

# Love Is Blind

## A Story of Young Love By Gil Gamesh

### Chapter One

ADV ENG LIT, 11:00 – 12:00, MWF, ANDREWS HALL, DR WILSON

I hurriedly surveyed the classroom. Two person tables with two chairs behind each. Back rows almost full, front row almost empty. A beautiful blonde girl at a desk near the wall. An empty space between her and the wall. I chose quickly, picked the seat where my left side would be next to the wall, and squeezed in. I wrestled my back pack off, put it on the desk, sat down, and pulled out my notebook.

I quickly glanced at the girl next to me. She had a recording device on the table in front of her and her right hand was on it. She moved her left hand and knocked a small brush off the table. It landed between our chairs. I waited for her to pick it up. She didn't. I wondered why. I leaned over to her side and picked it up. I saw why. Under the desk there was a brief case and a folding white cane on the floor beside it.

I held the brush in front of her. She didn't see it. I leaned over, touched her on her arm, and whispered that she had dropped her brush. She held out her hand in front of her and I put the brush in it.

"I'm Michael Rossi," I whispered.

Dr. Wilson walked up behind the podium and I turned to look straight ahead.

The girl looked straight ahead and whispered back, "I'm Alexandra Andreas."

**“Our ancestors were almost neighbors,” I whispered. She turned her head toward me and grinned. She probably knew I was referring to our countries of ancestry.**

**Dr. Wilson looked around the room and I saw her smile when she saw Alexandra. That told me she knew her. I turned my face to look directly at the teacher and her smile disappeared. I knew why. That was the usual reaction when people saw my face.**

**During class, I kept sneaking glances at Alexandra and then paying attention to Dr. Wilson. Alexandra was a stunningly beautiful young woman. Her hair was very light brown with blond streaks, neatly parted and combed, just barely down to her neck, and not much longer than mine. Her nose was absolute perfection with a cute little curve at the end. Her lips were full and kissable and I couldn’t see any lipstick. Her neck was long and slim. Her breasts were small and her slight waist flared out into womanly hips. She was probably as beautiful as any woman I’d ever seen. I guessed her age at about nineteen, the same as mine.**

**She was dressed in dark blue shorts and a white blouse with a yellow sweater thrown over her shoulders. The blue shorts came down almost to her knees. Her legs were smooth and hairless and beautiful. How does a blind woman shave her legs? Cute blue and yellow striped socks with white sneakers. How does a blind woman color coordinate her outfit? If she can’t see, does she know how beautiful she is?**

**When class was over, Alexandra reached down for her briefcase, opened it, and put the recorder in it. I saw a lunch box. She picked up her cane, let it unfold, and waited until almost everyone else had left before she stood up. I stood up and slung my backpack, with my lunch box inside, on my back. On impulse I took a chance and touched her arm.**

**“Alexandra, would you have lunch with me? I bring my lunch too. I’m going to the tables in the outdoor area near the library. That’s where I usually eat. It’s in the shade and not many people use it. Since Dr. Wilson took a seating chart, it looks like we’ll be sitting next to each other for the summer.”**

**She hesitated just a few seconds. “Yes, Michael. May I hold your arm and would you carry my briefcase? I won’t be so slow if you will.”**

**“Yes, you may, and yes, I will,” I said.**

**“Have you ever walked with a blind person before, Michael?”**

**“No.”**

**“Would you mind if I train you a little? There’s an art to helping someone who can’t see. You will be my eyes while we walk.”**

**I blurted out something. “You have beautiful blue eyes, Alexandra.”**

**“What color are yours, Michael?”**

**“Brown, just plain old brown. My hair is brown too.”**

**I took her briefcase in my right hand and offered my left arm to her. When she just stood there, I nudged her with my forearm. She put her hand on my forearm, moved down to my hand, examined it carefully, moved back up to my forearm, felt it, moved up to my shoulder and squeezed, and then moved to my bicep and squeezed again. She then hooked her arm over mine and fumbled for my hand. We managed to get our fingers interlaced and for the first time I held her soft girl hand in mine.**

**We walked through the usual crowds to the library with her arm hooked over mine and with her holding my hand. I whispered to her as we walked, telling her when I saw anything she might trip over on the sidewalk. She found each bump with her cane and hardly relied on it unless I said something. I hoped I was doing it right. I liked the way I felt with her holding on to me.**

**I told her we were at the tables and she tapped the table and the seat with her cane and then carefully sat down, good posture, body straight, head held high. I put her briefcase in front of her, my backpack in front of me, and we ate. We both had brought sandwiches and fruit. I cut my orange into slices the way I like it, offered her a slice, and she accepted it. She asked me to core her apple and cut it into quarters. She offered me a quarter and I accepted it.**

**I found it hard to believe she was blind. She managed everything well and seemed to keep her eyes on my face most of the time. She had brought a drink bottle and she seemed to know where it was every time she reached for it.**

**We talked a little, mainly about the English class and our assignments in it. I told her I liked to read and she said she**

couldn't read but she liked to listen to books on her tablet or on her computer.

I kept my eyes on her face most of the time, most, because I looked at her breasts a little, and I felt like I could look at her forever. She was the epitome of a beautiful young woman, a tall slim blonde. I wondered what she would say if she could see my face.

All too quickly she pressed something on her watch and it told her the time, and she said she had to go to her next class. Again, hand in hand, fingers interlaced, I walked her to the classroom building and led her to the front door. She walked confidently, hardly using her cane, and trusting me to lead her. A guy opened the door for her, I told her, and she went inside. I stood there watching her as long as I could.

On Wednesday, we followed the same routine. After class, she grasped my arm when I bumped her, found my hand, held her cane up not even touching the ground, and we went to the tables again.

She told me her friends called her Alex. I told her mine called me Mike. We talked about families while we ate. Her mother was a nurse who worked at the University health center. Her father was an Army officer in ROTC. She had sixteen-year-old identical-twin brothers, Anthony and Zorba, and when she or her parents wanted to talk to both of them their name was Azee. They were both pains in the ass but she loved them anyway.

“My brothers are really identical, Mike. I can tell them apart by their voices. Dad usually can't. Mom usually knows the difference. They never got punished as kids. They would both stand there and point at each other, pretending to cry, and say the same thing at the same time: I didn't do it, Dad; he did.”

I told her my mother was the culinary director at the University, in charge of all the dorm feeding sites. My father was a full professor in the math department. I had a sixteen year old sister named Gianna who was probably a bigger pain in the ass but I loved her too.

Then she asked, “May I see you, Mike?”

I was confused. “How...?”

**“Mike, I lost my vision from a head injury when I was eleven. Now, my hands are sometimes my eyes. May I touch you on your body so I can know what you look like?”**

**“It’s OK as long it’s not below the belt,” I said, smart-ass, to see how she would react.**

**“That’s OK. I don’t want to see you there,” she paused. “Not yet anyway.”**

**She giggled and smiled. I smiled back at her and wished she could see me smile. I liked her riposte.**

**She walked around the table, not using her cane, just trailing her fingertips over everything, until she was standing behind me. I carefully turned around to face her but I was glad she couldn’t really see my face. While I sat there, she looked at me, if that what it’s called, maybe saw me, with her hands.**

**First she touched my hair with both hands. I was proud of my thick head of dark brown hair. In front I let it hang down almost to my eyebrows so it covered most of my forehead. On the side it covered my ears. In back, I let it curl up on my neck.**

**Then she put her left hand on my right cheek and used the right one to touch me all over my face, my closed eyes, my nose, my lips, my chin, my ear, and last back to my lips again. I squirmed a little. Something in my shorts wanted more room. I wondered why she smiled. Did she know the effect her touch had on me?**

**“Lift your right arm,” she said and I did.**

**With both hands she examined my hand, my forearm, my bicep, my shoulder, and then wrapped both hands around my bicep.**

**“Tighten your muscles,” she said and I did. I was proud of the body my father’s genes had given me. I had exercised for years to develop it. I wasn’t muscle-bound, just lean and hard. She tried to squeeze my tight bicep. I smiled when she couldn’t. She did too.**

**She touched me down my chest and belly all the way to my belt. I tightened my stomach muscles so she could feel my six-pack. Maybe she knew I was showing off. She smiled again. I caught her hand in mine, brought her fingers up to my mouth, and traced my lips from one corner to the other.**

**“You’re smiling,” she whispered.**

**“Yes, and I wanted you to know it,” I whispered back.**

**When she had seen enough, she rendered a verdict. “You’re beautiful, Michael: a full head of hair, no zits on your face, just soft smooth skin, a cute little boy’s nose, full lips, strong chin. You’re tall and lean and hard, maybe a little skinny. I like the way you look. Are you beautiful?”**

**“My Mom and Gianna say I am.”**

**“How tall are you? How much do you weigh?”**

**“I’m six three, one seventy-five.”**

**“I’m five ten, one twenty. Am I too skinny, Mike?”**

**“No, you’re perfect, Alex. You’re perfect and you’re beautiful.”**

**I wanted to tell her. She couldn’t see what others saw. How could she? How would she react?**

**“Alex, there’s something on my face you can’t see. Do you know what a port-wine stain is?”**

**“Yes, but I’ve never seen one,” she said, and held out her hand with one finger pointed. “Can you show me?”**

**I guided her finger into my hair a little and stopped.**

**“It’s a big one. It begins under my hair on the left side of my face and goes all the way down to my throat.”**

**I traced her finger down my forehead, around my eye, over my cheek almost to my nose, down to the corner of my mouth, down to my throat, and stopped. I tried to swallow but it was difficult. I didn’t want her to react like most girls when they saw my face. I wanted her to accept me like I was.**

**“It covers most of the left side of my face and even down on my throat a little. It extends back over my cheek almost to my left ear. It’s dark red now. It was lighter when I was a kid.”**

**“Can’t you have it removed?”**

**“Maybe. Removal is a long hard process, expensive too but my parent’s insurance would cover it. Sometimes the skin becomes**

hard and pebbly. Mine hasn't. You couldn't tell the difference; could you?"

She shook her head. "No. Why haven't you had it removed?"

"It doesn't bother me. I suppose I like having it. It's me. It separates the wheat from the chaff."

"What do you mean?"

"My family and my grandparents know me and love me anyway. It doesn't bother them. I have lots of friends and they're the same way. They accept me for what I am, Alex, not for how I look. There're always some who can't get past my red half to see the other side of me. They're the chaff. My family and friends are the wheat."

"I still think you're beautiful, Michael. I hope you'll let me be part of the wheat."

"That's not the only place where I've got a stain, Alex. There's one below my belt."

She grinned. "Where?"

"On my butt, on the left side. It's shaped a little like Africa, about four inches long."

"What did you say? What's four inches long?" she asked and grinned.

I caught her hand in mine, moved it to my mouth, and showed her my smile again. She moved my hand to her mouth and let my fingertips trace her smile.

She stepped back, feeling for the table, and I stood up. Then she stepped forward and we collided. I quickly put my arms around her, held her tightly for a moment, and then released her. I didn't want to scare her by holding her too tightly but she was evidently not frightened. She put her arms around me and we lightly held each other.

Her hair brushed my chin and I smelled something, perhaps shampoo, something fresh and clean and nice. I felt one soft breast against my chest and one thigh against mine and I didn't want to let her go.

**“I’m sorry,” I whispered. “I thought you were going to fall.”**

**“I’m OK, Michael,” she whispered back. “Believe it or not, I rarely fall. I think my sense of balance is probably better than yours.”**

**“Well, anyway, it’s nice holding you.”**

**“Yes, it is but perhaps you’d better let me go...in a few more seconds.”**

**Gianna was waiting for me when I got home. I hugged her as usual, kissed her on the cheek, and held up my hand. She understood I needed to do something before I answered her questions. I dropped my backpack outside the bathroom door, had a much-needed piss, and went in the kitchen. She was waiting for me.**

**“Well, tell me.”**

**“Can you wait a while? I need to start dinner. Dad’s got a night MBA class this summer and he has to eat early. I want to have dinner ready by five so Dad can leave at six. Mom said she’d be home too. We’ll go for a walk after dinner.”**

**“What are you going to cook?”**

**“Pork chops. Stuffed pork chops braised in Marsala. Potatoes Rossi, you know, my concoction, with sour cream and bacon and my secret spices. You do the salad and bread. I took some ready-to-bake bread out of the freezer this morning. All you’ve got to do is bake it at 350. Do carrot and raisin and pineapple salad. Dad likes that. Make a pitcher of tea.”**

**“You should be a chef, Mikey.”**

**“Well, you should be one too, Gianna. You’re just as good a cook as I am.”**

**“Yeah, but I need somebody to tell me what to do. You don’t.”**

**After Dad left, Mom chased us out of the kitchen as usual. We left the dishes to her and went for a walk around the block.**

**“OK, tell me. What happened today? Did you have lunch with her again? Did she hold your arm while you walked to the library? Did she give you a hard-on?”**



**“Nothing, yes, yes, and no.”**

**“Aw, come on, Mikey, tell me,” she pleaded.**

**“OK, but you’ve got to be blind. Shut your eyes and hold on to my arm.”**

**I held out my left arm to her and she hooked her hand through it and shut her eyes.**

**“OK, now what?” she asked, facing straight ahead.**

**“We’re going to walk around the block and you’re going to keep your eyes shut all the way. OK?”**

**“OK.”**

**We started walking and I purposely walked slowly. Gianna stumbled a few times when we started and I whispered to her to tell her when the sidewalk was uneven and what we were about to encounter.**

**“Two things happened today, Gianna, while we were walking. You’ve walked with me before. You know how lots of people drop their smile when they see my face. Well, today, it seemed like everybody just smiled more when they saw us together. I don’t think I saw anybody who didn’t smile at us.”**

**“What’s the second thing?”**

**“You know how crowded it is around the Andrews Hall area. It’s a madhouse sometimes. I wish people could understand about a traffic pattern, you know, up on the right, down on the left. I usually have to shove my way through the crowd. Well, today, we walked right in the center of the sidewalk and everybody just flowed around us, sort of like we had a magic staff and the seas were parting for us. And they smiled at us.”**

**“Did she have her cane again?”**

**“Yeah, but I don’t think it touched the ground a single time while we were walking. She just held it in her left hand and I guess everybody knew she was blind from the white cane. It made me feel good, to know she trusted me.”**

**“People are nice, Mikey. At least most are. Most of the time. You’re nice all the time.”**

We walked almost around the block with her holding my arm and me whispering to her. As usual I tried to be truthful with her. Why was I interested in Alex? I didn't know. Was I going to try to get in her panties? I didn't think they would fit me. She never ran out of questions. I didn't tell her about me holding Alex because I was still unsure how I felt about it. When I said it was nice, she agreed. Maybe she liked it as much as I did.

**"Are you still blind, Gianna?"**

**"Yeah, why?"**

**"We're at the corner of our street. Open your eyes and I'll race you back home."**

**"You count to ten after I start?"**

**"Yeah, and I'll beat you again."**

I ran behind her so I could watch her butt while she ran. I intended to give a kick when we got close to our house but I decided I'd let her beat me for a change. She stopped at the front door.

**"I think she gave you a hard-on, Mikey. Now admit it."**

**"Well, I guess I would have had one if I'd had room in my shorts."**

On Friday, Alex and I followed the same routine, the same except that I asked for her telephone number and asked if I could call her sometime on Saturday. She said she was going shopping with her mother in the morning and would be in her room studying after lunch.

**"Why do you want to call me, Michael?" she asked.**

**"I could tell you a lie and say I want to talk about our class," I said. "The truth is I just like talking to you. I want to get to know you better."**

**"I'm glad. I want to get to know you better too. Call me after lunch."**

On Saturday afternoon, I called and we talked for over an hour. Somehow, I wasn't the least bit shy with her and we talked about

everything. I could have talked with her all afternoon but I decided I'd taken up enough of her study time.

On Monday, we followed the same routine, her arm over mine and her hand in mine. I liked the way I felt when she trusted me to lead her.

When I got home, Gianna pounced on me again, I tried to give her truthful answers but I wasn't sure myself why I was interested in Alex or where we were going with each other. I asked Gianna if it was too early for me to ask for a date.

"Call her, Mikey. You've got her cell-phone number. Don't ask her for a date. Do something different. Ask her to invite you home Friday to meet her family. Maybe you could have dinner with them."

"I can't do that, Gianna. Friday, Mom and Dad have got a late flight to Atlanta. Saturday, there's an important conference for Mom at the airport hotel. Dad wants to go with her. I'm supposed to babysit you 'til Sunday night."

"Yes, you can. You could be home by eight or nine. I'll be OK for an hour or two by myself. I'll just stay in my room and read or listen to music."

"And be good? Don't invite anybody in, especially boys."

"I'm not interested in boys, Mikey. I'm a lesbian."

"Is it OK if I tell all the guys that?"

"Don't you dare!"

Tuesday night, I called Alex's cell phone. When she answered, I asked if she could she get someone to program two phone numbers into it. She answered that she could do it. I slowly gave her the first number and listened to the beeps. I tried to picture how she could do it.

"That's my mother's cellphone, Alex. I want you to call her and ask her what kind of guy I am. Tell her I asked you to call, that she's to tell you the truth. Then ask your mother to call her. Are you ready for the second?"

"Yes."

I slowly gave her the second number.

“That’s Gianna’s number. She and I are very close and we talk about everything. Ask her about me.”

“Why don’t you tell me what kind of guy you are, Michael?”

I hesitated for a moment. What kind of guy was I?

“Alex, I’m a nineteen year old virgin who’s horny as hell all the time. I’m also a decent guy. I don’t do drugs and I don’t drink much, just a little wine or beer. My family has wine with dinner lots of nights. I’m easy to get along with, too easy as far as Gianna is concerned. I don’t like to hurt people. I guess I’m too quick to like most people when they let me. I work hard at school and I’ve never dropped a class when the going gets rough. I won’t graduate with honors but I’ll graduate. You can take that bet to the racetracks. I like math and physics and science classes and hate social studies. I’m trying to make up my mind on a major. What kind of girl are you?”

“Are we going to have lunch together again tomorrow?” she asked.

“I’d like to,” I answered. “That is, if it’s OK with you.”

“It’s OK with me, Michael. Could you wait until lunch tomorrow for me to answer your question?”

“Sure. I have a class from one thirty to two thirty and then I’m through. What’s your schedule?”

“I usually study in the library or somewhere cool and then ride the three o’clock jitney home. It goes about a block from our house. Why do you ask?”

“Would you invite me home Friday night for dinner? I want to meet your parents and Azee. I’ll have to leave about eight. My parents are flying to a conference in Atlanta and I’m supposed to babysit Gianna this weekend.”

“How will you get home?”

“We’ve got two cars. Friday night, Mom and Dad will take one to the airport. I could drive the other to that big unrestricted parking lot. We can ride the jitney to there and pick up the car. I’ll even help cook if necessary.”

**“You can cook?”**

**“Yeah, I’m a good cook. My mom has taught me and Gianna. We both like to cook.”**

**“I can cook too, Michael. Does that surprise you?”**

**“A little. Seems like you can do almost anything you want to.”**

**“I can,” she said and then lowered her voice to a whisper. “If you’re always horny, do you masturbate?”**

**“Yeah, at least once every day. And you?”**

**She giggled. “Maybe not that often but I do it too.”**

**I paused while I thought about that for a while. How do girls masturbate?**

**She whispered again. “I’m a virgin too, Michael.”**

**“Why are you a virgin, Alex?”**

**“I don’t do hook-ups, Michael. Most guys aren’t interested in me. Until now, I’ve just never met a man who, well, you know.”**

**“Until now?”**

**“Maybe.”**

**“Damn! I hope so.”**

**“Are we getting serious already, Michael?”**

**“I don’t know, Alex. I like you. I just want to keep seeing you. Who knows what will develop? Is that a good enough answer for now?”**

**“Yes.”**

**“You’re a beautiful woman, Alex. I don’t mean just surface beauty. You’re beautiful there but I think I see the real you inside and you’re beautiful there too.”**

**“You’re beautiful too, Michael, at least above the belt. I haven’t seen you below the belt yet.”**

**“Damn, Alex, quit teasing.”**

**“I’ll call you back in a few minutes. I’m going to tell Mom that you and I are going to make dinner. We’ll do something fairly simple. Is that OK with you?”**

**“Yeah, good night for now, Alex.”**

**“Yeah, good night for now, Michael. When you’re sleeping, do you dream?”**

**“Sometimes.”**

**“Well, tonight I hope you have a good dream,” she said and hesitated a moment and then whispered. “A wet dream.”**

**“Damn!”**

**“I’m going to dream of you,” she whispered and hung up.**

**She called me back in just a few minutes. I was invited to dinner at the Andreas home on Friday night. She had already told her parents and Azee about me and they wanted to meet me.**

**I was sitting on the side of my bed in just my underwear when Gianna walked in. My door was open a little and that gave her permission to come in. We both knew a closed door meant we had to knock and ask. My head was hanging low and my eyes were closed and I was thinking. She startled me when she sat down beside me and put her hand on my knee.**

**“Well?”**

**“I’m invited to their house Friday night for dinner. Her parents and Azee know about me.”**

**“What were you doing?”**

**“Thinking.”**

**“Come on, about what?”**

**“What I’m doing. Why I want to get to know her. Gianna, you know how most girls react when they see me. Do you think I’m interested in her just because she can’t see my face?”**

**“No, Mikey, you said she was a tall slim beautiful young woman. You’re a man. Men are always interested in beautiful young women. They want to give them babies.”**

**“Gianna, why are we both virgins? Most guys my age aren’t.”**

**“Mikey, I know you and we’re both alike. We both think sex is too important to do hook-ups. I’m not going to spread my legs for a guy I don’t love, no matter how good looking he is. I know you’re the same. You want sex but you want love with it.”**

**“Yeah, I guess we’re both alike on that.”**

**“Not quite, Mikey. Mom says guys want lots of sex and a little bit of love. Girls want lots of love and a little bit of sex.”**

**“Maybe that’s right but maybe I just want more love. I don’t know. I know you love me and I know Mom and Dad love me but maybe it’s time for me to find somebody else to love me. I wish I could.”**

**I stood up and watched her eyes shift downward to the front of my underwear. There was a big bulge in my briefs.**

**“I need to shower tonight,” I said. “I’ve been sweating all day.”**

**She grinned. She knew what I did in the shower most nights.**

**“No, she didn’t give me a hard-on,” I said. “My dick heard me thinking about Molly and tried to lift its head.”**

**She giggled again. “Why do you call your hand Molly when you masturbate?”**

**“Molly’s a female name,” I said. “If I had named it Bruce, would that make my hand a queer?”**

**She giggled.**

**“Well, my hand is named Beatrice. When are you going to let Beatrice do it again?”**

**“Gianna, we agreed you could do it once so you could learn how guys jack off. Then you wouldn’t let me return the favor. You’ve got to let me do you next. Don’t you think I need to learn too?”**

**“Do you want me to spread my legs so we can both learn what making love is like? Right now, you’re at the top of the list of guys I’d like to make whoopee with.”**

**“Shit, don’t tease me, Gianna. First Alex teases me and then you do it too. Why do girls like to tease guys?”**

**“I’m not teasing, Mikey. I mean it. I know we’re not supposed to but I love you and I would do the horizontal mambo with you.”**

**“I give up. I’m going to shower. My dick’s got a date with Molly.”**

**I started to leave but she whispered my name, “Mikey.”**

**I looked at her.**

**“I want to see it, please,” she whispered.**

**“Gianna, if I let you look at it, you know what it’s going to do,” I said. “It’s going to stand up and look at you.”**

**“That’s OK. You can take care of it in the shower.”**

**I thought for a few seconds about what to do. She’d seen it lots of time, a few times hard. Should I?**

**I slowly lowered my blue briefs down until my pubic hair and part of my shaft was showing. She nodded. I lowered my briefs a little more so the head of my dick was still held down. “Please!” she whispered. I lowered them down and my dick slowly levered up until it was pointing at the ceiling. She stood there and looked at it and my balls for a moment.**

**“I’m going to tell Alex how big it is, Mikey. She should be warned.”**

**“Don’t tease me, Gianna,” I said. “It’s not that big and somewhere there’s must be a woman who would welcome it.”**

**“I’ll spread my legs and welcome it right now,” she grinned.**

**“I’m going to spank your little ass if you don’t quit teasing me.”**

**“That would be nice, Mikey,” she whispered.**

**“Oh, shit, I’m going to shower.”**



## Chapter Two

Friday Dr. Wilson gave us our weekend reading assignment at the beginning of class: *Darkness at Noon*. I'd already read it but that was in high school. I was hoping that it might be something I really enjoyed, maybe something more modern. I'd read all five books in one series and I liked the story, especially the sex and intrigue and carnage and incest and dragons. I knew that was too much for a college English class.

I wore loafers, polished for the first time in a year or so, and some khaki long pants to meet Alex's family. Mom had bought me some pants which were almost impossible to wrinkle and I really liked them. Gianna came in my room when I was about to get dressed and was standing there in the little blue briefs she had bought me. I watched her eyes as she checked me out and then she watched as I put on the pants. I sucked in my stomach and tightened my abs and pecs so she would have something else to look at. Then she said I was nerdish or maybe geekish and, finally, sexy, sexy as hell.

Alex and I walked to the library again, with her right hand on my left arm and her white cane in her left hand. Again the sea of people parted for us and most smiled at us. At the outdoor table, I checked my backpack for the cold stuff I had brought. It was still cold. Last night I had made something that I wanted to share with Alex. I had almost finished my sandwich when I felt my stomach flip flop. I groaned.

"What's the matter, Mikey?" Alex asked. I knew she had talked to Gianna. She was the only one who called me that.

"I don't know." I answered. "I guess my stomach's not my friend today."

"Mom says there's a stomach bug or something going around on campus," she said. "She says they've had a lot of cases at the student health center. I hope you don't get it."

Damn. I hoped so too. That would really mess things up. Maybe I felt a little feverish and confused too. I breathed deeply for a while and my stomach quieted down and I felt better.

I opened the cold container and asked her to hold out her hand. I put something long and round and cold in it.

**“What is it, Mikey?” she asked.**

**“Cannoli,” I said. “I made them last night. It’s wrapped in wax paper.”**

**She smiled. “I love cannoli. Did you really make it?”**

**“Yeah. Making good cannoli is a challenge. I like challenges.”**

**We were quiet while we ate our cannoli. I thought I might tell Gianna I got a hard-on watching Alex eat my cannoli. I didn’t really but, as I watched Alex open her mouth wide to get a bite, I felt something trying to stretch the little blue briefs I was wearing. Bent down over my testicles my penis couldn’t raise its head but my briefs were tighter. After we finished eating, I asked her again.**

**“What kind of girl are you, Alex?”**

**“I’m a good girl, Mikey,” she said and paused.**

**“Well?”**

**“I was waiting for you to run,” she said and smiled at me.**

**“Come on, be serious.”**

**“You already know I’m a virgin, Mikey. You know I masturbate; well, I call it pushing my button or rubbin’ my nubbin. I’ve had dates with guys, some good, some not so good. Most guys don’t know what to do with me when I tell them something.”**

**“What?”**

**“I think I’m a normal woman, Mikey. I want to have sex. Maybe I should say I need sex but I need to be loved too. All I’ve got to do is to find the right man to help me. I haven’t found him yet.”**

**“Yet?”**

**“It’s too early for that, Mikey.”**

**“What do you tell them?”**

**“I tell them I’m not going to have sex with them just to satisfy my curiosity. I tell them my standards are a lot higher than that. I’ve**

got to believe a man really loves me before I'll spread my legs for him."

"I'm like that too, Alex. I think sex is too important to do hook-ups. Lots of guys and girls do it so casually and can't even remember the other person's name. I don't want that. I want somebody to love first and then have sex second."

"Are we old fashioned, Mikey?"

"Maybe but I don't care. My parents have always been open and honest with me and Gianna. We talk about everything. They know we're both still virgins and they encourage us to hold to our standards no matter what others do."

"They sound like my parents. My mom and I talk about everything too. Dad talks to Azee lots. He has a little trouble talking to me. There are a couple of other things you should know about me."

"Tell me."

"Mikey, my family is sort of nudist at home. In warm weather, we run around in the house naked sometimes."

"Do you run around outside the house? What do the neighbors think?"

"No, but we do go naked in our back yard sometimes, mostly at night. We have a pool and it's enclosed for privacy. I like to swim naked. I don't mind if my family sees me. I've even seen Azee."

I had to think about that for a minute.

"Do you mean you've seen them with your hands?"

"Yes. Does that shock you? I wanted to see them. One afternoon when Mom and Dad weren't home and we were swimming I asked them to let me see them. I even jacked them off, both of them."

I laughed out loud.

"What's so funny?"

**“Alex, Gianna has seen me too. She jacked me off too. Just once. I wanted to do her but she chickened out. She’s curious about guys too.”**

**“Well, is your family, you know, nudists?”**

**“We’re not really nudists. In the house, we don’t worry if we see each other naked. I’ve seen Mom and Dad and Gianna naked all my life. I slept in the bed with Gianna until she was six and I was nine. We both liked to sleep in the nude and cuddle up. Then we bought a bigger house and I moved into my own room. Maybe I should say I was moved.”**

**“Were you already a horny little devil, Mikey?”**

**“No, we played with each other a little, out of curiosity, I suppose. What’s the other thing you wanted to tell me?”**

**“When I decide to have sex with a man, Mom and Dad want me to do it in my own bed. They trust me to find a man who loves me and they don’t want us sneaking around doing it. They want me to be safe. They’ve worried about me all my life, I suppose. They say it’s my home as well as theirs. When I want to have sex, they will respect my decision. You’re the first man I’d told that to.”**

**“I’m going to enjoy meeting your family, Alex,” I said, and I really meant it. “They’re a lot like mine. I think you’ll like my family too.”**

**“Are we getting serious, Mikey?”**

**“No, Alex, we’re just taking the first tentative steps on a path and we don’t know where it will lead. Maybe it will lead to something good. Maybe we’ll end up just friends. Maybe we’ll end up lovers. Maybe we’ll get married. Who knows? Let’s don’t rush it. Just take it one step at a time.”**

**“Like going down the yellow brick road, huh?”**

**“I suppose. Listen, I’ve got to go to class. The three o’clock jitney leaves from the front of the library; doesn’t it? I’ll meet you there.”**

**I stood up and my stomach kept going up. I breathed deeply a few times and it settled back down. Damn. What’s wrong? Have I got that bug?**

**During my class, I had difficulty following the lecture. It was a math class and I was good at that but I got lost a couple of times. At least my stomach didn't do any more flip flops.**

**Alex was waiting in front of the library. She took my arm and we got on the old jitney. It was a diesel, crowded, noisy, and not even air-conditioned. When we stopped in traffic, the diesel fumes came in through the open windows and I felt sick from smelling them. I was afraid we'd have to stand. A girl I didn't know saw Alex's cane, nudged the guy sitting with her, and they gave us their seats. Maybe Gianna was right about people.**

**We were walking through the parking lot toward my mother's car when my stomach started again, just one little feeling like I had to burp or something, and then it was quiet again. I helped Alex in the car and asked for directions. Their home wasn't far from the student parking lot, just a mile or two North and then a little East. I felt OK, maybe a little bit apprehensive, but I wanted to meet her family.**

**I parked on the street, helped Alex out, and we started up the walkway to their front porch. That's when a big wave of nausea hit me and I knew I was in real trouble. I tried breathing deeply again but that didn't help. My stomach did a big flip flop, then another, and I knew everything was coming up.**

**I dropped Alex's brief case, pulled away from her, and started toward some bushes. I only got a few feet away when the cramping hit me again and I started puking. I bent over with my hands on my knees and puked my guts up. Then it stopped and I was about to straighten up when the earthquake hit and I dropped down on my hands and knees and vomited and retched and threw up and puked and barfed and tried to upchuck my socks, all right on some petunias. I started slobbering at the mouth and nothing but mucus came up.**

**I heard Alex yell and I looked up briefly. She was on the front porch and the front door was open and she was yelling for help. A nice looking woman, an older version of Alex, and two young guys ran out. All I could think was this was a hell of a way to meet her family.**

**Then the dry heaves hit again and my stomach tied itself in a knot and I hung my head and tried to throw up some more but nothing came out but mucus and slobber and I tried to spit it out. When it finally stopped, I looked up again. The woman and one of the guys were bent over beside me but now they had on white face masks. I**

looked at the front door where Alex had been standing. She was still there, her back against the wall, and one of the guys was handing her a white mask. He had on a mask too. A crazy thought hit me: why were they going to do surgery on me?

My heart was pounding away at about two hundred miles an hour and my mouth was hanging open and I was panting for breath and I felt dizzy and confused and I wanted to run away somewhere or maybe crawl in a hole and pull it in on top of me.

The two guys helped me toward the front door and then stopped. The woman told me to lift my feet and she took off my loafers and socks and I wondered why. Then she undid my belt, unzipped my fly, and pulled my pants down and I stepped out of them. The two guys kept me balanced and she pulled my knit shirt over my head and I was naked except for the little blue briefs Gianna had bought me. I really wondered why she was stripping me. I hoped she wouldn't take off my briefs. I wished I'd worn boxers.

The two guys helped me in the house and then held me up while the woman put a blanket over a recliner. They backed me up and eased me down into the chair and I didn't care what anybody did to me, only do something.

Then Alex was there, looking like an angel even with a white mask covering her face except for her beautiful blue eyes. She put one hand on my forehead and the other hand high up in my armpit. I was cold but I was sweaty and I wondered why she did that. She said something was very high, at least one hundred two.

The woman, Alex's mother, stuck something in my ear, it beeped, and she looked at it. "One hundred and four! That's dangerous! We've got to cool him down."

The aftershock heaves hit again and I leaned forward and tried to puke again. Somebody held a yellow plastic pan in front of me but I couldn't do anything except slobber and spit in it.

I leaned back and opened my eyes again. Alex's mother had two pills between her thumb and finger and I knew they were for me so I took them and threw them in my mouth. Somebody held a can with a straw in front of me and I sucked on the straw. It was cold and like lemonade and wonderful and I wanted more and they wouldn't let me have any more. I closed my eyes and tried to sink into the chair.

Somebody started wiping my face with a cold cloth and I liked that. I opened my eyes and it was Alex, wiping my face with a washcloth. I smiled at her and closed my eyes again. Somebody else started wiping my chest with a really cold cloth and I opened my eyes and it was her mother.

She had a bottle of alcohol in one hand and a cloth the other. I closed my eyes and let her wipe my chest and stomach and legs and I hoped she didn't pull my briefs down and wipe my dick and balls but I knew I didn't care if she did. The stuff she was wiping me off with felt so damn cold and good.

Then I watched as Alex held her cloth up for her mother to put alcohol on it. She wiped my hand clean, wiped my arm up to my shoulder, across my throat and chest, and down the other arm to my hand.

I tried to smile up at her and I knew I was stupid because she couldn't see me. I caught her hand and brought it up to my lips so she could see me smiling at her. She smiled back, felt down my arm, took my hand in hers, and held it and I knew I was going to be OK. I took a few deep breaths and relaxed.

The woman, I knew she was Alex's mother even with a surgical mask on her face, came back with a bottle of something and a spoon. I knew she wanted me to swallow something so I opened my mouth. She gave me one spoonful, I swallowed, and she offered another. I took it, then another and another.

I lay back in the recliner with my eyes shut and the woman wiped me off again. Alex didn't let go of my hand and I hung onto hers. I smiled at her and, brought her hand to my lips so she could see me smiling.

Alex's mother wiped my legs, almost up to my briefs, and then wiped my chest and stomach again. It was so damn cold but felt so damn good. Then she stuck something in my ear again, it beeped, and she looked at it. "One hundred and two. It's coming down."

I heard Azee whisper, "Man, he's hard!" and then the other Azee said "Yeah, man, really hard!" and then the woman said "Azee!" sort of like she wanted them to shut up and I wondered what they were talking about. I opened my eyes and looked down. It wasn't hard. It was just tucked down over my testicles as usual and it was behaving for a change. I realized maybe they were talking about my stomach muscles, what Gianna called my six-pack.

Everything quieted down after that. My heart slowed down. My breathing slowed. Even my stomach felt better but it was sore, bad sore. Somebody kept wiping me off with alcohol every few minutes.

The next thing I knew I heard voices from the front door and it was my mother and Gianna. They came in the room and then just stood there smiling down at me. Alex was still holding my hand. I smiled back and shut my eyes again. Everybody went away even Alex.

After a while, Mom said my name and I opened my eyes. She was standing there with Alex's mother, no mask now. Alex had her hand on Gianna's arm. The two guys were standing to one side. Damn, they were identical, two peas in a pod, even dressed alike. Their masks were gone too.

"Michael, Alex's mother wants you and Gianna to stay with them this weekend," Mom said. "Alex told her I was chairing a session at the conference in Atlanta and she insists I go. Is that OK with you?"

I nodded. I didn't want her to go but I knew she and Dad wanted to go.

Alex came over to my side, walking with no help, and sat down in the chair beside the recliner. She put one hand on my forehead and the other deep in my armpit. I knew what she was doing and her hands felt wonderful.

"It's better now," she said. "Still a little high but much better. I think he's out of danger."

Alex's mother stuck the thermometer in my ear again, it beeped, and she looked at it. "One hundred and one. You're right, Alex."

I took a deep breath or two, let them out, and relaxed. I didn't care if I was in somebody's recliner, almost naked. I knew everything was going to be alright.

Everybody left me and I heard them talking in the other room. Then somebody touched my shoulder and I opened my eyes. It was Azee, both of them. I knew my hair had been pushed off my forehead and the whole stain was showing but I didn't care. They were smiling at me. One of them had something black in his



hands. It looked like the kind of exercise shorts I wear sometimes.

“You threw up on your clothes, Mikey,” Azee said. “Mom’s got them in the washing machine. She wants us to get your underwear too. Can we help you put on some exercise shorts?”

I took a few deep breaths to try to get some strength and lifted my butt off the chair. I tried to pull my briefs down but I couldn’t make my hands do it. One of the Azees did it. He caught my briefs on each side and pulled them down and off. I didn’t want them to see me naked.

“Wow!” one of them said.

“Yeah, wow, damn, man!” the other said.

Damn man? Did he mean me? Why? They pulled the exercise shorts up my legs, I lifted my butt, and they pulled them up around my waist. I breathed deeply a time or two, shut my eyes, and tried to sink into the chair again. I was just so damn weak and everything was confused and going around and around.

Mom came back and she talked to me and I understood she wanted me to stay with Alex’s family and she wanted me to be good, whatever that means. She took my hand in hers, held it for a few seconds, leaned over, kissed me on my forehead, squeezed my hand and then she and Gianna disappeared.

Then Alex and her mother came back and Alex held my hand and checked my temperature again. Her mother wiped me off again, up my legs, my stomach, my chest, my arms. She even nudged me under my chin and I lifted my head so she could wipe off my throat. Damn, it felt good, so cold but so good. I shivered a little and then relaxed. I tried to smile at her mother and then I turned and looked at Alex. She looked like an angel and I thought maybe this was heaven and I liked it.

Alex told me she had called my mother. My father wasn’t home but she and Gianna had immediately driven to Alex’s house. Alex told her mother about Mom’s conference and asked her to let me stay for the weekend. She said Gianna had to stay too since I was supposed to watch out for her for the weekend. Azee asked Gianna to stay too and she agreed. I wasn’t surprised. Gianna was a sucker for cute young guys. Then I felt bad because I didn’t mean sucker in that sense. Mom had said she’d drop off a bag for us on their way to the airport. It was settled.

After a while, Alex's father came home. He had on his Army uniform and he really looked good, maybe a little ruffled and sweaty. He took my other hand in his and held it, not shaking it, just holding. Alex was still holding the other one.

"Welcome to our home, Michael," he said. "We've been looking forward to meeting you."

"Yeah, but not like this," I whispered.

"Hush, Mikey," Alex said. "Stuff happens. You know that. Nobody's blaming you."

"She's right, Michael," her father said. "Margaret has talked to your mother and your sister about you. Your mother says you're an exceptionally fine young man. Your sister has you on a pedestal. You're welcome in our home. You're welcome to come back again anytime."

He squeezed my hand and smiled at me. I smiled back.

"Well, I'm going to get out of these clothes," he said.

I suppose Alex knew what he meant.

"Dad, put on some shorts. I don't think Michael and Gianna are ready for the way we are around the house sometimes. Maybe we could all go swimming tonight."

Did she mean naked? I didn't know whether I was ready for that or not. I didn't know whether I was even up to swimming. What about Gianna? What would she say?

I had to pee but I was so damned weak and I was afraid to get out of the chair.

"Alex, I've got to pee," I whispered. "Could you get Azee to help me? I'm so weak and I don't know where the bathroom is but I've got to go."

"Do you think you can walk?" she whispered back. "The bathroom is just around the corner and down the hall a little. I can take you."

"But you can't...I mean, how can you take me?"

**“Mikey, this is my home. I know where everything is, every piece of furniture. I never have to use my cane as long as I’m in the house. If you can walk, I can take you.”**

**She took me. My hand was on her arm this time and she took me without bumping into anything. She opened the bathroom door and then stopped.**

**“Do you want me to hold it for you?” she whispered.**

**I looked at her and she had a big grin on her face.**

**“No, I know where it is,” I said. “I can do it.”**

**I did it. I didn’t do it standing up. I pulled the exercise shorts down and sat on the commode. When I finished, I stood up and pulled my shorts up and then the room started going around and I was too damn weak to do anything else so I held on to the sink counter.**

**“Alex!” I called her name and nothing else.**

**She opened the door and just stood there.**

**“I need help. Call Azee.”**

**Her brothers came running and helped me back to the lounge chair. I shut my eyes again and breathed deeply and waited for the world to stop spinning. Finally it did.**

**Alex and I didn’t prepare dinner. Azee helped me to the kitchen and I sat at the table while Alex’s mother, Margaret, made a big stack of sandwiches. She gave me another dose of the pink stuff, just two spoons full this time, and then made me some cream of wheat with just a little salt and then scrambled me a couple of eggs. Azee popped the top on a can and sat it in front of me, something lemon-lime. I was hungry and I wanted to eat but and I wanted to be polite and wait for everybody else. I heard somebody behind me.**

**I turned and Alex’s father was standing there looking at me. He had on black exercise shorts too. He looked lean and hard even if he did have a little gray hair on his chest. Alex was standing beside him. She had on some different shorts and a knit shirt and I could tell she didn’t have on a bra. She looked good too.**

After we ate, I watched Alex help clean the kitchen and stuff the dishwasher. From the way she worked, it was hard to tell she was blind. She whispered something to her mom and her mom whispered something to her and then she went toward the hallway where Azee had disappeared.

I looked across the table and out the sliding glass doors. There was a big screened patio or porch out there with lots of outdoor couches and chairs and stuff. Beyond the screen, I could see their pool. There was a high wooden fence all around it and I didn't see how anybody could peek in.

Azee walked around me, both of them, and went out the double doors. They had put on black exercise shorts like the ones I had on and they were bare chested and bare footed too. They started moving the patio furniture around, maybe clearing a space in the middle. They both went somewhere, came back lugging what looked like foam rubber slabs , and started putting the foam rubber things down side by side.

“What are they doing?” I asked.

“Preparing a place for all five of you kids to sleep tonight,” her father said. “Alex says the cool night air will be good for you. She's the one who wants to do it. Margaret has a sister and a brother who live about three hours away. When they come, we usually put their five kids and our three on foam rubber slabs.”

Maybe I wanted to sleep with her. He was grinning at me. So was she. Maybe he thought it was funny that Alex wanted to sleep with me.

“It might get hot,” I said, leering at him. “Can we all sleep in the nude?”

He just shook his head, grinned, and went over to the refrigerator and got a bottle of beer. I wanted one but my stomach didn't. Alex walked back to the kitchen table, sat down beside me, and slapped me on my thigh.

“Bad,” she said, out loud. Maybe I was bad but I felt better.

“I feel better, Alex,” I said. “Maybe I can walk now. Would you go for a walk with me, maybe show me the layout of your house?”

She stood up and held out her arm for me. I stood, hooked my hand under her arm, and we went for a walk in the house. She

showed me the big room where the recliner was, their living room. They had a big TV with a four-speaker sound system just like ours. We went to one side and she showed me Azees bedroom and it was a mess and smelled like boys. Then she showed me the bathroom between Azee's and her bedroom. It had two sinks, one commode and a big, really big, shower and it was clean and smelled nice.

Then she showed me her bedroom. Her bedroom was bigger than Azees. She had a queen-size bed, a stuffed chair with a hassock, a love seat, a desk with a computer on it, a straight chair, and it didn't look crowded. It was spotless and everything was neatly arranged.

"If you're ever in my bedroom, Mikey, don't move anything. I know where everything is and this is where I read and study and listen to music. I have a computer that talks to me through a blue-tooth ear piece and it reads books to me. I can even make it read over the speakers."

"Where are they? The speakers, I mean."

"They're built into the walls. Dad and Azee did it for me. I just use them mostly for listening to music. I really love good music. If I'm listening to books, I just use the ear piece. My computer's set up to multi-task and sometimes I listen to a book with my earpiece and listen to music over the speakers."

"You mean like text books?"

"Yes, I can do braille but I don't like to. It's too slow. All my college books are available as MP3 files. I like to listen to books about lots of things. I have hundreds of books. It's a good way to go places and see things."

"You said if I'm ever in your room, don't move anything. Is it OK if I move my butt?"

I pushed my hips back and forth. She felt my movement and knew what I was mimicking and understood.

"Mikey, you're bad. You must be feeling better."

I really wanted to do something so I asked.

"Alex, I'm feeling dizzy again," I lied. "Would you let me hold on to you?"

**“Yes, Mikey.”**

**I pulled her against me, wrapped my arms around her, and held her as close to my body as I could. She didn’t protest so I put one hand in her hair and tucked her head against the side of my throat. I breathed deeply a couple of times and surrendered to holding her.**

**“Mikey, do you really feel dizzy?”**

**I had to tell the truth. “No.”**

**“Well, I do, just a little. Maybe you’d better hold me a little longer.”**

**I held her and I think our breathing synchronized and maybe our hearts did too. Then I heard somebody coming down the hall and started to move away from her. She wouldn’t let me. She moved against me again so I wrapped my arms around her again.**

**It was her mother. She was carrying a load of towels somewhere. She glanced at us and smiled. I smiled back.**

**“I knew it was Mom, Mikey,” she said. “I can usually recognize my family by the way they walk. She was putting away laundry; wasn’t she?”**

**“Yeah.”**

**She took me back to the living room and through it to the other side of the house. She showed me her parent’s bedroom with its king-size bed and big TV and then their big bathroom. It had two sinks, a commode, something that I think was called a bidet, and a big Jacuzzi.**

**“Azee and I get in the Jacuzzi together sometimes, Mikey,” she said. “Would you and Gianna like to get in it with us?”**

**That was something I hadn’t expected, not yet anyway.**

**“No, but I’d like to get in you, I mean, with you.”**

**“Mikey! Quit being bad! You’re just like Azee.”**

**“Damn, I hope so.”**

I heard the doorbell ring and she led me back into the living room and it was Mom and Dad and Gianna. Dad had two overnight bags in his hands. Mom and Dad stayed just long enough for him to be introduced to Alex's family and get a report on me and then they had to leave to make their flight. I was glad they left. I was afraid my legs weren't going to hold me up any longer.

"Alex, I think my legs are turning to rubber again," I said. "Let's go back in the kitchen so I can sit down."

In the kitchen, I looked out the sliding glass door and saw Gianna and Azee sitting in chairs and talking. They were grinning and trying to impress each other like sixteen-year olds. As beautiful as she was, I knew she could impress them.

Alex and I sat in the kitchen with her Mom and Dad and talked for a while. I told them all about my family and they told me more about theirs. Our families were different but on the important things it seemed that they were just alike.

The next time I turned and looked outside, it was already dark and I could just make out Gianna and Azee on the porch. If the light in the kitchen had not been on, I probably could not have seen them. I could barely see the pool in their back yard.

"Michael, I'd like to give you some more pills and some more bismuth," Alex's mother said. "Is that OK?"

"You're the nurse."

"I think your upset has already run its course but the medications will help with your stomach. Do you think you could eat a little more?"

"Yeah, I'm still weak but I feel lots better. I could eat something."

She gave me a couple of pills and a little water and then a couple of spoonfuls of pink stuff and a little more water. Alex went to the stove and I watched her as she scrambled me a couple of eggs, made me two pieces of toast, spread a little butter on the toast, and brought it all to me. Then she poured me a glass of milk. I saw her thumb inside the glass judging how much she poured. I thought her thumb would just make the milk better. She put her thumb in her mouth afterwards. I wanted her to put it in my mouth.

"Can I have some jelly?" I asked. She grinned at me.

While I was eating, Azee and Gianna carried blankets and pillows out of somewhere through the kitchen and out the sliding glass door to the porch.

After I ate, Alex and I and her mother and father sat at the kitchen table and talked for a while longer. Alex carried my empty dish and glass to the dishwasher and put them in it, just like she could see. Then she came back to the table and sat down beside me. She reached for my hand and held it. I moved our hands down under the table on my knee. That wasn't where she wanted them. She moved our hands back to the top of the table where her parents could see them. They just kept talking.

I had to go pee again and I knew where it was so I went by myself. When I came out, Margaret, Mrs. Andreas, I wasn't sure which to call her, was taking a stack of something white out of a closet in the hallway near their kids' rooms. We walked back to the kitchen together and she put the stack on the table.

"Nightshirts," she said. "They're just big oversized t-shirts that all the kids sleep in when they're here. They usually have shorts or underwear underneath but their shoulders will get cold without something up top."

She searched through the stack and found one.

"Here. This one is an XLT. You wouldn't wear that size everyday but the big ones are nice to sleep in. Put it on.

I let go of Alex's hand, stood up, and put it on. It was much too big and came down to just below my hips. I'd never slept in a nightshirt before. I said something I shouldn't have.

"Damn, Alex, I wish you could see...I mean, how ridiculous I look in this thing."

"You forget, Mikey, I can see."

She stood up and ran her hands over my shoulders, down my back, down each side to my butt, patted one cheek, down my front, and I was afraid she'd go too far in front but she didn't.

Gianna and Azee came in and stood looking at me. Mrs. Andreas looked through the big stack of shirts and handed one to Alex, another to Gianna, and then two to Azee. Alex and Gianna left the kitchen to put theirs on but Azee just stood there and put theirs



on. In a few minutes, Alex and Gianna came back. All I could see was the white shirts. I couldn't tell if they had anything on underneath. I could tell they didn't have anything else on up top. They were holding hands and grinning.

"Is it OK if we play in the pool a few minutes, Mom?" one of the Azees asked.

## Chapter Three

"Of course. Do you mind if we join you?" she answered. "I think we'd all better cover our butts with something tonight. Our guests may be more comfortable if we do."

Alex led Gianna back to her bedroom. Azee led me to theirs. Mr. and Mrs. Andreas went to their bedroom too.

The Azees stripped naked in front of me, just so damned nonchalantly, so I did too. One of them bent over, bare butt toward me, balls showing between his spread legs, and rummaged through a drawer, found something, kept one, handed one to the other Azee, rummaged again, handed one to me. I looked at it and it was a Speedo and I wasn't used to wearing one. Both of them stretched theirs up their legs and over their butts, at least part of their butts, and then put one hand down in front and adjusted their packages. In the process, I checked them out. Their equipment looked perfectly normal for sixteen-year old boys. They weren't circumcised and I guessed their dicks would be at least average when hard. I stood there looking a little too long.

"You want some help getting your big dick stuffed in that or can you do it by yourself?" one of them asked.

I pulled it up my legs and managed to get it over my butt and over my big dick. I even adjusted my paraphernalia the same way they did with my dick bent down over my balls.

When we left their room, Gianna and Alex were just coming out of hers. My eyes couldn't believe what they saw. They were both bare breasted. They had on what I supposed were bikini bottoms but their breasts were bare. Wow!

"Close your mouth, Mikey," Gianna said. "If you don't, Alex will put something in it."

I closed my mouth but my eyes ran wild. I'd seen Gianna's breasts many times and I'd always told her they were perfect and beautiful when she asked or even when she didn't ask. I'd never seen Alex's. Hers were perfect too, maybe a little smaller than Gianna's and lighter around the nipples but beautiful. Both pairs of breasts were small with no droop whatsoever. I hoped Alex would put something in my mouth someday.

I should have expected it. When we went back in the living room, Mr. and Mrs. Andreas were just coming out of their bedroom. They both had on swim wear that barely covered their butts but they were both bare above. I finally looked up at her face and saw she was smiling. I felt like a damn fool but she had beautiful perfect breasts too, bigger than Alex's or Gianna's and maybe a little droopy but perfect.

While I was checking out three beautiful females up top, I couldn't help but notice two of them checking our four guys in skin-tight Speedos down below. Then Gianna leaned over, cupped her hand around her mouth and Alex's ear, and whispered to Alex while looking at me. I assumed she was getting the word on how I looked.

Margaret and Aiden stopped at the closet and she took out a big armload of towels and piled them in her husband's arms. She turned out the living room light and we all went out through the darkened kitchen to the porch and to the pool.

Azee went around to what I assumed was the deep end of the pool and both dived in at the same time. Gianna followed them. Then both parents did it. There was a diving board but nobody used it. Alex held my arm and I led her to the end of the pool. I wasn't surprised when she did a beautiful dive with almost no splash and came up and swam to the shallow end. My world was still a little dizzy but I tried and managed not to disgrace myself. When I surfaced and swam to the other end, Alex somehow found me, wrapped both arms around my neck, and I felt her naked breasts against my chest. I was glad the water was a little cool.

After that, bedlam erupted. Horseplay, grab-ass, yanking and pulling and goosing, splashing and squealing and laughing, and Alex was right in the middle of it all. I was too. Gianna got on my back and tried to duck me. Alex tried to pull me under from the front. Azee submerged and then pulled both legs out from under me. Even Mrs. Andreas piled on my back and pushed my head under. Mr. Andreas mostly stood there grinning. I loved every

minute of it. Then I felt myself becoming a little weak and bad again and I swam to the shallow end of the pool and sat down on some steps. I was breathing hard and my heart was pounding away and I didn't feel good.

Gianna was right behind me. She sat down too and then Alex sat down on the other side of me. How did she know where I was? I sat there breathing deeply and trying to make the world stop spinning. Mr. and Mrs. Andreas pushed through the water to the front of me. I could barely see everybody in the darkness.

"Are you OK, Michael?" Margaret asked.

"I'm still weak," I whispered. "I feel bad but I don't think I'm going to throw up anymore. I'm just so damned weak."

I sat there with Gianna hanging onto one shoulder and Alex holding my hand in both of hers. Margaret took my other hand in both of hers and squeezed it.

"I think we'd better get out," she said. "Azee, would you help Michael if he needs it?"

I almost needed it but I managed. We dried off outdoors and then went in through the porch and the kitchen and then went our separate ways to change back into something to sleep in. I went with Azee but I really wanted to go with Gianna and Alex. The guys checked me out again and I returned the favor.

We slept with an Azee on one end of the row, then Gianna, the other Azee, Alex, and me on the other end. I suppose I was really tired and in need of sleep because I hardly moved until the next morning. I woke up with Alex backed up to me, my arm over her, and a raging piss-hard in my shorts and against her butt. I checked out the Azees and Gianna when I stood up and they were all on their left sides, spooned up to each other, still sleeping. I snuck in the house to the bathroom and pissed about five minutes and then went back in the kitchen. Alex and Gianna were sitting at the table smiling at me and waiting their turn. Then, like girls do, hand in hand, they went to the toilet together.

We all just stayed in whatever we slept in until lunch. I felt better and I wanted to help with breakfast. I was assigned the duty of pancake flipper. Their stove had a big griddle in the center so I stood there with the mix in one hand and a spatula in the other and flipped pancakes. Margaret stood beside me and browned a bunch of link sausages. The Azees were ready to eat so I loaded

up their plates first. The others helped themselves as soon as I flipped the flapjacks off the griddle.

After I flipped the last, I loaded up my plate and went to the table. Alex and Gianna had left me a place between them so I sat down and started eating. I was hungry, damned hungry. My stomach was sore but I wanted food, Food with a capital F. I had just stuffed my mouth full when I noticed that I had a glass of orange juice in front of me and an empty coffee mug. I looked around.

Everybody was watching me. Mr. Andreas got the milk jug and poured everybody about half a mug full. Mrs. Andreas, Margaret, I wondered what to call her, filled my mug the rest of the way with coffee. I put a couple of spoonsful of sugar in mine and took a big swig. I looked around at the Andreas family and smiled. I liked their family so I said it. Everybody just grinned at me.

After breakfast, Alex and I went in her room to listen to Brave New World. She sat me down in the loveseat and I waited for her to do something. She sat down at her computer and in just a few seconds somebody started reading to us through the four speakers. She came back to the loveseat and sat down beside me and took my hand in hers. We listened for probably an hour and then took a break.

When we sat down in the loveseat again, Alex surprised me. She cuddled up to my side and put her feet sort of under her and put my arm around her shoulders and rested her head against me. I took her hand in mine and shut my eyes and relaxed. I felt so good having her next to me, sort of like she was where she wanted to be, and I wanted her to be next to me.

I heard a noise and opened my eyes. Mr. and Mrs. Andreas were in the door looking at us. I didn't move and neither did Alex. I was proud of what we were doing.

Mr. Andreas spoke up first. "We're going to the grocery store. Do you kids know of anything we need?"

Alex did. "Yeah. Some more diet soft drinks. Different kinds."

Mrs. Andreas asked a question. "Gianna's in Azee's room playing video games with them. Will she be safe with them?"

"Maybe," I said. "Will Azee be safe with her?"

She just shook her head, smiled, and they left.

After lunch, Alex and I listened to the rest of Brave New World and then discussed it and studied for our other classes. I didn't worry about Gianna because she was playing computer games with Azee and their door was open and I could hear what they were doing.

Finally everybody got dressed for dinner, knit shirt, shorts, and white socks, the same thing my family wore at home when we were relaxing. Alex and Gianna and I prepared dinner. Gianna and I looked through the refrigerator and pantry and I saw the ingredients for something my family liked. I made Pasta Puttanesca with Italian sausage. Gianna stood on one side of me and Alex on the other. Gianna did the sausage and kept up a running commentary on what I was putting in the pasta sauce. Then the two of them made some garlic bread and a salad. I watched Alex slicing a cucumber and wondered how she could cut it in such nice even slices but she had all her fingers, beautiful long slim girl fingers.

When we sat down to dinner, one of the Azees got everybody a big white bib with a Velcro fastener in back and the other got a roll of paper towels and put it in the middle of the table.

Mrs. Andreas cut up Alex's Italian sausage without being asked. I wondered if she wanted her pasta cut up too but nobody offered. She used the fingers of her left hand to help manage her food but she twirled her spaghetti as easily as I did. She held out her hand over the table and Azee put the roll of paper towels in it. She licked her fingers at the table but nobody said anything.

The pasta dish seemed to be a big hit for everybody. I was a little astounded at how much Azee could eat and it was more than I did and I was hungry. When we all had eaten, Gianna told them how the pasta dish got its name.

After dark, we had another swim. Everybody was dressed or undressed the same, just something on their bottoms. Azee and Alex and Gianna and I swam laps while her parents watched. I swam slowly and I suppose the others did too. I wanted to swim with Alex and not get in a race.

We slept on the porch again, same order, me on one end next to Alex and then Azee, Gianna, and Azee. I was a little weak and tired and I went to sleep without any trouble, that is, until the middle of the night. I woke up with my penis still hard and a mess in my shorts. Shit! Another wet dream!

I eased out from between Alex and Gianna and went in the house and felt my way down to the bathroom. I could feel the hot wet semen on my stomach and I didn't want it to drip out on the floor so I pressed my shorts against my belly.

What was I going to do? I wanted some clean dry shorts but I didn't know where they were. Maybe I could wipe the mess out of the ones I had on. I pulled my t-shirt over my head and inspected it. It was wrinkled but OK. I pulled my shorts off and turned them inside out. Shit! A damn mess! I wet a cloth and wiped off around my belly and dick and balls and then pissed to the side of the water so I didn't make any noise. I was wiping the semen off the inside of my shorts when I heard a tap on the door.

Gianna: "Mikey, are you OK?"

Me: "No! I mean yes. Go away!"

Alex: "Are you sick again, Mikey?"

Me: "No, I'm OK. Please go away."

Gianna opened the door and both of them were standing there. They both had on just t-shirts as far as I could tell and they both were beautiful angels, ruffled hair and all. I was standing there stark-ass naked with my dick still heavy and distended and with a washcloth in my right hand trying to wipe up all the semen in my shorts.

Me: "Shit!"

Alex: "What's wrong, Mikey?"

Gianna: "He's had a wet dream, Alex. He's trying to clean up the mess in his shorts."

Alex: "I'll get him some clean shorts. I know where Azee keeps them."

I stood there staring at Gianna, her staring at my dick, wishing I could crawl in the commode and flush it. Alex was back in a few seconds holding out a clean pair of exercise shorts for me. I took them but she still held out her hand.

**Alex: “Give me the others, Mikey. I know guys sometimes have wet dreams. Azee has the same problem. Mom and I are used to wallpaper paste in their shorts.”**

**I handed her the semen-soaked shorts, put on the clean ones, and put the t-shirt over my head. I felt so damn pathetic and stupid and I wanted to leave and not have to face anybody.**

**Me: “Damn! Damn it all to hell!”**

**Alex: “What, Mikey?”**

**Me: “Alex, maybe I should be like most guys and just do as many hookups as I can. I can’t. I just can’t. I don’t want to treat a women like I’m just scratching an itch and I don’t even remember her name. I find one I like and I come to her house and first I puke over everything and then I come in my damn shorts. I think...I think women...”**

**Alex: “What about women?”**

**Me: “Alex, a woman’s not a commode where a guy jacks off and then walks off and doesn’t even flush. I think women are beautiful and wonderful people like Gianna and Mom and you and your mother and no woman should be treated that way. I’m stupid and I want to love a woman before I have sex with her. I can’t be like most guys. I just can’t. I’ve even been called a queer and I’m not. I just want to be loved just like women want to be loved, before having sex, I mean. And all I can do is come in my shorts. I feel like a nasty little kid. Shit!”**

**I was so frustrated and angry and was almost crying. I felt like nothing was going to go right with Alex and I wanted it to. All I wanted was a chance to see if we could love each other. I sniffed a few times and then wiped the tears out of my eyes with my fingers. Then Mr. and Mrs. Andreas walked up to the open door.**

**Me: “Oh, shit! Did you hear?”**

**Mrs. Andreas: “Yes, Michael, everything, but don’t talk like that, Michael. It’s OK.”**

**OK? I couldn’t believe it. I didn’t want to look at them. I didn’t want them to see my face. I turned my head away and looked in the mirror. God damned two-face staring at me. I just couldn’t take it anymore. My damn nose was trying to run and I got some toilet paper and blew it.**

**Me:** “Gianna, could you get our bags? Nothing’s ever going to go right. I’ve screwed up again. I think we’d better go home.”

**Mr. Andreas.** “No, Michael! You’re not going anywhere!”

**Mrs. Andreas** pushed her way between Alex and Gianna and hugged me and pulled my head down on her shoulder. Mr. Andreas came in the bathroom, walked around behind me, and started rubbing my shoulders and patting my back. They held me while I tried to swallow and tears flooded my eyes. I choked back my sniffles again and again. Guys don’t cry. Not like women.

**Me:** “Margaret, why? Why does stuff like this have to happen to me? I’m hurting inside and I’m tired of being lonely and I want somebody to love me and I want to love her. I’m tired of people looking at my face and thinking maybe I’ve got leprosy or something bad and hating me and they don’t even know me. I met Alex and I thought maybe there was a chance we could love each other and now I don’t know. I just want to leave and never come back. I’m just tired of screwing up everything.”

**Alex:** “Please, Mikey, don’t feel bad. I don’t want you to leave.”

**Mr. Andreas:** “Michael, you haven’t screwed up. What I just heard proves what your father told me: that you’re one of the finest young men I’ll ever meet. If Alex doesn’t want you to leave, you’ve got to stay. I want you to stay.”

**Mrs. Andreas:** “Yes, Michael, we want you to stay. Please stay with us. We like you. You can cook for me anytime.”

I finally opened my eyes and looked up. Mrs. Andreas was smiling at me. Alex was too. And Gianna. And Mr. Andreas.

**Me:** “I’m just tired. I’m hurting inside and I’m tired of being lonely and I don’t know what to do.”

**Mr. Andreas:** “Let’s all go back to bed. We can talk in the morning. Margaret and I want you to stay. OK?”

I nodded and then I remembered that Alex couldn’t see me nod. “OK.”

**Mrs. Andreas:** “Just a minute. Alex, I want you to take Michael in your bedroom and love him a little. Just a little. Not too much.”



**Alex: “Is it OK if Gianna goes with us? Just so we don’t do too much.”**

**Mrs. Andreas smiled and said “OK”. Mr. Andreas did too. Mrs. Andreas turned me loose and kissed me on the cheek, on my red side. Gianna and Alex took my hands and led me down the hallway to her bedroom. I looked back and saw Mr. Andreas holding his wife. She was crying. He was kissing the top of her head.**

**Alex turned on the overhead light in her room and then dimmed it. How does she know it’s dim and not off? Did she want me to look at her? I knew she couldn’t see me except with her hands and she could do that in the dark.**

**She wanted the three of us to get in her queen-size bed, me in the middle. I had on clean shorts and the XLT t-shirt which came down over my butt in back and my crotch in front. About six inches of my shorts were showing. Alex and Gianna had on big t-shirts too but I couldn’t tell whether they had on anything like panties underneath. Surely they had on something.**

**Then Gianna pulled her t-shirt up to crawl unimpeded into the bed and I saw she had on white panties, the kind of plain cotton panties that I knew she liked to sleep in at night. I could see the darker area of her pubic hair in front. I scuttled in next and lay down on my back with my hands together on my stomach. When Alex got in, she did what Gianna did. She pulled her t-shirt up and I saw she had on white panties too but I didn’t see any darker area in front. I glanced at her hair and it was light brown or blonde and I knew pubic hair was usually the same color. Maybe she shaved down there. Why? Damn! And how?**

**Gianna turned on her right side, put her head on my shoulder, and put one leg over my left leg. Alex turned on her left side, put her head on my other shoulder, and put her leg over my right one. I shut my eyes and relaxed and told my penis to be good and maybe it heard me. The three of us lay there for a while. Occasionally either Gianna or Alex would move closer to me and snuggle up to me. They put their hands on my stomach and held hands and whispered back and forth. I heard something about taking something off.**

**They sat up at the same time, grabbed my t-shirt, and pulled it over my head and almost ripped my ears off in the process. That wasn’t enough. Next they both pulled their t-shirts off and threw**

them on the floor. They put their hands on my chest, pushed me down on my back, and then cuddled up to me again.

I felt Gianna's breasts against me on one side and Alex's on the other. Both of them started sliding their hands around on my face and neck and chest and stomach. I held my breath every time one of them touched me below my belly button but they stopped and didn't push their hands down in my shorts where I wanted them. I tried to tell my dick not to get hard but it wouldn't listen. It poked up my shorts and tried to lift up its head to see what was going on but it couldn't see through my shorts.

"Mikey, I want to see you," Alex said. "Is that OK with you? I mean below the belt."

I wanted her to but I didn't want her to at the same time. If she got me hot and hard and wanting, I knew I never would get back to sleep, unless I got some relief.

Gianna ganged up on me too. "Mikey, I'm going to help her see you and then she's going jack you off. Is that OK with you?"

"Please, don't do it," I said. "I don't want anybody feeling sorry for me. Just leave me alone and let's go back to sleep. It's nice to have both of you close to me. I like it. That's love enough."

I felt Gianna's hand on top of my shorts and on my penis. "Mikey, you've got a hard-on," she said. "Alex wants to see it. Please let her."

I couldn't say anything because I didn't know what to say. They took that as acquiescence and reached down and started pulling off my shorts. I lifted my butt and they pulled and I winced because first it was my ears and then it was my dick. When it finally recovered from almost being ripped off, it was hovering at an angle about four inches above my belly and my balls were hanging down between my spread thighs. Then they both put their hands on my penis and testicles and went exploring.

"Mikey's not circumcised, Alex," Gianna said. "When his dick is soft his foreskin almost covers the head and there's a circle of skin where the head is just peeking out. When it gets hard, his foreskin slides back until most of the head is exposed, maybe all. The head is dark red sort of like the left side of his face."

"Show me," Alex said.

I watched as Gianni took Alex's hand in hers, bent three fingers back, and then guided her first finger all around the head of my dick. It jerked a couple of times when she touched it.

"Here's where the pee comes out." I felt the touch of one finger on the head of my dick. Alex's finger! Oh, damn, it felt good.

"Here's the frenulum where his foreskin is attached to the back of the head. It's very sensitive." One finger stroking up and down and then another. I started breathing through my mouth.

"Run your finger around on the head," Gianna whispered. "Feel how smooth it is. I'm going to see if I can squeeze out something. If you feel something really slippery, that's a kind of lube that comes out when he's excited. It tastes sweet."

Gianna wrapped her hand around the shaft, stroked up and down a couple of times and then squeezed and sort of milked me. I felt something ooze out of the head of my dick. Alex felt it too. She rubbed one finger around on the head and spread the stuff and then brought her finger and thumb together a couple of times. I knew she couldn't see the clear string between them. Maybe feel it? Then she put her finger in her mouth. If it could have, my dick would have rached up another notch.

Alex: "It is sweet."

Gianna: "Now run your finger around the groove behind the head. I don't remember what that's called."

I lay there and let them do it and my dick went from hard to rigid and then steel hard. Gianna guided Alex's hands around and told her how I had two big columns on each side of my dick and that's where all the blood in my brain went when my dick got hard. She told her about the third column on the underside of my dick and Alex found it and ran her fingers up and down it.

Alex pulled the hair around the base of my dick hard enough to make me groan. Then she felt down each side and around my balls and then back almost to my asshole.

Gianna: "He's not very hairy, Alex. I like him that way. It runs in our family."

Alex: "Is it pretty, his penis, I mean? I think it is."

**Gianna:** “I think it is too. I’ve only seen a few and his is nice and straight. If he gets it in you, he’ll make you groan.”

**Alex:** “Has he made you groan?”

**Gianna:** “No. He really is a virgin. We both are. He won’t lie to you, Alex, no matter how much he wants to get in your panties.”

**Alex, giggling:** “I know. He said he didn’t think they would fit him.”

**Gianna, giggling and then serious:** “He’s a good guy, Alex. He’s always kind and nice to me even when I’m teasing him too much. When you get to know him, I think you’ll love him.”

**While they were talking, they both had their hands cupping under my balls, feeling them, moving them around, and playing with them.**

**Gianna:** “His balls must produce semen by the gallon. I jacked him off once and he probably squirted out a cupful on his chest and stomach.”

**Alex:** “I want to do it.”

**Gianna:** “Do you have any baby oil?”

**Alex:** “No but I have some sesame oil that I like to use on my legs when I shave. It’s in the bathroom. Will that do?”

**Me, silently:** Damn, she shaves her legs. How far up?

**Gianna left and was back in seconds. She put a little oil on the head of my dick and on the shaft and then put Alex’s hand on it.**

**Gianna:** “He showed me how to do it once. Just wrap your hand around it and move it up and down. You don’t have to touch the head.”

**Alex, giggling:** “I can’t wrap my hand around it.”

**Gianna, giggling:** “Yeah, it is kind of big.”

**Me, breathing hard while Alex stroked my dick.**

**Gianna, about a minute later:** “His balls have drawn up on each side of his dick. That means he’s close to coming.”

**Alex, after feeling my balls. “They’re neat, not like balls, more like eggs, big eggs.”**

**Gianna: “Since he just had a wet dream in his shorts, it might take a while.”**

**It didn’t take a while. Only a few seconds after Alex resumed, I squirted out another mess on my belly. When my breathing slowed down again, I finally had something to say:**

**Me: “Thank you Alex. Thank you, Gianna. Now you’ve both got to let me do you. I need to learn too.”**

**Alex and Gianna: More giggling.**

**Gianna went for a washcloth and towel. They cooperated in cleaning up the mess they had made. After that, I put my shorts and t-shirt back on. They put their t-shirts back on too. I wanted them to take off their panties instead.**

**We didn’t go back outside with Azee. We stayed in Alex’s bed. Gianna pushed me so I was spooned up to Alex and then she spooned up to my butt. Gianna put her arm over my chest and I put mine over Alex’s. She caught my hand with hers and held it close and I could just feel the side of her breast. We whispered. At least they whispered. I got a word in edge-wise once in a while. Everything slowed down and we were quiet.**

**That’s the way Mrs. Andreas found us the next morning. I was pretending to be still asleep. I was still sandwiched between Gianna and Alex, my arm over Alex’s shoulder, Gianna’s arm over mine. Mrs. Andreas walked in quietly, picked the washcloth and towel up off the floor, and looked at us for a moment. She held the washcloth to her nose and sniffed. I saw a slight smile creep up on her mouth.**

**“Wake up, sleepy heads,” she said. “Breakfast is ready.”**

**Later that morning, I was subjected to the inquisition – twice: first Azee and then Mr. Andreas.**

**After breakfast, everybody else seemed to have something to do. Azee was in their room. Alex and Gianna went to her room. Mr. Andreas went to the grocery store. Mrs. Andreas, Margaret, started doing some laundry.**

I went out in the back yard to the pool, took off my t-shirt top, lay down in a lounge chair, pulled the legs of my exercise shorts up as high as I could, and pulled the waist down until my pubic hair showed. I wanted to soak in the sun and relax. I put the t-shirt over my eyes and just lay there enjoying it.

A few minutes later, Azee came out and pulled two lounge chairs up on each side of mine. They stripped naked and lay there for a while. I wanted to do what they did and finally I got up the courage. I pulled my exercise shorts off, covered my eyes again, and lay there naked, letting it all hang out.

“Whazzup, Mikey?” Azee asked.

“Nothing,” I answered truthfully. “I’m just enjoying the sun.”

“Yeah, it is nice,” the other Azee said. “Are you interested in Alex, Mikey?”

A direct question. I decided to answer as best I could.

“Your sister is beautiful. She’s a woman. I’m a man,” I said. “Is that enough of an answer?”

“No,” the other Azee said. “She’s also blind and we love her and we don’t want anybody to hurt her. If you hurt her, we’ll make you regret it.”

“I’m not that kind of guy, Azee,” I answered. “Has your mother and father talked to my parents? Did they tell you what my parents said about me?”

“Yeah, but it’s hard to believe you’re as good a guy as they said. Do you want to get in her panties?”

“I don’t think they’ll fit.”

I listened to both of them laugh. Maybe Alex hadn’t told them. “Seriously guys, I’m going to tell you stuff about me that does not need to be repeated. OK?”

“Sure,” they both said. “You can trust us,” the one on my left said.

“Look, guys, I’m nineteen years old and I’m still a virgin. I’ve got two strikes against me when it comes to women. Most of them can’t get past my face. The rest, well I’m old fashioned. I don’t do hookups. My standards are too high for that sort of shit. I want a

woman to love me before I have sex with her. I want to love her too. I just think love should come before sex.”

“Damn, what do you do? You know, for relief.”

“I let Molly take care of it.”

“Molly?”

I made a circle with my thumb and fingers and moved it up and down.

“Shit, you’ve named it.”

“But why Molly?”

“I told Alex about Molly. Molly’s a better name than Bruce. You want a guy doing yours?”

They laughed again.

“I’m going to name mine.”

“Me, too.”

“Listen guys, don’t be in a hurry to name it. It’s like a kid. Stuck with that name for life.”

“What do you think, Zorba? Should we let him try to seduce our sister?”

“I’m not Zorba. You are. I’m Anthony.”

“You sure?”

“I think so.”

I took the t-shirt off my eyes and looked at them. I wondered how many times they had played that scene.

“Listen guys, you’re not as identical as you think you are. I’ll bet I can tell you apart.”

“I’ll bet you can’t.”

“OK. Both of you stand up in front of me and tell me your real name, your honest real name.”

**They stood.**

**I pointed at one. "I'm Anthony."**

**I pointed at the other. "I'm Zorba."**

**"Anthony, repeat after me. The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."**

**He repeated it. I pointed at the other. He repeated it.**

**"Ok, now I'm going to cover my eyes again. You guys shuffle around any way you want to. When I uncover my eyes, I want you to repeat it again."**

**I pulled the t-shirt over my eyes and pressed my hands on top. Alex could tell them apart by their voices. I felt sure I could too. I removed the t-shirt. They were standing in front of me side by side, dicks looking swollen and relaxed in the warmth of the sun. Mine was too.**

**I pointed at one and said, "Say the quick brown fox again," and he did.**

**I pointed at the other and he said the same thing.**

**I pointed at the one on my left and said, "You're Zorba."**

**I pointed at the one on my right and said. "You're Anthony."**

**"Shit!" "Yeah, and double shit!"**

**They both ran for the back porch, naked as jaybirds. As they slammed in the door to the kitchen, I heard them yell the same thing. "Hey, Mom, Mike can tell us apart."**

**I put my exercise shorts back on and went in the house. I wasn't ready for total nudity with Margaret yet.**

**I studied with Alex some more that morning. We were in her room together with the door open and most everything was the same. There was one thing different. I kissed her. She kissed me back. We both opened our mouths for a few seconds. We both pulled back, smiled, and then started studying again.**



We got dressed for dinner. Mr. Andreas and I put on long pants. Azee put on fresh shorts and shirts. Gianna put on a sun dress that Mom had brought for her. Mrs. Andreas and Alex put on little dresses too. Dinner was good Greek food. It was just fish with chopped up tomatoes and black olives and green onions and feta cheese and it was delicious. I ate two pieces. I asked for the recipe but it was so simple I didn't really need it.

Later that evening, Mr. Andreas, asked me to go for a walk with him. We went around the block.

"Michael," he started, "I've talked with your father. He says you're the finest young man he's ever known. He's very proud of you, the way you've held to your standards, the way you work in school, the way you treat your family. Do you have any idea where you're headed with Alex?"

"No, look, Mr. Andreas..."

He cut me off, "Michael, you're an adult. So am I. Forget the Mr. stuff. Call me Aiden. Call my wife Margaret."

"Yes, sir."

"And forget the sir stuff. I'm an Army Officer at the university and I'm called sir by every student in ROTC. Here at home I'm just a man like you."

"OK."

"Now, about you and Alex."

"I told her that we're just taking the first tentative steps on a path and we don't know where it will lead. I like her and I'm not sure why but I know I like her. I can promise you one thing. I'll never hurt her. I want to keep seeing her."

"Michael, Alex brought you into our home. I respect her judgment. When she welcomes you into her life, you will always be welcome in our home."

"You mean you're giving me permission to court your daughter?"

"Yeah. I guess I am. Tell me about your face."

"Well, I have a big port-wine stain on my left side. It's a vascular condition and it's not hereditary." I waited a moment.

**“You mean my grandchildren can’t inherit it from you?”**

**“That’s right. My parents looked hard at trying to get it removed. It’s a big stain and removal is a long and difficult process. It didn’t bother me as a kid except for idiots who teased me. I have a camouflage cream that covers it so well you can’t see it. I haven’t used it in years.”**

**“Good, never be ashamed of what you are, Michael. When I saw you in my chair, I saw the right side of your face and I thought you were the most beautiful young man I’d ever seen. Then I saw the left side. Fate hasn’t been kind to you, Michael.”**

**“Maybe not but one Monday morning it was.”**

**“What do you mean?”**

**“I wasn’t going to summer school. I had a job lined up as usual. Dad said I didn’t need to work. He said he wanted me to go straight through college, summer terms included. I walked into English Lit and most of the seats were taken. There was an empty seat beside Alex.”**

**“Well, I’m glad. Now let’s talk about religion.”**

**“OK. My mother and father were raised Catholic but they dropped out when I was a baby, about the time the scandal about priestly abuse of children started. They still go once in a while and Gianna and I go with them. I like the solemnity and some of the other stuff but the religion stuff is meaningless.”**

**“That sounds like me and Margaret. Our parents were Greek Orthodox. We’re not. We go on occasion. The reason I asked is because I wanted to know if religion could separate you and Alex. If you love someone, Michael, really love them, you should never let religion come between you. That’s stupid.”**

**“Our families are a lot alike, Aiden. I want you and Margaret to get to know my parents. I’d like both families to leave us alone for a while and let us see what develops. I think it’s important for both our families to support us. In a few weeks, I’d like us all to get together, maybe have dinner some Sunday. I’ll cook.”**

**“You cook?”**

**“Yeah, my mom’s a fabulous cook. She’s the culinary director at the University. She’s taught me and Gianna to cook. I like it. My dad’s a full professor in the math department. I think I got a math gene from him. I like math and science classes.”**

**“Alex is very independent, Michael. Don’t treat her like an invalid. You’ll be surprised how much she can do. I think she sees things about people that sighted people can’t. She’ll let you know when she needs help.”**

**We had walked all around the block and were back to the front porch of their house. Aiden held out his right hand. I put my hand in his. He covered my hand with his left one.**

**“Please be good to her, Michael,” he said. “She’s my angel. I love her almost as much as I love Margaret.”**

**“How about Azee?”**

**“Yeah, I love them too but a father’s love for his daughter is more protective. Can you really tell them apart? How? I usually can’t.”**

**“Zorba’s got a little mole about two inches above his navel. I think I can tell them apart by their voices. I just used the mole to double-check. Don’t tell them how I know.”**

**He smiled. “I won’t.”**

**“Look, Aiden, I’m sorry I showed my ass last night. I felt like a little boy doing something nasty and then Alex caught me in the bathroom. I don’t usually act like that.”**

**“Michael, you didn’t show your ass. You showed me your heart. Your heart was hurting. You thought you had a chance at love and maybe you had blown it. I liked seeing and hearing what was in your heart. I think your father is right about you.**

**“Even if I want to get in your daughter’s panties?”**

**“They wouldn’t fit you. She told me and Margaret what you said.”**

**Later that afternoon, Mom called me on my cell phone. They were home. I knew it was time for me and Gianna to go home too.**

**When we left, all the Andreas family members gathered to see us off. Azee carried our bags to the car. When I said goodbye to Alex,**

I held both her hands in mine and leaned over and kissed her on the mouth. Everybody was watching. I wanted them to see us.

## Chapter Four

The next week, Alex and I sat and talked during lunch every other day. On Monday and Friday we went to the tables outside the library. On Wednesday, we walked close together in the rain under a big golf umbrella and had our box lunches in the cafeteria at the student center.

Monday we did a post mortem on the weekend and it wasn't as much of a disaster as I had thought. She said her parents liked me and they trusted me to keep seeing her. She said Azee wanted Gianna to come back for another weekend soon and it was OK for her to bring me.

Wednesday, the student cafeteria was full and loud and we didn't talk about anything but the assignment for our English Lit class. I told her not to bring a lunch on Friday because I was going to bring something for both of us.

Thursday night, I made chicken salad with grapes and walnuts and then some mint iced tea, sweetened with artificial stuff like she liked it. Friday morning, I put a box of chicken salad in my cooler lunch box, took some flat bread for wrappers and two plastic bottles filled with tea, and stuffed it all in my backpack. At lunch, I made flat bread wrapper sandwiches with chicken salad and put straws in our tea bottles. She ate what I made and said she liked my cooking. When I asked if she liked me she just smiled. Maybe that was answer enough.

In the peace and quiet under the trees at the library, we talked about us a little and where we were going with each other. I suppose neither of us knew but there was one thing we agreed on. We both wanted to keep seeing each other. Later I was at home when it dawned on me that maybe Alex meant something different when she said she wanted to keep seeing me.

Each day I parted with her to go to my afternoon class the same way. I held both her hands in mine. She pulled our hands to her breasts with my bent fingers pressed against their softness and held her head up. I leaned over and kissed her on her mouth, just

a quick kiss, lips to lips. I wanted to kiss her with our mouths open but I knew we shouldn't do that with other people around.

After dinner Friday night, I went looking for Dad. I knew he wasn't upstairs. Before dinner, we'd replaced the washers in the bathtub and sink in the bathroom between my bedroom and Gianna's and I had just gone upstairs and checked for drips and everything was good. He wasn't watching TV in the living room. I knew where he probably was but sometimes after dinner he went for a walk by himself. I went in the kitchen.

"Mom, where's Dad?"

"Outside, in his man-cave. Do you need something?"

"Naah, I just want to talk to him."

He looked up when I walked in. The backyard tool house was his man cave. It had heating and air conditioning and a music system so he could listen to the classical music he loved. He smiled at me and I stood and watched him polishing the parts of the antique brass floor lamp he'd found at the thrift store. He loved to take old dirty things and bring them back to life. Our house was full of antiques and things he had refinished. He stopped the polisher and looked at the piece he was working on.

"Did you want something, Son?"

"Yeah, just to talk. About me and Alex."

"OK. Is there a problem?"

"No, no problem. I've just been doing a lot of thinking about us. I know I like her and maybe I'm beginning to love her but I don't know what to do sometimes. I know I don't want to hurt her and sometimes I think maybe I should just back off and let it die. Then I see her and touch her and hear her talk to me and I want to go on with her for the rest of my life."

"I've been there and done that, Mike."

"Dad, I know your marriage certificate says you were married on June 25 and I know my birth certificate says I was born on January 27 the next year. Why?"

"Because I got her pregnant, Mike. You know that. Your mother and I have never hidden that."

**“Yeah but how did you feel about it?”**

**“Mike, I was a 21-year-old college student struggling to get by on a scholarship. Your mother was a 19-year-old student working part time as a hostess at a restaurant. I was smitten. I was a nerd in glasses and I wanted love just like you do. I let my little head talk me into something, and, damn, she was hot for it too. You were born about nine months later. Best thing that...no, second best thing that ever happened to me.”**

**“So you did the right thing and married her?”**

**“Of course. I knew I wanted to marry her not long after we started seeing each other.”**

**“Yeah, and I know it was a struggle because neither of my grandparents were able to help you and Mom much and then you had me and this damned stain. I’m surprised you had Gianna after me.”**

**“Mike, we wanted another child. We spent about three years trying to decide what to do about your face. Treatment wasn’t nearly as advanced back then as it is now. Every doctor we saw had a different opinion. My mother gave us the best advice. She said just accept you as you are and love you more. We’ve tried to do that.”**

**“I know. Listen, do you think we could get both families together and talk about me and Alex. If we go forward, we’re going to need the love and support of both families. I want to finish college and so does she. Maybe I want to marry her. I don’t know yet. We just can’t be totally responsible for our lives for a few years yet.”**

**He got up and hugged me close. “Mike, you don’t need to worry. That’s what families are for. You and Alex both have full scholarships since both sets of parents are university employees. You both can live here at home. Maybe you could live with Alex’s family. You don’t need to worry. Just see where your relationship with her goes. I know you. I know you’ll do the right thing with her.”**

**“Well, talk to Mom. I’ll get Alex to talk to her parents. One weekend, let’s get both families together and talk. I’ll cook.”**

**“OK. Listen. Don’t tell your mother what I was doing. It’s a surprise for her. It’s going to be a beautiful brass floor lamp when I get through.”**

**“OK.”**

**I started to walk away but then I turned back and just stood there.**

**“What else, Son?”**

**“I’ve been thinking about something else, maybe inviting her to go to Grandpa and Grandma Russo’s with us next month. I don’t know whether it’s too early. Should I invite her? May I invite her?”**

**He stood and thought for a minute.**

**“It’s not too early. You know there will be eight adults and nine children there, most of the kids in their teens. There might be more if some of the kids bring a girl friend or boy friend. It’ll be bedlam but we always enjoy it. May you invite her? Yeah, you have my permission. Should you? I don’t know. You need to talk to her and her parents. There’s a little problem though.”**

**“What?”**

**“Your mother has boxes and bags of clothes and stuff to take. You know how they swap stuff around when we get together. With that and some food, we can’t all go in one car. You could drive your mother’s car and take Alex, maybe take Gianna too.”**

**“I’ll call her and see what she says.”**

**“No, don’t just call her. Call her and ask if you can come over for a few minutes tonight. You’ve got something to ask her and you want her parents’ approval. It’s lots harder to say no when you’re face to face. You can use my car. Ask your mother where my keys are. Just don’t stay long. Don’t let her give you another hard-on.”**

**I couldn’t help it. I gave him another big hug and kissed him on the cheek.**

**I asked Alex first and she was eager to go. She held my hand and we asked her mother. When I told her how many would be there in my extended Italian family, she just smiled and said it sounded like Aiden’s Greek family and she approved.**

Alex took me in her room afterwards and shut the door. She turned to me, held out her hands, lifted her face a little, and I knew what she wanted and it was what I wanted. I held her hands and she brought them up so the backs of my hands were against her breasts. When I leaned over, I saw her lips part slightly and I kissed her with closed lips first and then opened my mouth and our tongues met. I stood there, lost in kissing her and feeling her soft breasts.

She turned loose of my hands for a moment, pulled her knit shirt up above her breasts, caught my hands, and brought them back to her breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra. I put my open hands on her breasts and my palms easily covered them. She put her hands on mine and pressed down gently. I felt her hard little nipples in the centers of my palms and I wanted them in my mouth.

I stooped down, awkwardly, couldn't really reach them, and dropped down on my knees. Perfect. She immediately put both hands behind my head and pulled my mouth to her breasts. I tilted my head back, licked first one and then the other of the little pink protrusions, and then took one in my mouth and nursed at it. I gently pinched the other nipple with my thumb and one finger and she moaned. I swapped, put my mouth on the other breast and sucked on the little bump. She took a deep breath, moaned just a little, and pressed my head against her softness.

I could have nursed at her breasts for all eternity but I wanted to be held as well. I turned my face, my red left side, to her breasts, breathed deeply a couple of times, and relaxed. She held my head against her and I listened to her heart beating and felt her breathing.

When I finally stood up, she lifted her head again, open mouth, and I knew that was an invitation. I closed my eyes and kissed her and I wanted her, really wanted her. I pressed against her and she pressed back and I knew she could feel my penis trying to rip its way out of my shorts. I knew I had to stop. I knew I had to be careful and responsible but it was hard. I pulled away from her, wrapped my arms around her, tucked her head under my chin, and stood there simply holding her, wanting her, needing her.

“I like holding you, Alex.”

“I like it too, Mikey.”

“Alex, I'm not going to apologize for getting a hard-on.”



**“You don’t need to, Mikey. I like feeling it. I liked seeing it too.”**

**“Did you like my mouth on your breasts?”**

**“Yes, dummy, why do you think I offered them to you?”**

**She dropped one hand down between us and pressed it against my penis. Even covered with a thin layer of cloth, her touch was almost too much to bear and I was afraid I’d come in my shorts, I caught her hand in mine and pulled it away. We stood there for a while longer, my arms around her, her arms around me.**

**She quietly let me out the front door and I drove all the way home with my penis asking me what had just happened and why I stopped. At home, I went upstairs to my bedroom and told it that it had acted irresponsibly and then I beat it for being so bad.**

**Saturday I needed to study all day. I had my first tests in two classes, Advanced Geometry and World History on Monday and Tuesday. I was OK in the geometry class but I needed to really study for the history one. I sat there at my desk in my antique oak office chair, the one I’d picked out of somebody’s garbage, sometimes sliding back and forth, sometimes spinning to the sides, and the old chair kept groaning and threatening to fall apart. About mid-afternoon, I took the chair out to our workshop in the back yard, knocked it apart some, cleaned the dried glue out of the holes, reglued it, and started putting it back together. That’s where Gianna found me.**

**“Here, hold this together,” I said. “I want to put a strap clamp around the legs, tighten it, and then let it sit overnight. I’ve already stripped it and after I reglue it I’m going to put a couple of coats of polyurethane on it. It’ll be good for another hundred years.”**

**She held the legs while I put a strap around them.**

**“Mikey, I want to go back to see Azee again,” she said. “I wish there was just one of them. I like them but I can’t like them both.”**

**“Get Carol to go with you. Tell her about Azee. Tell her the two of you can play spin the bottle with Azee and she won’t be able to tell which one she’s kissing.”**

**“Can you really tell them apart?”**

**“I think so, especially when they’re naked. Anthony’s dick is bigger than Zorba’s. Their voices aren’t quite the same either.”**

**“Mikey, please don’t tease me,” she said. “Are they as big as you?”**

**“I don’t know. I haven’t seen them with a hard-on. You and Carol can give Azee one, I mean two, and Alex can give me one and then you girls can measure. Just get a yard stick.”**

**“You say I’m bad for teasing you. You’re just as bad.”**

**“Did you see them when they ran in the house naked on Sunday morning?”**

**“Yeah, for just a second. They ran past me and Alex in the hall. Mikey, they were both so beautiful, sexy and beautiful, grins all over their faces, all their stuff flopping around, their tight little butts. You’re beautiful too. Can I see you again tonight?”**

**“No, Gianna. We can’t start doing that.”**

**“Mikey, I know you’re my brother. I’m not going to spread my legs for you. I’m going to save it for some guy who probably won’t appreciate it. I just want to learn about guys with you. You’re safe.”**

**“Well, shit, don’t you think maybe I’d like to learn with you? I’m tired of looking at pictures of pussies and jacking off. You let me do you and I’ll let you do me.”**

**“I’ll think about it,” she said.**

**“Gianna, when we were at the Andreas’s house and you and Alex found me in the bathroom after I’d had a wet dream, I looked at my face in the mirror and I hated it. I really hated the way I look. Mr. Andreas said fate had not been kind to me and...”**

**She interrupted me. “No, Mikey, that’s not the way it is. Fate’s a woman and one day she said she was going to make the most beautiful man ever and she made you. She gave you the most beautiful face she could dream up and...a tall slim hard body and a...a big dick and when she got through she was afraid of what she’d made. She thought you’d be so conceited with your looks and you’d just fuck all the women and never learn to care about anybody else. She was afraid of you, Mikey, so she grabbed her paint brush and slapped a red streak on one side of your face and she stood back and looked and smiled and she was satisfied.**

**That's you, Mikey: the most beautiful man in the world but with a red patch on one side of your face. Fate put it there so you would be the most loving and caring man in the world. That's you, Mikey."**

**"Don't be silly, Gianna. You've been reading too many romance novels."**

**"I'm not, Mikey. I'm not silly. That's what I see when I look at you. That's the way Alex is going to see you when she really knows you. When she really sees you, she's going to love you."**

**"Thanks, Gianna, I love you too."**

**"I know, Mikey, but our love is different. It's brother-sister love. We both want the best for each other. We don't want to live together and have babies. You've protected me and cared for me as long as I can remember. We tease about it but I'll never let you fuck me and you wouldn't if I let you. We couldn't love each other like a brother and a sister anymore and I want that kind of love to last all our lives. Mom says I worship you too much but I don't. I feel like I've got the best brother in the world."**

**"Stop it, you'll make me blush and then I'll have a red face all over."**

**"Yeah, and you'll still be beautiful to me, Mikey."**

**"Mom and Dad are going out to dinner tonight, Gianna. What do you want? Pizza OK?"**

**"You'll make it? Pizza a la Rossi? One large size with anchovies and mushrooms on half and black olives and Italian sausage on the other."**

**"Yeah. Light on mozzarella. Heavy on grated Romano."**

**"That would be good. Will you let me have a beer with it?"**

**"Ask Mom."**

**She started to leave again.**

**"Gianna, maybe we could do something after they leave. You know, I show you mine and you show me yours."**

**She smiled and left. Why do women always do that, just leave a guy hanging without an answer?**

**After Mom and Dad left I went upstairs to my room and studied some more. Gianna came in my room and stood behind me. I glanced around and she was dressed like she usually is in the summer at home: knit shirt, no bra, shorts, and white socks. Just like me and I didn't have a bra on either. And my shorts weren't short shorts like hers. I wondered what she had decided.**

**"Would you rub my neck and shoulders?" I asked. I liked for her to give me a little massage and I knew she liked to do it. I really was stiff and knotted up in my neck and shoulders from studying so much.**

**"Yeah, take your shirt off."**

**I took my shirt off and put my head down on my arms on my desk. She rubbed me the way I liked it, kind of hard and rough.**

**"Mikey, I'm going to take a shower before I go to bed."**

**"OK, just don't use all the hot water."**

**"We could shower together and save hot water."**

**"We could skip the shower altogether and save more hot water."**

**"Mikey, I'm scared."**

**"Of what?"**

**"Of sex and guys and what I want them to do to me. If I let you do me, you know, like Alex and I did you, you won't hurt me; will you?"**

**"Have I ever deliberately hurt you?"**

**"Yeah, the time when I was fourteen and you spanked my butt."**

**"Yeah, and I apologized but you should have stopped hitting me."**

**"I know. Mikey, I'm not afraid of your dick because it's so big. I just don't want to hurt our relationship. If I let you fuck me, we can never go back to being the way we are now."**

**“Gianna, I know that. That’s not going to happen. Trust me. I’ve never lied to you or hurt you except for spanking your little ass; have I?”**

**“No. When you’re through, I’ll be in my room. Let’s take a shower together, OK?”**

**“I’m through. You know, we haven’t showered together since we moved in here, since you were six and I was nine.”**

**“Yeah, ten years ago. I think we should do it all the time. Save water.”**

**She slapped me on the shoulder, her signal that she was through. I stood up and took her hands in mine. I knew we were about to do something we probably shouldn’t do but I wanted to. I pulled her shirt over her head and then stood there looking down at her beautiful breasts. I ran my finger around the nipple of one breast.**

**“Beautiful! You have beautiful breasts, Gianna.”**

**“Are they too little, Mikey?”**

**“Anything over a mouthful’s wasted.”**

**“Would you do that, put your mouth on them, I mean? I want you to.”**

**I nodded and then reached down to my shorts and unzipped and let them fall to the floor. I didn’t have on any underwear. My dick started to raise its head and look around for something to get into. I stood on one foot and took off one sock, repeated on the other leg, and I was naked in front of her. I spread my legs a little and let her look. My dick stood up and looked at her. My balls just hung there like they weren’t involved. I could hear her breathing.**

**She took off her socks first, then her shorts, and stood there for a moment with her thumbs hooked in her panties. She hesitated and I didn’t know why because I’d seen her naked before lots of times. Then she pulled down and shimmied and held her panties out to me. I took them, held them to my nose, sniffed loudly a few times, and grinned at her. She grinned back. I realized I had smelled something different so I held them to my nose and sniffed again. Was that what an aroused woman smelled like? Did she want me to smell her like that?**

I held her hand and we walked naked from my room to the bathroom. Our shower wasn't a shower stall like modern houses have. We had an old claw-footed iron bathtub with a shower curtain hanging from an oval-shaped aluminum ring. As far as I knew it had been used by only one person at a time since we moved in. There wasn't much room for two.

She tucked her hair in a shower cap and grinned at me. My hair was almost as long as hers but I usually let it get wet, even if I wasn't going to shampoo it. She picked up another shower cap and held it out to me. I shook my head side to side. She shook her head up and down and smiled at me. I bent over and she put it on my head and tucked my long hair under it.

I held her hand and let her step in first. She bent over immediately and turned the hot and cold handles. I stepped in behind her and looked down at her beautiful behind and thought about doing things that I knew I shouldn't. She finally got the water the temp she wanted it and turned the lever to make it go up to the shower. I quickly put my hand over the shower head. The first little bit of the water was always left over from the previous use and was cold. She squealed when a little sprayed her.

When she turned around, I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her close with my penis pressed against her belly. We shuffled around and around in a circle letting the warm water wet us all over and then stopped moving and stood there pressed against each other, my hands on her butt, hers on mine. I closed my eyes and held her in my arms and I was at peace. I knew we were going to do some naughty stuff but I also knew I wasn't going to fuck her.

"May I wash you?" I asked.

"Yes, if you'll let me wash you."

I washed her slowly and gently with a soapy cloth. I washed her face and then let her rinse it off. Her nipples stood out when I washed her breasts. I moved lower and washed between her legs and I didn't know how to do it but she didn't complain. When I dropped the cloth and used my fingers she moaned softly. I picked up the cloth, turned her around, and washed her behind. She pulled her cheeks apart and I dropped the cloth again and she really moaned when I pushed my finger against her pucker. I knelt and looked at her pussy while I washed her legs. She put her hands on my shoulders and held on.

Then it was her turn to wash me, face, arms, chest, belly, back, dick and balls and she rubbed too much and I wanted to do something to her, then my butt with my cheeks apart and she dropped the cloth and gave me the finger and made me moan, then legs, finally feet while I held on to her shoulders and lifted one foot at a time.

I pulled back the curtain and grabbed a towel and wiped her dry. She used the same towel on me. Hand in hand, smiling like naughty children, we tip-toed to her room. Inside, she dropped my hand, ran a few steps, and threw herself on her bed.

She flipped over, smiled an invitation at me, spread her long legs, and used her fingers to pull the outer lips of her pussy apart. In all the years of seeing her, I'd never seen what she was showing me, all pink and wet and mysterious and somewhere there was a place where my dick could go in her. I stood and looked at her.

“Don't, Gianna,” I whispered.

She looked at me quizzically, frowned, turned on her side, covered her face with her hands, drew her legs up, and started crying. I didn't understand. I went to her, pulled her hands away from her face, and held her and kissed her on the cheek.

“What's wrong?” I whispered into her ear.

“You...you don't want to look at me,” she said. “Am I ugly, you know, down there?”

“No, no, no, Gianna. You're beautiful. You're beautiful all over. You're beautiful between your legs, your face is beautiful, your pussy is beautiful too, you're beautiful everywhere. Don't cry.”

“Then why did you frown at me?”

“Because I wanted to fuck you, dummy. I've never seen anything more beautiful and it made me want to do things we said we weren't going to do.”

“But I wanted you to see me.”

“Gianna, you're not a little girl anymore. You're a woman, a beautiful young woman and you've got a power over men that you don't realize yet. If Dad had seen you like that, legs spread, pussy all red and pink and wide open, he would have got a big boner

and he would have wanted to fuck you. That's built into men, Gianna. That's what we are. I wanted to fuck you and pump a gallon of my baby makers into your little pussy and knock you up. You don't understand how desirable you are and how you can affect men."

"I'm sorry, Mikey," she whispered. "I didn't mean to be bad."

"Gianna, you're not bad. You're just a woman who wants a man to love her and fuck her. We've just got to keep it under control and not go too far."

I sat there on the side of her bed, one foot on the floor, body turned away from her so my penis didn't touch her, and held her and squeezed her and loved her. Damn, I loved her. I breathed deeply and tried to resist the desire to fuck her and finally it subsided and I pulled back and looked at her. She looked up at me, face all perfect and shining and beautiful without any makeup, eyes wet with tears. I leaned over, eyes open, and kissed her gently on her eyes and then on her lips.

"You used your hand on me, Gianna, you and Alex," I said. "May I use my fingers on you? Show me how to make you come. I need to learn."

She nodded and I moved on her bed beside her. She put one arm behind my back. I unfolded her and coaxed her to straighten her legs and part them slightly.

"Gianna, I want you to close your eyes and let me play with you. You may tell me if I'm doing something you like. Say I like that, Mikey, but nothing else. Well, maybe you can say something else when you're coming. Can you do that?"

She nodded and I started. I leaned over and kissed her softly and gently over all her face, her forehead, chin, eyes, ear on one side, and her mouth last. When I kissed her on her lips, she opened them, and stuck her tongue out just a little. I pulled back and waited. She closed her mouth. I leaned over and kissed her again, just lips to lips. Then I licked her lips with just the tip of my tongue. She smiled. I licked again. She smiled wider.

I slid my hand up her side, cupped her breast in my hand, and caught the little nipple between finger and thumb. At the same time, I kissed her again, forced her lips apart with my tongue, and pushed into her mouth. She pulled back a little and then



surrendered and we played with our tongues. At the same time, I pinched and released her nipple and she squirmed.

That's all we did for a while. She reached down and tried to put her hand around my penis but I pulled away. I wanted to do her. I didn't want her to do me yet. I kissed her and played with her breasts until she moaned into my open mouth.

After a while, I moved down a little beside her and took her nipple into my mouth. At the same time, I moved my hand down between her legs and cupped it over her pussy. I sucked on her little nipple and teased her pussy and finally used my finger to separate her little lips. I felt her all hot and wet and I moved my index finger back and slid it into her vagina. She had told me she didn't think she had a cherry anymore because her tampons and some other stuff, her words, had taken care of it. I think she did something deliberately. She was hot and wet and juicy inside. She moaned and then said, "I like that, Mikey."

I knew where her clitoris was. Book learning. I knew I should touch it to bring her to orgasm. I didn't touch it. I just sucked on her nipple, twirled my finger around and around in her hot juicy pussy, and waited. I knew it was supposed to be like winding a spring tighter and tighter and then finally releasing it. I sucked and finger-fucked and kept doing it.

I hoped she was ready. I slid another finger into her vagina, moved my two fingers around for a second, and then pulled them out and slid them up between her little lips to where her clitoris was supposed to be. I found it, just a hard little bump, and rubbed a circle around it with my fingers, just lightly touching it. She moaned and I moved my fingers back down into her pussy as far as I could go and wiggled them around in her hot flesh and then moved back to her clitoris and rubbed it for a while with the pads of two fingers. She moaned something and I pushed my fingers back down in her pussy and then I felt her contractions. Damn, it worked just like I had hoped. She moaned, "I like that, Mikey."

I lay there beside her slowly, oh, so slowly stroking my penis. I wanted her to do me but I didn't want to hurry her. After a while, she rolled off the other side of the bed and left the room. I listened to her peeing and I knew she had not shut the door to the bathroom. Then I heard water running and a minute later she came back. She was carrying something in both hands: a bottle of baby oil, a washcloth, and a small towel.

She straddled me with her butt toward my face and I wondered why. I felt her anoint my little head with oil and then smear it all over my dick. She turned and handed the bottle to me; I sat it down beside the bed. She cupped one hand under my balls and used the other to slide the skin on my dick up and down. She'd jacked me off twice before and now, third time, she was doing it just the way I liked it.

Probably less than a minute passed before my balls emptied themselves somewhere and I managed to whisper, "I like that, Gianna." She kept stroking, slower now, and my penis became too sensitive. I reached around and held her arm still. A minute or so later, she reversed her position so she was facing me, still straddling my middle. I looked down and saw my semen running down from her throat, between her breasts, down over her stomach, into her pubic hair. She rubbed it all over her breasts and smiled at me. I handed her the wet washcloth.

"You come a lot, Mikey," she said. "It squirts out so far and so much and I like to feel it all hot and wet on me."

"That was a two-day load, Gianna," I said. "I didn't jack off yesterday."

Afterwards, we lay there in her queen-size bed side by side with our long legs spread wide and her left ankle over my right. For the first time I was naked in bed with a woman and it felt good to be with her. She was trying to catch my big toe with her toes and I was wiggling my foot to evade her. We were both watching the battle.

"Mikey, are you going to tell Alex what we just did?"

"No, you are. And besides, I'm not through yet."

"You want me to tell her?"

"Sure. I'm not ashamed of what we've done. She's learned a little with Azee. Maybe she learned a little more when the two of you jacked me off. She can learn about guys with Azee. We all need to learn about ourselves, about sex, about the other sex. I'm not jealous of Azee. She loves him, I mean them. They're a lot like us."

"Mikey, you remember one night last week when you were studying at your desk and I came in your room and got in your bed?"

**“Yeah, what about it?”**

**“I was in my room and I didn’t want to be by myself. I came in here and got in your bed. I had a book and I was reading. Once in a while I’d look up and watch you studying. You didn’t have on anything but boxer shorts and your hair was all messed up and I thought about how beautiful you are and how much I love you.”**

**“Well, what about it? I love you too.”**

**“I know. Once you looked up and saw me watching you and your eyes just lit up and you smiled just a little bit at me. You didn’t say anything but I could see your love for me in your face. I felt better, not so lonesome, like everything was alright, and I started reading again.”**

**“Where are you going with this?”**

**“Mikey, Alex can’t see your face. She will never be able to see your face and I feel sorry for her. If she could see what I see, the love in your face, she would feel like I do, like you’re her man and you really love her. You’re going to have to show her your love in other ways.”**

**“Like what?”**

**“Your voice, your fingertips on her face, your lips on hers, your hand on her arm, your arm around her waist, lots of ways a man can show his love for a woman. You need to think about how you can show you love her. If you marry her, you’re going to be responsible for her and you’ve got to make sure she knows she’s loved. It won’t be easy.”**

**“Yeah, I know. I’m not sure I’m good enough at stuff like that.”**

**“You can be. I know what’s in your heart. I know you’ve always loved me. You are just going to have to be aware of her need to be loved and do your best with her. Love is blind but there are lots of ways you can show you love her.”**

**“Well, right now, I’d like to show you I love you. It’s something we’ve never done before.”**

**“What?”**

**“You and Alex used your hands on something between my legs. I’d like to use my mouth and tongue on something between yours.”**

**“Mikey, my pussy’s a mess. Somebody got it all juicy and smeared it all around. It’s gross.”**

**“Shit, it’s not. I want to.”**

**“Yeah, I want you to do it but why do you want to?”**

**“Gianna, I’ve never done that with a woman. You said yourself I need to learn to show Alex I love her. Don’t you think that’s a good way to show I love her? Now, let me learn with you. Just don’t pull my hair, OK?”**

**Those were the last words either of us said for a while. I rolled over on my side and pushed her down on her back. I took her hand and put it on my swollen penis and then fucked her hand until my dick was hard again.**

**It’s difficult to talk with somebody else’s tongue in your mouth. I had once worried about how to kiss a girl and whether she would like what I did. With Gianna, it was easy. I was slow and gentle kissing her but I was persistent with my mouth on hers until we were rebreathing each other’s breath. When I was little, I thought it was gross when two people kissed and swapped saliva but with Gianna it wasn’t gross. It was hot and my dick liked it a lot.**

**I was also slow and gentle with my mouth and hands on her breasts but I was persistent until she began to squirm to try to get away. I tried to get all of one breast in my mouth at once but couldn’t. Maybe she liked it better when I was sucking on her hard little nipples.**

**I was the same way when I moved my mouth down to her belly button. When she was fourteen, she had begged Mom and Dad to let her put some jewelry in her belly button. I think they were about to give in when I said she couldn’t do it because it would be like putting a nose ring on the Mona Lisa.**

**Finally, I moved downward until I was kneeling at the foot of her bed. I leaned over, gently pushed her legs apart, and kissed her between the two halves of her split mound. I pulled back and looked at it. It was so damned simple, just two soft mounds on each side, almost hairless, and I wasn’t surprised because Mom and Gianna and I didn’t have much hair down below except for a**

patch above our good parts. I liked the little crease down the middle with a little shaft at the top and two little lips below which were tucked back under the shaft. I knew that was where her clitoris was hidden. I knew enough from books that I could somehow cause it to become erect and creep out from under the joined lips and shaft, just like the head of my dick was exposed when I pulled down on my foreskin.

But it was also so damned mysterious and magic. Why did my dick feel so full to bursting just from looking at it? Why did my heart begin to beat faster? Why did I want to lick the two little lips apart and then bury my dick to the depths inside her?

I used my thumbs and pulled the soft mounds apart and the little lips parted too. Her pussy was all red and coral and wet looking. I blew on it and she squirmed. I bent over and licked it. The taste went through my mouth and straight to my penis. The smell went through my nose and lungs and then downward. I licked her in long licks from back where her vagina was and up over all the red flesh and then to where the little lips met. I looked. No clitoris. I pulled apart and licked up repeatedly and finally the little red devil crept out of hiding. I sucked it and licked it and didn't let it go back in hiding. When she came, she had two hands full of hair and she tried to pull me baldheaded.

We rested and I wondered if we were through for the night. Gianna was perhaps satisfied with two groaning orgasms and I was ambivalent about having only one. I was hoping she would give me another and I was about to ask when she decided on her own.

She moved around on her bed and ended up lying half across me with her head on my stomach. She took my hard penis in her hand and began to slide the skin up and down. My penis liked that. It woke up and swiftly saluted her face. I assumed she wanted a close-up view of the action but I didn't want to come in her face unless that was what she wanted.

“Gianna, don't jack me off with your face down there. You'll get a face full of something.”

“What, Mikey? You've already come one gallon. I don't think there can be much more in your balls.”

“Don't say I didn't warn you.”

I relaxed and closed my eyes and was just getting into it when she surprised me. She moved her head and I felt her lick the head of my penis and then take it in her mouth.

“You’re going to get a big mouth full. I warn you.”

She took her mouth off and said, “Oh, pooh.”

Between hand moving up and down and mouth sucking and tongue licking, I didn’t last long.”

“GIANNA!”

She moved her mouth off, said, “WHAT?” and I gave her what I had promised, a face full of semen.

She jerked upright, looked at me, looked back down at my penis, looked at me, grinned, and stuck her tongue out at me. I lay there looking at her with my semen all over her face and her grinning down at me. She licked her lips, licked her cheek on one side, and caught something drooling down. She lifted her head, mimicked savoring something she liked, and swallowed.

“It’s OK,” she said. “Next time warn me before you come.”

Afterwards I spooned up to her in her bed, both of us still naked, my hand on her breast, her hand on top of mine holding it there, my right leg over her left, my swollen but satisfied dick nestled in the warm place between her legs. All the lights were off except for a night-light. I was ready to go to sleep.

“Mikey, don’t you think it’s time you went back to your own room? Mom and Dad will be home soon?”

“Why? They never come up here at night.”

“They might?”

“You don’t love me anymore.”

“Yes, I do. Would you bring me my clothes from your room? They don’t need to see all my clothes scattered around your room.”

“OK. In a minute.”

“Are my breasts really nice? And Alex’s?”

**“Yeah, you both are nice. You both have a nice pair.”**

**“But don’t guys like big ones?”**

**“Yeah, like Margaret’s. She’s got a nice set of knockers. I’d like to suck on them.”**

**“Oooh, I’m going to tell Alex what you said.”**

**“Go ahead. If you do, I’ll never lick your pussy again.”**

**“I won’t.”**

## **Chapter Five**

**I was sitting in the front-porch swing wondering where Gianna was when she sneaked up behind me and put her hands over my eyes.**

**“Where have you been?” I asked, trying to sound like a father.**

**She sat down beside me, pushed off with her feet, and we started swinging.**

**“Carol’s. I told her about Azee. Would you help me, you know, get them to ask me and Carol on a double date?”**

**“Sure. How about next Tuesday night? There’s a free concert on campus. The university orchestra is playing Broadway musical songs. Maybe Alex and I could go with you if you promise to be good with Azee.”**

**“If Carol and I give them blowjobs, they’ll probably say we’re good.”**

**“Gianna, you know I’m supposed to watch out for you until Mom and Dad are home. Leave me a note when you go somewhere. You just cool it with Azee.”**

**“I’m sorry, Mikey. Is it OK if we just give them a hard time?”**

**“Yes, but not too hard.”**

**“Are we cooking tonight?”**

**“Yeah, I’ve already made the stew. It’s simmering. You can make a green salad and toast some bread, you know, like we like it, olive oil and garlic or olive oil and Romano cheese, maybe bruschetta if we’ve still got some vine-ripe tomatoes. You choose. Make some iced tea too.”**

**“What kind of stew?”**

**“Italian sausage, pasta, onions, and green beans in tomato sauce with red wine. See if there’s enough of that box wine we like in the fridge, that chillable red. If not, put another box in. It’s good with the stew.”**

**“No garlic?”**

**“Of course, you know I can’t cook without garlic.”**

**“I like your stew, Mikey. What were you doing when I walked up? It looked like you were off somewhere, like lost in a fog.”**

**“I was just thinking about me and Alex. Sometimes I don’t know what to do.”**

**“Well, talk to me. I’m a girl.”**

**“Today, after we had lunch together and I had to go to my afternoon class, I hugged her and kissed her and then just held her.”**

**I wanted to tell Gianna what happened when the two idiots saw us but I didn’t want to make her mad. She had a temper sometimes, especially when somebody said something to hurt me.**

**“Nothing wrong with that. What kind of kiss?”**

**“It wasn’t a tonsillectomy. It was just a kiss to let her know how I felt, sort of gentle and slow and sweet, I guess.”**

**“Girls like kisses like that too. Did you give her a little tongue?”**

**“Yeah, just for a second. She gave me a little teaser in return.”**

**“Nothing wrong with that either.”**

**“Gianna, I had my eyes closed when we kissed and I kept them closed while I held her. I felt at peace and content and happy and**



**I wanted to just keep on holding her forever. I really like having her in my arms.”**

**“Sounds like the love bug has bit you.”**

**“I don’t know. I just know I don’t want to hurt her. You know I don’t have much experience with girls. What if I do something wrong? What if I get too fast with her? I think about maybe marrying her but I don’t know what I’m getting into.”**

**“Her pussy is between her legs, Mikey. That’s what you want to get into.”**

**“Yeah, I do, but I don’t want to do that unless she loves me and wants it. I’ve been thinking about doing her the same way I did you the other night.”**

**“I don’t know about that. You almost blew my mind. Where did you learn to do stuff like that?”**

**“Nowhere. I just did what I felt like doing with you. I love you too, you know. I wanted you to enjoy it.”**

**“Well, I did. If that’s a taste of what sex is like...phew. Maybe I could get Azee to do me.”**

**“Yeah, and I could do Alex at the same time. We could have an orgy.”**

**“That would be nice. Quit teasing me.”**

**“Maybe we could all get naked and get in a pile.”**

**“Yeah, and you could suck Anthony’s dick while Zorba sucks yours.”**

**“Shit. Quit teasing me.”**

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**I looked at my watch: 8:30. I knew it was late but I wanted to see her. I called on her cellphone. She answered, “Hello, Mikey.”**

**“How did you know it was me?”**

**“You’ve got a special ringtone on my phone,” she said. “Mom has one. So does Dad. Azee has another. You’ve got your own.”**

**“Did you program it like that?”**

**“Yes, it’s easy.”**

**“May I come over for a few minutes?” I asked. “I need to see you.”**

**“Can’t we just talk?”**

**“No, I need to hold you.”**

**“I’m about ready to go to bed. So’s the rest of the family.”**

**“That’s OK. Please! I just need to see...I mean, hold you for a minute.”**

**The front porch light was on when I got there and she answered the door when I rang the doorbell. She had on a long white t-shirt that barely covered her good parts. I saw a little strip of white panties on one side. I stepped inside, shut the door, wrapped my arms around her and held her. I glanced in the living room and saw her parents and Azee all ready for bed, about half naked like Alex. The TV was on but they were all turned looking at us. I didn’t care. I kissed Alex as gently as possible, put my hand behind her head, held her against me, and shut my eyes.**

**“Get a room,” Azee said.**

**“I want to say something from my heart and I don’t care who listens,” I said.**

**Azee started to say something but Margaret cut him off.**

**“Shut up, Azee.”**

**“Alex, for years I’ve felt like a nomad wandering the desert and needing something to drink and then one day I walked upon an oasis, an English class, and you were there and the first time I held you in my arms it seemed like I drank from you and somehow everything was alright and I wasn’t thirsty anymore.”**

**“Whew,” Azee said. “That’s heavy.”**

**“Yeah, I think they better get a room,” the other Azee said.**

**“Shut up, Azee,” Aiden said.**

I looked at Margaret and Aiden. “Do you understand? Azee doesn’t. It’s not about sex. It’s about love. I know it’s late but I just had to see her and hold her. Like I said, I drink from her.”

“I understand, Mike,” Aiden said. “I felt the same way with Margaret when we started. Still do. When she holds me, everything’s right with the world. Maybe Azee will understand when they grow up.”

I wanted to tell them. “Today, something happened at school when Alex and I were saying goodbye and I was going to my afternoon class. I was holding her like this and I kissed her like I did a minute ago and shut my eyes and just held her for a few seconds. I heard somebody say, ‘Look at that. Them two freaks have found each other. Ain’t that sweet?’ That was the girl and then the guy said he bet he could freak her out with his penis. Why are people like that? We’re not freaks.”

“That was Gloria Morgan, Mikey,” Alex said. “The guy was probably a football player. My friends say she’s had sex with about half the football team and the other half is waiting in line. That’s not really the way my friends said it but I cleaned it up for my parents.”

“Well, I cleaned up what the two idiots said too,” I said. “Tonight I was thinking about what happened and wishing I had done something to protect Alex from sh...stuff like that. I just wanted to come over and hold her and maybe we could drink from each other and stuff like that wouldn’t hurt us and we could both sleep better.”

Margaret walked over to us, silky pink nightgown down to mid-thigh, and put her arms around me and Alex. I saw tears in her eyes. Aiden came over, black cotton shorts, and hugged us too. I felt overdressed in shorts and knit shirt and sandals.

“Don’t let the shitheads bother you, Mike,” Aiden said. “I’m proud of the way you and Alex are with each other. Someday you’ll be glad you lived by your own standards.”

Margaret turned and buried her face in Aiden’s shoulder. I heard her sob. Azee walked over to us, both wearing just exercise shorts hanging off their butts, and hugged up against the four of us. I felt better, like I was drinking from all of Alex’s family.

“The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog,” Azee said, grinning.

**“Shut up, Zorba,” I said.**

**“Damn, Mom, Mikey did it again!”**

**“If the rest of you can shut up for a minute, I’d like to say something,” Alex said, and waited until she was sure everybody had shut up.**

**“I’ve got a room. I’m about to take Mikey to my room. We’re going to shut the door. I understood what he said. I need to drink from him too. We’re just going to hold each other; that’s all.”**

**She took my hand and we started down the hall toward her bedroom.**

**Azee started to say the quick brown fox again. “Shut up, Anthony,” Zorba said.**

**We went in her bedroom, crawled in her bed, and held each other as close as possible while still wearing something. About fifteen minutes later, she went with me to the front door. With her family watching, she kissed me for the first time that night, her kiss, not mine, a good kiss with a little tongue. She smiled at me and shut the door. I was not thirsty anymore.**

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**Carol couldn’t go to the concert with us. She had let her grades slip and she couldn’t go out during the week, just on weekends. Gianna had two dates, Azee. I had just one, Alex. Mom let me use her car to go to the concert and I let Gianna drive to the Andreas’ home.**

**Summer concerts were all casual and the five of us were dressed almost the same: sneakers, shorts, and knit shirts. When we picked up Alex and Azee, she had a light sweater over her shoulders. She and Gianna disappeared in her room for a while and, when they came out, Gianna had a sweater casually draped over her shoulders too.**

**Gianna sat in the back between Azee and they whispered back and forth. Alex sat up front with me and put her hand on my leg. I heard lots of giggling in the back seat but I tried not to look in the rear view mirror.**

During the concert one Azee had his arm around Gianna's shoulders and the other held her hand. Then the next time I looked they had switched. I held Alex's hand part of the time and put my arm over her shoulders the rest. She let her hand rest on my leg, slowly moving it up until it was about eight inches from my penis. Then she moved it about two more inches. After that, it was about two inches from my penis. I slapped her hand gently and then held my hand and hers against her leg.

The concert was great. The university orchestra knew its audience and the emcee had everybody laughing between selections. I don't know where the guys and girls singing were from but they had great voices. I knew it was supposed to be a two-hour concert but, as they say, time flies when you're having fun. It was a simple first date, a free concert aimed at college students. When we left, Alex held my arm and all the students that looked at us smiled and nodded or said something nice.

When we got out of the car at her house, Alex invited us in for a minute but told us to be quiet because her parents would already be in bed. There was a light on near the front door and a light on in the kitchen. The front hall and the living room were almost dark.

Alex held her head up to me and I knew what she wanted. It was what I wanted too. We wrapped our arms around each other and kissed. It started as a gentle lips-to-lips kiss and then an open mouth with tongues kiss.

I opened my eyes briefly to see if Azee and Gianna were watching. They weren't. One Azee was kissing Gianna about the same as I was kissing Alex and the other was standing behind her with his hands on her shoulders. As I watched, she turned around and the other Azee quickly got another lip-lock on her. Gianna and Azee made a beautiful couple even if they were a threesome.

I closed my eyes and kept on kissing Alex. My dick developed about half a hard-on again and I had on boxer shorts with room for it to grow. Alex pressed herself against me and I moved my hips around against her. When I opened my eyes again, Azee and Gianna were watching us, all three grinning, and they both had their arms around her. I knew I had to stop. We all grinned at each other for a moment and then I grabbed Gianna's hand and we went back out to the car. Gianna teased me about trying to drive with something hard in my shorts.

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**“Hello, Mikey.”**

**“Hello, Alex. Are you busy?”**

**“No, I just brushed my hair. I’m getting ready for bed.”**

**“Have you got time to talk with me?”**

**“Yes. About what?”**

**“Two short sentences. One is three words, a simple declarative sentence. The other is four words, an interrogative sentence.”**

**“Is the first one eight letters?”**

**“Yes.”**

**“Perhaps it’s too early to say those words, Mikey.”**

**“Maybe but it’s not too early to think about saying them.”**

**“Have you been thinking about them? I have. At least the first one.”**

**“I’m glad. Alex, I want you to know what I mean when I say them to you. OK?”**

**“Yes, Mikey.”**

**“I’m not going to say the first sentence lightly, Alex. When I say it that means I’ve surrendered to loving you for the rest of my life. It means I want to have sex with you in the evening and hold you through the night and then see you smiling at me at breakfast. If you say it back, the second sentence is going to follow.”**

**“I understand.”**

**“When I say it that means I want you for love and sex and children and marriage, well, maybe marriage before children. If you say it back, you’re saying the same thing. Do you think you could put up with me for the rest of your life?”**

**“Yes, Mikey. That would be easy. Do you think you could live with me? That will be hard. Being blind isn’t easy.”**

**“That leads in to something else I want to talk about?”**

**“What?”**

**“Some Saturday, I’d like to spend the day with you and I want to be blindfolded all day. I want to get a small sample of what your life is like.”**

**“We don’t have anything planned for this weekend. Would you like to spend Saturday and Sunday with me?”**

**“I don’t have anything planned either but I was just thinking of spending the day with you, not all weekend. Mom says it’s not polite to invite yourself into somebody else’s home but I want to experience your environment. Can you clear it with Margaret?”**

**“Yes. We do have something planned for Friday night, family stuff. Could you come over early Saturday morning? We can have breakfast together.”**

**“Yeah. There’s one more thing I want to talk with you about, Alex.”**

**“OK.”**

**“You and Gianna showed me a little love one night. I want to show you a little love, sometime soon. I’ve already showed Gianna.”**

**“You’ve done something with Gianna?”**

**“Yeah, just a little love, not a lot of love.”**

**“A lot of love with me wouldn’t be safe yet, Mikey. I’ve just started taking the pill and I’m supposed to wait a couple of months to be safe.”**

**“That’s OK. I’m not talking about that. Before we do that, I’m going to say those three little words to you and you’ve got to say them back.”**

**“OK. You’ve already done something with Gianna?”**

**“Yeah, but let’s not talk about it tonight. I’d rather show you than tell you. You can call Gianna and talk to her about what I did with her. Tell her I said it’s OK. I’m not ashamed of it. She and I love each other but we’ll never do what I want to do with you.”**

**“If you spend Saturday and Sunday with me, would you like to sleep with me Saturday night? I’d like that.”**

**“Yeah, but what will your parents say?”**

**“They like you, Mikey. We’ll just tell them what we’re going to do. They want me to be with my boyfriend in our home, not off somewhere in the woods. I’m not ashamed of it either.”**

**“Am I your boyfriend now?”**

**“Yes.”**

**“Good. And you’re my girlfriend?”**

**“Yes.”**

**“There’s something else I’ve been thinking about. It involves our families.”**

**“I like your family, Mikey.”**

**“I like yours too, Alex. I’d like us all to get together one day soon. Maybe we could spend a Saturday together and play in your pool. We could have sandwiches for lunch and then you and I and Gianna and Azee can cook dinner. I’ll plan on something real nice. Then I want to talk to both families about us and how we feel about each other. I’m not sure how we can have what we want but I know we’ve got to have the love and support of both our families. What do you think of that idea?”**

**“I think it’s wise, Mikey. I want us both to graduate from college and I know we’re not ready to assume full responsibility for our lives yet. We’re going to need their love and support.”**

**“Well, sleep on what we’ve talked about. Talk to your mom and dad. Let me know if you can have company this weekend.”**

**“OK.”**

**“Alex, I wish you could know how it makes me feel to walk somewhere with you holding onto my arm. I felt the same way when we went to the concert and I held your hand. Then you teased me by moving your hand up closer to my dick and I got a hard-on and I wanted you to touch me but I was afraid I’d come in my pants if you did.”**



**She interrupted me. "I didn't move my hand, Mikey. It was you who moved my hand. I didn't mean to make it hard."**

**"Sure you didn't. Anyway, I keep thinking about what it would be like to surrender to loving you for the rest of my life. Maybe it's too early to say three little words but I can't help thinking stuff like that."**

**"I think about the same things, Mikey, but I'm a little scared. Life with me won't be easy. If you're going to back out, do it now. Don't hurt me, Mikey. The more I love you...oops, I didn't mean to say that, the more painful it will be if we..."**

**I interrupted her. "I'm not going to back out, Alex. I'm going to go forward. It's what I want. I want you."**

**"If I let you sleep with me Saturday night, maybe you'd better bring some protection."**

**"You mean condoms? Rubbers?"**

**"Yes."**

**"Uh, uh, I won't need any. You've got to trust me, Alex. We're just going to play. We'll save the best for later. We've both got to say three little words before we do that."**

**"I'm going to call Gianna. Is that OK?"**

**"Yes. Believe me; I'm not ashamed of what I did with her. I'll never go all the way with her. You're going to be the only girl I ever do that with."**

**"Mikey, where's your hand right now?"**

**"Wrapped around my dick. I've got a hard-on. Where's yours?"**

**"In my panties. You know I like to sleep in a big t-shirt and cotton panties."**

**"May I put my hand in your panties Saturday night?"**

**"Yes, if you'll let me put my hand on your dick. I liked feeling it pressed against me after the concert. Wait a minute. The answer is no because I'm not going to be wearing any panties."**

**"Damn, I think we'd better stop talking."**

**“OK. I’ve got something else I want to do before I go to sleep.”**

**“Me too. It always helps me sleep better. Do you sleep better after you do it?”**

**“Yes.”**

**Well, goodnight, Alex. Three little words.”**

**“Goodnight, Mikey. Three little words. I wish I could kiss you over the phone. You’re a good kisser.”**

**“No, I’m not. You know I don’t have any experience with girls. I just like kissing you.”**

**“Well, anyway, goodnight.”**

**“Yeah, goodnight.”**

**<><><>**

**Alex invited me to spend the weekend with her. She even told her parents we were going to sleep together Saturday night, in her room, in her bed. She told them we were going to play but we wouldn’t go all the way until we both said three little words to each other. She said she trusted me and they could too. She told Azee that they had better not tease us or she’d murder them in their sleep and run their bodies through the meat grinder.**

**Breakfast was at 8 o’clock. A few minutes before that, Mom dropped me off at the Andreas house with my backpack. I rang their doorbell. Alex opened the door with a mask in her hand. I had also brought one and it was in my backpack. She wouldn’t allow me in the door until I let her put her mask over my eyes.**

**I saw her beautiful face smiling up at me, eyes bright with an expression which I hoped was love. If she couldn’t see my face, why does she always look in my direction? I looked down farther and saw she was wearing the same thing I was: a knit shirt and khaki shorts. I saw bumps on her breasts and I assumed she didn’t have on a bra. With her small breasts, she didn’t really need one. Her shorts were about like mine, down almost to her knees. She had on white socks and sneakers and so did I. We were both tall and slim. She was a beautiful blonde girl and I wanted to say three little words to her.**

I didn't want to put on the mask but I was the one who suggested it. I put my hands on the door jamb on each side of her and she made me blind for the weekend. She found my hand, put it on her arm, and led me in their house.

I wasn't quite ready to be with her family. I didn't feel any urge to kiss her but I felt a strong urge to hold her. I stopped, pulled her against me, took a few deep breaths, and maybe I did drink from her. Somehow just holding her for a moment satisfied something in me. Her head was tucked against the side of my throat and shoulder. She gave me a little smack of a kiss on the side of my throat, and I let her go. She put my hand on her arm again and we went in the kitchen.

Both Aiden and Margaret greeted me. Aiden's voice told me he was sitting at the kitchen table to my right. Margaret's voice told me she was standing, probably at the stove to my left. I heard Aiden take a slurping sip of something, probably coffee. Margaret took something out of the oven and put it on top of the stove. It smelled delicious. I bumped into a kitchen chair, felt for the table, and sat down in the chair. Alex put both hands on my shoulders and leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

"Relax, Mikey, you're going to be OK. After breakfast I'll show you around the house again."

"Would you like a cup of coffee, Mike?" Aiden asked.

"Yeah, I like it half milk and half coffee, with a couple of teaspoons of sugar," I said. "Can I have it like that?"

"Sure, Alex would you fix it for him?" he said.

"Azee is still sleeping," Margaret said. "We let them sleep late on Saturday mornings."

I felt a little lost. How could Alex pour a mug half full of milk? I listened as she got the milk jug out of the refrigerator, poured some in a mug, then got the coffee from somewhere and finished filling the mug. I heard her put in two spoons of sugar and stir. I reached out and she guided my hand to the mug. I took a sip. Just right.

Breakfast was banana nut bread, yogurt, and mixed fresh fruit, about the same thing my family had on a Saturday morning. Alex clued me in on how to remember where everything was. Plate directly in front of me like a clock, yogurt at ten o'clock, bowl of

fruit at twelve o'clock, coffee mug at two o'clock, banana-nut bread in my plate, spoon for yogurt and fruit to the right of the plate.

Alex sat beside me and I suppose I didn't make too big a mess. I ate the banana-nut bread with my fingers and drank my coffee without spilling it. The yogurt was in a plastic cup with a cover on it. I felt for the tab and pulled the cover off. Then I held the cup close to my mouth and spooned it in. I ate the fruit the same way, just holding the bowl close to my mouth. Afterward, I felt down the front of my shirt. I felt a few crumbs but nothing wet. Aiden must have been watching me.

"You did good, Mike," he said. "You dropped some yogurt on your shorts."

"Aiden!" Margaret said.

I wasn't going to let him get away with kidding me. "That's not yogurt. It's warm, not cold. That happened when Alex kissed me."

I suppose they both understood. I heard them giggling and laughing.

After breakfast, Alex and I sat on the loveseat in her room and listened to another book assigned in our class. I put my arm over her shoulders and we snuggled up with each other. She put her hand on my leg and I didn't want it to go wandering so I reached over with my hand and held it still. After a while I felt Nature call.

"Alex, I've got to go pee."

"So do I, Mikey. Let's go together."

I wasn't ready for that. I just sat there.

"Mikey, I'm not going to be bashful with you. We've both got to pee. Let's do it."

She led me from her room to the bathroom, blind leading the blind. I let her go first. I heard her pull down her shorts and then, I think, her panties, heard her pee down in water, just like I do, and heard her get toilet paper, just like I don't.

She helped me shuffle up to the commode. I unzipped and pulled my dick out of my underwear and shorts. I wasn't sure I could do

it without peeing on the commode or the floor. I felt down to the commode seat. It was up. Alex had raised it.

“Alex, what if I make a mess? I mean, what if I pee on the floor?”

“What do you usually do, Mikey?”

I felt ridiculous, standing there in front of her, holding my dick in my hand.

“Well, you know I’m not circumcised, right?”

“Yes, and I know Azee isn’t either. Mom says Dad isn’t.”

“Well, when my dick’s soft, my foreskin covers the head and sticks out a little further. I always pull my foreskin back so my dick can see where to aim, I mean, so I can see where to aim.”

“Would you like me to aim it for you, Mikey?”

“Oh, shit. Don’t tease me like that. I won’t be able to piss if I get a hard-on.”

“Mikey, remember who else uses this bathroom. Azee does too. Mom says they’re better about aiming now but they still make a mess sometimes. Anyway, they’re the ones responsible for cleaning this bathroom.”

I shuffled up closer, felt the commode against my shins, stepped back a few inches, and let go. I heard it hit water and I tried to hold still. I leaned forward, squeezed out the last drops, shook, slid my foreskin back over the head, and stuffed my dick back in my shorts. I sighed in relief that, as far as I knew, I didn’t make a mess.

We went back to her room but Alex didn’t start the book again. She wanted to talk.

“Mikey, I called Gianna. We talked about what you did with her.”

“I wanted you to call her, Alex. Gianna and I have always talked about everything and I mean everything. Mom and Dad have a downstairs bedroom. Gianna and I have upstairs bedrooms and we share a bath. We’ve seen each other naked all our lives and we’ve talked about what it’s like to be a guy and what it’s like to be a girl.”

**She was quiet and I sensed that there was something she wasn't saying.**

**"Is something wrong, Alex?"**

**"I don't know, Mikey. Guys don't usually do stuff like that with their sisters."**

**"Alex, before the other night, we had never done anything like that with each other. I mean it. Gianna jacked me off once to see how guys do it but she was scared to let me do something for her. Maybe I let things go too far. It's just so damned difficult to know what to do sometimes. I'm nineteen years old and I've never felt a girl's hand on my dick before you and Gianna did it. I need to be touched and held and loved and sexed and I can't help it."**

**"I need it too, Mikey."**

**"Gianna did too, Alex. If I tell you something will you promise never to tell her?"**

**"Yes."**

**"When I was doing stuff with her, part of the time, I mean, I was thinking of you and wanting to do it with you. I asked Gianna to tell me what she liked and what she didn't like. I don't know much about what to do with girls. I learned a lot from playing with her. Tonight I'd like to do the same things with you."**

**"She said you told her you would never go all the way with her. She loves you, Mikey. She wants you to make love to her."**

**"Yeah, she thinks she does. I want her to find another guy for that, one who probably won't appreciate what she's offering him. That's the way she says it."**

**"Azee would like to do it with her. They think she's hot."**

**"Yeah, she's a beautiful girl, Alex. She's like you except that she's more of a brunette and not a blond. I don't know what we'd do if she and Azee tried to get it on."**

**"We can't control what other people do, Mikey."**

**"Maybe, but she's my little sister and I love her. I've always watched out for her."**

**She signed loudly and then she was quiet.**

**“Don’t be afraid of me, Alex. I’ll never hurt you.”**

**“I’m not afraid of you, Mikey. It’s just that I’ve never slept with a guy before. I’ve never had a guy do to me what you did to Gianna. I’m scared because I want it but I’m afraid of it.”**

**“I can sleep somewhere else.”**

**“Don’t you dare! You’re my boyfriend now, Mikey. I want you to sleep with me.”**

**“And do you like I did Gianna.”**

**“Yeah, but not right now. We need to listen to that book some more.”**

**We ate lunch on the porch, sandwiches with a soft drink, and I didn’t have any difficulty with that. Azee was up and they kept up a barrage of jokes and fun, usually trying to embarrass me. After peeing with Alex, I wasn’t easy to humiliate. For the rest of the afternoon, Alex and I listened to some more of the book and then discussed it. I even went to the bathroom by myself.**

**I didn’t have much trouble with dinner: cold sliced ham and potato salad and pickles and asparagus with iced tea and then ice cream between cookies for dessert.**

**I did have a little trouble with what we did after dinner. Alex said that we should all go swimming after dark and I knew from the way she said it that she meant swimming nude. We undressed on the back porch and I couldn’t see them but I knew they could see me. I didn’t care. The pool was a little cool and that kept the problem from getting bigger. After Alex hung on to me while Azee tried to tickle both of us, I wished it had been really cold. Then somebody pulled my penis while Margaret and one Azee were right next to me. Maybe Azee did it to make me think Margaret had done it. Maybe Margaret did do it. Then later an Azee yelled for Alex to stop that and I wondered what she had done. It seemed like they all didn’t mind doing stuff that surprised me.**

**When we got out of the pool, my mask was wet and Azee dug through my backpack for the one I’d brought. Alex made me sit in a chair and she changed the masks after I promised to keep my eyes shut.**

**“We’re going to shower together so Mikey can shampoo my hair.”**

**We were drying off on the back porch when Alex announced that to her family. I stopped and listened but I didn’t hear any objections. Aiden told Azee to shut up before either said anything.**

**Both of us blind again, she led me through the kitchen and down the hallway to the bathroom. I heard Azee, both of them, giving me some advice. I knew they couldn’t resist. I knew I probably shouldn’t take any of it.**

**Maybe the shampoo was an excuse. Alex said the pool chemicals would cause her blond hair to get a greenish tint if she didn’t wash it after swimming. Her hair wasn’t much longer than mine so I had no trouble. Then she wanted to shampoo mine. I suppose my dick felt it had permission to stand and look around so it did. Alex shampooed my hair from the front and paid no attention to what kept touching her. Then she slid her hands up and down on my chest and shoulders and biceps and I wanted her to put them on something lower down.**

**“I like the way you are, Mikey, so slim and hard and muscular,” she said and then teased me. “Is something else hard? I feel something bumping against me.”**

**I heard a snick when she opened the plastic cap of something and then she started rubbing my shoulders and chest and it felt like she had liquid soap on her hands. She pulled and I turned around and let her do my back. Then she handed me the plastic bottle and I squirted some on my hand and did her. I stalled when I rubbed her breasts but she didn’t object. Her nipples were hard under my palms. I leaned over, kissed each little nipple, sucked on them for just a second, and straightened back up. My mouth tasted like the liquid soap. I tilted my head up, caught the shower spray, and rinsed my mouth out.**

**Alex pressed up against me or tried to but my dick was in the way. I bent it to one side, put my hands on her butt, and pulled her close to me. She was naked, wet, slippery, and I was too and I’d never felt so alive.**

**She moved against me and we stood there holding each other, moving ever so slightly against each other. Then she pulled my arm, grabbed my hand, and pushed it down between us. I slid it over her belly and felt her wet pubic hair on my palm and her soft**



**curved mound under my fingers. I wiggled my middle finger back and forth between her little lips until I felt her warmth.**

**She reached down, wrapped her hand around my penis and held it. Her hand wasn't moving, mine wasn't moving, and somehow I was satisfied to be holding her close to me like that, just quietly holding each other while the warm shower water beat down on us.**

**We tried to dry each other at the same time but that didn't work. I gave in and let her do me first and then I did her. When she handed me a blow dryer and a hair brush, I knew what she wanted me to do. I had done it with Gianna a few times so I just tried to do the same thing for Alex. She sat down on the commode and I shuffled up close to her until I felt her knees on each side of my legs. I reached out in the darkness, found her wet head, and started the blow dryer. I directed the air toward my stomach until I was sure the temperature was OK and then I started lifting her hair with the brush and blowing it dry.**

**I knew my hard-on was pointing pretty much straight at her face but I didn't anticipate what she did a couple of minutes later. She put her hands on my legs, moved them up, cupped one under my balls, wrapped the other around my dick, and pulled my foreskin the rest of the way back. I really didn't expect her to do anything else so it was a shock but a nice surprise when she bent my dick up, licked it from my balls to the head, then bent it back down, and took the head in her mouth. I stopped what I was doing and so did she.**

**"Mikey, you're supposed to be blow-drying my hair," she said.**

**"Well, squeeze me; I didn't know you were going to give me a blow-job."**

**"I'm not. This is just a little teaser to keep it hard. Maybe I'll give you a blow-job later."**

**"I don't need any help in keeping it hard. I need help in getting it soft."**

**"Well, maybe I can do that."**

**I got my revenge when she started blow-drying my hair. She was standing touching inside my wide-spread knees so I knew exactly where she was. I slowly outstretched one hand in what seemed like the center of her legs, raised my index finger, hit the spot,**

and gave her the finger. She squealed, “Mikey!” and then started giggling. I suppose you might say I giggled too but I thought it was more like laughing. Snickering?

Before we left the bathroom to go in her bedroom, she found the towels we had used, wrapped one around my neck, hung one on my dick, and handed me a wet washcloth. She took my hand and led me to the door and then stopped. I thought she might be listening to hear if anybody was around but I didn’t hear anything. We were part way to her room when I heard a woman close by clear her throat and it sounded like Margaret. Alex pulled me in her room and shut the door and then burst out giggling.

“Who was that?” I asked, and then started laughing.

“It was Mom. She was at the closet where we keep towels, probably putting away some freshly-dried ones. She started a load before we went swimming. She and I are the ones who usually put up the stuff out of the dryer.”

“Damn!”

## Chapter Six

“It’s OK, Mike. She’s seen a guy with a hard-on before. She’s told me she and Dad have a good sex life. Azee’s always liked to show off when they get one, I mean two, well, one or two.”

“Maybe so but I’ll bet she’s never seen one with a damp towel hanging on it and the red head sticking out.”

We were both laughing and giggling except while we were talking. I didn’t care. I was so damned happy and I didn’t care if the whole world saw me with a towel hanging on my dick.

I grabbed Alex, pulled her against me, and hugged her as tight as I could. Then I picked her up, whirled her around in a circle a few times, and kissed her. Still holding her with her feet off the floor, I danced a few steps and hummed a tune. We blindly bumped against her bed and fell on it, both of us on our sides, still giggling and hugging and kissing, not passionate kisses, just fun kisses all over faces. Finally we quieted down and just lay there with our

**arms and legs around each other. I was more than happy. I was wonderfully happy, deliriously happy, sappy happy.**

**“Thanks for the dance,” she said.**

**“Would you really go dancing with me?” I asked.**

**I slid my hand over her arm, down to her breast, gently tweaked her nipple with a finger and thumb, and then covered her breast with my hand.**

**“Yes. I’d love to dance with you,” she whispered.**

**She put her hand on my chest, felt for my little nub, and pinched me hard enough to hurt.**

**“Ouch.”**

**I moved up closer to her, bumped faces, eased closer again, and rubbed my nose against hers.**

**“Eskimo kiss. I’m going to get you for that. The university sponsors different kinds of dancing groups for students. Would you go with me?”**

**“I’d like to know more about it first. Have you been?”**

**“No. You know why.”**

**“I need to have a partner when I dance, Mikey,” she said. “That limits the kind of dancing we can do.”**

**“Well, I think there’s a ballroom dancing group, you know, just slow dancing, and there’s a waltz group. We could start off with slow dancing and then try the waltz group.”**

**“That would be OK with me. Look into it. I’ll go with you.”**

**“Maybe we could even go to the Fall Ball.”**

**“What’s that?”**

**“It’s a ball where everybody wears a costume and a mask. They have judges who watch everybody and pick out the ten best dancers and ten best costumes. Then they choose the best couple in each group and they have to unmask. It would be fun.”**

**“I’ll do it if you’ll take me, Mikey. That’s the sort of thing I’ve only dreamed about.”**

**She squirmed up closer to me, bumped faces again, then tried a couple of times until she got her head in the position she wanted. She grabbed me behind the head and attacked me with an open mouth and probing tongue and then pulled back before I could retaliate.**

**“Alex kiss,” she whispered. “As long as it’s slow dancing, you know, the kind where you dance with a partner, I’ll go. I’m not a total klutz, Mikey. Mom and Dad have made sure Azee and I have a few of the social graces.”**

**I liked the soft feel of her breast against my chest. I cupped my hand under it and ran my thumb around and around the nipple.**

**“Yeah, my mother’s the same way. My mother and father have taken ballroom dance classes. I’ve practiced at home with Mom and Gianna. Sometimes Dad dances with Gianna and she dances with me. Once I...oh never mind.”**

**“What? Come on, tell me.”**

**“We had the lights turned down low and some romantic dance music was playing. Dad was dancing with Gianna and Mom was with me. She put her head on my shoulder and then put her hands on my butt and pressed against me, you know, just like kids do. I put my hands on her butt and I got a hard-on. I had on sweat pants with nothing underneath and my dick almost ripped its way out. Mom didn’t pull away; in fact, she pressed against it and wiggled. We just kept dancing until the song was finished and then she kissed me, kissed me on the lips, gave me a little tongue, and giggled. My face was probably totally red. Then I looked at Dad and Gianna. They both had butt grips and her head was on his shoulder and they were barely moving. Gianna told me later Dad got a hard-on with her.”**

**“Your mom’s a woman, Mikey. You’re a tall beautiful man. She probably liked to feel you react that way.”**

**“Well, if you’ll go with me, I’ll check out the schedule.”**

**“I’d love to go with you, Mikey. I may even put my hands on your butt and give you a boner.”**

**“You don’t need to give me one,” I said. “I’ve already got one.”**

Her hand trailed down my chest, one finger probed my belly button for a second, and then thumb and a finger pulled on the hair just below my navel.

I moved up closer to her so my penis touched her stomach and slid it up and down a few times. I felt her skin become slippery and I knew my dick was already drooling.

“Listen, Alex, I hope you are like me: for the first time in my life I feel like I’ve got somebody to love and hug and laugh and do silly things and roll in the bed with. Do you feel the same way? Do you trust me?”

“Yes, Mikey, I trust you. I know you’re a good man and you’re just like me and we’re both trying to understand what love is all about. I think we’ve got a chance to be together for the rest of our lives. Is that what you want?”

I pulled her hand to my chest and pressed her palm against the side where my heart is.

“Alex, I wish you could feel how happy I am. I may be stupid but I really believe we can be happy together for the rest of our lives and live together and fuck each other and love each other and have children and grow old together and we can always be silly and laugh together.”

“I feel the same way, Mikey.”

I put a hand behind her back and pulled and at the same time I moved closer to her. We were on our sides, breasts to chest and belly to belly, except that my dick was sandwiched between us. I lifted my head and blindly put my cheek on hers.

I whispered in her ear. “Alex, may I say three little words? I want to.”

“No, Mikey, not yet,” she whispered in my ear. “We need to talk to our parents first and see if they’ll help us. I want to do this right and I want to know your parents love me like a daughter and my parents love you like a son. Let’s give them a little more time.”

I pulled my head back so we were nose to nose and breathing the same air.

**“Yeah, you need to know my parents better,” I whispered. “Would you spend a weekend with me sometime soon? You can come home with me any afternoon and I’ll give you a guided tour of our house. Maybe you could have dinner with us and then I’ll take you home. I cook dinner about twice a week.”**

**“Mom and Dad want to go to a weekend conference in a few weeks. Could your parents put up with me and Azee too? Otherwise I’ll have to babysit them here at home.”**

**“Our house is two stories and Gianna and I sleep upstairs. Mom and Dad sleep downstairs. You come home with me one afternoon next week and we’ll figure out the arrangements.”**

**“Where would we all sleep? I might sleep with you but we can’t let Azee sleep with Gianna. I’ve got to babysit them. They’re boys and you know how horny boys are.”**

**“Yeah, I know, almost as horny as girls. We’ve got extra beds and mattresses. Maybe we could put enough mattresses on the floor in one room so we could all sleep together, sort of like we did on the porch at your house. That was fun except for my wet dream.”**

**“We could even have an orgy,” she whispered.**

**“I like that idea,” I said and kissed her, really kissed her.**

**We didn’t talk any more for a while. I slid down on the bed, found her breast with my mouth, and licked and kissed it and then sucked on the little nipple. She put her hand behind my head and moaned and I took that to mean she liked what I was doing. I blindly nosed around, sort of like a baby feeling for a nipple, and found the other breast and gave it a fair share of sucking.**

**After a while, I slid one hand down over her smooth belly through the silky tangle of pubic hair and cupped it over her pussy. She parted her legs a little to give my hand room. I held it still for a moment and then used my middle finger to separate her little lips. When I felt the warm wet flesh inside, I slid my finger back further, sought out the entrance to her vagina, and slid one curved finger into her.**

**“Alex, you know I don’t have any experience with girls,” I whispered.**

**“My dick’s kind of big. What if it hurts you when we do it? I’ve read that sometimes a girl’s hymen causes her a lot of pain when she’s penetrated. I don’t want to hurt you.”**

**“Mikey, you don’t need to worry about that. The first time I went to a gynecologist, she made sure that wouldn’t be a problem. I was sixteen.”**

**“Why did you go to her?” I asked and slid my finger in as far as possible and gently wiggled it around in her hot depths.**

**“I had some bad periods for a while. She did a pelvic exam and went snip, snip. Said everything was normal and I shouldn’t have any problem with a guy.”**

**She slid a hand between us and groped for my penis. I moved back up on the bed a little so she could hold it. I rubbed everything between the little lips, sometimes up top where I felt the little bump of her clitoris, sometimes down lower where I slid my long index finger into her vagina and tried to see how deep it was. I couldn’t feel anything like a bottom. Maybe her vagina would stretch enough to hold my penis with no discomfort. She rubbed her fingers around on the head of my dick, slid her hand lower, and started gently stroking it. She stroked for a while and then just held it with her thumb rubbing the slippery stuff around on the head. I wanted so much to put my dick where my finger was but I knew the time wasn’t right. I took a couple of deep breaths and made myself concentrate on what we were doing, not what I wanted to do.**

**“Snip. Snip. Damn, I’m glad I’m not a girl.”**

**She giggled. “So am I.”**

**I knew a girl’s hymen was supposed to be at the entrance to her vagina but I couldn’t feel anything tighter around my finger there than anywhere else in her.**

**“I like playing in your pussy,” I whispered. “Do you like it?”**

**“Yes, Mikey. I told you: I trust you. If I didn’t, I couldn’t let you do what you’re doing.”**

**“My dad didn’t trust me. He insisted I bring some condoms. He said I wouldn’t be here if he’d done that one night. He says he wants grandkids, just not for a while.”**

**“You told him what we’re going to do, that we’re going to sleep together?”**

**“Yeah, he’s easy to talk to. Always has been. He got Mom pregnant before they married. I was a six-month baby.”**

**“But your parents love you anyway; don’t they?”**

**“Uh, huh, I’ve always felt loved by both of them. Sometimes they love me too much because of my face.”**

**“Yeah, I know. My parents are the same way. They’ve always shown me a lot of love, sometimes too much.”**

**I pushed her down on her back, slid down so my mouth was at her breasts, put my leg over one of hers, and slid my finger up to where I knew her clitoris was supposed to be. I sucked gently on her nipple and at the same time began to lightly touch and rub her little nubbin. She put her hand behind my head and held it in place. I kept patiently rubbing, occasionally dipping my finger back in her wet pussy, and kept sucking on her hard little nipple.**

**She began to squirm and moan and I understood that meant she was getting close. She spread her legs wider and I began to use two fingers, just gently rubbing her pussy lips, dipping down into her vagina, back up to her hard little knob.**

**From the way she was responding, I guessed that she was about to come so I stuck two fingers back in her vagina as deep as possible and rubbed them around, brought them back all wet and juicy to her clit, rubbed a circle on it, and stuck them back down deep in her pussy. I kept doing that and a few seconds later I slid my fingers into her as deep as possible and felt strong contractions. I knew I’d been a gentleman; I’d let her come first. Then I realized I’d made her come and I was pleased because Gianna had told me she probably wouldn’t have easy orgasms until she really learned to trust me.**

**I sought out her breasts with my blind mouth and sucked on one hard little nipple like a baby who has a stomach full of mother’s milk, not really sucking hard, just reluctant to let his milk source go. She held me behind my head and groaned almost inaudibly. At the same time, I merely cupped my hand over her pussy, pressing down but not trying to use my fingers anymore. After a moment, I pulled her back close to me, lifted one of her legs, put it over my hip, kissed her as gently as possible, just lips to lips, and held her and waited for her breathing to slow.**

**Then she reached down, bent my penis down, and let it loose between her legs with the shaft pressed against her pussy, I was**



glad Dad had made me bring the condoms but I didn't want to use one. I wanted to feel her around my dick when we finally did it, not some rubber thingy.

"May I do you now?" she whispered after a while.

"Alex, are we going to be partners?" I asked in reply.

"I hope so, Mikey."

"That's the way I want us to be, Alex. You don't have to ask my permission to do something. Just do it. If you want me to do something, just tell me what you want."

"OK. I want you to straddle me. Sit on my hips."

She rolled over on her back and I immediately straddled her. She reached down with both hands, one cradling my balls, the other holding my dick.

"Why do you want it like this?" I asked.

"I want to know what it's like to be a boy, to feel you squirt on me like you squirt on yourself when you jack off. When I gave Azee a hand, really two hands, they both squirted on their stomachs and I wanted to see what they'd done so I rubbed my fingertips in it. I want you to squirt on my stomach." She finally managed to say all that while giggling.

"OK, but you may get a face full. I usually squirt a long way."

"That's OK. I'll just open my mouth."

"You did them both at the same time?"

"Yeah, I was straddling one leg on each one."

"And they came at the same time?"

"Not quite. Zorba put his hand on mine and made me stop and I kept doing Anthony."

That was the last coherent word I said for a while. Probably in less than a minute, I squirted somewhere and I knew she'd got a face full when she gasped with the first shot, maybe a mouthful from the next shot or two.

I wanted to know what I'd done so I used my fingertips to see. I touched her face and I felt my semen in a straight line from her hair down over one eye and even over her mouth. When I touched her lips, she caught my hand in hers, bent her head up, and sucked on my fingers.

"Well, the taste is not too bad," she whispered. "Maybe next time I can give you a blow job," she whispered.

"What does it taste like?"

She didn't answer. She touched my lips with her fingers. I opened and sucked on them and tasted my own semen.

"Not bad," I whispered. "Not oysters rockyfeller but not bad."

"Can you find that washcloth you brought," she whispered. "Somebody made a mess all over me."

I was the guilty party but at least some of it was her fault. I found the cloth, wiped her face clean, her throat, her breasts, whether they had semen on them or not, her stomach. My dick was still engorged but not stiff anymore and I milked it down to get the last drops out of the tubes and then wiped the head clean with the cloth.

I rolled off her onto my side and then pulled her up so she was facing me with her soft breasts against my chest. I put one leg between hers and she put her leg over my hip. I put my hand on her hip and she put hers on my waist. And we just laid there quietly breathing in each other's faces, lips inches apart, and content to be close together.

For a while we talked about everything: school, our class together, our other classes, our parents, about Azee and Gianna, our hopes and dreams, what we felt for each other, and what we wanted our lives to be like. I wanted so much to say I love you but I knew she was right and we both needed to get our families behind us if we wanted to be together for the rest of our lives. I knew that was what I wanted, to be with her forever.

Eventually I was ready again. I gave her a quick kiss on the lips, pushed her down on her back, and moved on top of her. I held myself slightly raised on my knees and elbows and made no attempt to get my dick in her. As soon as I was over her, I blindly sought out her mouth and kissed her. We both opened and our

tongues played with each other for a while. I moved one hand down and found her little breast and held it while we kissed.

I lowered my hips until I felt her pubic hair under the shaft of my dick, moved downward a little, pressed my dick against her, wiggled from side to side, and felt the warm wetness of her pussy under the shaft. I wanted so much to feel my flesh entering hers and I struggled to keep myself controlled.

“Mikey!” she said, just one word.

I took a couple of deep breaths and moved back over her so my dick wasn't touching her.

“I want you, Alex,” I said. “I want you but I'm not going to try to fuck you. Trust me. I won't do that yet.”

“I want you too, Mikey,” she whispered. “I do trust you. It's me I don't trust. I almost grabbed your dick and showed it where it's needed.”

I kissed her quickly, just a swift lips to lips smack, moved down, kissed and licked her throat, moved further down and kissed and sucked and licked her breasts, moved down to her little vertical navel, cleaned it out with my tongue, and finally lifted my head for a couple of quick breaths before I moved further down.

I put my knees inside her legs, pushed them apart, and then flopped on my belly between them. I rubbed my cheeks against the soft insides of her thighs a few times, inched up a little, took a deep breath and smelled the aroused woman smell of her, and then opened my mouth and blindly began to lick her pussy.

With Gianna, the first time I'd done it, I wondered if I could put my mouth on a woman's pussy and then lick it. With Alex, I quickly decided I could and that the smell and the taste just went straight through me and made my dick even harder.

I settled down on the bed, lifted Alex's legs, spread them wider, and licked the little lips into opening. I licked on both sides and up the middle and then probed her vagina with my tongue for a moment and then resumed licking. I knew I should lick her clitoris if I wanted her to have an orgasm but I deliberately avoided it at first.

After a minute or two, I licked up one side all the way to her clitoris and felt the hard little bump with my tongue. I

deliberately avoided it most of the time and gave it only an occasional swipe with my tongue. I waited for her to show me that she was aroused and wanting before I fastened my mouth on her clit and licked and sucked on it.

She put her fingertips on each side of my face and moaned and I knew she was getting close. After a while, she moaned louder and put both hands in my hair and pulled slightly. Then she started bucking or fucking at my face and I guessed that she was ready. I concentrated on her clit then, licking and sucking on the little button and a few seconds later she moaned louder and pulled out two handfuls of hair.

I was ready. I slid two fingers into her and wiggled them around and felt her vagina squeezing on them. I relaxed and gently kept licking at her clit, just the lightest touches of my tongue on her hard little nubbin. I felt her relax too but she kept moaning mindlessly.

Afterwards we tried to get our bodies as close together as possible again. I had one arm under her neck and she had one between our bodies with her hand wrapped around my semi-hard penis. Our other hands were both pulling on butt cheeks. I had one leg between hers and she had one over my hip. Her breasts were pressed against my chest and we were breathing the same air again. I loved being all close and wrapped up by her like this.

“Mikey, why do you keep chasing me?”

“Me? I’m innocent. I think you’re chasing me.”

“Well, why are we chasing each other?”

“We’re not. We’re just two people looking for a little love and sex and hoping we can find it with each other. It’s that simple. Besides that, you’re a beautiful woman, Alex. Men are always helpless when they’re with a beautiful woman.”

“You’re beautiful too, Mikey. The first time you let me see your face, I thought you were the most beautiful man in the world. I still do.”

“Well, that first time, you couldn’t see what other people see: the red side.”

“Why did you feel like you had to tell me about it right away?”

**“I don’t know. I want to be honest with you and I don’t want to hurt you. I want you to accept me like I am.”**

**“Mikey, you want another turn?”**

**“Yeah. I’m still horny.”**

**“OK. On your back again.”**

**“What are you going to do?”**

**“I’m going to give you a blow job. My friends say all guys like to get a good blow job.”**

**“Alex, you don’t have to do that. Just use your hand again. I don’t want to come in your mouth.”**

**“No. You said I can do what I want. I want to suck you off and then swallow it.”**

**“Why?”**

**“Mikey, I’m a woman. I think women instinctively like to please their man. It makes me all hot inside to think of you coming in my mouth and then swallowing it so it becomes part of me. Why did you lick my pussy?”**

**“Because it made me all hot inside to do it. Maybe I knew that was a good way to get you ready for my dick.”**

**“Well, it did the job. Gianna said you blew her mind. You blew mine too. I never dreamed that sex could be so good.”**

**“I’m glad. I liked doing it.”**

**I rolled over on my back. I wanted her to do me. I just didn’t want to do something just because other girls said they did it for their boyfriends.**

**“Alex, I warn you. You don’t know what you’re doing.”**

**“That’s right, Mikey. I don’t. I’m just having fun learning. You’re going to tell me how to do it. You did something for me. I want to do something for you.”**

**I made a few suggestions but most of the time I lay there with my hands behind my head, blind as she was, while she used the right**

combination of hand and mouth and tongue and lips. I warned her when I felt the first urge, that moment of inevitability when I know I'm about to come and nothing can stop it. She held her mouth over the head while my brain shut down and my dick took over and squirted again and again.

I didn't hear anything for a few seconds and I wondered if she was able to swallow it. I'd barely managed to swallow the one time I jacked off in my mouth. Then she leaned over me and blindly sought out my mouth with hers. She kissed me with an open mouth and I wondered if she was doing it because she wanted to make me taste it or if she just wanted me to know she had swallowed it. I didn't taste anything unusual, just the usual when we kissed with open mouths and I loved doing that with her.

After everything else, I learned about one of the best things about sex. We tiptoed to the toilet and both had a good piss and then giggled our way back to her bed. She turned her back to me and I spooned up to her naked butt, put my right leg over her left, and put my hand on her naked breast. I was ready for sleep but I didn't want to go to sleep. I just wanted to keep holding her. I wanted to hold her for the rest of my life.

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Sunday with Grandpa and Grandma Rossi and all their families was a wonderful day. I drove Mom's car with Alex up front with me but the backseat was full. Gianna wheedled permission out of Mom and Dad to invite Azee too. She sat between Azee and they kept up a constant barrage of whispering and giggling.

Mom and I made beef braciolo in tomato sauce and baked fresh Italian twists. My aunt brought fried chicken and potato salad. My uncle and his wife brought scampi with noodles. Grandpa Rossi provided lots of vine-ripe tomatoes and cucumbers and other vegetables out of his backyard garden. Grandma Rossi even made three of my favorites: green beans, cauliflower, and eggplant, all battered and fried. I fed them to Alex with my fingers. Over twenty people brought good appetites but there was still plenty of food left over for supper as usual.

Alex and Azee were welcomed by everybody and I knew Mom had got the word out through the grappa vino that Alex was blind. I remembered what Gianna had told me about showing her that I loved her and I didn't leave her side all day long. She was a beautiful woman and I was proud to have her with me. Being with

her, having her hand on my arm or holding hands with her was a comfort to me and I hoped she felt the same way.

In front of the whole crowd, Gianna got Azee to do their comedy routine where they were confused as to which was Anthony and which was Zorba. Then they asked me to sort them out. I got them to say the quick brown fox and I got their identities right again. Well, they said I did but I wasn't positive.

After supper, I asked Dad's permission to leave. I knew he and Mom wanted to sit around and talk with their parents and brother and sister and spouses as usual. Sometimes it was as late as midnight when we got home and we only lived about thirty minutes from my grandparents. I had something else I wanted to do a lot more than talking to all my relatives, something the five of us had plotted on our way that morning.

When we got to Alex's house, we made a quick pit stop, went outdoors to the pool, and went skinny dipping. The last light of the day was just fading so I got a good look at everybody naked. I especially checked out Azee since I assumed they'd never seen Gianna naked but I didn't see anything sticking out in front. The three of them ran to the pool together, hand in hand, bare butts shining, and did three cannon balls. I led Alex to the deep end and we dived in together. When we came up, I said "Here," as usual and she swam to me and wrapped herself around me. I could not have been happier.

## Chapter Seven

My plans for Saturday afternoon and evening with my family and Alex and her family came together without a hitch. I told Mom and Gianna what I wanted to do and as usual they ran with the plans. Mom talked to Margaret and convinced her that I really wanted to cook for both families and all she had to do was provide the dessert. Gianna questioned me about what I wanted to do and helped me run the grocery gauntlet. Mom made the sangria after I promised to give everybody just a little bit. Dad supervised as usual.

Saturday morning I cooked baby-back ribs, slow cooked until they were almost ready to fall off the bones. Azee agreed to have a charcoal grill ready for me to give the ribs the final fifteen minutes with barbeque sauce. Gianna and I made ten bread

baguettes and hoped that would be enough for Azee and the rest of us. I made Italian Potato Salad, with sweet onions and olives and olive oil and red wine vinegar, and Gianna made a huge platter of crudités. I made the aioli. Gianna always messes it up.

Mom and Dad were reluctant to agree to swim like the rest of us, even though we compromised and said we were all going to wear something over our butts. I'd seen Gianna's breasts since she got them and they were beautiful but nothing new. I'd seen Mom's breasts too on occasion and she never minded. Hers were damn good for a thirty-nine year old woman. Dad wanted to wear baggies, not a Speedo, and I knew it was because he was hung about like I am. He and I are about the same body size and both skinny so I just put one of my new Speedos on their bed and left it up to him.

Gianna and I cooked that morning wearing nothing but a Bikini bottom and a Speedo. Mom and Dad kept looking at us and grinning and shaking their heads. After lunch, when we left for the Andreas's house, I still didn't know what they'd decided to wear. Alex and Azee and Gianna and I had plotted to get everybody in the pool with nothing but butts covered or maybe uncovered even if we had to push them.

When we arrived, Azee and Alex were already half naked, bare chested and bare breasted up above and barely covered down below, and ready for the pool. Aiden and Margaret still had on casual clothes. Then after we unloaded dinner, I just took off my shorts and shirt and showed off my best or worst Speedo. Azee said it wasn't decent since it left some of my butt crack showing but theirs was just as bad. Mom and Dad went in the bathroom and changed and came back out in a Bikini bottom and a Speedo. I looked at Dad and, yeah, his Speedo was showing a big bulge about like mine. Margaret and Aiden came out of their bedroom dressed or undressed the same way and we all stood looking at each other and grinning. Everybody had a little butt crack showing.

Azee and Gianna jumped in first and did three good cannon balls. I waited with Alex until they were out of the way and then we did a cannon ball too. I said here as soon as I came up so she could swim to me and hang on. The old folks thought they were going to sit on the steps at the end of the pool and talk but the young folks plotted against them. We dragged them in the pool one at a time and ducked them. They were laughing and not fighting too hard so I suppose they didn't mind. Then we played a couple of games of Battle with girls on guy's shoulders, except for one Azee, and



there were no more old folks, just nine kids trying to splash the pool empty and yelling and screaming and groping and grinning.

Maybe that was enough to break down any barriers between families. After a while I whispered to Azee to go get towels and then Alex and I went to the shallow end and climbed the steps. We all toweled dry and then went to the back porch and flopped. After we recovered, Azee and Gianna served the sangria I'd brought. I knew Gianna was used to a little wine, especially with meals, but I wasn't sure that Margaret and Aiden permitted Azee to have it. Margaret watched them carefully but didn't say anything when Gianna poured them a glass like everybody else's. I told her the sangria was mainly fruit juice, with just one bottle of wine. I'd just brought enough for everybody to have one glass anyway.

As soon as Alex put down her empty glass, I took her hand and we stood up together. We stood there, side by side, my arm around her shoulders, hers around my waist, and we waited until everybody was looking at us.

"I want you all to look at us. This is the way I want to spend the rest of my life, with Alex beside me," I began.

I waited a few seconds.

"Mom and Dad, Margaret and Aiden, we need your help. I don't mean financial help because we both get our tuition free at the university. Maybe I could provide everything else for us. I'm a good cook and I could probably get a job somewhere. I already work as a cook whenever the university has a black-tie dinner and then I change into my penguin suit and work as a server. That pays good money. I've got good job prospects some other places but Dad says I don't need to work. I'm not going to quit my cook and server jobs though.

I paused a moment.

"It's not so much money we need to worry about. What we need is really your love, your support, and your wisdom. I want to tell you what Alex and I want and then I want you to talk together and to decide what you can do to help us. I love my family. I've always thought I had the best family in the world. Now I've met Alex's family and I think her family is just as great. No matter what happens we both want to stay close to our families."

"Yours is better, Mikey," Alex said. "You don't have an Azee."

**“Well, I’ll swap Anthony for Gianna,” Zorba said.**

**“You’re Anthony, dummy. I’m Zorba,” Anthony said. “But I’ll swap you for Gianna any day.”**

**I ignored them. Mom and Dad looked confused.**

**“We’re going to need support from both families when we start our lives together. I don’t want answers from anybody this afternoon. I want you, Mom and Dad, to get together with Margaret and Aiden and talk so you can help us decide how to accomplish what we want.”**

**“First of all, we both want to finish college. I don’t know how Alex does it but she’s a good student. So am I. Come hell or high water, I want us both to graduate and we will one way or another. Dad wants me to go straight through and not have to work like he did but I’m not afraid of work.”**

**“Second, I want to marry Alex. Maybe you won’t believe me since you all know we’re slept together but we’re both still virgins. Mom and Dad, you know I won’t do hookups. Maybe I’m old fashioned but I guess I got that from you. I believe that love should come before sex. Well, Alex and I are learning to love each other.”**

**I shifted my gaze over to Alex’s parents.**

**“Margaret and Aiden, someday soon I’m going to say three little words to Alex. If she says them back, I’m going to ask her a four-word question. If she says yes, then we’ll be committed to each other for the rest of our lives and we’ll probably rush to her bedroom, rip our clothes off, and do it.”**

**“Just don’t scream too loud, Alex,” Zorba said.**

**“Alex? Huh, Mikey will be the one screaming. Enough! Ouch! Enough!” Anthony said.**

**“Shut up, Azee,” Margaret and Aiden said at the same time.**

**“After we get married, I hope you’ll let us keep living with one or both of our families. Maybe we could stay with my parents a week or two and then stay with Alex’s parents. We don’t want to be independent yet. That can come later. If we’re married, we’ll be happier together and we’ll be better students.”**

**“Yeah, get us somebody to sleep with and we’ll be better studs, I mean students,” Zorba said.’**

**“Shut up, Anthony,” Anthony said. Mom and Dad looked more confused.**

**“Aiden and Margaret, I’m a neat-freak and I don’t leave a mess for anybody else to clean up. I don’t drink much except a little wine and beer and I’ve never been drunk. I don’t do drugs; that’s stupid. I suppose I’m a nerd but I’m proud of it. I’ll do my share of household chores just like I do at home and I’ll even volunteer to cook sometimes. I won’t be any trouble to you.”**

**“Mike, Alex is blind. You haven’t said one word about that,” Aiden said. “You’ll be taking on a big responsibility if you marry her. Are you sure you know what you’re doing?”**

**I waited a moment before answering and then I turned and pulled Alex up against me and held her close for a moment. I was very conscious that her breasts were pressed against my chest.**

**“No, I’m not sure and I’ll admit it,” I said. “I just know how I feel when I’m with her and it’s good and peaceful and it just feels right and I’m content and happier with her than I’ve ever been. Did you know what you were doing when you and Margaret started out together?”**

**He just smiled at me and shook his head.**

**“Mikey, we could swap bedrooms and you and Alex could have my big bedroom,” Gianna said.**

**“Yeah, we could even buy you and Alex a king-size bed so you’d have room to wrestle,” Dad said. “I’ve been wanting to redo that upstairs bathroom to update it and put in a big shower. Maybe this is a good time to do that.”**

**Mom looked at him and smiled. I knew she’d been nagging him to update the upstairs bathroom for years.**

**“We could redo Mikey’s computer setup so it does the same thing Alex’s does,” Zorba said. “Anthony and Gianna and I volunteer to do all that. We’re good at it.”**

**Aiden looked at Margaret. I saw that they were both smiling. I didn’t know it was going to be so easy.**

**“Thank you for listening to me,” I said. “I really don’t want answers this afternoon. I just want all of you to think about what I’ve said and decide how you can help us. I thought it was going to take more convincing than this.”**

**“May I say something,” Alex said.**

**“Of course,” I said.**

**“I’ve deliberately kept my mouth shut while Mikey was talking. He’s better at talking than me. I wanted to see how he expressed what we’ve talked about. There wasn’t one word he said that wasn’t exactly what I wanted him to say. I want to marry him. I don’t know if anybody has noticed but I’ve been happier with him this summer than I’ve ever been in my life. I just want to ask my parents and his to please help us. We’ll make you proud of us.”**

**“Well, it’s my turn to say something,” Aiden said, and stood up. “I wish you two kids could know how proud I already am of you. I hear horror stories every day about how bad kids are today and then I come home and I’ve got the best kids any man could have. I think Mike is going to be a wonderful man for Alex and he’s got me on his side.”**

**“Damn, Zorba, did you hear that? We’re the best kids any man could have.” Zorba said.**

**“I’m not Zorba,” Anthony said. “You are.” Mom and Dad must have understood Azee’s little game because they just smiled.**

**For a while, everybody talked about what they could do to help. I had been worried about convincing both families but my worries seemed wasted. Maybe both families had already made up their minds that Alex and I were perfect for each other.**

**Dinner was great and I’m not bragging about the cooking. Everybody else did that. I’m talking about how good it was to sit around the folding table on their back porch, everybody bare chested or bare breasted, and nobody seemed ill at ease or self-conscious about it. For the first time my parents sat and relaxed and talked to Alex’s parents and seemed to enjoy getting to know them. Alex’s parents seemed to like my parents and our moms were almost like old friends.**

**I assumed the job of serving Alex’s plate. I found her some nice rib pieces with the rib bone sticking out a little and put them on**

her plate with the ends at three o'clock. I piled up some potato salad at nine o'clock and put a piece of a baguette at twelve.

We all had salad plates so I did an assortment of crudités with a little ramekin of aioli in the center of her salad plate and put the plate at nine o'clock. I whispered to Alex where everything was and she turned her face up toward mine and puckered up. I gave her a quick kiss.

Azee carried the food around the table so everybody else could serve their own plates. Margaret served everybody sweet or unsweetened tea. Mom broke the baguette up into pieces so we would not have to break them with barbeque sauce on our fingers. Aiden and Dad just sat there smiling at their families. Alex and Gianna kept whispering about what we'd planned on doing after dark. I told them to shut up and not let our parents know.

Azee disappeared for a moment and came back with wet washcloths and paper towels for everyone. Then everybody started eating and didn't have much to say for the entire meal, just groans. I wiped Alex's mouth with the wet wash cloth once and then wiped my own. A drop of sauce fell between her breasts and I wiped that up too. Nobody said anything about me doing it.

After dinner, we all sat and talked some more. Mom and Dad sat at the end of the table with Margaret and Aiden and they usually had their own conversation going. Their five kids sat at the other end and joked and cut up and listened to what their parents were saying. I really had been unsure of our plans when I presented them to our parents and I was surprised that they seemed so willing to help us. It seemed like they'd already made up their minds that Alex and I belonged together. Maybe our happiness all summer had convinced them.

The two moms put away the left-over food and Azee and Gianna cleaned off the table. I heard Gianna yelp and I wondered who had done what to her. Then everybody settled down and we sat and talked for a while longer.

When the last light faded, I whispered to Alex and asked if she was ready. She was so I looked at the other kids. They were ready too, big grins all over their faces. I stood up and led the parade off the porch to the pool. We lined up: me, Alex, Azee, Gianna, and Azee and stood there on the edge of the pool for a moment with our backsides toward the porch. There was still more than

enough light from the back porch so I knew our parents could see us.

When I said strip, we all pushed our bottoms down and off our legs, and bent over long enough to show our parents five moons. Then we held hands and jumped in the pool at the same time. Bedlam! Two naked girls and two naked guys did their best to duck me. After I yielded, I think two guys named Azee were gang-groping Gianna but she wasn't complaining, just squealing and giggling. From the way they were yelling and laughing, I think she was doing her share of groping. Of course, Alex and I were doing a little groping and giggling too.

A few minutes later I looked up and saw both sets of parents standing at pool side watching us, still wearing something on their butts. I whispered to Alex. The other kids noticed them too. The five of us stood there in a row looking up at them and I suppose our faces were daring them.

Then our parents got back at us. They all turned around with their backs to us, peeled their Speedos and Bikini bottoms down and off their legs, stayed bent over long enough to moon us, and then turned around again. I whispered to Alex what they were doing. When I saw the four of them holding hands, both moms in the middle, dads on the ends, I backed up and the other kids followed. Our parents took a few running steps and, still holding hands, jumped in right in front of us. After that, we had nine kids acting wild and playing in the pool, stark-assed naked and loving it.

When we finally quit playing and settled down, we were all standing in a circle, about waist deep in the water, prune-fingered, hair stringy and wet, looking at each other in the almost dark, and talking. I didn't want the occasion to end but I knew it must. The parents waded to the end with the steps first and the kids followed. We all helped to match our swim wear to people and went to the back porch still naked with butt covers in our hands. Maybe darkness had kept us from getting a really good look at our nakedness but I knew we were about to go in the house where the lights were still on. Margaret had anticipated what was going to happen. She had put a big stack of towels on the back porch table.

I towed Alex's hair dry and she returned the favor. Then we stood there grinning at each other and dried off the rest. Everybody else was doing about the same and nobody seemed too self-conscious about our nakedness. When everybody was

through, I put my arm around Alex's shoulders, she put her arm around my waist, and we stood there, naked to our families and to the whole world. I wanted everybody to see us, to see us naked and open and honest as to what we were. I felt that we had reached a turning point in our lives and our families approved and I was proud to be with Alex.

"All of you know Alex and I have slept together," I said. "Well, we just played because I haven't yet said three little words to her. What we did was fun but that wasn't the best thing. Sleeping spooned up to her all night, seeing her smiling at me the next morning, showering with her, then getting dressed and going in the kitchen and seeing her family smiling at us, nobody teasing us: I don't think I've ever been happier in my life."

"I was just as happy as he was," Alex said. "I liked sleeping with Mikey's arm over my chest and one of his legs over mine. I want that feeling to last the rest of my life. I've got just one more thing to say."

She paused and everybody waited. "Shut up, Azee," she said and grinned.

"I've got one more thing to bring up," I started, and Azee interrupted me. I knew they wouldn't let Alex get away with it.

"Let Alex help," Anthony said. "She can bring it up," Zorba said. I ignored both of them.

"As I was saying, there's something else we haven't talked about. My face and Alex's blindness are not hereditary and can't be passed on to our children. We want to have children. Are you ready to be uncles and aunts and grandparents? I think we can have beautiful children; don't you?"

"Of course, we do," Mom said. "But you two can wait a few years."

I couldn't help it. I grinned at her. "Why? You and Dad didn't. Anyway, we want to wait until we both finish college."

I expected to go back home with my family but I was surprised. Alex told me that I couldn't leave and I was going to sleep with her again. I protested that I had not planned on staying and didn't have any clean clothes and didn't have my razor and toothbrush. Mom told me my clothes and other stuff was in my overnight bag in Alex's room. Everybody else grinned at my stupidity and I felt a little foolish but I was so damned happy, not because Alex and I

were going to play at sex but because everybody expected us to and wanted us to be together.

Showering with Alex seemed to me like some sort of miracle. I was tall and she was a perfect tallness for me. She turned her face upwards at me, a slight smile on her red lips, while I shampooed her hair. I looked down at her closed eyes and wanted so much for her to be able to see the love in my eyes. Then when I rinsed her hair with the hose and used my hands to press the water out of her hair, she opened her beautiful blue eyes and looked up at me and I couldn't understand how she could unseeingly keep her eyes locked on mine. I whispered to her about what I felt for her, trying to avoid saying the three little words I wanted to say to her but at the same time fumbling for other words which said it. Maybe she was just following my voice and turning her head to keep me centered.

Then I used a soft washcloth and bath gel to wash her body and felt I was experiencing another miracle. Her breasts were small but oh so delectable and I wanted my mouth on them. Instinct? Why would I want to suck on her nipples like a baby? Her butt was another miracle of curves and hidden places and I wanted to feel the head of my penis sliding in and penetrating those hidden delights. I shook my head to get rid of the idea of doing it between her rounded cheeks. I wanted it between her legs and so deep in her that I could squirt out my life into her womb and make a baby with her. Maybe we could do it that way, from behind but with my dick in her pussy. I wanted to try.

I squatted down when I washed her legs but my eyes were fixated on the small tangle of hair and the little crease on her mound. There's really nothing there and it's all hidden and I wanted to spread her legs and get my tongue in the little crevice and lick her until she was open and hungry for my penis to penetrate her.

Then I stood there while she washed me and I wondered what she was feeling with her hands but feeling inside too. I liked my body, hard and slim and almost hairless, and I wondered if she did too. Did feeling me make her ache inside for something like I felt for her? She left my penis and testicles for last and then dropped the cloth and just used her soapy hands. I think the last drop of blood left my brain and went down to my penis when she did that.

We dried each other and then hand in hand tip-toed from the bathroom to her bedroom again. I didn't have a damp towel hanging on my dick this time. I did have one and a couple of wet washcloths in my hand. I intended to make a mess somewhere



**and if I couldn't do it in her I wanted to be able to wipe it up so we didn't have to sleep in a wet spot.**

**We crawled in her bed and both turned on our sides and wrapped each other up in arms and legs. My penis was pressed against her belly but I wanted it in her pussy. I told myself not to try to do that yet, to wait as I had planned until after the Fall Ball. But it was hard and I mean that in more than one way.**

**We whispered to each other and ran our hands over the other's body and squirmed to get closer together. Finally I closed my eyes and took a couple of deep breaths, put my hand on her back, pressed her against me, and then relaxed. It was so wonderful; I mean it, full of wonder, just to hold her and to know that we were going to be together for the rest of our lives.**

**"Thank you, Mikey." She whispered.**

**"For what?"**

**"For doing such a delicious meal for us. For serving my plate. For wiping up the barbeque sauce from between my breasts."**

**"I wanted to lick it up but I thought your parents might not approve."**

**"Not at the dinner table."**

**"Could I go get some more sauce and put it on your nipples and lick it off?"**

**"Yeah, that would be nice."**

**"Maybe later. Listen, do you know when it's going to be safe for us to make love without a rubber?"**

**"In about three weeks."**

**"After the Fall Ball? Are you still going with me?"**

**"Yes. Why? Do you have something planned?"**

**"Yeah. Will your next period be over? Will it be over before the ball?"**

**"Uh, huh, it's supposed to start in about ten days, sometime after next weekend. What have you got planned? Tell me."**

**“I’ll never tell. Maybe you’d better put clean sheets on your bed before we go to the ball.”**

**“Why? So you can mess them up?”**

**“Yeah, with a little help from you.”**

**“I’m going to give you a lot of help.”**

**“Alex, I wish you could see. I wish you could see my face, not my red side, just my eyes. Gianna says she can look in my eyes and see I love her. I wish you could see how much I love you.”**

**“Mikey, you said three little words. Do you want me to say them back? I will.”**

**“No. They weren’t officially three little words by themselves. When I say your name and three little words that’s when I want you to say them back.”**

**“OK. Do you mean you love me like a sister?”**

**I knew she was teasing me.**

**“No, dummy. I love you like a wife and a lover and a mistress and, after a while, a mother. I don’t love my sister like that.”**

**“Mikey, I know you love me. Just wiping that barbeque sauce up told me that. The way you are with me and the way you look after me and touch me and talk to me: they all show me you love me.”**

**“Are you going to let me show you a little love tonight?”**

**“No, I’m going to help you.”**

**“I want to do you first,” I said. “I’ve thought of something new, something we haven’t done before.”**

**“You can do me any way you want but you can’t object when I do you.”**

**“That’s OK.”**

**I moved around and pushed her back so that I was behind her and we were lying lengthwise on her bed with pillows under our heads. She let me adjust her legs so both our right legs were bent,**

mine on top of her left leg. Then I spooned up to her and pressed my hard-on against her pussy, just the shaft rubbing against her soft mound, with the uncovered red head sticking out in front. She gasped a swift intake of breath.

“Relax. I’m not going to try to put it in you.”

“It’s hard.”

“Yeah. Now I’m going to position you the way I want you so I can do something to you. When I do, I want you to use your fingers to rub the head of my dick. OK?”

“OK.”

I pulled her right arm back far enough so that her torso was twisted toward me and put it around my neck. Then I leaned over and kissed her ear and she turned her head toward me and nuzzled around and found my mouth with hers. She gave me a little tongue and I tried to catch it. Then I gave her a touch and she tried. I let her catch mine.

My left arm and hand were out of play under her but my right one was free. I reached down to her breast, cupped my hand under it and rubbed circles around on her nipple with my thumb. She reached down, rubbed circles on the head of my dick with her dry fingers, then stuck her fingers in her mouth, and rubbed circles with wet fingers.

That was all we did for a while. We kissed with open mouths, I thumbed the hard nipple of her little breast, and she rubbed the head of my dick with her fingers. I could tell immediately when my dick started drooling. Her touch because slipperier. We played like that for a while before I moved on to what I hoped would give her an orgasm.

I moved a little closer to her, bent my neck so I could reach her nipple with my mouth and started sucking. At the same time, I moved my hand down between her legs and cupped it over her mound. I let it rest for a moment and then I gently used my index finger to push her little lips to each side. When I felt the warmth and wetness of her pussy, I slid one finger down into her vagina and let it rest there. She groaned almost inaudibly.

I just did what I’d already learned to do for her. I used one finger and then two and moved them from her vagina between her spread lips to her clitoris and kept doing it. When I pushed my

fingers down into her vagina, I pushed my dick out of the way and when I brought them back up to her nubbin my dick sprang back against her pussy. I wanted her to feel my hardness pressing against her begging for entry into her while I teased her with my fingertips. It all worked again.

First she went rigid as a poker, face squinted and eyes closed. I quickly slid two fingers down into her vagina and felt strong contractions squeezing around my fingers. She must have been holding her breath because, as the contractions faded, she opened her mouth and began panting a little. I leaned over, gave her a little smack of a kiss, stuck my tongue between her parted lips, and pulled my head back. She looked up at me from about six inches away, I know she did, she looked at me and smiled. I took her hand in mine, brought it to my mouth, and traced my smile with her fingers.

I let her rest and waited for her breathing to slow. For a while, neither of us moved. She had one hand between her legs holding my dick pressed against her pussy. I had one hand cupped under her soft breast. Somehow I knew to wait for her to come down from wherever we go when we orgasm.

“Alex, do you trust me?” I whispered after a little while.

“Yes, Mikey, I trust you,” she whispered back. “Why do you ask?”

“Gianna says girls are not as likely to have orgasms with guys they don’t trust. Is it like that with you?”

“I don’t know, Mikey. I’ve never been with another man. I trust you. I like for you to make me come. I like to make you come too.”

“I know you’ve got to have a lot of trust in me to give yourself to me for the rest of your life, Alex. I’ll be good to you. I’ll never hurt you. Being with you makes me want to be the best I can be. We’re going to be good together.”

We mumbled and talked and whispered to each other for a while and then she turned over, moved down a little, licked up under the head of my dick, and then licked up under her palm and fingers.

“What are you doing?” I whispered.

“Your dick’s been drooling on my hand. It tastes sweet.”

**“I mean what are you going to do?”**

**“I’m going to give you a blow-job and swallow your stuff.”**

**“Don’t do that, Alex. I don’t know why a woman wants a man to come in her mouth and then swallow it. I jacked off in my mouth once when I was about fourteen and I almost barfed.”**

**“Mikey, I thought you weren’t going to tell me what to do. We’re going to be partners; aren’t we?”**

**“Yeah, we are. I just don’t understand why you want my stuff in your mouth.”**

**“Do you like to have your mouth on my pussy? It gets all juicy and I know you taste me and swallow my stuff, my juices.”**

**“Yeah, but when I come, there’s lots more of it.”**

**“OK, maybe there is. Let me learn. Let me decide what I like to do. This time, after you come in my mouth, I’m going to kiss you and we can share it.”**

**“That’s gross.”**

**“No, it’s not. When we kiss, I mean really kiss, we swap saliva and we don’t care whose juice we’re swallowing.”**

**“Well, do it if you really want to but don’t do it just ‘cause some of your friends say they do it with their boyfriends.”**

**“OK. I want to do it.”**

**She started and the last drop of blood left my brain and went to my dick. She used her hand sometimes and stroked my dick just the way I like it. She used her mouth sometimes and licked and sucked and sometimes really sucked. Sometimes she did both at the same time. I had enough brain left to warn her.**

**“Alex, I’m about to come,” I groaned.**

**She didn’t say anything, just kept sucking me. I think my balls exploded and the whole charge went out through my dick. She held her mouth motionless with her lips just behind the head until I finished.**

Then she crawled up so her face was directly above mine, nuzzled around until she found my open mouth, and then opened her mouth to mine. I think she let my whole load drool down in my mouth. I held it, rolled both of us over so I was above her, and kissed her and spit it back in her mouth. She pushed me down on my back and gave it to me again. We did it again and again and finally there was so much saliva and semen all mixed together that we both had to swallow. That's when I gave up and just lay there flat on my back, gasping for breath, my heart pounding. I think she knew she had won the battle. I thought about what we had done. Maybe it almost made me throw up when I did it to myself but doing it with her wasn't bad; it just made me hotter to do stuff with her.

I might have lost the battle but I had not lost the war. After a while I coaxed her into straddling my head while I was flat on my back. She held on to the head of the bed and settled her pussy down almost on my face. I put my hands on her thighs, used my thumbs to pull her little lips apart, and licked her to another whining orgasm. I liked doing that to her. I wanted her to like having sex with me as much as I liked doing it with her.

We rested again, just holding each other, so close that we were breathing the same air. She wasn't ready to yield. After a while, she felt for my dick, found it hard, and jacked me off. This time she took the head in her mouth just long enough to leave a lubricating coat of saliva and then started stroking again. I watched the white spurts come flying toward my face and turned my head. The first shot landed on my cheek on the white side.

I sat up on the side of the bed, found the washcloths and towels, gave her one, spread my legs, and used a wet washcloth to wipe off from my face down to my dick and balls. I turned back to her and she was holding out a cloth to me. I put the cloths together and wondered where to put them so they wouldn't stain the carpet. Finally I stood up, put them on a corner of her desk, and crawled back in behind her. I spooned up to her naked rear, put my right leg over her left, and reached around and cupped my hand under her breast. She put her hand on mine and held our two hands against her heart.

I lay there, content and sexually satisfied and I suppose she felt the same way. I knew this was the way it should be between a man and a woman, both doing things to give pleasure to the other, not just doing stuff for myself alone. I also learned something else, that sex was great but holding her and sleeping with her was just as satisfying in its own way.

The next week, Alex and I found free hours on different days to go to the dance classes which the university sponsored. There wasn't much instruction, just a brief demonstration, and then we all practiced for a while. The instructors simply walked around watching us and giving advice. After the second slow dancing class, Alex and I decided that there was no real need for us to attend. She trusted me to lead her. We even tried a few fancy moves, such as a dip, and she had no trouble letting me do that with her. We quickly decided to move on to the waltz classes where we were novices.

Again, we had no problems in dancing with each other. I suppose we were both strong and thin and light on our feet and it was like magic to dance with her. After one class, I knew I'd found something I loved to do with her. She felt the same way. Over the following days, we practiced three more times and I knew that we were ready for the Fall Ball and that I had found my dance partner for the rest of my life. I asked her to go with me.

I wanted to go to the Fall Ball with Alex because I'd decided that was the perfect occasion to say three little words to her and, when she said them back, I intended to ask her the four-word question. I knew the rest of our families were going to be in the audience and, after the ball, I wanted to ask the question in front of them. I had not, in my wildest dreams, anticipated what a magical occasion it would be.

I went to the After the Ball place, the sponsor of the Fall Ball. It was really two places, one part formal wear and one part a dance studio. Formal wear could be either rented or purchased. I wanted to purchase a tuxedo for me and a gown for Alex.

I asked for one of the owners. I knew they were an older couple, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, maybe fifty or sixty, and that they ran both businesses in two sides of the same building. A grandmotherly lady came out of the back and smiled at me even though she saw my face. I told her what I wanted.

I said I wanted to purchase a new tuxedo, not to rent, because I wore one when I served at university black-tie events. She had seen me serving at one. I said the tux had to be black and like something from one hundred years ago. I wanted a black cape with it, one light weight so that it swirled around when I danced with Alex. I also wanted a mask like the Phantom of the Opera wore and she knew what I had planned. She didn't stock the mask but she promised she'd have one for me.

I told her Alex would wear a gown, also like one from Paris a hundred years ago. It had to be the kind which was long and flowing and cinched in just under her breasts, maybe ivory or white, and also have a cape, light red. She was to be masked too but somebody else would make her mask since it was special. She asked me why. I told her that Alex was blind and I wanted the mask to cover her eyes with no openings for sight. I said the mask couldn't be plain; it had to have red or gold-colored things around it to make it fancy. She said she'd take care of Alex's mask.

Then I told her the best rest: that after the ball, with our families watching, I intended to say "I love you" to Alex, that she was going to say, "I love you" to me, and then I was going to ask her, "Will you marry me?" and I expected her to say yes.

Then I told her the worst rest. I wanted to pay for everything, not my parents, not Alex's parents, and I wasn't a rich kid. I told her I had some savings and that she had to keep cost in mind when she helped us. I asked for her help and she smiled.

She stood, looked at me for a minute, and then took me next door to the dance studio. She did something to some equipment and I heard "After the Ball," the theme music they always used in their TV ads. When she came back to me, she didn't say a word. She lifted her hands like an invitation to dance and I knew what she wanted. I took her hands, led off, and we went waltzing around and around the hall a couple of times. When the song was over, I couldn't help it, I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. I was wondering what was going on.

When we went back to the formal wear part, she told the clerk to get me a soft drink and she went in the back somewhere. I waited about fifteen minutes and then she and her husband came out. After she introduced him, she had a business proposal for me.

She said I could have everything I wanted for free and she would even throw in a hair-dresser, her daughter, to arrange Alex's hair. All she wanted was exclusive rights to take pictures of us at the ball and to use them however she wished. I already knew that photographers would be taking pictures of everybody. I didn't see why they couldn't take pictures of us after the ball when I proposed. I asked if I could have a set of all the pictures of us and she agreed.



So I agreed, shook her hand and then his, and she said she'd have a contract for us to sign and a release for the pictures and since Alex and I were nineteen that our signatures were all she needed. I left, feeling like I was floating on air. Everything was coming together just like I wanted.

Mom let me have her car the next day so I could take Alex to After The Ball so we could sign the contracts. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were both there and they were both as smitten by Alex's beauty as me. As usual, Alex and I had both worn knee-length shorts to school and, even casually dressed, I thought she looked like a princess. The Andersens asked us to demonstrate our dancing skills and we did. She played The Blue Danube and Alex and I went around and around in the small auditorium, dancing flawlessly with each other.

Friday! Summer school was over except for finals. Some classes had been a little rough and I was glad to have a couple of days off. Most of all, I was glad to be going home with Alex again. We planned to study for Advanced English Literature on Saturday morning and then spend the rest of the weekend preparing for our other tests. I looked forward to cuddling up with her on her loveseat while I read stuff and she listened through her headphones. I also looked forward to a couple of nights sleeping with her.

That's when Fate decided to slap us down again. We were walking the last block or so to their home after riding Ol' Stinky from the university to her drop off point. I had my overnight stuff in my backpack and Alex's briefcase in my right hand. Alex had her right hand on my left arm and her cane in her left hand as usual. I saw Margaret on the sidewalk coming toward us. I knew she often met Alex when she got off the jitney. I told Alex and she said her mother liked to meet her and walk home with her. I was so damned happy I wanted to sing or maybe yell to the world. We were almost to a side street when it happened.

A kid on a bicycle came careening around the corner, being chased by a large dog. I saw the boy was looking back and trying to get away from the dog and I knew he was panicked. I was afraid that the boy was going to run into us so I dropped Alex's briefcase, stepped around in front of her, facing her, and put my arms around her.

I was about to turn my head to look for the boy when he ran into me from behind. I fell forward with my arms still around Alex. She fell backwards and I heard her head hit the sidewalk. I rolled

off her, flat on my back, and pain, really severe pain, unbearable pain, grabbed me in my back and in my left hand. I shut my eyes for a minute to try to gain control but the pain was unrelenting, almost paralyzing. I opened my eyes, looked to the side, and saw Margaret kneeling over Alex. She had her cell phone in her hand and I knew she was calling 911.

*Why? That was all I could think. Why? I had said I'd never hurt Alex. Maybe Fate or God or something had thought I was arrogant and wanted to teach me a lesson, to punish me for my hubris. I had hurt her. I tried to fight the pain in my body but the pain in my heart and in my head was worse. If somebody thought I needed a lesson for being arrogant, why punish the innocent woman I loved. I took a few more deep breaths, trying to get control of everything. I thought: Fuck you. Fuck you, Fate or fuck you, God. It won't work. I'm going to beat you at your little sadistic game. I'm going to be OK and so is she and we're going to have a good life together.*

## Chapter Eight

I tried to sit up but I couldn't. Pain like a bayonet shot through my back and I screamed. I couldn't stand the pain and I couldn't breathe and I almost panicked and I wondered if this was what dying was like. Then the pain in my back lessened a little and I could breathe again. I sucked in through my mouth to try to get some air again and then I tried to get up but that brought the pain back even worse. I gasped for breath and tried to calm down a little. I was frowning from the pain and panting for breath and I couldn't keep my eyes from squinting. I tried to change my face back to normal so it didn't show the pain I was in but I couldn't. I managed to turn my head and saw Margaret kneeling over Alex.

“Margaret! Is she OK? Don't let her die! I love her, Margaret! Please don't let her die.”

She scrambled over to me, put her fingers over my lips, brushed my hair back off my face, and smiled down at me.

“Hush, Mike. I think she's OK. She bumped her head but she's breathing normally. She's going to wake up in a minute and then she's going to want to know what happened. I'm going to tell her you're hurt but you're OK. *Do you understand?*”

I looked up at her and nodded. "I love her, Margaret. I'm sorry I fell on her. I said I'd never hurt her and now I have. I..."

She put her fingers over my mouth again.

"Michael, I saw what happened. You stepped in front of her and took the blow for her. You didn't hurt her. You tried to protect her. It was just an accident."

I heard the kid crying. "Is the boy OK? He was just trying to get away from that dog! He was scared and he didn't see us until too late!"

She looked to the other side and I did too and I saw a woman holding the boy. He looked like maybe eight years old. He was looking at Alex and me and crying and his face was full of tears.

"Tell him I'm not mad, Margaret. I saw that damned Rottweiler trying to bite him. It wasn't his fault. I don't blame him."

"He heard you, Michael. Now I want you to shut your eyes and try to relax and don't move. You may have a spinal injury. EMT will be here in a few minutes. I need to call your mother and tell her to meet us at the emergency room at University Hospital."

"OK. Please, Margaret, don't let anything happen to Alex. Take care of her. I love her, Margaret. I want to marry her."

She put my hands together on my chest and that hurt like hell too. She saw the pain on my face worsen and looked down at my left hand.

"Michael, the back of your hand is badly abraded and your thumb looks like it might be broken or dislocated. Let your hand rest on your chest and don't move it. Try to relax. OK?"

"OK."

She moved back to Alex and held her hand and whispered to her. I saw Alex lift her other hand and then I saw her eyes open. I immediately relaxed. I knew she wasn't dead.

"Michael, Alex is trying to regain consciousness," Margaret said. "She's going to be very confused for a while. Remember I'm going to tell her you're injured but you're OK."

**I shut my eyes and surrendered to the pain but it was only in my back and in my hand. It wasn't in my heart anymore.**

**I heard the EMT siren and a minute later, a man and a woman were examining me and Alex. The guy knew Margaret was a nurse and the two of them talked so low I couldn't understand what they were saying.**

**Then I heard Alex say something and Margaret immediately went back to her. The EMTs quickly moved me to a stretcher and strapped me down, chest and arms and legs, and even immobilized my head. Then I couldn't see but I assumed they were doing something with Alex.**

**Just a few minutes after their arrival, Alex and I were in the back of the EMT van and on our way to the hospital. The EMT guy said he wasn't supposed to let anybody else but him and the patient ride in the back but since he had two patients and Margaret was a nurse she could go with us. He looked at my left hand, saw it was injured, and then used my right wrist to start an IV. I couldn't move my head but I heard Margaret talking to Alex and she replied like she was drunk or sleepy.**

**At the hospital emergency room, they wanted to put me and Alex in separate rooms but I protested and asked them to keep us together. They refused but I threatened to scream. Margaret told them Alex was blind and I was her fiancée and we didn't want to be separated. They put us in the same little room.**

**Within a minute, two nurses, a woman and a man, started examining us. He asked me about my pain level, 1 to 10, and I told him it was a 10. He put something in the IV tube and I felt something strange flush through me and then the pain eased a little. I didn't even protest when they stripped me naked and put a hospital gown over me. My head was still immobilized and I couldn't see Alex but I heard them putting a gown on her too.**

**I listened to the nurse examining Alex and she didn't seem too worried about her. Margaret told her what happened and the nurse said I probably knocked the breath out of her when we fell and then she hit her head and the combination probably made her unconscious for a few minutes. Alex was awake but not making much sense and the nurse said that was normal for someone who had been unconscious.**

**A few minutes later, they took me and Alex to the X-ray room. Margaret said they were going to X-ray Alex's skull and my spine**

and hand and for me not to worry because everything was going to be alright.

After that, they rolled us back to the little room and a doctor came in and looked at our X-rays. He told Margaret that Alex's showed no signs of bleeding in her skull and he thought she would be fine but he wanted her kept in the hospital overnight for observation. Then he read my X-rays, a bunch of them, and said he saw a nice straight spine and he couldn't see any damage and my pain was probably caused by a bad sprain. He said my thumb was dislocated and he was going to fix it.

Then I heard Mom asking where I was and Margaret went out of the room and I heard them talking. Gianna came in the room and kissed me on the forehead and just stood looking at me and rubbing the side of my face and smiling at me. I felt better because her eyes told me what she didn't want to say with the nurses in the room, that she loved me. Mom came in and kissed me on the cheek and held my right hand, the one with the IV in it. The doctor stuck me with a needle on my hurt hand, my left one, and tried to pull my thumb off and then the nurse put ointment on my hand and bandaged it and taped my thumb in place. Then they removed the stuff holding my head and I was able to look at Alex. Margaret was holding her hand and they were whispering.

I heard Aiden talking outside and a minute later he came in, rubbed my cheek, and said "Thanks, Mikey." He spoke to Mom and then turned and spoke to Alex. She called him Dad so I knew she was about back to herself.

After a few minutes, Aiden went outside and Azee came in. One asked me, "Whassup, Mikey," and I didn't feel like talking but I smiled. The other said something to Alex and I heard her call him Anthony and then Zorba said something to her too and she called him by name. I felt like I was swimming through Jell-O but I felt better because I knew Alex was OK.

I heard somebody talking about finding a two-bed room and a little later a couple of guys came in to take us to a room. Dad was coming in just as we started to the elevator and both families squeezed in the elevator. I wanted to talk to Alex but I couldn't think right.

Mom and the nurses moved me to another bed and the nurse told me that I should not try to sit up and I should stay flat on my back. When she asked if I was comfortable, I shook my head no. She stuffed a pillow behind my knees, asked again, and I nodded.

I felt like saying whoopee but I didn't want anybody to think I was drunk.

After a while, the nurse came back with a huge ice pack and said she wanted to put it under my back. She and Gianna and mom slowly and gently rolled me over on my side and even that hurt so bad I struggled not to scream. I realized the damned hospital gown had fallen to the side and my dick and balls were all hanging down for everybody to see but I didn't care. I thought maybe I might charge admission to see the show. Then they eased me back down on the ice pack and I felt the cold from my shoulder blades to my butt. Mom covered my good parts again and smiled down at me. I tried to calm down and relax and gradually I did. Later, they rolled me to the side again and removed the ice pack. This time, I held the gown over my privates. I didn't want to let anybody see the show for free.

Still later, Mom raised the head of my bed a little and Azee and Gianna fed Alex and me some stuff. I probably drank too much liquid because later I had to piss and I did not like what happened then. A cute nurse came in, chased everybody out, and put a catheter in my dick. I wanted to crawl under the bed but she was a cute girl and I smiled back at her. My dick didn't even think about getting hard. I'd never had a catheter before but I suppose it did its job because the urge to pee subsided. I was glad the nurse stood between me and Alex so she couldn't see. Then I remembered that Alex couldn't see no matter what was done to me and I knew I still wasn't thinking right.

I heard our families talking outside and Azee and Gianna begging to stay in the room with us first and our parents finally agreed. I felt better and I talked to Alex some and with Azee and Gianna but I was sleepy and not making much sense. Alex had to go to the bathroom and Gianna pushed her buzzer and a nurse came in and the nurse and Gianna took Alex to potty.

Then another nurse came in to ice me down again. Azee and Gianna rolled me to the side and the gown slid off my hip again. I was tired and I didn't care if everything was showing. She put a hypodermic needle full of something in the IV tube and I felt it flush through me again and I wanted to say whoopee again but I didn't.

The nurse talked to Azee and they played with her about getting confused as to which was Anthony and which was Zorba. I didn't say anything because I couldn't think right.

Finally our parents left and we were with just Azee and Gianna. I asked them to do something and Gianna called the nurse. A guy came in and she put on her best sexy girl act and asked him, using her sultry voice and her smile and her eyes on him, if we could push both beds together. He helped Azee and Gianna do it. He even took my hand in his, the one with the IV in it, took Alex's hand, and put our hands together. He smiled at me and then shook his head.

"Alex, three little words," I said, as soon as he left.

"Yes, Mikey, three little words."

"I think I'm going to sleep. May I hold your hand?"

"Yes, Mikey."

I wish I could say that was all I knew until the next morning but it seemed like every few minutes somebody was checking on me and Alex. At least twice more I was iced down again and I wondered if I was pissing ice cubes into the catheter bag. I complained about being cold and somebody put a warm blanket over me. Once I complained about hurting and they squirted some more stuff down my IV tube.

Azee and Gianna sat on one side of room and whispered and giggled a lot but they also wiped my face with a cold washcloth and talked to me and held my hand and kissed me on the cheek, Gianna, not Azee. Azee did hold my hand for a while. He squeezed a few times and I squeezed back and he smiled at me. Maybe I smiled back.

When I woke up the next morning Margaret was sitting in a chair reading something. I asked if I could hold Alex's hand again and she put our hands together and smiled at me. Alex and I talked and I told her what had happened and she seemed back to normal. Maybe I was too in my head but I still couldn't even think about sitting up.

Mom came back and fed me breakfast. Margaret fed Alex and our two moms talked back and forth over us. After a while Margaret made me turn loose of Alex's hand and they moved our beds apart. She said the doctors would be making rounds in a few minutes. They finally came and poked and prodded me and asked me and Alex lots of questions and then told our moms that we would be released shortly. The nurse came in and removed the IV in my hand and the damned catheter in my dick and that made

me feel lots better. Margaret and Mom put my old robe and some socks on me and I was naked and they both saw me but I didn't care. It hurt a lot to move but it was more of a sore hurt and not so much a bayonet in the back hurt.

It seemed like forever but finally they put us both in wheelchairs and took us downstairs. Our families were waiting with different cars and I thought that meant I was going home with my parents. The nurse helped me in the front passenger seat and Dad reclined it and I shut my eyes. Then Mom said something about me being home and I opened my eyes and I saw Alex's house and her parents helping her in the door.

Dad and Aiden almost carried me in the house and took me straight to Alex's room. Before they put me in Alex's bed, they helped me into some black exercise shorts and then took off my robe and helped me get a t-shirt over my head. Then Margaret and Mom helped me lay down on the side of the bed. The pain wasn't too bad as long as I let them move me without using any of my muscles. Alex crawled in her bed, shorts and t-shirt and white socks just like me, and cuddled up to my side. I felt like I really was home then.

I heard Mom and Dad and Margaret and Aiden talking outside the room and I understood what they wanted to do. I was to stay with Alex overnight and my family was coming back for lunch Sunday and then I was going home with my parents. Azee and Gianna must have been with them because I heard Azee begging Gianna to stay too. Gianna and Azee promised they'd be good, whatever that means to sixteen year-olds, and my parents let her stay.

Later that morning, Margaret came in with another big ice bag. I tried to turn on my side but that wasn't what she wanted. She and Azee and Gianna turned me like a flap jack and Margaret pulled my t-shirt up to my shoulders and my shorts down below my butt. They all stood there looking at the big bruise for a while and talking about it. I shut my eyes and tried to relax and let them look.

Then I felt a warm soapy washcloth on my back and I opened my eyes. It was Gianna. Margaret told her to be very gentle and I suppose she was. She even rubbed down in my butt crack a little. She didn't hurt me so I shut my eyes again. Next I felt somebody rubbing my back with some lotion so I looked again. It was Alex and I thought maybe I could get to like this.



That day, Saturday, I ate lunch with Alex, sandwiches, flat on my back in her bed. Azee and Gianna waited on us. Afterwards we took a nap with Alex lying half on me and her head on my shoulder. I woke up feeling much better except for a full bladder.

I needed to pee but Margaret wouldn't let me get up even to go to the bathroom. She left, came back with a plastic urinal, and told me to call Azee when I was done. Then Alex and her mother left me alone so I could pee in privacy. I finally managed to get the urinal down between my legs and stuff my dick in it and then grunted until I pissed. Azee took it half-full, brought it back empty, and sat it on the nightstand next to me.

After dinner Margaret gave me another ice treatment and a gentle massage. That's how I ended up naked on my stomach with a towel over my butt, at least part of it, with Gianna and Azee watching, giggling, and making obscene suggestions and trying to guess which part of Europe the bruise on my back looked like. Alex told them about the port-wine stain on my butt that looked like Africa and they looked at it and everybody agreed it did and asked her how she knew.

Margaret wanted Gianna to watch so she could give me the same treatment once a day for a while. After she finished, Margaret didn't bother to help me put on my shorts and shirt again. She just pulled a sheet over me up to the waist and I turned over. I was naked in Alex's bed and Alex was cuddled up to me and I knew her mother approved of me being there. Gianna and Azee probably wanted to play video games or something else and they left.

Alex started squirming and I watched as she took off her t-shirt and panties and she was as naked as I was. She cuddled up to my side again, both of us naked, in bed together, her head on my shoulder, one leg over both of mine, and one arm over my chest. Margaret was watching but she just smiled and left the room. Alex and I were naked in bed together in her room and I knew her mother approved.

By eight o'clock that night, I was convinced that I should take one of the pain pills the hospital gave me in order to sleep. Alex left the room, came back with her mother, crawled back in bed with me, and cuddled up to my side. We were both still naked under the sheet and Margaret acted like it was perfectly OK for us to be together. She said I should start with one pill and, if I wasn't asleep in a few hours, I could take another. She gave me the pill and a little water.

Then she leaned over, kissed me on the forehead, caressed the red side of my face, leaned over further, and kissed Alex on the forehead and whispered to her. She brushed my face with her breasts, looked me in the eyes, smiled wickedly at me, and left. I laughed a little too loudly.

“What’s funny, Mikey?” Alex asked.

“Your mother. When she leaned over to kiss you, she dragged her breasts over my face.”

“She’s just playing with you, Mikey. In lots of ways, she and Dad are both like kids. They like to tease and have fun just like we do.”

“Yeah, but, damn it, she had on a t-shirt. It would have been a lot more fun if she’d been bare breasted.”

“Mikey, you’re being bad. You must be feeling better.”

Alex scrunched up closer to me and put her head on my shoulder again. She also put one hand down below with her fingers sort of cupping my testicles and her thumb around my penis. I liked that and, any other time, I would have had a big boner for her to play with. My dick wasn’t hard and I didn’t care. It was just so damned good to relax with Alex while we whispered and giggled and talked and laughed. Inside I felt like crying because Alex was OK and was with me and I knew she loved me like I loved her.

“Alex, I wish you could see my face, my eyes, I mean. I wish you could see how much I love you. I’ve heard that the eyes are a window on the soul and if we could look in each other’s eyes maybe our souls would connect and I’d like that.”

“Mikey, there’s some possibility I may see again someday. Mom and Dad keep up with the surgical possibilities and there’s been a lot of improvement since my accident. My eyes are just fine. It’s the optic nerves that are damaged. The doctors have had some success in helping patients see again. I haven’t given up. Now that I know you love me, I’m never going to give up.”

“I thought it was permanent.”

“No. The surgery is risky but it’s being improved all the time.”

“Why is it risky? Could it make things worse?”

**“No, I don’t mean that. There’s just a risk that it won’t help me see again. If they keep developing the surgery, maybe I can have it done in a few years.”**

**“I wish you could get your sight back before we have babies.”**

**“That would be nice.”**

**“Well, anyway, I’m afraid you’re stuck with me. You may never see my beautiful face.”**

**“Don’t say that, Mikey. I’ve already seen your face with my hands. I know it’s beautiful.”**

**“You’re the beautiful one, Alex. Maybe we’re like beauty and the beast.”**

**“No, Mikey, you’re not a beast. I’m Sleeping Beauty and you’re the Handsome Prince who’s going to kiss me and awaken me. Now shut up and kiss me.”**

**“I can’t. I’m supposed to stay flat on my back. You’ll have to kiss me.”**

**“OK. If I have to, I will.”**

**As usual I wasn’t conscious of what time I went to sleep. I woke up sometime later with my bladder insisting it wanted to be emptied. I eased up and at the same time swung my legs off the bed and ended up sitting on the side of the bed, waiting for the pain to ease. My back hurt but not too bad as long as I was slow and easy. Alex woke up too.**

**“What are you doing, Mikey?”**

**“Sitting on the side of the bed. I’ve got to pee.”**

**“Are you hurting? Do you want me to get the urinal for you?”**

**“Yeah, I hurt some but it’s more like sore, not sharp like a bayonet in my back. I want to go to the bathroom.”**

**“I’ll go with you. You need me to hold it for you.”**

**“No, I don’t.”**

**“Yes, you do.”**

**“I know where it is. I can hold it myself.”**

**“Yeah, but it would be more fun if I’m holding it.”**

**“OK.”**

**She stood there behind me, both of us naked, belly against my butt, breasts boring holes in my back, and hands holding my semi-hard dick. I leaned forward, put both hands on the wall, held back and whispered to her until she was pointing my dick to the center of the commode. When I let go, we drilled down in the bowl and foamed up the water.**

**I put the seat back down for her and she sat down and peed down into my pee. When she asked me to hand her some toilet paper, I asked if I could do it. She spread her legs and told me to pat, not wipe. I squatted down and, damn, my back hurt but it wasn’t too bad. I patted and dropped the paper and patted some more with my fingers. She giggled and we both stood up. We held hands and walked slowly back to her room and crawled in her bed. I wasn’t quite ready to go back to sleep. There was something I wanted to talk to her about.**

**“Alex, I’m not sure how well I’ll be able to dance but I still want to take you to the Fall Ball. Will you go with me?”**

**“Yes, Mikey, I’ll go with you. We’re not going to let anything stop us. Nothing will ever stop us. We’re going to dance together and we’re going to enjoy ourselves.”**

**“After the ball is over, I’m going to say three little words to you. Are you going to say them back?”**

**“Yes, Mikey.”**

**“And then I’m going to ask you a little question. I hope your answer will be yes.”**

**“That’s a good assumption.”**

**“Then after the ball, can we come back here and make love in your bed?”**

**“Well, yes, for the third time. The first time, we’re going to do it at the ball. The second time we’re going to do it in the car on our way home.”**

**“Be serious, please. When we do it, what if my back is still hurting? Will you get on top?”**

**“It’s not going to be hurting that bad. You’ve got to be on top for our first time.”**

**“But my dick’s bigger than average, Alex. I don’t want to hurt you. I want you on top so you can control how fast and how deep it goes. I’ve read that women...”**

**She interrupted me. “You’re not going to hurt me, Mikey. You’re going to be slow and gentle and get me all hot and wanting. Then you’re going to get on top of me and I’m going to wrap you up with my arms and legs and never let you go. It’s important to me, Mikey. I want you to do it like that our first time.”**

**“What if it hurts to move my hips? What if I just get my dick in you and then can’t move.”**

**“You’ll move. I’m going to take a cattle prod to bed with us.”**

**“Ouch. You wouldn’t; would you?”**

**“Well, maybe I’ll just tickle you.”**

**“Alex, could you get me another pain pill. I really am hurting bad enough so that I don’t think I can go back to sleep. I hate for you to have to bother Margaret.”**

**“I don’t have to. She put the pill and some water over here on my side of the bed. The pill is in a little pill cup like they gave you in the hospital.”**

**“Well, could you get it for me? I’d like to fool around with you but maybe I’d better not try right now.”**

**“That’s fine, Mikey. We’ve got the rest of our lives to fool around.”**

**“I like having your head on my shoulder and your breasts against my side.”**

**“And I like having my hand on your play things. They’re fun to play with.”**

**“Damn. Shut up and get me the pill.”**

**“OK.”**

**The week after the accident but before the Fall Ball went by fast with no problems. My back slowly improved so that I was almost free of pain, still sore, but gradually improving. Gianna gave me an ice treatment and a gentle massage once a day. Alex helped her a couple of times and they didn't bother to put a towel over my butt, just made me lay there naked while they knelt on each side of me or straddled my butt or shoulders or both and rubbed me. Gianna tried to tell Alex what color the big bruise was and guided Alex's fingers around the edges of the bruise. I got a hard-on when they rubbed my butt but they took care of it for me.**

**By Tuesday, I was confident I could drive again so Mom let me use her car and she went to work with Dad. I was sure I could handle my three final exams and I suppose I did. Alex and I saw each other every day and I couldn't have been happier. Just holding her gave me a sense of peace and calm and confidence that we were going to be together for the rest of our lives.**

**We arranged with Mr. and Mrs. Rogers for our costumes and they explained how they wanted us to be photographed and the way they wanted us to act.**

**We got a confirmation of something I suspected. I asked Dr. Wilson if she had played cupid on our first day of her class. I had learned that she always took a seating chart on the second or third class day, after announcing the first day that she would take one, and I wondered why she had done it on the first day. I asked her if she deliberately made me sit with Alex for summer term and she denied it. The way she smiled at us told me the truth. I thanked her and asked if we could send her an invitation to our wedding. She said she'd be angry if we didn't.**

**Margaret brought Alex and Azee to our house Monday night and the five of us prepared dinner and Gianna and I took them back home. Gianna giggled and wiggled in the back seat between Azee but I didn't say anything. Then Wednesday night, Alex came back and we slept together for the first time in my home, with my parent's approval. Gianna insisted that we take her queen-size bed and she slept in my twin. Alex and I fooled around but we still didn't go all the way. We both really believed that we were going to love each other completely after we said three little words and I asked her to marry me and that was going to happen after the ball.**

Friday night, Alex and Azee came to our house again. With Mom and Dad's permission, we moved mattresses to the floor of my room so we could all sleep there together. Dad was reluctant to let Gianna sleep with Azee but she said we were just going to have an itty-bitty orgy and she would still be a virgin Saturday morning. I promised him none of us would lose our virginity and he shook his head and approved. We didn't really have an orgy but I'm fairly sure we had five orgasms. Gianna and I took them back home early Saturday so we could all prepare for the Fall Ball.

Saturday afternoon, before the ball that night, Mrs. Rogers and her daughter went to the Andreas' home to help Alex and do her hair. Mr. Rogers came to our house to help me dress. He had measured me at the shop for the tuxedo but they didn't have a good fit in stock and he had to order one for me. He said my shoulders were one size but my waist was a smaller size. Anyway, the tux was a perfect fit.

He brought me a pair of shoes but when he told him I had broken-in dress shoes I wore when I worked the black-tie events at the university he said I'd be wise to wear them for dancing. He brought me some underwear, three mid-thigh stretch ones, and he said I should wear them for freer movement when dancing. He gave me a couple of white shirts to try and then said I should wear the fancy one. He brought three cummerbunds, one black, and that was the one I chose. I wanted to be dressed all in black with a white shirt. Mrs. Rogers had to alter the left white glove for me where my thumb was still taped to my hand.

When I was finally dressed, he walked around me looking and nodding and smiling. Then he put the cape over my shoulders and put the white mask on my face. It covered both my eyes and the red side of my face. He asked me to twirl around fast and the cape swirled out in a wide circle. He said he had put three weights in the bottom hem to make it do that. Finally, he shook his head and said I was absolutely perfect, that I was the Phantom of the Opera.

He told me when I went out the front door I should hold the cape up so it covered everything below my eyes, then slowly let it down, to stay serious, not to smile, and to gracefully get in their car, a big Mercedes. His son was going to drive us, dressed as a chauffeur. He said there would be two photographers waiting, one doing photos and the other doing a video. I tried and I hope I did what he wanted. I felt more than a little foolish but I tried to

act sort of slinky and sexy when I walked out to the car. His son drove me to Alex's house and I got out and went inside to get her.

Alex was a beautiful dream in her costume. Her long gown was perfect, ivory-colored and gathered just under her breasts. Her hair wasn't much longer than mine but now it seemed lighter with blond streaks and it wasn't down on her neck anymore. It was piled high on her head and was beautifully arranged and had a gold-looking tiara on it. That left her long slim neck exposed and there was a red ribbon around her neck with a single pearl on it. She had a dark red cloak over her shoulders.

Mrs. Rogers was there with Margaret and they had helped Alex get dressed except they left one thing for me to do. I put the mask on her face. Mrs. Rogers had made a mask with no eye openings and with gold stuff around the edges that matched the tiara. I knew Alex wasn't going to need the eye openings but she was the one who wanted it made without any. She said we had to have an air of mystery.

I led her out the front door of their house to the car and again the photographers were busy taking pictures and a video. Alex had her hand on my left arm and was smiling slightly. I tried to be serious and look a little sinister. I made sure no one else was seen when we came out, just the two of us, me with my cape raised again. The chauffeur stood at attention and opened the door for Alex and then went around the other side and opened the door for me.

There was a line of unloading cars at the Sports Auditorium but it was only a few minutes until Alex and I were at the entrance. The entry way was marked off with yellow tape on each side and there was a big crowd of people on each side of that. Once inside, we went to the registration desk and had numbers pinned on the backs of our cloaks.

Mr. Rogers had told me that the judges were all independent of him and would choose the winners fairly. They would choose ten couples for costume and ten for dancing but the number of finalists might be less than twenty because some couples might be chosen in both categories. I didn't expect us to win the best dancers award but I thought there was some chance of us winning the best costumes award. I didn't care. Just being with Alex was all I wanted for the night.

The basketball auditorium was crowded in the stands with family and students and everybody seemed to be talking and pointing. I



could hardly hear the orchestra playing something. We joined the procession of contestants walking in an oval around the auditorium until the MC was ready to start the dance music.

Alex held my left arm with her right and held her head up high. She was beautiful, the most beautiful girl I saw, and I was really proud to be with her. I held up my right arm covering my face except for my eyes part of the time and then lowered it so my Phantom mask was revealed. I saw more than one person pointing at us.

I knew our parents and Azee and Gianna were somewhere in the crowded stands but I didn't see them the first time we went around the auditorium. The next time, somebody yelled "Hey, Mikey," really loud and I looked up in the stands and saw our families sitting together. I leaned over and told Alex that our families had found good seats.

Finally all the dance contestants had arrived and the MC asked the crowd to be quiet while he explained how the judging would be done. A few minutes later the orchestra conductor started the first waltz, *Roses from the South*, and we all started dancing. Alex and I had a little trouble when we began, perhaps because my back was still a little sore.

As we turned in the waltz circle, our cloaks billowed out behind us and the other contestants gave us lots of room. Before we had made a complete circle we began to dance as one and I felt like I was floating around the dance floor with my feet hardly touching. Just as we planned, Alex kept looking from one side, then at my face, and then to the other side, even though I knew she wasn't seeing anything. We wanted everyone to see her mask and to wonder how she could dance without seeing.

During the break after the first waltz, I lifted my right arm so my cloak hid our heads and leaned over and kissed Alex. She was ready and it was supposed to be a gentle lips-to-lips kiss but she teased me with her tongue. Our plans were to kiss between each waltz, covered with my cloak part of the time and part uncovered so everyone could see us.

The night flew past all too fast. The MC announced each waltz for the crowd and the small orchestra started playing. Maybe Alex relaxed and trusted me more. Maybe I felt only the happiness of dancing with her with no pain in my back. The magic of the night, dancing with her, looking at her beautiful masked face, lost in the

**music and swirling movement: it was a romantic dream and I wanted it never to end.**

**But of course it did. The MC said that the judges had chosen and he wanted to announce the numbers of the best dancers first and then the best costumes. I didn't expect us to be in the best dancer bunch and we weren't. I sort of hoped we'd be in the best costumes group and we were. They played another waltz and the best dancers and best costumes made two more circuits of the auditorium. I knew that this time the best would be reduced to one dancer couple and one costume couple.**

**After The Blue Danube was over, the MC said the judges had made their final picks. He called the number of the best dancers first and gave their names and told how many votes they had received and the audience erupted in cheers and yelling and whistles. Then the couple unmasked each other and cheering and clapping started again.**

**Finally he said the best costume winners had received ten votes out of ten, something that had never happened before. He called our number and then our names: Alexandra Andreas and Michael Rossi. When he did, the audience started cheering and yelling even louder.**

**Holding her hand, I led Alex to the little stage at the end of the auditorium where the unmasking was to occur. I was a little apprehensive about what was going to happen and what I wanted to do. My hands were shaking but Alex squeezed my hand and whispered to me. I relaxed and decided that I was going to take advantage of the opportunity.**

**I knew to unmask Alex first and I did. She looked up at me, just like she could see me, and smiled her widest.**

**"Michael, dressed as the Phantom of the Opera, has unmasked Alexandra, dressed as Christine, the woman the Phantom loves," the MC said. "I'm sure the audience is wondering why her mask appears to completely block her eyes. Michael, would you tell the audience how she sees to dance?"**

**He held the microphone in front of my face. I put my hand on it and pulled. He resisted for a second and then let me take it.**

**"Alex doesn't see with her eyes," I said. "She sees with her heart and her hands. She's blind. She's been blind since she was twelve years old. I love her just as she is."**

There was a moment of absolute silence and then the audience erupted in even wilder yelling and cheering and clapping and stomping. I held up my hurt left hand and everybody gradually quieted.

“Alex, would you remove my mask?” I asked, and she did.

I turned my head from side to side so everyone could see my face. For the first time, I wanted the world to see my entire face, especially the red side. There was absolute silence again.

“I don’t have on makeup. This is the face I was born with and the face I have lived with for nineteen years. I have a large red port-wine stain on the left side of my face,” I said. “I’m not the Phantom of the Opera. I’m just Mikey to Alex and she has never seen my face. She loves me just as I am.”

Again the noise was deafening. I waited a moment and held up my hand again. I waited and waited until there was absolute silence again, handed the mike to the MC, took both of Alex’s hands in mine, and dropped to one knee. Maybe he realized what I was about to do; he held the mike close between Alex and me.

“Alex, I love you,” I said, looking up at her.

“Mikey, I love you,” she said, looking down at me.

“Alex, will you marry me?”

“Yes, Mikey, I’ll marry you.”

I stood up, lifted my cloak over our heads and kissed her. Holding the kiss, I slowly lowered the cloak. Now the audience really erupted in wild cheering, clapping, yelling, and whistling. I wrapped both arms around her, she wrapped hers around me, and we kissed with open mouths. The noise was deafening.

I knew how the ball always ended but I never expected to be playing a part with Alex. The MC called for quiet. I led Alex back on to the dance floor and the best dancers followed us. The lights dimmed and two spotlights found us and the other dancers. When the first notes of *After the Ball Is Over* started, I led off with Alex and we waltzed all the way around the auditorium floor. There wasn’t a sound from the audience, just the orchestra playing for us and there was no one else in our world. When the waltz stopped, the lights came back up and the audience erupted

into deafening cheers and yells and whistles and clapping and stomping.

We stood side by side with the best dancers and bowed to the four sides of the auditorium. The MC held up his hand and waited for silence but the audience wouldn't stop their yelling and cheering and clapping. Instead of quieting, the noise grew louder and louder until the whole auditorium seemed to be quaking with it.

Then Mr. Rogers voice came booming out over the loudspeakers, saying, "Tales from the Vienna Woods," and the orchestra immediately started playing it. I knew we had to yield. When I looked at the best dancers, waiting for them to lead off, the guy shook his head, said, I think, "No, Michael, this dance is yours, yours and Alex's." I took Alex in my arms, started dancing again, the lights went almost out, a spotlight found us, and the audience quickly silenced.

At first I was conscious of the audience as we turned and turned in the beautiful waltz. We were both dancing without masks and I knew that everyone could see my face, dark red stain on one side, white and normal on the other, but I didn't care. I also knew that everyone would be wondering how Alex could be so graceful and beautiful in dancing and could keep her eyes on my face as though she could see me. I knew I loved her and I knew she loved me. Most of all, I knew she trusted me to lead her, not just in dancing, but in our lives. Quickly the audience disappeared and we were alone in our world and our love and nothing else mattered.

When the waltz was over, bedlam broke loose again, deafening noise and stomping and yelling, People were yelling different things, asking us to dance again, calling our names, and every kind of noise and screaming at the top of their lungs. We walked back to the MC, stood and bowed to the four sides again, and waited. The audience still wasn't ready to let us go.

I heard Mrs. Rogers voice come booming out again, "Wine, Women, and Song" and the orchestra immediately started playing it. I stood and waited, looking at the best dancers, him shaking his head no and me shaking my head yes. Mr. Rogers voice boomed again, "Both couples, please," and the four of us started waltzing again. Lights dimmed, two spotlights found us, and Alex and I entered our own private world again.

Again, when the waltz was over, I led Alex back to the stage at the end of the auditorium. I wanted to leave but I felt that Mr. and

Mrs. Rogers had been more than kind to us and I didn't want to appear ungrateful. I caught Mr. Roger's eye, mouthed "one more, please," held up one finger, and he smiled and nodded. I looked at the best dancers and saw them nod too.

Mr. Rogers called for "Where the Lemon Trees Blossom," the orchestra played it, I led off with Alex, and the best dancers followed. Mr. Rogers seemed to have chosen a long waltz, perhaps to prolong the night, but, after four circuits of the auditorium, I decided that enough was enough. I pulled Alex close for a moment so we were cheek to cheek and told her what I was about to do.

"Alex, when we're near the exit again, I'm going to waltz us out the door. Are you with me?"

"Yes, Mikey, always."

A few seconds later we were near the exit. I left the dance floor with Alex, we waltzed down the short hallway, and two security guys held the doors open for us. We danced out to find our car waiting at the head of the line.

The night had been perfect, like magic to me and, I hoped, to Alex. I knew that the night held more magic for us and we were going to be in our own private world again, this time in her bedroom, naked with each other, making love. Before the night was over, we were going to join our bodies and our lives together.

I wanted to see our families but I knew that was impossible until we all were back at the Andreas home. I didn't know what our families were going to do after the ball but I knew something was planned. I wanted so much to make love with Alex but I intended to be patient and wait.

The chauffeur pulled up on their double-wide driveway to let us out. I saw both Andreas' cars in their open garage and Dad's car on the driveway and I knew they had already arrived. I also saw a little white Prius beside Dad's car and I wondered whose it was. I'd had more than enough of crowds and people and I didn't want to have to meet any new relatives.

I took Alex's hand and we walked slowly toward the front door. It opened before us. Our families were waiting and smiling at us. Both families had lots of hugs and kisses for us, even Aidan and Azee for me. One Azee pulled my head down, kissed me on the cheek, and told me that I had better be good to Alex or he and

Zorba were going to remove a couple of my good parts, one for him and the other for Anthony. I think he was still playing the name game with me but I understood what he meant.

I looked around, looking for whoever came in the other car but I didn't see anybody but families. I saw Gianna holding a set of car keys and a sheet of paper. She smiled and handed me the keys and the paper.

"Mom and Dad said they're tired of you having to borrow their cars. They chipped in with Margaret and Aiden and bought you and Alex the little Prius parked out front."

I looked at the paper. It was a certificate of title made out to Michael Rossi and Alexandra Rossi. I didn't know what to say.

Margaret spoke up. "We thought we might as well get the title in Alex's married name since we know you both want the wedding to be as soon as possible."

"We've got to make plans for the wedding," Mom said. "Margaret and I will help Alex decide what she wants."

"It's a credit union repo but it has low mileage," Dad said. "I'll take care of the insurance."

"And I'll take care of the gas and maintenance," Aiden said. "Well, you can put it on the credit card I'm going to give you and I'll pay for the charges."

I still couldn't say anything or I knew I'd choke up. Alex said it for both of us.

"Thank you. Thank you all. It's good to have two loving families."

"I thank you too," I finally managed to say something. "Maybe dreams do come true."

"Don't thank us, Mikey," Margaret said. "You're the one who's going to be taking Alex to classes and bringing her back home. We're going to treat you like one of our family. I'll do your laundry but you've got to cook for us at least once every week."

"I can do that."

"And when you and Alex are home with us, you're both going to be just family," Mom said. "Gianna is moving into your bedroom

and you and Alex are going to have hers. One weekend soon, you're going to help paint her big room. We've ordered a king-size bed for you two to play in. Your old one is about worn out and it's going to charity."

I didn't know what to say. I lifted my black cape over our heads and kissed Alex again, really kissed her. I slowly lowered it and let our families see us kissing and hugging each other. All I could do after that was smile. Alex smiled even broader.

## Chapter Nine

Margaret and Aiden had champagne for all of us. Mom and Dad had hors d'oeuvres. Alex and I had one glass of champagne and a few goodies. I described the appetizers to Alex and she took a few from my fingers. After a while, I faked a yawn, and, that was Alex's signal, she yawned too. I said I was hot and sweaty and I needed a shower. Alex said she really wanted a shower before we went to sleep. There was one more thing I wanted to do. I put my arm over Alex's shoulders and she put her arm around my waist. We stood there in our Phantom attire, all except masks, and we faced our families.

"After we shower, we're going to Alex's room and make love," I said. "There's only one more thing we want from you, all of you, and that's your blessing."

We got it, not only verbal blessings but also hugs and kisses from every member Alex's family and mine. I saw tears in more than one set of eyes but, from their smiles, I hoped they were tears of happiness.

When they had all blessed us, we went hand in hand to Alex's bedroom and shut the door. I knew what I needed before anything else. I pulled Alex to me, tucked her head against the side of my throat, wrapped my arms around her, and stood there drinking from her. Perhaps she felt the same way. She wrapped her arms around me and squeezed.

"Alex, I love you and I don't ever want to do anything that hurts you or even makes you uncomfortable," I whispered in her ear. "If I do, just say stop."

"Mikey, have I ever said stop when we played," she whispered.

**“No, but there’s one thing that we didn’t do when we played. Tonight part of my body will be inside yours.”**

**“I know, Mikey, and I want it. I want it so much.”**

**I heard a gentle tap on the door and then Margaret’s voice.**

**“Michael, Alex, just drop your clothes outside the door. I’ll take care of them.”**

**We both said the same thing, “Yes, Ma’am.”**

**Alex lifted her face toward mine, a smile on her beautiful face. I smiled back, caught her hand in mine, and brought it to my lips. She traced my smile and ran her fingers back and forth over my two front teeth. I touched her open mouth the same way.**

**“Your mother wants our clothes,” I whispered. “I suppose that means we’ll have to take them off. May I undress you?”**

**“That would be nice. May I undress you too?”**

**I turned her around, removed her cloak, and laid it on her loveseat. I turned my back to her and she removed my cloak and handed it to me. I carefully laid it on hers.**

**She was beautiful in her long flowing gown but I wanted it off. “I’m going to leave your panties and bra on until we get in bed. OK?”**

**“Yes, but why?”**

**“I want to see you like that in the bed with me. I want to see you with my eyes and hands and mouth.”**

**“Then I’m going to leave your underwear on until we’re in bed. Are you wearing briefs or boxers?”**

**“Neither,” I whispered. “Maybe they’re boxer-briefs. They go down to mid-thigh but they’re elastic like briefs.”**

**“May I see them?”**

**“I’ll show you mine if you’ll show me yours.”**

**I moved behind her and unzipped her gown. She held her arms straight up. I pulled the gown up, laid it on our cloaks, pulled her**



white slip up, laid it on the gown, and turned her around. She had on little white lacy panties and a matching bra and I knew I'd never seen anything more beautiful.

She removed my tuxedo coat, handed it to me, and I put it on the stack. While she unbuttoned my frilly shirt, I cheated. I put my hands behind my back and undid my cummerbund. She tugged the shirt out of my pants and off. I added them to the stack.

She put her hands on my waist and kicked her shoes off. I put my hands on her shoulders, heel-toed my shoes off, stood on one foot and the other and removed my socks. She unbuttoned my pants. I let them fall to the floor, stepped out of them, then picked them up and added them to the clothes pile. I knew not to leave our shoes in the middle of the room so I picked up both pairs and put them near the wall. I remembered what her mother said so I picked up the intermingled pile of our clothes, peeked out the door, saw nobody, and dropped them.

Then I went back to her and let her look at me. She slid her hands around and felt my ass, slid them lower to the mid-thigh bottom of my briefs, brought them back up in front, and cupped them over something that was as hard as it gets when bent down. She stopped there for a moment and then, with her hands, looked at my belly, my chest, my shoulders, my arms, my throat, my face, and then back down to my family jewels again. I tried to be patient while she looked at me but I wanted to touch her too.

“Alex, I want you in your bed, on your back, just like you are, and I want to look at you. OK?”

I'll never know how she does it, how she orients herself as to where things are, but she backed up slowly, felt her bed, and crawled in. I followed her, nudged her legs apart, and knelt between them. Then I looked at her, really looked at her, and wanted her. I wanted to join my body with hers to be one with her.

On hands and knees, I crawled over her, lowered my head, and kissed her. She put her hands on my waist and kissed me back.

“I really would like to shower before we make love,” she whispered. “I'm a little sweaty. I waltzed with somebody eleven times tonight.”

**“I didn’t count but I’m really sweaty too,” I whispered back. “First I want to rub my face on your breasts and between your legs so I can feel your underwear and smell your sweat. Is that OK?”**

**“Will you let me smell you too?”**

**‘Yeah, if you want to.’**

**“I want to.”**

**I moved down, found her breasts, closed my eyes, and rubbed my face in her smoothness of the fabric and the softness of her breasts. I didn’t smell her sweat. I smelled something else, a perfume or cologne, whatever, but it smelled good on her. After a minute, I pulled back.**

**“Can you take your bra off?”**

**“You do it. There’s a catch in the middle.”**

**I looked closer, fumbled for the catch, and released it. Then I pulled the two cups to each side and revealed her beautiful breasts. I looked at them for a moment and then lowered my head and gently sucked on the hard little nipples. She put her hands on my shoulders and, after a minute, pushed gently downward. Did that mean she wanted me to move lower?”**

**I backed up, flopped on my belly between her spread legs, and rubbed my face on her smooth thighs and across the scant fabric of her panties. I caught the scent of something but it wasn’t just sweat. Maybe she was sweaty but underlying that there was a different scent, the scent I already knew signaled her arousal. I licked her thighs, rubbed my face in her crotch, sniffed her combined scents, and, damn, I wanted her and I didn’t want to wait. I looked at her panties, then caught them on each side, and said, “Lift up.”**

**She lifted her hips. I tugged, she lifted her legs, and I pulled her panties down her long legs and threw them somewhere. I caught her legs before she could lower them, bent them back, and levered her hips up. There it was, her pussy, and in just the position I wanted it.**

**At first, all I did was rub my face over her thighs, the soft hair on her mound, and the slightly open little lips. Then I kissed all around the part where I wanted my tongue. And last, I licked over her thighs and the soft mounds between her legs, just thighs at**

first, then mound, then, with pointed tongue, up the slit. She moaned so I kept doing it.

“Mikey, you’ve got to stop,” she whispered. “Don’t make me come with your tongue. I want something else.”

I said, “OK,” and pulled back, moved up beside her, and flopped on my back. My heart was already beating so hard I felt it. My breath was already fast.

She moved over me, straddled me, and kissed me. Of course, I opened to her kiss and we played that way for a moment. Then she kissed and sucked her way down my throat, blindly found my little nips, sucked one, bit the other hard enough to make me grimace, moved lower, cleaned out my naval with her tongue, moved lower still, and rubbed her face in my bulging briefs. They weren’t tight but they did hold my penis bent down over my testicles and that was almost painful. Her face rubbing over everything didn’t help so I lifted my hips.

She got the message and pulled my underwear down and off my legs. I breathed deeply a couple of times in welcome relief and my penis quickly hardened and lengthened, flopped on my stomach, and then lifted up at an angle. I lay there with my hands behind my head and let her play. She teased me with her fingertips and her tongue, licked up the shaft a few times, and took the head in her mouth for a few seconds.

“Either we stop and take a shower or my dick’s going to be in you in about a minute,” I said. “What do you want to do?”

“Let’s shower,” she whispered and giggled. “You bathe me and I’ll do you.”

We rolled out of bed and I stuck my head out the door to see if anybody was around. Nobody was but somebody had been; our clothes were gone. Hand in hand, my dick flopping around, we ran into the bathroom and had a quick shower. We dried each other and then Alex wrapped a big towel around my waist. My penis was pointing at the ceiling before, a little less than horizontal after, bent down like a tent pole under the towel. She wrapped another towel around her waist and took my hand in hers. I took a couple of deep breaths, peeked, and opened the bathroom door.

I wanted to return to her room. Instead, Alex turned the other way down the hall and led me through the kitchen to the double

doors leading out to the porch. I saw my mother and father and Gianna and Margaret and Aiden and Azee, all sitting around yakking and having fun. We stood there until everybody quit talking and looked at us, Alex with a towel around her hips, me the same but with something poking out the front of my towel. I knew they knew what was under the towel.

“Would you kids hold down the noise out here?” Alex asked. “Mikey and I are trying to sleep.”

“Yeah, it’s hard, really hard, to go to sleep with this ruckus going on,” I said.

We turned and walked slowly back to her bedroom. Alex turned loose of my hand and pulled the towel off my hips. I pulled the towel off hers and we showed two bare butts to our families. We didn’t hold hands again. She grabbed my penis and pulled me down the hall and into her bedroom. We were both dragging a towel beside us. I didn’t care what anybody saw. I was laughing as hard as everybody else.

She crawled in her bed first and turned on her side facing me. I crawled in next, put my hand on her back, pulled her up tight against me, and we arranged our arms and legs without any problems. I put my cheek, my left red one, against her soft smooth cheek, took a couple of deep breaths, and relaxed. I didn’t need to say anything and she didn’t either.

Perhaps she drank from me as I drank from her. No matter how I describe that feeling, somehow she filled me up and I no longer felt empty. I was content, peaceful, and thankful that somehow in spite of Fate’s blows, we had found each other and were in her bed and about to make love with each other.

“Alex, the lights are still on,” I said. “I want to leave them that way for a while so I can see you. Then after I come once I want to turn them out so we’ll both be in the dark and we’ll just rely on our sense of touch and we’ll be equal. Is that OK with you?”

“Of course, dummy,” she giggled. “I’m always in the dark.”

I remembered what Dad and Aiden, both of them, had told me. Be gentle. Be slow. Make it good for her. It will be good for you. I wasn’t a dummy about how to do it. I’d done my research. I’d thought about it and what I’d already done with her and how to make sure she enjoyed what we did. The only problem was that

**my dick was screaming to be buried in her pussy so it could squirt out my life inside her.**

**I pushed her so she was on her back and then leaned over her and kissed her all over her face, just little closed-lips smacks. At the same time I put my hand on her breast. The little nipple was already standing out ready for my mouth. My lips finally settled on hers and we both opened and our tongues teased each other.**

**She pulled away to breathe. “That’s good, Mikey,” she whispered. “Where did you learn to kiss like that?”**

**“I love you, Alex. I just want to make it good for you.”**

**“I love you too, Mikey. Everything we do together is always good.”**

**“Even this?” I asked, and moved my hand from her breast and cupped it over her mound. She moved her legs apart to give me access to her.**

**“Especially that, Mikey,” she groaned. I rubbed from side to side on her little lips with my index finger.**

**I slid down a little on the bed so I could reach her breast with my mouth then licked and sucked the little nipple and slid my finger into the wet warmth between her legs. She put her hand behind my head and moaned almost inaudibly.**

**For a long while, that’s all we did. She held my head in place. I sucked on her nipples and played in her wet pussy, rubbing and touching her everywhere except for the little button where the lips came together.**

**“Mikey, please, I want you,” she whispered.**

**“In just a minute, Alex,” I whispered back. “There’s something I want to do first. Lift your hips. I want to put a pillow under you.”**

**I moved down on the bed, put a pillow under her hips, and spread her legs apart. I was glad she hadn’t asked me to turn off the light when we got in her bed. I lay there on my belly, legs half off the bed, and looked at her pussy. It was wet and shining and beautiful. I noticed that there was no hair on the split mound, just a little patch above. I knew she’d shaved around it for me. My dick asked me when it was going in and I told it to wait a little longer.**

**“Alex, the next time you want to shave your pussy, I want to do it,” I whispered. “Will you let me?”**

**“Will you let me shave you a little bit too?” she asked. “I think that would be fun.”**

**“You want me to trust you shaving my balls?”**

**“Yes, I can do it, Mikey. I never cut myself. I won’t cut you.”**

**“OK.”**

**I moved closer and licked up one side of her pussy and then the other, just the plump little outer lips. Then I moved my head more to the center and licked up the little inner lips. I wiggled my tongue between them until they spread apart like little wings and I licked and licked some more. She put her fingertips on each side of my head. I pulled back, took a deep breath or two, leaned forward, pointed my tongue and sought out the entrance to her vagina. For a few seconds, I teased her with my tongue and listened to her gasping.**

**“I’m going to get you for that, Mikey,” she whispered. “I’m going to suck you dry.”**

**“Uh, uh,” I groaned. “I don’t want it down your throat. I want it in your pussy tonight.”**

**“Well, will you let me suck you a little?” she whispered. “Just to make sure your dick is hard and ready.”**

**“Uh, uh, it’s ready. It’s been ready all night. I want to lick you ‘til you can’t talk and then fuck you ‘til you can’t walk.”**

**“And I want to suck your brains out through your dick and then fuck you ‘til your balls run dry.”**

**“Sounds good to me. Let’s do it.”**

**I used my thumbs to pull her little lips apart and saw her little button pop out, all red and wet and shiny. I licked from the bottom of her pussy all the way to the top and then settled down to licking over the area where her nubbin protruded, just slow gentle licking. She groaned again.**

**“Mikey, please don’t make me come like that. I want to come with your dick in me this time.”**

**“OK.”**

**I moved back up on the bed. She pushed me down on my back, wrapped her hand around my dick and took the head in her mouth. I put my hands behind my head and let her play. She cupped one hand under my balls, wrapped her other hand around my dick, put her mouth on the head, and tried to suck my brains out.**

**Before I felt the first hint of an orgasm, I pulled away, pushed her down on her back, kneed her legs apart, and eased down on her. My dick was rigid and hugging against my stomach but I didn't try to put it in her. I pressed it against her belly. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around my hips and I felt the wet warmth of her pussy against the bottom of my shaft. She pulled my head down in another open-mouthed hungry kiss and wrapped her arms around my chest. I sawed my dick back and forth against her pussy and waited. I wanted her to let me know when she wanted it in her.**

**“Lift up,” she said into my open mouth. I lifted my hips, straightened my arms, and looked down at my penis about to enter her pussy. She reached between us, bent it down, and I felt the head slide between the little lips of her pussy until it stopped at the entrance to her vagina. I waited for her to do something. It was hard, damned hard, but I waited. She put both hands on my ass cheeks and pulled.**

**I stopped with just the head in her and waited, looking down. She pulled again. I let a little more of my dick slide in and then I stopped again, pulled almost out, and slid back in a few times. Her pussy was tight and already wet and hot and so damned good around my dick. She pulled and I let it slide in a little more. She wiggled from side to side and back and forth and my penis slowly slid in until my balls came to rest on her soft ass cheeks. All I could see was my patch of brown pubic hair pressed against her lighter blonde hair. I knew I was home and where I wanted to be for the rest of my life.**

**“I love you, Alex. Are you OK?”**

**“I love you, Mikey. Yes, I'm OK. I'm more than OK. I think it's in my stomach but I'm OK. Now move your butt.”**

**“No. I don’t want to move a muscle,” I said. “This is what I want, Alex, to be joined with you. Now you’ve got to marry me and live with me for the rest of your life.”**

**I lowered my body so my belly and chest were against her with my red cheek against hers. After a while, she whispered in my ear, so low I almost couldn’t hear her. “Mikey, move. Move your butt.”**

**I moved my butt. I lifted again, moved slowly and gently at first, looking down between our bodies, seeing my wet flesh coming out of her body and then disappearing inside her again. After a while, my brain shut down completely and my dick took over. I collapsed on top of her, she put her arms around my chest, and we kissed again, a hungry, wanting, demanding kiss this time. I moved my butt and my dick came out of her and I pushed it back in and time and space ceased to exist and there was no one or nothing in our world but us and our bodies, joined together. All too quickly, I squirted out my life into her in a series of such intensity and pleasure that I felt I was one with her. Then my brain gradually came back to life and I realized I hadn’t felt her coming too.’**

**“I’m sorry, Alex,” I whispered in her ear. “It was so damned good I couldn’t stop. Are you still OK. I didn’t feel you come.”**

**“I didn’t, Mikey, she whispered back. “I didn’t need to. I felt you come inside me and that was enough for now. I like feeling you throbbing inside me.”**

**“Give me a few minutes and I’ll try to do better next time.”**

**“OK but it’s still hard. Try it. I don’t think we broke it.”**

**I lay there on top of her, trying to keep my weight partially off her, my arms partially under her with my hands curled around her shoulders. We whispered, giggled, squirmed, whispered some more, and kissed with open mouths. Maybe my dick was supposed to go soft but it didn’t. It wasn’t as bone hard as before but it was still hard enough and it was so good to feel it inside her.**

**After a while, I tried it and it worked just fine. I started moving my hips again, just slowly stroking in and out at first and my brain slowly shut down again and my dick took over and I moved my hips faster. I sought out her mouth with mine and she opened to me and we teased each other with our tongues while I kept moving down below. I wanted never to stop doing it with her.**



Then I felt her body tensing and her arms and legs tried to pull me down into her and I stopped while her pussy tried to squeeze everything out of me. I waited until her contractions died away and then I resumed making love to her. Her pussy was sloppy now, all wet and juicy with both our secretions, and open to my dick, and I shoved it in harder and harder and then died with my second orgasm.

We rested for a while, curled up together, my soft dick still inside her pussy, our faces inches away from each other, breathing the same air. Then we used damp towels to wipe up drooling dick and pussy and giggled about which one was going to sleep in the wet spot. We turned on our sides, legs and arms intertwined, and talked and whispered and giggled and laughed. I knew that this was the way life was meant to be: loving and being loved, in bed with the woman I loved, basking in the afterglow of love, not yet through with love, just resting until we could make love again.

“Mikey, have you turned the light out yet?” she asked, giggling. “I thought you wanted to be in the dark with me after you came once.”

I rolled out of the bed, turned out the overhead light, and was back with her in about two seconds. We both rested on our sides again, facing each other, our chests and bellies and legs as close together as possible. We whispered about love and sex and fucking and how good it all was, even better than either of us had ever imagined. Then she pushed me down on my back and played with my semi-hard penis until it was ready again. This time she spread her legs over me, showed my penis where to go, and rode me and rode me. We had wiped up some but there must have been a lot of something still inside her. I felt it drooling down and around my balls and probably making a big wet spot on the bed. I didn't care. I'd sleep in the wet spot. She came first and I let her quivering pussy try to milk me and then I lifted her hips up in the air a little and fucked up into her until I gave her another gift of my semen.

In the dark, we played again, both blind, seeing with our hands and our bodies. For a while, that's all we did. My penis slowly stiffened into a serviceable erection and we both wanted to make love again. She wanted to try it another way and I was agreeable. She was on her knees with her head down on her pillow. I was on my knees behind her, my hands on her hips, wondering how I was supposed to know which opening to put it in. She solved that problem. Her hand wrapped around my dick and showed it

where to go. I held her by the hips and eased my dick slowly in and out of her still-tight but dribbling pussy.

I quickly knew that I didn't like this position. It was too much like just fucking without love and I knew I didn't want that. I pulled my dick out, manhandled her until she was flat on her back and I was between her spread legs. I rubbed the head of my dick up and down in her drooling pussy and slowly slid it home until my balls were pressed against her soft ass cheeks.

She quickly wrapped me up with her arms and legs, arms around my chest, one hand on the back of my head, legs splayed wide with knees about my waist, one heel pressed against the crack of my ass. I gave her a quick little smack on the lips as a reward for her cooperation.

"There, that's better." I whispered.

"Why?" she whispered in my ear. "Why is this better?"

"Because I want to be all bound up by you, Alex. Because I want to feel your body against mine, your breasts against my chest. Because I want to kiss you while we're making love. This way, it's more like making love; from behind it's more like just fucking."

I began to move and again time ceased to exist and I knew this was the way I liked to make love to her, with her mouth open to mine, with our tongues playing, with her soft breasts against my chest, with her arms and legs holding me prisoner. I eased my body in and out of her body for an eternity, gradually getting faster and faster. This was making love, loving each other in the dark, holding each other as tightly as possible. This was what I wanted to do with her forever.

All too quickly forever was now and I came again, exquisitely pleasurable and painful, but she didn't. I took a couple of deep breaths, crawled down between her spread legs, licked her little love button, and tasted our combined juices. When she came, she squealed and tried to pull out my hair.

We rested again, arms and legs and breasts and chests and bellies all tangled up, and talked seriously this time about what we wanted to do and when we wanted to have children and how many and how we wanted to love them like our parents loved us.

I was tired and ready for sleep but I still wanted her. She wanted me. She pulled me on top of her again, imprisoned me with her

long arms and legs and sucked my tongue out of my mouth. I fucked her with long leisurely strokes until I came again and she came at the same time. I knew that this time our love had given us a perfect ending and I knew I was finished for a while and maybe she was too. We wiped up with damp smelly towels again and she turned her back to me so I could cuddle up to her butt. I was finally satisfied, not so much with sex, but just knowing that we had a lifetime of loving ahead of us. After a while I thought of something to say.

“Alex, I want to write something and I want you to help me,” I whispered.

She moved back against me a little more. I reached down to my semi-satisfied dick and put it in the warm spot between her legs.

“What, Mikey? What do you want to write?” she whispered back.

“I want to write a story, maybe a long story, maybe a book. About us. How we met and fell in love, about me puking on the pansies in your front yard, about us being knocked down by a kid on a bicycle, about dancing at the Fall Ball, about our parents overwhelming us with their love tonight, wanting to help us, wanting us to be together.”

My right hand was holding her right breast. She put her hand over mine and held it in place.

“Those were petunias, Mikey. Are you going to write about our sex too? I don’t want you to make it sound bad or something we’re ashamed of, especially not something pornographic.”

“It couldn’t be, Alex. I’d like to be truthful about everything including how we fooled around and eventually did what we just finished doing. It won’t be pornographic. It will be beautiful, just describing what we did to show our love for each other. It’s what every man and maybe every woman hopes love and sex will be like for them. It’s what men do to women they love and what women do to men they love and what they do together. I’ll describe it as something sacred because that’s what it is to me.”

“Will you give me editing rights?”

“Of course. It will be first person, I think that’s what it’s called, from my perspective, but I want your input. You can do it like you did your final exam in our English Lit class.”

**I moved my head closer and kissed her on the back of her neck. I breathed deeply, drawing in the scent of her. She smelled like something unidentifiable, maybe the sex we had just had. I liked smelling our sex. It made me want to do it again, maybe later in the middle of the night when we were both half asleep.**

**“I suppose I could,” she whispered. “I could record all my memories and let my computer programs turn my words into printed pages for you to read. Would that work?”**

**“I think so. You could teach me to do the same thing, you know, just record my memories by speaking them and then let that be turned into printed material for the book.”**

**“What are you going to call it?” The Story of Mikey and Alex?”**

**“No. I want to call it Love is Blind.”**

**“Uumm, that’s good. I love you, Mikey.”**

**“I love you too, Alex.”**

**“Goodnight, Mikey.”**

**“Goodnight, Alex.”**

**THE END OR IS IT JUST THE BEGINNING?**

**:**