

## THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

*As for you, Gilgamesh, fill your belly with good things; day and night, night and day, dance and be merry, feast and rejoice. Let your clothes be fresh, bathe yourself in water, cherish the little child that holds your hand, and make your wife happy in your embrace; for this too is the measure of man.*

### Chapter One

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 33 in story, 25 in flashback; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 32 in story, 24 in flashback; Kavan Kelly Stuart, 6 in story; Arial Erin Stuart, 4 in story; Kerry Lee Stuart, one month from birth as story is told

#### TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart

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(KIERAN)

“Kieran, would you bathe the kids tonight?” Siobhan asked.

“The full treatment?”

“Yes. They need it.”

“OK.”

I knew they needed a good bath. Kavan and Arial had played outdoors most of the afternoon while I was working in the yard. Siobhan had sat in a lawn chair in the shade, trying to be comfortable with our third child almost full term and kicking in her. I’d watched our kids as they played with a neighbor’s two kids, rolling in the grass, turning flips, and chasing each other until they were sweaty and exhausted.

I carried Arial into the house and on into the bathroom. She smelled like a wet puppy. Siobhan followed with Kavan holding her hand. The little house had an old bathtub, hardly large enough for one, but it had a large separate shower. Siobhan and I could enjoy the shower

together or one of us could shower with both kids. As she grew larger and larger with the baby, I was usually the one who bathed them in the tub or showered with them.

I stripped Arial while Siobhan helped Kavan. They were dressed almost the same - socks and sneakers, briefs, shorts, and shirt. The only difference was the fly in Kavan's briefs where, if he didn't wait too long, he'd drag his little dick out before he peed. I could never understand why he'd wait until the last second and then dance in front of the commode trying to find it. All too often, his aim wasn't as good as it needed to be and I had to clean up after him. Arial was never like that. She always quietly slid her little panties down and sat on the commode with her legs together while she peed.

Kavan didn't wait to be told this time. He walked over to the commode and lifted the seat. He held his dick with both hands and squirted down neatly for once. He even put the seat back down for Arial. She took her turn without a word and looked like a princess on her throne as she did it. I took my turn while the kids watched as usual. I looked over at Siobhan, leaning against the wall, and she was watching the three of us, a big smile on her face.

"I'll fix us something for supper," she said. "Do you kids want PB and J?"

It was their favorite Saturday night meal, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with a class of milk and some fruit. She got two 'yeahs' in response to her question.

"What do you want, Kieran?" she asked.

"Anything. Whatever you're having," I answered, and she left us.

I gave the kids the full treatment – shampooed Arial's golden curls and Kavan's red tangles first, then washed their soft skin with a soapy cloth, and rinsed them thoroughly before I took my turn. They played around and between my legs while I washed. As usual, Arial watched closely when I washed my genitals, especially when I slid my foreskin back and washed the head of my penis.

I dried them first and they both turned around so I could smack them on their beautiful butts as I usually did before they ran off to find their mother. I dried off, combed my hair, and went down the hall to the kitchen.

Siobhan made grilled cheese sandwiches for us. It was one of my favorites, especially with extra-sharp cheddar cheese. She gave me a

dark beer with mine and had a glass of milk with hers. I'd brought a washcloth from the bathroom to wipe up the kids after they finished their PB and J.

"Dad, why did Kavan's penis get stiff when you washed it?" Arial asked out of the blue.

"It's my dick, Arial," Kavan said. "It gets stiff when Dad pulls my foreskin back and washes it. It feels good."

"Well, Dad pulled his foreskin back and washed his and it didn't get stiff," she said to Kavan.

I thought Siobhan was going to spit out the mouthful of milk she'd just taken. She managed to swallow before she laughed.

"I've told you kids why that happens," I said. "It's so a man can put his penis, his dick, in a woman's vagina and make his semen come out. There are little bitty swimmers in semen and one of them finds a woman's egg and that makes a baby."

"Is that what you did to Mom?" Arial asked.

"Yeah, Arial, you dummy," Kavan said. "That's the way Mom and Dad made us. That's the way they made the new baby."

"Does it hurt?" she asked.

"No, Princess," Siobhan said. "It doesn't hurt. It feels good. Now you two finish your supper and let your Dad read to you before you go to sleep."

"Can we sleep with you?" Kavan asked.

"Not tonight, Son," I answered. "Your Mom's having a little trouble resting with the baby so big. She doesn't need you two rolling around and bumping into her."

"Can I sleep with Kavan?" Arial asked. "With no clothes on?"

"You can if you'll be good after I read to you," I said. "No wrestling, no cutting up, just be quiet and good and go to sleep? Promise?"

They both promised. Sometimes they actually kept their promise.

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It was early but we went to bed just as soon as I finished reading to Kavan and Arial. Our bedroom was dark and we were quiet, resting, curled up together spoon fashion. We were both naked, as close together as could be. My hand was curled around Siobhan, holding her breast. It was already swollen, ready to become a milk source in about a month. My penis, soft but warm and swollen, was pressed against her. I wondered if the time had come to stop having sex with her and start settling for the poor substitute of my hand again.

As was usual now, Siobhan was resting on her side, with a long pillow between her knees and partly under her distended belly.

“Are you sleepy yet?” I asked.

“No, Kieran,” she replied, “just a wee bit tired.”

“Mind if I talk to you?” I asked.

She snuggled back against me a little more. “You know it’s OK. That’s one of the things I like most about going to bed like this. So we can be together here in the dark and talk to each other.”

“Yeah,” I said, “talking is nice. But I want to talk about something that’s one of the best parts of marriage.”

“All the sex you want? She asked.

“That’s important. But doing what we’re doing now means just as much to me.”

“We’re not doing anything, Kieran.”

“Nothing? Your butt up against me, with nothing between us, curling up together like this, with my hand on your breast - that’s nothing?”

“I apologize, Kieran; I think I do feel a little something.”

“That’s my dick, Siobhan. I’m talking about how this makes me feel.”

“Horny?”

“Come on, Siobhan, be serious,” I said. “When we go to sleep like this, spooned up, I’m as content as I’ve ever been in my life.”

“I hope we’ll feel the same when we’re sixty,” she said, sighing. “I can hardly imagine it. I guess our sex life will cool off as we get older. I

hope just being close and held like this will still make me happy at that age.”

“Even if I’m bald and have false teeth?” I joked.

“If you’re worried about your teeth, get up and floss,” she answered.

“How do you and the baby feel?” I asked.

“The baby’s quiet now,” she answered. “I’m glad he’s stopped playing trampoline on my bladder. I’m fine too. Whether you believe it or not, this third pregnancy has been the easiest of all.”

We had agreed to stop after two children. We didn’t know how this one was conceived, three years after the last one, with Siobhan on the pill. We both loved the first two. We couldn’t have wanted children more perfect than Kavan and Arial. Even if this one wasn’t planned, I was still as happy to be having this one as I was with the others.

“Are you OK with having this little accident?”

“You don’t need to worry about me resenting my child,” Siobhan answered. “I wish you could understand what it means to me to be a mother. It’s like virgins and sex. Virgins can never imagine what sex is like until they do it.”

“Speaking of sex, is it time for us to stop? I know your doctor says it’s OK as long as I’m not on top of you when you’re this far along. But he did say I ought to be careful about how deep I stick it in. Do you still enjoy doing it with me?”

She reached her hand around her protruding belly, between her legs, and found the end of my cock. She pushed back the foreskin to uncover the head and rubbed it just under the head. I could feel an immediate response as it began to swell and lengthen.

“Silly,” she answered, “of course I still enjoy it. I can’t think of a time when I haven’t. You’re a wonderful lover. All I could want. We’ve been married eight years and I think it’s as good now as it was the first time.”

We were quiet then resting in the dark but not yet ready to go to sleep. She continued to play with my cock down between her legs until it was fully erect. Finally she reached down, moved her hips somehow, and tucked the head of my penis into her. She was already wet and receptive.

**“Would you just put it in and then hold still?” she asked. “I just want to feel you inside me for a while. I’ll tell you when I’m ready for you to fuck me. Don’t worry if I don’t get off. Lying this way, I don’t think you can get it in deep enough to hurt the baby.”**

**We were both quiet for a while. I wondered what she was thinking. I was thinking about how we’d met and joined together years ago.**

**“Do you remember how we met and then got married? I think about it a lot and how lucky I was to find you. I wonder sometimes what my life would’ve been like if I’d been stupid enough to lose you.”**

**“Yes,” she whispered, “I remember it well. And that’s a line from Hermione Gingold, not Maurice Chevalier.”**

**“Would you tell me a good-night story?” I asked. “Tell me what you remember about it.”**

**“Well, I certainly remember some of the things you did. I suppose you’d call them horseplay.”**

**“Like what?” I asked, “I think you enjoyed kidding around as much as I did.”**

**“Like the time we were coming down in the elevator with a bunch of our co-workers and you were standing in front of me, looking down my dress. You started humming that tune that says something about umm, umm, good.”**

**“That’s not as bad as what you did once when we went out to dinner with some of those same people.”**

**“I guess I’ve forgotten that,” she responded. “What was it I did?”**

**“We were sitting side by side and, just about the time we were finished, you put your hand on my leg and moved it up until you touched my dick. You knew what the reaction would be when you gave it a few squeezes. I got an erection and, when the others left, I had to beg you to stay a little longer, pretending I wanted to talk to you. What I wanted was for my hard-on to disappear so I could get up and walk out.”**

**“Oh, yes, I remember,” she said. Even though I couldn’t see her face I knew she hadn’t forgotten and was just teasing me.**

**“Now, come on,” I said, “Tell me what you really felt and thought when we first met and got to know each other. OK?”**

**“OK,” she sighed deeply again and started. “I couldn’t take my eyes off you, the first time I saw you. It might’ve been woman’s intuition but I had a feeling then that we’d be together the rest of our lives. Are you sure you want to hear this from my perspective?”**

**I poked her gently, without saying a word, and she began her story.**

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**(SIOBHAN)**

**We both worked for a company in positions that required us to go out of town occasionally. In March, there were five of us on an assignment: two women and three men. One of the men was married and had brought along his new wife, so there were three women in total. The other two guys were single, good-looking, and very intelligent, but one was, I suspected, probably gay. The other of the single guys was the one I married later that year.**

**We were at work together when he asked me, “Siobhan, would you go out to dinner with me tonight?”**

**“Just the two of us?” I questioned. “I sort of expected to go with the group again.”**

**“I mean just the two of us. Someone told me about a Cuban restaurant that’s very good. I’d like to go with you, just you, this time.”**

**I looked him directly in the eyes. I had noticed before that he had beautiful hazel eyes, appearing sometimes brown, sometimes green, and held his gaze for a moment.**

**“I should warn you I’m not interested in a casual relationship.”**

**“That’s an interesting answer, evasive but interesting,” he said. “Would you care to expand on that?”**

**“I just mean I’m not interested in starting down a path that’s going nowhere. Too many of you guys seem to be looking for a bed-warmer. I’ve no desire to start something with a guy who’s looking for nothing but fun and games, who wants to avoid the possibility of a serious relationship.”**

**“Siobhan,” he said, earnestly, “I’m twenty five years old. I’ve screwed around more than a little. I even thought I was in love once. Every other time I knew there was no chance of any permanent**

**commitment. I've been thinking about what I really want. I'm looking for a different relationship this time. I guess I'd like to find one that might grow into real love, a lasting commitment, a family, all the things I've never had with a woman before."**

**This time he looked into my eyes, solemnly, and continued. "You know I've been thinking about you for some time. You know I'm attracted to you. I've made a fool of myself more than once around you. The other guys have started kidding me about it. I know you're aware of that, aren't you?"**

**I smiled at him, unable to resist the opportunity to tease him. "Why don't you ask Janet? You know you're a very handsome man and she certainly knows it. She was sitting behind you yesterday when you dropped that stack of papers and, when you bent over to pick them up, her eyes never left your rear end. She even commented last night about what a cute little butt you have."**

**With his fair skin and blond complexion, he couldn't hide the blush that spread over his cheeks.**

**"Janet's a friend. She'll never be more than that. Now quit teasing me. I want to tell you something, as honest as I've ever been. Don't take it lightly. I didn't ask you because I'm looking for a quick fuck. For the first time in my life, I've met a woman with whom I'd like to have grandchildren. That's the sort of relationship I'm looking for. Now, once more, would you take a chance and have dinner with me?"**

**"Yes," I answered, "I'd love to have dinner with you."**

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**A couple of months later, in May, we were assigned to work in a Gulf Coast town, just the two of us this time. The job was an emergency situation that had to be completed in just a few days. We both put in twelve-hour days on Wednesday and Thursday and finally completed our work Friday afternoon.**

**We had booked separate rooms in a hotel near the beach, hoping to spend some time relaxing in the sun on Saturday, before we returned home on Sunday. We had dinner at a seafood restaurant and were almost too tired to enjoy the excellent meal. When we went back to our rooms, I was tempted to invite him in but I knew the time wasn't right. At my door, he kissed me with a tenderness and hunger that left me wanting more.**



**The ringing of the telephone awakened me. When I reached for it, I saw that the time was 1:30 in the morning.**

**“Yes,” I said sleepily.**

**“I can’t sleep,” he said.**

**“Damn it, Kieran, did you call just to tell me that?” I asked.**

**“I’ve been awake thinking about us,” he said. “I want to talk to you. Would you go for a walk on the beach with me?”**

**“Yes, Kieran.”**

**“I’m going to wear shorts and a shirt, with sneakers. I’ll be outside your door in five minutes.”**

**When I opened my door, he was waiting. When we started toward his car, I asked where we were going.**

**“We’re going down to the State Park area, where there’re no houses, where there’ll be no one around this time of night. Trust me, please.”**

**We parked near the entrance gate to the park and walked over the dunes to the beach. At the water’s edge, he pulled off his shoes and tied the laces together. I did the same, smiling that he had somewhere learned to do the same thing I had, to make it easier to carry sneakers when walking on the beach.**

**He reached for my hand and we began walking along the beach, away from the lights of the developed area, into the darkness. The moon was nowhere to be seen and the faint starlight was barely enough to see where we were going.**

**“I’ve been thinking about our relationship,” he began. “We’ve been going out together now for almost two months. Being with you, just talking to you, makes me happier than I would’ve believed possible. I want you to understand what I feel and what I want with you.”**

**“You’ve left me wondering more than once,” I said. “I’ve felt it when you pushed yourself away from me. I mean that in more ways than one. I know you want me but you seem to reach a point where you have to stop, to get yourself back in control. I wish you would explain.”**

**“Yeah, I want you, more than I’ve ever wanted any woman. But I don’t want a casual relationship, one that’s superficial and over in a few months.”**

**“I told you when we first started I didn’t want that either,” I responded.**

**We walked quietly, hand in hand, in the darkness. The surf was almost non-existent, a soft murmur rhythmically creeping up on the beach and retreating. The night was warm and humid, smelling of salt and unknown sea creatures.**

**“Let me explain what I do want. I want you to think about it. Someday, if you decide you want me in the same way, let me know.”**

**“Go on.”**

**“First of all, I want a relationship that lasts for the rest of my life. If I make love to you, I want you to agree that we’ll be totally committed to each other as long as we both shall live.”**

**That sounds like marriage,” I said.**

**“Yeah, it does. Marriage in the old-fashioned sense, a marriage in which two people are joined into one. But I want more than that. I want to surrender myself to you in total honesty. I want you to do the same. I want you to see me exactly as I am. I want you to understand me as a sexual being. I want you to let me know you in the same way. I don’t want a woman who always expects me to be the sexual aggressor. I don’t want a woman who’s ashamed of her sexuality. I want a totally-equal sexual partner. A woman who opens her body to me. A woman who reveals her innermost thoughts and desires with complete trust.”**

**“Is that why you’ve pulled away from me more than once, when you probably could’ve made love to me?”**

**“Yes, it’s the commitment I want this time. I want you to give it a great deal of thought. I want to tell you much more about who I am and the kind of life I want to lead. At some point, I want you to decide whether you can join with me in partnership. Then I want to make love with you. I want it to be a spiritual as well as a physical union. I’ll wait until a marriage ceremony if that’s what you want, but the ceremony will be for others. The first time we make love, I’ll accept our union as permanent, until death do us part.”**

He stopped for a moment and pulled his shirt over his head. He turned toward me, waiting. I guessed his intent, a test to see if I trusted him. I pulled my shirt over my head too. I had worn nothing underneath.

We walked on again, holding hands, shoes and shirt in the other hand. The soft breeze was like a gentle caress on my breasts. I could feel my nipples harden.

“Trust me, Siobhan,” he said. “This isn’t the night for us to make love. This is a night for us to be totally open with each other, to strip away our clothes and our fears. I want to place my life in your hands. I want you to do the same.”

“It’s not easy to rid myself of uncertainty, Kieran,” I said. “What you’re asking for is something that’ll challenge both of us. It’s frightening, because that level of commitment means that if either of us fails, then we both fail.”

He stopped again, facing me only a foot or so away. He dropped his shoes and shirt on the sand. I did the same.

“We won’t,” he said. “Believe in us. We won’t fail.”

He took both of my hands in his and pulled me against him, holding me with his arms curled around me. He was standing closer to the water than me, on a sloping section of beach, and my face was level with his. He made no attempt to kiss me. We stood like that for a few minutes, his cheek against mine, my bare breasts against his chest. I could feel the slow rise and fall of his breathing and the beating of his heart.

When he pulled away, he reached down to his shorts.

“May I remove these?” he asked. “I want to wade out in the water with you.”

“Yes,” I answered, and reached down to my own shorts.

We both pulled our shorts down at the same time and then stood looking at each other. I could barely see his penis, still hanging downward, but standing slightly away from his body.

Again, he took my hand and we walked out in the water. It was still cool, not yet warmed by the summer’s heat. We walked slowly, until we were in water chest deep.

**“Just think,” he said, “millions of years ago, a spark of life was created in this chemical soup and that spark developed the ability to reproduce itself. Can you imagine the trillions of creatures that have sung to each other with the need to continue that life? Now, we’re here where it all began and I still feel the same life force in me, singing to you, to join together and continue that life.”**

**“Kieran, I think you’re just horny,” I said.**

**I moved against him again, my arms around his waist. His arms encircled me and I dropped my hands down to his buttocks and pulled him against me. When he lowered his face to mine, I opened my lips to his. We stood rocking gently in the moving water, our mouths open to each other, our tongues exploring. His hands slid lower, down to my bottom, pulling me with against him. I could feel his penis hardening against me. He moved backward for a second, letting it lift upward. When he pressed against me again, I felt it swell and lengthen, hot and hard against my stomach even in the cool water.**

**Time stood still while we held each other. He was right when he spoke of our bodies singing to each other. I wanted it never to end but finally he stepped away from me.**

**“Yep, that’s it. I’m just horny. I’m horny as hell,” he said.**

**Hand in hand we waded back to the beach. He shook the sand from his shirt.**

**“Would you let me dry you off?” he asked.**

**I stood still, my heart pounding, while he wiped the salt water from my body with my shirt. When I returned the favor, I found that his penis was still erect. I could just see the dark head at the end of the white shaft.**

**“What will we do with that?” I teased.**

**“I’m going to give you an honest answer,” he said. “I’ll take care of it later.”**

**“Will your hand bring it as much satisfaction as mine?” I asked and reached down to hold it. In the semi-darkness, I hadn’t been able to judge its size. Now, hot and hard in my hands, I was amazed at its length and girth. I felt a hungry ache inside me, a need to be filled by it. Gently he pulled my hands away.**

**“No, it won’t. But you’ve got to realize I meant what I said. You know I want to make love to you, here and now, but I’m not going to do it. I want you to know me honestly. I’m probably going to masturbate when I get back to my room. I hope you do too. Then maybe you’ll admit it to me tomorrow. I’ve told you I want total honesty. Most of all, I want a total commitment to each other. I may regret it for the rest of my life but unless you can join me like that, we may never have sex with each other.”**

**He spread his shorts and shirt out on the sand and then placed mine beside his. He sat down on his and held out his hand to me. I sat down beside him.**

**“You’ve just willingly taken off all your clothes with me and I’ve done the same. How do you feel sitting here nude with me?”**

**“I’ve got no problem with nudity,” I answered. “I’ve been to topless beaches in Europe. It was a real pleasure to be that way. I just wish I could have gone to a nude beach.”**

**“Would you go with me to a cabin my brother and sister and I own, where there’s a group of nudists? It’s in the woods on private property and we’ve never had any problems.”**

**“I’m not sure,” I said. “I don’t want to get involved in anything like swinging or group sex.”**

**“It’s nothing like that,” he said. “In fact, it’s quite the opposite. All of the adults are married and there’s a bunch of children. I’m the only adult who’s not married.”**

**“If we make the commitment we both want, I’d have no problem going with you.”**

**He stood up and again offered me his hand to pull me up. We shook the sand out of our clothes and I stepped into my shorts, watching as he did the same. He bent forward to zip his shorts, his penis still swollen and heavy. We both pulled our wet shirts over our heads. I heard him take two or three deep breaths. Then he took my hand again and we started back.**

**We walked slowly along the beach back to the car, still talking about the sort of relationship we both wanted.**

**In the car, driving back to the motel, I asked, “What do you mean when you say making love? You said earlier that you want the first time we make love to be a permanent commitment.”**

**“I meant the first time you open your body to me, when my penis is in your vagina. I’m not ashamed to say when my cock is in your cunt. I’m not ashamed to use different names for our body parts. I mean the first time I have an orgasm inside you, when I come in your cunt. Why do you ask?”**

**“What we did earlier tonight was making love. It didn’t involve penetration or orgasm but we both know we were showing our love for each other.”**

**“I suppose you’re right,” he said, “but it was also learning about each other. I have no shame or guilt about my body and about being a sexual human being. When you took off your shirt and shorts, I think you showed me you feel the same.”**

**“You also asked me to trust you, didn’t you?”**

**“Yes”**

**“Then I want to reach that agreement with you, that it’ll be a permanent commitment the first time I let you put your dick in me. But I’m going to place the burden of holding back on you. I don’t want you seducing me. I’ll tell you clearly when I want you. I’m just not ready now. I want to know you better before that final step.”**

**“I agree.”**

**Just as we drove up to the hotel, I leaned toward him and said, “There are other things we can do, to help us learn about each other, even without the best part of love.”**

**In the hotel, I unlocked the door to my room. As I turned back to him, he started to take me in his arms. I assumed he wanted to kiss me goodnight. I had never before invited him into my room.**

**This time, I took his hand and led him into my room. The bed was rumpled, my nightgown still thrown across the foot. I pushed him toward a chair.**

**“I’m going to take a shower. Alone,” I said. “Salt and sand aren’t very comfortable in bed.”**

**When I came out a few minutes later, wearing a white cotton robe, he was still sitting in the chair.**

**“It’s your turn now,” I said.**

**“I don’t have a robe to put on when I come out,” he said, smiling at me.**

**“Then wrap a towel around yourself.”**

**I was brushing my hair when he came back a few minutes later, a towel wrapped around his waist. The bulge underneath the towel drew my eyes. When I looked at his face, I noticed that his hair was damp and tousled.**

**“Sit here on the foot of the bed,” I said. “Let me brush your hair before it dries.”**

**He did as I asked, sitting quietly, legs together. I had to try more than once before I was able to make his hair look close to the way he wore it each day. I stood in front of him, straddling his legs, my bathrobe gaping open, my breasts in front of his face. I knew he could see that I had on nothing underneath. When I quit, he reached for my hand, for the hairbrush.**

**“Would you let me brush your hair?” he asked.**

**I might have been mistaken but I would have sworn that his hand was trembling against mine. I sat down in a chair and he stood behind me.**

**“This red hair is one of the things I love about you,” he said, gently brushing my hair. “Thanks for showing me that you’re a real redhead.”**

**He brushed quietly for a minute. “Your breasts are even more beautiful than I imagined they would be. I don’t know if I’m different from other men but I like to make love to a woman’s breasts with my mouth. I know my mother breast-fed me but this isn’t some Freudian complex. I just like to make love to a woman with my mouth.”**

**“I don’t think that’s unusual, is it?” I asked.**

**“Maybe not. I don’t know how other men feel about women in that respect. I’m not just talking about your breasts. I want to taste you all over. How would you feel if I held your foot and sucked on your big toe?”**

**“Sounds kinky but I don’t think I’d stop you.”**

**“And if I kissed you in the hollow just above your collar bone?”**

**“That’s nicer,” I laughed.**

**“On your leg, behind your knee?”**

**“Fine with me.”**

**“If I laid you back on the bed, put a pillow under your hips, spread your legs apart, and kissed your pussy, what would you say?”**

**“I wouldn’t stop you. I’d probably hold you by the ears to keep you there.”**

**“I’m serious about this,” he said. “I have something like a hunger to make love to a woman with my mouth, as well as my hands and my dick. One of my fantasies about you is burying my face between your legs and using my tongue to make you come over and over. And I want to do it with the lights on. I don’t want a woman who thinks she’s ‘not pretty down there’ or who thinks oral sex is dirty. When you’re hot and getting all juicy, I won’t mind getting it in my mouth. It’ll just make my dick that much harder.”**

**“If you’re trying to find out how I feel about oral sex, you can stop worrying. I’ve had a little experience with it. I love it. I like to receive it; I like to give it.”**

**He continued slowly brushing my hair, almost dry now. “What if I asked you to sit in a chair in front of me and masturbate yourself to an orgasm?”**

**“I’ve never done that with a man before.”**

**“Think of it as showing me how you like to be touched, of teaching me how to bring you to an orgasm, if you don’t have one before I do when we’re fucking.”**

**“Would you sit in a chair in front of me and jack off while I watch?” I asked.**

**“Sure,” he responded. “That’s the sort of thing I want us to be honest about. Even when we get married, I’ll probably still jack off but I hope just not as much. I don’t want you to be upset about it, to think I’m unhappy with you if I do it on occasion. I don’t want to feel guilty if you walk in on me doing it. I hope you’ll even do it with me sometimes. To me, that’s just one more great way to enjoy our sexuality.”**



**“How would you feel if we made love some night and you came before I did and I used my hand to bring myself off?” I asked. “You might be tired and sleepy. That’s the way it works, you know. Sometimes I can come with just plain fucking, perhaps even more than once. Other times, I might not even care if I have an orgasm. Women are like that. Sometimes we can be perfectly content with having sex without having an orgasm but I know there’ll be times I couldn’t just turn over and go to sleep without one. Would you be bothered if I used my fingers to finish the job?”**

**“That’s the way I would want it to be with us,” he responded. “I don’t want to have to jump up and wash my cock before going to sleep because it’s covered with your juices and mine. I’d love to snuggle up against you, even if it’s messy, and then we can use my hand or yours to bring you off. After we’re both done, I’d love to curl up with you, with your bare butt against me, spoon fashion, with one of my arms around you, holding one of your breasts, while we both go to sleep.”**

**“I’ll agree to that, but only if you’ll let me curl up to your butt sometimes, with my arm around you, holding your dick,” I answered.**

**“I don’t know whether married life can be like that or not. Is it just a fantasy?” he asked.**

**“No,” I answered, “I think married life can be whatever we want to make it, if we agree on what we do.”**

**“I’m not the kind of man who wants to get into kinky stuff,” he continued. “I can fantasize about tying you up, with your legs spread, and using my mouth on your pussy, but only if you agree to let me do it. I don’t get any thrills out of bondage and discipline, or sado-masochism, or rubber outfits and shit like that. I’m not ever going to give you a vibrator for a Christmas present.”**

**“We certainly feel the same about that,” I answered. “But how would you feel about talking about our fantasies, maybe even acting them out?”**

**“I’d love that,” he answered. “I have lots of fantasies. It might take me years to tell you about them and then carry them out. Do you have any you’d like to play out? Start with something simple we can do tonight.”**

**“Well, I’ve always wondered what it would be like to be a man, to have a penis and testicles, especially a penis that I could wrap my hand around and see how it feels to masturbate,” I responded.**

**“Say dick and balls.”**

**“Ok, dick and balls, then.”**

**“I can’t change you into a man,” he continued, “and I sure as hell don’t want to.”**

**“No, but you could let me do it with your dick. How about it? You lie back on the bed and let me jerk you off.”**

**“You haven’t done that with a guy before?” he asked.**

**“Well, yes, but not with the lights on. I’ve had boy friends in high school and college. I’m not a virgin, you know. But I haven’t had very many lovers. I’m not much of an expert on men.”**

**He handed me the hairbrush and I felt my hair to see if it was dry enough. My hair was but I could feel the moistness between my legs. I had never dreamed that having a man brush my hair could be such an erotic turn on.**

**“If you want to do it, I’ll be your teacher tonight,” he offered.**

**“You said you wanted us to be honest with each other. Would you believe my pussy is almost dripping just from having you brush my hair?”**

**“So what?” he responded. “My cock would be standing straight up if it wasn’t for this chair back it’s pressed against.”**

**I caught his hand and pulled him around until he was standing in front of me. I could hardly believe the bulge behind the towel wrapped around him. I pulled the towel away and threw it on the bed. I watched as his cock expanded and lifted itself until it was pointing straight at me and then lifted further until it was standing up at an angle to his body. When I first saw it, his foreskin covered the head almost completely, with only a small circle of skin open at the tip. As it lifted and expanded, his foreskin drew back until only the ridge of the glans was still covered.**

**“At least he’s a gentleman,” I said. “He knows enough to stand up and take his hat off in the presence of a lady.”**

**“Who are you talking about?” he asked.**

**“Your penis, your cock, dick, peter, John Thomas, whatever it is you call it. Do you have a name for it?”**

**“I’ve never felt the need to name it. It goes with me wherever I go and comes when I want it to.”**

**“And I’ll bet he’s good at making the ladies come too. Now would you turn around?” I asked.**

**“Why, what do you want me to do that for?”**

**“So I can do a butt evaluation. Remember I told you Janet liked your tight little butt. I just want to see if your tush, your buns, your ass, or whatever you want to call it, is as sexy as Janet said.**

**He turned around so that his back was to me and I gave his butt a good inspection. It was remarkably smooth and tight and muscular. Janet would have been pleased with it. While he was turned around, I stood up, shrugged off my bathrobe, and then turned him around. For the second time, we were totally nude in each other’s presence, but this time we were in a well-lit hotel room, not on a dark beach.**

**We both stood silently, only a few feet separating us, looking at each other. I saw a very handsome young man, with blond hair on his head but very little on other parts of his body. His pubic hair was the same color as that on his head. The hair on his arms and legs was so light as to be almost invisible. He still had the slimness of a young man, a well-muscled chest, flat stomach, strong legs, and, most evident of all, an erect cock waiting to be dealt with.**

**I can’t say what he saw but I knew my hair down below was just as red as that on my head. My skin was even fairer than his and I couldn’t tolerate much sun and never got a tan. My breasts weren’t large but they didn’t droop and I could go without a brassiere sometimes. The areolas on my breasts were a light red color and the nipples, standing out now, were a darker red. And all over my face and shoulders and chest he could see my freckles.**

**“Do you like what you see?” I asked.**

**“You’re even more beautiful than I’ve dreamed. Believe me, there’ve been dreams of you, with a wet spot on the bed.”**

**“Do you sleep in the nude?”**

**“Yeah, I’ve slept like that for years, especially in warm weather. When it’s cold, I’ll pull out some flannel pajamas.”**

**“I do the same, except that I have some flannel nightgowns.**

**“I’d love to spend a cold winter’s night with you.”**

**His eyes had hardly left my breasts since we were face to face. “What are you thinking?” I asked.**

**“You may not believe it but I was comparing the color of your areolas and your nipples with the color of your hair - up top and down below. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a woman so beautifully color-coordinated.”**

**“Well, you can thank my Irish father for the genes that gave me red hair and fair skin. But we both need to catch up on sleep. I’m tired after three days of hard work and very little sleep so far tonight.”**

**“I don’t think I’m going to sleep much with this in the bed with me,” he said as he put his hand on his penis.**

**“Then let me have my fantasy. I’ll take care of it. When I’m finished, we’ll go to bed together. If it pokes its head up again tonight, I’ll chase you back to your own room.”**

**“No, that’s not fair,” he answered. “I always have erections while I’m sleeping. I don’t know how many because I can’t count ’em when I’m asleep. I usually wake up in the morning with a hard-on. Promise you won’t chase me out unless I try to do something with it.”**

**“I won’t chase you out if you’re good. Now, stretch out on the bed with a pillow under your head and close your eyes. I’m going to sit on your stomach, facing your feet, and pretend that I’m the one with the aching hard-on.”**

**He crawled up on the bed and then said, “I think you might want to have a damp towel nearby. I’m going to make a mess. And if you have any baby oil, use that. I usually do.”**

**I grabbed the damp towel he had dropped and rummaged in my suitcase for a bottle of oil. When I found it, I held it up for him to see. It wasn’t baby oil; it was oil that I used on my elbows and feet and sometimes other areas.**

**“Will this do?” I asked. “I like to use it on my skin when I’ve been out in the sun or wind too much.”**

**“Sure,” he answered, “If it doesn’t hurt your skin, I don’t think it can hurt my dick.”**

At first I lay down on the bed, with my head beside his middle. I took his cock in my hand and held it straight up, looking at it. I gently bent it from side to side and from front to back. I moved down to his testicles, cupping my hand under his scrotum and gently lifting them.

“I’m no connoisseur of cocks,” I said, “but I think yours rates as prime. I’m glad you’re not circumcised. The cut ones I’ve seen looked mutilated. If we have boy children, I want them to be like you.”

“They will be,” he agreed.

I put my hand on his dick. “I’m no expert on jacking off guys, Kieran. I’ve done it for a few poor guys to put them out of their misery.”

“You don’t have to be an expert. As long as they get off, most cocks are happy, even if a rank amateur does it.”

“Yes, but I want to do it the way you want it done. I’m not used to dealing with an uncircumcised one. Tell me what to do.”

“Sure. Just wrap your hand around it, about midway between the head and the base.”

“Like this?” I asked, as I tried to encircle it with my hand.

“Yeah. Now move your hand slowly up as far as you can.”

I followed his instructions. “The foreskin slides back over the head. I don’t touch it with my hand.”

“If your hand is dry, it’s best not to rub it on the head. That’s almost as sensitive as your clitoris. How would you like it if I tried to rub your clit with a dry finger?”

“I’d chase you off,” I answered.

“Do you think it’d feel better if I used a wet tongue?”

“That’s your fantasy. You wait your turn.”

“Now move your hand down as far as you can go.”

“It pulls down on top but it’s attached, sort of under the head. Is it supposed to work that way?”

“Yes, now stick your finger in your mouth and then rub it around the area just between the head and the regular skin on the shaft.”

When I did, his cock jumped reflexively in my hand.

“That’s the underside of my foreskin. It’s very sensitive. When you pull down on the skin until that area’s tightly stretched, it’s even more sensitive.”

“And what about the place underneath, where the foreskin is still attached to the head?”

“Do the same thing there. Wet your finger, pull down until the skin on my cock is stretched tight, then rub it.”

I did as he asked and again, his cock seemed to move on its own accord.

“Now, combine some of what I’ve told you. Written instructions. Pull down on skin to cause tension on the inner foreskin and frenulum, rub the last couple of inches with hand or mouth. How long do you think I’m going to last before I squirt all over you?”

“I don’t know,” I replied. “May I try it?”

“Sure. Put some of the oil on your hand and on my cock. I’ll warn you again you’d better be careful where you point it. I’m going to make a big mess on something.”

I moved so that I was sitting astride him, with my pussy just about over his navel, facing toward his feet. I knew he could feel how hot and wet I was. I squirted the oil generously over his cock and smeared it all over his cock and balls.

At first, I just moved my hand up and down, holding the skin on the shaft of his cock. As my hand movements became faster, I could feel his stomach muscles underneath me becoming tense. Then I decided to see how long he would last if I used the other technique he had shown me. I used my left hand to pull down on the skin on his cock, and my right hand to slide up and down. Just as he had told me, the foreskin stayed retracted and my oil-slick hand was moving up and down on the head of his cock.

After a minute or so of this, I could feel his body become even tenser. I could see his leg muscles become harder and I felt myself lifted up a little as his buttocks tensed. His cock seemed to grow even larger and redder. His testicles had been hanging down between his legs a little but they’d slowly retracted around the base of his cock. I could also hear him breathing heavily.

Suddenly he erupted. The first white string of semen flew out of him and landed between my breasts. The second spun out and hit a little lower. The spurts continued, each a fraction of a second after the previous one, until I was dripping with his come from my breasts down to my pubic hair. Some of the last landed on his stomach. The final ones merely oozed out and I used my hand to milk them out.

Watching his performance, I realized how hot and wet my cunt was. I knew I wanted to have his cock doing that inside me for the rest of my life. I turned around, still on top of him, straddling his thighs.

“You were right when you said you’d make a mess,” I said.

“If you’ll hand me that damp towel, I’ll wipe it off you,” he replied.

Instead, I reached between my breasts and picked up a little of his semen on my finger. I stuck the finger in my mouth and cleaned it off. It didn’t really taste that bad. But I wasn’t sure I wanted so much of it in my mouth all at once.

“How does it taste?” he asked.

I reached down and picked up a little more and extended my finger to his mouth. He looked me directly in the eyes and opened his mouth. My finger came out clean.

“Is this a test to see what I’ll really do with my mouth, whether it involves my juices, or yours, or ours in combination?” he asked.

“No, not really,” I replied. “I just can’t imagine most men want their mouth on a woman’s cunt when it’s full of their own come.”

“It’s called a cream pie in pornographic stories,” he said. “And I’m telling you the truth. I love to go down on a woman, either before or after we fuck. And besides, I already know what my come tastes like. I licked it off a girl’s breasts once.”

“Damn, Kieran, you’re going to have to tell me about that some day.”

On impulse, I lay down on top of him and rubbed my body against his, smearing his come over both of us.

“Do you want to stay like this until we’re glued together or should we wipe it off?” I asked.

He put his arms around me and held me. After a few minutes, I reached for the towel.

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When I finally finished telling the story of our beginning, Kieran's cock was between my thighs, only half-hard now.

"Kieran, aren't you going to finish what you've started?" I asked.

"No," he answered. "I don't really want to get off tonight, when you don't. I'm content to be close to you. Just being like this with you – it doesn't get any better."

"I wish you would, Kieran," I said. "Just a slow, quiet little fuck here in the dark. I want to feel you come in me. Even if I don't, I'll sleep better."

"You sure?"

I didn't answer. I reached down between my legs and started playing with his dick. When it was hard again, I tucked it inside me and he gave me the slow gentle fuck I wanted. I held his hand in place, his two middle fingers on my clitoris, and helped him to give me a quiet little orgasm just before he came.

"Thank you," he said. "That was nice."

"It made me think of the first night we spent together."

"What night?"

"That first night we spent together, at the hotel on the beach. I didn't sleep anymore after I jacked you off. I just pretended to. When we spooned up against each other in bed, I could feel your cock pressed up against me. It might not have been hard but it was still hot. I wanted to push you over on your back, get you hard again, and crawl on top of you. I wanted you inside me more than I'd ever wanted anything."

He chuckled softly. "I always wondered how you could go to sleep like that. I didn't sleep anymore either. Every time I felt another hard-on starting, I'd turn over. You'd spoon up against my butt and put your arm around me. If you'd felt down a little lower, you'd have found a hard-on."



**“So we were both pretending to sleep,” I said. “Doesn’t it seem kind of silly now? That we didn’t just go ahead and fuck each other to sleep that first night?”**

**“I suppose,” he responded. “But I wasn’t sure you were ready. I mean, for the sort of commitment we’d talked about. You know I’m not good at picking up a woman’s subtle signals. After the next weekend, I knew you wanted me the same way I wanted you. When we finally did it, a few weeks later, I knew it was right.”**

**“We were both scared of the commitment. Seems dumb now, doesn’t it? Anyway, the second time we slept together, two nights in one weekend, that was nice too. And the next weekend, when we finally fucked each other to exhaustion – that made even better memories.”**

**“Good night, Siobhan,” he said, “and good night to you, Kerry or Kerri, whichever you are.”**

**“And to you, Kieran,” I said. “Do you care which it is?”**

**“No, it’s our child. I’ll love it no matter what.”**

## **Chapter Two**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 33 in story, 25 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 32 in story, 24 in flashback; Kavan Stuart, 6 in story; Arial Stuart, 4 in story; Kerry Stuart, a couple of weeks from birth in story**

### **TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart**

**(KIERAN)**

**A few weeks later, we were resting in bed again, after Kavan and Arial had gone to sleep, worn out from playing for most of the day. I’d let them play in the tub until their fingers wrinkled and then put them to bed with their nightly reading. I’d showered after Siobhan to get rid of the sweat from two kids. When I came out, naked as usual, drying myself off, I found her already resting on her side on the bed, wearing a nightgown that covered her from shoulders to knees. I stood looking at her for a minute.**

**“Honey, why do you have that on?” I asked.**

**“I’m tired and uncomfortable, Kieran. I just don’t feel pretty because I’m so big. I feel like I’m going to split wide open if this baby doesn’t hurry up and get here.”**

**“I know they don’t ever come on schedule but it’s a couple of weeks yet.”**

**“Yes, I know,” she answered with a slight quaver in her voice. I could tell she was almost on the verge of crying.**

**“Don’t you remember how it was with Kavan and Arial? You didn’t hide from me even up to the time the baby came. I always thought you were beautiful when you were carrying our child. I still do. You seem sacred to me when you’re pregnant and you’ve got an extension of our lives inside you.”**

**“But we haven’t had sex for two weeks now. And it’s going to be a couple of months until we can do it again. Maybe I’m not supposed to but I get horny even when I’m pregnant,” she said.**

**“With Kavan, the doctor gave us some guidance about how long we should wait to ‘resume intercourse,’ as he put it. He just didn’t say anything about how long we had to wait for oral sex. I seem to remember you were having regular orgasms within about three weeks.”**

**“Yes, and you were having to jack off. I like to watch you but I really wanted you to be having sex with me, not with your hand.” She sniffled and I could hear her unhappiness in her voice.**

**“Please, don’t cry,” I begged. “I told you before we were married I didn’t want to have to hide what I did from you, at times when we couldn’t have sex.”**

**She dried her eyes and looked at me, staring down at my genitals. Finally, she turned her back to me, pulled up the pillow that she used to support her stomach, and seemed to relax. I wanted to do something to make her happy.**

**“Do you remember the first weekend we ever spent with each other, how much I wanted to love you with my mouth?” I asked. “Would you let me do that tonight?”**

She looked up at me again, with a smile this time. “That was a wonderful weekend, wasn’t it? But we can’t roll back time. We can’t be like that again.”

“Yes, we can,” I argued. “Just let me love you the way I want to.”

“Do you really remember that weekend the way I do?” she asked. “Would you just hold me and tell me what you remember about it? When you finish the story, I’ll let you do whatever you want, if you’ll turn out the lights.”

“You’ve never asked me to turn out the lights before. Why ask for that now?”

“Because I don’t feel pretty down there,” she answered. “I know you’ve said I should never say that but I feel so fat and I just don’t want you looking at me.”

“Alright, I’ll tell you the story of our first weekend,” I answered. “And I’ll even turn out the light if you’ll let me do what I want to. But don’t you ever say again that you’re ‘not pretty down there.’ Every part of you is always beautiful to me.”

“Oh, shut up,” she said, “No, I mean tell me about that first weekend again.”

I turned out the lights, curled up against her from behind, and reached around with one hand to hold her breast. I began to recount our story.

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During the week after our out-of-town trip to the Gulf Coast, we had dinner together every night. We had agreed that I would pick her up before work every morning and we’d have dinner together every night at my apartment, at hers, or at some restaurant. On Monday morning, when I picked her up, I held the door to my car open for her and closed it after she was seated. When I got inside, I inserted the key and was about to start the car. She stopped me by putting her hand on mine.

“I’ve been meaning to ask you about this car. How can you afford a red BMW like this on your salary?” she asked.

“It’s a long story, Honey. I can’t tell you the whole thing while we’re on our way to work. Would it be OK if I gave you a solemn pledge to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth some time when you’ve got an afternoon to listen.”

**“Damn, Kieran, don’t you forget it. I want to know.”**

**“I’ll show you mine if you’ll show me yours. Are you going to tell me about some of the stuff you did before we met?”**

**“Sure, but let’s change the subject. You asked me not to masturbate all this week. You said you wouldn’t either. Just what is it you’ve got in mind for Saturday?”**

**“It’s really very simple,” I said. “I want to spend the weekend with you, naked as much as possible. We can do whatever we wish with each other. I’m going to make sure I fulfill one of the fantasies I’ve had about you. The only thing I don’t want is for us to commit ourselves to each other this weekend. I want to save that for the next weekend.”**

**We followed the same pattern for each night of the week. We stopped for take-out food three nights. Once I cooked and once she did. We spent the evenings talking about what sort of marriage we wanted, children, career, life, religion or lack thereof, likes and dislikes. By Friday night, I was convinced that we had so many beliefs and viewpoints alike that the few areas of disagreement were insignificant.**

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**Thursday night, we discussed our immediate families, shared memories, and considered arrangements for each of us to meet the other’s parents and siblings. Siobhan’s parents were out of the country, in Italy, until the end of August. Her brother and his wife were living fairly close to us. We agreed to set up a visit with her parents shortly after they returned.**

**My parents were at home and I told her we could go there any weekend we wanted if I just called in advance to let them know I was bringing her. I told her she’d probably enjoy it more if she met just my parents first. We could go for another visit later so she could meet Alan, my older brother and Kara, my older sister, and their families.**

**Then I told her again of a long-planned weekend at Cabin in the Woods, the place Alan, Kara, and I owned. I described the beauty of the property, over 200 acres of heavily wooded land, with a number of streams and creeks between rolling hills and lots of large outcroppings of huge rocks. I described the A-frame cabin in the middle of the property and the beautiful view from the deck looking down to the creek below. I explained that a lot of family and friends, none older**

than thirty-five, and their children would be there and it would be a great time to meet them. I told her it should be a very enjoyable and unique weekend. I reminded her she'd already said she would be OK with a little nudity if the weather was good.

"I think you'd better explain what does go on," she said. "I assume if there are children there's nothing to worry about. How did the three of you come to own the property?"

"Paul and Lauren Andersen, neighbors of my family, were the original owners of Cabin in the Woods. I went there with them lots of weekends during the summer I turned sixteen. Paul was finishing up some of the work around the cabin and I helped him. He and I finished a lot of the inside and built the deck together."

"What were Paul and Lauren like?" she asked.

"Paul was a helicopter pilot with a big company. Lauren wasn't working that summer. She was staying home with their first child. They were both about ten years older than I was."

"You spent weekends alone with them?" she asked. "Is there a story there?"

"It's another one you can put on your list for me to tell you about. Again, it's something I can't condense because, if I tell you, you've got to understand the situation to know why I did something no one else knows about."

"A deep dark secret?" she teased.

"It's deep but not dark. Let's just say I gave them a gift out of love and leave it at that. Ask me later and I'll explain."

"How did you and Alan and Kara come to own it?"

"Paul got transferred to the West Coast that fall. At first, he asked me to take charge of the property, as a custodian. I took Alan and Kara out there. Alan came up with the idea of buying it and renting it out to make the payments. We talked to our parents and took them to see the property. Dad agreed to back us. Since I was still a minor and in high school, I couldn't participate in buying it. But Dad said that if I worked in keeping it up, we could all enjoy it and I'd have a "sweat equity" and could be a part owner. Some years later, Alan and Kara and I bought out Dad's equity and we made enough renting it to groups like Boy Scouts to pay off a large part of it."

**“Tell me about the people who will be there,” she requested.**

**“Alan is my only brother, five years older than me. He’s married and they have three children, one only a few months old. Kara is my only sister; she’s about two and one-half years older than me. She’s married too and they have two children. The three of us have always been very close. There’ll be two first cousins of ours, both married, and their children. There’ll be one other young couple who have been close friends with the three of us for years and, of course, their children. Not counting us, there will be ten or twelve adults and, I think, somewhere around a dozen children.”**

**“That sounds like a great weekend, spending two days with all of them and their children in one small cabin,” she said, only half joking.**

**“Well, it’s not small at all,” I answered. It has seven bedrooms, three small ones along each side sort of at the bottom of the legs of the A-frame, and one bigger bedroom in a loft on the second floor. It has two toilets. Two and a half if you count the small half-bath in the loft bedroom. There’s one big shower stall in an enclosed area down under the A-frame. There’s a huge raised deck at one end and a large grassy play area down the hill beside the creek. The creek’s a good place for swimming and we all enjoy it.”**

**“OK, I guess it’s big enough for a crowd. Tell me more.”**

**“We all take food and drink. We’ve agreed that the food is always to be the kind we should eat, with lots of fruits and vegetables. No junk food or sweet treats are allowed. The drinks are limited too. No alcohol is allowed and the kids get only fruit juice, milk, or water. The adults can have coffee or tea if they want but we don’t allow soft drinks. There’s no smoking; we almost had a fight over that but the two smokers decided to quit smoking because of their kids. We all pitch in together in fixing the food and feeding the kids before the adults eat.”**

**“I think I can live with that. It sounds like the way I like to eat and drink,” she said. “More.”**

**“There’s no TV so no movies to entertain the kids if it rains. There’s a radio and a CD player but most of the music is classical or old favorites. We’re just trying to create a quiet peaceful atmosphere.”**

**“Good, I could certainly do without TV or movies for a few days.”**

**“We all dress very casually - shorts, knit shirts, that sort of thing,” I added. “Jeans and sweat shirts in cooler weather.”**

**“Come on, Kieran,” she said in exasperation. “Everything you’ve told me so far sounds wonderful. I’d love to be part of a group like that. I thought you said you all enjoyed being nudists at the cabin.”**

**“We do,” I answered. “When we first get there, everybody will be dressed about the same. If the weather’s sunny, there’ll be some out on the deck or down in the grass without shirts.”**

**“You can certainly take your shirt off,” she replied. “I assume they’re used to seeing your chest.”**

**“It’s more than that,” I continued. “Some of the ones without shirts will be women or girls.”**

**“Sunning topless? I did that in Europe where it’s not at all unusual.”**

**“It’s not just sunning. The women probably won’t put on their shirts when they come inside. They’ll probably stay like that when they and their husbands help fix lunch for the kids and then for grownups.”**

**“I suppose I’d feel awkward for a few minutes around strangers like that but, if they’re people we’re going to be friends with, I think I’d be alright with it.”**

**“When the grownups eat, out on the deck if the weather’s good, the kids will be running around like wild little animals. Then you’ll notice that they seem to be losing their clothes. You’ll see a naked boy chasing a naked girl or vice versa. It won’t be long until the whole bunch of them is completely nude and running and screaming. Finally, they’ll get together and come back to the adult group screaming, ‘Skinny dipping, let’s go skinny dipping.’”**

**“How old are these kids?” she asked.**

**“The two oldest are a boy of thirteen and a girl of fourteen. They’ve already started puberty. The rest range all the way down to Kara’s nursing baby boy.”**

**“So some of you take them down to the creek then?”**

**“Nope, all of us take them to the creek. But before we do, all of the adults get naked too. Some of the women might keep their shorts on if it’s necessary. The only things we take to the creek are insect repellent, sunscreen, towels, and blankets. Hats are allowed,” I joked.**

**“Everybody goes skinny dipping?”**

**“Well, you don’t have to get in the water if you don’t want to. Some just sit on the bank and watch. I think all of the men usually get in the water to play with the kids.”**

**“So, there will be a dozen adults and about that many kids playing in the creek or in the grass naked. If I followed your description of the group, all the adults are married, except for you. Don’t you ever get hot and bothered with so many women in the nude? Don’t you ever get hard or at least a little aroused looking at them?”**

**“Not really,” I replied, “They’re all people I’ve known most of my life, old friends. With all the children around, we’re like one big family group. The kids set the tone for the group in their innocence. I’ve noticed the thirteen year-old boy get a boner a few times but nobody pays any attention to it. He’ll probably keep playing just like before, except his stiffy won’t be flopping around as much. I can remember when I was that age; mine got hard whenever it wanted to, no matter what I told it.”**

**“Does everybody go like that the rest of the day?” she asked.**

**“It depends on the weather. Some stay at the creek for an hour or so and then go shower and get dressed. Some stay naked until the kids are called to go back to the cabin. Some of the adults and the oldest boy and girl will help wash the younger kids in the big shower on the basement level. We’ve learned the hard way that we always have to do that. You can get chiggers or ‘red-bugs’ if you don’t and occasionally even if you do. We’ve even found a few ticks on kids and grownups.”**

**“You know I can’t take much sun,” she said. “Would it bother you if I went back to the cabin after just a short exposure?”**

**“No. Remember Kara’s got a new baby, only a few months old. She won’t stay at the creek long with him. Her husband and I’ll help watch all the other kids. You might even get a special treat. She’s nursing the baby. When she does that, most of the kids will stop and stand watching while she nurses it. They seem fascinated by it.”**

**“When you’re all playing with the kids, do the kids or the grownups object to you touching them?”**

**“No, there’s no problem with anybody in that area. I might have a little naked boy or girl crawling up in my lap if I’m sitting down, or they may grab me around the neck from behind and ask me to carry them. I often pick up the younger boys and girls and hold them naked, with their butt on my arm. The older ones will jump on me and maul me a little but**



they don't want to be held. The fourteen year old girl doesn't jump on me but, from the way she looks at me sometimes, I think she'd like to."

"Yeah, and you'd like to jump her too, I'll bet. How will the kids treat me?" she asked.

"Just the same way they do me," I answered, "if you let them know that you welcome it. Remember, it's the smaller ones that want to be held more. You might have a two or three year old boy in your lap, sucking on one thumb while he plays with your nipple with the other hand. Don't make him stop. The other women will think nothing of it. They've all been there and done that. And when we have children of our own, you won't find it strange when they act the same as these children."

"So, after skinny dipping in the creek, what do you all do?" she asked.

"Everybody does whatever they want to," I answered. "Some will get dressed and some won't. Some will be in the kitchen working on the evening meal. Others may bring something out on the deck to help prepare it. The kids usually stay naked. We pull out some exercise mats for them to sleep on and spread them out in the big area of the cabin. Sometimes they'll roll around and wrestle; sometimes they sit quietly and play games."

"Both boys and girls?" she said, with eyebrows raised.

"Yes," I said, "They don't have to play doctor to see how the other sex is made. It's right there in front of them."

"Doesn't it make them curious about the differences between the sexes and why we're different?"

"Not especially. If they do, we've all agreed to answer their questions honestly and frankly. If enough of them show an interest in anything sexual, we'll ask one of the married couples to sit down with them and hold a question and answer session. The older they get, the more attentive they are."

"Do you ever get to hold one of the Q & A sessions?" she asked.

"No, but I'm hoping we'll be able to one of these days soon."

"Do you expect me to help you?" she asked. "I wouldn't know what to say to kids."

**“Sure you would. You just give them honest answers. Always make sure they realize how beautiful and wonderful and precious their bodies are.”**

**“Give me an example,” she said.**

**“Well, it’s the attitude we try to show toward them, not just what we say to them. When you look at one of the boys, you’ll find he has the most beautiful blue eyes you’ve ever seen. All the women say that to him. I think they’re right. I’m sure you’ll probably tell him that too. But if he’s standing there in front of you naked, would you try to make him believe that his penis and testicles aren’t beautiful, that they should be hidden? The same thing is true with the girls. You can’t take the attitude that the blonde hair on their head is beautiful and then make them feel, hey, the little cleft in your vulva is ugly and should be hidden.”**

**“Yes, but what if I’m sitting on the deck and the thirteen year-old boy looks at me and gets a little stiffy. What should I do then?”**

**“Nothing,” I answered. “Just let him look. Part your legs and show him a little more if you wish. Look him in the eyes and give him a big smile, as though he’s sharing something secret with you. What’s happening to him is the most natural response in the world. Why should either of you worry about it?”**

**“But what if it’s his father looking at me. What will his wife think?”**

**“Just look at her and smile. You’ll be the only genuine redhead there. Just accept the fact that that you’ll be looked at a lot the first time we go. They’ll all know that you’re there because we’ve made the same commitment they all have, whether we’re married then or not. Remember these are all good friends of mine. They’ve asked me more than once when I was going to bring someone with me. Believe me; they’ll be very happy for the both of us.”**

**“What about sleeping arrangements?” she asked.**

**“I’ve told you that the kids, even the two older ones sleep on the exercise mats, using sleeping bags. They’re allowed to sleep nude if they want to and most of them do in warm weather. The grownups get the bedrooms. We’ll probably be given the bigger bedroom in the loft even if it’s not my turn yet. But after that, we’ll take turns rotating around the bedrooms.”**

**“No body will object to us sleeping together, even if we’re not married then?”**

**“No,” I answered, “I know most of them had sex with each other before marriage and some had been living together for some time before getting married.”**

**“Will your parents feel the same way when we go to visit them?”**

**“When we tell them about the commitment we’ve made to each other and that we’re already having sex together, they’ll be delighted. My mother will have fresh sheets on the bed in the guest bedroom before you know what’s happened.”**

**“And if we want to have sex while we’re there?”**

**“Do you mean at my parent’s house or at the cabin?” I asked.**

**“Both, I guess,” she responded.**

**“There’s no problem with either place. My parents’ will expect it. Mom will probably talk to you about it the next day. Just remember that Alan and Kara and I have always been very frank in talking about sex with them. The parents at the camp may disappear in their bedroom any time of day. When they shut the bedroom door, everybody knows that means not to disturb them. A lot of the bedroom doors are shut at night. But I’ll warn you that the place isn’t soundproof at all. You can hear a lot of what goes on in the other bedrooms and in the kid’s area. But, again, it’s the most natural thing in the world and we all accept it. There might be a little good-natured kidding the next day if some couple is unusually loud at night. But you’ll also hear some of the couples talking very frankly about their sex life. And I do mean frankly. Sometimes I wonder if they do it more when I’m around, to make sure I know what I’m missing. We’ll have to be unusually loud the first night to make sure they know I’m not missing out anymore. Would you be OK with that?”**

**“I don’t know yet. Am I going to find out soon?” she asked.**

**“I told you that I wanted this weekend to be mine, to live out my fantasy with you. I’m not going to make love with you - no, that’s not the right way to say it – I’m not going to fuck – that’s not right either. How do I say it? I’m not going to cleave unto you as one flesh until next weekend. I just want to do everything else this weekend.”**

**<><><>**

**On Saturday morning, I stopped by the jewelry store for the gift I had picked out for her. I didn’t think she had caught on when I tried to get a measurement of her neck but I wasn’t sure. When I showed the jeweler a picture of her, he looked at her for a minute and then at me.**

**“You’re a lucky man,” he said. “If it doesn’t fit, have her bring it back to me. If I can see her in person, I’ll adjust it at no charge to you. My wife wrapped it for you; she’s very good at that.”**

**Next I stopped at a French gourmet deli to pick up food and wine for the weekend. Again, I showed the owner her picture and told him I wanted some of his very best for the woman I was going to marry. He looked at the picture for a minute or so and then began leading me around recommending various items. I asked him to pick out a half-dozen bottles of very good wine. When I was paying, he asked if I had plans for l’amour that afternoon. I answered, “Yes, and for the rest of out lives too.” He looked at me for a moment and then said, “Vive l’amour. Please bring her in with you the next time you visit us.”**

**I arrived at her apartment just a few minutes before noon. She must have seen me drive up because she opened the door a few seconds before I could ring. She was wearing some sort of colorful dress that might have been Indonesian in origin. Since both my arms were full of stuff I didn’t want to drop, I was grateful. I carried in a couple of the bags of food and wine and told her I had more in the car. She walked back with me and helped carry the other bags of food items into her small kitchen.**

**Before we shut the door to her apartment, I said, “Would you hang this on the doorknob and then lock the door.” I handed her the “DO NOT DISTURB” sign I had picked up at a hotel. She looked at me quizzically and I said, “I hope we don’t see or talk to anyone else until Monday. I think this is yours.”**

**I handed her a plain brown bag containing my gift to her, without indicating what was in. She looked at it and then at me and then opened the bag. When she saw the gift-wrapping, she smiled at me and raised one eyebrow.**

**“Open it, please,” I said, “it’s for you.”**

**She carefully removed the wrapping without tearing it, just like my Mother so often did. She folded it and laid it to one side. Only then did she open the case. She stood looking it at for a minute or so. When she looked up at me, she said, “We can’t afford this.” When she realized what she had said, she changed it. “I mean, you can’t afford this.”**

**“Yes, I can afford it,” I replied. “I’m not wealthy, but this didn’t put any strain on my cash reserves. Come on, put them on.”**

**She took out the four-strand pearl choker first, looked to see how the ends attached, and then wrapped it around her neck. She fumbled**

with it a few seconds and then asked me to connect it. I did as she asked and then picked up the pearl earrings and handed them to her. She easily put them on her pierced ear lobes.

**“I suppose I might have bought a diamond engagement ring and given it to you. You could have pretended to be surprised and unsure whether you should accept it. Diamonds are cold and hard and never living. I wanted something that complements your beauty, something warm that once was alive or, at least, part of something alive. I’ll still get you an engagement ring, if you wish, and we’ll both pick it out. But this is the gift I wanted to give to you.”**

**“It’s the best gift I’ve ever had,” she said, with eyes glistening. She reached up as though to remove the earrings. “No, I said, “I want you to wear them this weekend. Just the pearls, nothing else.”**

**She smiled. “Do you think we might have lunch now? You’ve brought much too much food. Help me pick out something and you can open a bottle of wine.”**

**We had a leisurely lunch. While we ate I brought up the subject of money and handling it. “I don’t want us to have separate checking or saving or investment accounts. I want you to take charge of it all. Everything we have will be in our names, jointly owned, with you in primary charge of handling it except for investments, where we’ll work together. You’re the one with the financial planning expertise. Is that OK with you?”**

**“Are you sure?” she asked. “From your clothes and car and your gift, I know you’ve accumulated much more than I have so far.”**

**“Yes, I’m sure. I know you have the ability to handle finances. The reason I want to do this is to show you the kind of commitment I want to make to you and the trust I have in you.”**

**“I’ve got to pee,” she said. “How are we going to be about that?”**

**“Go with the flow, I guess. If you’re showering and I’ve got to pee, I’ll do it and I promise not to flush while you’re under the water.”**

**“That sounds great to me,” she said. “Now, come on; let’s both go pee and then take a shower together.”**

**“I will, on one condition,” I answered.**

**“What?”**

**“That you take the pearls off while we shower and then put them back on afterwards.”**

**In the shower, when she handed me a cloth and asked me to wash her back, I ended up washing her all over and sporting a hard-on as rigid as any I’ve ever had. When she returned the favor, I was glad when she didn’t linger excessively on my cock and balls. We dried each other off and then she led me into her bedroom. She walked over to the window, turned, smiled at me, and then pulled the drapes closed, leaving only two soft lights at each side of the bed.**

**She brought me the pearl choker again, to let me clasp it around her neck. I was struck again by her beauty, her red hair unkempt and tangled, her face devoid of makeup, her freckles showing, her skin like ivory, her breasts still small but standing out with no apparent sag, her nipples a feast for any man’s lips but especially mine, and last, if there could be a last, a glorious red mat of pubic hair crowning her Mound of Venus, so appropriately named.**

**“I think I could spend days making love to your breasts and never be satisfied. There’s a song that sums it up pretty well.”**

**“Sing it for me?” she asked. “I know you’re a wonderful dancer, you have very good social manners when necessary, you can be just as naughty and gross as I am when you want to, and you appreciate good music and opera. Now if you can just sing, I’ll marry you tomorrow.”**

**“Don’t joke about it because I might just take you up on that. I can sing a little. I even have a little talent on the piano and guitar but I’d never want to sing in public.”**

**“Sing it. I won’t laugh.”**

**I sang it softly, watching her to see if she laughed at me.**

**Today, while the blossoms still cling to the vine,  
I’ll taste your strawberries; I’ll drink your sweet wine.  
A million tomorrows shall all pass away,  
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine today.**

**When I stopped, she smiled and asked, “Can you sing the next part?”**

**“I don’t remember it,” I answered.**

**“I know it and I wouldn’t be surprised if you do too.” She sang it in a voice no better or worse than mine:**

I'll be a dandy and I'll be a rover  
 You'll know who I am by the song that I sing.  
 I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover  
 I'll something...something...

"I really didn't remember it clearly," I said. "I thought it went something like that. If we marry, I'll never be a dandy or a rover. I'm honest with you when I say I want to be with you until death do us part. It's the second line I sang that I thought about when I saw your breasts."

She looked down at her breasts and asked, "Strawberries?"

"Yes, that's what I've always thought that line referred to, his lover's breasts. And I also believe the line about drinking her sweet wine can only refer to one thing."

"You'd bury your face in this bush," and she gestured downward, "to get to my sweet wine?"

"I love your bush," I replied. "Please don't ever shave it. If you want it trimmed, I'd love to help with that. But I want to see that red hair while I'm down there. You can check my teeth to see if there's any hair before I go out the door."

"You really want to do that - for yourself or for me?"

"For myself. For some reason, that's a part of sex that I love. It's a big turn-on for me. I believe you'll learn to love it too."

"I don't know how I'm going to be about sucking your dick. Will it make you unhappy if I'm not as fond of oral sex as you are? I've done it a little but I've never had a guy come in my mouth."

"I hope I can give you thousands of orgasms using my mouth on you. I know your cunt will be all wet and juicy when I do. It won't bother me to get it in my mouth. I think you're probably like most women. I believe they don't mind having their lover's cock in their mouth; they just don't like what happens when he comes."

"I suppose you're right," she answered. "I've never done it that long before. I don't know whether I'd gag or spit it out or swallow."

"Don't worry about it," I said. "I'd like you to use your mouth on me but I don't have any real desire to come in your mouth. I look at it as foreplay. I want to come in your cunt; that's the place where it'll be the most satisfying for me, where it'll feel totally right."

**“So you’re being honest if it turns out I don’t want to make you come with my mouth, when you do it for me?”**

**“If I didn’t squirt out all those spurts of semen when I come, would you be more willing to do it?” I asked.**

**“I think so,” she answered.**

**“Then quit worrying about it. I’ve told you it’s not something I’m obsessive about. If you ever do make me come in your mouth, do what you want to with it. Spit it out on my stomach. Swallow it. Hold it long enough to come up and give me a kiss and I’ll share it with you.”**

**“Damn, Kieran,” she said, “that’s a thought that really appeals to me. Would you really let me do that?”**

**“Sure, I’ll let you. I’ll even help you, but now let me pose another question to you. What do you think of anal sex?”**

**She frowned at me, with an expression of disgust. “I don’t. I’ve never done it and I don’t think I’d ever want to.”**

**“There’s a reason I ask the question,” I said. “Anal sex is something I could do to you but there’s no way you can do it to me. It’s a one-way street. It’s something we can never share equally. We can share oral sex, even though we do it differently. I brought it up to emphasize one point: if I ever try to do anything to you or with you that you don’t want to do, just tell me. I’ll never force you to do anything.”**

**“Have you ever done it, anal sex, I mean?” she asked.**

**“Yeah, once with a girl in college. I thought I loved her but, when we first started having sex, she said something that cut through me to my heart. I did it to her out of anger or meanness or something like that.”**

**“What’d she do to make you feel like that?” she asked.**

**“I’ll tell you some day when we’re alone, relaxing with each other, and there’s no hurry to do anything. It might take an afternoon or evening to tell you the whole story. A short version could never tell the whole truth of how I felt and why.”**

**“Here,” she said, handing me the pearl choker. “Put this around my neck again and let’s go to bed. You may do whatever you want to fulfill your fantasy.”**



In her bedroom, I was struck by the way in which she had evidently prepared the scene. With the drapes drawn and the room lit only by two small lights on each side of the bed, the world seemed to be shut out. The bed had a blue and gold and ivory spread that had already been folded down almost to the foot of the bed. The pillows and sheets were a matching ivory color and looked almost silky or satiny.

I stood with her at the foot of the bed, looking at it, and then turned to her. I pulled her against me and bent my head to bring my mouth down to hers.

That moment - when she was first pressed against me, both of us nude, her breasts burning against my chest, my cock throbbing against her stomach, our mouths and lips and tongues hungry for the other, our arms wrapped around each other, both with a buttocks hold on the other, believing and knowing for the first time that our bodies would soon be joined – was seared into my memory and will be there as long as I live.

She pulled away from me and moved onto the bed, stretching out on one side, with her arms open to welcome and her legs spread to reveal to me the area just below the flaming bush on her Mound of Venus. It looked to me like the entrance to Heaven, the Pearly Gates, except that her gates weren't pearly, perhaps pink or coral.

I moved onto the bed too, and then on top of her. Her legs spread wider, tempting me to enter the gates to heaven, but I reached down and positioned my cock upward so that it was resting on her stomach, pressed down by mine, imprisoned between us. I looked her briefly in the eyes, kissed her softly, and then buried my face in the curve of her neck, in the red hair covering the pillow.

“Can we stay like this forever?” I asked.

“No, not forever, but at least for a while,” she answered.

“You're really going to let me fulfill my fantasy about you?” I asked. “You're not going to laugh at me no matter how silly some of it seems?”

“I'll laugh with you,” she responded. “I'm so happy I'm bubbling over. If you tickle me the wrong way, I'll probably burst out in giggles.”

Eventually I rolled off her, stretched out on my side looking at her. “Turn over, please, on your stomach,” I requested.

She looked at me with questions in her eyes but did as I asked. She turned her head toward me, to see what I wanted to do.

I began by simply placing one hand in the middle of her back. Softly I moved it up to her neck, around her shoulders and down her sides, feeling the soft mounds of her breasts pressed out beneath her ribs. I moved downward then, to her ass, memorizing the look and feel of it, making no effort to separate her cheeks or legs. I moved down her legs, thighs, calves, feet, and then started back up again. When I reached her ass, she started to spread her legs but I stopped her.

I got up on my knees and moved over her body, straddling her at about her knees. Now with both hands, I began to learn the feel of her body, pressing harder this time, moving from thighs to ass to back and to shoulders. When I massaged her back and shoulders, she purred like a cat.

My cock was rigid now, sticking up at its typical angle. I leaned over and down on her until my cock was pressed against the crack of her ass.

“Can we stay like this forever?” I asked again, burying my face in her red hair again, inhaling the fresh scent of hair and her shampoo.

“I’ll kill you if you do,” she whispered, muffled by the pillow.

“Then turn over,” I instructed, still on my knees straddling her body.

She did and then looked at me, my face first and then down toward my cock.

“Is that for me?” she asked.

“Yes,” I responded, “but not today. Next Saturday.”

I placed both hands on her stomach and began the slow process of learning the feel of her body, moving upward out of the bowl of her stomach, over the plateau of her rib cage, to the sweet hills of her breasts, the strawberry peaks erect and hard, down to her shoulders, and then back down again toward the flaming bush that was cradling my balls. I held my cock in one hand and moved it up and down.

“Can I beat you with this?” I asked.

I swung it up and down more vigorously now, slapping it against her stomach on each downward movement. She giggled, then looked up at me and saw the smile on my face.

“Can I try it?” she asked. I nodded wordlessly.

She reached down with one hand and repeated the same movement, slapping it against her stomach, but also stroking the skin back and forth. I knew better than to let her continue; I knew I would soon spray a load onto her beautiful stomach and breasts.

I moved off her and asked her to turn over on her stomach again. This time I used my mouth, tracing a path from her shoulders, down over her back, lingering only a moment on her ass, down her legs to her feet. When I bent back one leg at the knee and took her toes in my mouth, she started giggling. When I ran my tongue between her toes, one at a time, she must have understood that as a signal of what was to come. She stopped and tried to look back at me.

I started licking and kissing and sucking my way up her legs. When I reached the juncture of her left thigh and ass cheek, I remembered one little fantasy I had always wanted to do to a woman. I kissed here in the crease and murmured, "Can I give you a hickey right here?"

"Why?" she asked. "Isn't that a little weird?"

"No, it's something I've always wanted to do and never had the courage to try. When I was in college and looked at the girls on campus, I'd imagine grabbing one, throwing her down on the ground, up with her skirt and down with her panties, and then fastening my mouth just here. I wanted to bite them and suck right here until I left my mark on them. I thought it was strange too until one day a bunch of us guys were talking about sex stuff and I brought it up. They all looked at me for a minute and I thought they'd think me a pervert. But then, one by one, they began to admit that they'd like to do it too."

"OK, then," she said, "bite my butt."

With my nose just between her legs, I began sucking on her. A couple of minutes later, when she began to squirm, I pulled off and looked at my handiwork, I mean mouth work. It was a beautiful passion purpura.

I continued up her back to her neck, kissing her and licking her all along the way and then asked her to turn over again.

I looked directly into her eyes for a minute and then lowered my lips to hers. She placed one hand behind my head and held me tight while we opened our mouths to each other. When she released me, I moved downward toward my final goal. I kissed her on her neck first and then moved down to those beautiful breasts.

For a minute or so, all I could do was look at them. They were somewhat flattened while she was on her back, but the nipples were

erect and did look somewhat like strawberries. I cupped her breasts with both hands and lowered my mouth to one nipple. She brought her hands up, pushed mine aside, and held her breasts up to my mouth. I feasted on them, finally realizing part of my fantasy about her. When I felt her squirming underneath me, I decided it was time to move down to my final goal.

I stopped only momentarily on her navel and then proceeded down through the flaming bush. I knew I'd never think of it in any other way.

As I moved downward over her, I pulled her legs apart and placed my knees between. When she was spread-eagled on the bed, I moved back farther, so that I could lay down with my mouth directly at her vulva. When I had seen her earlier, the inner lips had been only slightly open; now they were spread out on each side, like butterfly wings, and the opening into her was red and shining with wetness.

I brought my mouth in contact with her and ran my tongue from the bottom of her slit up to the top, licking up the juices coming out of her. I heard her gasp once and then I started down and up again. For a while I just licked at her, opening her up more with each turn, until she was spread wide enough to welcome my cock. Finally I stopped at the top, used my thumbs to pull apart the soft flesh on each side and found her clitoris smiling up at me. I began to alternate between licking it with my tongue and sucking on it with my lips. It was only seconds when she grabbed my head, pulled me roughly against her cunt, and started throbbing in orgasm.

Finally, she made me stop.

"I can't take it any more," she said, breathlessly.

"You haven't taken it at all yet," I said, as I rose up on my knees beside her. I wrapped my hand around my cock, still bone-rigid after being erect for more than an hour.

"You know what I mean," she said, "I can't take your mouth on me anymore. You've made me come twice already and that last one seemed to last forever. I've got to rest a few minutes and then I want to do something about that boner of yours."

I lay down beside her, my right hand holding her breast, looking at her face. Her red hair was all tousled and spread out on the pillow, framing her face. I knew I had never seen anyone more beautiful.

We lay there for a while, quietly talking, my hand gently playing with her breasts. At length, I felt her hand touching my hard-on. She

wrapped her hand around it and squeezed lightly. When she pulled down toward the head, I knew she felt the lubrication that poured out of the head of my penis.

“How can you stand it, to be like this for so long?” she asked. “I can feel it drooling on my hand. Is the poor thing ready to be satisfied?”

“Yeah, I think it’s ready. Do whatever you wish to relieve the poor thing. It always drools like that when I’ve been aroused for a while. You know you’re going to have to wash the sheets when we’re done. You’re going to find pecker tracks all over it wherever I touched down with it while I was between your legs.”

She rolled over on her side and pushed me over on my back, still holding on to my cock. As I stretched out, she started to move her hand gently up and down.

“Is this the way you like it?” she asked. “Just holding onto the skin and moving my hand up and down, without touching the head directly?”

“Sure,” I responded, “that works for me. If you stroke it on the head, just don’t do it with a dry hand. Make sure there’s some kind of lubrication, whether it’s what comes out of me, or out of your mouth, or maybe baby oil, if we’re not going to be fucking. I don’t think you want baby oil inside you.”

She stroked up and down for a while and I could feel the pressure slowly building. I was about to ask her to do it faster when she surprised me. She leaned over me and took the head of my cock in her mouth, her red hair falling around her face so that I could feel but not see what she was doing. She sucked strongly on the head and then released the suction and ran her tongue around the head, the corona, and especially the sensitive frenulum under the head. Her hand movements became faster and I could feel the semen beginning to boil up inside me, ready to be spurted out.

“Take your mouth off,” I whispered. “I’m gonna come.”

I was surprised when she ignored me. She seemed to try even harder to make me come. A few more seconds and I knew I was going to blast off. When it began, I was doubly surprised when she kept her mouth still, covering the head of my penis, while I gave out a long series of spurts. At length, I knew I was finished and evidently she did too.

She straightened up on her knees, her hand on my chest now, and looked directly in my eyes. Her mouth was pursed, holding in

everything, with a faint Mona Lisa-like smile playing around the corners. She moved up toward my face bringing her mouth closer to mine. Finally she stopped, her mouth only inches above mine, her eyes still locked on mine. I understood what she wanted and I opened my mouth wide. When I did, she opened her lips slightly, allowing the contents of her mouth to run out. I could see a mixture of her saliva and the strands of my semen drooling out of her, into my mouth. When she finished, I closed my mouth but didn't swallow the contents.

She waited above me, watching me to see what I'd do. When I swallowed the first time, she brought her mouth down to mine, pushed my lips open with her tongue, and kissed me with a ferocity that surprised me. I rolled her over on her back, our mouths still together. I could feel and taste the semen still in my mouth. I pushed my tongue into her mouth repeatedly, playing at fucking her mouth with my tongue. She held my head behind with one hand, pulling me against her. After a few more seconds, she pushed me back down and I rolled over on my back again. We kept at it again and again, rolling over and over, tongue-fucking each other, swallowing the remnants of my come and our combined saliva.

At length, she pulled away from me, out of breath. My chest was heaving as much as hers was. Her eyes never left mine.

"I've never done that before," she whispered. "I didn't think I'd want to but, when I felt your cock in my mouth, I wanted it all. Did I do good?"

Afterward we lazed around in bed for an hour or two. I occasionally kissed her gently, the long open-mouthed kisses that I was convinced were her favorites. I would suck softly on her nipples and lick her breasts, while fingering her pussy. She was sopping wet down there and my fingers slipped in and out with no resistance. She played with my cock off and on, not trying to raise it to erection, just satisfied to keep it in a half-hard state.

At length, we got up for another shower together. Afterwards we pulled out more of the deli food and ate, still naked together, sitting on the floor on a blanket.

We finally curled up together on the bed and turned on the television. She found an old movie we both liked and we watched that, still playing with each other. My cock was drooling again and she moved down on the bed and watched it, milking it with one hand and rubbing the lubrication around on the head with the one finger. Occasionally she'd take it in her mouth and lick it clean.

**“Could we do something new,” I asked, “at least new for us?”**

**“What’s that?” she responded.**

**“The French call it soixante-neuf; we call it sixty-nine.”**

**“I know what it is, Kieran,” she said. “I can speak a little French. I’ve never done it before though. I don’t think I’d like a guy to get on top of me and do that.”**

**“It can be done with the woman on top, Siobhan. I think I can understand why you don’t want me on top. That way you can’t control how much of my cock is in your mouth. If I get carried away, I could gag you or hurt you. We can try it with both of us on our sides. Just use your imagination. I’m not ever going to ask you to do anything you don’t like.”**

**I turned around, with my head toward the foot of the bed and tugged at her to get her to straddle my face. At first she was on her hands and knees above me and seemed unsure of what to do next. I pulled her body down until she was lying on top of me, her breasts on my lower stomach, and her cunt just below my chin. When she relaxed on me, I used my hands to lift her hips just a few inches until I could tilt my head and bring my mouth in contact with her cunt. Her lips were just slightly open, already a rosy pink and glistening with her juices. I began licking her, long licks from her clitoral shaft, back over her vaginal lips, even to the rosy bud of her anus. When my tongue touched her there, she stiffened. I mumbled to her to relax and enjoy it, that she was perfectly clean back there. I went back to licking her and felt her take the head of my cock in her mouth.**

**I tried to figure out how to get her clitoris out from under its hood, to get to it. I finally managed to get my hands under her so that my thumbs were both pointing inward. After a little blind feeling, I managed to get them in position to stretch the soft flesh of her outer lips apart, hoping that would pull the hood back. When I resumed with my tongue, I could feel the hard bump with the tip. I heard her moan and she began to suck harder on my cock.**

**The outside world began to recede and I closed my eyes, lost in the taste and scent and feel of her. I was conscious only of what my mouth was doing with her and what hers was doing to me.**

**Seconds? Minutes? Hours? No time? Who knows? At some point, she began to squirm against my face, pressing back against me. I took that as a signal that she was about to come and so I concentrated on the**

area around her clitoris, trying to suck it into my mouth, flicking my tongue up and down against it. Suddenly she pressed back against me even harder, covering my mouth and nose so that I couldn't breathe. I could barely feel her contractions as she started groaning. When I couldn't hold it any longer, I dropped my head down and caught my breath. I could feel her chest heaving for breath on top of me.

After a minute or so, she resumed her efforts on my cock. She held the head in her mouth, rapidly stroking up and down on the shaft. I let time and surroundings fade away again. All too soon, I felt another rising tide of semen demanding release. I wasn't sure whether she wanted me to come in her mouth and so, at the last second, I said her name and whispered, "I'm coming."

She took her mouth off my cock and turned her head to one side, trying to look back at me. "What did you say?"

At just that moment, my body let loose, spurting into open air, come landing I knew not where. She stayed on top of me until I was finished and, with one lick, I assumed, she got the last oozing drops. When she turned around, I couldn't help but laugh. She had dripping come across one cheek and all around her mouth and chin. She smiled at me.

"Pardonnez-moi, monsieur," she said, "Avez-vous a fucking towel?"

We turned out the lights early and curled up with each other, talking about everything, jumping from one subject to another. Finally, she turned her back to me and spooned up against me. When I wrapped one arm around her, she took my hand in hers and held it against her breast. I don't remember fading away into sleep.

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On Sunday morning, I woke up with her curled up next to me, one arm across my chest, and one leg thrown over mine. My cock was bone hard as it often was if I woke up with a full bladder. I lifted her arm and pushed her leg off me and tried to quietly slip out of bed.

"Don't go," she said, eyes still closed, sleep still in her voice.

"Gotta pee," I said. "I'll be right back."

She opened her eyes and watched me as I stood up and walked toward the bathroom. My stiff cock was standing out, bobbing up and down with each step. When I stood over the toilet, it took me a minute or so to get it to relax enough to relieve myself. By the time I finished, it was



only half tumescent. I washed my face, dried it, and went back in the bedroom.

She had thrown back the sheet and lay naked before me, stretching and moaning with pleasure as she woke up. I stood at the foot of the bed and watched, wishing that I could remember this moment as long as I lived. Finally she crawled out of bed and stood up.

“Gotta pee,” she said. “I’ll be right back.”

When she came back a few minutes later, she smiled at me and then came to me, wrapped her arms around me, pressed against me, and laid her head against my shoulder.

“Can we do what I often like to do on Sunday morning?” I asked.

“Not yet,” she murmured, “not until next weekend.”

“Seriously, I’d like to go get us a newspaper and something for breakfast,” I said. “I like to read the paper, have breakfast in bed, and do the crossword puzzle. In the Sunday edition, it’s always hardest.”

“That’s fine with me,” she answered, “I know a great bakery that’s open this morning. You’ll find a paper there too.” She pushed away from me and looked up into my eyes. “There’s something you need to do before you go.”

“What’s that?”

“Take a shower. You do smell a little sexy and I’m sure I do too. Then put on some jeans and a shirt. I’ll shower while you’re gone and then I’ll make a pot of coffee.”

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When I returned, I smelled fresh coffee as soon as I opened the door. I could hear her humming a tune in the bedroom so I walked in. She was standing in front of a mirror, completely naked, brushing her hair. I stood watching her for a minute or so. She was watching me in the reflection of the mirror.

“Do you really like watching me comb my hair that much?” she asked. “Is it really such a turn on for you?”

“What do you mean?” I asked, pretending that I wasn’t getting a hard-on from just looking at her.

She walked over to me, pulled my knit shirt up, unbuttoned my jeans and pulled them down around my hips. My penis popped out, already well on its way to another rigid erection.

“This is what I mean,” she said, “I think I’ve found what I want for breakfast, and maybe lunch and dinner. Would you call that a sausage or a hot dog?”

“Oh, no, you don’t,” I replied. “I want to spend a quiet morning with you. Let’s have some croissants and coffee and read the paper.”

“I fixed something else for breakfast while you were gone,” she said. “It’s a bowl of fruit. Would you get it out of the refrigerator?”

When I pulled it out of the fridge I saw that it was cut up bananas and fresh red cherries. I wondered if there was something symbolic about that.

After we finished breakfast and the paper and the puzzle, I decided to see if she was willing to allow one more barrier to be broken down.

“You do understand what I’m trying to do with you, don’t you?” I asked.

“I think so,” she replied, “you’re testing me to see what I’m willing to do with you. You needn’t worry. I’m not a prim and proper person. I’ve never done anything sexually that I haven’t liked.”

“I think of it as breaking down barriers. If we’re going to have the sort of relationship I want, we’ve got to be totally naked with each other in the physical sense but in all other ways too. I want to know your body and your mind as well as I know my own. I don’t want you to think that there’s something wrong with opening ourselves up to each other totally.”

“That’s easy for you to say,” she answered. “You’re not the one who has to open up; you just fill the opening.”

“I can’t argue with that, but let’s try something that doesn’t require me to fill the opening. I want to see you masturbate while I’m doing it too.”

“That’s kind of silly, isn’t it?” she said. “Why should we do that when we’ve got each other?”

**“Cause it’s what I want. I want you to prop up against the headboard with me at the foot. We’ll cover the bed with towels. I want to watch you do yourself. And I’ll jerk off while you’re doing it.”**

**She moved up to the top of the bed, with a pillow behind her and spread her legs out in a vee. I moved to the bottom of the bed and did the same. We found, with our long legs, that presented a problem. Our feet overlapped. She solved the problem by raising hers and putting them back down on my ankles.**

**I started first, wrapping my hand in the usual way around the shaft of my cock. I pulled upward and my foreskin slid over the head; I pulled downward and the head was totally exposed, with the skin on my dick stretched tight downward. I continued slowly, looking all the time at the area between her legs.**

**She dropped her hand down to her pussy, slowly teased the lips apart, and inserted one finger. Within a minute or so, the lips splayed open by themselves, showing their coral-colored flesh inside, glistening in the light with her secretions. She kept rubbing in the same area, inside her, changing to two fingers, and I could see that they quickly became wet with her juices. Only then did she move her fingers upward toward her clitoris. I don’t know what I expected, maybe that she would pull back the clitoral hood and stroke it with her fingers, but she seemed to want to avoid direct contact of fingers and clit. She held the two fingers, one on each side of her clit, and rubbed sideways for a while and then up and down. Occasionally she would reach downward for more lubrication.**

**I watched, fascinated, almost forgetting to do what I was supposed to do. When I remembered, I decided that I wanted my cock to be lubricated too and, if I couldn’t produce it as well as she could, I’d ask for it.**

**“Do you have any baby oil?” I asked.**

**“In the bathroom, in the second drawer on the left. It’s not baby oil. It’s after-bath oil and it’ll smell girly instead of baby. I think it’ll do.”**

**I returned a minute later and got into position. As I started to open it, she asked, “Why do you need it? I thought you could jack off without lubrication.”**

**“I can. I could probably fuck you when your cunt’s not lubricated but I know that’s not going to be any great pleasure for either of us. If I’m doing it for myself, this makes it better, especially at the end if I get a little rough on my cock.”**

I poured a small amount on the head of my cock and smeared it all over the head and shaft. Then I went back to stroking it. She didn't have anything else to say to me and I certainly didn't either. We watched each other. I was open mouthed, breathing heavily. She was the same, except that I could see a pink or red flush on her chest and on her breasts. I tried to slow down a little, not wanting the pleasure of watching her while stroking my cock to end. When we started, I knew my balls were hanging down low between my legs, my scrotum completely relaxed and soft. Now it was drawn up tight against the base of my cock, both balls enclosed in one rounded mound. I knew that was typical when I was about to come.

She reached down with the other hand and pulled upward on the skin above her cunt. She moved the first hand aside for a moment and I could see the small protrusion of her clit, bright red and glistening. She started stroking again, gently rubbing against her clitoris. I watched, feeling my own orgasm building, while she rubbed. When I looked up at her face, her smile had turned into some sort of grimace, as I knew mine did when I was coming. I pulled downward on the skin of my dick with one hand and began to stroke up and down over the head, my hand flying as fast as I could make it. She was rubbing herself faster and faster too. It seemed to have turned into a race and I lost.

I groaned with the first spurt. It flew out and landed about halfway between us. The other spurts laid down a trail back toward my crotch. I milked the last few out on the towel between my legs.

I suppose she started to come after I did. I could see her body tense up and she stopped rubbing. She was breathing as heavily as I was. We both looked up at about the same time, our eyes interlocking.

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After lunch, we watched another old movie on television, fooling around with each other all the time. When the movie was over, she didn't protest when I crawled back between her legs. This time, I got on my knees between her legs, put both hands under her butt, and lifted her up until I could bend over slightly and bring my mouth to her cunt. It was an awkward position but, to me, it was like serving a hearty meal to a starving man. I licked and sucked all over her cunt before setting down to her clitoris. She moaned loudly when her orgasm hit and I almost dropped her. I managed to keep her suspended in mid-air and my mouth on her cunt until my arms finally gave out.

I dropped her back down on the bed and turned her, her thighs still spread, her calves hanging down. I moved off the bed and knelt down beside it, bent over with my face still at her cunt. I kept licking her, gently now, licking up the juices flowing out of her, stiffening my tongue and fucking her with it, slurping up over her clitoris. I wanted to see if women were really capable of multiple orgasms so close together; I knew I wasn't. After a few minutes, I learned the answer; she was. When she finished, I leaned over her, my head on her stomach, my hands on her breasts, while she rested.

"You will take my last name, won't you?" I asked. "If you combine your name, Siobhan, with my last name, Stuart, I think it has a pleasing effect on the tongue. Siobhan Stuart. Siobhan Stuart."

"The next time your tongue is busy between my legs, how about saying Siobhan Stuart about a hundred times?" she giggled. "If you do, I'll take your last name."

We probably stayed that way for a few minutes, just resting and talking. Finally, she pushed me back and rose up to a sitting position on the side of the bed.

"Stand up," she ordered. "You've been a very bad boy to do me like that and now you're going to get it."

I wasn't sure what IT was but I was ready. When I stood up, my cock was pointing upward from my body at its usual forty-five degree angle. The head was drooling with the clear lubrication that always came out.

She pulled it down so that it was pointed straight at her face and licked the head clean. When that was done to her satisfaction, she opened her mouth and engulfed the head of my cock. She started sucking with all the strength she could muster and at the same time moving her hand up and down my shaft as fast as possible. I knew I wasn't going to last long.

She brought her other hand up, cupping my balls in the palm of her hand, pressing her fingers into the area just behind my scrotum.

"I'm gonna come," I said.

She took her mouth off momentarily and said, "Don't talk about it; do it." When she started sucking again, I felt I had given her fair warning and she could do whatever she wanted to with my load.

**I suppose that it was an involuntary reaction. I grabbed her behind her head and starting moving my hips back and forth, fucking her mouth. It took only seconds and I came, spurt after spurt, all deposited at the back of her mouth.**

**She was holding her breath. When I finished, she pushed me back until my cock was out of her mouth. She looked up at me and swallowed. Then she smiled.**

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**When we finally went to sleep Sunday night, we were face to face, our arms and legs intertwined. When we woke up on Monday morning to the alarm clock, she was spooned up against me. My arm was wrapped around her, my hand holding her breast. My cock was semi-erect between her thighs, with its usual morning need to pee.**

**I thought to myself, “I could really get to like this.”**

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**“And now here we are,” my wife said, “in the same position, with two kids asleep in their rooms and another inside me, just waiting to make a grand entrance. Or exit. Whatever.”**

**“Yes,” I answered, “isn’t it wonderful?”**

**“You’re right,” she answered. “We’ve made ourselves a wonderful family.”**

**“So now,” I asked, “may I turn you over on your back, lift your nightgown, and make love to you with my mouth again, like I did back then?”**

**“If you’re sure you’re doing it because you want to, not just to make me happy. But don’t be surprised if I don’t come. With the pressure from the baby, I’m not sure how everything will respond.”**

**I wasn’t surprised. She did come, not once but twice, once for each time I said her name.**

**Our third child, our second son, Kerry, was born in less than three weeks. He was and is a beautiful perfect boy.**

### Chapter Three

**CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 33 in story, 25 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 32 in story, 24 in flashback; Kavan Stuart, 6 in story; Arial Stuart, 4 in story; Kerry Stuart, 3 months in story**

**TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart**

**(KIERAN)**

**“Kerry’s asleep,” Siobhan said. She put her breast back inside her nursing bra and then pulled her shirt over that. Kerry was lying on her stomach, oblivious to everything after getting his belly full.**

**“He’s turned out to be our best baby yet, in terms of nursing and sleeping and having a peaceful disposition, hasn’t he?” I asked, already knowing the answer.**

**Siobhan was lying in a recliner in the shade of a maple in our back yard. I was sitting in a lawn chair in the sun, enjoying the last warmth of a fall warm spell.**

**“Yes,” she answered, “I can’t believe he’s sleeping through most of the night already.”**

**“Did he get all of your milk or did he leave some for me?”**

**“You’re bad,” she replied. “You know you can’t do that.”**

**“Why not?” I asked. “We joked about it with the first two and you wouldn’t let me. This is probably the last time I’ll have a chance to see what your milk tastes like. I suppose it’s just another fantasy of mine. I’ve only done it once when I was fifteen.”**

**“What?” she said, unbelievably. “You mean you nursed at a woman’s breasts when you were fifteen?”**

**“Yeah,” I answered, “and I screwed her too. Or I should say she taught me how to make love to a woman. That was my first time to do either.”**

**“Anyway, you’re supposed to be watching Kavan and Arial. We can’t fool around out here in the backyard.”**

**“Why not?” I asked. “Nobody can see us with the privacy fence all around. Kavan and Arial are playing naked. I’m sitting here naked. You’re the only one with clothes on. You’d better enjoy this Indian summer weather; it won’t last.”**

**“I’ll take them off then,” she said, “and we can play with the kids.”**

**“I think you’re trying to avoid answering my question. I asked if I could have the milk Kerry left. There’ll be plenty for him when he gets hungry again. If not, we can give him some cereal now that he’s started solid foods.”**

**“What about Kavan and Arial?” she asked.**

**“I’ll rinse them off in the shower and put them in front of the TV with that new kid’s movie. If you fix them a snack, they’ll give us a few minutes alone this afternoon.”**

**“OK,” she said, “I’ll put Kerry down and get them a snack. When you’ve got them settled, I’ll be waiting for you in the bedroom. Lock the doors so they can’t go out. We’ll have to leave the bedroom door open so we can listen for all of them.”**

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**After the kids were settled, I went to our bedroom. She was naked, stretched out on the bed, holding her breasts up toward me with her hands.**

**I stood looking down at her, feeling my cock swell and begin to lift.**

**“If I let you do this, you’ve got to tell me another story,” she said. “I want a story about what you remember about the first time we made love.”**

**“I can only tell half of that story. You’d have to tell the rest. I only know what it was like for me.”**

**“When the kids go to bed, could you start with it? I think it’ll take more than one night to finish it.”**

**I nodded and then crawled on the bed beside her. I pulled her up on her side so that we were facing each other in bed. I kissed her lightly on her nose and lips and chin and then moved down to her breasts.**

**Her breasts were still beautiful to me, even swollen with blue veins showing, a little pendulous now after three children. I put my mouth**



on her left breast and sucked gently. I was surprised at how easily her milk began to flow. I nursed slowly and sensuously on her, taking my time and enjoying the feel and taste of her. Somehow I remembered the primeval rhythm of sucking and swallowing that a baby instinctively knows. After a few minute, my wife pulled her nipple out of my mouth.

“I think that one’s empty,” she said, “and I want something else before you start on the other one.”

“I want something else too,” I responded. “I wonder if it’s the same thing?”

“If it’s hard, that’s what I want.”

“It’s hard enough to drive a nail through a board,” I answered.

“I’ll hold the nail if you’ll drive it,” she said, lifting her leg up in the air to give me access to her.

I moved up on the bed and kissed her again, this time with open mouth and tongue. She reached down, put her hand around my cock, and guided it to her cunt. She rubbed the head up and down the lips, smearing it with the lubrication oozing out of her. I pressed slowly while she held it and it slid in as far as it could go in our position.

I bent my head downward toward her breasts and she lifted her right breast up to my lips. I resumed the sucking and swallowing first and then tried to develop a rhythm to move my cock in and out of her. In our position, I could only get about half of it in but that was enough while I was still luxuriating in the sweet taste of her warm milk.

“I think that one’s dry, too,” my wife said. I released it and moved up over her, trying to keep my cock in her cunt. I pulled back and then slowly pushed it into her until our pubic hair mingled together. I held still for a minute or so, content as a well-nursed baby, until I felt something that surprised me.

Her first contraction around my cock was so light that I almost didn’t pay attention. When the second one hit, it felt as though my cock was being squeezed or milked. I knew she was coming. I pushed in a little harder, trying to press my pubic bone against hers, the base of my cock against her clitoris, hoping to make it more pleasurable to her. I had read that a woman’s orgasm occurred at the same time interval, eight tenths of a second, as a man’s. I couldn’t measure hers but I couldn’t distinguish it from mine.

When her contractions stopped, I began to move with the wave-like pelvic thrusts that come so instinctively to a man. Her legs came up to wrap around mine and she moved her hands down to my buttocks. I could feel her fingernails digging in as I pushed into her. Each time I pulled out, she used her hands to pull me back in harder. I knew I was going to come at any second. When I quickly reached that point where I knew I was coming, I shoved it in so that the tip was pressed up against her womb and emptied my balls into her.

I lay on top of her, both of us breathing heavily, for a minute or so, until I heard a noise behind us.

I looked around and saw Kavan and Arial standing in the door watching us, a handsome six-year old boy and a beautiful five-year old girl, two naked angels with big eyes.

“Can we get in bed with you?” Arial asked.

I thought for a second of staying on top of Siobhan, my cock still buried out of sight in her cunt, but then I quickly decided to relax and let them see us. I rolled off Siobhan to one side, flopped on my back, and looked over my still-erect and wet and glistening cock at our kids. Beside me, Siobhan raised her arms in the air and stretched, legs still spread wide. I watched our kid’s faces as their eyes went back and forth between their mother and me. Finally, I decided they’d had enough of a show so I held my arms out toward them. They came running, Kavan to his mother, Arial to me.

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That night, when all three kids were tucked in for the last time, I crawled back in the bed and pulled my wife to me. I kissed her gently, tenderly, as lovingly as I could.

“Thanks,” I finally said.

“For what?” she asked.

“For an afternoon that’s worth remembering until I die.”

“You deserve my thanks too, love,” she said.

“For what?” I asked.

“For the way you were so sweet with Kavan and Arial this afternoon. For the way you rolled off me and then held out your arms to them. For getting up and going to get Kerry. For the way you were so sweet

when Kavan asked what we were doing and the way you told him the truth, that Daddy was making love with Mommy.”

“Yeah, but he wasn’t satisfied with that. When Ariel asked why I had my penis in Mommy’s vagina, I almost lost it.”

“But you told them as much of the truth as they could understand at their ages. They seemed satisfied with what you said.”

“I hope so. I’ve always said I wanted to be open and honest with them about sex. I just didn’t think we’d be giving them a demonstration.”

“Well, I think it was nice that we could be together naked, with our three children, loving and hugging each other. They’re always happy to be like that with us.”

“I suppose you’re right,” I said. “I don’t think I’m ever happier than when I’m with you and the kids and we can be close like that. Most people would think we’re perverts to let them in our bed when we’re all naked. We both know it was nothing but pure love then, not sex. Anyway Kerry had clothes on, his diaper.”

“Ummm,” she responded, “when are you going to start telling me what you remember about our first weekend of making love, when you finally decided you wanted to commit yourself to a marriage with me?”

“I decided?” I asked loudly, “I wanted to do it earlier, after that weekend when we did everything with each other except for one act. You’re the one who wanted to wait until Saturday.”

“That’s not the way I remember it,” she said.

“Let’s not argue,” I answered, “this has been too perfect a day to let any disagreement into it. I’ll start the story and you can jump in and pick it up at any point you want to.”

“Ummm,” she responded, as though I would know what she meant.

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After that first weekend together, when we had slept with each other on Saturday and Sunday nights, after a weekend when we had made love to each other with our hands and mouths and bodies but had chosen not to consummate our relationship, I knew I never wanted to sleep alone again.

**On Monday morning, I had insisted she go with me to my apartment while I got dressed for work. She sat on the bed and watched while I shaved. When I got dressed, I picked out a suit, shirt, and tie and laid them on the bed. For the first time, she looked at my clothes and then went to the closet for another shirt and tie. When she put them beside my suit on the bed, I dressed in what she had chosen for me. It was a simple gesture - a loving commitment to care for me for the rest of my life - to pick out my ties. I knew she had chosen. I'm sure she didn't hear the thud on the floor as I dropped all my hesitation and joined with her.**

**I insisted she drive my car to work, with me as a passenger, knowing that we very likely would be seen by one or two acquaintances. I hadn't thought we'd be seen arriving together by so many. After we went through the door, when we came to the place where we had to go separate ways, I pulled her to me and kissed her, in plain view of a number of people who knew us, including my boss, Mr. Bridges.**

**I had hardly gotten settled in my office when I heard my phone ring. It was the boss's secretary saying he wanted to see me.**

**I walked down to his office, my heart pounding a little, not sure what his reaction was going to be. When I walked in his door, he stood up, his face solemn, and walked toward me.**

**"Does that entrance mean what I think it means?" he asked.**

**"Yes, it means exactly that!" I answered.**

**He stood for a moment, still solemn faced, then broke into a grin, took a few steps and, I was totally unprepared, embraced me in a back-pounding bear hug.**

**"Sit down, Kieran," he said, and I sat, waiting, while he went back behind his desk.**

**"I know I'm a hard man to work for and I'm not always friendly to you, but I want you to know a few things," he said.**

**I looked at him quizzically.**

**"You're probably the best hire I've ever made," he started. "You're intelligent, hard working, a self starter, everything I could want you to be. But you're also a damn nice young man. I've heard rumors about you, that you might be doing some sort of work for the CEO's wife. It sounds like great work, if you can get it, but I was hoping you would find a good woman and settle down with her."**

I looked him straight in the eyes and said, “Well, I’ll neither confirm nor deny those rumors. I haven’t heard them. But I have found the woman I want to spend the rest of my life with.”

“Good, son,” he said, calling me that for the first time. “I know a little about her. Who wouldn’t notice her, as beautiful as she is, with that flaming red hair? I think I heartily approve. It won’t be any problem here with the company since you’re in different divisions. There are only two things I want you to do.”

“You’re the boss, Mr. Bridges,” I said.

“Yes, but this has nothing to do with a boss-employee relationship. This has to do with two men. My wife and I will be inviting the two of you to our house for dinner one night at your convenience. My son, Luke, will be there; he’s a fine boy, when my wife will let him be one. I want you to invite all three of us to your wedding. Now get out of here, I’ve got work to do.”

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(SIOBHAN)

That evening, he waited for me just inside the building, to walk with me back to the car. He handed me the keys again. When we were driving to his apartment, he told me about his meeting with his boss.

“He sounds like a nice man,” I said.

“He is,” he responded. “I just didn’t expect him to be that nice.”

“You can take care of the dinner date,” I said. “I’ll be sure to remember to send him a wedding invitation, since he’s the third one to know that there will be a wedding.”

“Who are the other two?” he asked, not thinking.

“Us, dummy,” I answered, glancing over at him.

We were silent for a while and I was wondering why he wanted to go to his apartment. I had expected him to go to my place and drop me off first.

“I need to get enough clothes to wear for the rest of the week. And whatever else I’ll need. Would you help me?”

**“You mean you want to stay with me this week? I thought you wanted to wait until this weekend?”**

**“It may be stupid, but I do want to wait until this weekend, like I’ve told you. I just know I never want to sleep without you again.”**

**I reached over and squeezed his hand. “I want that too.”**

**“Siobhan, I’ve told you I want to have grandchildren with you. That means we’ve got to have children first. But maybe not right away. Have you been taking your birth-control pills long enough? Are we safe from the patter of little feet for a while?”**

**“Yes,” I answered, “we’re safe. But how long do you want to wait for the little feet to arrive. I’m not quite ready for them yet.”**

**“Neither am I. I’d like to wait at least a year or so. After that, I’ll leave it up to you. It’s your body that’ll have to carry them; it’s your decision.”**

**“And after that, you’re going to have to carry them for about twenty years.”**

**“That’s fine with me. Now let’s go get my clothes. And would you please make sure I get stuff that coordinates. I don’t want to have to be running back and forth.”**

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**(KIERAN)**

**We quickly settled into a routine. Each day, after work, I’d wait for her or she for me. One of us would drive to her apartment, stopping along the way for take out or for groceries so we could cook something. Once home, we’d strip down to our birthday suits. The first night, she gave me a short robe that matched the one she wore and I kept it handy in case of an emergency. We’d eat the take-out food or whatever we had prepared. We’d start the dishwasher and then head for the bedroom.**

**She always insisted that we shower before we did anything else. I think I surprised her that first night by simply laying in the bed, talking to her for a couple of hours. When she put her hand on me and slid it down to my cock, I decided it was time for more than talking.**

**Each night was like that. We ate, talked, made love, and went to sleep holding each other. Each time I wanted so much to feel my cock inside**

her and to finally know what it was like really making love with her. But somehow we put it off until the following Saturday.

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(SIOBHAN)

On Saturday morning, I woke up first, with him still sleeping beside me. I watched his face, waiting for some sign of awakening. He continued to breathe quietly for a few more minutes, so I decided to do something to awaken him.

I reached down to his cock, seeing it resting along with his balls on his leg. It was swollen, larger than I knew it was when it was totally soft, the foreskin still covering most of the head with only a small circle of his glans revealed. I lifted it with one hand and very softly, very gently began to slide the skin up and down. I felt it begin to grow and harden and, when I looked up, his eyes were open.

“Good morning,” I said.

“Yes, it is,” he said, sleepily, “You’ve already made it that. And it’s only going to get better as we go through the day.”

“I’m ready if you are,” I told him.

“No,” he said, “I want us to have breakfast together. I want to shower and shave and brush my teeth. You can do what ever you want. I’ll even let you in the shower with me. When we’re all wide awake and fresh, I’d like to take you back to bed.”

“And what are we going to do in bed today?” I teased.

He paused and all traces of sleepiness or of joking faded from his face.

“We’re going to join together as one flesh, Siobhan. We’re going to become husband and wife. We’re going to commit ourselves to each other for the rest of our lives. As far as I’m concerned, we’re going to be married today. It’s what I want.”

I knew it was time for teasing to end.

“For the rest of our lives. Children. Grandchildren. It’s what I want too, love.”

I felt as though we had just made a marriage vow in some sacred place. Perhaps we had.

He seemed content to have my usual breakfast of coffee, juice, muffins, yogurt, and fruit. We sat at the table talking for a while until he finally stood up and held out his hand to me.

We got in the shower together and, for the first time, I found out how nice it was to have someone else wash my back. He even washed between my buttocks before moving on down my legs. I turned around to let him wash the other side. When he tried to reach down between my legs, I stopped him.

“The soap’s very mild but I don’t like to use it down there. All I use is my hand and warm water.”

I quickly found out how different it was to have his hand rubbing around between my legs. I spread them further apart and put both hands on his head. When he squatted down and brought his face up against me, I tried to twist my pelvis forward, to make his access easier. It was an awkward position and he couldn’t get his tongue in the way I wanted it. I pulled him up and he grabbed the soapy cloth and began to wash my breasts. When he finished, I took the washcloth and made him turn around.

I scrubbed his back hard, the way I knew he liked it, and washed his behind the same way he had done me. I was stooped down washing his calves when he turned around. I looked up and saw one big hard erection pointing upward. I reached up and held it and kissed him just where his cock and scrotum meet. I licked him on his balls and even tried to get one in my mouth with no success. Finally, I pulled his cock down, washed it thoroughly with the soapy cloth and pushed him under the shower to rinse it. When the suds were washed away, I held it down, leaned forward and took it in my mouth. Before he got too carried away with it, I pushed him away and got out of the shower.

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(KIERAN)

There’s a natural rhythm to the seasons, a natural rhythm to the tides, and there’s a natural rhythm in making love with a woman. We were both fresh and clean from the shower and well rested after sleeping through the night. When she said she wanted to change the sheets on the bed I helped her. It only took me two tries to find which way the fitted sheet went.

In bed together, we both lay on our sides, a couple of feet apart, looking at each other. I held my eyes on hers, waiting to see whether



she wanted to start something. At first she only stared back at me. I couldn't hold the serious tone any longer; I grinned at her. She gave me a beautiful smile in return and said, "Come over here."

We awkwardly managed to get our arms wrapped around each other. When I brought my face to hers, I saw her lips open, knowing what I wanted. She welcomed me in an open-mouthed tongue duel again, the sort of foreplay I had already learned to love with her. I felt my cock growing erect again and pressed it against her. She reached down and brought it upward so that it was pressed against her stomach.

In that natural rhythm of making love, time ceases to matter and perhaps even stops. Eventually, I pulled away from her mouth and pushed her over on her back. When I leaned over her breasts, she cupped them with both hands, holding them up to my mouth, even though her firm breasts needed no assistance. Just as a child will instinctively nuzzle around, find its mother's nipple, and begin to suck, I felt that same instinctive desire. Her breasts were small but beautiful, the nipples erect and standing up to my lips. I heard her breathing accelerate and I knew she was as eager as I was.

Eventually, again, I moved downward to her stomach, a slightly concave bowl as she lay on her back. I lingered for a while on her navel, that exquisite little oval indentation on her stomach. I moved down again, pulling her legs apart so that my face was directly over the beautiful bush of flaming red hair that I loved so much. I used my fingers to part it and to find the lips between her legs. They were almost closed, revealing very little of her inner redness. I teased the lips apart with my fingers and watched as they unfolded like a flower coming into bloom. Finally, I pulled back on the skin around her clitoris, hoping to see it peek out of its hood. When it did, I lowered my mouth to it.

I licked her downward this time, not my favorite way but all I could do in my position. Each time I started with her clitoris and licked downward, between her vaginal lips, teasing them apart. Soon, I tasted and smelled the musk of her inner recesses. I kept at it as long as I could, my cock close to bursting. I knew it was time for the final act.

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(SIOBHAN)

When he moved over me, I held out my arms to welcome him. He held himself up above me by his arms, his knees resting between my

outspreed legs. The only part of him that touched me was the hard hot flesh between his thighs.

“Siobhan, I want our marriage to be like this,” he said. “Let’s put it in together. You guide it and I’ll push.”

I reached down with both hands. When I pulled down on it, the foreskin covered the head in a way now familiar to me. I felt a few drops of his lubrication ooze out of the slit on the end. I rubbed it over the head, pushed the foreskin back, and pulled it toward me. When the head touched the open lips of my vagina, I quit pulling and just held it lightly. He pushed gently and my lips parted around him and the head of his cock slid in.

I wrapped my arms around him, waiting for him to enter me. He pulled back slightly and then slowly, slowly slid into me in a series of gentle pushes. When I felt the head of his cock reach the depths of my vagina, I reached up and pulled his head down, welcoming him with open cunt and mouth. We were joined together for the first time, as one flesh, as husband and wife, while time ceased to exist. I knew this was our ceremony; the next one would be for family and friends.

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(KIERAN)

I began the eternal, primeval movements that bring all of us such pleasure and contentment. I began slowly, totally lost in the ecstasy of feeling my flesh immersed in hers, sliding in until the head of my cock reached the bottom of her cunt and our pubic hairs were matted together, sliding out until just the end of the head of my cock held open the lips to her cunt. I slowed down even more, wanting to savor all the sensations her cunt was giving to my cock. I had been waiting for this for weeks or months, determined to be slow and to revel in pleasure the first time we were joined. All too quickly I felt the first faint warnings of an impending orgasm. I was torn, wanting to pour myself into her but at the same time wanting to enjoy being in her longer, savoring my desire for her.

I don’t know where the idea came from. I rose up slowly on my knees, keeping my cock in her, with my hands under her body to lift her. I don’t know where the strength came from to lift my body and hers like that. With my cock in her cunt as a pivot point, I somehow raised up with her arms and legs wrapped around me so that she was lifted totally off the bed. I leaned back slightly, trying to find that position where I could comfortably sustain a delicate balance. Her legs locked around me behind my back and her arms wrapped around my neck,

both helping to hold her in that position. I let out a deep sigh of satisfaction and offered my mouth to her. She accepted and we both, I think, closed our eyes. Our only movement was in our mouths. I could not thrust into her and she couldn't move up and down on my cock. Slowly I became lost in a sexually-altered state of consciousness. The outside world ceased to exist. Time ceased to pass. The only thing I was aware of was the total joining of our bodies, becoming one flesh at last.

Eventually muscles tire and cramp. Time starts up again and movement resumes. I lowered her slowly down on the bed until her head was on the pillow with her arms and legs still around me, my cock still buried in her. Slowly my hips started moving again. I moved one hand up to hold her breast and moved my mouth up to hers. She moved her hands down to my ass cheeks and brought her legs up off the bed, bending them back first beside me and then over my ass. I realized how much it felt like being home after a long absence.

In spite of my best intentions, I began to thrust into her faster, gradually losing all consciousness of time and place again, lost in the miracle of loving her. I realized that I wasn't going to last long at the pace I was thrusting but I didn't care. The instinctual need to deposit my sperm at the mouth of her womb swept me away. It was only a few minutes until I felt the first sensations of an impending eruption. I shoved my cock in harder and harder, wanting to flood her with my life. Her fingernails were digging in on my ass but I felt no pain. I had given little regard to her pleasure and so I was surprised when I felt a contraction around, not in my cock, and realized that it was hers. That was the final trigger. I stopped moving while I spurted out again and again inside her. I looked up at her and saw that her head was thrown back, her eyes closed, a smile or grimace of pure pleasure on her face. I knew I loved her and she was finally mine.

We lay joined together, holding each other as tightly as possible, coming down from the heights of pleasure, our panting turning into normal breathing, cooling off from the heat of passion. After a while she opened her eyes and looked up at me.

“Mr. Stuart,” she said, “do you realize that we have just achieved something that is almost impossible?”

“And what's that, Mrs. Stuart?” I asked.

“We've just had a whopping big simultaneous orgasm the first time we ever really made love with each other.”

**“Would you say we’re off to a good start? I hope to have many more of the same with you. Maybe not always simultaneous. At least close together. If it’s alright with you?”**

**I stayed on top of her for perhaps ten minutes more, talking quietly with her. I was as pleased as she was at what we had done. I was also waiting for my cock to lose its hardness. When I realized it wasn’t going to get soft, I held her tight and rolled over so that she was on top of me.**

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**(SIOBHAN)**

**“I want you on top this time,” he said. “Show me what makes you come. If you want me to use my fingers, tell me when and how.”**

**I brought my legs up so that my knees were on each side of him and rose up over him. I began slowly to ride him. His cock was so slippery with my juices and his semen that I heard squishing noises each time I came back down on him. I kept at it until I felt the internal quivers of an orgasm. I rode harder but the quivers subsided. Finally I asked him to help with his hand.**

**“Take your thumb and get it slippery down there. Put it on my little red pearl and rub it very gently,” I whispered.**

**He did as I asked and I started riding again. He tried to keep his thumb on my clit but it was awkward. It was enough. This time when the quivers started they soon exploded into an orgasm with contractions so strong that I almost lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes, he was watching me. I lowered my body on his and stretched my legs out beside his.**

**“It’s your turn,” I said.**

**He lifted me at my hips, perhaps six inches above him, and started thrusting upward into me. Each time I heard the slapping noises as his body came in contact with mine and the squishing noises from our combined juices. I watched his face as he closed his eyes and his mouth turned from a smile into clenched teeth and then into a grimace of pain or pleasure. I could barely feel his contractions as he came again in the depths of my cunt.**

**When I finally rolled off him, I looked down at his cock, to see if it had finally gone soft this time. It was still semi-tumescent, stretched out on his stomach, glistening with our combined juices. I noticed that the**

base of his cock seemed to be coated with a white foam or froth. When I looked down at the open lips of my cunt, I saw the same white coating. He saw where I was looking.

“Do you think that’s what porn writers call a cream pie?” he asked. “I think some guys are supposed to have a taste for it.”

I was suddenly aware of the aroma of our combined sweat and our mixture of juices. When he was pistoning in and out of me for the second time, I could see the sweat on his forehead and shoulders. It somehow seemed to make what we were doing even hotter, more erotic.

“Come on,” he said, holding out his hand to me, “let’s go rinse off with a cool shower and then have something to eat and drink. I’d like some iced tea, about a gallon of it.”

After lunch we returned to bed. This time we simply lay there, holding hands and talking about our future together. After an hour or so, I moved closer to him, resting my head on his shoulder. I reached down with my hand and started playing with his cock. I watched closely as it slowly became engorged and then began to stiffen. When it was standing up straight with my hand wrapped around it, I began to slide my hand up and down.

“Don’t make me come that way, please?” he asked. “I want to make love to you again. We’ve only done it in two positions. I’d like to see how you’re going to like other ones.”

“Just tell me what you want and you’ll find out,” I responded.

At his bidding, I got up on my hands and knees and he got behind me. He rubbed his cock up and down in the lips of my cunt until he had stirred up enough lubrication to help him ease it in. He slowly worked it in and I groaned as he reached the bottom.

“I think you’re getting it in deeper in this position,” I said. “Take it easy and don’t start banging away at me. I think it could hurt me if you don’t give me time to open up to you.”

He kept at me, slowly and patiently, until I could finally feel his thighs pressed against mine, his pubic hair and body pressed against my ass. Finally he lost control and started pounding into me again. When he pulled me against him with his hands, I could feel him coming inside me. I was close to orgasm but not quite there.

When he realized that I hadn't had an orgasm, he quickly flipped me over on my back. He moved between my legs and lifted my bottom up toward his lips. I started to protest that he would get our juices in his mouth but I quickly realized that he really didn't care. He lapped at the outspread lips of my cunt and at my clitoris for a couple of minutes until I exploded again.

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(KIERAN)

When I put her down, I pushed her up on her left side. I lay down behind her and pressed up against her back and butt and legs. I curled one arm around her and found her breast with my hand. We lay like that for a few minutes and I think we both fell asleep.

When I woke up later, I found my cock erect again, nestled between her thighs. I could feel the wetness of her cunt on my cock. I wondered if I could come again, for the fourth time in one day. I moved down a little lower on the bed and pushed my cock upward until it slid into the hot wet furnace of her cunt. I moved my hand from her breast downward toward her clitoris. I found out that I could come one more time. And she could too.

We rinsed off in the shower and then, naked, rummaged in the refrigerator for something to eat. I was famished and ate two sandwiches and two pieces of fruit, and drank three glasses of tea. She didn't try to match me but from the way she wolfed down her sandwich, I could tell she was hungry too.

Again, we returned to the bed. We held each other and talked for hours, with only a short break to go pee. It was almost midnight when we turned out the light. I held her for a few minutes, spoon fashion, and then realized I wanted to do one more thing. I turned her over on her back, went down between her legs, and licked her to another orgasm. When I finished, she pulled me down on top of her, guided my cock into her, and shortly made sure I had another one too.

Five in one day, I thought. That beats my old record of four in one day that I set when I was fifteen. Maybe someday I can try for six. I turned over on my side and she spooned up against my back. When we went to sleep this time, we slept the sleep of the exhausted until after eight the next morning.

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(SIOBHAN)

A few weeks later, he talked me into going to meet his parents. He promised that no one else would be told we were coming so I wouldn't have to meet all of them at once. When he described his parents, the way they had been with their three children, how loving and honest they had been with them, I silently wished that they had been my parents and agreed to go.

It was an easy drive, less than three hours. As we rode, he kept telling me about his parents and about his brother and sister. He answered every question I asked and I gradually relaxed and began to feel eager to meet his parents.

"We're going to be sleeping in my old bedroom," he said. "It's down in the basement. The house is three stories, or maybe two floors and a basement. But the basement covers all of the area under the house. It's open to the outside on the downhill side, so there are windows in the room where my brother and I slept."

"I thought you said your mother would be putting fresh sheets on the bed in the guest room," I said.

"She wanted to, but that's only a regular size bed. I want to sleep holding you but that bed's a little small for two to be comfortable – or active."

"The basement bed is better?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "My brother and I talked my Dad into building us a big room down there. When Alan was sixteen and I was eleven, we both wanted a little more privacy than we had upstairs. I think my Dad understood that and helped us room off a large area. We had a big unenclosed shower down there to wash off when we were grimy from playing or working on cars. We didn't have a bathroom down there so we had to go upstairs to use that – or we could pee down the drain in the shower."

"And I'm sure that's exactly what you did," I added.

"Anyway, Mom and Dad have been slowly redoing that room since both Alan and I left home. When I told her I wanted to sleep there with you, she didn't say anything for a minute. Finally she asked me if we were sleeping together and then she changed it and asked if we were already lovers. I liked the way she put it. When I told her we were and that it was going to be a permanent relationship, she told me she was going to make Dad push the twin beds together and then go help her buy a king size mattress. She said the old mattresses already

had enough stains on them. She even told me Dad wanted to put a television down there for us. I told her I didn't think that would be necessary. She didn't answer for a minute and then she said that it had been a long time since she and Dad were married, that they didn't even have a television then, and they'd never been bored."

"I'm already beginning to love your mother and I've never met her," I said.

"You'll love her even more after you meet her, and my father too. They really are the best parents I could have ever wanted," he answered.

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(KIERAN)

On the ride back Sunday afternoon, she tried to lean over against me. The bucket seats and seat belts restricted her that so she contented herself with putting her hand on my leg, letting it stray up to my cock enough to keep me as erect as my jeans would permit. Occasionally she reached up and touched me on the back of my neck or on my face.

"I'm beginning to believe we're going to do it," she said.

"Do what?" I asked.

"Get married, love each other, have children and grandchildren together, live a long and happy life."

"Now what finally convinced you of that?" I asked. "As far as I'm concerned, we're already married."

"I guess your parents helped. I've never met a more loving couple. Married thirty something years, still can't keep their hands off each other. If they can raise three kids like you and Alan and Kara and still be as much in love with each other as they are, then we can do it too."

"When my father asked you if I was any good in bed and I saw the look on your face, I almost choked to keep from laughing. That's the way he is."

"It wasn't funny," she said, "I'd just met him a few hours before and he was already asking about our sex life."



**“I loved your answer. What was it? – that if he knew any other men who were better, you wanted to be introduced to them before you married me.”**

**“Well, your mother’s comment was just as good – that if you were as good as your father I’d always be satisfied. I wondered which way she meant satisfied.”**

**“Knowing her, she meant both ways. Satisfied with me and sexually satisfied.”**

**“Well, I was satisfied, both Friday and Saturday night while we were there. I wonder why you got at me that way Friday night. You know I’m not a yeller or screamer in bed, but I can be pushed to a few loud moans and groans and a few loud OH YESSSES. When you got between my legs with your face and started on me with your tongue and mouth, I wondered if that had been a boyhood fantasy of yours, to get some girl down there in the basement and do that to her. I think I came three or four times before you finally felt merciful and put it in and began to make love to me.”**

**“I had lots of good fantasies in that bedroom. I wish I’d known you then so I could’ve included you in them.”**

**“You might offer to buy something new for them for the bed,” she said. “Those old headboards have a lot of squeaks in them. They made a lot of noise while you were pounding away at me.”**

**“So?” I said. “My parents knew what we were going to do and even wanted us to love each other. There’ll never be any shame put on us for doing it in their house. My mother might ask you about it the next morning, about what we did, and whether you enjoyed it. That’s the way she is. Just answer her honestly.”**

**“She already did,” she said, “while you were out walking with your father. We had a very nice long talk. She made it clear that your father is as well endowed as you are and that he’s still a good lover. I made it clear that you were a great lover too. I even told her how you loved to make me come with your tongue and mouth and how you usually wouldn’t stop until I had had a couple of orgasms that way. She said she always wondered what Dad taught you and Alan when all of you went fishing and now she knew.”**

**“I’m glad I inherited that from him,” I joked. “Are you?”**

**“Yes, now see if you can find us some quiet music,” she said. “I’d like to be quiet and rest for a while before we get home. I may need a little rest if you intend to get at me again tonight.”**

**“One more thing before I do. Next month, Alan and Kara want to go to the Cabin in the Woods. It will be the bunch I told you about, just families with kids. Do you want to go?”**

**“I’d love to go.”**

**I put in a CD that I liked. I knew I was going to get at her again tonight. After coming twice Friday night and three times on Saturday, once in the morning and twice more that night, I decided to do it just once tonight. Well, maybe twice.**

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**(SIOBHAN)**

**A few weeks later we got off work early on Friday afternoon to go to Cabin in the Woods. We had made arrangements with Kieran’s brother and his wife to meet with them at their home, a little over half way, and ride with them and their children the rest of the way. Kieran and I both wore shorts and sandals. We both had on three pieces of clothing, shorts, underwear, and a knit shirt; I didn’t wear a bra.**

**When we arrived at their house, they both came out of the house before we could get out of the car. Alan walked straight up to me and enveloped me in a bear hug that left me breathless. He turned and did the same to Kieran. When he was through hugging, he turned and looked at me.**

**“Damn, Kieran,” he said, “you’ve got the second most beautiful woman in the world to agree to be your wife?”**

**My husband punched him on the shoulder and said, “That depends. Are you going to tell me who’s the most beautiful?”**

**Alan’s wife, Marie, walked up at that moment and said, “Don’t mind them, they’re always like this. Alan’s always saying that I’m the most beautiful. But after seeing you, I’m not sure he’s right. I’ll just congratulate you both and say, ‘Welcome to the family’.”**

**Thirty minutes later we were on our way, talking as though we had always known each other. When my husband or maybe my husband-to-be started revealing intimate details about our relationship, I reached over and put my hand over his mouth.**

**“Don’t mind them;” Marie said, “they tell each other everything, and Kara too. I’ve learned to be as open and free about love and sex and everything else as Alan since we got married. I do think it’s a healthy sort of family relationship. I hope you will too when you get married. Or is it true that you two already consider yourselves married? I do hope you’ll have some sort of wedding, whatever you want, because it’s a great occasion for family and friends to celebrate with you.”**

**“Yes, as far as we’re concerned, we’re married,” I said. “But there’ll be a ceremony this fall. Now tell me about this business of nudity and skinny-dipping. I’m a little unsure of how that’s going to be.”**

**“Don’t worry about it,” Marie said. “Nobody will try to make you join us. If you want to keep your clothes on, do it. I felt the same way when I was at Cabin in the Woods and it first started. When the kids started running around naked and the grown ups started taking their clothes off, I wanted to do it too. I wanted to be able to run like the kids, with nothing on me but the warm air.”**

**When we reached the property where Cabin in the Woods was located, I was surprised how far we had to drive on the dirt road through the trees to reach the cabin. When we came to the clearing on the hillside where the cabin was, we were greeted immediately by a crowd of grown ups and children. One woman broke through the crowd and came to me. I got another big hug before she introduced herself as Kara. She held me at arm’s length for a moment, looking me over, and then leaned forward and kissed me on both cheeks.**

**When she pulled back, I saw tears in her eyes. I looked at her questioningly and she said, “I’m just choked up a little. I do love my little brother and I’ve worried about him, whether he was going to find a good woman and get married. I hope you’re a good one because you’re certainly a beautiful one.”**

**I thanked her and she introduced me to her husband and children. When she started introducing all the others, I laughed and said, “Do you have name tags for everybody to wear so I can sort them out?” Kara said, “No name tags. With a name like Siobhan, you might need one but you’ll eventually get the others straight. Besides, where would we wear them tomorrow afternoon?”**

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**(KIERAN)**

The evening meal was a raucous chaotic affair as always. I tried to stay close to Siobhan to help her get through all the comments about us and all the confusion. The kids came up to us and one little girl about eight asked her, "Can we ask you a question?"

"Sure, what is it?"

"We've been talking about your hair. Some of the kids say it's not a real color. Is it your real hair color?"

We both laughed and I answered for us. "I assure you; that's her real hair color. Tomorrow afternoon, you can see that it's red somewhere else and that'll prove it."

"Couldn't she dye that too?" the little girl asked.

The whole room erupted in laughter and Siobhan's face turned a little red too. I leaned over and kissed her on the lips and whispered to her, "They're wonderful children. Before the weekend is over, they'll be all over you, loving you. Remember the little ones will want you to hold them. Don't try to hold the oldest boy; you might give him a big problem."

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(SIOBHAN)

After the meal was over, we all sat on the deck outside watching the day's light fade and darkness descend. The kids were still running around outside, yelling and screaming. Finally, Kara and her husband went to the deck railing and called out to them to come inside.

Kara walked over to us and said, "We run an assembly line for the youngest kids to give them a bath. They may not seem dirty but they can get chiggers or ticks in the woods so we have to wash and inspect them rather closely. What do you want to do: wash, dry, get them into their pajamas, or get them settled for the night?"

I looked at Kieran for advice.

"I've never washed them before," he said. "I've dried and put their nightclothes on and read to them to get them settled. If you'd like, we can wash. Kara and her husband will help. But we'll be naked in the shower with them and the kids. Is that OK with you?"

Kara said, just to me, “He’s trying to break you in gradually to the way we do around here. When you see everybody naked tomorrow, it won’t be as hard to join in.”

She held out her hand to me and I got up. Her husband and mine stood too. We had to chase some of the little ones down to get them down to the basement to the shower room. Once there, everybody started taking his or her clothes off. I looked at my husband and he smiled and pulled his shirt over his head. I did the same and when he pulled off his shorts and underwear, I followed his lead.

I noticed that Kara’s husband tried not to look directly at me so I called his name and asked him, “How do we do this?”

He grinned at my invitation to look. “We get them all naked, turn the showers on and get them all wet, and then we turn the showers off and scrub them with a cloth and soap,” he said. “Then we rinse them off and inspect them for ticks. They’re a little bit of a problem here in the woods. The older kids can wash themselves but we usually look them over too.”

I looked at the oldest boy and girl, both in their early teens, already sporting a good growth of pubic hair. And the oldest boy was sporting something else – a good-sized erection.

When Kara saw where I was looking, she said, “Don’t be uncomfortable with that. Mike gets a hard-on all the time. He takes it off in the woods and leaves it. We’ve taught them how natural it is and the other kids don’t seem to have any problem with it.”

She said to the boy, “Mike, what brought that up tonight?” and he answered, “I’ve never seen a woman with such red hair before.” We all laughed, including Mike.

There were four showerheads but we only used two, working as husband and wife teams. As we washed and inspected the kids, we passed them on to another set of parents who were waiting with a stack of towels. They then went up the stairs, beautiful little butts showing.

Kara said, “Their parents will get them ready for bed. Some of the kids will want pajamas or a nightshirt. Some will sleep in the nude. Somebody upstairs is already getting out the foam pads for them to sleep on and arranging their sleeping bags. If you want, you can read to them.”

**“I’d love to read to them; will you help?” I asked, looking at Kieran. He nodded.**

**“We’d better get our shower then, and make sure you get wet, turn the shower off, soap down and then rinse off. We have solar-heated water here and we never know when it will run out with this crowd. Afterwards you can go upstairs naked or, if you wish, you can put your clothes back on.”**

**The four of us got in the shower together and I found that I was able to relax and not worry about being naked with two other people. When we dried off, I put my clothes back on and the others did the same.**

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**(KIERAN)**

**After our shower, Siobhan and I put our clothes back on and went upstairs to read to the kids. I knew what would happen when we finished but I didn’t tell her. I don’t think she even noticed that all the other grownups were out on the deck.**

**When we were finished, we went outside with the others. The deck was in darkness except for a little light from inside the cabin. Some of the husbands and wives were around a table, hiding it from our sight. The second my wife came out, they moved aside and revealed a table set up with champagne and glasses. Alan and Kara had already opened some of the bottles. They poured champagne into the glasses and then they each brought one to Siobhan and me. The others picked up their glasses and Alan gave a toast that started with “Welcome to the family”. I think my wife was almost ready to cry when I hugged her.**

**After that, we were escorted to the round stairwell that led to the one upstairs bedroom. When we started climbing the stairs, every one cheered, even the kids who were awake, and they didn’t stop until we closed the door to the bedroom.**

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**(KIERAN)**

**We finished our combined story five nights after we started, in bed with each other, cuddled together. Both of us were somewhat on the subdued side, remembering what our earliest days had been like. I**

wondered if either of us would have wanted to swap the contentment and happiness we had now for the excitement we had then.

“Has it really been so long ago,” Siobhan asked, “almost nine years since we first met?”

“Yeah, it’s been that long. But I don’t want to go back and be the way I was then.”

“You don’t want to be twenty-five again, seducing a younger woman into marrying you?”

“No,” I answered, “I don’t want to be that age again. I’ll always say I loved you with all my heart when we got married. I’ve learned how to love even more since then. You’ve taught me. Kavan and Arial and even Kerry have taught me. I wouldn’t give up being part of one flesh with you. And seeing our life blended in our kids, that’s a miracle to me.”

“They may be a miracle to you,” she said, “but I had to explain something about how that miracle happens this afternoon while you were at work.”

“Oh,” I said, “what have they asked you about now?”

“Kavan and Arial came to me and asked when you were going to make love to me again. I tried to explain that we didn’t do that on any sort of schedule. I told them we did it every two or three days most of the time but sometimes we waited longer. I didn’t tell them I was out of action for a few days each month. I didn’t think they’d understand menstruation.”

“Well,” I said, “that sounds like the right way to tell them, as much as they want to know but nothing beyond what they can understand.”

“Yes, but that’s not all they wanted to know. Kavan asked me if we’d let them know when we did it again so they could watch. Arial laughed and said ‘Yeah, that’s funny.’”

## Chapter Four

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

**Kieran Stuart, 33 in story, 26 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 32 in story, 25 in flashback; Kavan Stuart, 6 in story; Arial Stuart, 5 in story; Kerry Stuart, 5 months in story**

**TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart**

**(KIERAN)**

**“Dad, what’s ‘fuckin’ around’ mean?” Kavan asked in a loud voice.**

**I had showered with him and Arial while Siobhan got Kerry ready for sleep. I was sitting on the commode, still naked, while I dried Arial’s hair. She was standing in front of me between my widespread knees, facing me, still naked and warm and fresh from the shower. I had the hairdryer in one hand and a brush in the other, drying and untangling her golden silk-like hair.**

**I had the lid of the commode down and my dick and balls were right in front of Arial. She was looking down at them and giggling and reaching out with one little finger to touch my dick. I was pretending to swat her hand away.**

**The shower was easily large enough for the two kids and me and they loved to shower with me. I usually shampooed their hair first, then scrubbed their bodies, and then let them play while I took my bath. I’d been trying to get them to learn to wash themselves and they would do a halfway decent job on their front and leave the back to me. Almost every time Kavan washed his little sprout, he’d pull back his foreskin and rub it with the soapy cloth until he got an erection. I always told him to wash behind his ears and he knew I meant to skin his dick back and wash under his foreskin.**

**Arial usually enjoyed his performance. She was even learning to wash between her legs and I suppose I was glad. I felt guilty somehow if I washed her there and she seemed to enjoy it too much. Funny, it didn’t bother me if Kavan loved me to touch his genitals but I was uncomfortable when Arial did too.**

**Tonight, the two little trouble-makers had wanted to bathe me. I sat on the shower floor while they shampooed my hair, hoping I’d still have hair when they finished. They weren’t too rough on my face except for getting soapsuds up my nose. They made me lift my arms and they each scrubbed one with a soapy cloth and then moved down on my chest.**

**When they told me to stand up, I thought I’d better finish but they’d insisted. I should have known what they’d try to wash first. Arial**



wrapped her little hand around my dick and told Kavan to wash behind my ears. I couldn't help but grin when he wrapped his hand around it too, slid the foreskin back, and they both started giggling. After a minute or two, they both dropped their soapy cloths as well as any pretense of just washing and used their hands on my dick and my balls.

I almost stopped them when I started to get an erection but then I decided to let them do what they wanted to. Siobhan and I'd talked more than once and concluded that we'd try to be honest with them when it came to anything sexual. And so I let them see what a man's penis looked and felt like when it was hard. Besides, I was having as much fun as they were. When it was pointing outward and upward, I moved under the shower and rinsed it off and then let them get a good look at it. Kavan said "Wow" and Arial echoed him, "Yeah, wow." I chased them out of the shower and then turned the water on cold for a few seconds to get rid of it.

I dried myself while they both struggled with towels and then I finished drying them and the floor. Arial knew the routine so she moved between my legs when I reached for the hairdryer and brush. When I made a circular motion with my finger, she turned around with her back to me.

Kavan was sitting beside the bathroom sink, up on the counter, still naked, his legs bent knees upward, elbows resting on knees, hands cradling his face. He looked like a leprechaun with red spikes from the gel I'd let him rub on his hair. Between his thighs, his little sprout was still distended from the scrubbing he'd given it when the three of us were showering. His little pouch with two marbles was hanging loose between his thighs.

Arial seemed to be staring at Kavan's display of his male equipment. I gently slapped her on her beautiful little butt and she turned and flashed a smile at me. The slap was my routine signal that I was through with her hair and she could go help her mother get Kerry to sleep. I assumed Siobhan was giving him his usual nightly feeding. Kavan and Arial loved to sit and watch Kerry nurse at their mother's breasts. Of course, I did too. I knew I'd miss it when she weaned Kerry. Some nights, if he didn't fall asleep while nursing, Siobhan would let Arial hold him and rock him to sleep. She skipped out of the bathroom.

"Where did you hear that, Son?" I asked, when she was gone.

"Jimmy said it. He said his Mom and Dad were screaming at each other. She said his Dad was fuckin' around with another woman and she was going to kill him."

That wasn't exactly news to me. Jimmy was a neighborhood kid Kavan played with occasionally. Jimmy's parents were well known to have a troubled marriage and Siobhan had told me she'd heard rumors of infidelity.

"Fucking is a word some people use to describe what a man and a woman do when they make love with each other, Son," I said. "When you and Ariel came in our bedroom a couple of months ago, you saw me and your mother making love. I explained it to you then. It's what we do when we want to show our love for each other. Some people call it fucking but I don't think that's a good word for it."

"When you had your dick in Mom's pussy – that's fucking?" he asked, still with brows wrinkled in confusion.

"When you asked your Mom about it I think you asked why I had my penis in her vagina," I said.

"Yeah, I know. I just get confused sometimes. I don't understand why I'm s'posed to call it her 'gina. You said it was OK to call it a pussy or a cunt sometimes too."

"And your penis is a dick and a peter and a prick and a cock and lots of other names too," I added. "I don't know why it's called by so many names, Kavan. Your knee's always your knee. It doesn't make sense to me either."

He giggled. "And sometimes you call it my sprout."

"And it's your spout when you pee," I said. "Like the spout on Mom's teapot."

He giggled again and then the frown returned. "So if Jimmy's Dad is fuckin' around with another woman, he's putting his dick in another woman's pussy, not just in Jimmy's Mom's pussy?"

"Yes, if he's actually fuckin' around, that's what he's doing."

"And she might kill him for doing it?"

I didn't like the way our conversation was going but I thought it best to keep on being as honest as possible with him.

"No, I don't think she really meant that. She'll be very angry and hurt but I don't think she'll kill him. Sometimes it destroys the love that two people have for each other. Sometimes it causes them get a divorce and they separate and go different ways."

He sat on the counter, elbows on raised knees, looking at me. I sat on the commode, elbows on knees, leaning forward, looking at him. I wondered why he seemed to be so troubled by what he'd heard.

“Are you fuckin’ around with another woman, Dad?” he asked finally.

I smiled at him, realizing what was bothering him.

“No, Son, I’m not. You know I always try to be honest with you, don’t you?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, since the first day I saw your Mother, I’ve never made love to any other woman. I love her too much to hurt her, Son.”

He sat looking at me again, not saying anything, just looking, and I wondered what he was thinking about.

“Please don’t do anything to hurt her, Dad,” he said. “I love both of you. I don’t want you to ‘vorce from her.”

I held out my arms to him. He slid down and almost threw himself at me. I wrapped my arms around him.

“Son,” I whispered in his ear, “I made a commitment to your Mother before we got married. I promised to love her for the rest of my life, to have children and grandchildren with her. Trust me. She’s given me three children. I’ll still be with her when you and Arial and Kerry make her a grandmother.”

He gave a big satisfied sign and wrapped his arms tighter around my neck.

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It was my favorite time of the day – any day - when all three kids were in bed for the night and Siobhan and I were alone with each other.

I was stretched out on the bed still naked, watching her, propped on pillows, my hands resting on my stomach, my dick resting on my balls which were cradled by my thighs, my ankles crossed.

Siobhan was still naked too, brushing that glorious red hair of hers. It was cut much shorter now than it was when we married but it was still beautiful. Sometimes I loved to brush it for her; sometimes I loved just

to watch her do it. She finally managed to restore order to chaos and get the tangled strands to fall in soft natural curls. With her arms lifted, her breasts were raised and as beautiful as ever to me, even if the strawberry nipples were darker now. Her breasts were larger and heavier, now that she was nursing Kerry, and faintly laced with blue veins. The hair on her mound was curly too, especially when untrimmed. Tonight, I could see two round curls, almost circular, on each side. I loved to use my thumbs to part the red hair down there so I could get my tongue in her. She put down the brush and reached for the nursing bra that she wore at night, with pads inside to catch any overflow.

“Could you wait a while to put that on?” I asked.

She looked at me, a touch of a smile on her lips. “What do you want, little boy?” she asked. “I don’t think Kerry left you anything tonight.”

“That’s OK. I’m glad he’s got such a good appetite. I’m hungry for something else.”

“Oh, what’s that?”

“Come to bed and I’ll show you.”

“Did the kids get you all hot and bothered in the shower?”

“She told you?”

“Yes.”

“Is it OK? I feel kind of guilty letting them see me and touch me like that.”

“It’s OK. They saw it a couple of months ago anyway, when they caught us making love. They seem comfortable when we’re all naked together. If it’s OK for them to see your dick when it’s soft, I don’t see what it’ll hurt if they see it hard once in a while.”

“I think it’s going to be a little difficult to raise these kids,” I said, “letting them see us naked and trying to be honest about sex. It seemed like it would be so simple when we first got married.”

“Did Kavan ask you what ‘fucking around’ meant?” she asked.

“Yeah, he did. Did you put him up to it?”

**“Not really. He asked me when we came back from the playground. I didn’t want to answer him in front of Arial so I told him to ask you.”**

**“Well, he asked it in front of Arial anyway. I waited until she left before I answered him.”**

**“Why did he want to know? Where’d he hear something like that?”**

**I told her about my conversation with Kavan and how I’d tried to handle the situation, assuring him that I wasn’t fucking around too.**

**“What he really wanted was assurance that you’d be here for him, you know. He probably thought that if Jimmy’s father got killed for it, you would too if you were doing it. He wanted to know you wouldn’t be killed and he would always have you for love and security.”**

**“You’re probably right. Anyway, I think he understands I’ll never fuck around with another woman as long as I live.”**

**“Don’t say that, Kieran. If something happened to me, I’d want you to find another woman. I wouldn’t want you to have to live alone, especially if the kids were young.”**

**“Don’t even talk about something happening to you. I don’t want to think about that,” I said. “I made a commitment to you and I don’t intend to break it.”**

**“Kieran, we made a commitment to love each other, to have kids and then grow old together, and watch our kids give us grandkids. I don’t expect you to have sex with nobody but me for the rest of your life, especially if I’m not around.”**

**“Oh, you’re going to bring me home an eighteen-year old girl some day, a cute little virgin, and let me teach her how to make love?”**

**“Sure, when you bring me an eighteen-year old boy virgin and I get to teach him?”**

**“Damn, would you really do it?”**

**“I don’t know, Kieran. Let’s quit being silly.”**

**The thought of teaching an eighteen-old virgin about sex must have registered with my dick. It began to swell and elongate on my thigh. I suppose Siobhan saw the change.**

She looked at my face, then downward at my cock, and then back at my face. "Do you remember what it was like the first year or two we were married, before I got pregnant with Kavan?" she asked. "When I used to wear that night-gown, that ivory-colored one you liked so much, and you'd get so serious when you took it off me?"

"Yes, I remember. It was always the same. I always felt like you were too beautiful and I didn't deserve you and my heart would almost beat out of my chest when I was getting you naked."

"And now it's just the same old woman every night, isn't it?" she asked. She was grinning and I knew she was teasing me. She could never be like the same old woman to me.

"I remember one special time," I said, "when we came back from my uncle's funeral. When we got home, I wanted you so much. I don't know what I've have done if I couldn't have made love with you."

"Do you remember what I told you just before we went to sleep?"

"Yes, especially that," I said.

"That was when you told me about your most memorable sexual experience, wasn't it?" she asked. "Was it really that memorable?"

"Yes, it was. Time doesn't dim some memories. I remember it well."

She smiled. She knew where that line came from. We'd seen the movie together before we married. I loved all the old movie musicals and Gigi was one of my favorites.

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Before we married, I tried to imagine what our life together might be like. Now, a year later, the reality of it was so much more than I ever imagined it would be. I never ceased to marvel at what my life was like. Simply getting ready for bed with her was always wonderful. Then being in bed....

"Kieran, would you tell me a bedtime story?" Siobhan asked. "Tell me about the most memorable sexual experience you've ever had."

She was in an ivory-colored nightgown, brushing her hair, that beautiful red hair, before coming to bed. Her hair had been long since I had first met her, down to her shoulder blades on her back, down to her breasts in front. Whenever she wanted to cut it short, I pleaded with her to keep it long. I promised to shampoo it and then brush it

whenever she wanted. She soon learned how erotic the experience was for me.

She turned to look at me. Her face was beautiful even with a dusting of freckles all over, lightest on her forehead and heaviest on her cheeks and nose. She wore makeup at work to cover the freckles. She left it off when she was alone with me. I always felt privileged to see her real beauty; I couldn't understand why she covered it up from others.

She saw me looking at her face and opened her red lips in a smile. I could never understand why she put on lipstick whenever we went out together. More and more she was willing to wear just a light gloss with little or no color in it. None was needed. Her smile always revealed her upper teeth. She thought her two front teeth were too large and made her look like a rabbit. I thought they were perfect for her beautiful mouth.

She pursed her lips, like a rabbit, and I smiled at our private joke. Her eyes were sparkling as usual. I could never decide whether they were more blue or more gray. The color seemed to change depending upon the light or upon her mood.

When she came out of the bathroom, I was stretched out of the bed, wearing just short pajamas that I knew would probably end up under the bed again. Before she put on her nightgown, she stood in glorious nudity and lifted her arms to her hair. While I watched, she used a small towel to dry it. Her breasts, uplifted by the movement, were small soft mounds so perfect there was no crease underneath them. The small circles capping them were the same color as her lips. The pointed peaks were always an invitation to my lips. I could never understand why she felt her breasts were too small. They were a perfect fit for my mouth and hands.

While she stood like that, arms up, hands on her hair, I enjoyed my visual feast. Her hip measurement was more than her breast measurement and she had complained once that her butt was too big. All I saw was a woman, with wider hips to give birth to our children. The hair on her Mound of Venus was the same fiery red as that on her head. It always seemed to curl from each side toward the middle. I teased her that it was trying to cover up the place where she kept her pearl. She knew I could part it with my tongue and find her pearl anyway.

I offered no protest when she put on her nightgown. I knew I'd have the pleasure of taking it back off shortly. She sometimes put it back on during the night.

I waited for her to let me help in completing her nightly ritual. She turned on her hair dryer and tossed her red mane around in the stream of air. When she stopped and asked me the question, I knew what my reply would be. I watched until she stopped and brought me her hairbrush. It was what I had been waiting for.

More and more she was comfortable with us together in the nude. We spent part of each weekend without clothes, reading together, doing crossword puzzles, listening to music. I especially liked it when we could act like two monkeys, as she called it, and groom each other. I learned to shave her legs. She learned to scrub my back and help me get rid of the occasional clogged pores that had plagued me there since puberty. I learned to shampoo her hair and then blow it dry while brushing it.

On one hand, I wanted her to be so comfortable with me that she'd never bother with clothes when we alone together. On the other hand, I loved the pleasure of putting one hand under her nightgown and exploring her body before I finally removed the gown. I think she was the same way with me. She loved to play with my cock and balls while they were covered by my shorts. She always acted surprised when she found something big and hard sticking out.

"I can't think of the one that's the most memorable, Siobhan," I finally answered. "There've been so many. So many women. I don't know how to choose," I teased.

"Could I encourage you? If I promise to give you something in return? Like an even more memorable experience?"

"Well, once when I was a young man, I spent an afternoon making love, or perhaps I should call it lust, with a woman who was just as hungry for me as I was for her. Would you like to hear that one?"

"Is there lots of sex in it?"

"Sure. It couldn't be memorable if it didn't have lots of sex in it."

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We were already lovers before that afternoon. But we hadn't made love for almost two weeks. We had just made a long tiring trip together. With her period and the funeral, neither of us was in the mood.

As we entered the house, the summer air was hot and humid, awaiting the coming of an afternoon thunderstorm. The windows were down and the door to the bedroom was closed. I left the door open and raised



the windows, trying to catch some movement of the air. I could have turned on the air conditioner but I wanted to hear and see the storm when it broke.

We were both tired and hot from the trip. I could feel a small trickle of sweat running down the hollow of my back until it disappeared into my pants. I could see a faint, moist sheen on her face.

She stood at the foot of the bed, looking around with obvious relief, just to be alone at last. With both hands, she pulled the comforter off the bed, leaving only the pillows on the cool cotton sheets.

I went toward her and cupped my hands around her face and kissed her, an open-mouthed, wet kiss, feeling the first faint rousing of desire. She put her arms around my waist, her hands curling around to my buttocks, pulling my crotch close against hers. I knew that here in this bed, in the space we were going to make sacred with our love, every thing was going to be perfect.

I unbuttoned her shirt and stripped it and her brassiere off her. She kicked her shoes into a corner. As she bent to unbuckle her belt, her hair fell down over her naked breasts, a tangle of curly red hair against the cream-colored mounds of her breasts. Something about the movement, the bent head, her hands loosening the tightness around her waist, unzipping her pants, went right to my brain or perhaps my groin. I pulled her pants and underwear down together, and she stepped out of them.

I went down on my knees in front of her, burrowing my head in her belly, moving toward the red triangle between her thighs, licking her and kissing her.

"I can't wait for it any longer," she whispered. She was holding my head, pressing me against her and then pushing me back. "Come. Get in the bed with me," she said.

I had my own clothes off in a second. I pushed her back on our bed, so that she was lying at the very foot of it. I pulled her legs apart and looked at her naked vulva and the way it was breathing, moving, the golden red hair on the mound above shining, the pink lips below glistening. She put her fingers there and pulled her cunt open for me.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she said. "I haven't had time to shave between my legs in the last month. I'm all hairy down there."

"Yes, you are, and, damn, I do love it. You're always beautiful to me. Even your hairy cunt."

Looking at her, my cock was hard almost instantly. I stood over her, holding it with one hand, slowly stroking it, while she looked at it hungrily.

"I want you inside me." she said. I looked at her face and it seemed for a second too exquisite to be human, just as her cunt seemed too savage, too animalian, too secretly different from all the rest of her to be human. We moved back on the bed together, rolling over, kissing and rubbing against each other naked.

I went down on her again, spreading her legs wide. This time she didn't resist but she couldn't keep still. She started thrashing under me. I was licking and kissing and driving my tongue into her cunt, drenched in her clean, salty smell, parting the silky red hair and licking the pink inner lips and the hard bump of her clitoris, until she was going absolutely crazy. She pulled at me again, and told me to get on top of her.

I turned around and changed our positions, with her on top of me, with her vagina only inches away from my mouth. I felt her mouth take hold of my cock, sucking strong and passionately. One of her hands was cupped around my testicles and the other around the base of my cock, while her mouth moved up and down on the head. She pulled down on the skin around the base, putting an exquisitely-painful tension on the head when she sucked on it. My cock seemed to me to be larger than ever before, almost bursting with the blood being pumped into it. She took my cock deep into her mouth, almost into her throat, and I wondered how much of it she could get into her. As if she had read my thoughts, she lowered her head once again, taking it deeper than before, and gagged as the head went into the back of her throat. She stopped moving for a moment, breathing deeply, and then resumed, this time taking less of it into her mouth. But she quickly found a way to make her efforts even more unbearable. She began to suck strongly on the head of my penis with each upstroke, bringing her tongue into contact with the sensitive glans, sliding her tongue around and around the rim each time her mouth left my cock.

I plunged into her cunt, stroking the depth of it with my tongue, really wet with her, saturated with her. With my tongue pressed flat against her, I licked the soft inner lips of her vagina, smelling and tasting each time the fragrance of her secretions. With my tongue pointed, I sought out the hard protrusion of her clitoris and circled it again and again. I even stuck my tongue out as far as possible, using it like a small penis, to penetrate her. At first she held herself above me and I had to bend my neck, bringing my lips and tongue into contact with her. But as I continued, she seemed to relax, to melt, to flow downward onto me

until my head was resting on the bed and her vagina and thighs pinned me there.

I felt that I had entered an altered state of consciousness, a state of such sexual arousal that I knew I couldn't endure it much longer. My heart was pounding and I was breathing in huge gasps each time I took my mouth away from her.

Suddenly, I felt her hips thrust against me, her delicious little cunt contracting, this little mouth of hers shuddering over my mouth, her whole body burning up. It went on and on, and I could hear her moaning as she sucked harder on the glans of my cock. She came with a chain reaction of contractions and I knew I was on the verge of coming too.

Quickly, she reversed her position and, with strength I would not have believed possible, yanked me on top of her. She pulled my face to hers, her open mouth seeking mine. My face was covered with a mixture of her lubrication, my saliva, and our sweat. Her lips felt bruised and swollen.

She reached down between our bodies, groping for my cock. She held the wet head against the opening into her and it seemed that her cunt somehow sucked my cock completely into her. I savored the feeling for a moment or two, knowing that at any moment I was going to explode inside her. I withdrew until the head of my cock was just inside her and then returned it to the depths. Quickly, I lost all consciousness of restraint, plunging into her with long, hard strokes, feeling my orgasm build and grow within me. When I came, the instinctive need to deposit my semen as deeply as possible took control. As I poured out spurt after spurt deep within her, I ground my pubic bone against hers, my balls against her ass-cheeks, trying with some desperate need to push my whole self into her.

About mid-afternoon, I awoke slowly, uncertain about what had brought me out of a deep sleep. We were still laying side by side, like nested spoons, both naked, in the center of the bed, as we were when we had gone to sleep. Her buttocks were pressed tight against my stomach and my arm curved around her waist, my hand holding her breast. Our bodies, wherever they touched, were moist with sweat.

I was not surprised to wake with an erection; it happened often at night and early in the morning. But this time, my erection was held between her thighs, warm and moist except for the head, which protruded further.

As I became more alert, I realized that something, some action or touch had awakened me. My curiosity was aroused. Whatever it was, it had stopped. I lay quiet for a few minutes, waiting, pretending to be still asleep.

Then I felt her touch, so soft as to be almost not there. Her finger brushed against the head of my penis as she slid it into the space between her cunt and my cock. I could tell from the touch that she had inserted her finger deep enough into herself to reach the lubrication there. She withdrew it and then moved it in a slow circular pattern around her clitoris. Then, still slick with the lubrication, she reached down to my penis, to the very sensitive area just under the head and repeated the same slow circular rubbing. She repeated the pattern: inserting one finger for lubrication, rubbing her sensitive spot, then mine. Again. And again. I felt as though I had discovered some deep private secret of hers and my cock became even harder, throbbing with each beat of my heart. I wondered if she knew I was awake while she did this. And then I realized that she either knew or wanted me awake, that she wanted me again with a sexual hunger as great as my own.

"I want to fuck you," I whispered into her ear. "I didn't say I wanted to make love to you or with you. All I said was that I want to fuck you. It's what I want. And it's fucking, not making love, that I want. This time I don't care what you want. If you get yours, that's all gravy. But what I want is my meat and potatoes."

She pressed her soft buttocks against my stomach and took hold of my erection with her hand, stroking gently. I pulled away from her.

"Turn over on your stomach and put your ass in the air. I want to fuck you from behind."

She rolled over on her stomach, her face hidden in the pillow, but with her legs tight together. I realized then that she might have misunderstood my intentions.

"Don't be afraid. The only thing I want is my cock in your cunt, as hard, as long, and as deep as I can get it."

She slowly began to lift the middle part of her body, keeping her head on the pillow, spreading her legs wide, exposing herself to me as never before. Her soft rounded buttocks separated, revealing the puckered opening there and the fine red hairs there and around the sides of her vagina. The late afternoon sun poured through the open window onto our bed and over us, directly onto the offering she was making to me. The opening into her looked small, as though it would be unable to hold my cock.

I quickly moved behind her. With my left hand, I held her by her hip. With my right hand, I encircled my penis and stroked it toward the head a few times. A drop or two of clear lubrication came out and I rubbed it over the head with my finger. I milked it again and again, until the head of my penis and part of the shaft was slippery all over. Only then did I move against her and place the head against the small opening to her vagina.

I pushed just the head of my cock into her and was instantly seized with an awareness of the heat and wetness and smoothness of the living flesh, which seemed to swallow it so eagerly. She held herself absolutely still, awaiting whatever I wished to do. Very slowly, gently, I began to slide just the head into and out of her, penetrating just a couple of inches, teasing her with it, to see when she would ask for more. She seemed frozen, locked in a state of tension, waiting for something to break. When I felt the first strong contraction of her orgasm on the head of my cock, I knew what she had been waiting for. I held myself still, with just the head inside her, and I rode out the succession of contractions that gradually weakened and died away. At the end, she felt more open, more relaxed to my penetration. I waited for her next move.

It wasn't long before she leaned back a little against me, so that my penis slid deeper into her. I resumed my slow gentle strokes and, little by little, I began to work it into her. I could feel the deeper recesses open and with each stroke a little deeper than the last I buried my cock in her. But before the last inch of the shaft was hidden, she seemed to pull away, to moan as the head pushed against her deepest recesses.

"Does it hurt you?" I asked.

"No, it feels too damn good. But I think you've hit bottom." Her answer was muffled by the pillow where she still rested her head.

"I'll be slow and easy. But I'm telling you now that I don't want to stop until it's in so deep that you can't tell which one of us the balls grow on."

I began to use long strokes, sliding it out until just the end of the head held the lips of her cunt slightly parted, and then sliding it in until I felt the resistance at the deepest end. Each stroke seemed to gain a fraction of an inch and to bring forth a low moan from her. Gradually I could feel her cunt loosening and opening and swallowing everything I could give her.

So at last I came to the goal I wanted, my stomach against her buttocks, the front of my thighs against the back of hers, my balls so close to her that I could feel them against the soft mounds on each side of her cunt. She reached back with one hand, holding my testicles, holding me immobile, with my cock buried to the depths in her. With the other hand, she began a series of circular motions, around and around on her clitoris, bumping the shaft of my penis on each stroke. I felt another succession of contractions as she came again.

I said, "Now I'm going to fuck you."

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Afterwards, I found cold beer in the refrigerator for both of us. I drank one bottle, standing beside the bed, without putting it down. Lying in bed, she drank hers slowly, never as fond of it as I was, but grateful for the cold wetness. I opened a second for me and crawled into our bed with her again.

I lay flat on my back, propped up by pillows, beside her. We were both damp with sweat. I reached out with one hand, covering the soft mound of hair between her thighs, my index finger seeking out the opening into her. She was wet and slippery with the combination of our secretions. My finger slid easily into her. She was as hot and juicy as I had ever felt her.

"You had better stop before you start something you can't finish," she said.

"I'll stop when you tell me you've had enough. I guess I was a little crazy when I finally got it all the way into you. I wanted to split you wide open and at the same time I didn't want to hurt you. I've never seen my cock buried in your cunt like that, from behind. It stretches you so wide, I know it must hurt, but all I want is to get it in deeper."

"Don't worry about hurting me. If you're slow and gentle like you were this afternoon, I can hold anything you want to give me."

She reached out her hand, playing with my balls, holding my cock. It was completely soft now, and it seemed swollen, almost bruised, and tender to her touch.

We lay like that, playing with each other, slowly drinking beer. I could smell the combined scent of my semen and her secretions. The smell was like some fresh green plant or fruit, slightly repelling and at the same time appealing.

When I finished the second beer, I knew I had to relieve a full bladder. Her hand, still toying with me, had combined with the beer, to cause my cock to swell to a half-hard erection.

"I've got to piss," I said. "I think you had better stop playing with that so I can use it for its other purpose."

I rolled off the bed and started for the bathroom. I was surprised when she followed me. We had both generally been relaxed and casual about relieving ourselves. But those were times when one was in the bathroom shaving or something and the other wanted to pee. This time, she followed me and leaned against the sink while I stood, legs apart over the toilet.

In spite of the pressure from all the beer, I couldn't start. I didn't know if it was from the half-hearted erection I had, since I usually couldn't urinate until it was relatively soft, or if it was a case of bashful kidneys, an inability to start if someone was watching.

She saw my discomfort but waited, still watching me. I stood there, cock in hand, feeling like a fool, but absolutely unable to do anything.

"I learned a trick that might help when I was baby-sitting with some little boys once. They were just in the process of being trained. When I would take them to the bathroom and stand them up to the toilet, they would sometimes get hard and couldn't pee. Can I show you?" she asked, grinning.

I was game for anything. "Sure."

"Put both hands on the wall in front of you and lean over the toilet."

I did as she said and she stood behind me, holding my cock in her hand. She reached to the sink and turned the water on warm, letting it run slowly. I waited but nothing happened.

"Just look at the water running and think about that, nothing else," she said.

I tried to do as she said. Then she cupped her hand under the warm water and poured it over my penis. Again, and I felt the urge strengthen. Once more and I began. She held it pointed downward, into the bowl, as though she had done this for herself all her life. I drilled a heavy stream into the water in the bowl while she held it. I thought I would never finish and, with her holding it while I watched, I hoped I never would. But finally I was through. She even shook it

gently a couple of times, up and down, to get rid of the last drops. I was amazed at her performance.

"Let me wash it for you," she said, and pulled me to one side, while she sat down on the toilet.

She rubbed the soap into lather and then, with just her hands, began to wash my penis and testicles. I stood, legs apart, willing to let her do anything if she just didn't stop. My cock was still in a state of half-hardness or half-heartedness, swollen, but with no inclination to stand up. My balls were hanging loose, not drawn up, as they usually were when I was sexually aroused.

"I love to play with you like this," she said, as she continued her soft washing. "You've got a beautiful cock, you know. Any woman would like to get hold of one this big, long enough and wide enough to stretch her to the limit. And it's got such a beautiful shape. You're a straight arrow, you know. No bends to the side or up or down. Just straight and to the point. And that big, smooth head..., I love it."

She stroked forward, sliding the foreskin over the head, and then stroked back, watching as it revealed the head again. With her fingertips, she circled and stroked the rim surrounding the head, causing me to shiver involuntarily. "Does that feel good?" she asked. I nodded; I could hardly speak.

She reached under with both hands, to play with my testicles, cupping them, rubbing then gently with soapy fingers.

"I love your balls, too, you know. It's strange to me, a woman, to think of these things between your legs, always there, hanging, in the way. I'm glad you're not as hairy as most men; I don't want any thing to hide all this from me."

All too soon, she reached for a washcloth, wrung it out in warm water, and began to clear away the soap. When the last traces were gone, she looked at my cock as though proud of what she'd done and, leaning forward, held it up to her lips for a kiss. She waited for a moment, as though looking for a reaction, and when none came, she leaned forward again and took the head in her mouth. She sucked as strongly as she could and at the same time pulled her mouth away, grazing the sensitive rim with her teeth. In spite of what we had already done, I felt a renewed surge of sexual desire. My cock lifted, almost of its own accord, toward her. "There!" she exclaimed.

She reached for the baby oil, coated her hands lightly, and rubbed it all over me, over my slowly-stiffening penis, my testicles, and the area



between my legs. When my cock was standing by itself, without her help, she stood up and, still holding it, pulled me toward the bedroom.

She grinned at me. "That's what I wanted."

In our bedroom, this time, she took charge. She pushed me down on our bed, tugged at me until I lay straight, and stretched out in the very middle. She straddled me and tucked an extra pillow under my head. "Now you can watch," she said. "I'm going to fuck you this time."

She positioned herself over my middle, on her knees, her legs spread wide, and lowered her body until her cunt came into contact with the shaft of my cock. Her weight pinned my penis against my stomach, the head almost at my navel. We both watched as she began to slide up and down on it, my cock totally outside her, the distended lips of her cunt exposing her soft inner flesh to my hardness. She slid forward until the head of my cock was hidden behind the bush of her pubic hair and I could feel the hard bump of her clitoris rubbing against the sensitive area under the head of my cock. She moved from side to side, head back, eyes closed, lost in her own sensations, leaving me to watch. Then back down the shaft, sliding, until I could feel her wetness on my balls. I wanted more than anything to bury my cock in her but I held still, letting her have her way. She continued her movements, back and forth, side to side, and my cock grew harder, filling until it was almost painful to have it pinned against my stomach.

At length, she looked down and moved back, letting it rise at an angle above my stomach. She raised herself higher, on her feet now, her legs bent, letting me see her cunt, open, pink, glistening. She held my cock with one hand, straight up and, positioning herself over it, began the long delicious slide down. Her cunt was wet, juicy might be an appropriate word to describe it, wet with her own secretions and the dissolved semen from my last orgasm. When my cock was buried to the hilt in her, I could feel a warm flow out of her, downward, on my balls and between my thighs. She held herself frozen on me, motionless for a minute or so, face upward, eyes closed, lost in her own sensations. I waited.

Finally, she began to lift and lower herself, upward until just the head of my cock was still in her and downward until our combined pubic hair blocked any view of our coupling. She held on to my shoulders, balancing on hands and feet, while she moved.

With no effort being expended on my part, with the heat and wetness of her cunt, the pleasure of the sensations I felt was indescribable. I lay spread-eagled on the bed, arms out to the side, making no effort to help

her, content to let her use my cock for her own pleasure, since mine was surely as great as hers.

Her strokes quickened, and I knew that she was about to come. When she was on top of me, her orgasms were totally within her control and she always came with strong contractions that seemed to leave her drained of energy. Now she groaned as she sank down on my cock to the hilt, pressing her pubic bone against mine. I knew that this was the trigger she sometimes used to tip her over the edge into coming. She had described to me once how the feeling of fullness, of being stretched to the limit, with the simultaneous pressure on her clitoris, was enough to bring on her orgasm. I held still under her, feeling the contractions around the base of my cock, strong at first, then weakening and fading away. She collapsed on top of me, all tension gone out of her body.

I decided to take charge, to use her just as she was, to bring about my own orgasm. I held her by the hips and lifted her up slightly, just enough to give me room to thrust upward into her. I began to slide my cock in and out, meeting almost no resistance. Her cunt was as wet as I had ever known it and loose now, accepting whatever I shoved into her. I held her still, plunging in and out, fucking her with no trace of gentleness or patience. The orgasm I sought eluded me. After coming twice already in one afternoon, the lack of friction in her well-fucked cunt left me short of my goal. I began to pull down on her hips as I shoved upward into her, ramming the full length of my cock into her again and again.

Her teeth were fastened on my shoulder and I could feel her biting me. She groaned each time our bodies slammed together. At length, the groans turned into a kind of whimper.

Finally, in desperation, I wrapped my arms around her and rolled over on top of her. She started to spread her legs but I stopped her. Without ever taking my cock out of her, I pulled her legs together, with my legs spread over hers. With a couple of short strokes, I knew I had what I wanted. The position limited the length of my strokes but increased the pressure of her vagina on the head of my cock.

So I gave her only the head of it, just within the lips of her cunt, slow stroke after slow stroke. I held myself, at arms length, raised above her, watching each time I slid it into her. She, too, raised herself on her elbows and watched, as fascinated as I with my seemingly-endless search for one more release. I felt her tense the muscles in her legs and buttocks and the pressure on the head of my cock became no longer bearable. I felt the inescapable beginning of my orgasm and I held still, content to let the last of my semen be poured out just barely inside her.

When the last contraction had faded, I raised up over her, on my knees, my cock still hard, covered with our combined juices. She reached up with one hand, cupping my testicles. We both watched as one more heavy drop of semen oozed out of my cock and dropped on her stomach just below her navel. She pulled me back down toward her and spread her legs.

"Put it back in me," she said. "Let me feel it go soft inside me. Let me hold you."

I did as she said, sliding my cock slowly back into the depths of her. Her arms curled around my back and her legs wrapped around mine. I rested most of my weight on her, my stomach against hers, my chest pressed against her breasts, my cheek against hers.

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Siobhan was curled up against me, one leg thrown over mine. She had been silent all the time I had been telling my bedtime story. The cool night air blew in over the bed and over us, taking away the last heat of the day.

"You certainly have a remarkable memory for detail. Are you sure it happened just like that or have you been just making it up?" she asked.

"You asked for my most memorable sexual experience. And now you question whether it was actually that extraordinary and how I can remember it that well."

"Well, I suppose you should be able to remember it," she looked at me and smiled, "especially since we just did it this afternoon. But now I've got something to tell you that might make it even more memorable."

"What did you want to tell me?" I asked.

"Remember that you said it was my decision about when we had children, that you were ready any time I was?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Well, I stopped worrying about birth control months ago. According to my calculations, my ovaries should have released an egg either yesterday or today. As soon as your little sperm find it, I think you're going to make me a mother."

I looked into her eyes, those beautiful blue-gray eyes, and all I could do was smile.

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“When we’re old like Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold, do you think we’ll still enjoy what we’re doing now?” Siobhan asked. “The movie made it seem like he’d forgotten.”

“I just hope we’re still doing it,” I said. “Anyway, they weren’t real lovers; they were just pretending to be. I’d rather imagine me as the young French guy and you’re the little girl. ”

“Who?”

“Louis Jourdan and Leslie Caron, doing it French style.”

“What? Soixante-neuf?”

“Tish!, when you speak French, it drives me wild, Cara Mia!”

“Oh, Gomez, chacun à son gout.”

“Damn, you’re gonna make me come.”

“Aïe! Aïe! Tu as mis une faluche dans mon grille-pain!”

“Shit, what does that mean?”

“I don’t know. Just seeing if it would make you come.”

“Oh, fuck! Stop squirming!”

“I’m not squirming. You are!”

“I’m not, you are.”

“I am not. You’ve got it in all the way. Just be still.”

“It’s hard.”

“Yeah, I know. I can feel it.”

“I mean it’s hard to be still.”

“You promised.”

**“What?”**

**“You said you’d be still. You said you just wanted to put it in and be close to me without a condom.”**

**“Well, quit sticking your tongue in my ear and I’ll quit squirming.”**

**“Oh, it’s all my fault, is it?”**

**“Yeah, your cunt’s so hot and juicy and feels so good I think my balls are going to explode.”**

**“Well, you’d better not let anything explode inside me, not unless you want to be a daddy again. I’m not ready to be a mommy for the fourth time.”**

**“Why are we whispering?”**

**“To keep from yelling?”**

**“No, seriously.”**

**“Because I’m not sure the kids are asleep. Kerry’s a little fretful tonight and I don’t want to wake him up.”**

**“I love it when I’ve got my face beside yours and I can smell your hair and feel your cheek against mine.”**

**“And I love it when I feel your big dick stretching my cunt and your chest mashing my breasts flat. But you’d better lift up a little or you’re going to get the sheets wet with milk.”**

**“Yeah, well, I love it when I come and squirt a load in your cunt and then you come and your cunt squeezes out the last drop or two of my semen.”**

**“Don’t talk dirty.”**

**“That’s not dirty.”**

**“I know. But it’s sexy and I’m horny. I think it’s time for you to take your dick out and put a condom on it.”**

**“Do I have to, Mommy?”**

**“Yes, my little boy, you have to unless you want to be a daddy again.”**

**“Would you put it on for me, Mommy?”**

**“Oui, mon petit garçon.”**

## **Chapter Five**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 34 in story ; Siobhan Stuart, 33 in story, 13 in flashback; Kavan Stuart, 7 in story, 6 months in flashback; Arial Stuart, 5 in story, -9 months in flashback; Kerry Stuart, 9 months in story; Jason, 13 in flashback**

### **TELLING THE STORY:**

**Siobhan Stuart**

**(SIOBHAN)**

**Kerry started walking early, at somewhere between eight and nine months old. At first he was like the other two – pulling upright on whatever was handy until he was standing, holding on, and then cautiously turning loose and staggering a few steps until he gave up and flopped down on his butt. But he mastered the next step quicker than the other two. Wherever he was, he’d first push himself up so he was on his hands and knees, then straighten his legs so it was hands and feet, and then very slowly straighten up without holding anything until he was standing upright. If he saw me watching him, he’d take a few tentative steps, give me a smile as though asking if he was doing it right, and then take a few more steps. In almost no time, he was walking instead of crawling.**

**Throughout the late spring, I tried to give the three of them a few minutes of naked sun time each afternoon. Kavan was finishing first grade and Arial kindergarten in a little over a week. I had to pick them up just before two in the afternoon. I usually managed to get Kerry to nap after his noon feeding so he wouldn’t be fussy in the car when I went to get the other two. After a quick snack, Kavan and Arial would throw their clothes off and I’d strip Kerry. At first, I kept his diaper on but, after Arial removed it outdoors once, I let him go naked too. He peed often enough on everything outdoors but never pooped.**

**Even though we had a privacy fence that probably kept any neighbors from seeing in our backyard, I usually put on a sundress or shorts and shirt when I was out with them. There was one spot, in a corner near the house where I was confident no one would see me, where I occasionally sunned naked in a chaise lounge.**

That's where we were when Kieran found us one Thursday afternoon. I had on sunglasses and nothing else and had my eyes closed. I could hear the kids playing in the sandbox nearby so I relaxed and enjoyed the feeling of the breeze and the sun on my naked skin. I almost screamed when he spoke.

“Good afternoon, Mrs. Stuart.”

I looked around and, at first, couldn't see him. Then he moved and I saw he was standing just inside the screen door to the kitchen. I'd left the kitchen door open so I could listen for the telephone and locked the front door as usual. I hadn't heard him come home but that wasn't unusual. The small house had a single-car garage next to the kitchen but he sometimes parked in the driveway. He always came in through the kitchen.

“Kieran, you scared me,” I said. “What are you doing home so early?”

“I went to see a client whose office is nearby. Got through quicker than I expected. I just thought I'd take off a little early. May I join you?”

“Sure, if you'll bring me a cold glass of tea, lots of ice.”

He came out a few minutes later, tea for me and beer for him in his hands, sunglasses on, and nothing else. I wondered if Mrs. Johannsen ever tried to peek through the cracks in the fence close to where I was. If she did, I hoped she enjoyed looking at Kieran as much as I did. He gave new meaning to swinging like a pendulum. He handed me the beer and the tea and unfolded a lawn chair for himself. We sat quietly for a while, drinking, watching the kids play. They still hadn't seen that their Dad was home. There were three little butts up in the air and their noses were down looking at something they'd found in the sand.

When Kavan looked up and saw Kieran, he touched Arial and pointed. They came running. Kerry looked, stood, tried to step out of the sandbox, fell flat on his stomach, and started howling. Kieran ran over, picked him up, sat down on the grass with him in his arms, and was immediately attacked by the other two. Kerry's howls turned into what I suppose was the baby-talk equivalent of cussing.

After a while, I rinsed the sand off the four of them with cold water from the hose and we all went in the house, trailing water. Kieran helped me dry them and then I helped him dry himself. He scooped Kerry up, blew obscene noises on his fat little stomach, and then took him off toward the boys' bedroom.

**“You’d better put a diaper on him,” I yelled, over Kerry’s screams of delight.**

**“I will,” he yelled back. Kavan and Ariel were giggling. I suspected they wanted their father to blow bubbles on their bellies too when he came back.**

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**When the kids were finally in bed for the night, Kieran grabbed my hand and pulled me into our bedroom. He didn’t really have to pull that hard. I think I wanted the same thing he wanted.**

**Afterwards, we lay side by side, my head on his shoulder. I had a towel between my legs and was playing with the few hairs on his chest. His dick was flopped over his thigh, still swollen and dangerous looking.**

**“You know, this is the way it should be,” he said.**

**I didn’t understand what he meant. “What?”**

**“Like us. Kids. Playing naked with them. Good sex with you. Not having to use those damn condoms anymore. Lying here naked not wanting anything but what I’ve got.”**

**“If anybody had seen you naked with them in the living room this afternoon, rolling on the floor, blowing bubbles on their stomachs and butts, I wonder what they’d have thought.”**

**“My Mom thinks it’s great, the naked part, I mean,” he said.**

**“How does she know?”**

**“Kavan told her the last time we went to see them. She knows we go naked around the house and at the cabin.”**

**“What did she say?”**

**“Nothing. She already knew. I guess Alan or Kara told her about the cabin. I wish I could get her and Dad to come to the cabin with the rest of us.”**

**“And go skinny-dipping? Sit down to supper in the nude?”**

**“Sure. They’re not too old to enjoy it.”**



**“Kieran, it’s not that easy to do. I enjoy it now but it was uncomfortable for me at first.”**

**“Would you like to go to the cabin this weekend? I’ll check with Alan but I don’t think anybody’s reserved it.”**

**“Just us or do you want to invite your parents?”**

**“Just us. Dad and Mom will be at a conference for some engineering society he belongs to. Maybe we could invite them some other time.”**

**“Sure. I’ll go to the grocery store tomorrow. One day or two?”**

**“Two would be fine with me. We’ll come back by mid-afternoon on Sunday as usual.”**

**We were quiet for a while and I wondered what he was thinking. I was in a state where I was hardly thinking. I’d come twice, hard, once with his tongue and mouth teasing and sucking, and once with his dick fucking me into oblivion.**

**“Do you remember when Ariel was conceived?” he asked.**

**“Probably not as well as you remembered when I got pregnant with Kavan,” I lied. I remembered every little detail of that day. I’d wanted our two kids to be close together and I’d been laying in wait for him for a week or so after I’d made up my mind.**

**“Would you tell me what you remember?” he asked.**

**<><><>**

**Kavan was about six months old when Kieran’s parents offered us an unusual present for our third wedding anniversary: they asked to keep the baby on Saturday night, to give us a night when we could be free of parenting cares.**

**Kieran and I were invited to a dinner party on Saturday night with a group of friends. One couple provided the house and all the others prepared the meal. We had been asked to bring dessert.**

**I spent Saturday afternoon making apple pies and, at the same time, playing with Kavan. Late in the afternoon, I nursed him and put him down for a nap. I was reluctant to stop breast-feeding him; I wanted to continue that wonderful closeness. But I also looked forward to letting someone else care for him for one night. For the first time, I prepared**

for him to leave us, packing his food and bottles, diapers and pajamas. His grandparents were to pick him up at six o'clock.

The afternoon had been sunny and hot. Kieran had worked outdoors in the yard, in just shorts and sneakers, with a towel nearby to wipe away the sweat. I stood watching him more than once. Even dirty and sweaty, I still found him beautiful to look at. I admired the movement of the muscles in his back and arms as he moved the stones he was using to build a wall. I was more than mildly aroused looking at his rear, when he bent over to place the stones.

Just before five p. m., he stopped and came in the house. I heard first the shower running and then his humming as he shaved. After a few minutes passed and he didn't come out of the bedroom, I wiped my hands and went looking for him.

He was lying on the bed, with the room darkened and the overhead fan blowing down on him. He was at the foot of the bed, his legs bent, his feet resting on the floor, with a pillow under his head and his eyes shut. As I walked in, he raised his head, opened his eyes briefly, and smiled at me.

"I've had a little too much sun and heat," he said. "I just wanted to rest for a few minutes before I got dressed."

I stood, looking down on him. He was naked except for a damp white towel spread across the middle of his body. His shoulders, chest, and legs were pink from exposure to the sun. His stomach was flat, almost concave, as he lay on his back. Under the towel, I could clearly see the outline of his cock, pointing downward.

I sat down on the bed beside him and we talked about the people who would be at the dinner. After a few minutes, I started to leave. "Don't go," he said. "Stay just a little longer."

"I need to clean up the kitchen before I get my bath," I answered

"It can wait until tomorrow. I can't."

"What do you mean?" I asked, even though I knew the answer.

"Touch me," he whispered.

I cupped my hand over the mound in the towel, feeling his balls with my fingertips, his dick pressing against the palm of my hand. It was soft but, as I held it, I felt its first slow firming.

**“You smell like apples and cinnamon and cloves and brown sugar,” he said, and with a grin. “I’d like to eat you.”**

**I slid my hand under the towel and rearranged his dick, pointing it upward toward his navel. When I put my hand, palm down, against it, I could feel it firming even more, in that stage just before it surged into full hardness. I looked at his face and his eyes were still closed. I turned around on the bed next to him, resting on my left side, my left arm beside his legs for support.**

**I pushed the towel upward on his body, exposing just his balls and, with one finger, I began to trace circles on his scrotum, feeling the firm egg-like glands under the softer skin. I always wondered what peculiar combination of genes had given him little body hair and almost no hair on his testicles and at the same time had caused him to have genitals which were larger than most men’s.**

**As I played with his balls, I could see the response in his cock, even covered with the towel. The towel slowly lifted, quivering, until it stood away from his stomach. I was amazed that something so soft only a few minutes ago could now lift the towel that covered it.**

**I pushed the towel further upward on his body, leaving it spread across his stomach, and uncovered his cock. It was erect now, lifted at an angle away from his body, reaching almost to his navel, the foreskin retracted, exposing the reddish-purple underside of the head. From my viewpoint, it seemed like an arrow; I knew how it could pierce to the heart of me.**

**As I looked at it, I felt that familiar hunger to feel it inside me, an emptiness wanting to be filled. Rationally, I knew we had no time for the leisurely lovemaking I preferred. Kavan’s grandparents would be coming in less than an hour. We needed to leave shortly after that for the dinner party and I hadn’t even showered yet.**

**“Please, don’t stop,” he whispered, again without opening his eyes, just those three words. I decided to give him what he wanted. I also determined to get what I wanted later, when we returned from dinner.**

**I left for just a moment to get a bottle of baby oil from the bathroom. When I came back I dripped a generous trail of baby oil from the head of his cock downward over his balls. I started again with his balls, gently coating them with the oil, lifting them, caressing them, watching the effect this had on his dick, as it changed its angle from his stomach.**

**When I put my hand on it, it felt hot to the touch, heavy in my hand, and too large for my fingers to reach around. I started to stroke it slowly,**

sliding my encircling hand from the head down to the base and then back up again. When he groaned softly, I began to increase the speed of the strokes. I changed my position so that I could hold his balls with one hand, pulling gently downward on them, while with the other I continued the same long strokes up and down on his cock. Within a minute or so, I felt a tension in the muscles of his legs and hips. I increased the speed of my strokes again, determined to make him come to orgasm this way, to save my own need for later tonight.

Even so, the suddenness of his ejaculation surprised me. The first spurt lifted out of the slit on the head of his cock, flying a foot or more into the air, in a continuous white stream, falling back on his stomach. A split second later another, even longer stream fell on my hand and on his stomach. I counted five separate, gradually-diminishing spurts, which flew into the air and back onto his stomach or my hand. As I continued to stroke his dick, I could feel his whole body responding, as though it were too much to bear. The semen continued to flow, oozing out in smaller amounts as I watched. Looking at the opalescent puddles on his stomach and on my hand, I was amazed at the volume of his ejaculation. I understood why my cunt seemed to overflow constantly after we made love.

“You can stop now,” he whispered, eyes still closed, a smile on his face.

I used the damp towel to wipe him clean and then watched quietly as he lost his erection. Only then did I take his hand and lead him into the shower with me. We were both getting dressed when he brought up the subject of what had happened.

“I feel kind of silly after what I just got you to do,” he said. “I feel like a little boy caught doing something he shouldn’t.”

“You didn’t get me to do anything,” I answered. “I did something because I wanted to. You might’ve got the most fun out of it but I enjoyed it too.”

“I don’t know why I acted that way. When you sat down on the bed with me, it was if my dick took control of my brain. I don’t think I’d thought about sex all afternoon and, suddenly out of nowhere, my cock decided it wanted to be satisfied. It sort of told me to stay out of it, to just lay back and shut up.”

“I hope it enjoyed my services. Believe me, it put on quite a show. It erupted like Mount St. Helens.”

“When we come back from the party, what are you going to do? Will you be OK without nursing Kavan?”

**“I’ll use the breast pump and save it for him for later. That’s what I did for the bottles I sent with him. I’ll probably be OK until your parents bring him back tomorrow morning. If not, I’ll use the pump again.”**

**“You could let me give you a little relief if you get too full,” he said.**

**“Kieran, don’t be silly. Why would you want to do that?”**

**“Because I’m a pervert and you love me and I love you.”**

**I smiled. He wasn’t a pervert; I did love him.**

**“We’ll talk about that later. Your parents will be here in a few minutes for Kavan.”**

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**After the party, we were getting ready for bed when he brought up the subject again. He was stretched out on the bed, wearing a pair of silk paisley boxer shorts I had given him, watching me as I brushed my hair. I knew he’d put them on just so I could take them off.**

**I pulled out on one of my favorite nightgowns, an ivory-colored gown, trimmed with lace, and threw it on the bed. I knew how he usually reacted to seeing me in it. More than once, he had referred to me as his “strawberries and cream” woman. On one occasion, he’d compared, in poetry, the red hair on my head with that between my thighs and the color of my nipples with the inner lips of my cunt. I found out that night that laughter could be one more form of sexual arousal.**

**“Are you going to let me nurse instead of Kavan?”**

**“No, but you can go get me the breast pump and I’ll show you how to use it.”**

**“Damn, I never have any fun.”**

**“I’m going to start weaning him next week. He’s doing fine with solid food. I think he’ll be OK with milk from bottles now.”**

**“How long will it take for your breasts to dry up?” I asked.**

**“Not long. My gynecologist said it’d be just a few weeks for the milk to stop flowing – if I can just get someone to stop nursing.”**

**“Hey, don’t look at me. I don’t suck on them now. You fuss at me every time I try.”**

**“Yes, but even licking my nipples can still make the milk flow. You’ve got to help me.”**

**“If I can’t get any milk, what’s in it for me?”**

**“When Kavan stops nursing, I can go back on birth control pills.”**

**“And I can stop using those damned condoms? Honey, I’ll be glad to leave your tits alone for a few weeks.”**

**“And I can stop giving you so many blow-jobs. Since you’ve had to use a rubber for regular sex, I think your frequency of blow-jobs has gone up.”**

**“Well, your doctor did say you could take the pill while you were nursing. She just said there was some research that advised against it.”**

**“I know. I just wanted to stay off them for a while longer. So much else comes through in my breast milk to Kavan, I just worried about the hormones in the pills.”**

**“Have you really been happy with your decision to breast feed? It sure seems to cause you a lot of inconvenience. You’re always having to think about what might get through to Kavan.”**

**“I don’t regret it. I wish you could know that feeling of closeness I have with Kavan from breast feeding him.”**

**“Honey, I can understand what closeness feels like. I wish you could know how I feel about having my dick inside you. It’s sex but it’s more than that. When I’m inside you, I feel like I’m at home, I’m where I belong, my life is perfect. Even with a rubber on, it’s like that. But without a rubber, it’s so much better. When there’s nothing between us and it feels like we sort of melt together - I’m never happier than I am then.”**

**“Could we just forget the pills – and the condoms? We’ve agreed we’re going to have another baby pretty close to this one. Maybe we should just let it happen. I’d be happy if it did.”**

**“Huh? You’ve got your hands full with Kavan. You think you can handle another one this quick?”**

**“Kieran, I’ve been feeling you out about having another one for a month or so now. I know I’m ready. Kavan’s a good baby and doesn’t give us much trouble. I’d like our babies to be less than two years apart. If I said I was ready now, what would you do?”**

**“Well --- first I’d have my dick in you in about one minute flat. Second, I’d think about what a damn fool I am. You’ve got this all planned out, haven’t you?”**

**“Yes, I have. Now would you like to make love with me, no rubber between us, nothing to keep me from getting pregnant, knowing I want another baby?”**

**“OK,” he said with a pretense at sulking, “if you won’t let me suck, I guess I’ll just have to fuck.”**

**He also had to wait for a while. I made him get me the breast pump and then rewarded him by letting him use it on me. When each breast was empty, I let him lick the last drop or two off my nipple and even let him suck a little to make sure they were empty. After he put the milk in the refrigerator, I let him do what I wanted.**

**And fuck was exactly what he did. He made love to me in all sorts of positions but always slowly and gently when he did it. He looked in my eyes and slid his dick in slowly, as though savoring what he was feeling. I let him move me around as he wished, even when toward the end he held my legs up and spread like a V. He’d look down at where his dick was sliding in and out of my cunt, then at my face, give me a smile, then look down again. Finally he’d had all he could take. He put a pillow under my hips and bent me almost in half. I locked my ankles behind his back and he started pounding into me. A minute or so later, he shoved it in to the depths and I felt his contractions as he came. I’d already had a few mini-orgasms but that triggered a final one that made me almost lose consciousness. I felt so wide open it was like my cervix had opened and sucked his semen directly into my womb.**

**He laid on top of me unmoving for a while with all of his weight on me. I could feel his cock slowly going soft inside me. Finally he pushed himself up with his arms straight and looked at me.**

**“How was that?”**

**“I’m think I’m about to be pregnant again, Kieran.”**

**“I hope so,” he said with a grin, “I’d hate to have to do that again.”**

He moved over beside me, turned out the bedside light, and laid down on his back. We talked for a while in the dark about everything and nothing. Finally, I pulled the pillow out from under my hips and turned over on my side. Kieran spooned up against me from behind and held his hand against my breast while we went to sleep. I knew I probably should put my nursing bra back on but I couldn't bring myself to move.

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At the cabin on Saturday, we took the kids for a walk in the woods just as soon as we'd unpacked the car. Kieran showed Kavan and Arial some of the interesting trees and bushes and told them about them. He even pulled up a couple of small sassafras plants so we could make tea for them to taste. He tried as usual to get them to spot poison ivy and they seemed better at avoiding it this time. With their fair skin, I knew they'd suffer with it as much as Kieran and I did and so I watched out for it for them. Kavan was always out of front exploring when we walked and he already knew to watch for it and only occasionally got into it.

After lunch, we all stripped and took blankets and pillows down to the cleared flat area near the creek. Kerry had pooped after lunch so I even let him go with a bare butt. Kieran and I tried to sprawl on a blanket but one or the other of us was constantly jumping up to keep the kids within our range of vision. Finally Kieran gave up and started wrestling in the grass with them. Kerry stood and watched at first and then even he piled on his Dad.

A few minutes later, Arial walked back to the blanket where I was and told me: "I've got to pee, Mom."

I suppose she wanted me to take her up the hill and let her use the toilet in the cabin. She'd never been comfortable using the woods like Kavan was. Kieran heard her and walked up too, carrying Kerry on his arm.

"Let's all go to the creek and do it together," he suggested.

I suppose I always envied guys that one thing – they could pee anywhere and under any circumstances. I got up and held out my hand to Arial.

"You guys go to the creek. I'll take Arial up to the cabin," I said.

Arial took my hand but she didn't move when I started to leave.

"Come on, Mom. Let's go to the creek. I'll do it if you will," she said.



**Kieran stood there with a big jackass grin on his face. He didn't say anything but I knew he was waiting so see what I'd do. I took Arial's hand again and started down the hill. Kieran and Kerry and Kavan followed.**

**I walked out on the sandbar that always stayed just below the deep pool and into the creek where the water was only a few inches deep over the sand and gravel bottom. Kieran stood, holding Kerry on his arm, with Kavan holding his hand, and they watched us. When I squatted down, Arial did too. When I peed, she laughed and peed too. When I used my hand to dip up a little cold creek water and splash it between my legs, she did too.**

**Kavan waded out in the stream until the water was up almost to his knees and Kieran followed and stood beside him. Kieran made him turn so they were both pointed downstream. Kavan looked at me and smiled and then looked up at his Dad with another smile. He held his little dick with both hands, pulled the foreskin back so the little head was exposed, and arched a yellow stream over and down the creek. We all watched his performance. Kieran just shook his head and then tried to match it. He couldn't but he was still holding Kerry on his arm so he only had one hand free anyway.**

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**When the evening light began to fade, we pulled sleeping mats out in the middle of the cabin and put sheets and blankets and pillows on them. Kerry was so tired he was groggy and was asleep in minutes. Kavan and Arial hardly moved while Kieran read them a story and then they were asleep. We'd put their mats in a row and it was a joy to see them – Kerry, Arial, and Kavan, our children.**

**Kieran had put our two mats a few yards away. I suppose he thought we wouldn't disturb them if we didn't get too loud. He stretched out beside me, took my hand, and put it on his dick. There was no doubt what he wanted.**

**“Kieran, let's wait a little bit,” I said. “Let's make sure they're really asleep.”**

**He faked a really big sigh. “OK, if you'll tell me a bed-time story?” he asked as he rubbed my hand up and down on his dick.**

**“What kind of story? A nursery rhyme about little Jack Horny?”**

**“Shit no, I'm not jacking off. Don't ask me.”**

**“That wasn’t what I said.”**

**“Sorry, I misunderstood,” he said and squeezed my hand which was still wrapped around his dick. “Tell me about the first hard dick you ever saw or felt.”**

**“OK then. I was thirteen the first time I saw an erect dick. I felt it too. It was really hard, harder than yours.”**

**After a minute he encouraged me, “Go on.”**

**“I was baby-sitting with a neighbor’s little boy. When I changed his wet diaper, I discovered he had a little hard-on.”**

**He laughed and rolled over half on top of me.**

**“Before the night is over you’re going to feel a big hard-on,” he threatened, smiling. “But not until after you’ve told me a bed-time story.”**

**He rolled back down beside me and put his hand on my stomach. I made a silent bet on down this time and won. His hand started moving downward. When he started playing with the curls just short of his goal, I thought of a bedtime story for him.**

**“Well, my first real sexual experience with a man did happen when I was thirteen, almost fourteen. He wasn’t really a man since we were the same age. I’d started developing about a year earlier. My breasts were about half developed and I’d been having periods for over a year. Jason and I were in the same grade at school and lived only a few houses from each other. We’d been friends, good friends, for years. He’d been trying to teach me to shoot a basketball. He’d invited me to his house one afternoon in June to practice...**

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**His father was sitting behind the wheel of their car in the driveway beside the house, as I came into their yard. As I walked up to the front door, his mother opened it and came out.**

**“We’re going to the grocery store,” she said. “Jason’s upstairs. He’s lost his basketball. You know how he is about losing everything. Stick your head in and yell for him.”**

**She left the front door open for me, and then went to the car. I went into the house and called for Jason. I waited for a moment with no response. I called again, louder, and still received no response.**

I knew where Jason's room was so I climbed the stairs. The door to his room was almost closed, standing open an inch or so. I pushed it open.

He was on his hands and knees, reaching under his bed, trying to pull something out.

He looked up just as I opened the door.

"My basketball is stuck under the bed," he said, standing up.

We both realized at the same moment that he was wearing only three things, white cotton briefs and a pair of white athletic socks.

"I was about to get dressed," he said, lamely.

I suppose we were both embarrassed and unsure of what to do. I couldn't tear my eyes away from him. The last time I had seen him without a shirt, the previous summer, he had still been soft with baby fat. Now he was harder and leaner, the muscles showing through. The skin on his chest and stomach and arms and legs was clear and flawless, already tanned from the summer sun. The contrast of the white briefs with the tanned skin evoked a response in me that was totally new: I wanted to touch him, to feel his skin under my palm. I looked at the bulge in the center of his briefs, so different from the flatness I always saw when I looked down at my stomach. I tried to say something but couldn't make the words come out.

As I turned to leave, he whispered, "Don't go."

I looked back at him, one hand on the doorknob.

"Don't go," he said again. "Shut the door. There's no one else home."

I looked at his face, directly into his eyes, trying to understand what he was suggesting. Again, I stood for a moment, looking at him. Finally, I closed the door and stood still, waiting.

He walked over closer to me, until he was only a foot or so away. As I put up my hand to stop him, he caught it, pulling it against his chest. When he released me, my hand stayed on his chest. I could feel the heat of his body, the small hard bump of his nipple.

"I want to see what you're like, too," he whispered. "Will you let me?"

My heart was almost pounding out of my chest and my mouth felt dry. I nodded my assent and he reached up and began to unbutton my shirt.

**His fingers were clumsy and he struggled with the top button. I pushed his hands away and quickly undid all of the buttons.**

**He pushed the shirt off my shoulders and I let it fall on the floor. Now he was confronted with my brassiere. He stood still for a moment, looking down at my breasts.**

**“How do you take that thing off?” he asked, his voice breaking.**

**I reached behind and undid the clasp, leaving the bra still covering me, waiting for him to remove it. I watched his face as he slowly pulled first one strap and then the other off my shoulders and the bra joined my shirt on the floor.**

**I held my breath when he placed his hand on my breast. I felt my nipple become erect under his palm. I put my hand back on his chest and we both stood quietly, our hands moving softly on each other.**

**“Your breasts are so beautiful,” he whispered. “Why are the nipples so hard when the rest is so soft?”**

**When he moved closer to me, I stepped back, against the door. He pressed against me, his chest against mine, the softness of my breasts pressed down by the hardness of his muscles.**

**“We can’t do anything, you know,” I managed to say. “I’ve never done it before.”**

**“Neither have I,” he said.**

**“We’ve got to stop,” I said, without any conviction at all.**

**“I know.”**

**“Then stop.”**

**“Not yet,” he pleaded. “I won’t try to do it all the way, I promise. But don’t make me stop yet. I’ve never seen a girl, never really touched one before now. Don’t make me stop.”**

**I knew I wanted it as much as he did. “You promise you won’t try to go all the way?” I asked.**

**“I won’t. But let’s not stop now.”**

**He took my silence for acquiescence. He reached behind me and pulled me against him and I could feel something firm and rounded pressing**

against my stomach. He tried to tug my shorts down and again I had to help him, releasing the zipper on the side. In seconds, my shorts joined my other clothes on the floor. I kicked my sneakers off and then I had on no more than he did.

He pressed me back against the door again, his stomach and chest against me, holding me gently by the arms. He began to rub against me and I could feel the hardness in his briefs grow even larger and firmer. He curved his hands around behind me, holding my buttocks, and I followed his example. We were both gasping for breath now, pressing against each other.

“I’m going to take your panties off,” he whispered in my ear. “Will you let me?”

“Yes,” I answered.

He caught the elastic at the waist and pulled down, peeling my panties down my legs, stooping down as he did, until I was able to step out of them.

Then, without asking, he did the same with his briefs, peeling them down quickly, and kicking them to one side.

For the first time, I saw how a man, or a boy, was made. Almost instantaneously, his penis came to full erection. He was circumcised and so the head was exposed, reddish-purple at the end of the white shaft. He was already developed enough to have a slight covering of pubic hair, matted down above and to the sides of his penis. His testicles were drawn up snug against the base, one lower than the other. I thought to myself how different this was from my own hidden mysterious organs, how beautiful and fascinating to see, so out front and exposed.

He caught both my hands and pulled me quickly backwards to his bed.

“I promised,” he said, “and I mean it.”

I offered little resistance when he pulled me onto the bed with him.

He pulled me against him and we awkwardly tried to figure out the proper placement of our arms. As I felt the whole of his body against mine, the hard protrusion of his dick against my belly, my heart began to pound even faster. When he brought his face against mine, searching for my lips with his, I was afraid for him to kiss me. I had never been kissed like this and, even though I had talked with other girls about it, I didn’t really know what to do. We began with our lips pressed together,

our mouths closed. Within a minute or so, our lips were open and his tongue was either in my mouth or mine was in his.

Finally I pulled away.

“I’m scared,” I whispered. “We’ve got to stop.”

In response, he caught my hand, pulled it down between our bodies and placed it on his penis. In my inexperience, it seemed enormous, even though I know now it was only typical for a young boy starting into puberty. I pushed him back so I could look at it as I held it. I was fascinated by its hardness and the steel-spring elasticity that brought it back to the same angle over his stomach no matter which way I bent it. I reached lower and felt his balls, feeling through the soft skin the rounded masses that moved so freely. He lay back for a few minutes, eyes closed, letting me satisfy my curiosity about his dick and balls.

“Now it’s my turn,” he said.

“No, Jason, you can’t,” I answered.

“Yes, I can. You wanted to see what I was like. I want to see you too. I want to touch you too. You’ve been looking at me and touching me. I didn’t stop you. It’s only fair that I get my turn.”

He pushed me gently back against the pillow and raised himself above me. When he pulled my legs apart, I yielded, wanting to feel his hands touching me down there.

“Your hair is as red down here as it is on your head,” he said. “It’s beautiful.”

He curved one hand down between my legs, over my vulva, and held it there. I could feel a warm moistness inside me at his touch. He rose up until he was sitting beside me and, with one finger, began to explore. His touch made me burn inside. He looked intently, trying to find the opening into me, finally parting the inner lips, and discovering the moist opening into my vagina. Even though I was a virgin, I knew from my own explorations that the passageway would easily open to his finger. Quickly he found the way, sliding one finger into me, moving it around, exploring.

“Does it hurt you?” he asked. “Can I put it in deeper?”

“Just don’t hurt me,” I said.

“I won’t, Siobhan. I promise,” he answered.

He slowly pushed his finger into me, perhaps up to the second knuckle, and then stopped, looking at me.

“It’s so hot. Does it feel good?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like it?”

“Yes.”

He moved upward on the bed a little so we were laying side by side, me flat on my back, him on his side facing me. When he took his finger out of me, I guess he saw from the expression on my face that I wanted it back.

He reached down quickly, caught my hand, placed it on his dick, and then returned his finger to my pussy. I wanted him to touch me, to put his finger or something else inside me. I don’t know whether he even knew what a clitoris was or what it would do if he touched it. He never tried, just kept that one middle finger in my pussy, moving in and out, around and around. It didn’t hurt. It felt wonderful.

Without even thinking, I started pulling on his cock. I don’t suppose I was jacking him off like I’d heard boys did it. I was pulling on it, my fingers sliding down the shaft from where it emerged from his soft tangle of pubic hair, down toward the smooth head. I really had no idea how to jack him off, just that it was something that girls could do to boys if they got too insistent about putting their dick in a girl’s pussy. I suppose I’d have used the same motions if I’d been milking a cow.

Anyway, it worked. Jason started going “Uhhhh, uhhhh, uhhhh,” and I felt something hot in the palm of my hand. I brought my hand up in front of my face and saw something that looked like somebody had spit in my hand, messy, sticky, some clear, some white. It was yucky. I wiped it off on the bedspread and sat up.

Jason fell over on his back and put one forearm over his eyes. He was breathing through his mouth, almost as though he had been running or something. I didn’t know what to think about it all.

At just that moment, a car horn sounded loudly in the street outside. Jason jumped up and ran to the window, trying to see who it was. In my fear of being caught, I ran for my clothes.

**“It was just a passing car,” he said. “But my parents could be back anytime now.”**

**We watched each other as we dressed. I almost wanted to protest when he pulled on his briefs, positioning his still-erect dick against his stomach.**

**As we started to open the door, he caught me and pulled me against him. I started to resist but he kissed me quickly, an open-mouthed hungry kiss, and then pushed me away.**

**“I promised. And I kept my promise,” he said.**

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**“How do I know when to stop with this story?” I asked Kieran. The cabin was almost totally dark now, with only one small light near the bathrooms so we could see to go to them.**

**“You don’t just stop,” he responded. “Every story has a beginning and an end. You know when you’ve reached the end,” he answered.**

**“Then I suppose I’ve reached the end. As far as the first boy I ever did anything with, that’s all that happened. I think we were both scared to death about it. Anyway, we didn’t do anything else after that. They moved away some time later. I’ve wondered for years what would’ve happened if we’d had another occasion or two to be alone.”**

**“Didn’t he try to get you to do anything else after that?”**

**“He tried a couple of times but we just didn’t have another good opportunity. But he certainly had a lot of success in the fantasies and dreams I had over the next few months.”**

**“Tell me about them?” he asked.**

**“I dreamed about him frequently for months after that. Even awake, I had fantasies about what it would have been like if he had put his dick in me instead of just his finger.”**

**“So he really got you hot and aroused, didn’t he?”**

**“A few nights after it happened, I couldn’t go to sleep, thinking about it. I pulled my nightgown up and used my own fingers to find out what felt good. You might say he gave me my first orgasms.”**

**Kieran pulled away from me suddenly and stood up.**



**“Where are you going?” I asked.**

**“Shut your eyes. I’ve got a surprise for you,” he answered.**

**I did as he asked and I heard him opening something and then the soft sound of fabric on skin.**

**“You can open your eyes now,” he said.**

**He was standing at the foot of our sleeping mats. He was no longer naked. Now he had on fresh white briefs and white athletic socks.**

**“I’m not your husband,” he said. “I’m a thirteen-year old boy and I’m scared to death. I don’t know what to do or how to do it either but I know I can’t stop until I go all the way this time.”**

**I looked at the bulge in the front of his briefs and then up at his face.**

**“I’m scared too,” I whispered. “I’ve never done it before either. But I want to.”**

## **Chapter Six**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 34 in story, 13 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 33 in story; Kavan Stuart, 7 in story; Arial Stuart, 5 in story; Kerry Stuart, 9 months in story; Allison \_\_\_\_\_, 13 in flashback**

### **TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart**

**(KIERAN)**

**After Siobhan told me about Jason, I did what any thirteen-year old boy would want to do. Once was not enough. Twice was not enough. I still wanted her but my dick told me to let it rest for the night. That didn’t stop me from wanting her.**

**“Kieran, would you get me a wash cloth and a towel?”**

**I knew what she wanted. I’d done it often enough. I tiptoed to the bathroom, peed, wet a cloth, and wiped the sweat off my face and underarms and chest and then wiped the mixture of stuff off my dick. I wet another cloth and carried it and a towel back to Siobhan. She wiped**

the sweat off her face and body, wiped between her legs, handed me the cloth, and I handed her the towel. I threw the cloth toward the bathroom and she tucked the towel between her legs. I lay down and she turned her back to me so I could spoon up to her.

“Now tell me a story,” she said when we were settled. “I told you about me and Jason when I was thirteen. I want you to tell me about you and the first girl you ever fooled around with.”

“What? Dreams, fantasies, the real thing? And why didn’t you go to the bathroom? Don’t you have to pee?”

“Yes but I’m too lazy to get up now. I’ll go after a while. Now come on, tell me the story.”

“There was an incident when I was thirteen. Are you sure you want to hear this tonight?”

“Yes, just don’t let me fall asleep.

“OK. The incident was with Allison, cute little Allison. One real tomboy. Wonder what she’s like today?”

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It all started when my Dad and a friend of his found a Studebaker Avanti for sale. Damn, that was one beautiful car, red and cream original colors and that Raymond Loewy styling! It had been partially restored. They actually formed a legal partnership to buy it, finish restoring it, and then use it together until they sold it.

Dad put it in our basement so they could work on it. Right after they bought it they were like little boys with a new toy. Almost every Saturday, they’d be down there in the basement, figuring out what to do next. I hung out with them a lot but they’d only let me be a gofer so I sort of lost interest.

That is, until Dad’s friend brought his daughter, Allison, along to spend the day. He was supposedly trying to keep peace with his wife by watching their daughter. I think he brought her just to get me out of their hair. She succeeded.

Allison was a real tomboy at thirteen. I never saw her in anything but jeans and sneakers and shirt. Her shirts were always big oversized ones and I couldn’t tell much about what sort of tits she had. I looked hard enough but there just wasn’t much there.

The first couple of times, I tried to stay with the car work until Dad chased me off, telling me to entertain my guest. My guest? OK, I decided to make her my guest. When Mom found us in my bedroom, sitting on the bed, close together, she said maybe I needed to entertain Allison outdoors. I asked her if I could take Allison for a walk down along the creek bottom.

We'd been having a lot of rain that spring and the creek bottom had flooded a couple of times. It was back between its banks but mud was everywhere. I guess I was hoping Allison wouldn't like the mud and wouldn't want to go again and I could get back to the car. Boy, was I wrong. She loved the mud.

Mom made us go to her father to get his permission before we went down to the creek. I don't think her father was real eager to give her permission to go off with me. He kept asking if she'd be safe. My dad asked him what he meant – safe from snakes and mud or safe from me. He told his friend to ask me if she'd be safe.

“Kieran, will Allison be safe with you? She's a good girl and I want to make sure she stays that way. Are you going to be a good boy with Allison?”

My Dad probably knew what was coming. I looked his friend straight in the eye and said, “Hell no, she won't be safe. I'm a bad boy and it's my sworn duty to make every good girl into a bad girl.”

Dad dropped a tool with a loud clang and doubled over laughing. His friend almost dropped his jaw. I waited for a minute before I said anything else. “I promise sir, man to man, I won't let any snakes get her. Or me either.”

Allison didn't care if there was mud along the creek bottom. She didn't care if she got it all over. I had to show her everything and she had to crawl over, into, or onto everything. We were both filthy within an hour. I thought of one more place I wanted to show her. We called it the Indian Cave but the Indians probably never saw it.

On one of the hills overlooking the creek, there was a rock outcropping. Going at it uphill, there was an opening, a narrow space between two big rocks. About twenty feet in another big rock covered over the top. There was a cave-like space maybe eight by ten feet where some of my friends and I played once in a while. We'd already sprinkled the ground there with enough semen to make it extra rich. I didn't tell Allison that part.

In the cave Allison grabbed me by the sleeve and pulled me up close to her. She wiped both her hands on whatever clean area she could find on my sweatshirt. When her hands were partially clean, she reached down, unsnapped my jeans, pulled the zipper down and put her hand right on the fly area of my briefs. I forgot to breathe for a while.

When she started feeling around finding my dick and then my balls, all I could say was a very romantic “Oh, shit, oh shit, oohh shiitt.” When she put her fingers in and pulled out my dick, I almost screamed; having a hard dick dug out sideways was no fun. It felt just fine again when she got it in her hand. When she pulled my briefs down, my dick was dragged back through the fly and almost broken off by the elastic band. She pushed them and my jeans down to mid thigh.

She reached up with her other hand and tilted my head up so that I was looking directly into her eyes. She leaned forward and gave me a quick smack on the lips and then leaned back again, staring me in the eyes. Her hand was working on my cock. It felt strange, not so much because it was her hand but because it was backwards. When I gripped it my thumb was pointing toward the head; when she gripped it, her thumb was pointing toward my pubic hair. Her hand worked as well backwards as mine did forwards. I came in a half-dozen good squirts all over the front of her jeans.

She hardly gave me a chance to catch my breath. She pushed me back against the cave wall and down until my bare butt was on the cold floor. My jeans and shorts were holding my legs together like a tourniquet. She looked down and evidently decided that wasn't what she wanted. She pulled off my sneakers, first one and then the other, and grabbed the hem of both legs of my jeans. It seemed like she dumped me out of them. With nothing but socks on from the waist down, she seemed satisfied with me. She nudged my legs apart with her foot.

She unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down on her hips, leaving a few inches of white panties covering her stomach.

When she turned around and then sat down between my legs, her back against my stomach, I wondered what she had in mind. She pushed back against me, grabbed my right hand, and rubbed it around on her sweatshirt, trying to get the mud off. She lowered my hand toward her crotch, pulled her panties away from her belly an inch or two and stuck my fingers, palm downward against her smooth belly, into her panties.

“Do me!”

“Do me!” Do me what? I wanted to do her. I just didn't know what I wanted to do to her. I didn't know what she wanted me to do to her.

Luckily she did. She pushed my hand down further until I felt silky hair and further until her panties forced my fingers into a curve around her vulva. When she stopped, I could feel warm moisture along the length of my index finger. I began to realize what “Do me!” meant.

She found my other hand and brought it up and under her sweatshirt. Tits! There were tits under there after all – small, firm, barely-palm-sized tits with pointy nipples. Hot poker burning a hole in my palm.

I buried my face in her hair and the side of her neck. She started whispering. That’s good. Yeah, right there. Rub it. Stick your finger in ‘til it’s juicy. Rub it some more. Yeah. Oh, god, that’s good. Do it, Kieran.

My finger was wallowing in the tight little crease between her thighs, dipping down into her hot little cunt, spreading her little cunt lips, going round and round where she told me “Yeah, that’s it.”

My cock was hard again and hurting, jammed at an awkward angle between my stomach and thigh and her back. She reached around with one arm and found it, straightened it up and began a behind-the-back upside-down stroking. I started saying, “Do me” too. We both were grunting it, like crazed singers. She reached the end before I did and started squirming around. I curled my finger around and pushed it into her as deeply as I could. Shit, she was hot, tight and hot. I pressed the base of the finger against her clit, not knowing in the least what I was doing, and she started shuddering and coming.

She almost wrenched my cock off. I squirted again, all over her back while she tried to choke off the flow. I felt her fingernails raking up one leg. I didn’t care. I had done her! And she had done me again!

When she stood up, I saw my come running down her back and onto her panties. She had mud smeared all over her ass and her jeans. I didn’t care. Her ass was the most beautiful one I’d ever seen. The only one too.

I stood up too, wobbly-legged, my cock dirty with mud and dripping with the last oozing drops. Allison gave me a smile that said, “I know something” and squeezed my dick one more time. I gave her the same smile. She helped me get my shorts and jeans back on. I needed the help.

I looked at her, dirty, covered with mud, wet, hair stringy, no makeup, lips unkissed except for one virginal smack. She was a picture of absolute beauty. She was a girl. And I had done her.

On the way back, Allison was worried about being covered with mud – afraid that her Dad would get mad at her. I told her about the big shower we had in the basement. She asked where it was; she hadn't seen it. I told her it was in plain view, just the square on the floor surrounded by concrete blocks. The two showerheads were on the wall and the shower curtain was always back because we never pulled it around the shower. She asked who used it and I told her that Dad and Alan and I showered there after working on cars.

I guess I was secretly hoping that we could somehow shower together. At the very least I was hoping she could pull the shower curtain around so nobody could see her and she could shower by herself. I was already thinking of how it would be to get in the shower with my naked body knowing her naked body had been in the same place.

When Dad saw us come in the door, he nudged Allison's dad and the two of them stood looking at us for a minute or so. They started laughing and Dad went over to the stairwell and called up to Mom in the kitchen. She came down and took one look and she wasn't laughing, not even smiling. She took one of the terrycloth robes and took Allison into the basement bedroom. When they came out, she was holding Allison's dirty clothes at arms length in one hand and her sneakers in another. Allison was wrapped down to her ankles in the robe.

She gave all three of us men a scathing look and told us, "Allison is going upstairs to shower. Kieran, you can shower down here. Bring your dirty clothes up to the washing machine when you're clean. And you two dirty old men can just damn well make sure Kieran comes clean." She almost pushed Allison up the stairs. I wondered how clean I was supposed to come.

The two dirty old men erupted in whoops and hollers as soon as the door to the kitchen was closed. I stood there not knowing what to expect. Finally Dad told me to get undressed and get in the shower. I started to pull the shower curtain around so they couldn't see me but Dad told me, in no uncertain voice, that I didn't need to try to hide anything.

I started the shower running and stripped off. When I pulled my muddy jeans off both men were watching. I looked down and saw that my briefs were muddy too, especially in front. I got rid of the evidence as quickly as I could. When I started scrubbing, they started back working on the Avanti. Dad was glancing at me every few seconds. When I started to get a hard-on, he nudged the other dirty old man to look at me. I was standing there, sort of dreamy eyed, working up a good lather around my cock and balls. Maybe they thought my dick was trying to stand up because I was a little unsatisfied kid. What they didn't know

was that it was standing up again, remembering what it had been like to be satisfied twice an hour earlier. I felt something stinging on one leg and looked down. Red stripes of fingernail scratches ran up my thigh. I turned my back to the two dirty old men and remembered that I had been sitting in the mud in the cave and probably had a muddy butt. I was in agony until I could get showered and wrapped in a robe.

When I took my dirty clothes up to Mom at the washing machine, she was combing Allison's wet hair. Allison and I looked at each other standing there in white terry cloth robes. Mom mumbled something about the mud going through her washing machine and then put my clothes in with Allison's. When she started the washing machine, I realized my jockey shorts were going up and down and round and round in the hot soapy water with Allison's panties. I started getting hard again. Mom chased us into the kitchen and dared us to go anywhere else.

We didn't go anywhere else. Allison checked to make sure no one else was looking and then opened her legs to let me look. All I could see was a matt of black hair over the little pink crease between her legs. Everything was closed up now. I wondered how it could look so different from the way it felt with my finger in it.

I opened my legs to give Allison a look. My balls were still hanging low from the hot shower. My dick was hard and pointing up toward my face; I was proud of it and it was proud of me.

I heard footsteps coming from the laundry room. Mom. We both covered up and sat up on the edge of our chairs. "Are you two being good?" she asked. "Don't let me catch you doing anything else!" We both gave her our best innocent child smile. Two yes ma'ams.

As soon as her back was turned, Allison gave me another split second flash. I said to Mom's back, "Yes, Mom, we won't let you catch us doing anything wrong."

About an hour later, Mom brought us our jeans and shirts and underwear – all clean and smelling fresh. She said we'd have to go barefooted because she wasn't going to run our muddy sneakers through her good washing machine. She gave Allison her clothes and chased her to one bedroom. She gave me mine and chased me to the half-bath off the kitchen. As we started to leave, she gave both of us another dirty look. "You two had better clean up your act - before you get yourselves into a lot of trouble." I said a very polite Yes, Ma'am and so did Allison. Mom gave us a quick smile. As I left the room, I heard her giggling.

Just as she was leaving with her Dad, late that afternoon, Allison gave me a quick hug, a kiss just on the side of my mouth, and that smile again, the one that says “I’ve got a secret.”

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About the middle of the week after that Saturday, Dad said he was going for a walk after dinner one night. When he asked me if I wanted to go with him, I knew better than to say no. We were about a block from the house before he said anything.

“Kieran, we need to talk about Allison. Do you want her to come back to visit you when her father comes?”

I knew I was about to get it. “Yeah, Dad, I do. I like her; she’s nice even if she is a tomboy.”

“I talked to her father. He’s worried she might not be safe if she comes back to our house. Do you think he’s got any reason to worry about her safety?”

I knew he knew what I’d done. “No, Dad, we did some stuff I don’t want to talk about. But she’s safe. If she was a virgin when she came to our house, she still is.” He looked at me, boring in on that point. “And I’m not going to do anything to change that, Dad, trust me.”

“Man to man?” he asked, and I knew he was asking for a gentlemen’s agreement.

“Yeah, Dad, man-to-man.”

We walked through an undeveloped area to a bluff overlooking the river valley. It was a favorite spot for all the walkers in the neighborhood to stop and talk on their walking rounds.

“I’ve got a few questions, Kieran. Just between us men. You might want to help me out a little here. I’ve got to talk to your mother and her father. I’ll be careful in what I say. But I need to understand what you and Allison are up to.”

He hadn’t killed me yet. I decided I’d better just tell him the truth, man to man.

“Your mother told me she thought there was semen down the front of Allison’s jeans and on the back at the waistband. Yours?”

I nodded when I saw he was smiling.



**“How the hell did you ever manage that shot, Son?”**

**I looked around as though checking to see if anybody was listening or watching. I held up one finger and shook my head to indicate no. He smiled wider. I held up two fingers. He nodded. I made a circle out of my thumb and fingers while Dad watched. I held my hand out in front of me, palm down as though I were encircling something on someone else’s body. I moved my hand back and forth.**

**“I see; that’s one down the front. And the second, behind her?”**

**I put my hand behind my back and moved it back and forth.**

**“I don’t see. But what the hell? It won’t get her pregnant, will it, Son?”**

**I shook my head in the negative again.**

**“I need to hear you say it, Son. Allison’s Dad’s not going to let her come back to see you unless he knows you’re a responsible young man. If you take her for a walk again, I need to know you aren’t going to let a red-headed snake bite her.”**

**I looked him in the eye. It wasn’t really that hard. I loved him and I knew he loved me. “Allison’s safe with me, Dad. She...uh...she likes to play around a little. Course I do too. But she’s safe. I’ll make sure she doesn’t get bit...” I suddenly decided to be really man-to-man. “I’ll make sure she doesn’t get pregnant.”**

**“That’s fine, Kieran. I’ll tell her father you’ll watch out for her and she’ll be safe with you. And in this case safe means you won’t need any condoms because you aren’t going to try to use one. Is that right?”**

**“Yeah, Dad. I don’t need any. Maybe in a year or two I might need some.”**

**“I’ve got one more question, Kieran, and you don’t have to answer this one unless you want to. Would you tell this old man what you were doing when Allison was going ...” He made a jacking movement with his hand. “...behind her back?”**

**I told him. It took a while but I told him. I told him where my hand was while Allison was stroking me behind her back. I told him she almost broke my dick off behind her back when she came. He playfully punched me on the shoulder and stood beaming down at me.**

**We stood for a moment in silence, looking out over the river valley. Finally Dad turned back toward me.**

**“Kieran. Man to man. I trust you. Don’t ever betray my trust, Son.”**

**He held out his hand to me. I took it. Very man to man. His big strong hand enveloped my boy’s hand. Man to man - but I lost it. I wrapped my arms against his waist and hugged up against him. I was still a head shorter than he was. My head ended up in his armpit. I smelled the man’s sweat of him.**

**“I won’t, Dad. I never will,” I mumbled into his armpit.**

**“Guess it’s time us men got back home,” he said.**

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**The next time Allison and her father came, my Mom quickly made me aware that she was watching everything we did. I did manage to get and give a few quick squeezes. My hand took care of my hard-on that night, not Allison, but she was there in my mind.**

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**The next time Allison and her father came, my Mom kept an eye on us again during the morning. Allison and I helped her around the house until she got tired of us and told us to go play. We went out to the front porch and sat in the rocking chairs.**

**“Allison, we’ve got to talk. They know what we did. That’s why Mom won’t let us out of her sight. She’s afraid I’ll do something to you.”**

**“Oh, shit, Kieran. Shit! Are you sure? My Mom’s gonna kill me.”**

**“She doesn’t know unless your Dad told her. I know your Dad knows. I don’t think he’s told your mother.”**

**“Kieran, I didn’t really wanna do anything bad. You’re cute and nice and I like you a lot. I didn’t wanna do anything bad. I just wanted to play with you.”**

**“Dad made me have a long talk with him, Allison. I don’t think he thinks we did anything wrong. He knows pretty much what we did. He didn’t say we were bad, not once. He said he had to talk to your Dad.”**

**“Shit, Kieran, I was hoping I could keep on coming over here. Now they’ll make me stay home. I liked playing in the mud with you. Even if we hadn’t done the sex stuff, the rest was fun.”**

**“Allison, they’re not gonna make you stay home. My Dad and your Dad just said I had to be responsible. They want to know you’re safe with me. I promised him, man to man, I’d make sure I didn’t do anything to get you pregnant.”**

**She sat looking at me, rocking harder and harder. I could see she was getting angry.**

**“Well, fuck me, that really pisses me off. They really thought I was going to let you do it, I mean, fuck me? Shit, Kieran, I’m not that stupid.”**

**“Allison, you just said fuck and piss and shit – two fucks. If Mom hears you, she’ll get mad again. She thinks we don’t talk that way, at least, we shouldn’t.”**

**She looked at me with a big grin.**

**“Kieran, if you say the f word one more time, we’ll be even.”**

**“Fuck.” I waited for a few seconds. “Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck. Piss, Piss, Piss, Shit, Shit.” I tried to think of some more good ones. “Cock and cunt, cock in cunt.”**

**She started giggling. I followed. When we finally stopped, she took a deep breath, sort of out of resignation.**

**“OK, Kieran, I’ll help you preserve my virginity. We’ll stop the sex stuff. But I would like to come see you. You’re fun to be with.”**

**“Allison, you don’t understand. Nobody’s said we had to stop it. Nobody’s said we did anything bad. Dad just said I had to be responsible. I gave him my word. I’ll keep it. I have to. He loves me too much for me... I mean, I have to keep his trust.”**

**“You think if we’d’ve come back last time clean and I wouldn’t’ve had your stuff all over my jeans, they wouldn’t’ve got mad?”**

**“Yeah, I think we’ve just gotta keep it clean. And be honest with’em.”**

**“I hope so. I was sorta wantin’ to get at you again.”**

**“Me too.”**

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After lunch, Mom wanted to go shopping. She took me and Allison down in the basement. The old men had their heads under the hood of the Avanti. She asked them if they'd keep an eye on us. She was going to be gone all afternoon.

They both answered without taking their heads out from under the hood. The way they said it, it sounded like they were going to chain us to the steering wheel of the car. Allison and I sat on the steps watching until I heard Mom leave in her car.

“Dad, would it be OK if Allison and I got a blanket and went down the hill to the pines. We'll sit on the blanket so we don't get dirty. And you can see us out the door if you look for us.”

They both straightened up and looked at us. They looked at each other. Allison's dad nodded yes. My dad nodded yes.

“Just don't go anywhere else, Son,” Dad said. “We'll check on you once in a while. If we want you, we'll holler out the back door for you to come back.”

I got an old blanket out of the basement bedroom. We went out the basement door into the back yard. With Allison's hand in mine and the blanket under my arm, we walked down the hillside to the pines.

There were five large pines growing close together. The ground underneath was covered with pine needles. Alan and Kara and I played there with other neighborhood kids. We'd cleaned everything out until there was nothing but pine straw on the ground and we could lie around and talk and play.

Allison looked around at our play area. She looked down the hill at the creek. I could see the sun glistening on the muddy areas.

“This is nice, Kieran. I just wish we could find a spot like this where they can't see us. Is this as far as they said we could go?”

“Allison, they can't see us here. Dad knows he can't see us when we're here. Look back uphill at the house.”

We both turned and looked. We couldn't see the basement part at all. We could see the top half of the first floor and all of the second. Somebody looking out the first floor windows might see us. Somebody looking out from the second floor could. Nobody could see us from the basement windows.

She understood. “Your Dad does know he can’t see us. Does my Dad know it too?”

She stood quietly, probably thinking as I was of the implications of this.

“I think they’re trusting us, Allison. I think they’re saying we can go this far and no farther. Just like letting us come part way down the hill to the pines. No farther. I told Dad I’d keep you safe. They know where we’re going. Just so far and no farther.”

Allison turned to me and pulled me against her. I dropped the blanket. She held me around my waist and put her head so close her hair was in my face. It tickled but I didn’t mind. When she turned me loose, I unfolded the blanket. The towel I had stuck in fell out on the pine needles. Allison smiled at me when she saw it and we spread the blanket out on the pine straw in a sunny open spot.

Allison kicked off her sneakers and lay down on her stomach on the blanket. I did the same and we were side by side, not touching, our faces a couple of feet apart. We looked at each other. I started getting hard. I looked into Allison’s eyes. They were half closed, sort of sleepy looking. She didn’t seem to blink.

We lay there quietly. All I could hear was the occasional “screee” of a hawk as it circled overhead and the moan of the breeze as it passed through the pines. All I could see was Allison’s face, her eyes boring into mine. She was beautiful.

“I’m getting hot,” she said. “Are you?”

I was beginning to feel damp inside my sweatshirt. Was that the kind of hot she meant?

“Yeah, me too. Can I take my sweatshirt off?”

She didn’t answer. Instead she got up on her knees and moved over me. She rolled me over on my back, grabbed the bottom of my sweatshirt, and pulled it over my head. She almost took my ears and nose off. I hoped I wouldn’t have to be the one to say “Be gentle with me.”

My sweatshirt had probably not hit the ground when hers was off and flying after mine. She did have tits. Half a tennis ball, maybe half a baseball. Beautiful tits. Dark circles around little nipples. I felt like my heart was in my mouth. She moved over me and lowered herself down on me. Her nipple was in my mouth. I was in heaven.

**I sucked on one. Pulled on the nipple with my lips. Opened my lips and tried to get her whole breast in. Didn't quite fit but well worth the effort. She took that one away and gave me the other one. I wrapped my arms around her shoulders.**

**I felt her hand fooling with the button on my jeans. I sucked in my stomach to give her more room. She popped the button one-handedly. The zipper was no problem. When she tried to pull my jeans down, I raised my ass up off the blanket, used two hands, and pushed my jeans and briefs half way down my thighs. She offered me a breast again and wrapped her hand around my cock. I was wrong before. I was in heaven now.**

**I sucked. She stroked. I licked. She played with my balls. I sucked some more and her hand tried to choke my cock to death.**

**She flopped down beside me suddenly, on her back, legs in the air, jeans unzipped and down and off her legs. Panties followed. In seconds she was back on her knees and on top of me, nipple in my mouth, hand on my cock. I moved one hand to her knee, traced upwards on her thigh, found her cunt. Cunt, Cunt, Cunt. God, now I knew what Cunt meant. Cunt! It was this hairy crack between her legs. Hair like fine cat hair, knew why they called it pussy. Little vertical crease. Where did it start? Where did it go? There. Wet, hot, hole in her. Finger slides in. She moans.**

**I'm dying. My eyes are closed and all I can see is red. One breast feels small in my hand, the other big enough to cut off the air supply through my nose. I try to breath around it. My finger is sliding in and out of her and my hand is still. She's moving up and down on it. All I've got to do is hold my finger still and she fucks it. Fucks it. God, I want to fuck it. Please let me fuck it.**

**She starts moaning and then going uh, uh, uh, uh. She tries to shove her cunt down around my finger. I help her. I feel her cunt squeezing around my finger. Uh, squeeze. Uh, squeeze. Uh, squeeze. I start moaning too, just like her. She tries to pull my cock off my body. All she gets is a load of come. I shoot all over her hand and all over my stomach.**

**She rises up on her knees, looking down at me flat on my back. She's breathing like she's been running. I am too. We look at each other's eyes. Hers are smoldering. I know what that means now, not just from having read it. She looks down at my stomach. I raise my head and look down too. She uses one finger and starts tracing circles around in the semen on my stomach. My cock is still hard, still up just a little above my stomach, sort of throbbing in mid air. I can see some more white**

stuff oozing out the slit. She catches it on one finger, rubs it between two fingers, looks at it, and wipes it off on my chest. She gives me that “I know a secret” smile. I know it too. I smile back.

She wiped me off with the towel and then carefully wiped her fingers and looked around for any stray shots. She spread her legs and carefully wiped her cunt with the towel.

We did it again before we went back up the hill. She was flat on her back this time. I was over her. She was milking me. I squirted down for her. I was finger-fucking her, wishing to God I could dick fuck her. I knew I couldn't. I could be trusted, couldn't I? Please God, let me be trustworthy. She wouldn't let me stop finger-fucking her until she came again. I didn't want to stop even then.

I wiped my come off the blanket and wiped up between her legs. She spread wider to let me see how open and wet and pink she was. I touched it with the towel. I wanted to stick my face in it first and then put my dick in it and leave it there.

I could be trusted. I knew I'd proved it. I thought about proving it again the next time she came for a visit.

We got dressed in a reverse strip tease. Panties on, briefs on, jeans on, sweatshirts on, sneakers on. She licked her fingers and tried to comb my hair back in place. I picked the pine straw out of hers.

We went back up the hill the way we had gone down, hand in hand, blanket under one arm. When we went in the basement, the old men still had their heads under the hood of the car. Allison's dad looked up and said, “Oh, back so soon, hope you had a good time.” Dad looked at me and smiled. I nodded at him and smiled back. I put the blanket back in the closet. I put the towel under my bed so I could smell it that night when I jacked off. And for the next six nights until Allison came again. I knew I could be trusted. Dad would be proud of me. He knew what I was doing. He was still proud of me.

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“How far did you and Allison go?” Siobhan asked.

“Just down the hill to the pines,” I said.

“You know what I mean.”

“Yes, I know. And my answer's a good one. She came to the house with her father a few more times. We never went any further, or farther.

**Which is right? We never got into oral sex. I wanted to but I guess I was ashamed to ask her. I didn't know how to ask her to suck me. I was afraid to ask her to let me go down on her."**

**"Both and whatever happened to Allison? My wife asked.**

**"I don't know. I saw her around school during the next year and we'd have lunch and talk. When we started high school, she went to one in a different zone. I've never seen her since."**

**But you remember her, don't you?"**

**"I remember lots from that time. I remember how cold and damp it was in that cave and how hot Allison was. I remember what she smelled like, her cunt, in the sun on the pine straw. I remember the scratches she put on my leg when she came. I even remember the hawk overhead going 'scree'. But the one thing I remember most clearly is not about Allison."**

**"What is it, then?"**

**"I remember the smell of Dad's armpit and the feel of his hand behind my head when I told him I'd never betray his trust."**

**"You haven't, Kieran; you haven't"**

**"I hope not."**

**"I'm going pee," she said. "I'll be back in just a minute."**

**While she was gone, I stretched out with my head on a pillow, hands behind my head, and thought about what I'd done earlier with Siobhan and what I'd done years ago with Allison. Cute little Allison knew what she wanted and wouldn't let me stop until I helped her come twice that last afternoon. Siobhan knew what she wanted too and had ridden me to an orgasm that made her moan so loudly I had to shush her. When I shoved up into her in a frenzy and then grunted and spurted and grunted and spurted, she pressed her mouth over mine to shut me up while I spurted some more. Then when we snuggled up with my dick still swollen against her ass and between her thighs, she teased it back into full hardness and I fucked her from behind until she started whimpering and coming again and I kept at her and kept at it until I shot another load into her juicy cunt. From cute little Allison and how many others and now Siobhan, my love, I guess I loved all of them but especially Siobhan.**



**“Kieran.”**

**I heard a loud whisper and opened my eyes. Siobhan was standing in the semi-darkness looking down at the kids.**

**“What?” I whispered.**

**“Come look.”**

**I got up and tiptoed over to her. She was standing over Kavan. His sleeping face was peaceful and beautiful and his lips were slightly parted. He was sprawled out on his back, one arm thrown to the side, the other on his chest, his legs apart, and his hard little dick standing up at an angle over his stomach. The night was still warm and he’d kicked off the blanket I had put over him when I finished reading to them.**

**“Look at him,” she whispered. “When I took Kerry in their bedroom to put him to bed the other night, Kavan was lying on his bed, naked, playing with it. It was hard just like this except that he’d pulled back his foreskin. It was so cute.”**

**“What did he say when you caught him?” I asked.**

**“He wasn’t very eloquent. He said ‘Oh, shit’ and then giggled.”**

**“What did you do?”**

**“I put Kerry down and then went over to him. I kissed him on the nose, took his hand and put it back on his dick, whispered “It’s OK,” and left the room.**

**“Good. Don’t ever make him ashamed of playing with his dick. I want him to grow up proud of himself; I don’t want him thinking it’s wrong or a sin or any shit like that.”**

**I moved over a little and she followed me. We both bent over and looked down at Arial. She was naked too but she was lying on her side, tangled up in the blanket I’d put over her. Her face was in profile and I could clearly see her long eyelashes and cute little nose in the dim light. She was the closest to beautiful perfection of anything I’d ever seen. I stood looking at her, reluctant to move.**

**“She’s got her little hand wrapped around your heart, hasn’t she?” Siobhan said.**

**“Yeah, she has. You know, I love the boys but the way I love her is different. I don’t know how to explain it. It’s just different. It’s so damn intense.”**

**“Some day you’ll have to give her to another man.”**

**“I guess so. I’ll just make sure I find her a good one.”**

**“Yeah, sure you will.”**

**We moved over again and looked down at Kerry. Siobhan had put a nightshirt on him and he had on a diaper. The nightshirt had ridden up and his fat little stomach was bare and his chubby legs were spread like Kavan’s.**

**“This one is you made over,” Siobhan whispered.**

**“Well, that’s fair, isn’t it? Kavan’s like you.”**

**“Kavan’s going to grow up handsome. This one’s going to grow up beautiful, long and tall and slim like you.”**

**“Let’s have a dozen more and see what they turn out to be.”**

**“OK, if you’ll have the next three,” she giggled.**

**Siobhan took my hand and led me back to our bed. We lay down and spooned up in our usual way with my right hand on her left breast.**

**“Do you think Kavan was masturbating?” she asked.**

**“Nah, just playing with it. That’s the way we are. We play with our dicks all the time when we’re little and that gradually gets to be more and more fun and then one day we find out how to make it feel really good.”**

**“Before puberty? Before your testosterone starts to change you?”**

**“Yeah. I could masturbate to orgasm quite a while before I ever got anything out of my dick, before I started shooting off. After my balls kicked in I did it about ten times as much and it felt one hell of a lot better.”**

**“What are you going to teach Kavan and Kerry about masturbation? You’re the one who’s got to do that, you know, not me.”**

**“Well, you can teach Arial. Just let them know it’s the most normal thing they can do as teenagers. Just let them know it’s fun and won’t**

hurt anything and they should never be ashamed of it. That's about it, I guess."

"And when I walk in on Kavan doing it, he'll just say "Hi, Mom," and keep on doing it.

"Well, he may just say "Oh, shit," and keep on doing it."

"I hope they all sleep through the night. I'm tired," she whispered.

"I think they will. I think we wore them out playing this afternoon. Just don't wake me up to look if Kavan starts jacking off again."

She giggled and pulled my hand tighter against her breast and squirmed her butt back closer against me.

I kept thinking about the kids and how I wanted to raise them and how it would be when they were teenagers and then grown and I guess that's when I went to sleep. They did sleep through the night.

## Chapter Seven

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 34 in story, 28 in flashback with kids; Siobhan Stuart, 33 in story, 15 in flashback with Jacob Paul, 16; 16 in flashback with James Boyd, 18; 18 in flashback with Grant Knight, 19; 27 in flashback with kids; Kavan Stuart, 7 in story, 21 months in flashback; Arial Stuart, 5 in story, 3 months in flashback; Kerry Stuart, 11 months in story

### TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart

### (KIERAN)

I asked Siobhan to come to bed with me early, just as soon as Kavan and Arial and Kerry were down for the night. I showered and was drying off when she came in the bathroom. I brushed my teeth, combed my hair, and stood watching through the glass while she showered. When she finished, I had two towels waiting, one for her hair and one for the rest of her. When she was dry, I asked her to sit down on the toilet. I tried to comb her hair, my dick only inches from her face. Even her breath on it was enough to cause it to begin to engorge.

**"The other afternoon when I was taking care of the kids and you were baking the apple pies, do you remember what I said?"**

**"I think so. You said something about how I smelled, like apples and cinnamon and nutmeg."**

**"That's not all I said. I said I'd like to eat you. There's half an apple pie left. I know something that would be good with it."**

**She looked up at me and smiled. "Make up your mind. Which do you want to eat – me or apple pie?"**

**"Both," I said. "I want you first. I want to bury my face in your cunt. I want to lick you and lick you until I can't taste or smell anything but cunt. I want to chew on your cunt lips. I want to fuck your cunt with my tongue. I want to suck your clit and tongue it until you come. If I'm still cunt-hungry, I'll do it until you come again."**

**"Kieran, it sounds like you've got cunt on the brain tonight. When do you want the apple pie – before of after?"**

**"After. After you come at least once or twice. When you tell me to stop, I'm going to cut two pieces of apple pie. I'm going to put some sharp cheddar cheese on top. I'm going to warm that in the microwave. Then I'm going to put a big scoop of vanilla ice cream on top of that. And we're going to eat your pie. And I'm going to taste cunt, apple pie, cheddar cheese, and vanilla ice cream. Damn, Siobhan, I couldn't get any more gourmet than that, could I?"**

**"OK, you can have all you can eat, except for one thing."**

**"What?"**

**"Leave the cheddar cheese off mine. I don't need the calories. Especially since I'm gonna get a load of calories when I suck you off. After you come at least once or twice, then we'll have the apple pie."**

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**Afterward, we snuggled up close to each other in bed. I loved to feel her naked ass pressed against me and to cup my hand under her breast, especially since Kerry had been weaned and she didn't have to wear that damned nursing bra to bed.**

**"Kieran," Siobhan said, "some day we're going to have to teach our kids about sex. When Kavan's seventeen and Arial's sweet sixteen and Kerry's what – twelve, would you tell them what we just did?"**

**I had to think about that for a minute or two.**

**“Maybe. There’re some things we’ve already agreed on, like raising them in a nudist or naturist home. I want them to grow up without shame about their bodies. We can’t be ashamed of ours then, can we?”**

**“No, but seeing us naked and seeing us before apple pie are quite different.”**

**“My father and mother didn’t hide from me and my sister and brother when they wanted to grope each other. I’ve seen my Dad holding my Mom from behind with his hands on her breasts lots of times. They had clothes on but the three of us kids didn’t see anything wrong with it. We were glad to see them. Would it be so different if our kids saw me holding you with my hands on your naked breasts? Or both of us holding each other with our hands on each other’s naked butts?”**

**“I don’t see anything wrong with that, Kieran. But do you want them to see us in bed, with me riding on you? How’d it look for them to see your balls hanging down, your cock in my cunt, my asshole exposed? Do you think they’d like to see that?”**

**“I don’t know. I would. Can we get a mirror?”**

**“What are you going to teach Kavan and Kerry about masturbation? What am I going to teach Arial? They’re going to do it, you know, whether we talk to them about it or not.”**

**“I wish, I wi...Shit, I don’t know.”**

**“What?”**

**“I’d like to teach them that it’s perfectly natural. It’s nothing for them to be ashamed about. I think it’s the opposite – something healthy, something they should be encouraged to do. I want them to know it’s something they don’t have to hide.”**

**“Did your father or mother ever catch you doing it?”**

**“No, my father talked to me about it. I knew it was OK to do it. We had a rule that if any of us shut the bedroom door, we wanted privacy. We shouldn’t be disturbed. It worked fine for my parents and for us kids.”**

**“You were still hiding it. Do you think we could raise them so that they wouldn’t worry too much if the door were shut? If you walked in and**

Kavan, or maybe Kerry, was jacking off, he'd just smile at you and keep on doing it. Maybe even let you watch."

"It's hard for me to picture that little baby girl in there masturbating when I walk in and then her letting me watch."

"Kieran, I'd love to raise them like that," she said. "I'd love to raise them so that they could keep on getting in bed with us when they're naked. Maybe even sleep with us once in a while. I love to have you and Kavan and Arial and Kerry in bed with me now. Would it be wrong to let them be that close when they're seven and eleven and twelve?"

"I don't think we'd have too big a problem then. But when they're thirteen and seventeen and eighteen, what then?"

"Well, maybe by then the two oldest ones will have somebody else to sleep with."

"How about Kerry? I wish I'd had somebody to sleep with when I was thirteen. I wouldn't have had to jack off all the time."

She was silent for a while then. I didn't know where we were going with this. I wanted so much to be open and honest with my wife and kids about everything. But was this going too far?

"I know one thing," she said. "I'm not going to hide anything from them and I'm not going to be ashamed of anything we do."

"Agreed," I said. "Now let's get some sleep. We'll talk about this some more another night. And tomorrow night you've got to tell me about your first love. You've been promising you would."

"First love, hell, the first one was a lying bastard. He was no love."

"Well, was the second one any better?"

"I guess. Except that he loved the guy who was his room-mate too."

"Damn, you mean he swung both ways?"

"Well, he didn't swing with me much more after I found out about it?"

"Did you have anymore luck with your third one?"

"I suppose. He was quite a hunk. All the girls at school thought so. He was damned good in bed. He just didn't let me see his bad side until after he'd got me there."

**“Got you where?”**

**“Quit poking me with that thing, Kieran. Go to sleep. I’ll tell you about him tomorrow night.”**

**I was almost asleep when she decided she had something she had to tell me.**

**“Kieran, are you asleep?”**

**“Yeah, I am.”**

**“One afternoon last week, Arial was letting Kavan look at her pussy.”**

**“Did you walk in on them?”**

**“Yeah.”**

**“What did they say? No, what did you say?”**

**“I didn’t fuss at them. I didn’t tell them it was bad. I just asked Kavan what he was doing.”**

**“And...”**

**“He said he was looking for her hole.”**

**“*Her hole?*”**

**“Yes. You know the little book about sex we gave them after they walked in on us making love – it said a woman had a vagina and a man put his penis in it to make a baby. He thought if a guy could put his penis in a girl, there had to be a hole there. He said the only one he could see was the one she pooped from.”**

**I couldn’t help but laugh at that. “What did you do? What did you tell them?”**

**“I just told him to trust us. I said there was a hole where he was looking. When he grew up and got him a girl, he’d find it.”**

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**The next night, as soon as Kavan and Arial and Kerry were put to bed for the night, Siobhan took my hand and led me into our bedroom and on into our bathroom. Perhaps there’s a fine line between loving acts**

and sexual acts. When she scrubbed my back with the rough sponge, I closed my eyes and leaned against the shower wall. It was pure sensual pleasure, an act of love from the woman I loved, but not sexual. My cock didn't lift even an inch in the warmth of the shower.

She turned me around and rubbed my chest the same way, almost hard enough to tear what little chest hair I had out of my pores. My cock hung down, complacent, not involved. When she moved down below the Mason/Dixon line, my navel, my cock noticed. He tried to raise his head to see what she was up to. By the time he got his head up, his cyclopean eye was covered. He had to endure a few minutes in darkness before I picked her up and carried her out of the shower.

I took her to bed still dripping wet, impatient to love her the way I wanted. She wrapped her towel around her wet hair and opened her legs to me. Her thighs were beginning to develop a very faint stubble but they were still smooth against my cheeks. The area between her legs where she shaved was also smooth and my tongue found only one or two stiff thorns to impede me. The neatly-trimmed red mat on her mound crushed under my forehead and nose as I sought out her opening.

She smelled of soap - flowers and herbs - and of woman - musk and pheromones. She tasted like some strange fruit that could never be shipped from the tropical earth where it grew. I let all of my consciousness slip away except for the senses at play in the fields of the goddess. In short, I licked her cunt and sucked her clit until she came, hard and groaning. Two nights in a row and just as good the second time as the first, even without the apple pie. And she did have a hole down there; I stuck my tongue in it a few times.

Afterward, she permitted me to comb out her hair, use the hair dryer, and then blow it dry. I wondered how many times I'd done this, an act of pure love, in the years I'd known her.

"We were talking about how we're going to raise our kids," Siobhan said, picking up the conversation that had not ended the night before.

"Well, we did decide a few things, didn't we? We're going to keep on being nudists, naturists, whatever. Just no clothes when that's comfortable. We're going to keep on sleeping that way when we want to. We'll let them do the same, if that's what they want. We'll let them crawl in bed with us once in a while, maybe even sleep with us. What else?"

"It's the *What Else* we've got to think carefully about," Siobhan said. "We both agree we're going to be totally honest and open with them in



talking about sex, no matter what the topic. And when they get to puberty and hormones start flowing, we're going to teach them that it's nothing to be ashamed about, that sex is natural and good."

"It's more than just teaching them an attitude about it, Siobhan. I've jerked off as long as I can remember. I don't think I'd have any trouble talking to Kavan and Kerry and maybe even talking to Arial. Maybe I could show the boys; who knows? If I walked in on Kavan pulling his pud, I don't think it'd be a problem for me. Maybe after he got used to it, not for him. But, Arial, that's scary. Can't picture her at thirteen watching me jack off when I'm about forty."

"How many different ways can you talk about masturbating without saying that word once? You just said it three different ways."

"Honey, that's just the beginning of the good ways us guys describe it. But whattaya think, in about eight or so years, should I let my little girl watch me jack off or should she have to watch some stranger, some little neighborhood kid?"

"Kieran, I hope she can watch the neighborhood kid, and her brothers, and maybe even her father, if he can still get it up."

"Siobhan," I hit her with a pillow, "you're going to get it for that."

She did. Twice. Once after she told me about Jacob Paul and then a quickie in the shower the next morning. But I don't suppose I should count the one in the shower. Siobhan's sensitive mother's ears picked up a noise from the kids that I never heard and neither of us came that time.

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(SIOBHAN)

I was fifteen when I met my first love. Ha! I was too stupid to know. Love? I didn't have a clue. My parents had rented a beach house with Mom's brother and sister and their kids. I think there were 6 adults and about 10 kids. I was the oldest girl there. During the first week, I started to wish I wasn't there. All I was doing was a lot of babysitting. That all changed the next weekend when a family came to the beach house next door. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The girl was just there on weekends. The boy turned out to be the same age as I was.

He was sitting on the beach late one evening, just as the sun was going down. He had on shorts and a too-big T-shirt with a floppy hat. I saw

him from the deck of our house. I was tired of having to deal with the young kids and not having anybody my own age to talk to.

I put on clean shorts and knit shirt and walked down to where he was sitting. He seemed lost in thought, looking out to the horizon. I suppose he saw me out of the side of his vision because he stood up, looked at me, and said "Hello."

I answered by saying hello, telling him my name, and then saying, "It's spelled S-I-O-B-H-A-N. But it's pronounced Sheh-vawn. It's Celtic."

"It's a beautiful name. It fits you."

"Flattery will get you everywhere. Anyway, everybody is calling me See now. About all I've done this last week is baby sit. When anybody needs a baby sitter, they say 'See Siobhan.'"

"It sounds like fun," he answered. "My sister thinks she's too old to do anything with me since she's got a boyfriend. My parents are always too busy working on their business to relax even at the beach house. I'd like to have somebody to do something with, even if it's babysitting. And my name's Jake, short for Jacob. Jacob Paul. Talk about messing up names. When I have a new teacher, they always try to call on Paul Jacobs."

"Come help me tomorrow morning, Jake," I said. "The kids get an hour at the beach in the morning, another in the afternoon. They want me to watch them in the morning tomorrow. I'm free the rest of the day."

"OK, See," he answered, grinning, "I'll be there tomorrow."

And that's how my first love started. We sat on the beach and talked until it was dark and I thought I've better go in. He helped me with the little kids the next day and we both had fun. I took a nap after lunch, worn out from playing in the surf with the kids. Woke up in time to help fix dinner. I kept looking out to see if he'd come out again. Finally, just before sunset, I saw him sitting on the beach again, wearing about the same outfit.

When I walked up behind him this time, I noticed that he had his head on his arms, sort of hidden, and I thought I heard him sniffing or something. I wondered if he was crying and stood still a minute. He had stopped sniffing but his head was still down. I deliberately made a noise so he'd know I was there.

He looked up at me and said hello and I could see tears in his eyes and his face was a little red. I plopped down beside him and neither of us said anything for a while.

“What’s wrong?” I finally asked. “It sounded like you were crying.”

“Naah,” he said, “I guess I just got something in my nose. It’s nothing.”

“I’m glad you’re here. It’s nice to have someone else my age to talk to. Why won’t you talk to me and tell me what’s really wrong? I told you I was unhappy yesterday. You came over and helped me enjoy the morning.”

“This is sorta guy stuff,” he answered. “I don’t think you’d understand it.”

“I’ve got lots of guy friends, not boyfriends, just guys who are friends. We talk about most everything. I’ll bet whatever’s bothering you’s nothing I haven’t heard about before. Besides, I’ve got a little brother; he’s a couple of years younger than me. He tells me all about boy stuff and I tell him about girl stuff.”

He looked me directly in my eyes, holding the look for a couple of minutes, before he finally said, “It’s about the way some of the guys treat me. I’m not much good in sports and they say I look too much like a girl. Some of them keep saying I’m a queer – a faggot. It hurts.”

“Yeah, boys and girls in school can be mean. They like to put down people and call them names like that. My red hair has got me called all sorts of names and some of them aren’t nice ones.”

“Why do they do it?” Jake asked. “How the hell am I supposed to know what I am, gay or straight? I’ve never done anything with anybody else.”

“Well, you are cute. But I don’t think you look like a girl. You look like a boy who’s just growing up to me. Why do they think you’re gay?”

“I can’t talk to you about it.”

“Why not? My brother and I talk about stuff like this all the time. He tells me what’s happening with him, how he’s always getting a boner, as he calls it. I made him tell me what he does about it. He said he beats the hell out of it but he never can make it behave.”

**“Yeah, that’s the way I am too,” he volunteered. “I can’t make it behave. It happened once in the showers at school when a bunch of us guys were showering. I think that’s when they started calling me a queer. But I’ve seen some of the other guys pop a boner in the shower and nobody called them gay. I suppose it was because they were sports jocks.”**

**“Why don’t you just ask yourself whether you’re gay or straight?” I suggested. “I’ll bet you could answer the question if you thought about how you really feel. Nobody else’s opinion really matters, does it?”**

**“It’s not that simple,” Jake said. “I see guys in the shower all the time and I check’em out. I think I’m mainly just comparing them with me to see if I’m....developing like they are. I may get a boner in the shower once in a while but I even get’em in classes. If a guy can get one in our History class, he can’t be gay. I’ve see magazines with pictures of naked women and I always get hard. But I see pictures of naked men and I get hard from them too. Shit, I can even get hard from walking down the street and looking at a fireplug and thinking that it looks like a woman with big boobs.”**

**“OK, Jake,” I said. “Let me ask you a couple of questions and maybe we can figure it out together. But you’ve got to answer truthfully.”**

**“OK, I’ll try,” he answered.**

**“Well, do you like to look at me?” I asked. “When I had on my bikini this morning, how did you react? Did I cause you any hard problems?”**

**“Yeah, why do you think I spent so much time in the water? Why do you think I wore those baggy trunks?”**

**“Well, I think that’s probably normal for guys your age, isn’t it?” I said. “I’ve got one more question and then I think we’d better change the subject for tonight. I’d like to go for a walk on the beach with you.”**

**“You sure it’s your last one? This is kind of embarrassing.”**

**“I’m sure. Now, tell me, have you got a boner now from looking at me and talking to me about this stuff?”**

**“Yeah, I have,” he answered, “and I’d love to go for a walk with you. But I can’t right now.”**

**“Oh, yeah,” I said, loudly. I grabbed his hands and pulled him down into the water with me. The breaking waves were small ones but the**

water was a little cool. I pulled him out into the waist-deep water before I released his hands. I noticed he had a nice tent in the front of his baggies when I pulled him up. I began to splash him and he started doing the same to me. We kept it up until we were both drenched.

“Can we go for a walk now?” I asked, holding out my hand to him.

“Yeah,” he said, with a grin, and he took my hand as we waded out of the water and held it until we came back from our walk.

“Thanks for a nice evening, Jake,” I said. “Think of me tonight and I’ll think of you.”

“You mean when I’m...you’re going to do it too, thinking of me?”

“Yeah, I am,” I said. I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. He broke into a big grin and I left him standing there like that.

The next morning, he came over to help me with the kids again. We played on the beach and in the surf again and I noticed that he did spend a good bit of time in the water. We heard thunder rumble out in the gulf and we knew we had to get off the beach. We took all the kids to the recreation room on the beach floor of our house and played games with them until noon. I invited him to have lunch with us and he seemed very happy to accept.

After lunch, he said he had to go back to check in with his parents and that he’d see me on the beach later in the evening. I read a book most of the afternoon, except when I was interrupted with thoughts about what he’d look like without those baggy trunks on.

I went out about seven that evening, hoping he’d come out early. I had hardly got to the beach in front of their house when I saw him come running out. When he came to a stop in front of me, he held out his hand and I took it.

“I’m glad you came out early. I was hoping we could go for a longer walk,” he gushed. “My parents said it was OK with them if I was in before nine. What about your parents?”

“After lunch, both of my parents mentioned you. Dad said you seemed like a very nice boy and that he was glad I’d met someone my own age. Mom said she thought you were really cute.”

That made him blush and so we were quiet for a while, just walking on the beach, holding hands. We walked east until the light began to fade and then started back. It was dark when we got back to our beach

house. We stood for a few minutes in the dark almost under our house, both my hands in his.

“Thanks for a wonderful day,” he finally said. “Can I...uuh...uhh...kiss you goodnight?”

“No,” I said, and then waited a little bit until I saw the smile leave his face. “Because I’m going to kiss you.”

I pulled him toward me and saw his face break out in a huge grin again. He met me half way and dropped his grin long enough to press his lips against mine.

When he stepped back, I asked, “Jake, is that the way you really want to kiss me?”

“No, no,” he stammered, “I just didn’t think you’d want....do you mean a real sort of kiss?”

“Jake,” I said, “let’s try again. Take your time and let’s see what happens. OK?”

This time, he put his hands on each side of my face and lowered his face a couple of inches down to mine. At first his lips just pressed on mine but then I felt his tongue snake out and I opened my mouth to his. He stepped closer to me and I put my hands on his waist and pulled him up against me. I dropped my hands down to his buns and held him tightly against me. He ground his pelvis against me while he kissed me like a man, not like a boy. I could feel another boner pressing against me. I don’t know about him but I was hot and flushed and wanting more of something. My heart was beating almost uncontrollably. I’m glad Jake finally stopped to stand back, looking me in the eyes, grinning all over his face.

“Jake, I’ve got to go in,” I said. “But answer me one question first. Do you really think you’re a queer?”

He gave me that big infectious grin again before he said quietly but with self-assurance, “No, I don’t think I am. I think I like girls. Damn, that’s not enough. I love girls.”

“Jake,” I whispered just before I went up the steps, “you sure didn’t feel gay to me.”

You know how it went after that. Every time we went for a walk, we went a little farther and further. We were quickly drowning in kisses and slobbering all over each other. He started rubbing his crotch

against me so I could feel how hard he was. Then he slid his hand up under my bikini top and I pulled it up so both breasts were free. First time, he just felt them up with his hands. Next time, he went straight for them and started sucking like an expert. He tried to get his hand in my bikini bottom but I stopped him. The next time, he pulled my hand down to his crotch and pressed it against his cock. I didn't stop him that time. After that, he pulled me down in the sand, both of still in swim suits, spread my legs and pressed his hard-on against my pussy. I think that's when I thought for the first time that I loved him. His next step was to dry hump me until he came. I think that embarrassed him; I was just irritated.

Things came to a head after that. We were standing on the beach in the dark, kissing and groping and dry fucking each other. He must have decided he'd had enough dry and wanted to go for the wet. He pulled his baggies down and stepped out of them. Before I knew what he was doing, he pulled my bikini down between my legs. When he grabbed me by my naked ass cheeks and pulled me against him, I knew I was in love with him. He humped against my stomach and then stuck it between my legs. My cunt was wet and open enough so that it slid back and forth easily. I could feel the head getting closer and closer to my opening when he groaned and shot off again. I felt the hot glop running down my legs and almost panicked. I ran out in the surf to wash it off and then couldn't find my bikini bottom when I came back on the beach. I panicked again. I was crying when I finally found it.

A few days later he invited me to come over to their beach house for the first time. He told me to come by 3 pm because there was a movie he wanted to watch. He said he was sure it was one I'd enjoy. I went to the back of the house, to the sliding doors on their deck. The doors were open to the breeze, the screen closed. I looked inside and didn't see anybody home. I called his name and thought I heard him say, "Come on in." I slid back the screen and went in but still didn't see anybody. I heard him say, "Back here." I went down the short hallway and found him.

He was naked on his bed. His cock was erect. He was slowly stroking it. Again he asked me to come on in. I stood in the door, mesmerized by the sight of his testicles hanging down and his erect penis standing up. Again, he tried to get me to come in his room. I shook my head in refusal. His hand started moving faster and I watched. I could see the muscles in his hips and legs tensing. He erupted in a series of white fountains that fell back on his stomach. He lay there with half-closed eyes looking at me. I looked at the puddle of semen on his stomach. I was scared to death. I left the same way I had come.

The beach and bedroom experiences cooled me off for a few days. I was scared of him but couldn't think of anything else. I saw him sitting on the beach for a couple of days but I couldn't make myself go to him. When I met him on the third day, he said not one word about what happened either time. We went for a walk and then we were back at it, getting closer and closer to something we were both desperate to have and scared to death of doing. I told him we couldn't because I could get pregnant. He said he'd take it out before he came. I was smart enough not to believe that. I told him to get some protection. He asked me what sort of protection. I couldn't believe he was that dumb. "Rubbers, stupid, you know the kind that unroll over your dick and keep you from getting a girl pregnant." "Oh, you mean that kind. Why can't you get something?"

I think love sort of died with that but teen-age lust was still very much alive. He talked me into jacking him off and I loved to hear him groan when he came. I saw it fly out of his cock once or twice when we were close enough to the lights of a beach house. I thought that was pretty damn hot.

But he never seemed to know that I was going back to our beach house and then using two or three fingers to cool off my cunt so I could sleep. I let him get his fingers in me but he never seemed to know I had a clitoris. I figured he wouldn't know what to do with it if he couldn't find it.

We were still arguing about the need for protection one night when he let something slip out that made me back up in disbelief.

"Damn, See, my sister takes care of protection when I do her. Why can't you?"

"YOU'RE FUCKING YOUR SISTER?"

"No, no, no, See. I meant she takes care of it when she fucks her boyfriend."

"Yeah," I sneered, "but you said she took care of it when YOU did her. What's did her? If you're not fucking her, what the shit does that mean?"

He made his second, fatal mistake. "Well, goddamit, you're a cocktease. If she let's me fuck her on weekends, what's it to you? At least it keeps my blue balls under control."



**“Jake, you’re a goddam lying bastard. You’re not a queer and you know it. You’re not a virgin. If you’re lying about that to me, what else are you lying about? Who else have you fucked?”**

**“OK, Miss Virginal Slut. I’ve screwed two girls in my class. They both loved it. What’s wrong with you?”**

**I was crying by then. “There’s nothing wrong with me, Jake, you asshole. I was just stupid to believe that I could love a lying piece of shit like you.” I took a couple of deep breaths and tried to calm down. “But you’ve taught me a real lesson, Jake. At least I didn’t let you fuck me. And you sure as hell never will.” I turned around and went back to our beach house. I made sure I never saw him again. They left the beach house at the end of the month and renters moved in.**

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(KIERAN)**

**“OK, I agree. Jake was a lying bastard. Now are you going to tell me about your second love tonight, the one who swung both ways?”**

**“Can we wait a little while? I’m tired. Let’s just lay here quietly for a few minutes.”**

**“Did Kerry wear you out when you gave him his bath? Or was it all day?”**

**“He was into something all day long. Since he’s started walking, he finds one thing after another that he shouldn’t play with. It’s always something with him.”**

**“What now?”**

**“I guess he was trying to find out how the toilet works. I heard it flush and I went looking for him. He was standing there holding the handle, looking at the water swirling down. He waited until the tank filled and then he flushed it again. I just stood there and watched. Then he looked up at me and gave me a big grin. I don’t know what to do sometimes. I can’t fuss at him when he grins at me like that.”**

**“Well, I was like that. My Mom said if curiosity really killed the cat, I’d be dead a million times.”**

**“He was sweet when I put him in the tub to give him his bath tonight. He got a hard-on as usual when I washed his bottom. He likes to play with it.”**

**“So? We all do.”**

**“Were Kavan and Arial good when you showered with them?”**

**“Yeah, except Arial pulled my dick.”**

**“Why?”**

**“She dropped that little yellow squeaky duck. When she squatted down to pick it up, she reached up and grabbed something to hold while she stood up.”**

**“Well, what did you do?”**

**“Nothing. She just giggled. You know I can’t fuss at her when she laughs and then smiles at me. Maybe she thought she was grabbing my finger.”**

**“I suppose so. Your dick’s not much bigger anyway.”**

**“Damn it, Siobhan. You’re gonna get it for that.”**

**“Well, it doesn’t feel like I’m gonna get anything. Could you wait ‘til after I tell you about James?”**

**“I guess so. After what we’ve done the last two nights, I probably won’t be able to get it up again anyway.”**

**“Oh, I don’t know about that. I think I felt it twitch when I rubbed its head.”**

## **Chapter Eight**

### **CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 34 in story, 28 in flashback with kids; Siobhan Stuart, 33 in story, 15 in flashback with Jacob Paul, 16; 16 in flashback with James Boyd, 18; 18 in flashback with Grant Knight, 19; 27 in flashback with kids; Kavan Stuart, 7 in story, 21 months in flashback; Arial Stuart, 5 in story, 3 months in flashback; Kerry Stuart, 11 months in story**

### **TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart**

**(SIOBHAN)**

**James helped me to say goodbye to my virginity. I was a sophomore in high school and he was a senior. I don't suppose I'd ever noticed him at school.**

**I was volunteering every other Saturday at the children's hospital. Candy striper. Gofer. Babysitter. Whatever they needed. I was having lunch in the hospital cafeteria. He walked up, holding his tray, and stood quietly until I looked up.**

**"Hi, we go to the same high school. May I sit with you?"**

**I knew he was intelligent. He knew the difference between can and may. I didn't remember ever seeing him.**

**"I'm James Boyd. James Darlington Boyd. Now you know the worst thing about me, my middle name. My friends call me James. I'm a senior."**

**"I'm Siobhan Kelly. S-I-O-B-H-A-N. I know – you've never heard that name before. It's Irish. Supposed to be but you can't prove it by me. My friends call me Siobhan - not See or Siob or whatever - Siobhan."**

**"With your hair and complexion, I thought you were Italian."**

**"Wise guy. You've got dark hair. What're you?"**

**"Mongrel. Heinz 57. Who knows? Mom's side's mostly French."**

**"What do you do here?"**

**"I'm a volunteer. I work in different areas where they're doing tests on the kids. I'm a professional hand holder."**

**I must have looked at him strangely.**

**"I do whatever I can to help the kids so they're not afraid. I talk to them, hold their hand, try to make them feel better when they're hurting and crying. I clean them up when they puke. I started probably like you did, just general gofer and flunkie. Somebody noticed I had a knack for getting along with all the little kids. That's all I do now. I want to try to find a career working with kids."**

**"Don't try to make it sound like nothing. You love it because you love them, don't you?"**

**"Yes," he said, "It hurts so goddam much to see them suffering. I just want to do something to make it better."**

I put my hand on his. “Me too.”

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And that’s how it all started. When the hospital had a party one Saturday night for the volunteers, he invited me. He rang the doorbell, asked if he could meet my parents, talked with them, and promised to have me back by midnight. Not only intelligent but also good manners. Is that the beginning of love?

On another Saturday, he was at the hospital all day. It was my off day. About eight p.m., he called and asked if he could come by the house, that he needed to see me.

When I opened the door, he didn’t say a word. He wrapped his arms around me and buried his face in my neck and hair. I put one hand behind his head and stroked his neck. He seemed upset about something and I think he was on the verge of crying. I heard my mother walk past in the hall, pause for a moment, and then continue. I took James to my room and we talked until almost eleven.

When I let him out the front door, I walked into the family room where I knew my mother was waiting. She didn’t ask me any questions, just raised one eyebrow.

“Two of the kids he’s been working with died this week. One was a little boy who had a bone cancer in his leg that spread. James had taken him out on the hospital lawn and played catch with him a few times. The other was a young girl, thirteen. She had leukemia. James would sit and talk to her and they’d hold hands. He said once she pulled his hand up under her gown and held it on her breasts. She looked at him with those big eyes, no eyelashes or eyebrows, with a sort of pleading look. He said he almost lost it. She died today.”

My mother gave me the same sort of long hug that I’d given James.

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We gradually became friends and then good friends and then more than just friends.

We rearranged our volunteer schedules to the same days and times and then hung out together for the rest of the day. He told me his mother and father were divorced. His father was living in another city. His mother was remarried. He’d moved into a garage apartment with a guy who worked as a nurse at the hospital. Some nights we had fast

food on the way home. Other nights he ate with me at home. We'd usually talk or study.

One Saturday night he was bringing me home late. We had our usual big hug at the front door. But this time, he moved his face to mine and kissed me. We were both to blame. By the time we broke, we were both out of breath from kissing and desperate from clutching at each other.

The next Saturday night, my parents left us alone while they went to a party. I suppose they thought they could trust James. They didn't know they couldn't trust me. Within an hour after they left, I had stripped him naked and shoved him back on the couch. He lay there, one hand curled around under his head, the other on his cock, his balls hanging down like two eggs in a kid-skin bag, a smile on his face that said he knew what he was about to get. I almost ripped my panties, getting them caught on one foot and dancing around trying to get them off. When I did, I crawled on top of him. He buried his face in my breasts and sucked my tits until I could feel the juices running out of my cunt. Then he shoved me back and buried his face between my legs with a hunger I've only known once since. I came two or three times. I sucked him off for a minute and then used my hand to bring him to orgasm. His groan could have awakened anyone asleep in the house. He sprayed come over both of us and on the couch. When my parents came back, we were dressed and sitting side by side, his arm around my shoulders, supposedly watching TV. The next day my mother asked my why the leather cleaner bottle was sitting on the kitchen counter.

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The following Saturday, I almost lied to my mother. I started to tell her I'd be at the hospital with James. At the last second, I looked her in the eye and told her where I'd be.

"Mom, I'll be at James' apartment this afternoon and evening, I'll be back by midnight. By then, James and I'll be lovers."

"Are you sure?" is all she said. "This is your choice? It's what you want?"

"Yes, Mom, I'm sixteen. As they say, sweet sixteen and never been kissed. Well, I've been kissed; I'm ready for more. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow, OK?"

James came to the door to pick me up just before noon. He wanted to talk to my mother and father. I told him my father was traveling but my mother was home. He went in the family room where she was sitting. He reached down for her hand and held it.

**“Mrs. Kelly, Siobhan and I’ve decided to do something we both want. I’m eighteen; she’s sixteen. I can’t take her to my apartment without your permission. I’m not going to cause any problems for anyone. If you tell me to get out, I will. If you permit me to take Siobhan with me, I will. She won’t be a little girl when she comes back.”**

**Mom looked at both of us, tears in her eyes. I reached out for James’ other hand and held it. Mom nodded and smiled at us. “Just be careful, you two. Last time you cleaned it off the couch but you didn’t get the spot on the wall.”**

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**James insisted on taking me out to lunch, even though the only thing I wanted to eat was him. Afterward we drove down by the lake, parked and talked. I wondered how he could delay and why he wasn’t in a hurry.**

**“Are you sure, Siobhan? I haven’t even said I love you. I won’t say I don’t. I don’t know yet. I know what love is. I see it at the hospital all the time with parents and children. I feel it when I give it to the children and get it back in return. With you, I don’t know what I’m feeling yet. I know it’s something I’ve never felt before. Maybe I’ve dreamed about it. Are we in too big a hurry? I’ll wait if you want to. I’m not going to quit with you if we don’t do it this afternoon.”**

**“How do you think I feel, James? I’m not ready to say I love you, either, like in the forever sense. I know I’ve got a lot to learn about love. I’m ready for you to help me. Let’s go to your apartment.”**

**“I was hoping you’d say that. I changed the sheets this morning.”**

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**The apartment was a tiny one on top of a garage. The big house it belonged to was an old mansion, split up into apartments. We had to climb steps to get to the landing outside the apartment. There was a screen door and the other door was open. I could hear music playing inside.**

**James introduced me to his roommate, Trent, an older guy who was a nurse at the hospital. He was already dressed in his hospital whites about to go to work. He was maybe mid-twenties or later, very nice but ordinary looking,**

**“James has been talking my ear off about you. I think he’s smitten.”**

**“Smitten?” I said.**

**“Well, you are as beautiful as he’s said. James and I are good friends and we talk about everything. When he started talking about you, it was different.”**

**“Oh, how different?”**

**“Come now, Siobhan. He doesn’t tell me everything. Don’t worry about that. He’s a fine young man. Just the way he talked about you.”**

**Just the way Trent talked made me wonder how different he was. “Your apartment is very nice. Would you call it spacious with an enchanting view?”**

**“Yeah,” James said, “it’s spacious. Maybe four hundred square feet including bathroom. The view is great if you like looking down on the tops of all the cars parked in the yard.”**

**“I’m only joking, James. I like your use of Early Goodwill Antiques. That big iron bed must have cost a fortune. And the little one that doubles as a couch, it’s darling. You’ve brought it all together with pillows, haven’t you?”**

**They both understood that I was laughing with them, not at them.**

**“The pillows were James’ idea. We keep the place clean because we’re both neat-freaks but it still looked like crap, if you’ll pardon my French. James thought it up and we went out one Saturday morning and spent almost a hundred dollars we didn’t have on pillows. Average cost is less than one dollar. If you can’t find anything else to do in here, you can always rearrange the pillows.”**

**“Trent, don’t you have to go to work?” James asked.**

**“Oh, don’t be impatient, James. One more thing and I’m out the door.” He looked at me and sighed. “Siobhan, I’m not prying but I think you and James might be too busy to cook. I’ve left a casserole in the fridge for you two. And there’s a bottle of wine. Cost me almost five dollars. I hope you two have a pleasant afternoon and evening. I’ll be back about midnight.”**

**After he was gone, I looked at James and raised one eyebrow in question.**

**“Yeah, I know. He does give that impression, doesn’t he? But he’s one of the greatest guys I’ve ever known. We both have to struggle with money and this is about the best place we can afford. You may not believe it but he sometimes brings another nurse home with him. More than one in fact but only one at a time --- and they’re all women. I don’t try to figure it out. I just try to make myself scarce. James tells me what time to come back and I just go to the library and study. When I come back, the place is as neat as always. Trent’s usually happy and whistling or singing but he never says a word about the woman.”**

**“Why don’t you ask him to let you stay? You could find out how two nurses...you know?”**

**“He...let’s don’t talk about that, Siobhan. I thought you wanted to find out what sort of nurse or whatever I might be someday.”**

**“I do, James, but I’m a little nervous about this. Can’t you tell?”**

**He looked at me for a minute or so, evidently thinking.**

**“Siobhan, are you a virgin?”**

**“Yeah, damnit, I was hoping to get that taken care of this afternoon. You wanna go play frisbie in the park instead?”**

**“Come on, Siobhan, don’t worry so much. I’m not a virgin but I’m not that experienced either. One thing I do know is that it can be a lot of fun. I love to play. I’ll play frisbie if that’s what you want. Or I’ll play lover, if that’s what you want. But, damn, it should be fun whichever one it is.”**

**“Fun, well, OK, maybe it is. But I’m still nervous.”**

**“Can I tell you a dirty joke when you’re about to come. I hear it heightens orgasms if you’re laughing when you come.”**

**“James, you don’t mean that.”**

**“Yeah, but I don’t guess I’ll be able to think of a good joke when we’re,” he raised his voice, “WRAPPED IN THE THROES OF PASSION.”**

**I laughed in spite of myself. “James, would you carry me into your bedroom and make mad passionate love to me?”**

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**“Potty break,” Kieran said, “I’ve got to go pee. Do you want to finish this story tonight or wait ‘til another night?”**

**“If you’ll let me pee first, I’ll finish it tonight for you.”**

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**James was as patient and considerate as any lover could be. He and I gradually stripped each other of clothes, one piece at a time. He took my hand and led me to the big bed. He was probably as good a kisser as you are. Didn’t hurry past my breasts to get to the good part. Got his head between my legs and his tongue in my cunt. Knew where my clit was and what to do to it. Gave me sort of rolling orgasms, like a roller coaster, up one peak and down and then up another peak. I was drenched when he finally got on top of me and started to put his dick in me. He was slow, so damn maddeningly slow, until he found out that I still had a hymen. And then he slapped me.**

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**“Slapped you?” Kieran interrupted.**

**“Yeah, on my left cheek, kinda hard too, it hurt a little.”**

**“I’ve never heard of that little technique. What the fuck was that supposed to accomplish?”**

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**He knew what he was doing. I started to hit him back but he held my wrists. I looked up at his face and he was smiling. It took me a moment to realize – his cock was totally inside me and his balls were up against my ass cheeks. And it hadn’t hurt in the least.**

**“My father was very good at pulling my baby teeth,” he said.**

**I looked at him, totally puzzled about what he’d just said and what he’d just done.**

**“Whenever I’d get a loose baby tooth, my father always pulled it. Never hurt me. He knew just how to do it. He’d ask if he could look at it first. Then he’d ask if he could wiggle it to see how loose it was. Then he’d lie and say he wasn’t going to pull it yet. He was just going to get a tissue or napkin and see if it was ready to come out.”**

**“James, are you nuts? What the hell are you talking about?”**

**“Then he’d pop me on the forehead with the heel of his other hand. I’d jerk my head back and he’d just smile at me. The tooth would be pulled and I never knew when it came out. Never hurt me.”**

**He smiled at me.**

**I realized what he had done. Never hurt me.**

**“Could we just stay like this for a while? It feels so good to me to be inside you. Am I hurting you?”**

**“No, James, you’re not hurting me. It feels good. I guess I never dreamed how good it could feel. You may stay.”**

**“Are you sure you’ve had enough time for your birth control pills to get working? If you’re afraid of me coming inside you, I’ll put on a condom.”**

**“I read everything Mom’s gynecologist gave me. I should be as safe as I’m ever going to be.”**

**“Good. Wrap your legs around me then. Later, when you feel like it, pull them up toward your shoulders and see if you like it that way. And wrap your arms around me. Or put your hands on my ass. I’ve seen your fingernails and they’re a little long. Don’t sink’em in my ass cheeks unless you want me to come. Close your eyes and let me kiss you. Are you ready to begin?”**

**I was ready. And later I was ready again. And well before midnight, I was ready again. Never hurt me.**

**At least not that night. I was sore on Sunday morning. When my family went out to lunch, I caught myself sitting on just one hip. Mom saw me and smiled at me.**

**The next time, it wasn’t sore. A little uncomfortable at first but soon comfortable. And always since.**

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**“Well, what happened to James? I don’t think either girls or boys should marry their first love. But there must have been something, wasn’t there?”**

**“That’s enough about James. I’ve told you enough. Let’s go to sleep.”**

**“There’s gotta be just a little more. Tell me the rest and I’ll go down on you and give you a roller coaster ride.”**

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**When I climbed the stairs to the apartment landing, I noticed that the main door was open, screen door closed. I looked in and saw James sleeping in the big bed. Trent was already dressed in his nursing whites. He was sitting on the foot of the bed tying his shoes. I suppose the scene of domestic tranquility left me puzzled. I watched through the screen door as Trent stood up and walked around to the side of the bed where James was. He leaned over and kissed James on the mouth.**

**I distinctly heard Trent say, “Get up, sleepyhead, she’ll be here soon. You need to get a shower.” James reached up and held Trent’s head while he prolonged the kiss.**

**Trent turned toward the screen door and saw me. He came out and greeted me with a quick kiss on the cheek. “Gotta run. Department meeting at nine. Make him get up, will you?” He turned and yelled back into the apartment. “James, get up, Siobhan’s here.” And then ran down the stairs.**

**I opened the screen door and went in. The apartment was immaculate as usual. The small bed was undisturbed. The big one showed clear signs of use by two bodies.**

**James stood up beside the bed, stretching and scratching. His cock was half distended and his hair was sticking out in all directions. He smiled at me. “Lemme get a shower, Siobhan. I’ll be ready in fifteen minutes.”**

**I sat down on the end of the bed, looking at the sheets. James went in the bathroom, left the door slightly ajar, and I could hear him, pee, shower, and hum while he shaved. When he came out, towel wrapped around his middle, I watched as he dug out underwear and socks.**

**“James, were you and Trent sleeping together?”**

**He looked at me, still smiling. “Yes, Siobhan. We sleep together sometimes; most of the time we sleep separately.”**

**“Are you lovers?”**

**He pondered that for a moment, smiling. “No, we’re not in love with each other. We like each other a lot. I told you he’s been a very good friend to me.”**

**“You know what I mean,” I insisted. “When you sleep together, do you have sex with each other?”**

**“Sure, Siobhan, we have sex. Does that bother you?”**

**“Damn it, James, you know what I mean. Are you and Trent gay? What do you do with each other?”**

**“Siobhan, it’s not that simple. I don’t think Trent’s gay. He likes women. He just doesn’t have a woman lover right now.”**

**“And you like women too?”**

**“Sure, I haven’t been faking orgasms with you, you know. I love women in general. I think I’m even starting to love one in particular. I fully expect to marry one someday and have children with her.”**

**“But you sleep with Trent and have sex with him too? Do you two fuck each other too?”**

**“No, Siobhan,” he laughed, “we don’t fuck each other. I know gays are supposedly either tops or bottoms. I’m not either. My asshole’s still virgin. I don’t know whether Trent is or not. But I haven’t had my dick in his butt. Is that what’s bothering you?”**

**“Then what the hell do you two do with each other?”**

**“The same things you and I do, Siobhan. We kiss each other just like you and I do. I give him a hand-job or a blow-job. He does the same thing for me.”**

**“James, don’t talk about it like that. Why haven’t you told me about doing it with him?”**

**“I didn’t think it was that important, Siobhan. I haven’t tried to hide anything. You’ve been around us. I thought you could see what our relationship is. Does it bother you?”**

**“It makes me confused as hell. Especially about you and me.”**

**“Siobhan, Trent and I are very good friends. We’re not in love with each other. We don’t fuck each other. We sleep together and we have sex once in a while. Most of the time we just sleep together. I like it when he curls up against my back and puts his arm around me. I like to do the same with him. Does that make us queer? I don’t think so.”**

**“Well, it sure as hell makes me confused.”**

**“OK, you’re confused. Lemme get dressed and let’s go shopping. We can discuss all this later today.”**

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**Later that day, we had a sexual Olympiad. About six hours of all sorts of games – shot put to broad jump, equestrian maneuvers to breast stroke, javelin throw to pole vault, we tried all of them. Equestrian maneuvers? Horseback riding, gallop, gallop.**

**The next Saturday, we planned the same schedule. Trent lingered longer before going to work. He dropped a few hints that he’d like to join us in our fun and games. I gave it serious consideration for about two minutes. For the rest of the day, James kept me well occupied by himself.**

**On Monday, in Advanced English Comp, some sort of reality check occurred. On Thursday, I called James and told him I wanted to cancel our Saturday schedule. When he asked why, I told him that my panties usually got wetter as the week got closer to Saturday; this week, my panties had stayed dry all week. He asked if that meant what he thought it meant. I said I thought it did.**

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**(KIERAN)**

**“Were the kids good today?”**

**“They’re always good, Kieran. Kavan and Arial almost never fight and they even help with Kerry. It’s just that they’re so full of life they wear me out sometimes.”**

**“Are you too tired to tell me about the next guy? I’ll leave you alone for a change if you do. You’re probably tired of me too.”**

**“Kieran, don’t say stuff like that. I’m never too tired for you. I think you’re better than sleeping pills. Just leave me alone until after I tell you about Grant, OK?”**

**“OK. Did you see how Kerry paid attention tonight when I read the new dinosaur book to Kavan and Arial? It was almost like he understood what I was saying.”**

**“Yeah, I know. He scares me sometimes. Today I gave him an old book that Kavan and Arial have worn out. It has some beautiful art work in**

it. I thought he'd tear it up but he didn't. He sat there with it across his fat little legs and looked at the pictures. He even turned the pages himself."

"At his age? His fingers will turn pages already?"

"Well, not really his fingers. He just slaps his fat little hand on the page and pushes until it sort of wads up and turns. I guess it's his way of doing it."

"And you really think he's looking at the pictures?"

"I think so. He'll sit there and his little mouth will work like he's talking and he makes these weird noises."

"Well, I guess we'll have another reader on our hands, like Kavan and Arial. We read to them and sometimes he's still awake. He likes to be held while we're reading."

"He'll even sit still for Kavan to read to him. Arial's getting better at reading every day and she tries to read to him sometimes."

"She's a little mother, isn't she? It tickles me to see her try to change his diapers."

"Yeah, well, don't let her do it again when he's pooped, not down on the carpet anyway. I almost never got it out of the carpet."

"I told you I'd do it. You made me clean up Arial and Kerry and you chose to clean the carpet."

"I know. Arial can do it OK if he's just wet. She loves to play with him when he's all naked and squealing and kicking."

"Did I ever tell you I love you? I love you and I thank you for my kids."

"They are great kids, aren't they? Now if you'll quit squeezing my breast and pinching my nipple, I'll tell you about Grant."

"OK but can I just hold on to it? I love to spoon up to you like this with your butt all soft and warm against me and your breast in my hand."

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(SIOBHAN)

It wasn't really his fault. I was waiting behind another car. I didn't know he was behind me. On the green signal, the car in front of me started to go through the intersection. An idiot ran the red light and the guy in front of me stomped on his brakes. I stepped on mine and stopped inches from his back bumper. The guy in back of me was a split second slow in stepping on his. His car gently tapped my back bumper. All the other cars drove away. Grant and I got out of our cars and were left looking at each other.

He started apologizing profusely. I held my finger in front of my lips, got back in my car, and drove into the parking area of a hamburger joint nearby. He followed me. We talked. We introduced ourselves. We looked for bumper damage and couldn't find any on either car. He bought me a burger and fries for lunch.

"You have the most beautiful red hair I've ever seen," he said between fries.

"How do you know?" I teased. "You haven't seen all of it."

I think he blushed. "When I can think again, would you go out with me sometime soon?"

He would have been called a real hunk by any of the girls I knew.

"Yes."

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I was sitting with a group of girls in the school cafeteria, talking about, what else, men and boys, when Grant walked up. He was holding a small package, wrapped as a present.

"Hello, Siobhan. May I sit down for a second?"

"Please, Grant, sit," I said, and then introduced him to the open-mouthed gawking girls across the table.

"I brought you a present, to say thanks for being so nice to me when I bumped your car yesterday."

"You didn't hurt anything, Grant. I couldn't even find your dent in all the others on the bumper. You don't have to give me a present."

"I know that. But it's something I wanted to do. Please don't open it until tonight. And don't tell your friends what the present is."

**“Thanks, Grant, it’s very nice of you.**

**After he left, I almost had a riot on my hands, trying to explain how I’d met Grant. And trying to prevent my friends from taking the package away and opening it then and there.**

**As soon as dinner was finished at home that night, I went to my room with the excuse of studying. I unwrapped the package and found a small black box inside. When I opened the box, I found red wrapping enclosing something. When I opened the wrapping, I found a beautiful pair of panties. Nothing cheap like Frederick’s. Nothing sexy like Victoria’s. Just a single pair of expensive beautiful black panties. There was a small card under the panties. On it, I saw one word written, “Stendhal.” I dredged my memory banks and it finally came to me. A book we had read from in French class. “Le Rouge et le Noir,” by Stendhal. I guessed he had taken the class from the same teacher.**

**The next day, I was having lunch with the same girls when Grant walked up to the table again. “Stendhal?” he said. “Stendhal! I love Le Rouge et le Noir,” I replied.**

**He sat down and placed his hand on mine. “Siobhan, would you go with me to the free movie on Saturday night? They’re showing a classic French film.”**

**After he left, the other girls almost started a riot. “Shit, Siobhan, how come you always get the hunks?” “Come on, Siobhan, let us in on the secret. What’s this Stendhal stuff?” I just smiled enigmatically. I didn’t put the black on the red again until Saturday evening just before Grant picked me up for the movie.**

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**“Did he slap you too, the first time he made love to you?”**

**“No, but he opened my eyes. He wanted me to do something the first time, all the time, every time. No one else has always wanted to make love that way. Not even you, Kieran.”**

**“OK, you’ve got me hooked. Just what was this great erotic technique? The one the rest of us dummies don’t know.”**

**“Kieran, it wasn’t like that. It was something simple, like so much about him. He was always very kind and considerate. I always felt he wanted me to enjoy sex as much as he did, maybe even more.”**

**“Yeah, but what was it?”**



**“A secret for lovers, huh, is that what you want? I told you he wasn’t like that. I liked kissing him as much as I like kissing you. He didn’t make it seem like he was gulping down an appetizer in order to get to the main course. He was fun to kiss, hot as hell, but fun. It may be natural for us to close our eyes when we’re kissing; he liked to keep his open.”**

**“That’s not kinky; I like to do that too sometimes.”**

**“He loved my breasts the same way you do. I liked it when he’d let me hold his head and guide his mouth around. He liked to keep his eyes open when we did that. Sometimes he’d look up at me and I’d see a grin in his eyes – is that possible? – and then he’d start sucking or licking again.”**

**“What’d he do when he got down between your legs? Put his eyeballs out on stalks, like some sort of marine creature, and then look at your face while he ate you?”**

**“Don’t, Kieran. He did something like that. But he wasn’t some sort of marine creature. He’d make sure I had a pillow under my head. So I could look down at what he was doing. He’d get his face down between my legs. He’d lock his eyes on mine and keep them there while his tongue worked his magic. He loved to love me like that, the same way you do.”**

**“Then why can’t you tell me what this little technique was, what he did when he was sliding his dick into you?”**

**“Kieran, I’ve been telling you. He liked to look in my eyes when we were making love.”**

**“Huh?”**

**“That’s it. What I’ve been telling you all along. He liked to love me with eyes wide open.”**

**“I’ll be damned.”**

**“I hope not, Kieran. The first time we really made love, we were in my bedroom at home. My father was working and my mother was out for the afternoon. She made sure Grant knew she wouldn’t be back before five o’clock, almost as though she was setting a deadline for us to be finished.”**

**“And then you did it, huh?”**

**“Yes, after an hour or two of fooling around. After he peeled my wet panties off me, my beautiful Stendhal black on red panties. After he undressed for me, slowly, smiling, teasing. I’d already known his cock for a few weeks by then. But when he undressed, he got down to his briefs and then held them with his thumbs, letting me get a good look at his bulge and his wet spot. When he pulled them down, his cock sprung back up and slapped against his stomach. He knew how to put on a good show.**

**“And then you did it, huh?”**

**“Kieran, damn it. Shut up. I’m telling this tale, not you.”**

**“Yes, Mommie.”**

**“Yes, we did it. He crawled up the end of my bed and pushed my legs apart. He got in position, reached down and rubbed that big red head between my red-hair covered lips. AND WE DID IT,” I yelled.**

**“Aw shit, Siobhan, that’s not fair. What the fuck was the big secret? Is that really it? Just keeping his eyes open?”**

**“Kieran, he rubbed his glans between my lips until it was all wet from me. I was waiting for him, eyes shut, to slide it in. When he didn’t, I opened my eyes and looked up at him.”**

**“‘Siobhan,’ he said, ‘don’t close your eyes. Leave them open. Look in my eyes. I want to see your eyes when I go into you for the first time’ – notice, he didn’t say fuck you for the first time – ‘and I want you to look into my eyes. I want to see if I can tell what you’re feeling; I want you to see what I’m feeling. I hope when I die, I can still remember your eyes when I go into you.’”**

**“And when you die, will you still remember his eyes?” Kieran asked.**

**“You’re my Alpha male now, Kieran. No other man can ever replace you in my heart and in my body. But you don’t have to say snide things like that about him. He was a good man, a wonderful lover. I just didn’t learn to love him the way I’ve learned to love you. But try to imagine how I felt. He had his dick just barely inside my lips. He didn’t shove it in. He waited. He wanted me to open my eyes. He wanted to look in my eyes when he put it in. He didn’t need to look down at his dick to see it sliding in. He wanted to see it, but in my eyes. That’s a damn sexy technique, Kieran.”**

**“I’m sorry, Siobhan. You’re right. You don’t say bad things about the women I’ve known. I shouldn’t do it either.”**

**“Anyway, Kieran, that was the first time I’ve ever made love with eyes wide open all the way through. And don’t ever think it wasn’t one damn hot experience. Grant didn’t get in any hurry. He stayed propped up above me, his arms straight, while he just slid his cock in and out, looking in my eyes every second. I watched his face change and I knew he was close to coming. He gave me just a little enigmatic smile and kept at it. He didn’t say, ‘I’m coming,’ or stuff like that. He just nodded once at me, his rhythmic movements became erratic, and then he pushed it in to the hilt, just like you do, and I could feel his contractions. When he was finished, he lowered himself on top of me, buried his face in my hair, and held me.”**

**“Did you come too?”**

**“I didn’t push him to do anything else. I’ve told you sometimes I’m content not to come, as long as I know you have. I like just holding you, with your dick inside me, feeling it gradually go soft and eventually slide out.”**

**“He left you hanging?”**

**“I suppose he did what he wanted to do, just like you. When he pulled it out, he moved down on the bed, on his knees between my legs. He put his hands under my buttocks and lifted me up so he could bend over and put his mouth on my cunt. He squirmed around until he found a position where he could get his mouth between my legs and he could look into my eyes at the same time. It is a damned erotic technique. You know it. You’ve done it often enough. Look at a woman’s face, into her eyes, when you’re eating her pussy. You can make me come every time. He could too.”**

**“How long was he good for?” Kieran asked.**

**“He was good for as long as it lasted. I guess that’s the problem with a love affair that lasts for a while. Sooner or later you start to think about it. Grant was always everything a woman could want, tall, dark and handsome, hung and horny, slow and gentle and considerate. Opened car doors for me. Walked on the traffic side of the sidewalk with me. Learned to listen to my mother, hug her and kiss her on the cheek, and then go ahead and do just what he wanted to do. I suppose my mistake was thinking too much about him and what sort of man he was and where we might be going with each other.”**

**“Looks like an uh, oh, is in order then, is it?” Kieran asked.**

**“Yes, little ones at first. Watching football on a weeknight was no problem, drinking a six pack was. Going out with the boys was no problem, coming back and telling me about smoking pot was. Missing a test at school and lying to the teacher about it was. Lying to me about why he missed a date was a big problem.”**

**“Who broke it off, you or him?”**

**“Me, I suppose. I think he knew his behavior was causing big problems. Maybe he deliberately made sure I knew about his bad side so I’d kiss him off. Maybe he was ready to move on to another girl. He could tell her she had the most beautiful blonde hair he’d ever seen. And the slut would fall for it.”**

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**(KIERAN)**

**We were facing each other in bed when she finished her story about Grant. I’d asked her to turn over so I could hear her when she whispered and wouldn’t have to ask her to repeat what she’d just said. I guess I felt a little guilty about getting a hard-on from hearing about what she’d done with someone else. As much as I loved to poke her with it, I didn’t want to do it while she was telling me about Grant.**

**“It sounds to me like your three lovers were all just pretty ordinary young guys with some ordinary faults. Are you sure none of them wanted to get into the kinky stuff, you know, like you dressing up in high-heeled black leather boots and beating their butt raw with a little black whip?”**

**“I haven’t told you about him yet.”**

**“No shit! Did you really have a guy who wanted to do that stuff?”**

**“No, Kieran, I didn’t. You know I don’t like that weird stuff. I don’t want to hurt anybody. It doesn’t turn me on.”**

**“Well, I’m glad you didn’t think me wanting to taste breast milk was weird. Sometimes I think I’d like to be a little baby just so I could get to nurse at your breasts.”**

**“Well, you can’t. I’ll never understand why you had to be bad and steal some of Kerry’s milk.”**

**“I didn’t steal it. It was just leftovers. He’d already got all he wanted.”**

**“Well, it sure got me hot as hell. Your big dick in my cunt, you almost breaking your neck bent over sucking the rest of the milk out of my breast – I came so hard I thought I’d died and gone to heaven.”**

**“Was the stuff we did with chocolate syrup weird - you remember? - when Arial was little? When they grow up, I still think I’d like to teach Kavan and Arial and Kerry how to have fun with Hershey’s chocolate syrup.”**

**“I thought you’d forgotten about that. It’s been at least five years ago. Arial was just a few month old. Did you really enjoy your little taste of chocolate milk then?”**

**“You’re damn right I did. You did too, didn’t you?”**

**“Sure, but what did you do to me that time that you don’t do without the chocolate syrup?”**

**“Nothing, I guess. Maybe it was just being silly and having fun. What’s wrong with that? That’s the way sex should be some times.”**

**We were quiet then for a while. I tried to remember what we’d done that night when Arial was just a baby, a beautiful little angel who was already stealing my heart.**

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**I left Siobhan playing with Kavan in our bed and took Arial for her bath. She usually loved playing in the warm water, splashing me all over, cooing and smiling. But this time she was a little fussy, intermittently crying and then suddenly laughing. I knew it was because she was hungry for her nighttime feeding.**

**I carried her back in the bedroom wrapped in a towel, a naked bundle of beauty, trying to stuff her hands in her mouth to find something to suck on. I finished drying her and then tried to brush her sparse spun-gold hair. She was having none of it. She was crying by the time I had her diaper and nightgown on.**

**Siobhan unhooked the nursing bra and let her full heavy breasts spill out. I loved watching her uncover herself for Arial. Arial was clamoring for Siobhan’s breasts. I hoped she’d leave at least a sample for Kavan and then for me. Siobhan cradled Arial against her left breast and pulled the nursing bra back over the right one. I knew she sometimes had a small overflow in one while Arial was nursing on the other. Arial**

**latched onto the strawberry nipple and began to suck hungrily. I watched for a minute and then held out my hand to Kavan.**

**He slid off the end of the end of the bed and grabbed my finger. I led him into the bathroom and we showered together. He and I always had a squealing good time playing. I washed his hair, that beautiful red hair his mother had given him, with baby shampoo. He was an unruly squirming brat when I washed the rest of him until I came to his penis. I gently checked his little sprout for any problems since his foreskin wasn't retractable yet. He always stood still and watched when I did that, occasionally getting a little stiffie.**

**I led him back in the bedroom and helped him up on the bed. He knew the routine and stayed still while I finished drying him. I put a diaper on him, hoping that Siobhan was right when she said she thought he was getting the idea of potty training. I pulled his nightgown over his head, brushed his hair, turned him loose toward his mother. He crawled over toward her and sat down, Indian fashion, to watch Arial nurse.**

**I combed my hair, brushed my teeth, and then crawled in bed with my wife and kids. I was glad I was permitted to go without nightgown or diaper. I sat down, Indian fashion, beside Kavan and we watched Arial nurse. Siobhan switched her over to the other breast and Arial squawked in the brief instant when she was deprived of a nipple. She resumed noisily sucking on the other strawberry.**

**A few minutes later, Arial slowed down, gradually stopped, and her mouth lost its grip on Siobhan's nipple. I hoped she was good for the night, at least most of it, so I carried her to her bed. When I returned, Kavan had taken Arial's place. Siobhan was talking to him as he played with her breasts. He occasionally put his mouth on her teat and gave a desultory suck. I stretched out behind him and we both caressed him and talked with him and gradually quieted him into sleep. I carried him to his bed, knowing that he'd probably sleep for his typical nine or ten hours. I gave my usual big sigh when I returned to our bed and my wife.**

**I lay on my side, my face in front of her breasts, and pulled her against me. "I think they're both dry tonight. Arial was hungry." I nodded and took her strawberry nipple in my mouth, holding it between my lips, while I caressed her side with my hand. After a minute or so, I moved up to lie face to face with her. I kissed her simply, just on the lips, and lay looking into her eyes. "Is this paradise?" I asked. "Close enough for me," she answered.**

**Somewhere in my brain a synapse snapped or something and I had a crazy idea about something I wanted to do. I slid off the bed, went in the kitchen to the refrigerator, and was back in a couple of minutes. I held**

it behind my back as I walked up to the bed. Siobhan looked at me apprehensively.

“Oh, shit, Kieran, what’re you up to now?”

I held the dark-brown plastic bottle out toward her. Hershey’s Chocolate Syrup.

“Chocolate milk?” I whispered, begging.

“Kieran Connor Stuart, you’re sick. Do you understand? You’re one sick puppy.”

I tried to put a hangdog look in my eyes and face – a begging beagle puppy.

“I don’t give a fuck if I am, Siobhan. If I want to put chocolate syrup on your breasts, even if you’re lactating, if I want to suck on’em, what’s wrong with it?”

“There’s nothing wrong with it, Kieran. I’m only teasing. I guess I’ll never understand your fascination with my breasts. I do love you for it though, along with other things. But I want a good old-fashioned fuck before we go to sleep.”

I tossed the plastic bottle on the bed beside her. “Maybe I can manage that.”

She cupped her hands under her breasts and gave me a smile.

“Just don’t put much on me. Don’t mess up the bed with it.”

I crawled on the bed on my hands and knees and straddled her legs. I leaned back above her so that my balls were cradled between her thighs and my dick was resting on her pubic hair and stomach.

I picked up the bottle and pulled the top into the open position. I held it upside down and squeezed gently. One dark-brown drop oozed out and I caught it on my finger and held it out to Sioned’s lips. She leaned forward and sucked my finger clean. I think my dick must have thought it was going to get the same treatment. I hadn’t thought of that before but it seemed like a good idea so I told my dick to wait its turn. I squeezed out another big drop and stuck my finger in my mouth. It was good chocolate. I decided to see how it would taste with a little cunt flavor.

Siobhan was still holding her breasts for me. I turned the bottle upside down again and squeezed one drop on first one strawberry nipple and then the other. Damn, it did look enticing! I wondered why I'd never thought of it before.

Siobhan pressed gently against her breast and I waited to see what would happen. One white drop of milk oozed out of her nipple, and was held there by the larger drop of chocolate.

"You'd better get it, little boy," she said. "Arial was hungry; I think she just about sucked all of it out of me for now."

I got barely enough to taste, perhaps a teaspoon or so, sweet, sweeter than any I'd ever tasted, warm from her body, combined with the chocolate syrup. Her nipples still looked something like strawberries when I stopped and rose up and looked down at her again.

"What now, little boy?"

I picked up the squeeze bottle and slid downward on her legs.

"Oh, no, you're not putting it down there."

"Come on, Siobhan, I was just going to put a little in your navel."

She looked at me, her eyes half closed, maybe trying to decide whether to believe me. She gave in.

I squirted the syrup in her navel more generously, almost to overflowing. It made a nice little brown puddle there in the middle of her milky skin. I leaned over again and didn't stop until I'd licked all of it back out. By the time I stopped, she had her hands on my head, just as she so often did when my mouth was down lower. I straightened up over her and signed deeply and waited.

"OK, I'll let you. But you've got to let me put some on you first."

I didn't have to be coaxed. I rolled off her, on my back beside her, handed the bottle to her, and shut my eyes. I didn't even bother to ask where she wanted to put it. She surprised me. The syrup was cold on my nipples. I opened my eyes and she was bent over me, grinning. I shut my eyes again and waited.

"Where did you think I was going to put it, little boy?"

I didn't care where she put it. I knew where I was going to put it when I got another turn. She used her mouth on both of my nipples. I couldn't



know whether mine were as sensitive as hers but it was enough to make my dick even harder. When she stopped, I waited again. She surprised me again. She skipped my navel.

“Damn, that stuff’s cold,” I said, after she’d laid down a long squirt from my balls, all the way up the shaft, and on the head of my dick. Her tongue was warm when she started licking it off. Then her mouth was hot when she took my cock in her mouth and sucked it clean.

When she stopped, I decided it was my turn and I wasn’t going to take no for an answer. I rolled half over, pushed her down on her back, and took the squeeze bottle out of her hand. I looked at her face and I knew she wanted me to do it.

“Kieran, don’t get it inside me, please. Just a little bit on the outside.”

“Can I put it on your clit?” She just smiled and I took that as an OK.

I parted the red tangles, easier to do now that we kept it trimmed, and used two fingers to pull her pussy open. I couldn’t see her clit but I knew it was just barely hiding where her inner lips joined. I squeezed a few drops just at the juncture. Damn, that looked inviting too. As I watched, the chocolate syrup began to run downward. I caught it in plenty of time before it got anywhere near the opening into her. I kept licking even after I couldn’t taste the chocolate.

“Kieran, please....stop....please,” she whispered, “don’t make me come with your tongue. I want your dick in me.”

She got her good old-fashioned fuck that night.

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As always, it was good to be quiet and warm and still, close together. We were lying in bed facing each other, our legs entwined, almost breathing the same air, the blanket and comforter over our shoulders. One of my hands was on her waist; one of her fingers was tracing lazy circles around on my chest.

My mind kept jumping from her story about Jake to Grant, back to James, and around again, all tumbled images of guys I never knew. They all had their faults, as I had mine. I wondered what had made her reject the three of them and then eventually choose me. I was glad she had.

“Kieran,” she whispered, “is your dick hard?”

**“I don’t know. Let me check.”**

**I made no effort to move my hand from her side; she slid her hand down to my dick.**

**“Yep, it’s hard,” I said.**

**“Do you want to make love to me again tonight?”**

**“Yep.”**

**“Why?”**

**That was a strange question. “Because I love you. Is that a good-enough answer? Damn, Siobhan, there’s no answer to that question. What do you mean?”**

**“You’ve made love to me three nights in a row. We don’t usually do it this often. Are you trying to erase those other guys from my memory?”**

**“Yeah, I guess so.”**

**“You don’t have to do that, silly. I probably haven’t thought of any of them in the last ten years. You’re not competing with them. You’re the only man I want.”**

**“I hope so.”**

**“Come over here, little boy. Get on top of Momma.”**

**On top of her, I adopted the position she had told him Grant used. I supported myself above her, arms stiff, my eyes locked on hers. The dim light from the hallway lit one side of her face. She reached down to my cock, made sure the foreskin was retracted, and rubbed the head up and down in her wetness. I gradually began to slide it into her, never taking my eyes off hers.**

**Her legs slowly wrapped around me and we both moved and tilted and pushed and bent and pulled and pushed until I felt my pubic bone pressed against hers and my balls nestled against the soft warmth of her cheeks. I held still then, looking down in her eyes at the same time that she looked up in mine. We probably stayed like that for a minute or so, almost unblinking, until my arms began to tremble. She nodded once and I collapsed on her, my chest against her breasts, my face buried in that wild red hair I loved so much. I don’t think I’d made more than a few strokes when I felt her coming. I didn’t make but a few more after that until I started too.**

A little while later, we were spooned up with each other, my dick soft and warm against her naked ass, my right hand cupping her left breast, my favorite way to go to sleep. We were in that quiet stage halfway between wakefulness and sleeping.

“Siobhan,” I mumbled into her hair, “I don’t care if I’m sick. I don’t give a shit what anybody else calls us. I know one thing. One of these days, Kavan will be a teen, with red hair on his balls and a dick that’s more than a good handful. Arial will be a princess with pointy little tits and a blonde little patch of hair over her pussy. Kerry will be a skinny kid whose dick is just starting to grow. I’m going to get a couple of bottles of Hershey’s Chocolate Syrup. I’m going to invite them to join us. We’ll put it on the boys’ dicks, and mine, and let you and Arial lick it off. We’ll put it on Arial’s tits, and yours, and the boys and I’ll lick them clean. We’ll even put it on your clit, and Arial’s, and the boys and I will lick it off. Is that sick? Would it be wrong to let them enjoy it like we just did?”

“I don’t know, Kieran,” she said, “You know I’ve always loved good chocolate. They do too. Who knows what they’ll be like when they grow up?”

## Chapter Nine

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 34 in story, 15 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 33; Kavan Stuart, 7; Arial Stuart, 6; Kerry Stuart, 2; Paul Andersen, 26 in flashback; Lauren Andersen, 23 in flashback

### TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart

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(KIERAN)

The day was a perfect Saturday in October, with temperatures in the sixties and seventies, a clear pale-blue sky, and just a little breeze blowing from the north. We all wore jeans, sweatshirts, and sneakers and we didn’t need the light jackets we brought. We drove up into the mountains north of where we lived to an area where we knew apples were grown. We filled the trunk of the car with apples, apple butter and cider, gourds and hard squash and a pumpkin, popcorn and decorative corn still on the cob, pine cones, rocks, and other treasures we found at the farms and creeks and fields where we stopped. If we

had let the kids get everything they'd wanted, we'd have had the rest of the car full too.

We were on our way back home when I saw the sign that said "Visitors Welcomed." We were just coming to a small rocky creek when I saw the play area beside the stream and a dirt road leading off toward it. On impulse, I slowed, pulled into the road, and then stopped and looked around. The road led to an old country house on a slight rise above the creek and the whole area looked like it had been lovingly tended and landscaped. Near the creek, I could see a picnic table and a tire swing hung between two trees. Nearby an old man in overalls was working beside a big woman in a faded dress and work boots, both raking leaves. He motioned with his hand for me to drive into the play area. We stayed with them until almost dark.

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"I can't believe you ate turnip greens," I said to Siobhan, after we were on the road again. "I didn't think you liked them."

"Well, I can't believe you drank buttermilk either," she said. "I didn't think you liked it."

"I wasn't about to turn down anything she offered me. That corn bread was the best I've ever eaten. Did you ever have ham as good as that before? He said he smoked it with apple wood."

"I'm glad you stopped. I don't guess they were lonely, with five grown children and thirteen grandchildren. She said most of them would come for Sunday dinner tomorrow. She made me take a jar of that end-of-season relish you liked so much on your black-eyed peas."

"I thought Kavan would pop from eating so much. I guess they thought we never feed him," I said.

"Even your little Princess ate like she was hungry for a change, didn't she?" Siobhan asked.

"Yeah, it's hard to believe they'd welcome perfect strangers like us into their home and then feed us. I think the way Kerry took to her made her do it. Did you see how he leaned back against her breasts when she was rocking him on the front porch?"

"She probably made him think of your mother. They were older than your parents, weren't they? How long did she say they'd been married – forty-six years?"

**“I think so. I hope we can be that happy when we get to be their age.”**

**We were quiet for the rest of the way home and the kids quickly went to sleep strapped in their seats in the back of the car. I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like when we were old too and our kids and grandkids came for Sunday dinner. I couldn't picture our three kids as adults.**

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**As usual, the kids woke up when I stopped the car at home. We took them straight to the bathroom and Kavan showed Kerry how to pee in the potty again. Arial played little mother again and held Kerry's little sprout, pulled his foreskin back, and encouraged him to pee like his brother. He was still groggy and wouldn't hold it but he grunted and peed while she held it.**

**I wiped off Kavan and Arial with a wet cloth, helped them put on their pajamas, and put toothpaste on their brushes so they could brush. Siobhan wiped off Kerry in spite of his protests and then brushed his teeth for him. He protested when she also put a diaper on him but he still couldn't be quite trusted to go through the night. We had them back in bed as quickly as possible and even without us reading to them they seemed content to go to sleep again.**

**Later, we lay side by side in bed, reading. We both had on our cool weather sleepwear with the blanket pulled up part way over us. I wore just the knit shorts and top in which I lounged around the house and occasionally slept, if I slept in anything. Siobhan wore a soft pink nightgown with, I knew, nothing underneath.**

**She dropped her book beside the bed, turned out the light on her side, and curled up against me. When she put her head on my shoulder, her hair, that beautiful wild red hair, brushed over my face. I started to protest that I wasn't finished with the article in the magazine.**

**Her hand on my stomach silenced me. I waited expectantly, wondering what she was thinking about. Her fingertips slid under the elastic waistband of my shorts, downward, searching for my dick. When she found it, curled down between my legs, she straightened it out toward my navel, covering it with her palm, her fingertips moving gently on my balls.**

**“Tell me about your first time?” she asked.**

**“My first what?”**

**“Your first time with a girl, when you lost your virginity. What was it like? Who was it with? What did you do? You know, that sort of stuff.”**

**“If I tell you the whole story, you may wish that you’d never asked me those questions. There’s one part of the story only three people know. If I tell you, it may affect the way you feel toward me.”**

**“Come on, Kieran, I can’t think of anything that will make me change the way I feel about you. You’ve piqued my curiosity now. I think you’re going to have to tell me. Why don’t you want to?”**

**“Well, it wasn’t a girl; it was a woman. I promised her I’d never tell anyone about that afternoon. What she gave me was the most wonderful gift any young man could get. I’ve never said a word about it to anyone.”**

**“Why would she ask for such a promise from you?”**

**“Her name was Lauren. She was a married woman, with a baby girl only a few months old. She was very much in love with her husband, Paul. They even wanted to have another baby, hopefully a boy. They moved away while she was pregnant with their second child and I haven’t heard from them since well before we married. They’ve been married now for over twenty years. They have two children, a girl and a boy. I’ve seen the boy only once, when he was almost two years old. They stopped by our house once, during my senior year in high school, on their way to visit her parents. The baby boy looked exactly like his father.”**

**“What did she look like?” Siobhan asked.**

**“She was a breath-taking, heart-breaking, beautiful woman. She was tall and slim and had a beautiful face with large luminous gray eyes. They were one of her most compelling features. She was a brunette with close-cut short hair. I suppose I was as much in love with her as a horny fifteen-year old could be. I know I was in lust with her because I got a hard-on almost every time I was around her. I know she must have noticed my attempts to hide it. Her husband kidded me about it once and I just told him I couldn’t help it.”**

**“How old did you say you were you when it happened?”**

**“Fifteen, about a month or so from sixteen.”**

**“And mature enough to appeal to an older, married woman?”**

**“I was certainly sexually-mature enough. I had my first wet dream the summer when I was twelve. After that my interest in sex almost drove me crazy for the next few years. I couldn’t believe all boys were afflicted with hard-ons as frequent and demanding as mine. Before I went through puberty, I never wanted other guys to see me nude because they’d ridicule boys with small cocks. By the time I was fifteen or so, I didn’t have to hide anything. The other boys saw me when I showered at school and I think they were envious.”**

**“How did you meet her?”**

**“I met her husband first. Paul was a helicopter pilot for an oil company, away from home for a week or so on occasion. When Lauren was pregnant with their first child, her doctor placed restrictions on the work she could do and what she could lift. Her husband asked around the neighborhood for a kid who could help her with housework and shopping while he was gone. They lived only two blocks away from my family, I had just got my driver’s permit, and so I suppose I was perfect for the job. My sister was in her last year of high school and more interested in chasing boys than in part-time work. My brother had already started college. My mother encouraged me to take the job. I suppose she thought it would be a good learning experience for me. I’ve often wondered if she knew exactly how good a learning experience it really was.”**

**“I think you’re beginning to break your promise, aren’t you? I’m dying to hear more, but I’ll understand if you want to stop.”**

**“After so many years, when she’s so far away, I don’t suppose any harm could possibly come to her. Anyway, Paul turned out to be one of the most interesting, likable men I’ve ever met. He took me to the gym with him to work out and took me fishing. In a few months, we were almost like older and younger brothers. We even looked enough alike to be brothers, with the same tall slim build, fair skin, hazel eyes, and blond hair. His wife accepted me with just as much warmth and friendship as her husband. I spent a lot of my free time with them.”**

**“Well, was he aware of how sexually developed you were? Was he concerned about leaving you around his wife?”**

**“He saw me naked in the gym every time we went. The second time or so, he commented on the size of my dick but it was such a friendly remark it didn’t bother me. After that, I was relaxed and open with him. The only discomfort I felt was when I compared my body with his. He was taller than I was then, very well developed from his routine at the gym and from his work. He always seemed tanned all over. I was**

tall for my age and on the skinny side, and it was years before my muscles were developed like his.”

“Come on, Kieran. Quit teasing me, damn it. Tell me about losing your virginity. Give me the juicy details! *What happened between you and his wife?*”

“When the baby was a little over six months old, he left on Friday, to be gone longer than usual, almost two weeks. I was supposed to go over on Saturday afternoon to stay with their baby girl, because Lauren told me she wanted to go somewhere. I wasn’t comfortable keeping the baby while she went out but my mother had promised to be there in minutes if I needed help with her. Anyway, that afternoon, I rang the doorbell and she answered wearing a soft purple robe, holding the baby.”

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She sat down again and turned slightly away from me so that I couldn’t see the baby held against her breast. As she did, the loose robe she wore fell open, showing her legs. She quickly covered them again. If one swift glance was correct, she had on little lace-trimmed panties underneath. She settled back in the chair and draped a diaper over her shoulder and breast and the baby’s head.

“You’re early, Kieran. Let me finish feeding the baby and then you can stay with her for a few hours. She’ll probably sleep most of the afternoon.”

I could hardly answer. My heart was beating faster and I couldn’t take my eyes off her. I’d probably seen more of her in shorts and shirt when she was out working in the yard but I’d never seen her in such an intimate situation. I stood watching her and she looked at me or beyond me with a relaxed unfocused stare while the baby nursed.

After a few minutes, she changed the baby from her right breast to her left, trying to hold baby, robe, and diaper to keep herself covered. I saw one momentary flash of rounded breast and then the baby began to suckle noisily again. The combination of sight and sound triggered a reaction in me that couldn’t be controlled. I began to get an erection. Standing there in front of her, my face began to burn. I felt she couldn’t help but see my embarrassment and the bulge in my white tennis shorts. The briefs I wore underneath my shorts held my dick downward, keeping me from getting a full erection, but I could feel the blood pulsing in it.



She looked up from the baby at me and for a moment her eyes held mine. If my eyes could see the question in hers, I'm sure hers could see the pleading in mine. Then she lowered her gaze, looking at the straining bulge in my shorts. After a minute more she looked at my face again. It may have been my fevered imagination but I thought I saw in her eyes a resolution to whatever question she had been pondering.

"Come here, Kieran," she said. "Would you like to see her nurse?"

I stumbled over to her, standing close, looking down at her and the baby. She removed the covering diaper and I could see the little girl with her face buried in her exposed breast. She moved the arm holding her and the baby lost the nipple. For a moment it was exposed and I saw the dark circle around the erect nipple, with a drop of white milk hanging on the end. Then the baby greedily moved her head around, found the nipple, and started sucking again.

"Some day, she'll be a beautiful young woman," she said. "I just hope we can have a son as beautiful as she is."

My eyes were fixed on her breast and the nursing baby. I didn't dare try to speak.

Still looking down at the baby, she reached out with her hand and touched me on the leg. I stepped back, confused about what I should do. She caught me by the hand, pulled me back toward her and again put her hand on my leg just below my shorts. I felt sure my erection would rip out of my shorts. She moved her hand lightly up and down on the side of my leg, almost absent-mindedly, while she continued to watch the baby nurse. I stood paralyzed, heart pounding, face burning with heat. Her hand wandered higher and toward the rear, even under my shorts. She touched me softly again and again, as far as the now too-tight shorts would allow. She even slid her fingers under the elastic of my briefs just behind my leg. My erection probably grew another inch from that one touch.

She looked up into my face again, caught the front waistband of my shorts with her hand, and pulled me closer to her. She looked down at my crotch and then placed her hand against my cock. I held my breath. I couldn't believe what she was doing. She tried to squeeze it through my shorts. I was frozen still, unable to move or speak. Finally, she released the one button at the top and pulled the zipper down. She reached to one side of my shorts, then the other, and tugged them down to my knees. I brought my legs closer together and let my shorts fall to the floor.

For a moment she did nothing except look at my crotch. No other woman had seen me like this since before I started puberty. As a kid I had never cared if my mother or my sister saw me in my underwear but I had become much more private as I grew up.

She reached out to me again, cupped her fingers underneath my balls, and pressed her palm against the length of my cock. I could feel a surge of heat in my face and in my cock. I stood there still unable to move.

Finally she caught the elastic waistband of my briefs and tugged them down. I looked down at the exposed pubic hair and below that the shaft of my cock. With the baby still sucking loudly, she reached out to me again, encircled the base with her fingers, and tugged gently until my dick came free.

The downward angle and the tightness in my shorts had limited my erection before but now it burst into full size and hardness. Within seconds of being released, it rose at a forty-five degree angle to my stomach and the head was totally uncovered. With her fingertips, she lightly touched it, stroking up and down, encircling it, and teasing it. For a few minutes, I stood there and she played with my dick and balls with her eyes closed while the baby nursed. Neither of us said a word.

She released me for a moment, pulled the robe away from her, and uncrossed her legs. I had been right. She was wearing lace-like bikini panties that hardly concealed anything. She spread her legs to my view. From above, I could see little of the area between her thighs except for dark pubic hair and the indentation of a cleft. I could see both breasts, faintly marbled with blue veins, the nipple of the free breast erect.

“Take your shorts off,” she whispered.

I kicked my shorts off over my sneakers and then pulled my briefs down. As I pulled them off my feet, I almost fell, trying to take them off with my shoes still on. Involuntarily I reached out to her shoulder to steady myself. When I straightened up, I kept my hand there with my fingers just touching her bare neck.

As I stood there before her, completely exposed to her, my erection pointing toward her, I saw her for an instant as a mother, almost as my mother, and I knew that, for right or wrong, I was going to fuck her.

She stroked my cock up the shaft toward the head and a drop of clear lubrication appeared. She reached under and held my balls like she was weighing them in her palm. She gave my cock a gentle squeeze and then a stroke from the base toward the head again, bringing forth another drop. Again. The same pattern. A downward stroke, smearing

the lubrication until her hand felt like liquid heat, a touch under my balls, even behind them, the inside of my thighs, again back upward, squeezing toward the head.

She held my cock with her fingers, bending it downward, pointing horizontally toward her. She pulled forward and watched as the foreskin almost covered the head. When my cock was soft, the foreskin more than covered the head, protruding beyond it a little in a wrinkled circle of skin. When it was hard, the foreskin covered only about half the head. She seemed fascinated by it.

“I’ve never seen one that wasn’t circumcised,” she said.

She pulled the skin downward, back toward my stomach, stretching it tight, causing my cock to swell even more. I could see the head turn a deeper red from the renewed surge of blood being pumped into it. Another clear drop of lubrication was brought forth. She caught it with her fingers and rubbed it over the head.

I knew I could come at any second and I wanted to tell her to stop but there was nothing I could say. She could’ve done anything she wanted to me at that moment and I could not have stopped her.

She fixed her eyes on my cock, intent on what she was doing. I knew she had to know the consequences of her actions and so I accepted it too. She was going to make me come, wanted me to come, standing in front of her, while the baby sucked on her breast. She wrapped her hand around the shaft and began to move it up and down, slowly at first, gradually faster until I knew I was about to come.

I felt the first agonizing contraction and watched as the first spurt landed on her breast, almost at the nipple. The next two or three fell on her ribs and stomach, one just on the edge of her panties. The last few oozed out onto her hand. I watched in fascination as she added it to the lubrication that already covered the head and shaft. Finally her touch became too much to bear and I reached down and held her hand still. She looked up into my eyes once again.

“I’ll put the baby to bed. She should sleep now,” she said. “You take the rest of your clothes off.”

She left the room, her robe now open, with the baby still in her arms. I saw for one brief moment her full breasts, her flat stomach with its ivory-colored lace panties, and her full hips. Then the back of the purple robe hid her and the baby from me.

**I bent over, quickly unlaced my shoes, pulled them off and then my socks. As I pulled my shirt over my head, I was unable to see for a moment. When I dropped the shirt to the floor and opened my eyes, she was already coming back into the room and the robe and panties were gone. She was completely naked. I was almost breathless, seeing for the first time a woman's beauty.**

**She walked up to me, looked me up and down, and said, "You're still hard."**

**I looked down at my still-erect cock, uncertain what my response should be. Clearly she had expected it to be soft by now. I wasn't surprised since it was often stayed hard after one orgasm. I had no basis for judging how uncommon that was.**

**"It's too bad you're not tanned all over," she said, and smiled at me. "Perhaps before the summer is over, we can find some way to get rid of that white band around your hips."**

**I realized that she was tanned too, not as dark as me but with no white area around her hips or breasts. Just as I began to wonder why, she wiped the thought out of my head.**

**She took hold of my cock again with one hand and, with the other, cupped my balls. I had the impression that she was measuring, weighing, judging what she held.**

**"Sit down here on the couch with me," she said. "I've got to talk to you before we do anything else."**

**I sat beside her and she took hold of my cock again, softly stroking it.**

**"Kieran, with what we've already done, you've got to understand that I've put my life and my husband's and our marriage in your hands. If you let anyone else learn of this, you'll cause us all big problems."**

**"I understand," I answered. "But why are you doing this? You're married to a good man. I'm just a kid."**

**"You're only partially wrong. I agree Paul's a wonderful man. We love each other very much. We have an almost perfect marriage. There's only one problem, something you might help us with. I'm not going to tell you about it yet. Trust me. He knows what I'm doing. We've talked it over more than once."**

**I couldn't believe what she was telling me, that she and her husband had talked about and agreed to her having sex with me.**

**“The two of you talked about me?” I asked.**

**“He knew when he left what I was going to do. There’s a good reason for it. Believe me and don’t ask any more questions. And don’t refer to yourself as a kid anymore. I know how old you are. In two months, you’ll be sixteen and you’re not a kid. In most of the ways you act, you’re as mature as lots of men. Judging by what I’ve got in my hand, you’re more of a man than most. When I saw the size of this in your shorts, I couldn’t believe it.”**

**“But how do you feel about me?” I asked.**

**“I’m very fond of you, Kieran. You’ve become a close friend. Maybe there’s even some love in my feelings but it’s not the same thing I feel for my husband. When I look at you, it seems like you could be his younger brother. Sometimes it seems like you’re my husband, only ten years younger.”**

**“But what about us? I’m not ready to quit. I don’t want just your right hand.”**

**“Good. I promise you. You’ll have everything you want.”**

**She squeezed my cock and stroked downward, stretching the skin down from the head until I squirmed.**

**“This is beautiful too. Don’t ever let anybody ever tell you it isn’t. When I made you come, that was beautiful to me. Just trust me. When Paul comes back, he’ll talk to you and you’ll understand why we’re doing this.”**

**“Yeah, he’ll talk to me after he kills me,” I said.**

**“No, he won’t. He likes you a lot. He thinks you’re like the younger brother he never had.”**

**“And he says it’s OK for me to f..., do what I want to with you?”**

**“You can say fuck to me, Kieran. And, yes, he says it’s OK for you to fuck me. But I think we’ve done enough talking. I have one more question and I want an honest one-word answer. Are you a virgin?”**

**“Yes,” I answered, embarrassed to admit it.**

**She lay on the couch and lifted one leg to rest on the back, with the other bent and on the floor. As she spread her legs apart, I saw for the**

first time in the flesh a woman's cunt, open, exposed, moist, pink. How can any man ever describe the first time he sees a real cunt? I was surprised at the small ridge or shaft, arising at the very top of the cleft, spreading and thickening until it separated into two small pink lips, like the petals of a flower, inside the darker mounds on either side. Lower down, I could see the small opening there and I was surprised at its placement. I had expected it to be higher, more in front. I wondered how all this mysterious plumbing worked, how she pissed, where the clitoris that I had heard about was located, how the opening could expand enough to hold my cock and how deep it would take me, even how it could expand enough for the baby to come out. To me, it looked as fresh and virginal as any picture I had ever seen.

"Touch it," she said, "I want you to."

I touched it, bringing my finger gently down the small shaft, separating the lips, down to the opening into the depths of her. I inserted my finger perhaps an inch and was amazed at the slippery moistness and heat of her cunt. She caught my wrist and pushed my finger in deeper, then withdrew it and moved my hand so that my finger rubbed over the area just where the lips began to separate. I felt a harder protrusion in the softness and I could tell from the movement of her hips that she liked what we were doing. So I did it by myself, first inserting a finger into her, finding the lubrication there, and then smearing it over the hard bump, side to side, up and down. When I looked at her face, her eyes were closed.

But it was the opening into her that held my interest. I inserted my index finger slowly into her, finding no end to the depth which would limit my cock when I put it in her, amazed at the tightness, the warmth, the lubricated feel of her flesh there.

"Come, get on top of me," she said. "Be careful of my breasts. They're tender and if you put your weight on them, we'll have milk flowing. Keep your body raised above mine and watch your dick as it goes into me."

I moved to position myself the way she told me, holding myself above her with my arms. I was in what I realized was a perfect position when I considered the placement of the opening into her and the angle of my erection. But with no hands free, I couldn't find the right spot to make it go into her. I pushed gently once and it slid off solid flesh and to the right, again and it slid upward toward her stomach, a third time and it slid downward, between her thighs.

**She reached down with one hand and held my cock in the right place. I pushed gently and knew it was right. The head slipped easily into a cauldron of heat and wetness and living flesh.**

**“Be slow and easy as you put it in,” she whispered. “It takes time for a woman’s vagina to adjust to a big dick like yours. Just don’t get in a hurry. We’ll both enjoy it more.”**

**I began slowly by sliding the head into her for just an inch or so, and then withdrawing. Each insertion was as pleasurable or more so than the last. I watched as my cock slid in and out, with each downward stroke opening her up a little more, her cunt taking in a little more of my cock. Slowly her pussy opened and I found new depths to explore. The lubricated friction of her cunt on the shaft and especially the head of my cock was almost too good to bear. My body moved closer and closer to hers as I worked my cock in deeper and deeper. With still an inch of the shaft exposed, she seemed to pull away from me and I stopped, holding myself absolutely still, waiting for a signal from her.**

**She changed her position, bringing her legs upward, bending herself almost in half, my supporting arms behind her knees. She was totally open to me now and I wanted all of my cock in her. I gave one, two, three, long slow strokes and watched as the last of it disappeared into her cunt. I looked up at her face and saw that her eyes were closed and her head was thrown back. I stopped moving and held my dick deep in her with my balls resting against the soft mounds between her thighs.**

**Then she pushed me away with her hands and pulled me closer with hands and legs. With slow movements, I slid the entire length into her and then almost out. I felt her fingernails in my back. I shut my eyes and slowly became engulfed in the red heat of our fucking. My thrusts gradually quickened. Again and again, I buried my cock to the hilt and then withdrew. All too quickly, I knew I was coming again. I stopped my movements, to try to delay and to prolong the pleasure but I was beyond all control. Instinctively, I buried my cock to the depths to let each spasm deposit my semen into the core of her.**

**As the last of my orgasm died away, she moved under me, pressing her body even closer to mine, moving from side to side and back and forth. When the contractions of her orgasm began, I could feel the strong spasmodic gripping and relaxation on the base of my dick. I understood that this was her equivalent to my coming, with her contractions timed at about the same intervals as mine, first strong and then fading.**

**We were both still for a minute or two and, as I slowly became aware again of my surroundings, I realized we were too close to each other.**

My chest was pressed down on her breasts and I felt a warm wetness between us. I raised myself from her and looked down. Both her breasts were wet with milk, white against the rose color of her breasts. She opened her eyes and looked into mine.

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Siobhan interrupted my story for a moment. Her head was resting on my stomach, the tangle of her scarlet hair blocking my view from the mischief she was doing to me, just one little fingernail moving around on my scrotum.

“I don’t understand how her husband could go off and leave her with you. Did he think of you as a kid or as a man? Did she really say that Paul was OK with you fucking his wife?”

“Yeah, she did. He certainly knew how curious I was about sex. When we worked out at the gym, sometimes we’d sit somewhere to cool off before we showered. One day, we started talking about sex. Gradually I relaxed with him and he told me more about sex than I’d ever learned before.

“Did he ever see you with a hard-on like this one?” she asked.

“Once. In the men’s locker area, there was a big shower room with about ten heads. Lots of times, we were the only ones showering. On one occasion, I was washing my cock and I started to get an erection. I looked at Paul and he was watching me and grinning. He started soaping his own cock and he got a hard-on too. I grinned back at him and stroked mine slowly until it was standing like always. We just stood looking at each other. When we heard a door open, Paul reached over, turned off the hot water to my shower, and then did the same to his.

“He knew you were a typical horny kid, I guess. It’s just hard to believe he could leave his wife with you to care for her.”

“When he left, I remember what he said about his wife, that he was leaving me with the two things most precious to him in his life, that he trusted me as he trusted his wife, and that I should listen to her while he was gone, that I was to do whatever she said and it would be okay with him.”

“Finish your story,” she said and then took the head of my cock in her mouth again.

“Can you listen with your mouth full?” I asked.



I suppose “Uummph” qualified as an answer.

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In the shower with Lauren, I couldn't keep my hands off her. I'd never experienced the wonder of a woman's body and I tried to touch her everywhere. Her breasts were still full and heavy and the nipples were soft and small at first. They became larger and harder as I touched them. I wanted to suck on them but I didn't know if I dared. The cheeks of her ass fitted perfectly into my hands and I pulled her closer and curled my fingers around and under.

I had lost my erection with my second orgasm and had been ashamed to let her see my cock when I withdrew. But she had been eager and loving, holding it in her hand even though it was wet and slippery. In the shower with her, it was only half-hard at first. As I pulled her against me, her breasts against my chest, her stomach against mine, my cock nestled between her legs, I felt it begin to grow into another erection.

She put her hand behind my neck, pulled my face to hers, and kissed me for the first time. I closed my eyes and met her at first with my lips together, then her tongue pushed into my mouth, touching mine, and the kiss turned into an open-mouthed battle. We stood with the warm water pouring over us, her naked body pressed against mine, my hands cupping her ass, her hands cupping mine. Our open mouths and tongues were meeting, retreating, and then coming together again. I felt the red heat of sexual desire building again. My cock hardened and lifted between her legs and she opened them to hold it between her thighs. I used my fingertips to press it against her and at the same time moved my hips to slide it back and forth.

She stepped back out of the direct path of the shower and reached for the soap and a washcloth. She washed me, front, and back, under my arms, and finally my dick and balls. I leaned against the shower wall letting her soapy hands have their way with me. I watched as she soaped and stroked it, long after it was more than clean. It was then I learned for the first time the pleasure of rubbing my body, naked and soapy, against a woman's body. Finally, she turned the shower on me and rinsed the suds away, even reaching back between my legs to make sure that area was clear of soap.

When we left the shower, she reached for a towel and handed it to me. She stood before me with her arms held away from her body and I knew what she wanted. I gently dried her off and as I touched her breast one single drop of milk emerged. I stood for a moment looking

at it, wanting to take the nipple in my mouth, but not knowing whether I should or how she would react. She put her hand behind my neck, pulled my face down to her breast, and I sucked gently on the erect nipple and tasted the warm sweetness of her milk in my mouth. She held my head in place while I nursed at her breast, just as her child had done earlier. I would have been content to stay there forever but after a minute or so she pushed me away.

“I want you to stand still, without moving. I’m going to do something my husband says every man’s loves.”

I didn’t know what she meant and I stood puzzled while she folded the towel into a pad and put it on the floor in front of me. When she kneeled down, I realized what she was going to do.

She took my cock in her hand and squeezed it and stroked back toward the base, placing an exquisite tension on the sensitive skin and head. She brought it downward, to a ninety-degree angle, pointing directly at her face. With her other hand, she played with my balls, teasing gently with her fingernails in the area just behind them. Finally she leaned forward with open lips and took the head of my cock into her mouth.

In the years since, I’ve thought about that moment over and over. I believe that’s when I realized a woman could completely accept my male sexuality and could match it with a hunger just as intense. Since then I’ve never felt shame or guilt in anything I do sexually. She’s the one she gave me the freedom to accept my sexuality and that of women and totally enjoy both.

At first she took only the head into her mouth. I could feel her lips gripping the shaft and her tongue moving against the sensitive area just under the head. She was careful with her teeth but occasionally I felt their hardness and experienced a touch of anxiety.

She sucked on the head, sliding it out of her mouth, while with one hand she pulled the skin on my shaft back toward my belly. With her other hand, she touched the inside of my legs and I spread them slightly. She reached between back to my buttocks and ran her hand over them and then the fingertips down the crack between them. Then back again to my ass, pulling forward just an inch or so and then releasing and I began to move the head of my cock in and out of her mouth.

With one hand she held my cock down, angled into her mouth. The other hand was all over the area she could reach. The combination of mouth and groping hand gradually brought me to a state of sexual unconsciousness in which I was that part of my body she was touching.

All awareness of who I was, where I was, or the outside world faded away.

I felt the first faint buildup of another orgasm. Would she want me to come in her mouth? What would she do with it? I put my hand on her head and tried to push her away, to signal to her that I was about to come.

Maybe she understood but she refused to stop. I gave up completely to what she was doing and surrendered to the pleasure of her mouth and hands on me. I felt the first almost-painful crest and release of tension and then the point of no return was reached and my body reacted by pouring out my semen. Through it all, she kept her mouth on my cock, swallowing, almost gagging, but evidently determined to see it through to the end. When the last contraction had faded away, she moved away from me and looked at the head of my cock. With her hand, she milked it downward, bringing out the last oozing drops and then she took it in her mouth again and swallowed.

I stood still through it all and watched in disbelief at the last of her performance. She stood up, smiled at me, and began to push me out of the bathroom.

“Go in the kitchen,” she said, “and fix us a glass of iced tea. You’ll find a pitcher in the refrigerator.”

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Siobhan interrupted my story again. I was propped against the head of the bed, my legs extended straight and together. She was sitting quietly astride me, leaning forward over me, my cock buried in the depths of her. Between us, I could see only the mixed tangle of her red pubic hair and my blond hair.

“I like to suck your cock, too,” she said. “It makes me all hot and wet in my cunt, just to know how much pleasure it gives you. Does it affect you that way, when you use your mouth and tongue on me?”

“Yeah, the taste and smell do something to my cock. I’ve always got a raging hard-on when I’m down there on you.”

“How many times did you come that afternoon?” she asked.

“Four times.”

“You’ve only told me about three. Finish your story.”

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I made large glasses of iced tea for both of us and stood, leaning against the kitchen counter, drinking, while I waited for her. I wondered what was next, if anything, on our agenda. I was unsure whether she would want any more from me or, if she did, whether I could give it. Somewhere deep inside myself, I knew I wanted to fuck her again. But I had never had three orgasms in the space of a few hours before. I didn't know whether I could have a fourth.

I heard water running and splashing in the bathroom and I wondered what she was doing. A few minutes, she joined me in the kitchen, still completely nude. I could not take my eyes off her. Her full breasts and rounded hips, all the curves and valleys, held me fascinated. She drank from her glass of tea and then stood still looking at me.

Slowly, deliberately, she lowered her eyes, looking up and down my body the same way I had looked at her. Her gaze settled on my dick, completely soft now, and my balls, relaxed and hanging lower too. We both stood, leaning against the kitchen cabinets, drinking the iced tea, and talking. After a while, she found cold ham in the refrigerator and a loaf of bread. We stood, slicing off bites, dipping them in mustard, and eating them with bread.

Finally she brought up the subject I had been thinking about. "Do you want to go to bed with me, to learn how to make love to a woman, to please her as well as yourself?" she asked.

"Sure," I answered, "but I don't know what to do. I don't know what you expect from me."

"The first time I touched you, a couple of hours ago, you came within a couple of minutes. The second time, about thirty minutes later, when you were inside me, you probably lasted three minutes. And the third time, you probably only took about four minutes. I didn't time you. Those are only guesses."

"Are you saying I'm too quick to come, that I should last longer?"

"No, at your age, as new as sex is to you, I don't think you could have done anything different. The point I want to make is that you can learn to control what you do, to prolong it. When you do, you'll understand that sex can be a long wonderful journey. When you arrive, when you come, it can be doubly pleasurable. Would you let me teach you?"

"Yes, but let me go to the bathroom first."

**“I’ll be waiting for you in bed. When you’re through, bring the bottle of baby oil from the shelf and two towels.”**

**In the bathroom, I lifted the toilet seat lid and tried to relieve myself quietly, aiming the stream against the side, not directly into the water. My bladder was distended from the long delay and from the iced tea. I shuddered in relief.**

**As I turned, I noticed a bar of soap near the sink. I picked it up and smelled it, recognizing it as one I had smelled on her before. On impulse, I turned on the hot water and scooped it up to pour it over my cock. I worked up lather in my hands, washed my cock and balls clean, and then rinsed and dried everything.**

**I had never been in her bedroom before. When I walked in, she had drawn the drapes and had left only one dim light burning, on a chest directly opposite the bed.**

**She was on the bed, propped up on pillows, her legs together, and crossed. As I walked over to the foot of the bed, she spread her legs slowly, exposing herself to me. The word cunt popped up in my mind and I knew all the absurd images I had connected with the word didn’t compare with the reality of what I saw. As I watched, she bent her knees and spread them, letting me see clearly in the light shining down on her.**

**For years afterward, whenever my memory brought up an image of her, it’s the way she was then. Her eyes were fixed on my face. Her short hair was tousled on the pillow. Her breasts were still full, even lying down, but the nipples were soft and relaxed now, hardly protruding. Below her rib cage, her stomach was a shallow bowl. And then there was the part I knew my eyes would never tire of seeing. At the base of her stomach, a soft mound rose, covered with light brown hair, the hair curling downward between her legs. Her knees were bent upward, exposing to me the soft insides of her thighs and the cheeks of her ass. There in the center of it all was the eternal mystery of a woman. I wanted to touch her, to taste and see her, and ultimately to bury my cock inside her again. She reached down with one hand and spread the lips wider until I could see the moist, pink flesh. She held out her other hand toward me and I lay down beside her.**

**“I want you to use your sense of touch to become familiar with a woman’s body. Spread the towels out on the bed.”**

**As I did, she picked up the bottle of baby oil, handed it to me, and then lay down on her stomach. I needed no further instruction. I coated my hands with the oil and started with her shoulders, gently massaging**

her. Then I moved to her feet and gradually up her legs toward her ass. At first she kept her legs close together but, when I began to knead her ass and to run my fingertips down the crack, she spread her legs, giving me the opportunity to explore there.

After a few minutes, she turned over. I started again, at her shoulders and her breasts. Then down to her legs, back to her stomach, down to her thighs, gradually moving toward the center of her. Again she spread her legs, wider this time. I teased the small inner lips, watching them separate, almost as if of their own will, until her cunt was totally open to me. She caught my hand and held it still and I looked back to her face.

“Now just smell me. Then taste me,” she whispered.

I was surprised at what she said. It was exactly what I wanted to do. I closed my eyes, leaned half across her, and burrowed my face in the curve of her shoulder and throat. The smell of her flesh and the soap she had used and the baby oil I had rubbed on her - all filled my nose. I opened my mouth to bring my lips and tongue into contact with her. Then, with eyes still closed, I moved downward toward her breasts. At first I just rubbed my face and lips against them, avoiding the nipples, teasing her, waiting for encouragement from her. Finally she put her hands behind my head and guided my mouth to the nipple. It was erect against my tongue. I played with it, gently sucking, trying to get a response from her. After a minute, her hands tightened their grip and she pulled me harder against her. I began to nurse at her breast again, just like her baby had done earlier, trying to pull the milk from her. When the sweet, warm milk began to spread over my tongue, I felt the first surge of a new erection beginning.

I moved my head downward, toward her stomach, my tongue tracing a trail from breast to navel. Underneath her skin, I could feel her stomach muscles tighten. I waited, wanting to explore further, hoping for her approval, but unsure. Then she put her hands against my head and pushed me gently downward.

I sat up suddenly and looked at her face, to be sure that she wanted what I wanted. Her smile was answer enough.

I changed my position, moving lower on the bed, directly between her legs. I put my hands under her knees and lifted and spread them until her legs were raised, open, inviting me to the mystery between them.

Lying flat on my stomach, I closed my eyes and moved closer to her. My cheek grazed against her thigh and I followed it downward, closer and closer to her. I felt the first tickling touch of the hair surrounding her

cunt against my lips and nose. I inhaled deeply, trying to draw in the scent of her. I smelled the soap and baby oil but mixed with an aroma I had never smelled before. I explored the area between her thighs using only my nose and lips, keeping my hands on her legs, determined to give her the same pleasure she had given me earlier.

When I began to use my tongue, I encountered only the tangle of pubic hair and so I briefly opened my eyes to find my way. I traced down the small shaft toward the opening below. Where the inner lips of her cunt began to open out, I felt a small hard bump, almost a protrusion. I knew I had finally found her clitoris and I used my tongue to tease it. She responded by opening her legs wider and, with her hands on my head, pulling me against her. For a minute or two I let her hold me there.

I wanted the last of her, just as she had earlier completely surrendered her mouth to me and used it to accept the semen she sucked from me. I moved my mouth and tongue lower, seeking the opening into her. My nose was filled with the musky scent of her, my mouth and lips and tongue wet with the secretions from her. I tried to use my tongue to penetrate her. She was moving against my face now, unable to hold still. Finally, I began to lick her, from the lowest reaches between her thighs, over the wet opening into her, over the hard protrusion, back again and again. I was drowning in her. I continued, losing awareness of anything but the scent and taste and feel of her cunt. I stopped for a moment and, on my knees, rose up to look at her. She was spread before me like a feast. While she watched, I took my cock in one hand and held it, wanting to bury it in her. I waited for her instructions, determined to bring her to orgasm with my mouth and tongue, if that was what she wanted.

Without a word, she pulled me further up the bed, beside her and pushed me down on my back. She straddled my legs, just looking down at me for a moment. Then taking my cock in her hand, she began what I can only describe as milking it. She squeezed at the base and stroked upward, toward the head, while her thumb pressed against the underside of the shaft. After a few strokes, I saw a drop of clear lubrication appear and she rubbed it over the head. When the head of my cock was coated and slippery to her touch, she moved upward over it. Her head was bent downward so she could watch what she was doing but her hair blocked my view. When she again took my cock in her hand, holding it into position, I knew what was about to happen.

She was wide open and wet so that the head of my cock slid into her quickly. She held herself just on the tip of it, moving around and around, in and out, head hanging, watching. I closed my eyes, lost in the sensations, unmoving, letting her have her way.

She continued for a few minutes, finding her own pleasure. I could hear her breathing become louder and more rapid. Then she changed her pattern, lowering her hips so that more of my cock slid into her. Gradually she took it in, now with slow, long, up and down movements. When she reached the base of the shaft she slowed. She seemed to be searching for something, her movements now jerky, not at all as rhythmical as before. I held back, determined to let her find her own way.

She threw her head back, face upward, and I looked at her and saw her eyes were closed. When I looked downward, I could hardly see where my cock was buried in her. Her pubic hair was entangled in mine. When she moved upward slightly, I could see the base of my cock as it disappeared into her, the lips of her cunt red and glistening with wetness, stretched wide to hold me. Then downward again, until I felt her pubic bone against mine. With one hand, she reached down between us, until her fingertips disappeared in our mingled pubic hair. I watched in fascination as she began to rub her clitoris using a slow circular motion. At last she found the combination that brought her to release. I felt the series of contractions begin, gripping the base of my cock, releasing, squeezing again, stronger, then gradually fading away. She rolled over and pulled me on top of her, my cock still inside her. When she opened her eyes, I saw tears there.

“Now fuck me,” she said.

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Siobhan put her fingers over my mouth and stopped my story. She’d been squirming for a few minutes, still sitting astride me with my dick buried in her steaming pussy.

“Damn, that is hot, Kieran. You remember where you are in the story. I’m going for a ride and then you can finish telling it.”

We both went for a ride. It was a short one and she finished first but I came in second behind her.

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Lauren’s cunt was dripping wet now, hotter than ever, gripping my cock with a pleasure I’d never known was possible. I began to slide it in and out, slowly at first.

With her hands, she brought my head downward to hers, her open mouth against mine. Her tongue teased me and I pushed mine into her



mouth, fucking her that way as I fucked her below. I shoved my cock into her cunt unmercifully, in to the hilt, out as far as possible without losing contact, and then in and out again, taking my pleasure with no thought for hers. I couldn't stop and neither could I find the orgasm I wanted. Her legs were wrapped around me, pulling me against her even harder. I slammed against her, shoving it in, with no tenderness or care, fucking her with a savage desperation.

She began to come again, rigid, whimpering into my open mouth, wave after wave of contractions squeezing her cunt around my plunging cock. In some recess of my brain, I marveled at how she could come again so soon and that it could last so long.

Finally, something triggered my own orgasm and the first strong contractions began inside me and flowed downward and out of me. I shoved my cock to the depths of her one last time, wanting to bury myself entirely in her. We were both still, rigid, muscles locked, while my body poured out its semen in a series of long, drawn-out waves.

When I became conscious of my surroundings again, my head was buried in Lauren's throat and shoulder with my nose in her hair. I could hear the baby playing in the other room, making noises to herself, rattling something in her crib. Lauren held me still against her, making no effort to push me away.

Finally she quietly said, "I want you to get dressed and go now. Don't try to say anything. Remember your promise to me. When my husband comes back, we'll talk to you and you'll understand."

I pushed back away from her, my cock still in her cunt, soft now but still swollen. I watched for one last time, as I pulled it reluctantly, slowly, out of her. It was covered with my own semen and her fluids, even the pubic hair around the base. Her cunt was open, the lips red now, the white froth of our fucking streaked over them. As I watched my cock leave her, one last wet string momentarily stretched from the head of my cock back into the depths of her. While I watched, the connection broke. White drops, either from my body or hers, oozed out of her, downward, into the crack of her ass. I watched, still fascinated, shuddering that I could still want more of her when I knew I was no longer capable of any sexual act.

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Through the last of my story, Siobhan had been silent, lying quietly curled up beside me.

"Did you ever make love to her again?" she asked.

**“You asked me to tell you how I lost my virginity. I’ve told you that? Why would you want to know more?”**

**She laughed softly. “A good storyteller always gives the listener one last touch, to raise curiosity about what happened next.”**

**“Then I’ll tell you this. Before the summer was over, I found out why Lauren and Paul were both tanned all over. They invited me to spend some weekends at their cabin with them. It was totally isolated. Before the summer was over, I was as tanned as they were.”**

**“A good storyteller also pulls all the parts of his story together. I don’t understand why she, and especially her husband, wanted her to make love with you.”**

**“Her husband was infertile. They’d spent thousands trying to conceive the first time, before they decided to try artificial insemination. The whole process was very difficult for them. It was especially difficult accepting the fact that they could never know who the sperm donor was and how closely the donor’s genetic traits would match theirs. They were very happy with their little girl but they decided to do it their own way with their second child.”**

**“What do you mean?” my wife asked.**

**“They decided that the sperm donor would be someone they knew, who would inseminate Lauren in the old-fashioned way. I told you their boy looked exactly like his father. They even named him after me.”**

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**Sunday was a quiet calm day. A slow misty rain was falling and we decided to stay home and just play with the kids. We pushed the living room furniture back against the walls, spread some old quilts on the carpet, and had a picnic indoors. Afterwards, while Kerry napped, we tried to teach Kavan and Arial how to play Monopoly. I was amazed again at how well Arial could read for a first grader. Her mother had done a great job teaching her. Even after Kerry woke up, we wanted to keep playing but he couldn’t understand why we didn’t want him playing with all the little houses. We ended up in another wrestling match and Kavan and Arial held me down while Kerry tried to blow obscene noises on my stomach. He just succeeded in slobbering all over me.**

**We fed them in the kitchen and then read to them for a while until it was time for their bath. When they complained, we reminded them**

that they'd gone to bed without one Saturday night. We took them to the bathroom and stripped all three. Usually if we ran them through the tub, Siobhan or I would get naked too because we knew we'd be drenched before we got through. This time, we both stripped.

Kavan and Arial knew the nightly-bath routine. Kavan lifted the commode seat, peed, and put the seat back down for Arial. She crawled on the throne and tinkled. When she got off, she lifted the seat again and waited for Kerry. If he'd learned the routine, he'd forgotten it; he was playing with his penis. Arial finally coaxed him into trying and she tried again to show him how. His legs were just long enough standing on the little bench I'd made for him. He finally started peeing and then forgot to watch and started peeing on the floor on one side. Arial yelled at him and he half-turned and started laughing and peeing in her direction. He ran dry before he sprayed all of us.

After order was restored to chaos, I cleaned up the floor and Arial started begging me and Siobhan to shower with them.

"Princess, we can't all get in the shower at the same time," I explained, "It's too small. It'll hold two grown-ups or one grown-up and two kids, maybe three. It won't hold all five of us."

"Let's get in the tub then," she said and Siobhan laughed.

"Arial, we can't all get in the tub either," she said. "We can hardly get all three of you kids in it at once anymore. Even your father and I can't get in there together very well."

"Well, one of you could get in the tub with Kerry and then me and Kavan could get in the shower with the other," Arial said. She looked up at both of us and smiled at her solution.

We did what she suggested. Siobhan bathed with Kerry while I showered with Kavan and Arial. By the time we got them bathed, teeth brushed, pajamas on and read to, Siobhan and I were both just about exhausted. When they were finally tucked in and kissed good night, I went in the kitchen and opened myself a reward, a cold beer. A few minutes later, Siobhan got herself a glass of wine and joined me.

"Honey, we've talked about it long enough. We're going to have to get ourselves a bigger house," I said.

She signed and nodded. "I guess so. We've got a good down payment saved. I'll do a cash flow analysis for us and see how much of a monthly mortgage payment we could afford. I just hope we can find one where the kids will be close to a good school. Let's start thinking about what

**we want in a new house. You make me a list of what you want and I'll do my list."**

**"A swimming pool," I said. "A Jacuzzi."**

**"If it pushes the mortgage payment too high, you can't have either one," she answered.**

**"Yes, I know, you're the financial analyst. But I've got three kids I'd love to play with in a pool, all of us naked. It sure would be nice."**

**"You've got four kids, Kieran," she said. "Maybe it's three kids and a teen-age son. How old would he be now?"**

**I hadn't really thought about him that much over the years, except once in a while when some weird thing reminded me of what I'd done for Lauren and Paul. I'd only seen him once when he was a baby and Paul and I'd agreed then that it was best if they didn't keep in touch with me. I did a quick mental computation.**

**"Damn, you're right. He'd be seventeen, the same age I was when he was born. I'm twice as old as he is now."**

**"Do you ever think about him and wonder what his life is like, what he's like?"**

**"Occasionally. I don't worry about him. I knew Paul and Lauren pretty well. I'm sure they're good parents to him. Hell, they really are his parents, not me. Paul's his dad, not me."**

**"I wonder what he looks like," she said.**

**"Well, I only saw him once when he was about two years old. You already know what he looked like then."**

**Siobhan looked at me, puzzled. "What do you mean?"**

**"Last time I saw him, he looked exactly like Kerry does now. Look at Kerry and you're looking at him when he was two."**

## **Chapter Ten**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS:**

**Kieran Stuart, 34 in story, 15 in flashback; Siobhan Stuart, 33; Kavan Stuart, 7; Arial Stuart, 6; Kerry Stuart, 2; Paul Andersen, 26 in flashback; Lauren Andersen, 23 in flashback**

**TELLING THE STORY:**

**Kieran Stuart**

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**(KIERAN)**

**I herded the kids back into the car while Siobhan stood looking at the beautiful old Victorian house. Framed by huge trees on each side, beautifully painted in all the colors of the rainbow, the house had an unreal fairy-tale look to it. When Siobhan and the kids were settled, I drove down the dirt road to one side of the house, past three small rustic buildings, to the one I'd reserved for us.**

**"Well, there it is. Our luxurious weekend retreat. What do you think?"**

**"Kieran, it looks...it's... well, it looks like a tobacco barn."**

**"It was, years ago. But just wait 'til you see the inside."**

**I had been looking for a place in the country but close to home where we could take the kids for a weekend. A friend at work told me of a place where he'd taken his family. It was like a bread and breakfast place, out in the country, and it catered especially to families with young kids. I checked it out and it looked like exactly what I wanted. The guy who told me about the place said it was a family place, run by a husband and wife, both in their forties, and four kids. He said the husband did all the cooking and it was almost gourmet food.**

**I decided to let it be a surprise to Siobhan and the kids. I told them only that we'd be out in the country and all we had to take was stuff like jeans and sweatshirts and sneakers. I took off from work early on Friday afternoon and we were at our weekend destination before five o'clock.**

**Siobhan was impressed with the beautifully-restored Victorian house where we checked in. It was a huge old house with a wide porch on three sides and with rocking chairs scattered around the porch. Inside, on the left of the center hall, we saw a living room with beautiful antiques and a big stone fireplace, with a wood fire burning. To the left, we saw a dining room with two huge tables and small tables against the wall. There was a desk in the center hall with a bell to ring to call for**

help. When the woman, the wife, told us we'd be in Cabin 4 to the left of the house, I think Siobhan was disappointed that we wouldn't be staying in the house.

I drove down the dirt road to the left of the house and we saw a small lake or pond with people fishing and four cabins or houses under the huge hardwood trees on the hillside. Each of the guest cottages was different but they all looked old and simple. The first one was a small tin-roofed house with board and batten siding. The second one, with the same sort of roof and siding, looked like it had been a barn of some kind. I knew they had all been moved from some other location and reconstructed on the hillside. My friend had recommended the one I'd requested for us.

I parked and we sat looking at the cabin or barn or house, whichever it was. It was constructed of logs, tightly caulked with something white. From where we were parked, I could see one small window on one side and an entryway on the side near us with a large planked cover that slid in a metal track at the top.

"Kieran, I thought you said this was going to be luxurious," Siobhan said. "I didn't think we'd be roughing it in something like this."

I looked at her and she didn't look like she was happy with what I'd done. "Just wait," I said.

I helped the kids out again and they led the way over the stones leading to the entry. There was nothing to indicate how to get inside except for a rustic lever to one side of the planked cover. I pulled the lever down and heard the hum of a motor start up. The cover slowly slid ten feet or so to one side and there was a door with beautiful stained glass in the top. I used the key I'd been given and we all went inside.

We entered a central hallway with doors leading off to both the right and left. I opened one and found a small bedroom with two sets of bunk beds that would sleep four and an antique chest against the wall under the single window. I let Siobhan open the other door. It led to the bathroom. There was a huge Jacuzzi on one side, a commode and bidet against another, and a counter with two sinks on the third. Shelves over the commode and bidet had stacks of clean white towels. Baskets on the counter held caches of soap and other toiletries. I looked at Siobhan and saw she was smiling.

"Just wait," I said.

"I want a tub like that in our new house," she said.

We went down the rest of the hallway and into the one huge room that occupied the rest of the house. I crossed to the far wall and pulled the heavy drapes back and light filled the room. The wall was largely four sets of French doors opening out to a screened porch and overlooking the lake. Most of the furniture looked like antiques except for the two large couches. A king-size bed dominated one end of the room. Someone with decorating skills had done their magic on the furnishings. I looked at Siobhan again and she was smiling even more.

“It is luxurious, Kieran,” she said. “Thanks for bringing us.”

“I’m putting a king-size bed like that on my want list,” I said.

We heard the loud clang of a bell and I knew what that meant. The bell was rung at five-thirty every day to remind guests that dinner would be served at six o’clock. We walked back and saw other people on the porch and kids playing under the trees in the yard. Kavan and Arial were eager to play too; they were never shy in meeting other kids. I’d carried Kerry part of the way back so I put him down to play too.

Dinner was an Italian buffet - spaghetti with meatballs and sausage, lasagna, vegetables and salads and bread. The smell of the bread alone was enough to make me hungry. I suppose it affected Siobhan and the kids the same way. We were all stuffed when we went back to the porch. Again, we sat and talked with the other guests while the kids played in the yard. Even though the day was a little cool, Kavan and Arial and Kerry were hot and sweaty from running wild when we finally walked back to our cabin.

As soon as we were back in the cabin, I started the water filling the Jacuzzi. Siobhan started stripping the kids and I pinned Kerry down and held him while I got him naked. I picked him up and sat him on the pot and he even peed with no protest.

Kavan started to use the bidet to pee while Arial was sitting on the commode. I’d never used one and I don’t suppose it would have hurt to let him pee in it but I stopped him and explained that some grown ups liked to use it to wash.

“Wash what?” Arial asked, sitting there on the toilet with her legs demurely together. She started to reach for the toilet paper and Siobhan stopped her.

“Sit there just a minute,” she said. “I’ll show you. A lady should know how to use the bidet.”

She looked at the water controls, figured out how they worked, and adjusted the water temperature to her touch. She held out her hand to Arial.

“Now, come over here and sit down on it.”

Arial still wasn't convinced it was a good idea.

“But I'll get all wet if I sit on that,” she protested.

“It's OK, Princess,” I said. “That's the idea. You can let the water clean you instead of using toilet paper.”

By the time Siobhan and I undressed, all three of the kids had tried the bidet and decided they liked it. I think Kavan would have stayed there, legs spread, playing with his penis with the warm water spraying over it. He even popped a nice little boner while we all watched. After they'd all had a turn, they clamored for Siobhan to try it. She did and then I had to take a turn too to satisfy them. I didn't pop a boner but it did feel good.

“Do you want one of these in your new house?” I asked Siobhan, sitting there.

She smiled down at me. “Not especially. There're lots of other things I want more.”

I checked the water temperature in the Jacuzzi and turned the water jets on while everyone watched. I held out my hand to Siobhan and she took it and stepped in. I picked up Kerry, handed him to her and then helped Arial in next. When I offered my hand to Kavan, he pushed it to one side and crawled in by himself. I waited until they were half settled to see if there was a spot for me. There was, at the end of the tub opposite Siobhan. I even found I could stretch out my legs if I was careful where I put my feet.

I think the kids would have stayed in the Jacuzzi all night. Siobhan and I loved it too but I got tired of kids squirming and playing and kneeling me in the wrong places while they tried to swim. I decided it was time to get them ready for bed.

We let Kavan and Arial dry off by themselves and they did OK on their fronts and left their backs to us. I held Kerry while Siobhan rubbed him all over with a towel so big we could have wrapped him up in it. We finally got to dry ourselves while Kavan and Arial started digging in the basket of toiletries on the counter. They started taking the different



bottles out and sitting them on the counter. Kavan read out the names and what the contents were for and Arial separated them by use.

“I want some spring garden lotion,” Arial said.

“I don’t want flowers,” Kavan said. “Find me something else.”

“What are you kids doing?” Siobhan asked.

“These are body lotions,” Arial said, gesturing at one group of small bottles. “We want to put some on us. Can we, please?”

“OK,” Siobhan said, “each of you pick a bottle and bring it to the bed.”

She took another big towel off the rack and led the procession into the bedroom. The kids didn’t just pick a bottle; Kavan and Arial brought four little hands full; even Kerry brought two little bottles. I helped Siobhan turn down the comforter and blanket on the king-size bed and she spread the big towel out in the middle of the bed.

“OK, she said, “who’s first?”

Arial said Kerry and nobody objected so I picked him up, sat him down on the towel, and the kids crawled up on the bed. When they were settled, Siobhan lay down on one side and I went around the bed and got in on the other side.

I suppose Kerry had no idea what we were doing but he quieted down as soon as Kavan and Arial stated rubbing him on his stomach and chest with lotion. Arial lingered a little too long rubbing him between his fat little legs and he sprung a nice little erection. Arial started giggling and Kerry had a big grin on his face. I grabbed him, rolled him over on his stomach, held out one hand, and Kavan squirted lotion on my palm. I rubbed Kerry’s beautiful little butt for a minute and then left him to the mercies of Kavan and Arial. They rubbed him from feet to neck while he lay quietly for a change. When they stopped, he flipped back over and his boner was still there, angled up over his stomach. Arial giggled again and then used one finger to press it down against his stomach. When she let it go, she said “sproing,” and it sprang back up at the same angle over his stomach. All I could do was shake my head, wondering where she got such ideas.

Kavan wanted to go next and Arial let him. He stretched out on his stomach and Siobhan and Arial and I rubbed him from feet to neck too. Arial did his butt and I don’t know which of them enjoyed it more. When he flipped over, he had a nice boner too, about three inches of dick, if I counted the foreskin sticking out at the tip. He grinned proudly

at all of us, as he always did when he had a hard-on. We rubbed lotion on his front side too but nobody put anything on his protrusion. Finally he told us to what he wanted. "Do my dick too, somebody." Arial didn't hesitate. She did his dick too, rubbing lotion all over his little penis and scrotum. I looked at Siobhan and she was grinning just as big as I was.

She leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Just wait, little boy; I'll do your dick after the kids are in bed."

"Sproing me too, Arial," Kavan said. She did, not once but a number of times. I wondered if it were possible for her to give him an orgasm because he was evidently enjoying it. We might have found out if Kerry hadn't started helping put the lotion on Kavan. Siobhan put a little on his hand and he slapped Kavan on the stomach with his open hand and then tried to crawl on top of him. Siobhan decided it was time to do the next one. "It's Arial's turn now."

Arial stretched out on her stomach first, with her face turned toward me. I started on her back but she told me what she wanted. "Rub my butt, Dad." I rubbed her butt while Kavan did her back and Siobhan did her legs. I watched as she closed her eyes. From the look on her face, I knew she liked it too.

Kerry crawled onto Arial's back, sat down, and bounced up and down a few times. He started saying "Giddiyup," bouncing, and then saying it again. It was the same thing I said when I gave him a ride on my back. Arial didn't giddiyup and he rolled off and started trying to crawl on my back. I wrestled him down and around and held him still.

Arial turned over and stretched out and waited for us to do her front. Siobhan and Kavan and I did her chest and stomach and legs. When Kavan started to reach between her legs, she spread them just a little for him, but Siobhan caught and held his hand just in time. I'd been avoiding that area and I suppose I wasn't sure why. Arial raised her head and looked at her Mother. Kavan had a quizzical look on his face.

"You mustn't rub Arial down there with lotion, Kavan," Siobhan said. "It's OK to put it on your penis but you mustn't put it in Arial's vagina. It's very sensitive there, like your eyes, and it might burn."

I guess I felt a sense of relief. I hadn't been bothered at all when I rubbed lotion on her soft smooth little butt. I'd held her lots of times with my hand on her fanny, occasionally when she was naked, but I usually avoided touching her between her legs except when I was bathing her. Even then I usually touched her with a washcloth. It just seemed like something I shouldn't do.

**“It’s Mom’s turn now,” I said.**

**We all gave Siobhan’s back and butt and legs a good rubbing with lotion. When she turned over, I started with her breasts and Kavan decided to help me. I wondered if he knew what it meant when her nipples stood up. She kept her legs together but nobody tried to rub her between the legs.**

**I wasn’t sure whether I should take a turn. My dick was half swollen but still hanging down. I knew it wouldn’t take much to make it change its angle. Siobhan and the kids started on my back and even let Kerry get on me and try to get me to giddyup. I wasn’t about to move. It felt too good. I did move a couple of times when I lifted my hips a little to let my dick change its position as it got hard.**

**“OK, turn over now, Dad,” Arial said. I didn’t move.**

**“Come on, Dad, turn over,” Kavan said. I didn’t move.**

**“Kieran, turn over,” Siobhan said.**

**“I can’t,” I said.**

**“Why not?” Siobhan asked, but she giggled and I knew she knew why.**

**“I’m going to sleep.”**

**“Not yet, Dad,” Arial said, “We’ve got to do your front.”**

**“No, I can’t. I’m tired and it’s just so hard to turn over.”**

**Siobhan giggled again. She knew what I meant.**

**“Kieran, I thought you weren’t going to hide anything from the kids,” she said.**

**“I’m not hiding anything.”**

**“Mom, make him turn over,” Arial said, giggling. “I’ll bet his dick’s stiff like Kavan’s was. Why doesn’t he want us to see it? Kavan didn’t mind.”**

**“Turn over, Kieran,” Siobhan said, laughing. “The kids have seen it stiff before.”**

**“I don’t think they need to start sproinging my dick too.”**

**“Oh, turn over, Dad,” Arial said. “I won’t sproing you.” She was still giggling and I knew better than to trust her.**

**“Come on, Kieran,” Siobhan said. “Turn over. Are you ashamed to let your kids see you? You said you weren’t going to be.”**

**I turned over and looked around. I saw three sets of eyes looking at my dick. Kerry was trying to stand on his head and his butt was in the air and he couldn’t have cared less what we were doing. I had a real boner, about as stiff as it ever gets, and it was standing up at an angle over my stomach.**

**Siobhan reached over, pushed it down against my stomach, and let it go. As it sprang back up, she said, “sproing,” and then she and Kavan and Arial erupted into laughter.**

**“You’re a traitor!” I yelled.**

**“Well, I didn’t say I wouldn’t sproing you,” Siobhan said, and she reached toward it again. I tried to swat her hand away but I was a little slow the second time. I was even slower the third time. And the fourth.**

**Arial and Kavan started trying to get to me, yelling “My turn.” I tried to fight them off but they wouldn’t leave me alone until they sproinged me a few times each. Siobhan finally came to my rescue.**

**“Alright, you kids settle down, now,” she said. “We’re going to turn the lights out and get quiet and then you’re going to bed.”**

**“Can I sleep on the top bunk, Mom?” Kavan asked.**

**“May I,” Siobhan said.**

**He looked puzzled. We usually tried to correct his grammar but we’d never bothered with this one.**

**“Can I means you’re asking if you’re able to, Kavan,” I said. “May I means you want permission. Which is it?”**

**“I don’t know, Dad,” he said. “I just want to sleep on the top bunk.”**

**“Sure, Son,” I said, “the top bunk is yours.”**

**I rolled off the bed and turned out the lights. When I opened the drapes in front of the French doors, I could see an almost-full moon shining on the lake down the hill. I went back to the bed and sat down, looking out. Siobhan moved over beside me and the kids crawled over and sat down**

too. Kerry almost fell off the bed and I grabbed him and held him while we all sat quietly and looked at the lake.

“You kids lay down now and be quiet,” Siobhan said. “Your Dad and I are going to make up a story for you and then we’ll let you go to bed. OK?”

When they were all settled, I pulled up the blanket and hugged Arial and Kavan to me while Siobhan held Kerry. We made up a silly story that involved the shenanigans of, what else, three small kids. It wasn’t long before Kerry was asleep and Arial and Kavan were yawning. They didn’t protest when we took them to bed. I carried Kerry into the small bedroom and put him in a bottom bunk. Kavan climbed up the ladder to a top bunk like it was nothing new and flopped. Arial crawled in below Kavan and held out her arms for a good night kiss.

When we went back in the big room to our bed, I started to pull the drapes closed.

“Leave them open,” Siobhan whispered. I turned and looked at her. The hair on her head and between her thighs looked black in the dim light. I stood looking at her, my heart full to do anything else.

When she got in the bed, I followed and we lay quietly close to each other, her head on my shoulder, my arm around her shoulders. She started playing with the few hairs in the middle of my chest, something she often did when we were quiet together. I was in no hurry to do anything. I knew what we’d do before the night was over.

“I don’t really believe you,” Siobhan whispered suddenly, out of nowhere. I didn’t know what she was talking about.

“About what?” I whispered back.

“About how innocent you were when Lauren initiated you. From the way you told it, you were like a choirboy until that afternoon and then Lauren turned you into the world’s greatest lover.”

“I never said I was the greatest, just one of the greatest.”

“Well, I don’t know what teenage boys are really like but I’ve heard enough to have a pretty good idea. From what I’ve heard there’s a lot of what might be called dirt and darkness in boys just after puberty, more than there is goodness and light. I’ve heard some of you would fuck the crack in a door and then slam it to get off.”

**“Yeah, well, I was certainly no angel. I jerked off so much I wondered if I was normal. I might do it a half dozen times in one day and I’d wake up with a hard-on the next morning and it would be just as hard to live with as it was on the previous day.”**

**“How about fooling around with other boys?” Siobhan asked.**

**“No, except for Paul and Lauren, my sex life was pretty ordinary,” I responded. “I played soccer and tried out for the track team until I found out I never would run fast enough to be a winner. We all showered together and somebody would pop a boner just about every time. After a while, we got used to it. When somebody finally got up the nerve to jack off in front of the others, we all started doing it once in a while. There would be a dozen or so of us in a hot, steamy shower, whacking off all at once.”**

**“Is that as far as it went?”**

**“That’s all I know about,” I said. “High-school kids can be pretty vicious, you know. None of us wanted to be called fags or queers.”**

**“But when Lauren and Paul invited you to play with them, didn’t things get a little more raunchy? I’m talking about what went on with you and Lauren and Paul for the next few months,” she asked. “And I want you to be totally honest about it. A threesome like this has some interesting possibilities. I’d bet there were some games involving all three of you.”**

**“Are you sure you want to hear it?” I asked. “I did things I’d never done before. Some of it, I’ve never done since. Some of it might shock you, to know your choir-boy husband was doing stuff like that.”**

**“Tell me,” she whispered. “I’d like to hear all the dirt, all the good juicy stuff, all the things we’ve never done, especially that.”**

**I told it, whispering to her as we lay there in the big bed with the moonlight shining down on the porch outside and in the French doors.**

**<><><>**

**Paul and Lauren and I finished our work about mid-day. Lauren asked us to watch the baby while she showered. When she came back a few minutes later, she was nude, toweling her hair dry. It was the first time I’d seen her nude in Paul’s presence.**

**“The hot water’s run out. Why don’t you two go down to the creek to wash, while I feed the baby? When you get back, we’ll have lunch and then maybe relax in the sun for a while.”**

I looked at her breasts, noticing that they seemed smaller and firmer, not heavy and swollen like they were when I'd last seen them. Lauren noticed my look and said, "I weaned the baby about a month ago. She's on a bottle and baby food now. It makes a difference, doesn't it?" She cupped her hands under her breasts, holding them up for Paul and me to enjoy looking.

Paul looked at me and grinned, then sat down and took off his boots. I followed his lead. He didn't hesitate to pull off his jeans. I stood for a moment, unsure, until Lauren nodded at me.

"Go on, Kieran," she said. "We've both seen you naked before and you've seen us. You gotta learn to relax with us. We've both agreed on this. We want to have fun this weekend - all of us. And more weekends this summer and fall."

She went back inside for a moment, while I pulled off my jeans and shorts. She came back with a bar of soap and two towels. She looked first at me, up and down, then at her husband.

"You two could be brothers," she said, "or maybe father and son."

We walked down the hillside, following a path between the boulders. Near the creek was a flat grassy area that looked like it had been recently mowed. The creek water was still cold. Paul waded out to the deepest areas, about waist deep, ducked under, and came up shivering. I was still standing, the water only at mid-thigh. Paul moved toward me and, before I could resist, pulled me into the deeper water, and pushed me under. When I came up, he grabbed me again, pinned my arms to my sides, laughing, and tried to duck me again. This time I resisted, my legs spread wide, determined to take him with me if he succeeded. We kept wrestling until we both almost had hard-ons. When Paul grabbed my cock, I grabbed his and yelled, "Pull." Paul finally gave up and waded back to the bank of the creek looking for the soap. I waded back to the shallower water and we both used the soap to scrub away the sweat and dirt of our morning work. This time we both waded into the deeper water to rinse off.

We lay on the grass, enjoying the sun, while Paul told me about his infertility problems. It had something to do with the motility of his sperm. He told me about all the medical procedures they'd tried before finally deciding to use a sperm donor for their first baby. It finally dawned on me that they wanted to use a sperm donor for their second baby too. They wanted me not only to donate the sperm but also to implant it the old fashioned way. Paul told me Lauren had a normal period after my first time with her and they wanted me to try again.

He made sure that I understood I'd never be recognized legally as the father. I thought about what he was asking, how I felt about both of them, and how the baby would grow up. I agreed and promised to keep my mouth shut about it.

"There's something else I hope you'll agree with, Kieran," Paul added. "Lauren and I like every kind of sexual activity. You've already done some of them with Lauren. But she wants us to get involved with each other too. I don't want to fuck you and I don't want your big dick up my ass. But she said there's nothing wrong with us touching each other. She asked me if I'd get you involved in oral sex – between us. She wants to watch us."

"Paul, you've gotta be kidding." I said, sort of thinking out loud. "You've just asked me to get your wife pregnant and to suck your dick in the same afternoon."

"Yeah, that's right, but I'll suck your dick all afternoon if Lauren asks me. And I'd be glad to impregnate your wife someday if I just could."

I looked at Paul, wondering if he was joking. When I saw the tears glistening in his eyes, I finally realized how difficult this was for him.

I stood up and held out my hand to him. When he stood, I stepped closer and wrapped my arms around him and just held him for a minute or so, my body pressed against his, my cheek against his.

"I'm guess you two have thought this through," I said. "If you're sure it's what you want, then I'll do anything you ask."

When we got back to the cabin, Lauren was just finished feeding the baby. "I'll put her to bed now," she said. "She should sleep a good part of the afternoon."

We had lunch at the picnic table on the deck, the first time I had ever had a meal in the nude. Paul and Lauren were both relaxed about it and I guessed that it was something they did often at the cabin.

Afterwards, I helped Paul bring two mattresses outdoors, laying them out on the deck side by side, directly in the sun. Lauren brought out some old quilts and we all spread them on the mattresses.

Lauren immediately lay down in the center, on her stomach. When Paul chose her left side, I lay down on the right, my arms down to my sides. The warmth from the sun felt good on my body. I always enjoyed lying in the sun at home but this was the first time I'd ever done it in the



nude. Lauren's face was turned toward me and I studied it for a moment and then closed my eyes.

I felt Lauren move beside me as she took my hand in hers. A few minutes later she released my hand and I felt the palm of her hand on my ass. Her fingertips moved gently over me. When I lay down, my cock had been soft and pointed downward. Now, as it tried to swell, it became uncomfortable in that position. I rose up far enough from the mattress to insert one hand and bring it to an upward position. At the same time, I lifted my head slightly to look toward Paul. His face was turned in my direction, eyes closed. I closed my eyes and let her do whatever she wanted.

A minute later, Lauren rose up on her knees. "I want you two to move closer together," she said. We both did as she instructed, awkwardly, still on our stomachs, while Lauren placed her knees over my left leg and over Paul's right. Paul and I were only inches apart.

"Why are you both so afraid to touch each other?" she asked. "I love to feel your hands on me. I know you love it when I touch you. Why do you always keep just that little distance between you?"

I watched through half-closed eyes for Paul to make the first move. Instead, Lauren started us off by lifting Paul's hand and placing it on my ass. I could feel her guiding his hand around at first, until Paul began to move on his own. Next, Lauren did the same thing with me, lifting my arm so that it lay over Paul's, bringing my hand down on his ass.

I looked directly into Paul's eyes for a moment, then upwards toward Lauren. She was watching us, moving her gaze alternately between us. At length, she seemed satisfied with what she saw.

"Now, turn over," she said.

Paul and I both did it at the same time, awkward again, trying to find where to rest our adjacent arms. I ended up with one arm curved around, resting on my stomach, the other bent upward, behind my head. Lauren straddled our adjacent legs again.

My cock had been semi-tumescent when I was on my stomach. Now, it began to swell, moving across my stomach until the head pointed toward my navel. I watched Paul's dick react the same way, as though we were in a race to see who could become erect first. I could see Paul looking down at me, watching too. Lauren, on her knees, looking down on both of us, seemed fascinated by the process. The race ended in a dead heat, as our cocks lifted up off our stomachs at almost the same moment.

Lauren leaned back, sitting on our legs, and took my cock in her right hand and Paul's in her left. She stroked both of us up and down a few times. She handled Paul's circumcised cock gently when her encircling fingers touched the head. But she seemed confused with mine, watching as the foreskin skid over the head of my cock as she stroked upward. When she leaned over Paul and took the head of his cock in her mouth, I watched as she sucked on it and teased it, licking around the rim with her tongue. After a minute or so, she leaned over me and started sucking on the head of my cock while she stroked up and down.

She straightened up for a moment, reaching for my hand and Paul's at the same time. She tried to sort out the right combination for our arms to cross. I realized that she wanted me to put my hand on Paul and so I helped her, curling my hand around her husband's cock. At the same time, Paul put his hand on my cock. She watched, smiling down at us. I began to stroke Paul's cock and felt him do the same. Lauren leaned over further, one hand on Paul's chest, the other on mine, and kissed Paul first, open-mouthed, me second, teasing my tongue with hers. She moved downward again, her hands on my testicles and on Paul's, while she again alternated between my cock and Paul's with her mouth.

Lauren asked me to lay back and close my eyes. I could feel Paul move away from me. Seconds later, I felt a warm mouth engulf the head of my cock, while somebody's hand pulled down on the skin on the shaft. I felt the flush of sexual heat as the mouth kept closing on my glans while a tongue teased the area under the head. I guess I was aware that the mouth could really belong to either Paul or Lauren but I didn't care which it was. After a few minutes, I lifted my head and opened my eyes. Paul and Lauren were taking turns.

I sat up and then pushed Paul down on his back. Lauren looked at me and I nodded. We both went to work on Paul. It was a first for me but I had already learned how I liked to have my cock sucked so I just did that to Paul. I pulled his balls downward to tighten the skin on his cock. With one deep breath, I opened my mouth and wrapped it around the head of Paul's cock. I sucked on it and pulled my lips up at the same time. I heard Paul gasp so I kept on doing the same thing. Lauren watched intently. When I straightened up, she moved in and did the same thing to Paul.

Lauren and I alternated for a few minutes. I wondered what I would do if he came in my mouth. But then Lauren pushed me down beside Paul, lying in the opposite direction. I knew what she wanted so I reached out and held Paul's cock so I could reach it with my mouth. A few seconds later, I felt him do the same thing to me. Now I began to wonder what Paul would do if I came in his mouth.

**“Damn,” Lauren said, “that’s sexy. You’ve got me so hot that both of you boy scouts are going to have to piss on my campfire to put it out.”**

**I would have sworn I could have felt the sperm swimming up out of my balls and the rest of my semen getting ready to propel them out of my prostate gland. I knew I had to stop or I’d lose one good chance of getting Lauren pregnant.**

**“I can’t take it any more,” I said looking at Lauren. “I’m going to come if Paul doesn’t stop.”**

**Lauren immediately lay down on her back, her legs bent akimbo, her arms reaching for me. I could see the red, glistening lips and inner flesh of her cunt.**

**“O.K., baby, come to Mama,” Lauren said.**

**I moved over her, rubbed the head of my cock up and down between the glistening lips of her cunt, and then held it poised at the entrance. I looked first at Paul and then at her.**

**“I’m no baby,” I said, “I’m a fucking maniac – and I’m going to give you a baby - if you’re sure that’s what you want.**

**Lauren said, “Fuck me,” and Paul nodded and I slid it into her in two or three quick pushes. I rested when my balls nestled up against her ass cheeks, savoring the feeling of my cock encased in her living flesh. Quickly, the need to feel more came over me and I began to slide my cock in and out of her. In less than a minute, I was pounding into her. Then I felt my semen boiling up out of me and I shoved it in to the hilt and gave her the entire load.**

**For a minute or so, I lay on top of Lauren, my weight on her, my face nuzzling into the area between her neck and shoulder. When I finally looked up, Paul was on his knees beside us, stroking his cock. I moved aside, looked down at Lauren, and asked, “Are you ready for your boy scout husband?”**

**She nodded and Paul started to move over her. She pushed him back and turned around, on her hands and knees, with her ass up in the air. Paul immediately moved behind her, held his cock with one hand, and slid into the cunt that I had just left sloppy with my semen.**

**I moved so that I could watch the action. Paul started off just as I had, slowly sliding in and out. I could see a white froth of something, my semen or her lubrication, coating the shaft of his cock and the lips of**

Lauren's cunt. My cock had not lost all of its hardness after fucking her and I could feel it begin to engorge again. I reached down and began to stroke it as I usually did, sliding the skin up and down without touching the glans. Paul watched me while I watched what he was doing to his wife. He was almost as quick on the trigger as I was because he quickly shoved his cock in all the way and threw his head back in the sweet agony and ecstasy of blasting out another load.

When he pulled out, Lauren started to stretch out on her stomach but I said one word, "Wait." Paul moved out of the way and I moved in. Her cunt was totally open, blood-red flesh flecked with white come, and I slid into her in one slow motion this time. I held her by both her hips and began to give it to her without restraint. Each time I shoved it all the way in, I could hear her grunt as though someone had hit her in the stomach. Paul knelt just beside us, watching as though in a trance. I glanced at his cock and saw that it had stayed at almost full erection too. He wrapped his hand around it and stroked it, watching us.

Then he stood up and threw one leg over Lauren's back, straddling her. I looked up and saw that he was watching my cock slide in and out of his wife. But when I looked down, I saw that his cock was directly in front of my face. I knew what he wanted but I wasn't sure that I could do it.

He must have sensed my reluctance because he placed one hand on the back of my head, held his cock out toward me with the other, and pulled my head toward his cock. I looked at it, red and almost bruised looking, veins standing out all along the shaft, shining with a coat of Lauren's juices combined with my come. And I opened my mouth.

I resumed my hip motions, letting Lauren have all of my length at once. Paul, thankfully, was more restrained. He began to fuck my mouth, holding my head, but only pushing in a few inches of his cock. I was totally lost in a red flush of lust by now. I started sucking on the glans of Paul's cock as strongly as I could, timing that at the same rhythm as my cock sliding into Lauren. I reached up with one hand and held Paul's balls, pulling down on them slightly. Within a minute or so, I knew I was coming again. I shoved my cock into her depths one more time and let out a loud grunt. As I came in Lauren's cunt, spurting another load of semen against her cervix, Paul began to come in my mouth, spurting his load against the back of my throat. I almost gagged but I took a deep breath and swallowed, and swallowed, and swallowed.

When Paul let go of my head, I pulled my cock out of Lauren and collapsed on the mattress. I looked first at Paul and then at Lauren.

"Sheeiitt," I said. "I can't believe what I just did."

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Siobhan interrupted me. “Kieran, I can’t believe you sucked him off and then swallowed. You gotta be kidding.”

“And why not? I was sixteen and hot and horny and I’d’ve sucked him off twice just to get to fuck his wife.”

“Well, I can understand the hot and horny part,” she said. “I’m horny too. I want you to lick my cunt until I come and then shove that sproingy dick of yours in me and fuck me ‘til you come. Can you do that tonight?”

“Sproingy dick? Where did she get the idea dicks can be sproingy?”

“I don’t know, Kieran,” she said. “You told me not to worry if they played with each other. I guess she’s been playing sproingy with Kavan’s dick.”

“Well, you didn’t have to do a sproingy with my dick while they were watching.”

“I thought you weren’t going to be ashamed of a little sex play in front of them.”

“I’m trying but they amaze me already. Think what they’re going to be like in ten years.”

“Horny teens. Did you really suck Paul’s dick or were you just making that up?”

“I told you I’d suck dick to get a good fuck. Maybe I’d do it again if I had to. You’ll never know, will you?”

“I guess not.”

I rolled over, swung one leg over her, and straddled her thighs. I took my dick in my hand and pulled it down until it was pressed against her stomach. I let it go and it rebounded a couple of times before it settled at an angle to my stomach.

“Sproing,” I said. “You ready for a little sex play?”

“Eat me,” she said.

I took my dick in my hand and, while she watched, slapped her on the stomach with it a couple of times.

**“OK.”**

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**Saturday was a perfect day to play with the kids. The weather was cool but the sky was a cloudless blue and the sun was shining. We ate breakfast at one of the huge tables in the big building with two other families, fourteen of us crowded around it, six adults and eight kids. It was bedlam and I loved every minute of it.**

**A note of the door invited us on a guided walk at nine o'clock. The oldest son, about eighteen, took us through a hardwood forest with some beautiful old trees, along a path beside the stream which fed the lake, and then, in a circle, back to the big house. The young man carried either Kerry or another small kid part of the way, never complaining. I knew how heavy Kerry could get after I'd carried him a while and I was grateful.**

**Lunch was fix-it-yourself sandwiches and we ate on the porch of the house. Afterward we let our kids play with the others in the front yard. They ran wild again while the parents sat in the rocking chairs and tried to carry on a conversation over their screams. I knew Kerry would get fussy without a nap so Siobhan and I took our three back to our barn about mid-afternoon.**

**We walked back to the big house for a dinner of beef stew with homemade bread. It was close enough for gourmet cuisine for me and everybody else seemed to think so too. We sat on the porch and talked while the kids played again. It was a day of nothing much but I think we couldn't have wanted anything more, a perfect day.**

**We played in the Jacuzzi again and then took turns getting rubbed all over with lotion again. Kavan and Kerry and I all got sproingy dicks again and I didn't try to hide mine. We all giggled and laughed a lot and acted silly and just had fun for a while. Finally Siobhan and I added another chapter to the story of the three kids and put them to bed.**

**I suppose I expected Siobhan to ask me to continue with my story too. She did. We curled up together and I told her about the rest of the weekend with Paul and Lauren.**

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**Late in the afternoon, Paul and Lauren and I sat on the deck, talking, playing with their baby girl, drinking wine, nibbling on bread and cheese and olives and apples. We stayed there until the light had almost**

faded. When the evening developed a slight chill, we all went in. Paul and I came back dressed in jeans and shirt. Lauren stayed inside and Paul said she was probably feeding the baby and putting her down for the night. When she came back, I brought up the subject of what we had done.

“The stuff we did this afternoon, I’ve never done anything like that before,” I said.

“Do you mean everything we did or something specific?” Paul asked.

“That’s the first time I’ve sucked another man’s dick,” I said. “And I would never have believed I’d let him come in my mouth and I’d swallow it.”

“Women do it all the time,” Lauren said. “Some love to do it and some do it out of love for the man. I’ve done it enough to know it won’t kill you. Hell, it won’t even get you pregnant. I learned that in high school.”

I looked at Paul, waiting for his reaction. He just grunted and said, “Yep, we were in high school together. We were into oral sex before we were in the eleventh grade and it was months later before I got my dick in her pussy. I went into the military when I graduated and we got married a couple of years later.”

Lauren stood up first, holding out one hand to Paul, the other to me. Inside the cabin, Paul locked the glass doors and Lauren pulled heavy drapes across them. She led us to one of the bedrooms and turned on the light. I saw one queen-size mattress on the floor in a corner. Lauren opened an old trunk and pulled out quilts and a blanket.

“Spread these on the bed, quilts first and then the blanket on top,” she said. When Paul and I were finished, she began to pull out pillows. She pitched them to Paul and me and we threw them on the mattress.

Paul took an old kerosene lamp off a shelf above the mattress, lit it, and adjusted the flame. As he put the lamp back on the shelf, Lauren turned off the electric lights. The room was almost in darkness, with just enough light to see each other.

I stood, waiting, my heart pounding with anticipation, not knowing what to expect, maybe not caring what we did, ready to do anything.

Lauren walked up to me, took my by the hand, and led me over to Paul. She took his hand in hers. “Take his other hand,” she said. I didn’t know whether she was talking to me or to Paul but we both reached out at the same time.

**“Women are creatures of fantasy,” she whispered, looking first into my eyes, then into Paul’s. “We called upon our goddess to create men, to serve our needs and to satisfy our pleasures. Tonight it is my fantasy to have two men make love to me at the same time, to use you as I wish. Do you want to serve me?”**

**Paul and I both answered yes at the same time. I wanted to be as serious as she was but I couldn’t help but laugh a little.**

**“Then you must follow my commands. You must first be purified in the smoke and fire. Then your face and body must be painted to strip away your old self. From that time, until I release you, you are not the man you think you are.”**

**From a box on the table, she took a bowl and a large cone of incense. Paul held a match until the tip began to glow and she put the incense in the bowl and sat it on the floor in the center of the three of us.**

**“Now we must stand naked before each other,” Lauren said. “As we shed out clothes, we strip away old identities, to prepare ourselves to be other than what we were. The two will assist the one, first you,” and she nodded at me, “and then you,” and she nodded at Paul.**

**Paul pulled my knit shirt over my head. When he was finished, Lauren unsnapped the catch on my jeans and pulled the zipper down. When she stooped to pull my jeans down, she pulled them down slowly, tantalizingly slow, watching as my penis and testicles were gradually revealed. She caught me behind the knee, to signal me to step out of first one leg of my jeans and then the other. Immediately I felt the first throbbing pulses as my cock began to lift in anticipation.**

**When she stood up, she turned toward Paul. I waited for her to take the lead. When she pulled his shirt over his head, I undid his jeans. When I pulled them down, his cock was semi-tumescient, his balls hanging low in his scrotum. I thought that they looked very nice, sort of relaxed and casual about this whole affair.**

**Paul and I then turned to her. Her shirt was buttoned so we both undid it, alternating on the buttons and then peeling it off her shoulders at the same time. Paul pulled the top of her jeans apart, waited for me to unzip them, and we both pulled them down.**

**“Now we must join our bodies in the fire,” she said. She picked up some scissors, reached toward my groin, and I instinctively pulled away. She giggled like a schoolgirl.**



She trimmed the pubic hair on each side of my cock, catching the curls in her other hand. Then she handed the scissors to me and stooped in front of Paul with both of her hands cupped just under his testicles. On each side of his penis, I cut away some of the hair, letting it fall into her hands. I handed the scissors to Paul and stooped in front of her, holding my two hands cupped between her thighs. Paul snipped twice and I added the hair to the other clippings in her hands.

She stooped over the bowl with the incense in it and rubbed her hands together, gradually letting our combined hair fall down on the incense. The smell of burning hair mingled with that of the incense.

“Now we must bring the sacred smoke into our bodies,” Lauren said, as she opened a drawer in a small chest. She pulled out an old Prince Albert can and opened it. When she pulled out an oddly-shaped cigarette, I knew I was about to experience another first. She leaned over the incense bowl and lit the cigarette.

“Are you sure that’s a sacred herb or is it just pot?” I asked.

“It’s some damn good stuff Paul brought back from one of his trips. If you’re not used to it, take it slow until you see how it affects you,” she answered.

She pulled the smoke into her lungs, held it, released it, inhaled again, and handed the cigarette to me. I did as she had done, holding the smoke in my lungs as long as I could. I handed it to Paul and he did the same. At first, I thought that it was having no effect on me but by the time we had finished the cigarette, I felt light-headed, relaxed, and so horny I thought my hard cock would burst. By the time we finished the second, I knew it was damn good stuff.

“Now we must let the holy paints bring the other into us, Lauren said. “The two of you will join together in finding the creature I will become tonight.”

She opened a box containing tubes with different colors on each.

“These are made from natural vegetable oils and colors. They won’t hurt you, no matter where you put them. They wash away with soap and water,” she paused, “and they even taste good.”

She selected two tubes and handed one to Paul. As they removed the caps, she turned to me.

“Close your eyes while we change your face,” she said.

I shut my eyes and stood quietly, feeling fingertips first circling my eyes and then stroking over my forehead and cheeks.

“When you open your eyes, you will be a new creature, one that you know from your dreams,” she whispered. “You will be totally free from all restraints and inhibitions, a wild boy seeking to satisfy his hungers.”

I felt their fingertips this time on my chest, first circling my nipples and then drawing lines toward my shoulders and toward my stomach. When I felt someone’s fingertips on my cock, I wondered who was holding it, Paul or Lauren. I felt a stripe being painted down from my navel, down my stomach, just to the base of my cock.

Lauren and I let our imagination run wild while painting Paul. His face was unrecognizable. Then Paul and I painted Lauren; we were both laughing when we turned her breasts into eyes, her navel into a nose with a mouth just below and a chin sporting a van-dyke beard. All three of us ended up with a laughing fit that seemed impossible to stop.

At length, Lauren reached up to me and pulled my head down to hers and my mouth to hers. When she opened her mouth and started battling my tongue with hers, I thought of the tune about dueling banjos and somehow that seemed hilarious. I pulled away laughing and Lauren started kissing Paul. When she pushed Paul toward me, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to open my mouth to his. We both had trouble holding the kiss while still giggling.

We went around again, kissing each other. Then Lauren dropped to her knees and grabbed my cock in one hand and Paul’s in the other. She started slurping on one after the other. After a minute she flopped back on the mattress and said, “Now it’s your turn to pay homage to the goddess.” When she opened her legs wide, Paul and I both looked at her and then at each other. Paul said, “After you, sir.” I answered, “No, no, after you. I insist. My mother raised me to have good manners.” We both started laughing again. Everything was hilarious.

When Lauren yelled, “Shut up! The question is not who goes first but who comes first,” that was even funnier and all three of us burst out in another fit of laughing.

Paul took my hand and dropped to his knees, pulling me down with him. He buried his face between her thighs and then I heard what I thought at first was a loud fart. It took me a minute to realize Paul had made the sound with his mouth against Lauren’s leg. When he said, “Thank god for a breath of fresh air,” it set off another round of laughing fits.

When my laughter subsided, I looked down at Lauren and her open thighs, at the dark pubic bush with the pink and coral lips below. I stretched out on my stomach lying between her legs, supporting myself on my elbows. I slid my hands up under Lauren's butt and lifted her up until I brought her vulva up to my mouth. I took one long lick, starting just this side of her asshole, along the length of her vaginal lips, and up until I felt the bump of her clitoris under my tongue.

"If I'm going to eat pussy," I laughed, "I'm going to do it my way." And I repeated the licking, slurping noisily each time. Paul squatted down beside us and, when I came up for air, he took his turn, deliberately being as noisy as I was.

After a minute or so, Paul stopped and said, "Wait, I just remembered that if one eats pussy, it should be properly stuffed first." He lay down beside Lauren and then pulled her up and around until she figured out what he wanted.

She was sitting astride Paul, her face toward his feet, with Paul's cock outstretched on his stomach toward her. He lifted her up by the waist and she reached down, held his cock steady, and lowered herself down on it. She leaned back and I looked down at the picture they presented: Paul's legs spread just slightly, his balls hanging down between, his cock disappearing into Lauren, Lauren's legs spread wider, her vaginal lips stretched round his cock, cock and cunt both glistening and almost red with blood. Then Lauren pulled back her vaginal lips with red-nailed fingers to show the pearl, if pearls are ever red, of her clitoris. And we were all still giggling.

"O.K., now," Paul said, "you can eat all the stuffed pussy you want."

Again I stretched out on my stomach, between their legs. I held Paul's balls in one hand and used my thumb and finger on the other to spread Lauren's lips until her clitoris stood out, beet red and shining, totally out from under its hood. I licked up first one side and then the other, my tongue touching both the underside of Paul's cock and the lips of Lauren's vagina. Each time I ended up at Lauren's clitoris.

"Come on, kid," Paul said, "Let's see how many orgasms we can give her before she begs us to stop."

I concentrated on her clitoris. I sucked on it, as though trying to pull it into my mouth, and flicked my tongue up and down on it, repeating the sequence again and again. Shortly I heard Lauren gasp and I suppose Paul could tell what was happening with her since his cock could feel her contractions.

**“That’s one,” Paul said.**

**I took a few deep breaths, relaxed for a minute, looking at the image just in front of me, and then slowly started back to the same routine. A little later, I heard Paul say, “That’s two.”**

**Evidently Paul had reached the stage where he was ready to come too. He began to lift his hips, thrusting upward into her again and again. I tried to get back into the action, to bring my mouth back to their juncture, but it was like trying to ride a bucking bull. It was no use so I just settled for licking furiously at her clit when Paul pushed it up into range.**

**A few seconds later, Paul grunted, “That’s three.” But I knew he was talking about his own orgasm, not Lauren’s. I could see his balls drawn up tight against the base of his cock and I knew what that meant. I straightened up on my knees, and said, “No fair, Lauren’s had two and you’ve had one and I haven’t had any.”**

**Paul squirmed out from under Lauren and let her down on the mattress beside him. She lay back on a pillow, her knees in the air, legs spread open. I could see Paul’s semen oozing out of her cunt, the first cream pie I had ever actually seen where the cream was poured by somebody else.**

**I needed no invitation. I moved up between her legs, my cock in one hand. When I felt the head seated between her drooling lips, I slid it into her in one slow continuous motion. Immediately I began giving her long hard thrusts, not caring how quickly I came.**

**But then Paul pulled a surprise on me. I felt his hand on my butt, his finger trying to insinuate between my cheeks. When I felt one finger pushing to gain entrance, I automatically recoiled and gave Lauren an extra-hard shove.**

**“Relax,” Paul said, “I’m not trying to prime you for fucking, kid. I want to show you something you might not know about your prostrate, I mean prostate, gland. Damn, my tanguue is getting all toungeled up.”**

**I held still while he pushed one finger into me. He felt around and evidently found the spot he was looking for. I felt an almost instantaneous need to come with an urgency I’d never felt before.**

**I started back at Lauren again, humping her while Paul pressed his finger against my prostate gland. Within seconds I reached a point where there was no holding it in. With the first contraction I think I almost fainted in pleasure. I shut my eyes, shoved my cock as deeply**

into Lauren as I could, and everything else faded away while I wallowed in the bliss of each spurt. When it finally stopped, I collapsed on top of Lauren, completely spent in more ways than one.

“Jeez loueez,” I said, “I think I blew my balls out.”

“Do you mean like a tire blowout?” Paul asked, sticking his head down between my legs. “Are they flat on the bottom? Let me look.”

That set off another round of hilarious laughter. I rolled off Lauren to one side and Paul lay on the other side. All three of us were covered with sweat. I could smell the sweat and cunt and come and hair and incense, permeating the room like a heavy fog. We all lay there panting for breath. My eyes were shut and I knew I could go to sleep quickly if I let it happen. I was just about to fade away when Lauren said, “You two are quite a team. Could I sign you up for a long-term contract?”

“No,” I answered, “I’m just on this job temporarily. When you’re pregnant, you and Paul can take over for the next twenty years. If you have a boy in nine months, you can name him after me.”

We rested a few minutes more and finally Lauren said, “I think I want a shower and then something cold to drink. Are you two too fucked out to get up and shower with me?”

Paul and I both groaned and followed her. We went down the stairs to the area under the house that served as a shower area. The hot water system, warmed by the sun, had recovered but Paul said we’d better not expect it to last very long.

Back upstairs, we fixed big glasses of sweetened iced-tea and pulled out the sandwich-making stuff. I drank one glass of tea and ate one sandwich before Paul and Lauren were half finished. When I started making another sandwich, they both watched me, smiling at each other.

“What?” I demanded, “I’m a growing boy and I think I just shot a few hundred calories today.”

We sat around for a while longer, talking about what we had just done.

“As the pot-heads say, that was some good shit we were smoking. I’ve never tried it before. Does it always affect you that way and make you think everything is funny?” I asked.

“No,” Paul responded, “it’s hard to predict how it’ll affect different people. Most do get relaxed and silly, some just get horny, a few get a little nasty and don’t care what they’re doing.”

**“Do you smoke it regularly?” I asked, looking at Lauren.**

**“Nope, that’s the first we’ve had in a couple of years, since before we started trying to have our first baby. And if I’m pregnant anytime soon, I won’t use it again. I’ll make Paul leave it alone if I have to. We figured having you here with us was sort of a special occasion, one that might require something to make you lose your inhibitions. Did it work?”**

**“I don’t know,” I answered truthfully. “But I sure hope I can have a little more sense when I finally get to fuck around with girls in the future.”**

**“You will,” Lauren said. “But for now, do you think you’re up to one more before we go to sleep?”**

**I looked at Paul and he looked at me. I took his hand and started leading him toward the bedroom. When we had gone a few steps, I looked back at Lauren and asked, “Are you coming too.”**

**“I sure as hell hope so,” she replied and started giggling like a girl.**

**Back on the mattress again, Paul and I both concentrated our attention on Lauren. We switched around from kissing her to sucking on her breasts to fingering her cunt. When we ended up with our mouths on her two breasts and each with a finger in her or stroking her clitoris, she began to squirm under us.**

**I looked at Paul and Lauren and asked, “Who goes first this time?”**

**Paul looked at Lauren and leaned over, his head beside hers, while he whispered something in her ear.**

**“I don’t know whether I want to try that,” she said. “If I do, you’d damn sure better stop if I tell you to.”**

**Paul nodded in agreement. Lauren pushed me down on my back and threw one leg over me, sitting on my thighs. She milked my cock down and, when a few drops oozed out, she rubbed it all over my cock head. She rose up over me and slowly began to work my cock all the way into her. When I saw it disappear inside her, so that our combined pubic hair blocked my view, she looked at Paul and said, “O. K.” I probably had no idea what he was going to do. Paul pulled my legs and Lauren’s apart so he could get on his knees behind her.**

**“It’s called a sandwich,” Paul said. “Ever hear of it?”**

**I shook my head side to side.**

**“Well, just think of a club sandwich,” Lauren said. “You two are the slices of bread. I’m the filling. There’re two toothpicks stuck through to hold the sandwich together.**

**“Toothpicks?” Paul and I responded at the same time.**

**When Lauren started giggling again, Paul said, “Damn it, hold still. I’ll never get it in with you wiggling. I don’t want to hurt you.”**

**Frustrated, Paul got up and left the bedroom. He returned a minute later with a bottle of baby oil and I watched as he generously coated his cock with it. He held the bottle upside down over Lauren and I could feel some of it run down her and over my cock and balls.**

**He got in position behind her again and I could tell he was trying to push his cock into her asshole. After a few seconds, Lauren gasped and I guessed that Paul was in.**

**“Just hold still, you two. Try to relax, Lauren. The head’s in and we’ll just leave it like that for a minute.”**

**“Paul’s fucked me in the ass a couple of times before,” Lauren grunted. “I guess it’s OK as a sort of dirty fuck. I can even come if he reaches around and rubs my clit.”**

**“You two are sure giving me an education in sex,” I said. “I’ve never even thought of some of the stuff we’ve done.”**

**“I love an Italian sandwich,” Lauren said, “especially when there’re two sausages sticking in the roll.”**

**OK, now I was a sausage dick. I started giggling again.**

**“I don’t think Italian sausages come with Alfredo sauce,” I joked.**

**“You’d better be damn glad yours isn’t in a red sauce,” Lauren replied, setting off another round of giggling.**

**I could feel Paul begin to move back and forth and I realized I could feel him penetrating Lauren, through the parts of her that separated us. Lauren seemed lost in her own feelings, her eyes closed, her mouth tight. I pulled her head down until her lips met mine and then pried them open with my tongue. I wrapped my arms around her, held her tightly against me, and slowly began to move too, sliding my cock out just an inch or so and then back in.**

Gradually I increased the length of my strokes, trying to feel what Paul was doing and how deep he was in her. After a minute or so, I was able to coordinate my movements with his. When he pushed in, I was pulling out and when he pulled out, I pushed in. Slowly we developed our rhythm so that we were both fucking her at the same time. After a few minutes, I felt Lauren take a deep breath and her body go rigid. I could feel the series of contractions in her cunt. I stopped for a minute until she settled down and then I resumed fucking her again. Paul started back again too. I could feel myself just on the verge of coming but I tried to hold back, to see if Paul would come first.

Finally, I knew I was no longer in control and that I was coming again. I let it happen and shoved my cock in as deep as I could. I had hardly stopped when I could tell Paul was coming too. His movements became erratic and then I could feel him shove his cock up her anus while he shot his load.

We lay like that for a minute or so, all breathing heavily. Paul pulled out first. I felt my cock softening and I was almost thankful. I pulled out too and Lauren rolled off onto the mattress between us.

She looked around and found one of the damp towels we had brought back up from our shower. She wiped her face off first and then her body. Finally she stuck the towel between her legs and lay back with her head on a pillow.

“I’m going to sleep,” she said. “If the baby wakes up, one of you two fuckers can feed her. But don’t call me. I’m fucked out.”

Paul grabbed his towel and wiped off too, including his cock and balls. He stretched out beside Lauren, on his side, and she nestled up against his butt. I got my towel and wiped off and lay down too. Lauren reached one hand around and pulled me up against her backside.

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“Well, that certainly qualifies as the dirtiest raunchiest story I’ve ever heard,” Siobhan said. “I’m betting some of it was true. How much of it really happened?”

“All of it,” I said. “I’ve tried to tell you what happened to the best of my memory. It’s been almost twenty years and I may have made a mistake or two in trying to remember.”

“Did you have any more threesomes with them after that?”



**“Yeah, we had a few twosomes – me and Lauren. I think my mother probably wondered why the hell I was over at their house so much. I went to the cabin with them a few more times and we had some good threesomes. I don’t guess any of them beat the first one.”**

**“Why did it take you so long to get her pregnant?” Siobhan asked. “When we decided to have Kavan and Arial, it seems like I got pregnant right away.”**

**“I don’t know. But it sure scared the hell out of me when she told me she was pregnant. I guess that’s when I really realized what I’d done.”**

**“When did they move away?”**

**“A few months after she got pregnant. Paul got an offer for a job on the West Coast that paid him about twice as much. I got kind of emotional the last time I saw them. I wanted to know the baby would be OK or something like that, I guess. I think that’s why they brought him by our house and let me see him when he was about two years old.”**

**We were both quiet then for a while. I don’t know what she was thinking. I was thinking about having a teen-age son somewhere and wondering what he looked liked and what sort of kid he was. Finally, Siobhan broke the silence.**

**“Would you bring home a teen-age boy for me some day?” she whispered. “I’d let you teach him how to eat stuffed pussy if you do.”**

**I couldn’t help but laugh. “You’d be a pretty good teacher yourself. I’ll get you a virgin and you can teach him everything.”**

**“That would be nice,” she said. “After that, I’ll let you bring home a teen-age girl for yourself. Maybe she could recharge your batteries.”**

**“You know what you get when you insult my manhood, don’t you?”**

**“Yeah, a good fucking.”**

**“I’ll make you moan for mercy before the night’s over.”**

**“Is that a threat or a promise?”**

**I didn’t make her moan, not for mercy anyway; she moaned for more. After I came the second time, she graciously offered me a truce and I accepted.**

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The kids woke us up on Sunday morning and we walked back to the big house for breakfast. Afterward we took them for a walk, packed and checked out, ready to drive home and get something to eat on the way. When Kavan saw the hand-written menu for Sunday dinner – dinner, not lunch - on the blackboard in the hall of the house, he decided he wanted fried chicken. We were all glad he insisted.

The drive home was about like always with three kids. Somehow, I didn't care when Kavan and Arial started singing a song and kept at it, almost the same thing over and over, with slight variations that must have made sense to them because they'd giggle and then start over again. Maybe they knew what they were saying but I couldn't understand it. Every so often, they'd stop and Kerry would let out a screech. I don't know how he knew his part in the song but he came in right on cue. The weekend had been so good that I was able to endure the song for almost twenty miles. Siobhan seemed immune to the torture. She kept smiling and humming along with them.

Maybe confession is good for the soul. I suppose I felt better after telling Siobhan about Paul and Lauren. She surprised me when she said that, if they ever got in touch with me again, I should invite them to come for a visit. I guess I wondered what Lauren would be like now, if she'd be beautiful like she was then, and then I started thinking about their boy – my boy – and what he'd be like.

**TO BE CONTINUED:**