

All My Children

Another Story by Gil Gamesh

Chapter One

He's going to kill me! I know it! She says not to worry and I should just relax. She says everything will be fine. Shit! She said it couldn't happen. Didn't she? I don't know what to do. I can't face him! How could I be so stupid? Pregnant! Damn! I know he's going to kill me.

Where should I begin? At the beginning, of course.

My father and mother and I have lived for the last three years in officers' quarters on one of the largest military bases in the South. My father is an Army lieutenant colonel who works in intelligence. He's tall and slim and muscular and always looks good in his uniform, especially in his dress blues. I'm proud he's my father and I love him a lot. My mother is a nurse who works at the base hospital. I love her a lot too. She's tall and slim with a great figure. I can look at her breasts or derriere for hours. Me? I'm a tall skinny blond long-haired boy who will be a freshman this fall in the high school for on-base dependent kids. I'm also a fourteen-year-old kid who is always terminally horny. Puberty started for me when I was twelve and is still kicking the crap out of me. It all happened in the summer before I began high school.

It started the day I did a run with two buddies who lived near our quarters. We usually ran in the early morning hours to avoid the oppressive heat of the typical summer day. We ran our usual route, a short distance on the sidewalk in the married officers' quarters' area, then a loop around the parade ground, a loop around the weapons museum, and finally back home through a picnic area under a grove of tall pines. I didn't stop to talk this time. The early morning was humid and oppressive with a threat of rain and I was dripping sweat. I ran back to the small house where my mother and father and I lived.

As usual, the three of us had run without shirts, in running shoes and shorts, a sweat band around our heads. I had on white compression shorts under black running shorts. The white shorts extended down

to mid-thigh and were so tight I could hardly pull them up and over my butt. In them, I always carefully arranged my testicles so they were comfortable and positioned my penis so that it was curved downward over them. I liked the way the white shorts held my penis and testicles snug so they didn't flop around when I ran. The black ones were much shorter and looser and were split high on each side. I thought the combination gave me a sexy look and I wanted the young girls in our neighborhood to see me. I was proud of the big bulge in my shorts and my lean hard almost-naked body.

I went around to the carport door into the kitchen and took off my shoes and socks. I had once stepped in some dog poop and my mother had smelled it and fussed at me for tracking it into the house. My shoes were clean this time. I left them just outside the door and started for the bathroom so I could shower. I wanted a long leisurely shower with the hot water beating down on my back and I intended to masturbate for the first time today, certainly not the last. I stopped in the kitchen long enough to take off my sweat band and black shorts, gulp down about a pint of cold milk straight from the jug, and then started down the short hallway to our bedrooms, mom and dad's big one and my small one. When I approached mom's bedroom, I was extra quiet as always. She usually slept late when her work schedule allowed and I didn't want to wake her.

I heard a faint noise and I wondered if she was crying again. I knew she tried to hide it from me when she cried. I knew she missed my father and so did I but I couldn't cry for him like she could. Guys don't cry like that.

The door to her bedroom was slightly ajar and I peeked in to see if she was awake. What I saw was, to a fourteen-year old perpetually-horny boy, unbelievable. She was lying on her back, wearing her usual white cotton panties and one of my father's long t-shirts. She wasn't sleeping. There was a towel over her pillow and her long blonde hair on it was damp and straight. I knew she had been in the shower minutes ago. Her hair would be slightly curly when it dried. She had pushed the shirt up and I could see her hand holding her milky-white rounded breast with her thumb and finger on the rose-colored nipple. The other hand was in her panties, curved down between her legs, and it was moving. I could almost see her moving fingers in her pussy. She was masturbating!

I knew I shouldn't watch her doing something so private but I couldn't move. Since puberty, she wasn't always my mother. Quite often, she was Woman, a tall beautiful long-haired creature with soft rounded breasts and a sensuous butt and something secret between her legs that she always kept hidden from me. I stood there in just my white

compression shorts, my heart almost beating out of my chest, and watched her hand moving between her legs.

My penis tried to get hard but, curved down in my shorts, it couldn't. I pulled my shorts away from my stomach, reached down and tugged it up so that it was pointing toward my navel. I gave a sigh of relief and let it swell to its full size. I was proud of how big it was now that puberty had worked its magic.

Perhaps my sigh was too loud, even with the air conditioner running as usual. She raised her head and looked at me. I couldn't move. I looked at her face, then quickly down at her hand, then back at her face. She looked at my face, then down at my shorts, and then back at my face.

I wanted to let her know I understood what she was doing. I had intended to do the same thing and I wasn't ashamed of it. Before he left for a three-month deployment, my father had talked to me again about masturbating and emphasized that it was normal for young boys to do it and there was no reason to be ashamed. I usually enjoyed it at least once every day but I had never thought of women enjoying the same thing.

Before he left, my father had told me to take care of my mother. He said that I was to do anything she asked and that I should know that he approved. He had his hand on my shoulder and we were looking at each other when he told me. The request seemed strange to me. I was always kind and loving to her especially when he was gone. I promised him I would take good care of her. I always kept my promises to my father and he always trusted me.

I had done my best to help her around the house but I knew there was little I could do to ease the pain of his absence. He was gone this time somewhere overseas on something secret as usual and he would be away for over at least another month. More than once I had listened to her crying for him at night and wished that there was something I could do. I decided to do something for her that I had never done before.

I reached down to my shorts, slowly rolled them down over my hips, tugged them down my legs, used my bare feet to strip them completely off, and then stepped out of them. For the first time since childhood, I was completely naked before her. When I straightened up, my hard penis was pointing at the ceiling. I ran my fingers over my wrinkled scrotum to stretch it from the compression of my shorts and through my little patch of blond pubic hair. I leaned back and let my hips roll forward to display my penis and testicles for her.

She looked at me without speaking. I could see her eyes flitting from my face, down over my sweaty body to my genitals, and then back to my face. My long blond hair was wet with sweat and I used one hand to smooth it back from my face. She still had her hand in her panties but it wasn't moving now. I reached down to my penis, pointed it at her, and then slowly slid my foreskin back and forth a few times. I wanted her to see the blood-red head as my foreskin covered and uncovered it. Her breasts were hidden now by her t-shirt but it was damp and they were clearly defined and her nipples stood up in little points under the shirt. Her hidden hand began to move again, making a slowly-undulating mound under her white panties. I stroked my penis in rhythm to her rubbing. Finally she spoke.

"Come here, Ryan," she whispered.

"I was just going to take a shower," I said. "I'm all sweaty."

"Were you going to masturbate?" she asked.

I simply nodded, watching her hand slowly moving in her panties just as my hand was slowly moving back and forth on my penis.

"Come here," she whispered again, and gently patted the bed beside her. "Come lay down in the bed with me."

I walked over to the side of the bed but then hesitated to get in bed with her. I took my hand off my penis and let it point upwards again. She looked at it while I hesitated, wondering what she wanted with me and what I could do for her and if she wanted me to do what I wanted to do for her.

"When did my little boy become such a fine man?" she said, whispering again. "You're going to be as big a man as your father."

"I hope so," I said, wondering if she meant that my penis would be as big as his or that I was going to be as tall as him.

"Lie down with me, Ryan," she said. "I want to talk to you."

"I'm all sweaty."

"That's OK."

I lay down with her, on my side facing her, put my hand back on my penis, and started slowly stroking it again. She turned on her side facing me with her hand moving again in her panties. I wondered if

she wanted me to masturbate with her. Even the thought of doing that with her made my penis grow harder and my heart beat faster.

We lay there for a minute or so, looking in each other's eyes and glancing down at what our hands were doing. I felt the first faint signs of an impending orgasm and I didn't want to come on her bed. I stopped, bent my penis so that it was pointed at her and the secret something she was stroking, and held it with my thumb and one finger.

"I masturbate too, Ryan," she whispered. "Are you surprised?"

I nodded and then dared to say what I wanted.

"Would you let me see you do it? You're watching me do it. It's only fair for me to watch you."

My heart was about to beat its way out of my chest. My mouth felt dry and my breathing was labored and heavy. Her face didn't reveal anything for a moment and then she smiled at me. She turned on her back, lifted her derriere off the bed, and slowly peeled her panties down her legs. She pulled one bare leg out and then used her foot to push her panties completely off the other leg, the same way I had shed my compression shorts. Then she sat up, pulled her t-shirt over her head, and quickly lay back down.

I lifted up on my left elbow, trying to see what had always been hidden from me. I had occasionally seen her beautiful perfect breasts but I had never seen what she had between her legs. I took a swift glance at her breasts, the milky white skin and the little pink circles around the little darker pink nipples. Then I looked down. I was disappointed; I saw nothing except a smooth hairless mound. I bent my neck, trying to see where she had been rubbing with her fingers. I finally saw the beginning of a cleft but with something strange in it, something that looked like a little ridge. I looked back at her face and I suppose she saw that I was puzzled.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"You don't have any hair, you know, down there."

"Your father likes it that way," she said, grinning. "He doesn't like to have to floss to get pubic hair out of his teeth."

I couldn't believe what I had heard. I knew she meant that he put his mouth down there. I had heard that guys did it but I couldn't picture

my parents doing it. I wondered if she would let me do it, maybe expect me to do it, but I didn't know how to do it.

I leaned over, intending to kiss her on the cheek as I had done thousands of times before, but she either inadvertently or deliberately turned her face toward mine. My lips touched hers and she opened her mouth and said my name, a soft whispered Ryan. I felt the breath come out of her and into me and I was seized with a desire to kiss her as I had never kissed her before. I opened my lips to hers and pressed my body against her side. She resisted for a second and then yielded to me. I felt her tongue briefly teasingly touch mine and I kissed her with a passion which was new to me. My mouth opened wider and my tongue went looking for hers.

My erect penis was uncomfortably bent downward between our bodies. I reached down and rescued it and then pressed it against her side. Still kissing her, I reached up and put my hand on her breast. She sighed deeply, put her hand first over mine on her breast and pressed down, then put her hand behind my head and ran her fingers through my long damp hair. We both had our mouths open and I knew she was yielding to me and she wanted me to do something with her. I moved down and looked at her beautiful breasts. I knew she had breast fed me as a baby and I had sucked on those nipples before. I took the nipple of one breast in my mouth and nursed at it for the first time in years.

My heart was pounding even faster and my breath rasped noisily in and out of my nose. I shut my eyes and yielded to the desires which had taken me captive. I alternated between her breasts, sucking and licking, and I slowly sneaked my hand between her thighs. She moved her legs apart and I knew she was giving me access to her. I explored, found two little closed lips, teased them apart, explored more, found a place where my seeking finger could gain entrance to her hot wet body. I moved my finger in circles, tried to plumb the depths, and wondered, as snug as she was on my finger, how she could ever take a man's penis into her. She moaned and pulled me over her.

I moved over her and put one knee between her legs. She spread her legs wider and I put the other knee beside the first one. Still kissing her, I lowered myself down on her with my chest against her soft breasts and my hard penis pressed against her stomach. My testicles were still warm from our run, hanging loose in their scrotum, and I felt them settle down between her thighs.

I was still for a moment and then I moved downward a little and began to stab at her with my penis. I knew that somewhere between her legs there was an opening which had welcomed my father's penis

into her body. I wanted mine in her too but I didn't know how to get it in her. Each stab was met with unyielding flesh somewhere down there and each painful thrust caused me to grunt. I was wild with blind desire, not knowing what I was doing, instinctively trying to find the place where I could push my penis into her.

"Ryan, lift up," she whispered.

I lifted my hips so that my penis wasn't touching her. She reached down between our bodies, bent my penis down, rubbed the head up and down in something wet and warm, and gently tugged on it. I held still, hardly believing that she wanted me to push it into her but wanting so much to do it. She bent herself almost in half, locked her ankles around my waist, and then put both her hands on my butt and pulled. I relaxed and let my penis slide inside her, into her living flesh. I knew nothing except the exquisite feelings of having my penis sunk to my testicles inside her.

By instinct, I began to move in and out of her. I wasn't thinking anymore. I wasn't trying to decide what I wanted or what she wanted. I was doing what my body knew how to do and had to do to release my life inside her. After only a moment or so of thrusting, my orgasm boiled up inside me and I spurted again and again deep in her vagina. I groaned with the exquisitely-painful pleasure as something inside me ejected my semen out of me and into the depths of her.

With the first spurt, she went wild and started keening shrilly and bucking her pelvis against mine so hard it was almost painful. As my orgasm faded, hers began and I felt her vagina squeezing and relaxing around the head and shaft of my penis. I held still, my penis buried to the depths in her, until her vagina stopped clenching and she relaxed. I knew that what we had done was the way it was between a man and a woman and it was good and right and wonderful.

Slowly my body lost its tenseness and I relaxed on top of her, barely supporting myself on my elbows, with my cheek touching hers and my sweaty chest against her sweaty breasts. I lay there in complete surrender to what I had just done, my penis still rock hard inside her. She had her arms and legs wrapped tightly around me and I knew she didn't want me to move off her. At length, she put her hands against my chest and gently pushed. I lifted up so that my face was above hers, my eyes locked with hers.

A drop of sweat fell from the tip of my nose onto her cheek. I leaned down and licked it away, then, liking the taste of her sweaty cheek, I licked back to her ear lobe and down her throat to her chest. She was wet with sweat, either from her own body or mine. Slowly I licked her

throat and as much of her chest as I could. I pushed up on my elbows, bent my neck and then sucked her nipples into little erections. After a minute or so, I relaxed on top of her again, my face only inches from hers.

“Sarah,” I barely whispered, using the name by which my father always called her. To me, she had always been Mom. I hoped she wasn’t offended to hear me say it.

“Are you Connor?” she asked, her face showing confusion, barely whispering.

I didn’t know what she meant and I didn’t know where the words of my reply came from. They simply flowed out of me.

“Yes, Sarah, I’m Connor. I’m part Connor, your husband, who loves you eternally beyond all time and space. I’m also part you, part Sarah, who loves Connor with every fragment of her being. And I’m Ryan too, created out of the love Connor and Sarah have for each other. I’m Ryan who wants to love you so that you stop hurting so much. He loves you too.”

I was confused. My answer didn’t sound like me. I had never been as eloquent as my father in speaking. The words reflected what I wanted to say but they weren’t my words.

She looked deep into my eyes, searching for something. I knew I was both Connor and Sarah. I loved both of them, loved them very much. I was also Ryan, conceived inside her from her egg and Connor’s sperm. I wanted so much to love her as Connor had loved her once upon a time about fifteen years ago. But most of all I wanted so much to ease her pain from his absence.

“Make love to me, Connor...Ryan, whoever you are. Make love to me please.”

Even after one orgasm, my penis was still hard. I began moving my hips again, as slowly as possible, feeling her vagina gripping my penis as it slid eagerly into and reluctantly out of her. I held my head above hers, smiling slightly at her and looking deep into her eyes. If her face reflected what she was feeling, then she was experiencing as much pleasure as I was.

What I felt was like nothing I had ever experienced before. I had experimented with lots of ways of masturbating but none could compare with feeling her vagina gripping my penis as it moved in her. She wrapped her legs forcefully around my waist with her heels on my

butt, encircled me with her arms, and pulled my chest down against her soft breasts. For a moment, I found it hard to move my penis in and out of her but then my body knew to use an undulating movement of my hips that drew my penis almost out of her and then pushed it back in until my testicles bumped against her soft ass cheeks.

“Sarah, oh, Sarah,” I whispered.

“Yes, Connor, Ryan, whoever you are,” she whispered in my ear. “Make love to me. Fuck me. I need you. Oh, I need you.”

I surrendered to doing what my body demanded and pistoned in and out of her wet warm depths until I came again and poured out my life in her. I didn’t feel her vagina squeezing around my penis this time and I wondered whether she had come or not. I didn’t know what to do. For at least a while, my penis was too sensitive to continue but I wanted her to come a second time also.

I was about to ask her what she wanted me to do when something my father had told me came back to me. He had told me many times that a real man takes the responsibility for his own actions. He said that I should never have unprotected sex with a girl and that I must use a condom if I wished to avoid becoming a father. Just that thought was enough to deflate my penis but I couldn’t bring myself to take it out of her. I raised my head over hers and stared in her smiling eyes.

“Sarah,” I said and then, “Mom, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done this. I shouldn’t have come in you. What if I’ve made you pregnant?”

She pulled my head back down so my cheek was against hers and whispered in my ear.

“Connor,” she said and then, “Ryan, you don’t need to worry about that.”

She told me that after I was born, she and Connor had wanted to have another child as soon as possible. She had nursed me for over six months, all the while having unprotected sex with my father. When I was three and she had not conceived again, she and my father had gone to a fertility doctor who ran all sorts of tests on both of them and then told them she likely would never have another child. Both had problems but the worst was my father’s sperm. His testosterone level was more than normal but his sperm count was low and many were not normal. They had not used any contraceptives for the next ten years and she had never gotten pregnant again.

When she was through whispering, I lifted my head above hers again and looked at her eyes, still smiling with love. She put her hands on each side of my head, drew my face down to hers, and kissed me again. I felt her tongue touch my lips and I opened to her and slowly sank deeper into her and kissing her and loving her. I felt my penis begin to respond and I began to move my hips slightly. She put her hands on my behind and held me still.

“Who are you? Tell me, please.” she asked pleading. “Are you Connor or are you Ryan? I’ve got to know.”

I wanted to tell her that I was just her son, Ryan. I didn’t understand how she could think I was Connor, her husband. I wanted someday to be worthy of my father but I knew that I wasn’t yet. I knew I had to tell her that I was just Ryan.

“I told you, Sarah,” I whispered. “I’m Ryan but I’m also Connor and Sarah. Your love created me. I’m part of you and him as long as I live.”

That wasn’t what I had intended to say and again I didn’t know where the words came from. I closed my eyes and shook my head in confusion. I struggled to retrieve the words I wanted to say to her.

“Just love me, Sarah. Please love me.”

“I love you, Ryan,” she finally said. “I shouldn’t love you like this but I can’t help myself. We really shouldn’t do this; you know.”

“I know but just one more time, Sarah, please, just one more time.”

I looked in her eyes, hoping that she would see the pleading in mine. Then she shook her head from side to side and smiled and I didn’t know what to do.

“No, Ryan,” she said. “You’ve come twice in just a few minutes. It won’t kill you if I don’t let you do it again. You should learn to enjoy the journey without rushing to the finish. Someday you’re going to find a woman to love and she’ll teach you the difference between fucking and making love.”

She put her hands against my chest, rolled slightly to one side, and then pushed. I reluctantly withdrew my still-hard penis from her and rolled over beside her on my back.

“Are you ever going to let me do it again, like maybe tonight?” I asked.

“No, Ryan, listen to me. You must learn to go slow and try to please me as well as you. You should make sure a woman enjoys having sex with you. Girls aren’t going to like you if you go bang, bang, whew.”

“You didn’t like what I did?” I asked, confused. “You came the first time; didn’t you?”

“Yes, Ryan. I came but I was close to an orgasm when you walked in. I’m not being critical of you. I wouldn’t have expected anything more from someone your age, with your lack of experience.”

“I just want to love you, Sarah. I’ve listened to you cry too many times at night. I know dad’s deployment is longer this time but he’ll soon be back.”

“Ryan, you may call me Sarah when we are together but don’t ever do it around anyone else. Then you must call me Mom.”

“Yes, Sarah.”

“Now, I want you to go take a shower and don’t use all the hot water. I think I need to shower again too.”

“We could shower together. That will save the hot water.”

“No, Ryan. We’ve done enough for this time. You’ve got to give me time to think.”

“Yes, Sarah.”

I heard her say “for this time” and that was enough to convince me that there would be a next time.

“Sarah, when I hear you crying at night, I want so much to come in your room and get in bed with you and just hold you and love you so you don’t hurt so much. Would you let me do that? I promise I’ll be good.”

“Ryan, you’re not bad. If I let you, you’ll get aroused and get an erection and want to have sex with me again. I was very vulnerable when you came in here while I was so horny. Please, don’t push me. Let me think about what we’ve done.”

About a week later, I was again awakened by the sound of crying. I could tell she was trying to muffle it but I knew what the faint sounds were. Her bedroom door was closed and so was mine but the sounds were clear enough. I was sleeping in the nude as usual but I knew I

shouldn't go to her naked. I just wanted to do something, to hold her and tell her I loved her, anything to keep her from crying.

My desk and bed made a V in one corner of my small bedroom. I sat up on the bed, turned on the light on my desk, and rummaged through the drawers of the desk until I found what I wanted: a jock strap, some compression shorts, and some pajamas. I'd worn the pajamas once when I was first given them and never since.

I stood up and put on the jock strap first. It was certainly tight enough. I tried a few arrangements of my testicles and penis to see which was the most likely to restrain my penis and I chose the one with it bent down over my testicles. Then I put on the compression shorts. They were certainly tight enough too. I rubbed my hand over the mound between my thighs. I couldn't believe my penis could become erect bent down and with two restraints. Then I put on the pajama bottoms to hide everything underneath and turned to go to her room.

She was standing in the open door to my room watching me. She had on a pink nightgown that came half way down her thighs. I wanted to see if she had on the same sort of white cotton panties but if she did they were hidden. Her blond hair was wild and her face looked like she had been crying. She was still beautiful.

"What are you doing, Ryan?" she whispered. "Why did you put all those things on?"

"I was about to come to your room," I said. "I just wanted to hold you and tell you I love you and maybe you'd stop crying. I put these on so I couldn't get an erection."

She stood and just looked at me for a minute or so, unsmiling, her eyes narrowed, her lips clenched. I didn't know what she wanted me to do. Finally she decided.

"Take them off," she said.

I wanted to take them off so I quickly obeyed her. I pushed the pajama bottoms down and stepped out of them. Then I stuck my hands in the sides of the compression shorts and peeled them down to my knees. I pulled one leg out and used my foot to push the shorts down so I could step out of them. I stopped, standing there in just the jock strap. I didn't know what she wanted but I knew what I wanted.

"Take off your nightgown," I said.

She showed surprise on her face but she pulled her nightgown over her head and dropped it on the floor. She didn't have on any panties. She was completely naked. I looked at her for a moment and then stripped my jock strap off.

She tossed her blonde hair back out of her face, then ran her hands down over her breasts, her small firm breasts with nipples where I had nursed, her beautiful milky-white breasts with areolas so faintly pink as to be almost invisible. She dropped her hands down to the juncture of her legs and then moved them away to uncover a little hairless mound with just the beginnings of a cleft. Then she relaxed her hands down to her sides, palms turned toward me, and I knew that was a sign of welcome. She wasn't my mother; she was Woman and I wanted her. My penis immediately surged up and was hard within seconds.

I stood transfixed when she walked over to me. She pressed against me and held me, her soft breasts against my chest, her hands on my shoulders, and my hard penis against her stomach. I realized that I was a little taller than her now.

"We're going to make love tonight, Ryan," she said. "Not fuck. Make love. We're going to make love in your bed, not in the bed where Connor makes love to me. I shouldn't have done it there with you. Do you want to?"

Did I want to? I wanted to so much it hurt. I barely breathed, "Yes."

"I want you to make love to me like your father does, Ryan. He plays me like a violin sometimes. He drives me out of my mind before he ever gives me what I need: his penis. Do you want to do that?"

"Yes, Mom, I..."

She cut me short. "I'm not Mom now, Ryan. I'm Sarah. Don't you ever call me Mom again when we're in bed together! Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sarah."

She reached over to my bed, picked up my pillow, and dropped it at my feet. I had no idea why she had put the pillow there. Then she put her hands on my sides, knelt down on the pillow, and slid her hands down to my hips. I knew about oral sex but I couldn't believe that she would do it to me.

"Put your hands on my shoulders and keep them there," she said. I obeyed her command.

At first she simply knelt there looking at my penis and testicles. As usual my testicles were hanging low. I had been kidded in the shower at school more than once about my low hangers. She cupped them in her hand, gently lifted them, and then kissed them one after the other.

“Your father’s balls are like this, Ryan,” she whispered. “He won’t wear briefs or jockey shorts. He says he likes to let them hang free. Maybe yours are a little bit smaller than his but not much.”

“I know,” I whispered back. “I’ve seen his. When we go swimming, he and I change together. If he likes to let them hang loose, why does he like to wear a Speedo?”

“He started wearing one when we were stationed in France when you were five. I don’t know whether he likes to wear one or not. I’m the one who likes to see him in one. I like to see you in one too so that’s what I buy for you. You’re both so damned sexy.”

Then she put one hand on my penis, held it down, slid the foreskin back, and took the head in her mouth. I stopped breathing for a moment. Her hand began to move slowly back and forth on the shaft. Her other hand was wrapped around my dangling scrotum, pulling down slightly on my testicles. Her mouth started sucking on the head, her tongue began licking on the sensitive spot where my foreskin is tied to the head, and her open lips slid up and down on my penis.

I assumed she knew what she was doing was going to make me come. In probably less than a minute, I came in her mouth. She kept her mouth on my penis and swallowed rapidly. When I had shot my last into her mouth, she milked my penis down a couple of times, looked up at me, smiled, and swallowed again.

My knees almost buckled. I couldn’t believe what had just happened. Finally she stood up, pressed against me again, and sought out my mouth with hers. I put my hands on her back and pulled her against me. When I felt her tongue touch my lips, I opened to her and she insistently tongue-fucked me for a few seconds. I tasted my own semen. I knew she had not swallowed all of it and wanted me to taste what I had spurted into her mouth.

“Let’s get in your bed, Ryan,” she whispered. “Now it’s your turn to do me.”

Do her? I had no idea how to do her. What did she want? Some of the older boys had bragged to us younger ones of performing oral sex on their girls. I had a vague idea of how it was done.

“I don’t know how,” I whispered.

“You’re about to learn,” she said.

I sat down on the side of my bed. She pushed me back so I swung my legs up and stretched out on my bed. She crawled over me to my right side and lay down on her left side turned toward me. She put one leg over mine and her hand on my chest.

“I love to do that to your father, Ryan,” she whispered. “Does that surprise you?”

“Yeah, it does,” I whispered.

“I love him, Ryan. I think I love him as much as it is humanly possible to love someone else. He’s so hard and muscular and I love everything about his body, his hard muscles, his long legs, his penis. His is bigger than average and I guess yours is going to be big too. It’s almost as big as his now.”

She moved her hand down and wrapped it around my penis. It was still engorged but not quite hard. She stroked it a few times and I could feel it becoming hard again.

“I hope so. I love him too, you know. I want to be just like him, I mean in every way, not just my penis.”

“I hope you are, Ryan. He’s a good man.”

“I know. I couldn’t want a better father.”

She moved her hand down and cupped it under my testicles. She played with them and then moved her hand back up to my penis.

“I like to suck his penis and then swallow his semen, Ryan. I like knowing it’s going to become part of me. Sometimes I hold it in my mouth and kiss him and I suppose we both swallow it. He never refuses to kiss me when I have his semen in my mouth. Did you like it when I kissed you?”

She began to stroke my penis, slowly this time, not fast like she did when she had her mouth on the head. It felt wonderful to have her hand doing it.

“I don’t know. I’ve never done it before. I guess it was OK, kind of strange though.”

“He will lick my pussy for what seems like hours sometimes. I have orgasms again and again. I love for him to do that.”

“Do you want me to do it?”

“Do you want to?”

“Yes.” I had no idea how to do it but I knew I wanted to. I wanted to give her the same sort of pleasure and release I experienced when she sucked me or when we made love or fucked or whatever it’s called.

“Good. That’s a wonderful way to show your love for a woman, Ryan. I love to have his penis in my mouth. He loves to have his mouth on my pussy.”

“At the same time?”

“Occasionally, but it’s better when only one person is doing it.”

“I’d like to do it but I don’t know how.”

“I’ll show you.”

“Just tell me what you want me to do, Sarah,” I said.

“I will, Ryan, but I want to talk to you first. Do you know what it means to let the beast loose?”

“No.”

“That is how Connor describes what he does sometimes. I love it when he is slow and gentle and sweet with me. I love it when he lets his beast loose. When he does that, he fucks me so hard and fast, I think I could fire a cannon beside him and he would not hear it. Once we even broke the bed down and he kept fucking me until he came. I loved to be fucked like that sometimes but you should learn when to let your beast loose. You should think about the person you’re with and make love to her, slowly and gently, until she lets you know she wants you to let your beast loose.”

“How will I know?”

“I’m going to teach you, Ryan. I want you to think about what I’ve said. Make love to a woman, Ryan. Don’t just fuck her. There’s a difference. I want you to be as wonderful a lover as your father but I

can't teach you unless you want to learn. Use your imagination. Try doing different things with me. Think about how I respond."

"I'll try to learn, Sarah."

"I know you will. Now I want you to move down on the bed and put a pillow under my hips. I want you to lick my pussy like Connor does. Think about how I react and see if you can give me an orgasm."

She lifted her hips and I stuffed a pillow under her. She spread her legs wide and I knew what she wanted me to do. I moved around between her spread legs and, on my hands and knees, looked at her pussy closely for the first time. Like a lot of fourteen-year-old boys, I had seen pictures of women's pussies but I'd never seen one like Sarah's.

The little curved mound that extended back between her legs was completely hairless and smooth as the inside of her thighs. I didn't see how she could get it that way. I couldn't see any stubble where I expected to see hair growing, just smooth skin that was just a little pink on the parts back between her legs. Between the split mounds, there was a sort of shaft, smaller than my finger, which split in two with two small lips tucked under where it split. I couldn't see any opening and I wondered where it was. The little lips or wings were pink, not dark like some pictures I'd seen. I was a little surprised that so much of her pussy was back between her legs, not up front and out like my penis and testicles.

Back behind her pussy, I could see her puckered asshole. It was pink too. I'd heard some guys brag about fucking a girl there but it looked too small to hold any guy's dick.

"What do you want me to do, Sarah?" I asked.

"Use your thumbs," she whispered. "Pull to each side. Then just do what you want to do."

I lay down on my stomach, winced when the uncovered head of my penis rubbed on the sheet, reached under, pulled the foreskin back over the head, and then relaxed. I studied how she was made for a moment and then used my thumbs to pull to each side. The two little lips separated and I saw the rosy pink or coral flesh on the inside, sort of wet and shiny. I knew she had a clitoris. I wasn't a dummy. I knew that a man's penis and a woman's clitoris developed from the same little bulb in a fetus. But I didn't see it, just red wet flesh where the two little lips came together.

I had always wondered how girls peed. I looked for something that she peed through and saw a little protrusion with a closed-up dimple in the middle. That's it, I thought.

Then I looked for the opening where my penis had been in her. I didn't see any opening but I knew it was there. I used one finger to slide down between the little lips and finally, at the back, almost to her asshole, my finger slid into something that completely surrounded it. I pushed and my finger slid in more. I smiled. I had found it. I pushed my finger in as deep as it would go without any resistance. I smiled more and shook my head. I never thought it would be so far back.

I looked at it for a moment. It looked so small and I didn't see how it could hold a man's penis, especially not a big one like my dad's. Still, it had held mine and she didn't seem to have any trouble. I knew I came out of her but that was an even bigger puzzle. It was so small and I couldn't picture a baby coming out of her. I knew I had been a big baby, a little over nine pounds, and I couldn't see how it could stretch enough to let me out.

I still didn't know what to do. If I licked her down there, I knew it would taste like something. I hoped it wouldn't be gross so I wouldn't like it. I remembered something I had done once. I had been jacking off in bed and I put my legs back over my head with my dick right above my mouth. I kept milking my dick down until I came in my open mouth. That was a strange taste but I managed to swallow. Maybe her pussy wouldn't be any stranger.

I shuffled up closer until my face was against her, stuck out my tongue, pushed it into her vagina, and then kept doing it, sort of tongue fucking her. I heard a loud intake of breath and she put my hands on my head. Maybe she did like what I was doing.

She let me do that for a few seconds and then gently pulled my head upward. I started licking her from her vagina up as far as her pussy went. I pulled back and looked where I had been licking. I saw the wet reddish pink flesh between the little lips but I didn't see her clitoris. I knew enough about doing it to know a girl liked to have her clitoris licked. But where was it?

I started licking again, first with my tongue in her vagina, then a slow lick over the area between the little lips, all the way to the top. I stopped for a moment to swallow my saliva and tasted something strange, like nothing I'd ever tasted, but not something gross. I stuck my face back down and took a couple of deep breaths. I smelled

something I'd never smelled before on her, not sweat, not a perfume, just something that made my dick harder so I wanted to fuck her.

She put her fingers on each side of her pussy and pulled apart and up and there it was. Where the little lips came together, there was a blood red little protrusion about like the tip of my little finger. I smiled at it. I knew where the little red devil hid now and I was going to lick it to death.

I tried to do what she wanted and I decided I liked doing it. It wasn't so much that I got any pleasure out of it but I knew it felt good to her and made her want to have my dick in her. She kept her fingers on each side of my head and I kept slowly and gently licking her pussy. She started moaning, sort of an animal growl, and I interpreted that as showing she liked what I was doing. Then she started hunching at my face and I had a little trouble licking her.

I decided maybe I could hold her down. I stuck two fingers in her vagina and pressed down a little. She moaned louder but she was still. I started sliding my fingers in and out, finger-fucking her I suppose even though I'd never done it before. At the same time, I kept licking her, maybe a little harder.

I stopped for a moment to catch my breath and looked down at what I had been licking. Her clitoris was bigger now, about like the end of one of my fingers. It looked like a little dick and I decided to try sucking it. I kept at her, finger fucking her, licking her in long strokes, sucking her little dick, and that did it. She started cussing and I felt her vagina squeezing on my fingers. I slowed down, stopped licking and sucking, held my fingers still until her pussy stopped clenching, and then lifted my head and looked at her face. Her eyes were closed and she was smiling like she was pleased with what I had done. After a short while, she lifted her head and grinned at me.

"You're your father's son, Ryan," she whispered. "You're going to be a great lover for women."

"I hope so," I said.

"Now you can fuck me," she whispered. "Start off slow and just let your beast loose when you're ready."

I crawled on top of her, she showed my dick where to go, and I slid it into her hot juicy pussy in one long stroke. Then I stopped moving, just marveling at the feeling of her pussy holding my dick. I held my head a little above hers, looking at her and loving the look on her face.

She put her arms around my chest, her legs around my waist, and bumped me with her heel right where the crack of my ass begins. I held still. I knew I was going to do it but I was in no urgent hurry this time. I wanted to be slow and make it last a long time.

“Put your arms under me and wrap your hands around my shoulders,” she whispered. “That’s what Connor does. He says it’s so I can’t get away.”

I did what she said and then started moving, just slow and easy, looking down at her face and her looking up at mine. She smiled. I smiled back. After a while she put one hand behind my head and pulled it down. I kissed her, just lips to lips, until I felt her tongue touch my lips. I closed my eyes, opened my mouth to hers, and kept moving slowly and gently.

I don’t know when I stopped thinking about holding back on what I was doing. I gradually started moving my hips faster and shoving my dick into her harder. I suppose that’s when I let my beast loose. I was nothing but a hard dick moving back and forth in a hot juicy pussy. I felt the first undeniable twinges of coming and I kept fucking her as hard and fast as I could until I blasted a load of semen into her depths.

I didn’t take my dick out. I didn’t really lose my hard-on. I rested for a while, looking down at her and smiling at her smile. Maybe my dick softened a little but, when I started moving again, it stiffened again. This time I fucked her for an eternity, just blind, deaf, no awareness of time or anything except the fucking of her. She started hunching back at me and whining. When I finally started squirting in her again, she growled like an animal, wiggled frantically, and started banging against me so hard it almost hurt. Just as I felt my spurts slow down, I felt her pussy start convulsing on my penis and I knew we had both come at almost the same time.

She didn’t make me get off her so I stayed in place, heart pounding, and breath rasping in and out. This time, my penis lost its stiffness but was still swollen enough to stay in her. Finally she put her hands against my chest and pushed.

“Ryan, that was a good fuck. I’ll even give you credit for making love to me. You’ve still got a lot to learn but you’ll get better with time. Now I want you to go to the bathroom and get me wet washcloth and a little towel. I’ll try not to make a mess on your bed until you get back.”

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After that night, with one exception, she came in my bedroom every Friday night and she was Sarah to me. Every day, she was Mom to me and she made me do my chores and work on the summer course I was taking on-line. For over a month we made love on those occasions for hours and then slept tangled together until late the next day.

When we started, I didn't know what to do with her and everything was a mystery to me. I was a virgin in every sense of the word but I'm a smart kid, a quick learner, and I wanted to learn. During the next month, I learned what she liked, what to do to bring her to orgasm, and how to drive her out of her mind. There really was no secret. I was slow and gentle and persistent. I watched her facial expressions and her body movements. I tried different things with her. I thought about what we did and how she reacted. And most of all, I talked to her about what she liked and what gave her the most pleasure.

She liked oral sex so I gave it to her. I liked to start up north and work my way down south, gentle kisses and caresses, loving her breasts until her nipples were as hard as my penis, licking her little vertical belly button clean even though it was never dirty, rubbing my face on the soft skin of her inner thighs, teasing her by breathing on her pussy, and anything else except giving her what she wanted: a licking tongue.

I learned to be slow in bending her legs backwards until she was almost bent in half, never quick or forceful, always slow and gentle. That was the position I liked most, when her hips were levered upwards and her pussy was open and glistening and ready for my tongue. I think that was the position she liked most as well even though I was totally in control of her and she was helpless.

Most of all, I learned to lick her and keep on licking her until her clitoris was all blood-red and sticking up like a little dick. Then I alternated between sucking on it and licking it and finally easing two fingers into her drooling vagina. I liked to feel the contractions of her pussy on my fingers when she came.

Once I continued to lick her pussy even after she had come hard and cussed me and tried to pull my ears off and I discovered that she could come again within minutes. I never could. Usually I had to wait at least ten minutes between orgasms. She probably could come again within a minute or two.

Every time we were together like that, she gave as good as she got. On a one occasion we turned the lights out and made love in the dark, just sweating, grunting, and whispering. I lay there in my bed flat on my back, hands behind my head, and she sucked me off. She treated me

like I liked to treat her, just slow and gentle and persistent, just the right combination of her hand stroking my hard penis, her tongue licking from my testicles up to the head, her mouth wrapped around the head, sucking like I was a milkshake and my dick was the straw she was using to suck everything out. I don't understand it but she seemed to like swallowing my semen. She caught all of my come in her mouth and didn't stop even when I had squirted my last. She just kept gently sucking on the head for a minute or so longer and I really liked that. When I came back down from wherever we go when we have a good orgasm, I rested for a while and then licked her to a groaning orgasm. Only then did I give her over six inches of hard dick and made her moan some more.

On another Friday night, we had a marathon fucking session, over an hour of fucking without coming. When we crawled in my bed, I tried to remember: control, control, control, make it last, make it last for a while. I looked at my bedside clock and saw it was a few minutes before eight and I wondered if I could make it last until nine or maybe even ten o'clock

We went through the usual steps of kissing, breast licking, nipple sucking, and pussy licking before I even tried to get my dick in her. When she pulled my ears, I knew that was her signal that she wanted some hard dick. I moved over her, rubbed the head of my dick up and down in her drooling pussy, and then slid it home in one long delicious slide.

For a long time I just slid my dick into her and out as slowly as I could. At first I had my head beside hers so we were cheek to cheek. Then I moved my head over hers and gently gave her lots of little closed-lips kisses all over her face. She smiled up at me so I kissed her on the lips, stuck my tongue out, and pried her lips apart. She fought a good battle with her tongue but I won. All the while I kept doing the same thing, just slowly sliding my dick in and out of her pussy.

When I told her to turn over, she hesitated for a moment and then turned over on her belly. She had a damned fine ass, smooth and perfectly rounded, and not a wrinkle or imperfection.

“What are you going to do?” she whispered.

I straddled her thighs, bent my dick down, and probed between her cheeks, not looking for her asshole but her pussy.

“Don't worry,” I whispered back. “I don't want it in your ass. I want it in your pussy. Raise your hips a little and show it where to go”

I couldn't get but about half in her that way but it was tight and hot and juicy and so damned good. I did it that way for a while, still just slow and gentle but persistent, not trying to get in a hurry to come. After a while I wanted something different so I pulled out, pulled her hips up so she had her ass up in the air, thighs straight up, head down on the pillow. I saw where I wanted my dick to go, just under her pink pucker, between those spread wet lips. I eased it in again and held her by the hips while I fucked her, eyes closed, aware of nothing but my hard dick in her wet juicy pussy.

That was good but I wanted to come with her under me. I told her to turn over again and she turned between my legs on her back. I gently put one knee, then the other, between her legs, and lowered myself down on her. This time, she showed my dick where to go and I eased it in and out and deeper each time until I was balls deep in her. At the same time she wrapped her long legs around me with her ankles locked over my ass, bound me to her with her arms, and pushed my head down over hers with both hands. For a while I didn't move after that. I just lay there joined with her in every way possible until I finally couldn't be still any longer.

I suppose that's when I let my beast loose. I let go of all restraint and fucked her as fast and hard as I could. When I blasted a load in her pussy and thought I'd died with it, I felt her pussy trying to milk the rest of my semen out, our first simultaneous orgasm.

After a while I lifted my head and looked at the clock: nine o' eight. We had fucked for over an hour and I had finally come, no, we had finally come together.

One Wednesday afternoon, we had a summer thunderstorm and maybe that was why we did something different. She was off from her crazy work schedule and we were home together. We were both almost naked, me in some little blue briefs and white socks, her in white socks and panties and a long loose t-shirt with nothing underneath. I had turned off the TV and the air conditioning and, as the house heated up and the humidity rose, we had gradually shed almost all our clothes. Lightening was popping close by and thunder was constant and I knew to turn off all electrical stuff except the lights.

I was in Dad's lounge chair reading a good science-fiction book. Mom was puttering, that's what she called it, around the house. She came to the door and stood just looking at me. I knew something was about to happen. She had a frown on her face but her eyes kept sweeping over me.

Suddenly she removed her t-shirt, fixed her eyes on mine, and hooked her thumbs in her panties. I raised the chair, stood up, hooked my thumbs in my briefs, and waited. We both stripped our underwear off and kicked them to one side and, except for white socks, stood naked in front of each other. My penis went from soft and dangling to hard and standing in just a few seconds. She walked over to me, wrapped her hand around it, and then just stood there looking down at it. I waited for her to let me know what she wanted.

She pushed me back down in the chair, grabbed a pillow from the couch, pushed my legs apart, and dropped the pillow. I knew what I was about to get, at least I thought I did. She stood looking me up and down for a moment, from my face, my body, my hard dick waiting for her. I watched the expression on her unsmiling face, a strange expression I couldn't remember seeing before. I could hear her breathing, louder and stronger than usual.

After perhaps a minute, she knelt on the pillow and made love to my penis and testicles. That's the only way to describe what she did. She wasn't trying to hurry me to an orgasm, not even close. Usually a combination of fast hand stroking while sucking on the head could make me come. She didn't do that. She just gently licked and sucked my penis, even my testicles, in no hurry, just sort of lazy easy like. I liked what she was doing. I slouched down a little lower, closed my eyes, and surrendered.

All too quickly, she stopped, stood up, and I opened my eyes. She had her hand extended and she was smiling. I took her hand and stood up, just inches from her. She wrapped her other hand around my penis, closed her eyes, and offered me her mouth. I kissed her gently, slowly, and, after a few seconds, touched her lips with my tongue. She opened to me and I closed my eyes and we kissed, just an unhurried gentle kiss.

She put both arms around me with her hands on my buns. I did the same and pulled her against my hardness. We stood there with bodies pressed tightly together, mouths open, lost in kissing, in no hurry to do anything else. I could have stood there all afternoon, lightning striking close by, thunder booming, both of us all sticky and sweating, both audibly breathing, my heart beating almost out of my chest.

Finally she pushed away from me, wrapped her hand around my penis, and dragged me down the hallway to my room. I smiled because I knew what she wanted, not on Friday night as usual, but on Wednesday afternoon while the thunderstorm was raging outside.

In my room, she quickly crawled in my bed, spread her legs, held her arms out to me, and smiled an invitation to me. I assumed she wanted me to make love to her or fuck her and let my beast loose. That wasn't what I wanted to do. I wanted to please her the same way she had done me, with my mouth.

I kept two pillows on my bed, one for behind my head, one for between my knobby knees when sleeping on my side. She had her head on one. I grabbed the other, stuck it under her hips, went around to the end of the bed and flopped. I licked her from her taint to her clit, until the little lips were splayed out to each side and I tasted and smelled her arousal, just the same way she had sucked my dick, just slowly and sensuously and gently. She caught me by the ears and pulled but I shook her hands off and kept licking her.

I felt her relax and heard her moan and that was what I wanted. For a while, that's all I did. I didn't use my fingers to fuck her. I didn't use my thumbs to pull her big lips apart. All I used was my tongue and that was enough to bring her clit out of hiding but I didn't want her to come with me licking her. I wanted her to come when I had my dick in her and was giving her another gallon of my baby makers.

The second time she pulled my ears, I gave her a piteous, "Ow, Sarah," and crawled up on top of her. I slid my arms partially under her and wrapped my hands around her shoulders. No way was she going to get away from me. She used both hands to guide my dick into her pussy and then imprisoned me with her arms and legs. My beast romped for a minute or so until my dick squirted out the contents of my prostate gland and my balls and I thought I'd died and gone to heaven again.

But, damn, she didn't come when I did. I rested for a while, still on top of her, still wrapped up in her arms and legs, until my heart slowed down from two hundred miles per hour and my lungs could finally get enough air. As usual, after one time, my dick stayed swollen but just not stiff. I gave it a tentative out and in again and it seemed to work OK but just not quite ready. I waited for a while longer, tried again, and it worked better and gradually stiffened as I pumped in and out. I slowly let the beast out of his cage again and let it go wild. This time, when my dick blasted another load into her pussy, she squealed and I felt her pussy contracting and relaxing at the same time I was filling her up to overflowing.

"How did you like that, Sarah?" I whispered in her ear after I caught my breath. "Was that a good fuck?"

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As the time for my father's return neared, I became more and more apprehensive and worried about what I had done with her and about how he would react. On our final Friday night before his return, she came in my room naked but smiling and radiantly happy. I was too worried to smile.

"Why are you so happy? Is it because he'll be home next week?" I asked.

"Yes, Ryan, I'm happy he'll be back in a few days but that's not the main reason I'm happy," she said.

"Oh?"

"Ryan, I'm pregnant!"

That night, I fucked her three times, one right after the other, and I still wanted to fuck her more. Fucked! Not made love, just fucked, and I wanted to keep fucking her forever. I didn't try to please her. I was selfish and uncaring and I wanted to fuck her through the mattress. The third time, she groaned loudly with each thrust and finally came at the same time I did. Her pussy sucked every drop out of my balls or wherever it comes from and I knew I was done. Maybe he would kill me. Maybe I'd just die from fucking her. I didn't care. At least I'd die happy.

Chapter Two

I was in the living room watching a movie on TV. It was about a bunch of sailors who take an old battleship and kick the living shit out of a bunch of aliens before they can take over the earth. I've probably seen it a dozen times but I still enjoy it, especially when the walrus alien gets his teeth knocked out by the guy with the artificial legs. I was wearing just a pair of exercise shorts and some white socks, my usual in-house uniform when I didn't expect to be around anybody except my parents.

I heard a car door slam and it sounded like it was directly in front of our quarters. Mom was gone to the commissary and she wasn't going to be back for another hour or so. Anyway, she would park her car on the carport when she came back. I got up and peeked out the blinds to see who it was. It was Dad! It wasn't Friday. It was Wednesday. He was home two days early!

Maybe I was scared he was going to kill me but I couldn't help myself. I slammed out the front door, ran down to the sidewalk in about four

leaps, threw myself at him, and almost knocked him down. I put my arms around him, tucked my head in the side of his throat, and squeezed him as hard as I could. I couldn't say anything and I felt like crying because I was so happy to see him.

"Whoa, Tiger, are you glad to see me?" he asked. I almost choked just from hearing his voice. I managed to squeak out a "Yeah!"

He had on his dress blues with his coat over one arm and that meant he had been somewhere important like some sort of ceremony. He handed his coat to the corporal who had brought him home, wrapped both arms around me, and sort of rocked from side to side with me like he does sometimes. I could smell his sweat and it was something I'd smelled all my life and it was just him and I loved him. After a while, he gently pushed me back and smiled down at me.

"Come on, Tiger, let's help the corporal carry my luggage in the house. I'm hot and sweaty and I could use a cold beer. Would you like one?"

That was strange. He had let me taste beer lots of times in the past but he had never offered me one. He saw the look on my face.

"What?" he said, just like I do sometimes. "You're almost a man, Ryan. You can have a beer with your dad now. Just don't make a habit of it."

Didn't he know what I had done? A few days ago I had heard Mom talking to him in her room. She didn't let me talk to him so I assumed she was telling him. He didn't act like he was going to kill me.

I helped the corporal carry his luggage into the house and on into Mom's and Dad's bedroom. Dad thanked the corporal, said something to him, and he left.

As soon as he was gone, Dad started undressing. He sat down on the side of the bed, took off his shoes and socks, lifted his butt long enough to pull off his pants, and sat there for a minute in just his skivvies and white dress shirt breathing deeply. He threw his pants at me and I knew he wanted me to take his uniform to the base cleaners tomorrow. I hung his pants on a hanger, put his coat over them, and hung them behind the door.

"Damn, it's good to be home," he said. "Did you miss me?"

"Yeah, Mom and I both missed you. Are you really going to be home for the next year or so?"

“Yep, I’m done with, well, you know, for a while,” he said. “I’ve got desk duty here for at least a year.”

I didn’t know but I knew I wasn’t supposed to know. Sometimes he went somewhere and even Mom didn’t know where.

He stood up, stripped off his shirt, stepped out of his skivvies, and then stood there naked, breathing deeply. He was just as lean and hard as ever and he looked damn good for a guy in his thirties. I always hoped my body was going to be like his. He reached down to his genitals, sort of pulled his balls down, scratched behind them, pulled down on his dick, and took a deep breath and let it out. His dick was soft and it looked big and swollen like it always does in hot weather. His foreskin covered almost the whole head and there was just a little circle left uncovered. It looked just like mine except mine is a little smaller.

“Would you get me a pair of shorts?” he asked. “And some white socks?”

I knew what he wanted. Both of us lounged around the house in cotton exercise shorts and white socks, usually bare-chested, sometimes with a T-shirt, when nobody was around.

I went to his chest of drawer, got his socks out of the top drawer and his shorts out of the bottom. I always helped Mom put away when she did the laundry and I knew where his stuff was. He stepped in the shorts, sat down on the bed long enough to put on his socks, and then stood up. He put his hand on my shoulder, we went in the kitchen, and he sat down at the table.

“Get me a beer,” he said. “Get you one too.”

I got two bottles of beer out of the fridge, the kind he likes, opened them and put them on the table. I knew I had to tell him.

“Dad, Mom’s pregnant.”

He took a big swig of his beer, looked at me with a serious look on his face, picked up the other bottle of beer, and handed it to me. I drank a little and waited. He breathed deeply a couple of times and grinned.

“Yeah, I know,” he said. “We’re both tickled pink. We thought we’d never have another kid. I got her pregnant that weekend I made a quick trip home and stayed just one night. That was the weekend you were gone camping with your buddies. Sorry I missed you.”

He was looking at me with an intensity that told me a lot. He already knew I had got her pregnant but he wanted to claim that the baby was his and I was supposed to accept his version of how it happened, even though I knew I hadn't gone camping since last summer and he had never made a quick trip home during his three-month absence.

I sat down in a chair and looked at him without saying anything, just slowly drinking my beer. I burped. He grinned and burped louder.

"That's the way it happened, Ryan," he said.

"You're not going to kill me?" I asked.

"Why should I kill you, Tiger?" he asked. "I love you and I'm glad you're my son."

I took another sip of beer and sat there staring at him. He stared back, sipped the last of his beer, and then winked at me and smiled. I managed to smile too, just a little one.

"On the way here, I called Sarah on her cell phone," he said. "She's going to get us a big pizza for supper, the kind you like. Are you hungry?"

"You're not mad at me?" I asked. Lately I was always hungry.

"I'm not mad at you, son," he said. "I want to thank you. Tonight Sarah and I'll talk to you and you'll understand. Just relax. Shit, get me another fucking beer. You want another?"

I got up and got him another beer. I didn't get me one though. I'd never been drunk and I was afraid another beer would get to me. I sat his beer in front of him and was about to sit down. He stood up, grabbed me by the shoulders, and pulled me against him. I put my arms around his waist and he put his around my back with one hand behind my head, holding me with my face sort of buried in him.

"I love you, Ryan," he whispered. "After Sarah, you're the best thing that ever happened to me. I love you and I'm proud you're my son. It makes me feel good to see the sort of man you're becoming. Don't you ever forget what I'm saying. You're precious to me."

"I won't, Dad," I whispered. "I'm glad you're my father."

He turned me loose, slapped me on the butt, picked up the second bottle of beer, took a big swig, and handed it to me.

“Here, put this back in the fridge for now,” he said. “I stink. I want to take a bath before Sarah gets home. Come bathe with me. I’ve missed having you to shower with me and scrub my back.”

Our quarters were just like all the others for officers with only one kid: two bedrooms, one bath, kitchen/dining room, and a big living room. The bathroom had one commode, two sinks, and a big shower. I was used to sharing everything with my parents.

Until about a month ago, I’d never seen Mom naked but I had seen her breasts more than once, like when she was at one sink and I was at the other. She always just smiled at me and didn’t try to cover up. She always had on panties though. I’d never been in there when she was using the commode or in the shower.

I’d seen Dad naked all of my life. I wasn’t bashful and I was used to peeing or showering when he was shaving. We’d showered together on occasion as long as I could remember. We didn’t hesitate to piss when the other was in the shower. We all knew not to flush when somebody was using the shower.

This time I lifted the commode seat and assumed the position and was just about to start when Dad pushed me over and held his dick ready. I looked at him, he smiled at me, and then we both started peeing. It was nothing new to me. We’d done it before a few times.

In the shower, we alternated standing under the water and then soaped up two washcloths and scrubbed. When he turned around with his hands on the wall and his back to me, I knew what he wanted. I’d done it as long as I could remember. I scrubbed his back the way he wanted it, hard, and was about to turn around and let him do mine. Then the shower door slid back and Mom stepped in, naked.

Mom and Dad grabbed each other like I wasn’t even there. They wrapped their arms around each other and almost melted into one another and shut their eyes and got a lip lock on each other’s mouths, all without a word. It seemed like they couldn’t stop kissing. They’d stop for a second, take a few deep breaths, and then go back at it. Mom’s hands were on Dad’s butt cheeks and I could see the dents her fingers made because she was pulling him against her. Dad’s were on her butt cheeks, on her breasts, holding her face, just all over her.

I moved under the shower spray and watched them. When my dick raised its head, I wrapped my hand around it and stroked it real slow. After a few minutes, they stopped and both looked at me, first at my face and then down at what I was doing with my dick.

Dad smiled, pushed back away from Mom a little, and his dick rose up at about a forty-five degree angle like mine. They both held out an arm to me and I moved closer until my body was touching both of theirs. I put one arm around Dad's back and the other around Mom's. They both put one arm around me and we stood there smiling at each other for a minute.

Then Mom dropped her hand down until she was holding half of my butt. I looked at her and she grinned. Damn! With Dad right there. Double damn! Dad dropped his hand down and grabbed the other half. Well, damned if I was going to do nothing. I dropped my hands down and grabbed me half of Mom's ass and half of Dad's. They both grinned and then sort of giggled. I grinned to.

I didn't know what they wanted me to do and I didn't know what I ought to do. Standing there with the three of us with our hands on each other's asses wasn't something I'd even imagined. Maybe things were going to be different now. Finally Mom told us what to do. She reached down, took my dick in one hand, took Dad's in her other, and said:

"You guys need to stuff these back in your shorts for a while. I want somebody to carry in the groceries."

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We were sitting at the kitchen table eating our dessert, an apple pie with ice cream. The pizza was great as always and so was the pie. Dad had his second beer with his pizza. Mom had a glass of milk and I thought that was strange because she usually had a beer too. I had a soft drink. I still felt a buzz from the first beer and I thought I had better stay clear headed.

"Well, it's time we talked," Dad said. **"I've got some things to say to you, Ryan, and they're important. I want you to listen carefully."**

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Tiger, don't say 'yes, sir' to me," he said, sounding exasperated. **"Say 'yes, Dad.' I hear yes sir all day long. You're the only person in the world who can say 'yes, Dad' to me and I wish you could know how much I've missed hearing it."**

"Yes, s..I mean, yes, Dad"

"OK. That's better. Now, here's what the three of us know. Sarah is pregnant. The home pregnancy test she used is just about infallible."

Ryan, we all know you are the one who made her pregnant. The child is a union of your sperm and her egg. Are we all in agreement on that?"

"Yes, Dad," I answered.

"Yes, Connor," Mom answered, smiling at me.

"OK. Now, here's the way it's going to be. I'm the child's father. I got Sarah pregnant one Saturday when I came home for two days just passing through. We were both surprised as hell because we thought we'd never have another child. We're both wonderfully happy to be having another child. Got that?"

"Yes, Dad."

"Yes, Connor."

"OK. Ryan, the child is going to be your brother or your sister. Whichever it is, you're going to love it like a brother or sister, not like a father. You will never let the child know you're its real father. Do you understand why?"

"I think so."

"OK. Tell me why?"

"Because boys don't usually have sex with their mothers. They don't usually get them pregnant. Everybody will think...well, they'll think we're some kind of sex perverts or something. Then they'll maybe not like the baby because of it. It's not the child's fault, Dad; it's mine."

"Ryan, don't you ever say that again."

"Yes, sir, I mean, yes, Dad, but when are you and Mom going to tell me why you let it happen. Did you intend for it to happen? Why?"

"Yes, we intended for it to happen," Dad said. "We've been thinking about it and planning for it to happen for months. All you really need to know is that Sarah and I wanted it to happen and we're happy it did."

"I still don't understand," I said.

"I'll tell you in just a minute but first I want you to promise you'll never tell the child that you're its father. OK? Man to man, now."

“OK, Dad, I promise, man to man, that I’ll never tell the baby that I’m its father.”

“Good. Don’t ever break your word to me, son. Now, do you know the meaning of the words impotent and infertile?”

“I think so.”

“Ryan, I’m not impotent. Hell, I’m damned potent. My balls produce testosterone like a fifteen-year-old kid. I may be thirty-four but I’m probably as horny as you are. I almost wore my right arm out while I was gone,” he said, grinning at me. I grinned back.

“I am infertile, though,” he said, with a serious face. I waited.

“Can I start over and back up some before I tell you why?” he asked.

“Sure, Dad,” I said.

“I was nineteen years old and a second-year cadet at the Academy when I met your mother. I was home on a two week leave I’d earned by having the best grade point average of any second year guy. On my second night home, my sister set me up for a blind date with a seventeen-year-old high school senior. The date was for her graduation prom. She was the most beautiful girl I’d ever seen, tall, slim, long legs, good boobs, good butt, smiled like an angel, laugh that...well, that’s enough. That’s her sitting beside us.”

I looked at Mom. She was smiling, maybe like an angel.

“I wish you could have seen him that night, Ryan,” she said. “He had permission to wear his spring parade dress uniform: grey swallow-tail coat, 21 gold buttons, white trousers. They thought he’d make a good poster boy for the Army. He was a young girl’s dream: tall, slim, handsome, sexy as hell. I knew I wanted to marry him the minute I saw him. Love at first sight. Well, maybe lust. When we were dancing, girls kept trying to cut in and he wouldn’t let them. He kissed me for the first time when he took me home and I think that first kiss lasted for about five minutes. It was really some kiss. About two weeks later when he left to go back I was pregnant but I didn’t know it until a week or so after that.”

She looked at Dad and smiled. He was smiling too.

“We had a date the next night,” Mom said. “We had hamburgers and milk shakes and spent the rest of that date just holding hands and walking and talking. The next night he went to my graduation

ceremony, wearing his dress uniform again, sat between my mother and father, and told them he was going to marry me. He didn't take me home that night. We checked into a motel. He fucked me three times. We were both virgins."

"I didn't fuck you," Dad said. "I made love to you. And you came more times than I did. Ryan, she was ringing up orgasms about two to my one."

"The next day, he made love to me seven times. There was a hamburger joint next door to the motel and we went over there just long enough to get take out. We would hardly get back in the motel before we were fucking again. We were both hot as hell. Sore too."

"Seven times?" I asked.

"Well, one of those was a blow-job," Dad said. "I couldn't believe it when she swallowed it. She said it just got the taste of hamburgers with onions out of her mouth. And she was still ringing up orgasms like crazy."

"The next day, we did it twice before check out," Mom said. "He took me home, told my parents that we were going to stay in my bedroom, and they could start planning for a wedding. I had a queen-size bed and we broke it down that night. My father and Connor tried to fix it and finally just put the mattress and box springs on the floor. I wish you could have seen Connor in his skivvies and my father in his pajama bottoms trying to fix my bed. My two younger brothers were right there, just wearing their jockey shorts and they thought it was the funniest thing they'd ever seen."

"It was funny," Dad said. "I think your dad and both your brothers had hard-ons and your mother couldn't decide which one of us four guys she wanted to look at next."

"Poor Mom," Mom said. "The next morning at breakfast, she asked me and Connor if we knew what we were doing. Connor didn't answer her. He stood up, pulled me up, gave me about a minute-long kiss, open mouth and tongue, hands groping me. Then he sat down and said, "No." I looked at Mom and her eyes were like saucers and her mouth was wide open. Dad thought that was funny."

"Then we spent a couple of nights at my parent's home, sleeping in my twin-size bed with room on both sides," Dad picked up. "Her parents told mine what we had done to her bed and we got teased about it again. My mother and sister laughed so hard they cried. I told my parents to start thinking about a wedding too."

“I thought I’d die when he had to go back,” Mom said.

Then Dad again. “I knew West Point graduates weren’t allowed to marry until after graduation. I had a choice and I made it. I wanted her and I wanted to marry her. At the time, I didn’t even know she was pregnant. I didn’t learn that until a few weeks later. I told my commanding officer I was going to get married and he said I’d be expelled if I did. I told them I’d become career Army if they would let me stay. They didn’t want to expel me and tried to talk me out of marrying her. I was at the top of the second year cadets and already marked to go into intelligence. Somebody told me the solution. It was simple. Just quietly marry her without telling anybody. Marry her again when I graduated. That’s what we did.

“So I’m not a bastard,” I said, grinning.

“I can show you two marriage certificates, Tiger” Dad said. “Our first marriage was in her parent’s living room and was attended by both families, all sworn to secrecy. Our second was on the day after I graduated.”

I looked at Mom. “What did your parents say when you told them you were pregnant with me?”

“I didn’t tell them. Connor did. I called him, he called my parents, and told them to hurry up with the wedding plans. He said his son was not going to be a bastard. I thought my mother was never going to stop crying. My father, bless his heart, was calm and said he’d do everything he could to help. Our families got together and all agreed to help us. They did. I alternated staying at my parents’ house and Connor’s parents’ house for the next two years. Both sets of grandparents loved you like crazy. We didn’t break down any more beds but we gave them a good workout.”

“But I thought nobody could tell a baby’s sex that early.”

“That’s right,” Mom said. “They can’t.”

I looked at Dad. “Were you with Mom when I was born?” I asked.

“Only in spirit, Tiger,” Dad said. “Both families were there and I mean everybody, even Sarah’s two little brothers. That’s what it means to be part of a family, Ryan. That’s why your mother wanted to have more children, so we could be a bigger family and all love each other like my family and hers loved us. We probably wouldn’t be sitting here today without the love of both our parents.”

I looked at Dad. "Well, you were certainly fertile when I was conceived. What happened to change that?"

"I'm getting there. Two weeks after I graduated, I was no longer in this country. I was assigned to an Army intelligence unit and I was sworn never to talk about what I did. So what I tell you can never be told to anyone else. Swear?"

I nodded.

Dad shook his head. "Say it."

"I swear I'll never tell anybody else what you're going to tell me."

"Three other guys and I were radiated by a dirty nuke weapon that a terrorist tried to smuggle onto an airplane going from Riyadh to Paris and then to New York. It never got on the plane. All four of us suffered radiation burns and I was rendered infertile. Not impotent now, just infertile. My testicles produce sperm like a normal man. If they swim at all, it's just in circles."

"So what do we do now?" I asked.

"Well, tonight, I'm going to take Sarah to bed and make love to her. I probably won't be any good because I've been under a lot of stress and I'm really tired and I haven't had much sleep in weeks. Maybe she can be satisfied if I can do it just once."

I looked at Mom and she smiled and nodded.

"I mean from now on," I said.

"Tomorrow night, Thursday night, I'm going to show Sarah how much I love her. Maybe I'll feel better by then. She's my other half, Ryan. I could never be complete again without her. Friday night is your night. She tells me you're learning to be a good lover."

"Uh, uh, Dad, you're home now." I said. "You're the one who's supposed to make love to her."

"Tiger, we set this up deliberately. We've been trying to decide whether to do it for the last year or so. We both agreed it was the best way to have what both of us wanted, probably the only way. You did us a big favor. Sarah and I don't think we should cut you off now. We want you to keep on doing it with her, well, at least on Friday nights."

I looked at Mom. “You’re pregnant, right?”

“Yes, but that doesn’t mean I can’t have sex, Ryan. It can’t hurt the baby. Maybe when I’m closer to term, you and Connor will have to be gentle with me. I enjoyed sex with him until I was about eight months pregnant with you and then the doctor said I should cut him off.”

“You cut him off?” I joked. “Looks like he still has one.”

They both laughed and so I did too.

Dad reached over and took my hand in his. Mom held out her hand and I put my other hand in it. They both looked serious now.

“Ryan, I want to have this baby,” Mom said. “I also want more babies.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. Did she mean that she wanted me to get her pregnant again? Me? Babies? More than one? Did that mean she wanted me to get her pregnant again and again so she could have two or three more babies after this one?

“That’s right, Tiger,” Dad said. “Your mother is still a young woman. She’s just thirty two. She’s got a lot of child-bearing years ahead of her. We want you to fill up those years with kids. We want a big family.”

“Well, couldn’t you just get a sperm donor?” I asked. “Don’t some women do that when their husband is infertile?”

“Yes, Ryan,” Mom said. “But I don’t want a baby with somebody else’s genes in it. I want Connor’s. You’re the only one who can give me what I want.”

I looked at both of them and then squeezed their hands.

“I’ll do my best.”

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The next morning, I was in the kitchen standing at the stove in my in-house uniform frying myself a couple of eggs when Mom walked in. I liked egg sandwiches with cayenne pepper hot sauce on them and a glass of cold milk to wash them down. I looked at her. She had on white socks and a thin white robe. I could see most of her breasts and the outline of her panties under it. I put some bread in the toaster and poured myself a big glass of milk and then looked back at her.

She was sitting in a chair and the white robe had come open. I saw her beautiful breasts and, when I looked down, I saw the shape of her pussy in her panties, the little crease in the middle of her mound. Instant hard-on. I turned my back to her so she couldn't see the tent in my shorts. What was I going to do? I assembled my egg sandwich, sprinkled it with pepper sauce, and picked up my glass of milk. I knew I couldn't back up to the table. I finally decided I had to do it. Fuck it. I walked over to the table, tented shorts and all, set my plate and glass down, and was about to sit down.

Mom grabbed the waistband of my shorts and pulled me over in front of her. I didn't resist until she grabbed my shorts on each side, pulled them down, and tried to break my dick off. My foreskin had come back when it got hard and it hurt to have my shorts dragged over the naked head. I said, "Ouch, Mom!" She wrapped her hand around my dick and stroked it a couple of times.

"I'm sorry, Ryan," she said, smiling. "Would you like me to kiss it and make it better?"

I couldn't say anything. What if Dad walked in? I just stood there like a dummy. She pulled and I shuffled up a little closer. My shorts fell down around my ankles.

"You've got a beautiful penis, Ryan," Mom said. "Would you mind if I got a little protein from it for the baby?"

I didn't know what to say but I wasn't about to say no. She stroked my dick a little more and then leaned over and started sucking on the head. I didn't know what to do. What if Dad got up and caught me with my dick in her mouth? I shuffled a little closer and just stood there with my hands at my sides.

She took her mouth off my dick for a moment. "Put your hands on my shoulders and keep them there, Ryan. I've told you that before. Be a gentleman."

I put my hands on her shoulders and I suppose that kept me in the close position she wanted. I shut my eyes, let my head fall back, poked my pelvis out, and let her do what she wanted. It was what I wanted too. One hand cupping my balls, sort of lifting my low hangers, one moving up and down on the shaft of my dick, her tongue licking under the head, her mouth sucking on the head: I was conscious of nothing else. It didn't take her long to get the baby a little protein. I think my dick was almost down her throat when I started coming. I'd squirt, she'd swallow, squirt, swallow, squirt, swallow; damn, it was too

much. My knees almost buckled. When I had squirted my last, she didn't take her mouth off my dick. She just pulled back so only the head was inside her mouth and sucked slowly and gently.

"You're hurting me, Ryan," I heard her say, and looked down. I had a hard grip on her shoulders. I needed something to hang on to.

"Sit down a minute," she said. I tried but my shorts were tangled around my ankles and I almost fell. She put a foot on them and held them and I stepped out of them. I sat or maybe fell down in a chair in front of her, my legs spread, my still-hard dick looking at the ceiling. When I looked at her face, she was looking at me and grinning.

"Did you like that?"

I shook my head.

"I liked it too."

"Yeah, but..." I tried to think of what I wanted to say. "Why do you do it, I mean why do you like it? What do you get out of it?"

"Ryan, sex is best when partners do things for each other," she said quietly. "The first time I gave you a blow-job, did you really want to lick my pussy?"

"Yeah, I didn't think I would but I liked it. After I got started I really wanted to do it."

"Do you understand? I do something for you that you like; you do something for me that I like. That makes for great sex."

I sat there for a minute just looking up and down at her. The nipples on her breasts looked like they were a half-inch long. There was a wet spot in the center of her panties. I knew sucking my dick had made her hot.

"Would you do me an egg sandwich like yours, light on the pepper sauce? Pour me a big glass of milk. I'm going to make a pot of coffee even if it has to be weak from now on."

I was hungry. I picked up my fried egg sandwich and my glass of milk, took them back to the stove, and started eating while I fried her eggs. If I got too much hot sauce in my mouth, I just took a big swallow of milk and swished it around in my mouth. By the time I had assembled her fried egg sandwich, light on the hot sauce, I had finished eating mine. I took her sandwich to her and then made me another one,

heavy on the hot sauce. I took both plates back to the table and poured myself another glass of milk.

She ate her sandwich, sipped her milk, sipped her coffee, and sat there smiling at me. I ate my second sandwich, gulped my milk, and managed to smile back. We both finished about the same time and just sat there looking at each other.

I wanted to do something else for her and I decided not to ask her. I dropped down, knee-walked over to her, pushed her legs apart, reached around behind her, and pulled her butt forward until her pussy was right at the edge of the chair. I tugged on her white panties. "Lift your butt," I said, and she did and I pulled her panties down her long legs. I sat there leaned back on my feet and looked at her hairless pussy. Down the slit, it looked wet and glistening. My dick rose up so it could see too.

She reached out, combed her fingers through my long hair, and pulled my face closer to her pussy. I used my thumbs to pull her pussy to each side so it sort of opened up, and I could see all the hot pink flesh inside. It looked good enough to eat.

Then I did something for her. I leaned forward, and ran my tongue from the bottom to the top. I felt the little lips separate and I just kept licking all the pink flesh inside them. I tasted something and it wasn't egg sandwich. I licked her again and again and again while she moaned.

"Damn, something's burning me," she yelled suddenly. I looked around but didn't see anything. "My pussy! Do something!"

Shit! I knew I still had pepper sauce on my lips and tongue.

The milk jug was still sitting on the table. I grabbed it, took a big mouthful, leaned forward, and fastened my mouth on her pussy. The milk came out of me and got all over her pussy and dripped down on the floor. I got another mouthful, tried this time to hold the milk in and to let it out gradually while I licked her. She was breathing like she had been out running. I got another mouthful and squirted it out right between her pussy lips and then licked up it a couple of times.

Suddenly she started whimpering and I looked up at her face. Damn, she was coming. I took another big swig of milk, put my mouth back on her pussy, and spit some more milk there and then licked it up. I kept doing it. She grabbed me by my hair and pulled me against her pussy and almost broke my nose. She kept moaning and whining and I was afraid she was going to wake Connor up.

“Damn, what have you two done now?”

I looked up and Dad was standing in the door, naked, big dick swollen but not hard, low hangers halfway down to his knees.

I tried to tell him but Mom kept interrupting. Dad started grinning and then laughing and then laughing so hard he couldn't stand up. He staggered over to the kitchen table, kissed me on the cheek, kissed Mom on the mouth, and sat down. I didn't think it was that damned funny.

“Would you fix me a fried egg sandwich, Tiger?” he finally said.

Mom sat there, robe over her shoulders, white socks on her feet, breasts and pussy exposed, and acting like she thought it was hilarious too. Dad sat there, completely naked, big dick flopping around every time he had another laugh attack. I started to put my shorts back on and then decided why bother. I fixed Dad a fried egg sandwich with hot sauce and poured him a cup of coffee. Then Mom made me get the paper towels and wipe up all the spilled milk. After that I stood there leaned back against the kitchen sink with my dick pointing straight up while they kept looking at me and laughing.

“Whew,” Dad finally said. “I wish I could tell somebody about this.”

“Well, you can't,” Mom said. “Don't you even think about it!”

“Why did you use the milk?” Dad asked.

“Cold milk's good when you get too much pepper sauce,” I said. “I thought everybody knew that.”

Mom left the kitchen and went somewhere. She was back in a few seconds holding a tube of something. She handed the tube to me, sat down in the chair, and, with both hands, pulled her pussy lips to each side. I looked at Dad. He looked at me and grinned. I looked at Mom. She looked back at me, smiling, and nodded. I thought what the hell and creamed her pussy while Dad watched.

We spent the rest of the morning lounging around the house almost naked, the three of us wearing just white socks. Every once in a while Mom or Dad would look at me, smile, start sniggering, and then start laughing. We watched an old movie that morning and then had sandwiches for lunch, no hot sauce. Afterwards, Dad said he wanted to take a nap and Mom said she wanted to do the same. I sort of

figured I'd get my skate board and go out so the house would be quiet and I wouldn't disturb them.

They stood up from the table and started to their bedroom and that's when I found out how different things were going to be. They stopped, looked at me, and Dad said, "Well, come on, Tiger."

They both held out a hand to me. What could I do? I let them lead me out of the kitchen and down the short hall to their bedroom. I had no idea whether they really meant nap or maybe something else.

Their king-size bed was still a ruffled mess, like maybe they'd had a wrestling match or something else in it last night. Dad crawled in on his side and I held back, waiting for Mom to tell me what to do.

"Connor, I want you and Ryan in the middle, next to each other," she said.

I crawled in from the foot and flopped next to Dad. Mom held her hands about a foot apart and gradually brought them together. I understand. Dad and I both wiggled over closer to each other until our hips were touching and he put one arm behind my shoulders.

Mom stood looking at us for a moment, looking up and down our bodies, especially at our good parts. Dad's dick was about like mine, swollen and heavy looking but not stiff and hard. I was a little unsure of what I was doing in bed with Dad and what Mom was going to do with us and maybe that kept mine from getting hard.

"I'll be back in a minute," she said, and left their bedroom. In less than that, she was back with a bottle of baby oil in one hand and two wet washcloths and a towel in the other. I knew that meant somebody was going to make a mess, maybe two somebodies. She put them down on the nightstand next to the bed, went back to the foot of the bed, and crawled in. She straddled Dad's left leg and my right one, one ass cheek on my knee and one on Connor's, and looked down at two dicks crawling from limpness across thighs to stiffness pointing at belly buttons. Damn, it sure looked like Dad was telling the truth about his testosterone level. My dick could change into a hard-on almost instantly and his was about as quick.

Then she leaned over and started sucking on my dick. I couldn't believe it, right in front of Dad. She stroked up and down for a little while, licked up the shaft, and sucked on the head. I looked at Dad and he was smiling like he was enjoying seeing what she was doing. He even put his arm around my back and over my shoulders.

Then she shifted over to him and gave him the same treatment for a while, stroking, licking, sucking, and, when she could, looking at my face. I looked over at Dad. He smiled wider and winked at me.

“Connor, can you reach the baby oil?” she asked. “You two are going to have to be satisfied with a hand job this time.”

He reached around to the baby oil, squirted some on his dick, squirted some on mine, and Mom quickly grabbed one dick in each hand and smeared the oil all around on my dick and balls.

“Ryan, I told you this morning how to have good sex, you know, I do something for you that you like, you do something for me that I like,” she said, looking in my eyes. “Well, now we’ve got to talk about the future and what we want you to do.”

“Let me tell him what we’ll do for him first, Sarah,” Dad said.

Mom nodded.

“Ryan, you’re going to college. We both know it. In four years, you’re going to be more or less on your own at some good college. Before then, we want you to give Sarah, maybe three more babies after this one. We both want a big family and, damn it, I can’t give her any more babies. You can. You know every gene in your body came from either me or her. If you give her the babies, every gene in their bodies will be from her and me, with a little detour by way of you.”

I watched Mom as she did a slow two-handed jack off of the two of us at the same time. My dick was exactly like Dad’s except a little smaller but I knew from internet research that mine wasn’t through growing. I didn’t feel any need to be bigger than him, not any taller, not a bigger dick. I knew my dick was over six inches and his looked like it was about seven. I looked up at Mom’s face and she was smiling at me watching her jack us off.

“Ryan, we could use an anonymous sperm donor but I’d never feel like the babies were exactly what I wanted. They’ve got in vitro fertilization techniques for a husband whose sperm can’t swim to his wife’s egg but that carries a higher risk of birth defects. Connor and I have talked this over and over and we both agree that there’s only one way we can have exactly what we want and that’s with you. Will you do it?”

“Are you sure?” I asked. “Maybe I could jack off in a cup and they could squirt that in you.”

“Why should we do that?” Dad asked. “You’ve got the perfect squirter. When you have sex with a woman, every instinct in your body screams out for you to deposit your semen right on her cervix.”

“Ryan, if you do that, you’ll be doing something for me and Connor,” Mom said. “In return, Connor and I are going to teach you everything we know about sex. When you go to college, think about the possibilities.”

She stopped stroking my dick and concentrated on Dad’s for a while. I watched what she was doing. She knew how to handle a dick.

“Ryan, your balls are already producing a river of testosterone and sperm by the gazillions,” Dad said. “I know mine were at your age. Here’s what we want to do. One night every week, the three of us will get together and play and have some good sex. Sometimes you can go first and sometimes I will. We’ll both leave a little sperm deposit on her cervix.”

Mom stopped with Dad’s dick and started up with mine again. This time I watched her stroking my dick and occasionally looking up at my smiling face. She stuck her tongue out at me. I returned the salute.

“Then every Friday night will be your night,” she said. “If you tell him to, Connor will sit and watch or look at TV or go for a long walk. If you want his help, you tell him that too. We want you to make up your mind what we do that night. I’ll warn you though, if it’s just me and you, I’ll fuck your balls off.”

“I don’t think it works that way,” I said, grinning.

“Well, just think about it,” Dad said. “Twice a week you’ll get some damned good sex. The rest of the time, she’s mine by myself.”

Mom started a fast two-handed jack off on both of us. It was too damned fast for me. I felt the first twinges of coming and I whined but I didn’t say anything. I just let it happen. When it hit, I shut my eyes and tried to fuck up into her hand and emptied out my balls. The first squirt, always the strongest one, hit me across the face but I was expecting it to fly like that and that’s why I closed my eyes. She slowed down in stroking my dick and then stopped and removed her hand. I opened my eyes.

She’d been jacking me with her right hand and Connor with her left. Now she moved her right hand over to his dick and she was giving it hell. He grunted and shot out a white stream but just up to his chest,

not in his face. Mom turned loose of his dick and I looked at her face. She was grinning at us.

“Ryan, you’re already a fine young man and we’re going to trust you to be even finer,” she said. “We expect you to have an interest in girls your own age, in fact, we encourage it. You can start group dating when you’re fifteen and couples dating when you’re sixteen. That’s what Connor did. All we ask is that you never hide anything from us. Let us help you and counsel you so you don’t hurt the girls or yourself. You’ll be able to talk to us about anything and I mean anything.”

“OK. I suppose I’ve got to trust you. Maybe you know what you’re doing. I just want you both to be happy with all those dirty diapers. Just don’t expect me to change them.”

“I’ll bet you’ll voluntarily do it,” Dad said. “I did it with you.”

“There’s just one more thing. Will you buy me a car when I’m sixteen?” I asked, grinning back at him.

“We’ll think about that,” Connor said. “Just don’t fuck up and we might get you one. Now, it’s Sarah’s turn. Let’s see if we can give her a good orgasm.”

With Dad on one side and me on the other, both of us sucking on her breasts or one sucking and the other kissing her open mouth, her hands on two heads trying to pull us bald-headed, with two hands playing in her pussy, alternating in diddling her clit or finger fucking her pussy, she came this time without pepper sauce. She was just as loud but I’d heard her lots of times before when she was just with me.

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Later that afternoon, we took a shower, all three of us in there at once, and then got dressed and went to the officers’ club for dinner.

We were sitting at a table waiting for our dinner when an older guy, dressed in civilians like Dad, came over to our table. Dad stood up and I guessed he might be Dad’s commanding officer. I stood up too until Dad introduced me and Mom and then I sat back down. They talked for a while and then Dad did it again.

“Let me show you something,” he said, and I knew what he was going to ask me. “What’s the circumference of this table, Ryan?” I stood up again, eyeballed the table, and then quickly gave him the answer.

“About twelve and a half feet,” I answered.

“Come on, precisely,” Dad said.

“12.56636 feet,” I said.

The guy looked at Dad and then at me. “How do you do that?”

I looked at Dad. He was smiling.

“Well, the formula for circumference is pi times the radius squared. I cheated a little,” I said. “I already knew the diameter was exactly four feet. That means the radius is two feet. Two squared is four. I just multiplied four times the value of pi at five decimal places.

“Damn,” the guy said.

“How many decimal places do you know now?” Dad asked.

“One hundred,” I said, honestly.

“Could you have multiplied the diameter times pi to one hundred decimal places?” the guy asked.

“No sir, usually five decimal places is more than adequate. I don’t clutter up my brain with stuff that’s never needed.”

The guy shook his head, slapped Dad on the shoulder, gave me a big grin, and went back to his table.

When we got back home, Mom and Dad went in their bedroom and shut the door. I went in my bedroom and shut the door. I could still hear them when they were doing it. I jacked off once and then did it another time before they got quiet. After that, I went to bed thinking about what I was supposed to do or maybe ought to do the next day. Maybe Dad didn’t kill me but it looked like Mom might fuck me to death. That was OK with me.

Chapter Three

Friday morning, I was sitting at the kitchen table in my usual in-house uniform, having a bowl of cereal and a banana, when I heard them start again. I tried to ignore the sounds but it was hard, really hard. When I finished eating, I guess they finished about the same time because they got quiet. A couple of minutes later, I heard Mom

giggling and looked down the short hall behind me. They both ran in the bathroom, naked as jaybirds, Dad's hard-on flopping around, and slammed the door. I sat there and waited. I heard the shower and then I think they started at each other again. I think Dad had Mom against the wall like Sonny had that girl against the door in the Godfather and it really made a bumping noise.

I got up, went over to the kitchen sink, dropped my drawers, and had a good piss and then, since my dick insisted, I had a good whack attack. I thought about leaving the white stuff, maybe to see if it would foam up like dishwashing stuff, but then I washed it down the drain. I'd had enough. I got my sneakers, went outdoors, got my skateboard, and went to the sidewalk behind all the apartments. They wouldn't let us do it on the sidewalks next to the road in front of the apartments but it was OK as long as we were out of sight behind the apartments. I went from one end of the sidewalk to the other about ten times and then I went back in the house. They were both sitting at the table, eating breakfast, at least half clothed, smiling at each other like honeymooners

Dad said he wanted to go swimming, to work the kinks out, yeah, his words, like he hadn't already unkinked last night and this morning, and asked me to check the swimming schedules. I knew the pool schedule by heart since I used the pool almost every day but I thought I'd better check. I got on the computer and learned that the indoor pool was reserved for officers and dependents swimming laps at 10 AM and the big outdoor pool was open to officers and dependents all morning for playing.

There are a lot of civilian personnel who work for the base and they can't use the pool or the commissary or places like that. We had to have a little fob that identified us to the doohickey at the entrance and I knew where mine was and Mom and Dad finally found theirs. We walked to the pool next to the park picnic area carrying our towels and bathing suit, wearing clothes for a change.

Then we had to take a bath or maybe just rinse off and we had to get naked to bathe. Rules said we had to wash off all the perfumes and lotions and stuff before we got in the water. Yeah, like guys wear stuff like that.

Dad and I went in the men's side, stripped naked, and waited a minute to get under a shower. It was crowded with men and boys, mostly boys, yelling and screaming and grab-assing, and finally we got a shower so we both used it. I watched while most of the other guys put on baggies and almost wished I could too. A bunch of guys put on Speedos and I could tell they were on the high school swim team. They

looked like they'd shaved all over except their heads and the hair there was real short. They looked funny without any hair around their dicks or on their balls.

I knew the swim coach and he had already said he wanted me to try out for the team next year and I wanted to. I didn't know how I'd be about shaving all over, especially around my dick and balls. I thought maybe I could get Mom to do it because she knew how to shave her legs and her pussy. Then I thought about licking Mom's pussy with my pepper sauce tongue and how she'd gone off like firecracker. My dick heard me thinking about that and started to lift up and look around so I hurried up and slid my Speedo up my legs and over the damn thing. I couldn't comfortably bend it down over my balls so I just turned it to point to the right.

Dad put on his Speedo and grinned at me. I knew he had seen my dick trying to get hard. It was really making a bulge on one side of my Speedo. We went out of the shower room with the swim team and I watched as all the females in the pool room checked us out, even Dad and me. I was almost embarrassed at what I had in my Speedo but I couldn't bend it down. Some girls got a surprised look on their faces when they saw me. I was proud of Dad and the way he looked in his Speedo. His dick was bent down over his balls and they made a nice package. My Speedo looked like I had a banana in it.

We went to the lap pool and waited for Mom a minute or two. My dick finally relented so I pulled my Speedo out in front and tucked in down over my balls. When she came out, she had on a bikini that really showed what she had. She got some stares from the guys and kids and even the women except they looked like they thought she was too sexy. She was probably the closest to a Playboy model of any of the women there.

Maybe everybody knew how the lap pool worked. You got somebody in the next lane to partner with and then tried to outswim each other. We got a lane next to the swim team. Dad went first, Mom second, and me third. Then we got out and returned to the other end to go again. Dad reported that he had tied with his partner and that really impressed me. Mom said she tied too but she knew her partner was going slow so he could grin at her. I think I could have beat my partner but I decided not to. I knew him and he was a good guy and I didn't want to make an enemy yet.

I swam eight laps in all, lost seven and won one, my fifth one. It was against a guy on the swim team and we were both a little tired. Maybe he was more tired than I was. Mom dropped out and stood watching

me and Dad and then Dad dropped out and they both stood there, arms around the other's backs, and watched me.

We went to the outdoor pools next and I saw lot of guys and girls there from my school. Mom and Dad lay down in some chaise lounges and put their sun glasses on. After a while, the swim team guys came over too and they started a game we played lots of times, Battle. One guy would get another on his shoulders and then others did until we had a bunch of pairs. The object of the game was to pull the guy off the shoulders of somebody else. I was on the shoulders of a guy I knew and we lasted quite a while but two swim-team guys were the winners. When the last guy was still on the shoulders of his partner, the game was over and we started another.

This time the girls didn't want to stand around and watch. They wanted to get on the guys' shoulders. A real cute girl I know, Maryse, wanted to be my partner. She was in my grade at school and I knew she liked me because we both spoke a little French and I knew how to pronounce her name. I ducked under, put my head between her legs, and stood up. My dick liked the idea of a girl's pussy being on the back of my neck but it couldn't stand up and look around in my tight Speedo. We lasted for a while. She kissed me on the cheek when I helped her stand up after she fell off. I looked to see if Mom and Dad were watching. They were. They both grinned and waved at me.

I walked over in a corner where nobody could see what I was doing. My dick wouldn't forget about having Maryse's pussy on the back of my neck. It wanted to stand up and look around and it was really uncomfortable. I pulled my Speedo out in front, pulled my dick up, pointed it to one side, and told it to be good. When I turned around, Maryse and one of her girl grinds were standing there grinning at me. I felt like a damn fool but she just threw me an air kiss and walked away.

We played one more game and I was really surprised when Mom and Dad wanted to be a team. A couple of other older guys got their wives or maybe girl friends to play too. I dropped out so I could just watch them. When there were only two couples left, I thought Dad and Mom were going to be the winners but Mom got pulled off and they lost. Dad and I changed back to regular shorts and shirts and then went outside to wait for Mom. I saw Maryse waiting too and I walked over to her. She smiled at me and I guess she knew what I wanted.

"My telephone number is 532-1601, Ryan," she said.

I smiled back at her, took both her hands in mine, and leaned over kissed her on both cheeks, not an air kiss like some Europeans do and

maybe not a real kiss but I made sure my lips touched her cheek on both sides.

“I’ll call you but it will be a few days, Maryse,” I said. “My dad has just returned from a three-month deployment and I want to spend some time with him.”

“I understand, Ryan,” she said. “But don’t forget my number.”

“I won’t,” I said, smiling at her, still holding her hands. “I’m an elephant. Elephants never forget.”

I turned to walk away and I heard her ask something and I turned back.

“Ryan, did you have a banana in your Speedo?”

Oh, damn, I thought. I didn’t know what to say. Finally I thought of an answer.

“I don’t know. It was just something that happened after I had...votre petite mimi...on the back of my neck.”

She giggled. I just chuckled. Guys don’t giggle.

I turned around and saw my parents watching and waiting for me. I walked home with them but I felt like running or maybe yelling or something because there was something inside me and I wanted to let it out.

As soon as we were home, Mom handed me her cell phone and told me to call the Tex-Mex restaurant we liked and order three dinner combos to pick up, no hot salsa, just mild, and to make sure I asked when they would be ready. They asked me how soon I could get there and I said about five minutes. They said they’d have the dinners ready.

Mom said she wanted to shampoo her hair so Dad and I had a quick piss and then let her have the bathroom. We had to leave the base to go pick up the food and it was ready and already paid for. When we got back Mom was blow-drying her hair. As soon as she finished we pigged out with Tex-Mex stuff. Dad and I had another bottle of beer. Mom had a glass of milk and she told me why.

Afterwards, Dad wanted to take a nap and Mom did too. I started to go in my room but Mom held out her hand to me. Then Dad held out his hand too. I couldn’t believe it.

“Would you like to take a nap with us, Tiger?” Dad asked. “I said nap, that’s all.”

I’d never done that or if I had it was when I was a baby. I took their hands and we all went in their bedroom. I thought they would probably sleep in their shirt and shorts but then they both started taking everything off. I watched for a minute and then I got naked too. Dad lay down turned on his side. His dick looked relaxed and soft so I figured maybe he really meant nap. Mom got in the bed and moved back against him. She bent one leg and Dad put his right leg over her left one. Then he reached around and put his right hand on her breast. I didn’t know what they wanted me to do.

“Just lay down, Ryan,” Mom said. “Then move back against me and let me hold you.”

I crawled in bed, flopped down on my left side, and scooted back against Mom. When I bent my right leg, she put her right leg over my left one, and then reached around, found my hand, and held it against my chest. I felt one of her breasts and Dad’s hand against my back and then he moved his hand, put it on my shoulder, and I felt both her breasts.

It was nice to be in bed with them, eyes closed, easy breathing, not so much sexy, just feeling relaxed and comfortable and loved, and maybe a little buzzed with beer. My dick was full and swollen like always but not hard and it and my balls both hung down to one side almost to the bed. Maybe I was in the bed with both of them when I was a baby but I couldn’t remember ever doing it since.

I think I might have gone to sleep if Mom hadn’t done it. I was tired from swimming, stuffed with Tex-Mex, a little buzzed from the beer I’d had, and I could have snoozed. She knew what was going to happen when she did it. She dropped her hand down, wrapped it around my dick, squeezed it a few times, and then stroked it up and down real slow. Instant hard-on again.

“Connor, Ryan has a hard-on,” she whispered. “Is it OK if I help him with it?”

“Yean,” Dad said, real sleepy-like. “Maybe you could lend him a hand.”

“OK,” Mom said. “Ryan, would you go in the bathroom and get that bottle of baby oil and a washcloth?”

I was out of bed before she finished saying it. When I came back, Mom and Dad were laying there facing each other, both propped up on an elbow. There was an open space between them. I knew where they wanted me so I crawled in, handed the baby oil to Mom, the washcloth to Dad, and flopped.

When my dick settled down, it was at a little angle over my belly like always. Mom flipped the lid on the baby oil and squirted a trail down my dick and all the way down on my balls. Then she handed the baby oil to Dad, he turned and set it on the nightstand, and she smeared baby oil all over my dick and balls. I looked from one to the other and they were both watching what her hand was doing. She was stroking my dick just slow and easy with a kind of tight grip and I was afraid I wouldn't last long and I wanted her to keep doing it.

Dad reached over and nudged Mom's hand out of the way and then, with his thumb and a finger, held my dick straight up. He bent it all around, looked at it from different angles, and pulled down on my foreskin so tight I squirmed. Then he cupped his hand under my balls and lifted them a couple of times, sort of like he was weighing them. I watched his face while he was doing it.

"How big's your dick now, Tiger?" he asked "And don't tell me you don't know."

I knew. "Just a hair under six inches," I said.

I almost said 'cunt hair' but I changed it. I didn't want Mom to hear what we said when a bunch of boys were talking about how long their dicks were.

"Damn, I don't think mine was that big at fourteen, Tiger," Dad said. "You're going to be a big man in more ways than one."

I pushed Dad down on his back, reached down and held his dick straight up with my thumb and one finger. It was hard now. I bent it all around, looked at it from different angles, wrapped my hand around it, stroked it a time or two, and then pulled back on his foreskin real tight. I even gave his big balls a lift or two.

"How big's your dick now, Connor?" I asked "And don't tell me you don't know."

"Oh, about ten inches," he said, and we all knew he was lying. The grin on his face told me he didn't mind what I had done. His dick looked like it was at least an inch longer than mine.

He pushed me down on my back, put his fingers on my chin, shook it a little, kissed me on my cheek, slapped me on my belly, and laughed.

“Here, Sarah, he’s all yours,” he said.

Mom put her hand around my dick again and Dad put his over hers. They both stroked it for a while. Mom’s grip wasn’t quite so tight now and I thought I’d last a little longer before I squirted. After about a minute, I felt my balls crawl up so they were tight on each side of the shaft of my dick. Dad took his hand off.

“Here, you finish him off,” Dad said. “I think he’s about to blow.”

I knew what he meant. Blow was oil-country talk and it meant to come like a gusher.

Mom tightened her grip, stroked a little faster, and within another minute my dick blew. I don’t know where it all comes from, especially since I’d jacked off in the kitchen sink just that morning, but I laid down a trail from my throat down over my chest, and down over my belly. Mom milked the last blob out and got it on her thumb and then wiped that on my stomach. I hadn’t even stopped breathing hard before Dad started wiping everything up with the washcloth.

We tried spooning up again and this time I had no trouble in going to sleep. I slept for a while and then I woke up with another hard-on, except I knew this one was a piss-hard and I had to go real bad. I staggered to the bathroom, pissed about a beer-bottle full, washed my face and hands, wiped off my dick and balls, and went back in their bedroom. Dad was lying on his back with a big hard-on hovering over his stomach. Mom had her head on his shoulder and her hand was cupping his big balls.

“Would you take mine to the bathroom and empty it, Tiger?” Dad asked, grinning at me.

“Mine too,” Mom said, grinning just as big.

“Shit, I don’t know how women pee.” I said, grinning back at them.

They both rolled out and went to the bathroom.

“Damn kid just won’t help his old parents,” Dad muttered.

I didn’t know what they wanted me to do so I just stood there near their bed until they came back. They both crawled in the bed again

and left me a space in the middle. That told me they wanted me there so I went to the foot of the bed and crawled in and flopped.

“Ryan, we need to talk to you about how things are going to be with the three of us from now on,” Dad said. “When you were a kid growing up, we kept our sex life private from you. We’re not going to do that anymore.”

“So I’m not a kid anymore?”

“You’re still a kid but you’ve started to become an adult,” Mom said. “We’re going to trust you to use that big brain of yours, to let us teach you about sex, and then to use that knowledge responsibly. We’re not going to hide our sex life from you anymore.”

“She’s right, Ryan,” Dad said. “We’re not going to close our bedroom door anymore when we have sex. We don’t want you in there all the time but occasionally you may come in and watch us. Once in a while you’re going to play with us.”

“Connor and I have talked about how much to let you be part of our sex life and we want your input,” Mom said. “Once a week, anytime you want a blow job or a quick fuck, just come to me and I’ll relieve a little pressure for you. Connor may be working or he may be home. If he’s home, I may give him the same treatment. If I want it, one or maybe both of you will be expected to help me. Got that? Just once a week.”

“What will I do the rest of the time?” I asked. “You mean I’ve got to keep jacking off.”

“Not quite,” Dad said. “Every Friday night is going to be your night. You will decide what we do. Maybe I’ll go for a walk while you and Sarah play. Maybe the three of us will play. It will be totally up to you whether I’m there or not and what we do. It will be your night.”

“I’m going to steal her from you, Connor,” I said, and grinned at him.

“Like hell, you will! After a while, as her pregnancy progresses, we’ll leave it up to her as to what we do and when we stop,” Dad said. “A month or so after the baby is born, we’ll resume our arrangement. We’ll do that as many times as necessary for you to give her all the babies she wants.”

“I wish you could do it, Dad,” I said. “Give her babies, I mean. Are you sure this is the best way for her to have all the babies she wants?”

“Ryan, we’ve thought about all the alternatives for the last couple of years,” Mom said. “All the babies you give me will have Connor’s genes and mine in them and they’ll be our children, not yours. We’re going to buy us a big house and we’re going to fill it up with our loving family.”

I shook my head. “I hope you two can make this work. I’ll do what I can to help you.”

We rolled out of the bed and Mom and Dad both hugged me. Dad even shook my hand. Mom kissed me, not on the cheek, on the mouth, with Dad standing there

We got dressed, just white socks, exercise shorts, and t-shirts, and went in the kitchen. Mom asked me to marinate the T-bone steaks she had bought at the commissary. I knew the secret formula so I mixed it up, poured it in a gallon-size plastic food bag, put the steaks in, squeezed the air out, and sealed the bag. Mom said she’d put on some potatoes to bake and then make a salad.

When I went outdoors with Dad, he asked me to move the car off the carport and just down the drive way. I knew we weren’t supposed to park it on the street. I’d been doing it for the last year so I wasn’t scared anymore. He pulled the grill out of the little storage room at the back of the carport. I got him the bag of charcoal and the lighter and he started the charcoal burning. I thought it might be a good time to talk to him but I wasn’t sure how to start or what to say.

“Dad, what are we going to do tonight?” I asked.

“It’s Friday, Tiger, so it’s your night,” he answered. “Anything you want.”

“I don’t know, I mean, you’re here now and you’re the one who is supposed to do it with Mom. Maybe I ought to just watch TV.”

“Ryan, I told you it’s your night. Do you want to make love with Sarah or not? I know most boys don’t do it with their mothers but you’re our solution to a problem. Sarah wants to have a big family. So do I. I can’t give her any more children. You can.”

“I don’t know. Maybe I shouldn’t have ever done it with her. That first time I didn’t really know what I was doing. She had been crying for you and I wanted to love her so she’d stop. I guess I just got carried away and we did it.”

He looked at me and grinned.

“But you didn’t stop; did you, Tiger?” he said.

“No but the second time she came in my room and we...well, we did some other stuff and then we did it again.”

“She gave you a blow-job; didn’t she?” he said, still grinning.

“Yeah, did she tell you?”

“No, but she hinted at it. Ryan, Sarah and I both love oral sex. I love it when she sucks my dick. She’s good at it. She loves it when I lick her pussy and finger-fuck her. Sometimes I do that for an hour or so and she comes two or three times. That’s a good way to show your love for somebody else. Don’t ever be ashamed of loving a woman that way.”

“But don’t you want to get your dick in her pussy and do it that way?”

“Yeah, and we’ve done that in every position known to mankind. I love that and so does she.”

“Well, if I do it, do you want to...you know, be with us or maybe just let me be with her by myself?”

“Tiger, it’s your night. What do you want?”

I thought for a minute. “Would it be OK with her if we both did it?”

“Sure, relax, Tiger. This is supposed to be fun. You’ve earned it. You should enjoy it.”

“You mean I earned it by getting her pregnant?”

“Well, yeah, but also by being a fine loving son. When you are in bed with her, what do you call her?”

“Sarah. She asked me to.”

“Maybe you should call her Sarah all the time now. And call me Connor.”

“OK...Connor.”

“Tiger, whose genes are in your body?”

“Yours and Mom’s, I mean Sarah’s, of course.”

“You couldn’t give her any gene except what’s in your body; could you?”

“No.”

“So the baby’s genetic makeup will all come from Sarah and from me, with a little detour by way of you, right?”

“I suppose.”

“Ryan, she’s really been unhappy for years because she thought she’d never have any more children. She wants a big family and so do I. We could have used an anonymous sperm donor but we’d never know ahead of time what genes the baby would carry. This way we know. I told you I approve of what you and Sarah have done. After this baby is born, she wants you to give her another. I don’t know when she’ll want to stop but it’s up to her. Maybe she’ll want two or three more.”

“Damn, Connor, I don’t know what to say.”

“Tiger, you’re doing something for us. Let Sarah do something for you. I was so horny at fourteen I could have fucked a knot hole in a fucking fence. She’s going to give you something you need. We want you to learn how to be a good lover and how to please women. When you go to college, you’ll be the sexiest stud on campus and the one with the biggest dick and you’ll know the most about women. What more could a man want?”

“A harem,” I said, grinning.

“Yeah, dream on, stud. Ryan, we’ve been saving for years to buy us a bigger house, one in the suburbs, off base, with a yard and all that shit. That’s what Sarah wants. Don’t you want her to have it?”

“Yeah. No MP’s telling me what to do. Shit, I’d love it.”

The steaks were great. Mine was rare and pink and juicy, just the way I like it. I usually eat my baked potato with sour cream and salsa so that’s the way I fixed it. I used mild salsa. I ate my salad but I could have done without it. Dad opened a bottle of red wine and let me have a glass. It was OK but I think I like beer better. Mom had another glass of milk.

Dad and I ate every lean bit of our steaks. Mom left the really tender side of her T-bone and said she wanted it for breakfast. She had bought four steaks and there was one more sitting there in the platter

in its juices. I knew what we would have for breakfast the next day: steak and eggs.

After we cleaned the kitchen we went for a walk down to the park picnic area under all the tall pines. The sun was about to set, we were mainly in the shade, there was a slight breeze blowing, and it was just nice to walk and talk. Mom held my hand on one side and Dad's hand on the other. When we started back, I was in the middle and they both held my hands. We met some other people and I started to pull away so they wouldn't think I was a sissy but I didn't. I really felt relaxed and at peace with both my parents walking with me. I loved them and I knew they loved me too. I felt like hugging them both and kissing them but I figured that would be too much.

When we got back Dad said he wanted to shave. He hadn't shaved that morning and he said he didn't want to irritate anybody's tender thighs. He was looking at me and grinning when he said it.

"Come with me, Ryan," he said. "Let me shave you first. Then I'll let you shave me. You need to learn how to do it right. Deal?"

I rubbed my fingers over my chin. I knew I didn't need a shave. I wasn't about to irritate anybody's tender thighs. I did have a little bit of a mustache but it was fine blond hair and you could hardly see it.

We went in the bathroom and stripped. I didn't think I really needed to shower again but I had got a little sweaty when we were grilling the steaks and when we were walking. As soon as we were out of the shower, Dad sat me down on the commode, soaped up a washcloth, and made me hold it against my cheeks and chin. We sat there for a minute and he talked to me.

"Ryan, when you're going to make love to a woman, you should always bathe first. Clean body, dirty mind. And always be slow and gentle and loving with a woman. They're a lot slower than we are to get aroused. Do something to get her hot and make her pussy get juicy. Don't ever spit on your dick so it will slide in easier. That's stupid. If you have to do that, she's not ready."

He held out his hand for the washcloth and I handed it to him. He squirted some gel on his fingers and rubbed it on my face. I held my head up so he could get to me. Then he picked up his razor and started shaving me.

"I'm going to get Sarah to buy you your own razor," he said. "You'll need it sooner than you think. I'll share the gel but I don't want to share my razor. Sarah knows never to shave her legs with it."

I started to nod but he was still shaving my cheek. I sat there and watched his big dick swinging back and forth like a pendulum and his balls swinging too but not as much.

It didn't take long for him to shave me. When he finished he wet another washcloth in warm water and wiped off the residue of the gel. I thought he was through and started to get up but he wasn't. He put his hand on my shoulder and pushed me back down. He pulled his shave lotion, the non-alcoholic one he liked, the one I wasn't supposed to touch, out of the cabinet, put some on his hands, and rubbed it on my face.

"There! How does that feel?" he asked.

"Good, fresh and clean. Smells good too."

He squatted down in front of me and just looked at my face for a minute, then down at my dick and balls, back up at my face, smiled at me.

"Did you know I love you, Ryan?" he asked. "I've told you before but I'm proud of you. My life's been a lot better having you around. After your mother, you're the best thing that ever happened to me."

"I love you too, Connor. Shit, I mean Dad. I like to call you Dad."

"Son, I know what Sarah and I are asking you to do is damned unusual but we've thought about it for a long time and we both think it's the only way to have what we want."

"What if I steal her from you, Connor?" I was smiling when I said it and he knew I was just joking.

He reached out and yanked on my dick. It didn't hurt but I yelped anyway.

We swapped places and I shaved him. I just did to him the same things he had done to me. It would have been a lot easier if he hadn't grinned so much. I rubbed some lotion on his face and then reached down and yanked on his dick. He smiled even more.

Sarah knocked on the door and told us to hurry up. Dad said we had to brush our teeth. She said to do it in the kitchen. She said she had to get ready too and she'd call us when she wanted us.

Connor and I brushed in the kitchen and then used mouthwash. When we finished, we sat down in the kitchen and talked, well, mostly he talked.

“Ryan, it’s not been easy for us to decide to do this with you. I’ve loved Sarah since the first time I saw her. Maybe there was a lot of lust in the way I felt but I’m not ashamed of it. I lusted for her. She lusted for me. We both wanted to join together and have children. Maybe that’s all lust is, a mysterious need to join our bodies together and create new life. Your mother has a strong maternal instinct. We both wanted more children. I just can’t give them to her. You can.”

I couldn’t think of anything to say.

“Tiger, I was a virgin when I married Sarah. So was she. In all the years we’ve been married, I’ve never wanted another woman. Some guys are unfaithful to their wives when they’re away from home. I never have been. I just use my right hand and think of her. I feel at peace with the decision we’ve made about you helping us. You should feel the same way.”

“Well, what are we going to do when she calls us?” I asked.

“I don’t know. We don’t have anything planned but I’ll give you some advice. Sex can be fun. It can be play. You can laugh and giggle and be silly when you’re doing it. She told me how quick you were the first time and how you’ve learned to be slower. Use your imagination. Be slow with her. Be loving. Do whatever pleases her. Just don’t worry about it. It’s your night. I want you to call the shots.”

Sarah called us. We both walked down the hallway to the bedroom. Connor was behind me with his hands on my shoulders.

The lights were off in their bedroom. Burning candles were scattered around. The room smelled nice. I could see that their king-size bed had been freshly made up with three pillows at the head. She was sitting on the foot of the bed naked. I tried to think of what to do, what shots to call.

I took Connor’s arm and led him over in front of her. My dick was swollen but it wasn’t hard yet and neither was his. I pointed down at mine.

“My little soldier won’t stand at attention, sir,” I said. “Is there anything you can do to make him stand up and salute?”

There was. She cupped one hand under my testicles and the other under Connor's. He put his arm on my shoulders and I put mine around his waist. She leaned over to me first, saying "Blow Job!" and then started blowing little puffs of air at my dick. Then she gave Connor the same treatment. It worked. Less than a minute later, she had two dicks in her hands and both were pointed almost straight up and she had done it without touching them.

"There, they're standing at attention," she said. "I think they should stand there for a minute while I do an inspection."

She held my dick between her thumb and one finger, foreskin pulled down tight, red head shining, bent it all around, and inspected it, just like Connor had done earlier. I must have passed inspection. The last thing she did was to lean over and kiss it right on its shiny head. She turned to Connor and inspected his dick the same way, including the kiss. When she finished with him, she said: "Two fine soldiers. You must be proud, standing there like that. I think you both pass inspection."

Then she wrapped one hand around my dick, the other hand around Connor's, and started slowly moving her hands up and down on both. That was good, slow and easy, just sliding the skin up and down and covering and uncovering the head of my dick. His worked just like mine. She knew how to do it, just like I like it, up with her hand until the head is covered, never touching the head with her hand, and then down until the skin is stretched tight and the head is all red and shiny. I watched her doing Connor's and then mine. We really did look like we had been made from the same mold, except his was bigger.

Then she stopped with her hands, leaned over to me, took the head and part of the shaft in her mouth, and sucked. She did it again and again. I felt like my balls were full of a milkshake and my dick was the straw she was using to suck it out. I closed my eyes and had just about given in to it when she stopped.

I watched her sucking Connor then. She just hung onto mine, hand not moving, while she sucked his dick. She did his a little differently. She sucked a while, took her mouth off, jacked his dick a while, and then sucked some more. She did him a while and then returned to me. "Do me like you did him?" I whispered.

She did. I liked that way better, stroke for a while, suck for a while. I shut my eyes and felt it building in me and then I remembered I was too quick and I wanted whatever we did to go on and on. I pushed her head over toward Connor's dick and watched her sucking and jacking him for a short while. He looked at me, smiling. I smiled back.

I knew what I wanted to do next so I did it. I pushed her down on the bed so she was flat on her back with her knees bent and feet on the floor. I went around to the head of the bed and got two pillows. She looked at me with a quizzical expression on her face. Connor stood there with a big grin on his face. He probably knew what I was going to do. I didn't say a word. I just dropped one pillow, tucked the other under her head, and knelt on the one on the floor.

I pushed her knees apart and leaned back with my butt on my heels. I just looked at her beautiful pussy, all pink and hairless, little wet-looking lips barely poking out and below that, her little pink puckered asshole. Damn, it was beautiful, all of it.

"That's a beautiful pussy; isn't it, Connor?" I whispered.

He moved behind me, put his hand my shoulders, and leaned over with his head directly over mine. I felt his dick, hot and hard, pressed against my back. He looked at her pussy for a moment, sort of like he'd never seen it before.

"Yep, that's one pretty pussy, Ryan," he said. "What are you going to do with it?"

"I'll show you," I said. "I've learned a lot in the last month."

I lifted her legs one at a time and put them down on the bed, knees bent, feet just at the edge of the mattress. Next, I pushed her knees apart and looked to see if I had her where I wanted her. She was a little far away. I reached up and grabbed her by the hips and tugged. She moved her butt a little closer to the foot of the bed. Just right.

I leaned over, put my hands under her butt cheeks, and licked her pink puckered asshole, on up over her little pink lips, keeping my tongue stiff so it bored in and separated her pussy lips, and then pressing down hard where I knew the little red devil hid. I heard a loud intake of breath and knew she liked it so I did it again. And again. And again. I liked the taste and smell of her pussy. Damn, my dick felt like it was going to explode.

Connor wanted a turn. He asked politely so I let him have one. I moved around behind him, straddled his back, slowly stroked my dick and leaned over and watched him giving Sarah long lick after lick. I made sure to press my dick and balls against his back.

I felt like I was getting close to coming and I wanted to do something different from all the other times. I positioned them the way I wanted

and they grinned and did it: Connor was on his back at the head of the bed, Sarah was on her knees straddling his legs, ass in the air, bent over with her head at his crotch. I knee-walked on the bed until I was behind her and eased up close until I was in position.

Sarah took one grinning look at me and bent over and started sucking. I slid my dick in her drooling pussy and started fucking. Maybe I was shoving it in too hard.

“Ryan, I can’t suck dick with you shoving me so hard,” Sarah said. “Can you do it real slow and easy without bumping my ass?”

Could I? Yeah I could and did. I didn’t worry about what anybody else was feeling. I dropped my hands to my sides so the only thing I was touching her with was my dick. I just shut my eyes and kept sliding it in and out as slowly and gently as I could. I felt it building so I slowed down even more, just slow ins until my pubic hair touched her ass and then outs until I saw the red head of my dick barely in her pussy.

“That’s good, Ryan, but don’t you want to give Connor a turn before you cream my pussy?” Sarah asked. “He’s never had sloppy seconds. Well, I guess he has but it was his own.”

I didn’t want to but I didn’t want fucking her to end either. I pulled out and swapped places with Connor. He crawled behind her and started fucking. She bent over me and started sucking. My dick was all sloppy with pussy juice but she didn’t seem to care. She licked it and then started sucking. Damn, that was hot.

I didn’t want sloppy seconds either so I watched Connor’s face. When he started frowning, I asked him to swap again. We rotated around and I started doing it just like before: easy ins and outs without holding her ass in place. This time, I knew I couldn’t stop it. When it hit, I pulled on her hips, pushed my dick in until I couldn’t see anything, not even my pubic hair, and blew out another gusher. She started wiggling around and whining and then I felt her pussy start trying to milk more stuff out of me. That was a good way to end fucking, with both of us coming at the same time.

Connor pulled her forward so she was on top of him. She showed his dick where to go and he started fucking up into her. I knelt there between their legs and watched him shoving his dick up into her pussy. After a little, I saw white stuff build up on his dick and on Sarah’s pussy lips. I knew what a cream pie was even though I’d never seen one and he was making a good one. After a few more seconds, he shoved her down on his dick so hard she squealed and I knew he was giving her pussy another serving of cream.

We rested and talked for a while after that, me on one side of Sarah and Connor on the other. I didn't know whether I should ask for another turn but just thinking about what we had done gave me another hard-on. Sarah let me get on top of her and I guess I let the beast loose. I started off slow and gentle but her fingernails in my ass cheeks were too much and I gradually started shoving my dick into her as hard as I could. After a while, I blew another gusher in her drill hole.

When I lifted my head and looked for Connor, he was gone. He came back a second later with warm washcloths and little towels. I let him decide whether he wanted to do it some more but he seemed satisfied with one.

We spooned up together in bed, this time with me spooned up to Sarah and her spooned up to Connor. My dick was finally complacent, still swollen and full, just not stiff. I liked the feeling of having it nestled between Sarah's thighs from behind but I would have liked it better if she didn't have a towel down there. I gave an easy thrust with my pelvis and my dick slid between her pussy and the towel. Everything down there was wet and juicy.

"You know what I'd like to do now? I whispered.

"What, Tiger?" Connor responded sleepily.

"Make a sandwich. I think that would just hit the spot."

Nobody said anything for a minute. I wanted to tease Sarah, maybe to get even with her for laughing so much at me for licking her pussy with a pepper sauce tongue. I knew what kind of sandwich two guys could make with one woman. I wanted them to think that was what I meant. Maybe I did.

"Do you mean you want to make a sandwich, me and you, with Sarah?" Connor asked.

"Connor, don't you dare encourage him," Sarah said and then giggled.

"Yeah, we could all do it together; couldn't we?" I whispered. "That would be a good way to end a wonderful day."

"Ryan, are you talking about a real sandwich, like a BLT, or are you talking about the kind where you and Conner both have your dicks in me at the same kind?" Sarah asked.

“You mean...how could we do that? One dick in your front door and another in your back door? Do...is that something women like?”

I was about to run out of ways to pretend innocence. I tried to stretch it a little farther.

“Shit! I was talking about something like a Reuben or maybe a po-boy. I’m hungry.”

Connor started laughing. A moment later, Sarah did too. So I started laughing too. We finally settled down.

“Would you two guys really like to do that with me?” Sarah whispered. I’ve never done it but I would if you both want to do it.”

I didn’t know whether she was kidding us or maybe really serious.

“Yeah, I’d like to,” I said. “Maybe next Friday night we could do it when we’re not so tired. It’s my night so I want the front door. Connor can have the back door.”

“Honey, are you serious?” Connor asked. “I’ve never fucked you back there before.”

“Well, there’s a first time for everything,” Sarah said. “Maybe I’ll let you make a sandwich with me in the middle. Maybe that would be something enjoyable. Who knows?”

“Well, I really am hungry,” I said. “I think I’ll go make me a fried egg sandwich with hot pepper sauce. Do either of you want one?”

I didn’t move and neither did they. After a little while I went to sleep.

EPILOGUE

I’m eighteen now. I’ll graduate from high school in a couple of weeks, not the base high school but one in the suburbs. I already know I’m going to be in the running for valedictorian. I’m six feet, three inches tall, weigh 185 pounds, with blond hair and hazel eyes. I got lots of genes from my parents including a combination of Connor’s and Sarah’s genes for intelligence. Everybody says I’m a handsome guy and I got the genes for that from Sarah. I got the genes for the big dick from Connor though.

I was accepted at all the universities to which I applied and I chose the one I wanted, one about an hour and a half away. There’s a bus which leaves there late every Friday afternoon for here and goes back on

Sunday night. Freshmen aren't allowed to have cars and the bus is important because Sarah says I've got one more job to do at home. I can be home on Friday nights early enough to do my job.

Connor and Sarah and I now live off base in a five bedroom, four-bath house on a large suburban lot with a big fenced backyard and a pool. Connor and Sarah have their own bedroom, there is a guest bedroom, I have one of my own, my little brothers, Aidan, 4, and Cullum, 1, have one together, and my little sister, Brianna, 2 1/2, has her own. Sarah says as soon as she has little D she's through.

Connor has received a promotion and is now a full colonel. He's in charge of the intelligence unit on the base. He still won't talk about what that means but I know its work is world-wide. He will probably keep that job until he retires.

Sarah is a stay-at-home mom now. She has her hands full with three little kids. I don't know why she wants another one but that's her decision. I'm just willing to do what little I can to help.

When I see Connor helping Aidan learn to ride a bike or changing Cullum's diaper and cooing at him, when I see Sarah dressing Brianna up in cute little outfits or brushing her long red hair, I know I made the right decision years ago. I'm glad all my children are really Sarah's and Connor's. I'm happy. Life couldn't be better.

I almost forgot. I got an e-mail with a photo from Maryse. I haven't heard from her for over three years, since her father was assigned duty in France. She's coming back to the States to go to college, the same one I'm going to be attending. I kissed a cute little girl au revoir when she left. Maybe I can kiss a beautiful woman bon jour when she returns.

THE END