offer to spring for fast food as thanks for their help getting moved in. It told me something about them that they considered a trip to McDonalds to be a treat.

The next few days, they kept their promise to show me around, and they gave me plenty of help getting set up for school. The first Saturday I was there, I was ready and waiting for the cleanup, and did my chores willingly and without hesitation. Both Bill and Don seemed mildly impressed by it, as they did about my care about cleaning up after myself.

The first time I went to dinner with Aunt Paula and Uncle Jack, I asked Aunt Paula if she'd mind if I brought one of the guys I lived with next time. She assured me that I could bring both of them, if I wanted, and sent me back with the leftovers from our meal. I shared the food she'd sent - along with all the vegetables and fruit they'd loaded me up with - with the guys, who seemed grateful. My next trip to the farm, both of them accepted the offer of Sunday dinner. Aunt Paula was in seventh heaven having so many large appetites; Bill and Don both complimented her repeatedly on her cooking, pleasing her immensely.

After than, I didn't have any problem getting them to go along when I went out for 'Sunday dinner' - even if one or both of them couldn't make it, Aunt Paula made sure I took back the leftovers so they didn't miss out. Even when the weather turned cool, and the fresh stuff was gone, she sent along the canned food she'd prepared. It was *almost* as good - and still a long shot better than what they served in the school dining hall (or 'gageteria' as it was referred to).

I managed to get home a few times, and spent every available minute with Diane - the two of us even sleeping at HER house once. Her parents were going out for a weekend, and didn't want to leave the house empty; they told her that I was welcome to stay there with her, knowing full well that Diane and I would share a bed.

By the time the semester ended, I'd done well enough in my classes that I made the Dean's List - something that had Dad (and Uncle Jack, as I learned) nearly busting with pride.

Right before I left for Christmas break, Bill and Don told me that they figured they'd made a good choice letting me move in: both of them were MORE than happy with the way things had worked out - and not just because of Aunt Paula's cooking, either!

The rest of my Freshman and Sophomore time at school, things went along pretty much the same way - meals with Aunt Paula and Uncle Jack while I was at school, and my time at home spent with Diane. Each time I came home, it seemed that Diane and I got that much closer, and loved each other even more. The sex between us was *always* terrific, but the time OUT of bed meant a lot to us, too. Holly found herself a boyfriend; he treated her like the royalty she was, even _without_ my input.

Every semester at school saw me on the Dean's List, and each semester, my grade point average increased a bit, as well. As Dad and Uncle Jack had planned, I *was* able to focus on my studies, and it showed. Sure, I could have used my 'skills' to beat the system, but what would that have gotten me? Besides, I *liked* learning all this stuff. And thanks to Uncle Jack, I didn't have to miss out any fun during my free time, either. By the time I got my diploma, I was in the top one percent of my class, and graduated with honors. To my surprise, not only my folks, and Aunt Paula and Uncle Jack, but *every single one* of the farmers showed up for the ceremony - embarrassing the hell out me with their cheers when I was handed my diploma.

END (?)