

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Forty-One

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.



CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 17; Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12 1/2

Kathryn Jensen, 17; Brad Weaver, 17; Leigh Williams, 13

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Kerry Stuart, Kavan Stuart

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(KIERAN)

When I woke up on Saturday morning, I was snuggled up against Siobhan. I vaguely remembered arousing momentarily sometime earlier and wanting to spoon up against her. I'd pulled her flannel nightgown up around her waist, pulled off my flannel pajama bottoms, and then pressed up against her until my cock found the warm spot between her legs. That was enough; I'd gone back to sleep content again.

I rolled over and looked at the alarm clock. It said 5:50 am. Good. My internal alarm clock was still working perfectly. I eased out of my side of the bed, making sure that the blanket and comforter were still around Siobhan's shoulders. I stopped momentarily to put my pajama bottoms back on and then tiptoed out of the room.

I'd left my running clothes and shoes in the family room, hoping I could sneak out quietly as usual without waking anybody else in the family. I could hear the furnace pumping out warm air. As always, the thermostat was set at 62 degrees during winter nights. I knew it'd jump up to 72 degrees at 6:00 am.

I went into the bathroom off the hall to piss. As quietly as possible, I pulled the connecting door to Kerry's bedroom closed. As soundly as he slept, I thought there was little chance of awakening him. I turned on the light and assumed the position in front of the toilet. I tried to piss but, with a partial hard-on and a full bladder, I had to push to start. I shut my eyes and leaned over the commode, one hand on the wall and the other around my dick, and let it pour. With blessed relief, I shuddered.

"You piss like a horse."

I turned around, startled, and there was Kerry. His long hair was tangled all over his head and his eyes were half shut. He had his usual beautiful grin on his face. He was wearing gray thermal underwear and white socks. I knew he liked to sleep that way in cold weather since he frequently kicked the covers off. A very prominent erection angled off to one side across his stomach.

"Good morning, Son."

"Gotta pee, Dad!"

I finished, shook my dick a couple of times, tucked it back in my pajamas, and moved to one side. He assumed the same position I'd used, leaned over with his left hand on the wall and the right one on his dick. It was the same position, except that his dick was pointing more toward the ceiling than toward the bowl. He held it for a moment and tried to bend it down. It didn't want to bend. He looked over at me and gave me his infectious grin. I waited. He waited. He finally bent back in the middle, his butt sticking out, and managed to bend it downward a little. I could tell he was having a problem. I reached over to the closet, grabbed a washcloth, and wet it with cold water.

"Put this on it for a minute, Son."

He did. It worked. When he took the cloth off, it had lost enough of its engorgement so that he was able to point it toward the toilet. He grunted a couple of times and drilled a heavy stream right in the center of the bowl."

"You're a pretty good horse-pisser yourself, Kerry."

He gave me another sleepy grin and kept on pissing. When he finished, I watched as he milked out the last drops, shook it a few times, and then tucked it back in his underwear.

“Dad, my dick isn’t growing right,” he said.

I was puzzled. It sure looked like it was growing fine to me. A little over a year ago it was a hairless finger-length appendage. Now it looked like about six inches of dick surrounded by a first growth of fine blond pubic hair just like mine and Arial’s.

“What do you mean, Kerry?”

“It’s getting a curve in it. It’s not straight like yours and Kavan’s.”

“It looked nice and straight to me, Son. Does it curve to one side or maybe back toward your stomach?”

“Not to the side. It’s like this.”

He moved over the bathroom counter, pulled his thermal pants back down, and straightened his dick out on the counter. It was soft now, at that stage of enlargement just short of erection, but still probably five inches. It lay flat on the counter, no curve to either side that I could see. He lifted the end with one finger so that there was a small upward curve.

“It’s like this, Dad, when it’s hard. Is it OK if it grows like that? Will it work OK?”

“Yes, Son, it’ll work OK if it curves up just a little. You only need to worry if it curves off to one side. If it curves like you showed me when you’re hard, it’ll work OK with the ladies. In fact, I think they’ll like it very much. If you think it curves too much, show me the next time you get a hard-on. Does it work OK when you jack off?”

He grinned at me again.

“You’ll shoot your eye out, kid,” he said.

“What?” I responded, recognizing the line from the movie we saw on TV at Christmas but not catching the meaning.

“When I jerked off last night, I tried to see how far I could shoot it. If I hadn’t turned my head, I’d’ve shot my eye out.”

I laughed and slapped him on the shoulder. “Good for you, Son. Now, go back to bed. I’m going running.”

“I wanna go with you, OK? I wanna talk to you.”

“OK. Get that new wind-suit you got for Christmas and put it on over your thermals. Get a stocking cap. You may need something on your face. It’s probably a little below freezing outdoors.”

We were in the basement going through our stretching exercises when he started talking.

“Leigh likes my dick, Dad. She thinks it’s neat.”

“You like her a lot, don’t you? Got the hots for her?”

“Yeah, she’s kinda hot for me, too, Dad. She thinks I’m real good looking. I don’t love her like Ariel loves Brad but I like her a lot.”

“You are good looking, Kerry. But you’ve got to remember what we talked about. Your Mom talked to hers and they’ve agreed to trust you two around each other. You know she’s a virgin and she’s got to stay that way. Agreed?”

“Yeah, Dad, I know. I’m not going to try to fuck her. We’re just having fun fooling around.”

He saw the look I gave him and realized what he had said.

“I’m sorry, Dad, I know you don’t like me to say fuck.”

“I don’t care if you say fuck, Kerry. I don’t give a fuck if you say fuck. You can say fuck all you fucking want to say fuck. You know why I don’t like it used the way you just did. Is it really a good word to describe what you want to do with Leigh?”

“Nah, it’s a lousy fucking word, Dad. I hear it so much at my fucking school I guess it just slipped out of my fucking mouth.”

“It is a lousy word, Son. I guess I didn’t realize how bad it is until I started making love with your Mom. The way I feel about her, I just don’t think it’s a good word to describe what we do.”

He gave me another of his Kerry grins. “I think you’re right, Dad. But I think fooling around is a good way to describe what we do.”

“OK, what do you do? Wanna tell me about it?”

“Leigh really is hot, Dad. She likes fooling around as much as me. She’s lets me play with her breasts. She’s got a nice pair, kinda small but nice. Her nipples get so big and hard when I touch them. It’s fun. She lets me lick them and then watch how they stick up. She liked it when I

started putting my hand in her panties. Didn't act like she didn't want me to touch her; just told me how it felt when I got my finger in her pussy. Last Sunday afternoon, when we were watching TV, her Mom went to the store for a few minutes. Leigh let me put my hand in her pants while I was sucking on her nipples. I thought my dick'd rip out of my pants. I had one finger in her and she was so hot and juicy. I know she came because she almost pulled two hunks of hair out of my head. She told me she did when she could talk again. I'm the first guy who's ever made her come. She says she does it to herself but it's not as good as when I do it.

"Has she made you come too?" I asked.

"Yeah, lots of times. She likes to do me. Like I said, she thinks my dick's neat. Last time she did it she knew I was going to squirt like I always do and she didn't want to have to clean it up again. She held one hand over my dick while she jacked me off with the other. I gave her a palm full. She sat up and looked at it so close I thought she could see the little sperm swimming in it."

"Sounds to me like you two are pretty far along, Kerry."

"Yeah, I've been telling her about oral sex too, Dad. She gets all excited but she's not ready to try it yet. I told her it'd be lots of fun."

"It's fun, Kerry. But it's damn serious too. Just make sure we're not wrong in trusting you."

"I will, Dad. I'm not trying to push her to do anything. She likes fooling around as much as me. She says she feels OK doing other stuff 'cause she knows I'm not going to try to fuck her. Smart, huh?"

He gave me that big grin again. I wondered how Leigh felt when he gave it to her. He's hard to resist. Smart, yeah.

"Come on, Squirt. We've got to get down the hill and run."

On the way down the hill, he started again.

"Dad, when are we going to the cabin again?"

"I told you I wanted to go one weekend this month. I'm hoping we get some cold weather and maybe snow while we check out the new heating system your uncles and I put in. I've still got the new fans in the basement that I've got to install."

"Why do we need new fans?"

“The old ones were cheap. They only blow down. We want some remote-control ones that’ll blow up too. That’ll circulate the warm air in the winter.”

“Can I, I mean may I invite Leigh to go with us?”

I had to stop and think a minute on that one. “I don’t know whether that’s wise, Son. What if I dared everybody to get naked and run out and play in the snow? How do you think she’d take that?”

“She knows how we are about that, about being nudists at home and at the cabin. She was OK being in the Jacuzzi with us. She thinks it’s neat. She wants to go.”

“We’ll probably all have to sleep in the central room in sleeping bags because the heat won’t go back in the bedrooms. Where’ll she sleep?”

“With me, Dad! We can zip our sleeping bags together.”

I glanced at him and could see that big grin on his face in the dim morning light. He wanted her to go with us, wanted it bad.

“I imagine Kavan and Kathryn’ll zip theirs together. And Arial and Brad. I know I’m going to zip mine and your Mom’s together. We’ll still probably have to sleep in thermal underwear or sweat-suits.”

“Yeah, Dad, I’d love to spoon up against her in thermals. She’s hot.”

“Last question, Squirt. What’s she going to say if I start making love to your Mother in our sleeping bag? And maybe Kavan and Kathryn do it too. And even Arial and Brad, if he can get over being embarrassed about it.”

“I’ll warn her ‘bout what might go on, Dad. She and I already talk about stuff like that. I’ll keep her busy while all of you are doing it. I’d love to get my head under the sleeping bag and try to get my mouth on her pussy in the dark. I think that’d be lots of fun. Can I invite her, huh?”

“Yeah, invite her, Squirt. Just be sure she can handle it.”

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We came back in the house on the rear basement level. I could tell my thermal underwear was damp with sweat and would need washing. The microfiber wind-suits were almost too good in keeping out the cold. Kerry started to say something and I stopped him with one finger

to my lips. I listened for a minute and couldn't hear any sounds of activity anywhere in the house.

"We can shower down here if we're quiet. OK with you?"

He nodded and we both started stripping. I felt my usual fatherly pride watching him get naked. He was all long arms and legs, slim but not skinny looking, just not an ounce of fat anywhere on him.

"How much do you weigh now?" I whispered.

"One fifteen. And I'm five seven tall."

"Your Mom's five nine. You'll be taller than her within the year or so."

"How tall do you guess I'm going to be, Dad?"

"I'm six one and that's taller than average for a man. Your Mom's taller than the average woman. I wouldn't be surprised if you're taller than I am by the time you're grown. I wasn't as tall as you when I was your age."

I'd finally put tempered glass walls around the shower area. Siobhan and the girls had complained too much that it caused humidity problems in the basement and house when we used it. I'd installed a moisture-barrier ceiling and an exhaust fan through the outside wall. The result was a tightly-enclosed area that now became a steam room if we set the showers on hot.

That's what I did this time. I turned on one of the showerheads to hot only and directed it against the wall. The other I adjusted to a comfortable temperature. Kerry and I took turns getting wet and warm. I took the bottle of liquid bath soap and the back brush off the shelf and handed them to Kerry. When I bent over with my hands just above my knees, he knew what I wanted. He squirted the soap all over my back and gave me a good scrubbing. When I'd had enough, I returned the favor for him.

When he straightened up, he had a hard-on again. He saw me looking at it and gave me another grin. I knew he was proud of it and wanted me to be proud of him. I'd seen him with an erection hundreds or thousands of times but he always seemed to be proud of it and wanted me to feel the same way.

"Hold it straight out, Son."

He pushed it down with one finger until it was sticking out at roughly a 90-degree angle to his body. I squatted down beside him to see if I could see any curvature in it, with my hand on his butt. He was right. Even with his finger on the head holding it down, I could detect just the slightest upward curve.

I reached up, took hold of his dick, and slid the foreskin back and forth a couple of times. I reached back between his legs and cupped his balls in the palm of my hand, sort of weighing them. In a year they'd gone from marble to golf-ball size. I straightened up and gave him a quick hug.

"You're developing beautifully, Kerry. It may curve slightly but it'll never be a problem for you or any of your lady friends. I think you're going to be the tallest male in our family - and the one with the biggest dick."

He really gave me a grin when I said that. He dropped his hand back down to his dick and started slowly stroking it, looking down at it. I'd seen him masturbate a few times and he'd seen me when I demonstrated for him before he hit puberty. I wondered how far he wanted to go with us together. In spite of myself, I felt a warm surge in my own dick. He lifted his face up and looked me in the eyes.

"Come on, Dad, let's do it."

"What, Son?"

"Jack off! I've only seen you do it a couple of times; you haven't seen me do it lately. I can really come now too. I'll bet I can shoot farther than you can."

"Kerry, I'm not going to get in a jack-off contest with you. You go ahead and do it. I'm going upstairs to start breakfast."

"Dad, please," he said, looking at me with a pleading look. "I'm turning into a man. I want you to see me. I know how much you love me. I want you to see what sort of man you've got for a son."

I hesitated. I really wanted to watch him. I wasn't sure if I wanted him to watch me again. If we did it, I didn't know whether I wanted to win or whether I wanted him to win.

"Besides, Dad, you're almost hard already. You know you want to. Let's let it be just between us men." He used that grin again, one of his most persuasive arguments.

I moved back under the hot water and warmed up again. Kerry moved directly in front of me. He reached down with one hand and pushed his dick down perpendicular to me. With the other, he lifted mine until it was pointed at him. He looked down at them, evidently comparing mine with his. When he was satisfied, he looked up into my eyes again and slowly stroked my dick back and forth a few times. I gave in.

I reached down and started stroking. He did the same. We stood watching each other, looking down at what our hands were doing on our cocks most of the time, occasionally glancing up into each other's faces. It didn't take him long. I could see the muscles in his stomach and thighs tighten and his balls draw up. He turned to the side, out from under the shower, and I knew he was close.

When he came, he put on quite a demonstration of youthful firepower. The first squirts flew a few feet, landing on the concrete shower floor a good three feet from his toes. The rest trailed back in a line towards his feet.

Shit! It made me want to come too. I tensed up, squeezed my buttocks and internal muscles, and stroked my dick faster and faster. When I felt the first contractions begin, I turned to the side too, in the same direction Kerry had shot. If we were having a distance contest, he won. I shot heavier, much heavier than his little squirts, but he beat me on distance. I don't know if mine even traveled two feet.

I knew what I wanted to say. "You win, Kerry. You really could shoot your eye out."

Upstairs in the kitchen, I put on a pot of coffee and pulled out all kinds of fruit to make a mixed-fruit bowl for the family. Kerry knew what I was doing because he'd helped more than once. He dug in the drawer for a couple of small knives.

"Dad, do you ever feel like Arial's the most beautiful girl you've ever seen?"

I looked at him and wondered what had provoked this question.

"Yes, Kerry, for about the last sixteen years."

"She was here in the kitchen yesterday when I came in to get a glass of milk. She had on those blue sweats she likes. The sun was shining in on her back and it made her hair look like a gold halo or something. She was looking down at her learner's permit and I couldn't see her eyes, just those long eyelashes. I just stood looking at her until she looked up

and saw me. Her face sort of lit up and she gave me a smile, almost made me feel goose-bumpy.”

“I know that feeling, Kerry. I look at her lots of times and wonder how I got such a beautiful creature for a daughter. Course, I wonder the same thing about you sometimes.”

“You love us, don’t you, Dad?”

“Yeah, Squirt, I do. All of you.”

He sat quietly for a minute or so, peeling apples and cutting them up.

“Can you play catch with me this afternoon?”

“Wanna break in that new glove I got you?”

“Yeah, it’s too stiff. Is it OK if I ask Kavan and the three of us go down to the park and throw for a while?”

“About two o’clock. It ought to be warm enough to be comfortable.”

“OK. Dad, I love Ariel too. I don’t understand it. She’s always so sweet and nice to me but that’s not it. It’s like I don’t have any choice about whether I love her. Is that the way it’ll be when I get a girl-friend?”

“I imagine so, Kerry. From the first time I saw your mother, I felt like I didn’t have any choice. It’s still that way now. But I thought Leigh was your girl friend.”

“I guess so, Dad. I like her a lot and I want to do stuff with her but I don’t love her like I love Ariel or Mom. Sometimes, I just can’t figure out this love stuff. Sometimes I want to bust up with her ‘cause I can’t talk to her about intelligent stuff and sometimes I want to stick my dick in her and leave it there.”

“Get used to it, Kerry,” I said.

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(KERRY)

After lunch on Saturday, I helped Mom clean the kitchen. There wasn’t much to do so I volunteered. I guess it surprised her but I wasn’t doing it just to be nice.

I scrubbed the casserole dish from Friday night's dinner, a beef and potato and onion mix with lots of garlic and wine. It was one of our favorites even if we did smell like garlic for a while.

Mom caught me looking at her and I guess that made her curious. I loved looking at her. She didn't have any make up on and the freckles across her nose and cheeks were easy to see. Mine were just like hers but not quite as many. Her red hair was sort of messed up again but it was still beautiful.

"What is it, Kerry?" she asked.

I didn't say anything. I didn't know how to say what I was feeling. I just went up to her and gave her a big hug and buried my face in the hair beside her neck. I felt like crying and I didn't know why. She rubbed my neck with one hand and my back with the other. I guess she knew how to fix whatever was bothering me. After a couple of minutes, I felt OK. I gave her a big smile and helped her finish up with the dishes.

Saturday night all six of us helped fix dinner together again. Dad had eaten some Japanese stuff called sukiyaki when he'd gone to San Francisco on a consulting trip and wanted all of us to try it. Mom had gotten all the stuff for it and we mainly just had to clean and cut up vegetables. I don't guess there's much I don't like and I liked sukiyaki except for the tofu. I was the one that said "yuk" this time and it's strange because Ariel didn't. Kavan said he liked the sake stuff that Dad said went with a Japanese dinner. I tasted it and I thought it tasted like something you clean floors with. I was still a little hungry when we'd eaten most everything and I had another bowl of rice with the last of the cooking sauce.

Kavan and Kathryn went to bed about seven-thirty. Said they were going to watch TV. Yeah, sure. I think they just turned the TV on so we couldn't hear them moaning and groaning and banging the headboard against the wall. Ariel had her head in a book and she went to bed a few minutes later. Mom and Dad and I were in the living room listening to the classical music program Dad likes on Saturday night. I especially liked that Saint-Saens organ symphony. When it was over at eight, they said they were going to bed too. At least they didn't pretend they were going to watch TV. We all knew they liked some long leisurely lovemaking, that's Dad's words, on Saturday night. Dad told me to turn off the sound system and I guess he thought I was going to listen to the jazz program that came on after the one he liked. I listened to it a while but I didn't really want to listen to music. I didn't know what I wanted. I was tired but I didn't feel like sleeping. I wanted to talk to Mom and Dad. I hoped maybe they'd put up with me for a few minutes if they weren't asleep.

I knocked on their door real easy. I figured if they were already doing it they wouldn't hear me and I'd just go on to bed. But I heard Mom say, "Come in."

When I went in, Mom and Dad were both already naked. I could see the comforter and blankets turned back but the bed hadn't been messed up yet. Mom was sitting on a chair and Dad was behind her brushing her hair. Dad already had a semi-woody sticking out. I'd seen him brush her hair lots of time. I knew he liked to do it. I did too. I brushed Mom's sometimes and Ariel's every day or two. Before she got it cut, Ariel's was so long and silky straight it was like the softest stuff you've ever touched and it took a long time to brush it. Now it was so short it didn't take long at all. I brushed Kathryn's once in a while too but most of the time she didn't worry about it because hers was short too. I sat down on the foot of the bed and watched Dad brushing Mom's hair. I didn't know how to say what I was feeling but I wanted to try. Maybe they'd understand.

"Mom, sometimes I wish I could be like Peter Pan. Never grow up, I mean."

"Why, Kerry? I thought you were very happy to be turning into a man."

"Yeah, it's OK. But sometimes I wish I was just eleven and still a little kid."

I guessed they'd probably think I just wanted to be a little baby again so somebody'd take care of me all the time. But that wasn't it.

"Why's that, Kerry?"

"I haven't gotten in bed with you and Dad in a long time now. Not since my dick started growing so much, I guess. You two used to let me get between you and you'd hold me. I miss that."

"We haven't chased you off, Kerry," Dad said. "I guess I thought you were ready to start gradually separating from us. That's the way it goes, you know. You're gonna be more interested in connecting with girls than staying with us. You're gonna find one some day and make a permanent connection. It's just the way we all change."

"I know. But I still hate that it's that way."

I wondered if they'd really understand. When I was eleven, I'd get in bed with them once in a while. I especially liked it when we could all be naked. Dad would spoon up to my butt and Mom'd let me spoon up

against hers. Or she'd face me and let me hold her breast. That was really nice. I loved to lay there with them, with my mouth on Mom's breast. If it was a little cool, we'd have a blanket over us. It was like I wanted to stay there forever, warm with them.

"Is it turning into a man that's changing you, Kerry?" Dad asked. "Is that why you haven't crawled in bed with us in about the last year?"

Maybe he could understand. He had a dick too.

"I guess so, Dad. It's like my dick wants me to do something and I don't want to."

"Just try not to think with it too often, Son."

Dad gave me a big grin. He understood.

"When I was little, I could get in bed with you and Mom and you'd wrap me all up. Sometimes you'd put your hand down over my dick and balls and just let it be there. I remember once, Mom had her hand on me and you put yours over hers. I know I got hard-ons all the time but they never bothered me. I didn't feel like I had to do anything with my dick no matter how long it stayed hard."

"It's changed now, hasn't it, Son?"

"Yeah Dad, it sure has. Now when it gets hard I feel like I've got to do something with it. The longer it stays hard, the more I feel that way. I probably jack off two or three times every day."

"That's just normal, Kerry. I've been telling you that for years."

"Yeah, Dad, but I'm just now understanding what you've been telling me."

"Is that why you haven't been coming to get in bed with us? If you get a hard-on, you'll feel like you have to do something with it. You just want to be loved and your dick wants sex?"

"I don't know what I want, Dad. My dick sure doesn't know what it wants either."

"You don't remember it," Mom said, "but when you were little, your dick was your pacifier. You had colic about the time you were a year old. I weaned you when you were about eight months because you started biting me when I nursed you. When you were crying, I'd cuddle you up to my breasts and play with your penis. It was about as big as

my thumb then. I don't guess you ever had orgasms then but it'd quiet you down and you'd go to sleep."

Mom stood up and took Dad's hand. She walked over to me and held out her other hand to me. I took it.

"Come on, you two. I'd like to cuddle with my two men."

I was out of my winter sleepwear in about two seconds. Mom made me get in the middle, with Dad on one side and her on the other. She kept pushing me until I figured out what she wanted. I scooted down on the bed a little until my face was right at her breasts. She took her right one in her hand and sort of offered it to me. I loved the strawberry color of her nipple. I loved it even more when I couldn't see it and it was in my mouth. My dick loved it too and went from soft to a real boner in about one second.

Dad spooned up behind me. He had a hard-on already . His sure felt big against my butt and I wondered how Mom felt about having something so big inside of her. I was hard but not as big as Dad. I couldn't imagine being bigger than him. Boy that would be almost too big. Mine was already a handful and, if it was bigger than Dad's, it would be two handfuls.

After a little while, Mom pushed me back so I was laying flat on my back. She put her hand on my dick and started sort of slowly jacking me. Not really doing it, sort of just playing with it and sliding the skin up and down real easy. I looked over at Dad and he was watching her do it. He reached over too and put his hand on Mom's. They both did it together a little and then Mom slid her hand down and around my balls while Dad kept doing it real slow. They might have been slow but I knew I was going to come. I'd only come once today and that was early this morning.

I guess they could tell I was getting closer to coming. Mom wrapped her hand around my dick and Dad sort of wrapped his around hers. I wondered how Mom knew how I liked it – with her hand around my dick low enough so that my foreskin slid over the head on the upstroke. I couldn't take it when my hand rubbed against the head unless I had lots of baby oil on it. I guess she knew how from Dad because we're just alike except that he's bigger. I could feel my balls drawing up and I knew it was going to be a good one. I just hoped I didn't shoot Mom's or Dad's eye out. When it started, I quit thinking for a while. I guess Mom had my dick pretty much straight up because, when I finally looked up, Mom and Dad both had my semen on their hands.

"Sorry about that," I said.

“S’OK, Squirt,” Mom said. “It went up over a foot and fell back down. At least you didn’t shoot my eye out.”

I punched Dad on the shoulder. I guess he always told her everything but I didn’t care. He went in the bathroom and got a couple of wet washcloth and a towel. It was nice having somebody else clean up my mess for a change. Mom was really gentle when she wiped my dick clean. I thought Dad would rub it off with the towel.

“Are you ready to go back to your own bed, Kerry?” Dad asked.

“Yeah, I guess. But I’d rather stay with you and Mom.”

“Your Mother and I’d like to be alone, Kerry. You know we like to make love on Saturday night if we can. We need to take the time to reconnect with each other.”

“Reconnect?” I didn’t know what he meant.

“Yes, Son,” Dad started with a little exasperation and I knew I was about to get another lecture. “The best thing in my life is connecting with your Mother. I don’t mean just having my dick in her. That’s just part of it. It’s not just about connecting our bodies. It’s about how our sex and our love connect our lives and how all that connects with you three kids. Maybe you’re starting to lose that connection with us.”

“I guess that’s what I’m starting to do but if it is I don’t like it.”

“It happens very gradually, Kerry,” Mom said. “Kavan’s already pretty much disconnected from us and joined with Kathryn. Arial’s started to separate too and maybe she’ll join with Brad. Maybe that’s why I want to stay connected with you as long as I can.”

“Can I stay then? I won’t bother you. I’d like to watch you and Dad. I guess I understand some of what you’re saying.”

“Kerry, you understand a lot of what we’re telling you. You know your Mom and I like to be by ourselves when we make love. We share lots with you kids but this is something just between me and your Mom.”

“Aw, come on, Dad, your dick’s over here and Mom’s on the other side of the bed. It’s not between you yet.”

Mom popped me on my stomach with the palm of her hand.

“Kerry Lee Stuart, what’re we going to do with you?”

“Let me stay?” I pleaded. I used my grin on them.

Dad gave in first. He usually does.

“OK, Kerry, you can stay. You’ve seen us before. I don’t guess it’d hurt for you to see us again. Now move over on the other side of your Mother.”

I got up on my hands and knees and moved to the other side of Mom. She wiggled over toward Dad and he stretched out behind her and spooned up to her. I propped my head up with one arm and watched to see how they did it.

Mom lifted her right leg up in the air a little and reached down and arranged Dad’s dick so it was between her legs, up against her pussy. She didn’t try to put it in or anything, just pushed the foreskin back and then rubbed just under the head of Dad’s dick. Dad let her do it a little and I guess he liked it because he shut his eyes. Then she reached down and sort of milked his dick down and squeezed out some clear drops of stuff. I knew what it was but I couldn’t remember except that it was the stuff that drooled out and made pecker tracks. Mom rubbed it all around on the head of his dick. Then she did some sort of trick where she moved her hips around and pushed Dad’s dick upward a little and it just popped right into her. Neat! I wanted to learn how that one’s done.

Dad was real easy for a little while, just easing his dick in and out, mostly in because I could see it was going in deeper and deeper. Dad lifted Mom’s leg up in the air and they both shifted position somehow and the next thing I know, Dad got it in almost all the way in Mom’s pussy and she started grunting each time he pushed in.

I got hard again almost as soon as Dad put it in so I started stroking mine in sync with Dad’s pushes. Mom was watching me and she saw what I was watching. She gave me a big smile and I gave her one in return.

“Kerry,” Dad said, “would you like to help me?”

“Sure, Dad, what do you want me to do?”

“Your Mother likes to have her breasts sucked on while I’m making love to her. Could you do that for me?”

Could I? Boy! I’d be glad to do that. I moved over in front of Mom and tried to decide which one. Mom decided. She put her hand on her right

one and kind of held it out toward me. I shut my eyes and let my mouth find the nipple and started sucking, not hard, just easy.

Mom didn't say anything but I think she liked it. After Dad and I did it a while she reached over and grabbed my hand and tried to put it down between her legs. I would have been glad to help her but she tried to turn my wrist the wrong way. When I said "Ow, Mom," she let go and I turned it the right way. I figured she wanted me to touch her up at the top of her pussy. Leigh loved it when I touched her on her little bump. Mom did too.

Dad had his hand on Mom's hip now and was really humping her. Every time I'd get my finger in the right place, Dad would shove his dick in again and I'd lose my place. I think Mom liked it even if I couldn't keep my finger on her bump. She was so juicy down there my finger slid all over the place. She was red all across her chest and the tops of her breasts. It looked like my stomach does after Dad holds me down and beats me. She had her hand behind my head and wouldn't let me stop sucking on her nipple. I didn't want to stop anyway.

I hadn't really known Ms. Lauren had come until she had told me. I hadn't worried about whether Kathryn came or not because I was so busy doing it myself. I think she did too. I guess I was able to figure out when Rachael was coming sometimes when we did it at the cabin. But I wanted Mom to come. I wanted her to feel something as good as I had when she and Dad jacked me off. She started breathing real fast and heavy and then all of a sudden she took a deep breath and sort of stopped. I guess that's when she came. She turned loose of my head and grabbed my wrist and held my hand still. My finger was still on her bump and she almost broke it off. When she opened her eyes she smiled at me and I rolled over on my back. I'd helped Dad. My dick was standing up over my stomach and I started stroking it a little.

Dad must not have come because he pulled out from behind Mom and made her lay down on her back. His dick was all swollen and red and looked like it was almost dripping stuff. He got on top of Mom and put it out of sight so quick I heard her stop breathing again. She curled her legs up and around and locked her ankles behind his butt. Then he really started to give it to her. I couldn't see his face because it was on the other side of Mom. I started giving my dick hell too. I tried to synchronize my strokes to Dad's but he didn't have a rhythm established like I did.

He started sliding it in and out of Mom real fast. She had her eyes shut too and she had a look on her face like one I'd never seen before. I don't know if it was because Dad was hurting her or because he was making it feel so good. She turned her head and looked at me. My face

was a couple of feet from hers. She glanced down and saw what I was doing and then looked back up and gave me a smile. She held out one hand and I took it in my other hand, the one that wasn't doing anything. She'd look down at me stroking my dick and then look back up and in my eyes and she'd smile at me and squeeze my hand.

I don't think Dad ever got a rhythm established but it didn't matter. He was grunting and uuhhing and I could tell by the sound when he came. It was almost funny. I hoped I didn't sound that silly when I did it. Dad slowed down to a stop and I figured I'd better hurry up. I tightened up the muscles in my legs and butt and jacked as fast as I could. It worked. I squirted out one string that flew up on my chest. The next one came out like a white string with a drop on the end and flew straight for my face. I turned my head as the last split second and it landed on the side of my face. It would have got my eye if I hadn't had fast reflexes. When I stopped shooting, I looked at Mom. She was laughing like she'd seen something funny.

I thought I'd better be nice to Mom and Dad after they'd been so nice to me. I got up and got some warm washcloths and towels for them. I wiped my face clean with cold water while I was waiting for the water to run warm for them.

They didn't chase me to my bed after all. Mom spooned up against my butt and Dad spooned up against hers. Mom cupped her hand around my balls and sort of teased my dick with her thumb. I really liked that, the way it felt when her fingertips were just behind my balls and she was sliding my foreskin up and down on the head of my dick with her thumb. It was my pacifier, huh? I was thinking about what connections meant when I went to sleep.

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(KAVAN)

The call came about mid-afternoon on a Friday. Joanne had started having contractions – a couple of weeks early. Stuart had taken her to the hospital. Ms. Lauren was still at home with little Paul. She wanted to let us know and to ask if somebody could come over to take care of Paul while she went to the hospital.

Kathryn and I had just come in from school. We'd stayed about an hour after so I could practice soccer. Ariel and Kerry had been home for about an hour. Ariel took the call. She wanted to go take care of Paul but didn't think she should without permission. Kerry wanted to go with her. I knew Kathryn or I'd have to drive them since Brad hadn't

planned on coming over until Saturday. And they might be there until late or maybe all night.

“Call Dad and tell him. Ask him if you and Kerry can go,” I advised her. “If he says OK, I’ll drive you. If not, Kathryn and I’ll go. I’d love to see the house she’s building now that they’ve moved in.”

“I saw it last week,” Kerry piped up. “It’s a long way from being finished. They got enough done so they could move in at the end of December. They’re just in the new house part. The old Free loft house’s been redone outside and they’re just starting on the inside of it. That new part’s really something. It’s huge and the way they’ve used that old timber and stones make it like a work of art. All that glass makes it look like you’re outdoors and you can see for miles now they’ve cleared some of the underbrush. They’re going to put in a pool between the old building and the new one.”

Arial called Dad at work and told him the baby was coming. He was real excited about being a grandfather again. He said Arial and Kerry could go but they’d have to plan on staying overnight. Arial asked if she could invite Brad to come stay with her and Kerry and he said OK if she cleared it with Ms. Lauren. He said nobody knows when a baby will decide to be born and he didn’t want anybody to have to come pick them up in the middle of the night if Ms. Lauren came back from the hospital.

Kathryn and I both drove them over to Lauren’s house. She was in a hurry to go to the hospital because Joanne was dilated almost enough for the baby to be born. She said she’d call Arial and me when the baby came.

We got back home just a few minutes before Mom and Dad came in. I guessed they’d both be tired from work and they were. He asked about Joanne and the baby and I told him Ms. Lauren was at the hospital and would call us when the baby was born. Kathryn and I pulled out the beef bourguignon left over from Wednesday night. I knew it’d be even better two days old than it was when we made it. I opened a bottle of red wine and toasted some bread and Kathryn fixed some apples and cheddar cheese to go with it.

Mom and Dad were stressed out. Dad had been putting in too many long days since he took the new job as head of Andersen Security. About eight, they decided to go to their bedroom and get in the Jacuzzi together.

Kathryn and I were in our sweat suits and we decided to stay up and watch TV while we waited for Ms. Lauren to call. We’d hardly gotten

settled down on the couch when the call came. Joanne had another little boy and both were fine. No problems. She told me a secret: that Stuart and Joanne wanted to name the boy Kieran Lee, his first name after his grandfather and his middle name after Kerry. They wanted to be the ones to tell Dad and I promised I'd pretend I didn't know. I went downstairs to the old refrigerator and found a bottle of champagne. I found plastic cups in the kitchen and told Kathryn to come with me while I told Mom and Dad. Their bathroom door was shut so I knew to knock.

"Come in," I heard Mom say, sort of quiet and sleepy-like.

They were both at the same end of the Jacuzzi. Dad was against the end of the tub and Mom was in front of him. She had her head leaned back against Dad's shoulder. I could see her breasts just at the top of the swirling water. Dad's hand was on her left one. I could see the nipple on the right one and it looked like it was hard. I guessed that they were probably playing around.

Dad gave me a big smile and then suddenly Mom's eyes popped open and she smiled up at me too. When I looked closer I could see Dad's right arm curving around Mom and down into the water. I knew where he had his fingers.

They looked at the bottle of champagne and they knew. Dad was a grandfather again. I gave them the good news. Joanne had a seven-pound boy about an hour ago. I didn't tell them that Stuart and Joanne wanted to name him Kieran Lee.

"We brought a bottle of champagne. We'd like to celebrate with you," Kathryn said.

"That's very nice of you two," Dad said. "Would you like to get in the Jacuzzi with us?"

Kathryn looked at me. I knew she'd said she didn't want to get his dick in her anymore – that if she had a baby she wanted to know it was mine. When she said it she acted like she was kidding but I knew she meant it.

"Will you be good, Dad?" I asked.

"Oh, probably not, but come on in anyway."

He put his arms under Mom and pushed her up. I didn't know what he was doing. He stood up too. His dick was sort of red and swollen and

his balls were hanging real loose. He moved down to the other end of the Jacuzzi and then got Mom back in front of him again.

“I want you two to have that end of the Jacuzzi,” he said.

I didn't understand why but I didn't question him. Kathryn started stripping and I followed her. It didn't take much since we just had on our sweat suits and white socks. I watched Dad watching Kathryn, as she got naked. Eat your heart out, I thought; she's mine.

When I was naked, I opened the bottle and poured four cups and put them down on the edge of the tub. I eased down on the end where Dad had been and held up my hand to Kathryn. She settled down between my legs. I started to reach for one of the cups of champagne but Kathryn stopped me.

“Give me your hand,” she said.

I didn't know what she meant. She took my hand and pulled it under the water and put it between her legs. After a little I understood. I could feel jets of hot water hitting against my hand every second or so. Boy, I'll bet that gave Mom a good orgasm or two, with Dad's fingers playing around while the pulses of hot water hit against her pussy.

I looked at Dad. He held his hand up out of the water and sort of waved two fingers like he was rubbing something. I knew what he'd been doing with Mom.

“Tension reliever,” he said, with a big grin.

We toasted Joanne and Stuart and the baby. Dad called him Little Who Ever You Are because he didn't know what they were going to name him. I wanted to tell him but I knew I couldn't. A cup of champagne, hot water swirling around, and my girl in my arms: it really was a tension tamer. Dad had his hands on Mom's shoulders and was kneading her. I figured Kathryn would like it too so I followed Dad's example.

After a little while, Dad let one hand slip under the water and I could see it on Mom's breast. I followed his example. Then Dad let his other hand slip under the water and I couldn't see where it was but I knew from Mom's expression. I followed his example again. I wished I could have seen Kathryn's face. I sat and watched Dad and Mom while he was doing it to Mom and they sat and watched me and Kathryn while I was doing it to Kathryn. I can sometimes tell when Kathryn comes now but I didn't have any doubt this time. She had her hands on my legs, just

behind my knees. I knew I'd have fingernail marks there tomorrow. Damn, why do women think they have to mark us up like that?

Mom made Dad stop. She pulled away from him, patted the edge of the Jacuzzi, and told him to get up here. This time Dad almost had a hard-on. His dick looked like mine does sometimes, almost as big as it's going to get and just on the edge of getting hard. He sat down on the side of the tub and Mom turned sideways and got in front of him. She put one hand on each of Dad's thighs and pushed them as far apart as she could. She wrapped her hand around his dick and stroked it until it was all the way hard. Then she leaned over and opened her mouth for Dad's dick. Got it in on her first try and then started sucking.

Kathryn and I were just watching but I knew I had to do something too because my dick was so hard it was aching. She pulled away from me and then patted the side of the tub beside Dad. I knew what she meant; I got up there beside Dad. I knew what Kathryn was going to do and it made me hot because she's good at sucking cock. She got in the same position as Mom and started with me. I looked over at Dad and gave him a smile. I hoped he was enjoying it as much as I was. We both just let them do it all they wanted to. I knew I was going to come but I wasn't in any hurry.

After a few minutes, Mom stood up and moved between me and Kathryn. She pushed Kathryn toward Dad and Kathryn moved to that end of the tub. It was OK with me if she sucked Dad's cock. As good as he was to us, I figured it'd be OK if she was good to him. It would be OK as long as he didn't try to get his dick in her pussy anymore.

When Kathryn was in place in front of Dad, Mom knelt down in front of me and wrapped her hand around my dick. I hadn't expected it but I knew what she and Kathryn were up to. Kathryn nodded to Mom and they both bent down and started sucking at the same time. Mom was just as good at it as Kathryn. I guessed she'd had more practice but Kathryn loved to do it too. I hadn't come since last night and I knew one of them was going to get a load if I didn't stop them. I was about to make them quit when Kathryn stopped sucking Dad and stood up and moved over in front of me. Mom stayed on her knees and moved over to Dad. Kathryn got down on her knees in the tub and, when Mom nodded to her, they both started sucking dick again. Shit, I couldn't stop this. If one of them got a mouthful, it was just tough luck. I guess Dad didn't feel that way though. He stood up and his dick popped out of Mom's mouth.

"Excuse me, ladies," he said, "as much as I'm enjoying your lingual lasciviousness, it's not what I want tonight. I want some good old-fashioned loving. Would one of you like to oblige me?"

Honest, that's what he said. I thought Mom and Kathryn'd crack up. He put his hand on my shoulder and stepped out of the tub. I got up too and got out. Old-fashioned loving? Sounded pretty good to me. But I knew I'd kick Kathryn's ass if she volunteered for Dad after what she'd said about wanting to be sure any baby she had was mine. Mom and Kathryn got out too and we all started drying off.

"Well, Kathryn," Mom said, "you said you thought Kavan was as big as his Dad now. I still don't think so. When I had my hand around Kieran's cock, my thumb and fingertips were about a half-inch apart. Around Kavan's it was more like a quarter-inch apart."

Kathryn giggled. "I think they're the same. My mouth felt the same around Kieran's as it did around Kavan's. They're both just a big mouth full."

Dad wasn't about to let them get away with it. "Kavan, I think these ladies need to be taken to bed and soundly screwed. Well, maybe not soundly because I hope they shut up. What do you say; if we can get them in the bed, wanna take a crack at it?"

"Sure, Dad, I'd love to take a crack at somebody's crack. I just hope I don't get a crick in my back from a crack attack." I knew I sounded silly when I said it but I didn't give a shit. They had started it.

"Kavan Stuart, don't you dare call my cunt a crack," Mom giggled. "I won't tolerate your insults. I'm your Mother. I demand your respect."

"Yeah, Kavan, don't insult your Mom," Kathryn said. "Anyway I want the biggest dick in the house. If I'm going to play make-a-baby, I want a cock I can feel. I'm tired of Kavan's little thing."

Shit! I couldn't believe it. A little teasing was OK but I couldn't believe she wanted to Dad to do it. She'd said more than once he'd had his one crack at her. Maybe Dad knew how I felt about it because he came to my rescue.

"Kavan, she says she wants the biggest dick in the house. Come here and put yours up to mine," he said.

I looked at Dad and I knew what he was doing. He wasn't hard all the way now. I still was. Damn, he was one great Dad. I stood directly in front of him with my dick in my right hand. He had his in his right hand too. I laid mine beside his in his hand. They looked about the same to me.

“Ladies, come look. It’s official. Kavan’s got the biggest dick in the house. I guess Kathryn’ll have to settle for it tonight.”

Mom and Kathryn came over and looked. They were giggling and they didn’t really look that close. I wondered if Kathryn had really meant it and whether she’d have let Dad screw her if he hadn’t let me be the biggest.

“Well, I don’t mind settling for second biggest,” Mom said. “Come on, Kieran, let’s go play make-a-baby. See you kids in the morning.”

I took Kathryn’s hand and started to go downstairs to our bedroom. My dick was still rigid and it almost hurt to have it flop around so I held it with my other hand.

“Aw, come on, Siobhan,” Dad said. He wasn’t through yet. “I was sort of hoping we could have a little contest – see who could last the longest at playing make-a-baby. Our bed’s king-size. The winner gets to be king for the night.”

“Make me a baby, make me a baby,” Kathryn started singing. I knew the tune but those weren’t the words. But Kathryn’s words fit the tune.

“Make me a baby, make me a baby, come, make me a mommy tonight,” Mom picked up the tune and I was close to naming it. Something about luck is a lady.

I guess it was OK with Mom if Kathryn and I stayed. Dad took her hand and led her into the bedroom. He threw the comforter on the floor at the foot of the bed and then pushed Mom down on the bed. She almost bounced. Dad was down on his knees beside the bed before she got settled. Dad pulled her toward him a little, spread her legs apart, and bent over and gave Mom a quick kiss on her stomach just below her navel. He looked up at me and Kathryn.

“You two want a special invitation? Are you coming to the party?”

Hell, yes, I was coming. I sure as hell was coming. I had Kathryn in position beside Mom in just a few seconds.

Kathryn’s pubic hair, what little there was left after she trimmed it, was damp and soft from the Jacuzzi. I used both thumbs to part it and brush it to the sides and bare her clitoral shaft. Lower down, around her vagina, there wasn’t much to begin with and I’d shaved it a couple of nights earlier. Damn, it looked like a feast. I wondered if it was possible to inherit a gene for liking cunnilingus. Dad always said it was one of the greatest things about sex for him. I guess I’m going to be the

same way. Maybe it's just something all men like to do. It sure gets a woman in the mood to be fucked.

I looked over at Dad to see what he was doing with Mom. He'd done the same thing I did, just sort of cleared up the playing field. He nodded and lowered his mouth down to Mom's pussy. I lowered mine to Kathryn's. I was in no hurry. I sort of figured we'd keep playing as long as we wanted to tonight. I just kept my hands on the inside of her thighs and used my tongue on her vaginal lips. I didn't even try to get to her clit. I just licked where I knew it was and waited for it to crawl out and ask for attention. I did one thing I knew she liked; I stuck my tongue out as far as I could and tried to see how deep in her I could get it. That always drove her wild. She was squeaky clean inside and her juices hadn't got started that much. She still smelled and tasted sort of like wildflowers or whatever that bath oil was that Mom had put in the water.

I rose up, took a deep breath, and looked over at Dad. He was doing about the same thing I was except he had his thumbs on each side of Mom's pussy and was pulling it open wider. He was just sort of grazing, I guess, like I was, just licking up one side of cunt to her clit and then up the other. The time I'd got at Mom's cunt I hadn't really seen what I was doing because there wasn't much light on the deck that night. I could see it now and she was really different from Kathryn. Mom was all pink and coral and red down there, especially that red hair of hers. Kathryn was darker with her black hair and darker on her pussy lips. She didn't turn pink and then red until I got deeper in her or got her really hot.

I guess Dad saw me looking out of his peripheral vision. He looked up at me and smiled. His lips looked wet already. I guess he'd got Mom hot quicker.

"Let's swap, Dad."

"You sure, Kavan? I thought Kathryn was pretty much off limits to me."

"Just off limits to your dick, Dad. Let's swap. Show Kathryn what an expert can do."

"Well, if you wanna be that way, your Mom's off limits to your dick too. You can use your amateur tongue if you want to."

"I'm no amateur, Dad. I got my cunt-lapping gene from you. Come on, swap!"

“Hear that, ladies. Kavan wants to swap. Hold up your hand if it’s OK.”

I saw four hands lift up in the air. I crawled on my knees to the other side of Dad and he moved down in front of Kathryn. I lifted Mom’s legs up over my back, splayed them out wide, and did what Dad had been doing to Mom’s pussy – used my thumbs to spread the lips apart so I could lick and suck on everything. Within a couple of minutes, Mom was squirming and I knew she was close. I guess Kathryn was too. Dad said swap this time and crawled around me to get back in place with Mom.

I started with Kathryn and it didn’t take long to see she was ready too. She started trying to pull me bald-headed and rub my nose on her clit and I decided it was time. I eased two fingers inside her and started sliding them in and out while I pressed upward. If there was a damned “G-spot” there I’d never found it but it seemed to work pretty good. I fastened my mouth on her clit and started sucking while I gave her hell with my fingers. Sure-fire way of making a woman go off. Kathryn got a couple of clumps of hair out of my head and almost smothered me in her cunt. I didn’t care.

Dad stood up and held out his hand to me. I took it and he pulled me to my feet. We were both hard and pointing up at about a forty-five degree angle. Dad looked at my dick and then looked down at his own. He looked at mine and then back at his own.

“Shit, Kavan, you’re so much like me I couldn’t tell the difference if you didn’t have that red hair.”

I didn’t know what to say so I didn’t say anything.

“I guess I’ve still been thinking of you as a kid for the last few years. Damn, you’re no kid. You’re a man, Kavan. I’m proud you’re my son.”

I figured I’d better laugh so I wouldn’t cry. “Thanks, Dad. Now are we going to make these ladies give us some old-fashioned loving?”

“That we are, Kavan, my boy. Let’s play make-me-a-mommy with them. But I am not racing you. I’m taking my time with your Mom. You and Kathryn can watch how an expert does it.”

“I’m not watching, Dad. Kathryn’s about to get screwed too.”

“You two talk a lot,” Kathryn sneered. “Long on words, short on deeds.”

Dad and I showed them we weren't short on deeds. He got Mom on one side of the bed and I got Kathryn on the other. He bent Mom almost in half and got her legs locked around his middle. I did him one better. I got Kathryn's ankles up around my neck. That's about when I stopped noticing what Dad was doing because I was busy doing something myself.

Kathryn was still trying to sing, "Make me a baby" and giggling at the same time. It's hard to make love to a giggling woman but I managed.

I don't know whether the missionaries ever really did it in the missionary position. Maybe they just did it with the man on top and the woman spreading her legs enough for him to get it in. That's not what Kathryn and I liked. She liked to bring her legs back and spread them. She liked it when I could get my dick so deep in her my balls were bouncing off her ass-cheeks. She liked it when I got a pistoning rhythm going good.

Mom started up too. "Make me a baby, make me a baby, come and make me a mommy tonight." Dad was grunting like he was doing his best to give her one.

The best loving of all, the old fashioned, man on top, woman on bottom, cock encunted, out until just the head of my dick held my place open so I could shove it back in. Starting off slow and savoring every inch of contact with the slick flesh inside her. Loving every delicious minute of it. Knowing it couldn't last forever but wanting it to. Gradually moving faster and faster and losing more and more contact with anything but my cock in her cunt. First faint feeling of something building, everything so damn intense until the dam breaks, first wave hits, shove it in as far as possible, balls against ass cheeks, let it rip, again and again.

Kathryn let her legs flop down on the bed beside me but she had her hands on my ass and wasn't about to let me take my dick out of her. I didn't want to anyway. I just let it stay there until I quit gasping for breath and my heart slowed down a little.

When I looked over at Mom and Dad, they were still going at it. Dad had the old ramrod working and Mom was grunting like she was putting some real effort into it too. I watched Dad's dick plowing her and then watched her face to see how close she was. Dad's face was hidden on the other side of her neck and I couldn't tell how he was doing. I knew when Dad came though. He shoved his dick in Mom, again and again, so hard he shook the whole bed, and Mom looked like she was moving closer to the headboard. Maybe she came too but I

couldn't tell. They came to an abrupt stop just like Kathryn and me. I waited for them to remember where they were.

When Dad raised his head, he looked over at me and Kathryn. We were still just like them, lying there still connected. Mom looked over at us too and I gave her a big smile. She gave it back to me.

Kathryn pinched my butt and I looked down at her. "Kavan, I think you'd better get us some towels. I'm going to make a mess on your parent's bed when you take it out if you don't."

"Don't you move, Kavan," Mom said. "I don't care if you two make a mess. You just stay with Kathryn. Being close after you make love is more important than bed sheets."

"She's right, Kathryn," Dad said. "The love you share after making love is too damned good to miss out on."

I'd learned that with Kathryn but I guess I never thought about Mom and Dad feeling that way. I liked to stay on top of Kathryn with my dick inside her until it got soft and her pussy sort of squeezed me out by itself. I liked to kiss her and look at her face when it was all relaxed. I even liked to lick her on her shoulders and neck and taste her when she was all sweaty and hot. But I guess the best part was just talking to her while we were relaxing after we did it. I never could remember what we talked about and I don't guess that mattered. It was mostly mumbling something in each other's ears but it was too good to miss out on.

I looked over at Mom and Dad again. Mom was watching me and Kathryn but Dad's face was hidden on the other side of her. I held out my hand to her and she took my hand in hers and squeezed it. Dad looked up about that time and saw what Mom and I were doing.

I didn't care if Mom and Dad were watching. I wanted to kiss Kathryn so I did. I just shut my eyes, found her mouth with mine, and teased her tongue out of hiding. I even felt a little sign of life in my dick again but I thought I'd better settle for once tonight.

When I looked up again, Dad was kissing Mom just like I'd been kissing Kathryn. I rolled off Kathryn toward the side of the bed. Fuck the sheets. I curled up behind her and I didn't care how wet and sloppy my dick was. I didn't care if her cunt overflowed on me and the sheets. It was just too nice being close to worry about laundry.

But eventually, I guess I did. I got up. Dad was spooned up to Mom and he looked like he was asleep. In the bathroom, I ran warm water and

then wet four washcloths. I grabbed a couple of small hand towels and two damp used towels. Back in the bedroom, I passed them out. Dad finally rolled away from Mom and started wiping his dick and balls off. I stood beside the bed and wiped mine off too. Mom and Kathryn wiped off with the washcloths, then used the damp towels and finally stuffed a hand towel between their legs and just lay there. I waited to collect all the cloths and towels so I could put them in the laundry bin. It had been a long day and I was tired and ready for sleep.

“Come on, Kathryn; let’s go get in our own bed.” I held out my hand to her.

“Wait,” Dad said. “Wait a minute. Get back in bed. I want to talk to you two.”

I looked at Mom. I wanted to curl up with Kathryn and go to sleep. I didn’t know whether she wanted us to sleep with them. The bed was king-size but it would still be crowded with four. Mom just nodded at me and I started to crawl back in beside Kathryn.

“Could you put the blanket and comforter back over us, Kavan? It’s beginning to get chilly in here. It must be after ten o’clock.”

The thermostat was set to start dropping to 62 degrees at ten. She was right. It was a little cool. I crawled back in behind Kathryn and pulled the cover over us. Dad reached over and turned out the light and the room was dark.

“Kavan, did I ever tell you I can remember the summer afternoon you were conceived? Your mom does too.”

“No, you’ve never told me.”

“We’d been away from home, the first little house we ever owned, for about a week. One of Dad’s brothers had died. Your Mother had her period before that and it’d been almost two weeks since we’d made love. We got back home and the house was hot and there was a thunderstorm developing.”

“And you had some hot sex, huh, Dad?”

“Yeah, we sure did. We’d talked about starting a family. We had agreed your Mom could quit taking birth-control pills whenever she got ready. She’d stopped over a month earlier and I think she was sort of surprised when she had one more period after stopping. She didn’t have a second one, though.”

“He did it twice that afternoon,” Mom said, “and I told him I’d bet I was pregnant. I missed my next period and I teased him about having twins.”

“I still remember how good the sex was that afternoon,” Dad said. “I think that’s when I really made up my mind I was going to be honest with my kids about sex. That afternoon with your Mom was one of the best things that ever happened to me. Not just because you were conceived. I just felt so connected to her, like we were part of each other. I’d felt like that before but it was such a strong feeling that afternoon.”

“I feel that way with Kathryn sometimes, Dad. She feels it too. We’ve talked about it more than once.”

“I still feel that way with her tonight, Kavan. I know we were all just fooling around and being silly but I still feel connected to your Mom.”

“I thought for a while there you were going to be connected to Kathryn tonight, Dad.”

“Yeah, well, you two shouldn’t tease me like that. I’m glad Kathryn gave an old man a little present once. It was enough to make me feel like a kid again. But you don’t need to worry about me doing anything like that again with her. We might fool around like we did tonight but I’m not putting another buck in her slot machine. I just think it’d be better if you’re the one doing that, Son.”

“Me too, Dad.”

“I’m just rambling, Son. I’m sleepy but I wish I could make you understand how I feel about you and Kathryn.”

“I think we do, Dad.”

“I hope you and Kathryn can make the same sort of connection your Mother and I have. One of these days, I hope you and Kathryn have an afternoon like your Mom and I had and you find out what it’s like to know she’s pregnant and your life’s always going to be connected to hers.”

“Me too, Dad, just not too soon. We want to wait a while.”

“You’re not a kid anymore, Kavan. You’re a man, now. I’m proud you’re my son.”

“Thanks, Dad.”

“Kavan, I’m going to go running tomorrow morning as usual. Want to go with me?”

“Yeah, Dad, I would. Now shut up and go to sleep.”

I guess he’ll never shut up when he finds out they’ve named his new grandson Kieran Lee.

HE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Forty-Two

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.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 16;
Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12 1/2**

**Telling the Story:
Siobhan Stuart**

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(SIOBHAN)

The weather forecast for the January weekend was for a winter storm. A frontal system was bringing dry cold air down from the Northwest and another system was drawing warm moist air up from the Gulf. The two were predicted to collide somewhere over our area. Our weather could be very heavy rain, sleet, ice, snow, or any combination depending on where the two systems collided. I made sure we were well supplied and planned on spending the weekend with my family.

Friday night, when we went to bed, the wind was already howling outside. Some gusts sounded like Banshees and made me worry for some of the big trees on our property.

Kieran and I slept in our usual winter sleepwear: flannel nightgown for me and flannel pajamas for him. We were snug and warm in bed under the blanket and comforter. I was curled up against Kieran, one hand in the fly of his pajamas, idly playing with his dick. He or it seemed uninterested. He was reading a book.

“Kieran, do you think it’s really OK for Kerry to be so sexually active at his age? You said your first time was when you were almost sixteen. He’s twelve and I can’t believe what he’s already experienced with women. Do you think we’ve done the right things with him?”

“Uh, huh to one. Uh, huh to two.”

“I can’t get used to seeing him with a penis and testicles like a man’s. His dick seems to be half-hard half the time and totally hard the rest of the time. I think it’s cute with those little curls of hair all around it. Do you think it’s going to be as big as yours?”

“Uh, huh. Maybe bigger.”

“Kieran, if you say ‘uh, huh,’ one more time, you’re not going to get any pussy for a month.”

“Uh, uh.”

“Kieran, would you put down that damn book? You’ve been reading it every night for a week. What is it anyway?”

He showed me the title. On Human Nature. By Wilson. Human nature? Why couldn’t he just read murder mysteries? I never would understand him.

“I’m worried about him, Kieran. He’s already had sex with three different women and I don’t know how many times with each. What’s he going to do now? Lauren’s going her own way and Joanne and Rachael are busy with babies. Kavan’s acting possessive about Kathryn. I dreamed about him last night.”

He put the book down and looked at me.

“In my dream, I went in to kiss him goodnight and he was about four years old. When I leaned over to kiss him, he grabbed me and kissed me like you do sometimes, sort of tongue-fucking me. All of a sudden

he was about sixteen and I wanted his dick in me. I got in bed with him and he started fucking me and he had a dick bigger than yours. Then he was about twelve, just like he is now, except he still had that big dick and I was sucking it.”

“So? You love him; I do too; we both do. I’ve had dreams about Ariel. One that recurs is where I’m behind her and she’s bent over and I’m reaming out her little pussy and looking down at her little pink asshole. I’m not responsible for those bits and fragments in the middle of the night. You’re not either.”

I felt something in my hand getting warmer and firmer. Maybe it was interested after all.

“You don’t think our dreams are some sort of subconscious manifestation of something we really want to do?”

“Honey, I remember dreaming about flying when I was a kid, maybe not really flying because I don’t remember having wings or flapping them or anything like that, more like gliding. I don’t know where I took off from but I remember how much fun it was to swoop down over something and see how it looked from above. But I was never stupid enough to get up on the top of the house and jump off.”

“But I’m talking about dreaming about sex. I’ve never had a dream as vivid as this before. It seemed like it went on for hours and was as weird as anything I’ve ever dreamed. When I woke up, my cunt was absolutely dripping. It was like someone’d come in it three times.”

“Siobhan, in my early teens, I used to have wet dreams every few nights. I could jack off two or three times during the day and still have semen on the sheets to sleep with before the night was over. I used to have dreams about somebody doing something with me. It was all too vague to know who it was for sure except that it was usually a woman and she was doing something sexy with me. I didn’t know if she was sucking my dick but that’s what it seemed like. Not like fucking her. At the time, I didn’t have any idea what either was like. Analyze that.”

“Well, that’s normal, isn’t it? You’re supposed to have sex with women. What’s wrong with dreaming about it even before you’ve done it?”

“Honey, it wasn’t always a woman. Once in a while, I’d dream it was a male. Boy, man, I didn’t know. But it was definitely male. I don’t know how I knew but I did. I don’t think I ever felt the male was someone I knew. But I knew it was male.”

I released the button on his pajamas and tugged on the legs until he lifted his butt and let me pull them down. My hand wrapped around something that was definitely interested.

“Did it worry you? Did you feel maybe you weren’t supposed to dream like that?”

“Yeah, sure. Sometimes I’d go around for a day or so wondering if I was going to be queer. If it was a female, I felt fine, proud; a male, I felt shitty and ashamed.”

“Well, you used to have wet dreams with me right in the bed with you. Once or twice, even after we’d had sex. Did dreams about men ever stop for you?”

“Not ‘til I was about twenty. When I was about fourteen, I talked to Dad about it. Told him what was going on. He just did the usual - grabbed me and gave me a big hug and a head noogie. He told me he’d always had crazy dreams once in a while about sex with different people or doing stuff he’d never do when he’s awake. He just said he never worried about them. He just never did anything like that when he was awake and he knew he never would. So I quit worrying about it.”

“But Kerry’s the most beautiful young boy I’ve ever seen, Kieran. He’s absolutely gorgeous. Were you like that at twelve?”

“I don’t know. Ask my mother. Isn’t it normal for parents to think their children are the most beautiful they’ve ever seen?”

“What’s a head noogie?”

“You know, it’s what I do to Kavan and Kerry. Grab them around the neck and rub their head with my knuckles.”

“Doesn’t it hurt?”

“It never hurt me when my Dad did it to me.”

“When we started letting them play with us, you know, sex games, he gave me an orgasm with his tongue. And Ariel said he gave her one when we had that party with Lauren. How’d he learn that?”

Kieran stuck his tongue out at me and wiggled it. “It’s hereditary.”

“What if he really wants to fuck me? And what if I let him? What are you gonna say?”

“Same thing I’ll say when Arial wants me to fuck her.”

“What’s that?”

“Damned if I don’t know. But you’ve got to tell me all about that dream.”

I had his dick pinned down against his stomach while I ran my finger around and around on the sensitive area just under the head. I knew it was interested because it was drooling already.

“I wanted you to help me understand it. You’re the expert on dreams.”

“Siobhan, just because I’ve read a few books on dreams, that doesn’t make me an expert.”

“I thought you were impressed with the one on lucid dreaming.”

“I was. I wanted to see if I could do what the book said and actually direct my dream, to make events in the dream happen the way I wanted them to. I never managed to do anything like that.”

“I thought you said once you were able to wake up from a dream, decided you liked it, then went back to sleep and dreamed it some more.”

“One time, Siobhan. That doesn’t mean anything.”

“Kieran, would you like me to put my head under the cover and give you a blow-job?”

“Uh..., yes, dear! That would be a good way to start.”

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Saturday morning the winter storm was in full force outside. First we’d hear the wind hurl sleet against the windows, and then later we’d look out and snow would be blowing almost horizontally. Then later during the morning, it changed to rain and then back to a steady snowfall.

Nobody bothered to get dressed except to put on a robe over sleepwear. We knew we weren’t going anywhere. After breakfast, we all drifted into the family room and helped Kerry watch the cartoon channel. They were playing some of the old classic ones. Kieran was

reading but he'd look up when the cartoon used opera or classical music and tell us what it was. He even put down the book and watched Bugs in The Barber of Seville.

About midmorning, Kavan started losing interest. He kept slipping his hand down in his pajama bottoms and I could tell he found something there that was more fun than the Tasmanian devil. Arial kept looking at what he was doing and putting her hand in her robe. I didn't know if she needed to scratch an itch or wanted to play with her pussy but her hand looked like Jerry when he runs under a rug. Kerry was lying on his back in front of the TV in his thermal underwear, with a hard-on as usual. He even had a wet spot where the head was and that was unusual. He couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted to watch Arial play with her pussy or to watch Sylvester, the putty tat, eat Tweety Bird.

"Dad, let's watch a porn movie," Kavan said.

"Huh?"

"You know, that one with the three teen-aged kids, the twin boys and the girl, who get shipwrecked together."

"Yeah," Kerry squealed, "let's turn up the heat and get naked. I'm tired of wearing clothes all the time."

"Yeah, Dad, let's do," Arial said. "Those two boys are cute. Their dicks are almost as big as yours and Kavan's."

"OK," Kieran said. "Kavan, you go get the cassette. I'll turn the heat up. Arial, you and Kerry go get some old blankets and pillows."

"What do we need that stuff for?" Kerry asked.

"Because," I said, "he knows I'll get mad if you jack off and get come on the carpet."

"I don't jack off, Mom," Arial said. "I jill off."

"Yeah, whatever," Kerry said. "You still leave a big wet spot when you're done."

They were back in no time, already naked, with arms full of blankets and pillows. They covered the floor with the blankets and spread the pillows around. Kerry flopped down on the floor so hard the whole house shook or maybe it was another big gust of wind outside.

“I want some popcorn,” Arial said. “Does anybody else want any?”

She got four yeahs and went in the kitchen. “Melt some real butter and put on it,” I yelled. “I love it that way.”

“Me too,” Kerry said. “I can eat popcorn while I jack off and the butter’s better than baby oil any day. I can lick my fingers after I come.”

“Arial, don’t put any salt on it,” I yelled. “It’ll make your pussy sting if you get salt in it.”

I waited for a response but didn’t hear one.

“Kerry, go tell her to leave off the salt; will you?”

He bounded up and his feet were already running before he hit the floor, just like a six-year old boy or maybe like Wile E. Coyote, except I never saw the coyote run with a hard-on.

Kavan finally came back with the cassette, already naked like the other two, sporting an almost-erect dick, flopped down on the floor, and the house shook again. Kieran put in the cassette and looked everywhere until he found the remote between the cushions of his chair. He finally decided which of the three was the one for the VCR.

When Arial and Kerry came back, Arial’s little breasts and mouth were shining. So were Kerry’s mouth and his dick. I do wish they’d learn to be more careful with melted butter. They were carrying two big bowls of hot buttered popcorn.

Kieran and I spread an old blanket over the couch and then stripped and sat down with one of the bowls of popcorn. The three kids lay down on the blanket-covered floor, propped against the couch. Kerry was in the middle and the other bowl of popcorn was between his legs, snugged up against his dick and balls. Arial was propped between Kieran’s outstretched legs. Kavan and Kerry were on each side of mine.

“OK Dad, you can start the movie now,” Kavan said.

As with all porn movies, this one quickly moved through the meager plot to the sex scenes. The virginal teen-age girl was giving the twin teen-age boys blowjobs, hands on two dicks, mouth alternating between them. Kavan and Kerry had erections and sat eating popcorn with one hand, stroking their dick with the other. Kavan’s red pubic hair was shining like gold. Kerry’s little curls of pubic hair were

shining with butter. Arial had her hand curled down between her legs and I couldn't see what she was doing but her hand kept moving. She'd lean over and grab popcorn with her hand and stuff it in her mouth, swing the hand down to her pussy while she chewed, and then grab another handful. I didn't think she should be doing that so I leaned over and told her to chew with her mouth closed.

Kieran was sitting beside me, trying to eat popcorn with his left hand while jacking off with his right. I was eating popcorn with my right while jilling off with my left. It was awkward but we managed.

When the blowjob scene ended, Arial decided she wanted to recreate it. She picked up the remote, put the movie on pause, and got down on her knees between Kavan and Kerry. She wrapped her hands around their dicks, bent over, and started sucking on Kerry's. She gave him a minute or so and then gave Kavan a turn. Kerry kept eating popcorn and occasionally held the bowl over Arial's back so Kavan could have some. It was good to see my sons being so nice about sharing.

"You could be nice to your old parents and share with them too," Kieran said. I didn't know what he meant; our popcorn bowl was still half full. I suppose the kids knew what he meant. Arial moved between his legs, held his dick upright, and lowered her head over it. I couldn't see what she was doing because her hair was in the way. Kavan moved between my legs, wrapped his hands around my butt, pulled me closer to the edge of the couch, and then lowered his face between my thighs. I couldn't see what he was doing either but I could feel it. Hot buttered tongue was better than hot buttered popcorn any day. After a minute or so, Kerry started whining, "My turn, my turn." He pushed Kavan out of the way, and took his place. Little Squirt certainly had a talented little tongue.

We let the kids play for a few minutes and then Kieran asked if they were ready for the next scene. I knew it was the one in which the girl gave one of the boys a blowjob while the other one fucked her doggy fashion. It was one of my favorite scenes.

We all went back to eating popcorn with one hand and jacking and jilling with the other, except for Arial. She'd munch a bunch of popcorn, lick her fingers, jill a little, lick her fingers, and then start all over again.

The scene in the movie was a hot one, with excellent camera work and lighting. The photographers had different cameras for each action view. The one showing the girl giving head kept a side view as she tried, usually successfully, to deep-throat one of the twin boys' dicks. The one showing the boy pounding at her pussy alternated from a top

view showing his eight inches disappearing in her cunt to a view from the bottom up, showing his balls swinging while his cock appeared and disappeared. I'd always wished I could be the one in the middle in a scene like it. When the scene was over, Ariel paused the movie again.

"Mom, is it OK if I do that with Kavan and Kerry?" Ariel asked.

"You've never done it with them before, honey. Are you sure you want to?"

"I'm not a virgin anymore, Mom. They'd never hurt me."

"They wouldn't intentionally, Ariel. But Kavan's dick is as big as your Dad's and Kerry's is almost as big."

"I'll start with Kerry and make him go slow. Please Mom?"

"Ask your father if it's OK with him."

"May I, Dad, please, pretty please?"

"I guess so, Princess, but, if Kavan and Kerry fuck you, would it be OK with you if I reamed out your little pussy too? I don't mind if I have sloppy thirds."

Ariel walked over in front of Kieran, grinning, and I knew she was about to do something naughty. He was still sitting on the couch beside me, one hand cupped under his big balls, the other slowly stroking up and down on his big dick. She had her hands covering her breasts.

"Hi, Dad, do you know how cute I always thought you were," she said in her most seductive voice.

She undid a non-existent clasp on her non-existent swimsuit top, pulled the two cups away, and showed him her beautiful little breasts. Then she moved between Kieran's spread knees and made a little kissing motion with her lips.

"Hey, no fair, Ariel," Kerry groaned. "This ain't no Fast Times fantasy. This here's a cartoon orgy."

"Would you like to sit on my dick, Princess?" Kieran said, still looking at her breasts.

"Sure, Dad, I'd like that. It'd be neat."

“Aaawww, Ariel,” Kerry said, “I was hoping we could all do something together. I like it when we can do stuff together, like a family.”

“Well, I don’t see how we can,” Ariel responded. “There are three of you guys and only two of us girls.”

“Sure we can,” Kavan said. “You and Mom can suck Dad, you know, take turns with him while Kerry and I fuck you and Mom. It’s easy.”

“Yeah,” Kerry said. “I like that. Then we can swap around so you and Mom can suck all three of us and we can fuck both of you.”

“Sounds like a good plan to me,” Kieran said. “All in favor hold up your hand.” Six hands went up; I held up both of mine.

“Who’s going to be the first sucker?” Kieran asked.

“You mean the first suckee, Kieran,” I corrected him. “Ariel and I are going to be the suckers.”

“Well, who’s on first?” Kerry asked.

“And what’s on second?” Kavan asked.

“I don’t know,” Kerry said.

“No. I don’t know is the pitcher,” Kavan said.

Ariel squealed, “Mom, make them stop.” She’s always squealing about something.

Kieran leaned over and hit them both behind the head with a pillow.

“Well, you can’t be on first, Squirt,” Ariel answered. “You’ve got to fuck me. And I think Kavan should do Mom. So Dad’s gotta be the first suckee.” She beamed at Kieran and he nodded enthusiastically.

He quickly moved from the couch down to the floor. When he was in place, with his legs spread wide and his cock standing up and shining with butter, Ariel and I got in position too. She straddled his left leg and I straddled his right.

Kerry got down on his knees behind Ariel and Kavan got down behind me. I looked around to see if we were all ready and saw four big grins. They were all sitting on go and so was I.

“You kids had better not ram your dicks into your Mom and Arial too hard,” Kieran said. “If you bump’em and make’em bite my dick, I’m gonna get mad.”

Arial went first; she bent over, held Kieran’s dick straight up, and pulled down on the skin until the big head was tight and shiny.

“What’s up, doc, I mean dick?” she said, and then giggled.

Kieran put both hands behind her head and pushed it down toward his what’s up dick. He kept one hand on her head and held his dick upright with the other. Arial finally managed to get the head of his big dick in her mouth and then she supported herself over him on her hands, while Kieran pumped her head up and down. I watched as more and more of his dick disappeared in her mouth. When her nose was in his pubic hair, I turned to watch what Kavan and Kerry were doing.

Kerry was behind Arial and he had a look of absolute glee on his face. He looked up at me and said, “I tought I taw a puttytat.” He looked down again and then squealed, “I did! I did! I tee a puttytat!”

Kieran hit him with the pillow again.

When Kerry quit giggling, he looked down at Arial’s ass again. He held his dick with one hand, the other flat on her back, while he probed, trying to find the place where he wanted it. Arial reached one hand back underneath and I could tell from the look on his face when she guided his dick into her pussy. He closed his eyes, leaned up against her until his thighs were against her rear, put both hands on her hips, and started slowly thrusting.

Arial pulled on my arm and when I looked she said, “Your turn.” I leaned over and took the wet glistening head of Kieran’s cock in my mouth. It still tasted like sweet butter. I guess Arial hadn’t sucked all of it off. Within a minute or so, my nose was in Kieran’s pubic hair.

I felt Kavan probing between my ass cheeks and I had a momentary panic of uncertainty when I thought he was trying to put his big dick in my back door instead of my front door. I reached back under but he found the spot before I could reach his dick. He slid his hot buttered dick into my hot buttered cunt in one easy push. I grabbed his balls with my hand and held him so he’d be still while I sucked his Dad’s dick.

When I gave Arial her next turn as sucker, Kavan put both hands on my hips and started reaming me out. His dick was buttered and my

cunt had its own honey-butter so there wasn't that much friction. But my pussy was stretched tight as always. Kavan's dick was made from the same Stuart mold as his Dad's and it filled me up just as well. When he pushed it in all the way so hard, it almost knocked the breath of me even though I knew it didn't quite reach to my diaphragm.

I looked over at Kerry to see how he was doing and he was reaming Arial out too. He was shoving his big dick in her little pussy, bouncing off her ass, and then shoving it in again. I looked to see if she could keep her mouth on Kieran's cock and she was doing fine. Kieran had his hands on her shoulders and his arms were extended in front of him holding her. She couldn't have moved forward no matter how hard Kerry humped her. Kieran's eyes were closed and his head was thrown back so I guess he was doing fine too.

"Suffering succotash! Don't you guys think we should swap before somebody comes?" I asked.

"Yeah, Mom, could I do you?" Kerry squealed. "Dad can do Arial and Kavan can be the suckee."

"Sure, Squirt," I said. "It's OK with me if Arial's ready for her Dad. Did you warm her up enough?"

"Hot buttered pussy, Mom. She's ready."

"Yeah, Mom," Arial squealed, "I'm ready for Dad's Woody Woodpecker."

Kieran hit her with the pillow and then they rotated around and everybody got in place. Kavan leaned back against the couch, held his dick up for me, and started eating popcorn again. Kerry got behind me and I knew he was in place when I felt his left hand on my hip and the smooth head of his dick touching my dripping pussy. Kieran got behind Arial, one hand on her hip, holding his dick with the other, looking down at Arial's beautiful little ass and pussy.

"Don't move, Darling. I want to remember you just the way you are," he said, looking down at his Pepe-le-Pew pecker about to pierce her pussy.

"Kieran, don't you hurt her," I said. "She's never had a dick as big as yours. You be real easy with her."

"He won't hurt me, Mom," Arial said. "I want him to do it - just be real slow so I can hold it all."

“Ah, my little darling, it is love at first sight, no?” he said in his finest French accent, still looking down as his Pepe slowly slid into her Putty-tat.

I leaned over and started sucking Kavan’s dick. He leaned his head back on the couch and said, “Oh, that woman. Gotta mouth like an outboard motor. All the time Putputputputputput-phut-phut-phut-putputputputputputputputputpheweeouch!” I bit the head of his dick to shut him up. He pushed my head down until my nose was in his pubic hair in revenge.

Kerry slid his dick in me and started fucking me with a frenzy. I didn’t think he could last long at the rate he was going. I don’t know what Kieran was doing with Arial. From the way she was moaning I couldn’t tell whether she was enjoying it or whether he was hurting her. She sounded about the same way I do when Kieran does it to me.

Kerry was pounding away at me so hard I couldn’t keep my mouth on Kavan’s dick. I stopped sucking, hung my head, and shut my eyes. It felt so damn good to have Kerry’s little dick - no, not so little - moving in and out of my pussy. But a few seconds later, he shoved it home so hard I almost fell forward and I felt his dick spasming in me. I waited until he was finished squirting a big hot load against my cervix and then looked around. Kieran was holding on to Arial’s hips with his head thrown back and his thighs against her little fanny and he wasn’t moving either. I knew she’d got a big load from her Dad. I could see it dripping out of her pussy onto the old blanket. I didn’t say anything even if she was making a mess.

“Shit, everybody’s forgotten about me,” Kavan said.

Arial collapsed on the floor, her eyes closed, her breathing so heavy I could hear her above the storm outside. She had a Mona Lisa smile on her face. Kieran was on his knees and his dick was swollen and wet and still dripping semen down on her little fanny. He still had a Pepe-Le-Pew grin on his face.

“Did you come, Mom? Did you, huh?”

I didn’t need to look at Kerry to see the expression on his face. His voice told me how much he hoped he’d been able to please me. For a second, I thought about lying to him, telling him how good his dick had felt and how I’d started coming when he started banging away at me. But I knew I should be honest as always with him and tell him I hadn’t quite made it with him.

“We haven’t forgotten you, Kavan. Be patient. And, no, Kerry, I didn’t come. I was close but I needed just a little more help.”

“Shit,” he said, “Some days it don’t pay to get outta bed. I made Lauren come the first time I fucked her. I wanted you to come too. It’s fun when women come when you’re fucking them. I like to feel their pussy squeezing my dick.”

I really didn’t know what to do. My two sons both wanted something from me and I didn’t know what to do to give it to them. Kieran came to my rescue.

“Kerry,” he said, “would you let me show you something you can do to help your Mom come. You’ll make her have one huge orgasm when you do it. And if Kavan will help, maybe he can let off a little pressure too.”

“Sure, Dad, what can I do? I’ll do it,” he said eagerly.

We followed Kieran’s suggestions. He positioned Kavan so he was sitting slumped down on the couch with his legs spread apart. He helped me straddle Kavan’s body, my back to his face, with my legs spread wide over his. He held Kavan’s dick straight up and waited while I found the spot and slid down on it until it was buried to the balls inside me. I knew what he was going to have Kerry do.

“Now watch, Kerry,” Kieran said, and he got on his knees between Kavan’s legs.

Kerry crawled up close so he could watch. Ariel roused herself from the little death and crawled up close to watch too.

Kieran pushed Kavan’s legs a little further apart, got on his hands and knees, and brought his face to where Kavan’s dick was buried inside me. I leaned back against Kavan’s chest and he wrapped his arms around me. I knew what the other three were seeing - my pussy stretched tightly around Kavan’s cock, my lips spread wide with my clit just ready for somebody’s tongue.

“Mom, it’s beautiful,” Ariel whispered. “Your pubic hair’s the same color red as Kavan’s and your pussy lips are coral and your clit’s red too. Kavan’s dick is ivory and his balls are pinkish. I wish we could take a picture of you two. I’d frame it.”

Kieran brought his face between my thighs and I felt his tongue lick up one side of Kavan’s cock and one side of my vaginal lips and then the other and then up and over my clit. I knew he was right; If Kerry

did that, I'd come for him. Kieran used his tongue for a couple of minutes and then moved from between my legs. I felt someone take his place and I looked down and saw the wild tangle of Kerry's hair sticking up between my legs.

I felt his hands on the inside of my thighs and he pulled my already tightly-stretched cunt lips wider apart. He followed his father's example and started licking and I shut my eyes and started to sink into the feelings between my legs. When he pulled away suddenly, I started to rouse up.

"Fuck, Dad," Kerry said, "I'm licking Kavan's dick if I do it like you showed me."

"Felt pretty good to me, Squirt," I heard Kavan growl behind me. "Lick it some more."

"It won't hurt you, Squirt," Arial said. "I'll do it if you don't want to."

"You let him do it, Arial," Kavan said. "You can sit on him next and I'll lick both of you. I don't mind if my mouth's on Kerry's little dick."

"Fuck you, Kavan," Kerry said. "My dick's not so little."

"Watch your language, Kerry," I said. "And Kavan, his dick's bigger than yours was at his age."

I guess that satisfied Kerry because he started licking again. I surrendered to it again and let the feeling start to build.

"Kerry, her clit's uncovered now," I heard Kieran say. "See that little red bump. Make sure you lick that as much as you can. She'll like that."

Kavan started thrusting gently upward into me and Kerry kept licking. I knew I wasn't going to last much longer. Being stretched to the limit by Kavan's cock and having Kerry's talented little tongue licking all around was too much.

Kavan curled his arms around me a little higher and put his hands on my breasts. When he started tweaking both nipples with his thumbs and fingers that was almost the final straw. When he shoved his dick in as deep as our positions would allow and I felt him start pulsing, I surrendered. I felt one, two, three, pulses from him, then one, two, three rumbles between my legs, and then everything exploded inside me.

“Ow, Mom, that hurts.”

The words were muffled and I couldn't understand what they meant. I looked down and my hands were holding the tangles of Kerry's hair and his face was buried between my legs. I let him go and he looked up at me with a huge grin on his shiny mouth. I rolled off Kavan and collapsed beside him on the couch.

“Did I do it right, Mom? Did I? Huh?” Kerry asked.

“Yes, little Love, you did it right,” I gasped between deep breaths.

“Do me next, Kerry, please?” Arial asked.

“OK, but we need a hard-on first. Is yours still stiff enough, Kavan?” Kieran asked.

I looked at Kavan's dick, lying red and glistening on his stomach. The last little dollop of semen was oozing out the slit on the head. I reached over and wrapped my hand around it and squeezed. It was firm but not hard. I thought it'd work just fine. I'd gotten lots of good use out of Kieran's cock when it was in the same state after one fuck. I knew it'd probably firm up again in short order when it was inside a hot cunt. I looked at Kieran and his cock looked even harder. He caught me looking at it and shook his head no and I knew he wanted Arial to do it with Kavan. I gave Kavan's dick another squeeze, caught the white glob of semen that oozed out, and held out my finger to Arial. She sucked my finger clean.

Kieran held his hand out to Arial, to help the princess mount her steed. She took it and swung her leg over Kavan's and looked down to see where to sit. Kavan reached under her and held his dick straight up and she settled down like a mother hen in Foghorn Leghorn over her brood of eggs. She left two extra-large eggs uncovered but they were safe in a bag hanging between Kavan's legs.

Arial was right. It did make a picture worth framing. The bright red of Kavan's pubic hair contrasted beautifully with the golden brown of Arial's little silken swirls. His balls were relaxed now and hanging low between his legs, exactly like two eggs in a pink kidskin purse. The shaft of his cock was shining alabaster until it disappeared into the coral lips of Arial's little pussy. Her little clitoris was just barely peeking out of the juncture of the lips at the top, like some elusive little red creature. I wished for a picture of it, showing how close they were as kids, so they could keep it forever.

Kerry moved into place between Kavan's and Arial's legs and lowered his face down to her pussy. When she closed her eyes and leaned back against Kavan, I knew exactly what she was feeling.

Kieran was on one side of our kids, on his hands and knees, trying to see what Kerry was doing. I was sitting on the couch beside them and I couldn't see anything except the tangled curls of Kerry's hair moving up and down. I got down on my hands and knees on the other side of the kids so I could watch the show too.

"Let me do it for just a little, Squirt," Kieran said. "You can let your tongue rest up for a minute and then you can finish her off."

Kerry stood up and stretched for the ceiling while Kieran got in position. I moved closer so I could see how it looked to have a stuffed pussy eaten. I watched for a while and then decided I might as well have a turn.

"Kerry, is it OK if I have a turn after Kieran?" I asked. "I won't take long and then you can do it. Try sucking on her clit instead of just licking it. I'll bet she'll pinch Kavan's dick off if you do that."

"Sure, Mom, but is it OK if I fuck you while you're going lickity-split? I promise I'll be gentle with you."

Kieran didn't seem to want to stop so I pulled his arm and made him get out of my way. I got on my knees between Kavan's and Arial's outstretched legs, my ass up in the air, and waited for Kerry to get his dick in me from behind. My face was just inches from where Kavan's dick was half buried in Arial's little pussy. I saw some of Kieran's semen leaking out on one side so I decided I'd clean it up. I didn't want it to get through the old blanket to the couch underneath. When Kerry started reaming me out, I started licking, from Kavan's balls, up his dick, all the way to where Arial's little clit was sticking up, then up each side in turn, then back down to Kavan's balls and up again.

"Damn, it makes an old man proud to see his family so loving with each other," Kieran said. "I wish I had a picture of all of you."

"Come on, Mom," Kerry begged. "You said you were going to do it just a little and then let me do it."

I rose up and looked back at him. His dick was still buried deep to the balls in my pussy but he wasn't moving.

"I thought you wanted to give me another squirt, Squirt," I said. "Squirt, Squirt, get it?"

"I do, Mom," he said, "but I stopped because I don't want to come yet. Let me have my turn with them and I'll give your ass a workout later."

I moved out of his way, still on my hands and knees, so I could watch while he played lickity split with Arial and Kavan. Kerry took my place and I looked up to see what Kieran was doing. He was standing there, stroking his dick, grinning like Pepe-le-Pew again.

The room was quiet except for the sound of lots of heavy breathing and an occasional gust from the storm outside. Kavan and Arial both had their eyes closed and seemed lost to everything. Kerry was busy with his tongue and I don't think he cared whether he was licking his brother's dick or his sister's cunt. Just like his father, he seemed to love what he was doing. Maybe it was hereditary.

Kieran kept looking at me and I guess he finally decided he'd rather perform than watch the show. He moved behind me and I spread my legs a little wider and poked my butt back so he'd have easy access. He put one hand on my hip and, I guess, the other on his dick, and slid his hard cock in me in one long easy slide. I couldn't have wanted anything better, buttered or not. I closed my eyes and let the world go away.

"Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Oh, shit! I'm coming," I heard Arial say.

"Oh, shit, yeah. Arial stop pulling my hair," I heard Kerry say.

Just as I looked up, Kavan put his hands on Arial's waist and started lifting her up and down on his cock. The muscles in his biceps and shoulders were bulging like Conan's and he was grunting loudly with each lift. Each time he slammed Arial back down on his cock, she grunted too, as though all the breath had been pushed from her lungs.

"Oh, shit, I'm coming too," Kavan said, with the words separated by grunts.

I wasn't about to say "Oh, shit," but I was close. I pulled away from Kieran and pushed him down on the floor flat on his back. I guess he knew what I wanted. I straddled him with my knees on each side of his waist and he held his dick up straight while I settled back on it. He held his hands up on each side with the fingers spread and I put my hands in his and our fingers intertwined. We'd done it often enough; he knew it was one of my favorite ways of coming.

He held my hands and I started slowly. Up, down, slide forward, back, repeat. It was that forward motion when my clit rubbed against the

base of his cock that got me off every time. I kept at it for a minute or so while the storm subsided and the kids got quiet and everything got so hot I thought I'd go crazy from wanting it. When I finally said "Oh, shit," I couldn't hear anything or feel anything except my pussy squeezing around Kieran's cock until I couldn't stand it anymore.

I fell forward and collapsed on Kieran's chest and he wrapped his arms around me and held me. I waited for my heart to stop pounding and my breathing to slow and my cunt to stop squeezing. I finally realized that I didn't hear the kids and I opened my eyes to see what they were doing.

Arial was on one side of us, kneeling, leaning back on her feet, and watching us. Kavan was on the other side, on his hands and knees, watching us too. I didn't see Kerry until I twisted around and looked behind me.

Kerry was down on his knees between his father's legs. He was looking down and I knew he could see where Kieran's cock was still buried in my cunt. I knew he could see my asshole too but I didn't really care.

"Dad, could I help you do a sandwich with Mom?" he asked. "You're already in the front door so I'll take the back door if that's OK with you."

He leaned forward with one hand on the middle of my back and I felt the smooth head of his dick slide into my asshole like a hot poker in butter.

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"And that's where the dream started getting really bad," I said.

"What do you mean?" Kieran asked. "You mean me and the boys fucking you and Arial was a *bad* dream? Didn't you want them to fuck you? After I unloaded in Arial's little pussy, did I drop a second load in you?"

"I don't know. Maybe I really would like Kavan and Kerry to fuck me. The dream was OK, I think, until Kerry started to fuck me in the ass. He'd just started to do it and I remember how good it felt to have your dick in my pussy and his dick in my ass. Then Kavan started saying he wanted to do it too and I think that's when it started feeling like a nightmare."

"Why? Was somebody hurting you?"

“No, your dick always feels good in my pussy. Kerry’s dick felt good in my backdoor. It’s just that I’ve never really wanted a man to do that to me. It’s just not something that turns me on.”

“I thought you liked it that one time I did it.”

“I did. I think I liked doing it because I thought it was something you wanted to do. I don’t think I’d have ever asked you to do it on my own.”

“Well, that was years ago and I never asked you again, anyway.”

“I think that’s what made me start waking up from the dream - when it turned into something I really didn’t want to do.”

“So that means you really would like to do the stuff you dreamed about before Kerry started to shove his eight inches up your ass?”

“Oh, I don’t know, Kieran.” I said. “We’ve played around with them and I’ve done pretty much everything with the boys except let them fuck me. I’m not sure what I want.”

“Well, I’ve eaten Arial’s pussy a few times and she’s sucked my dick a few times too. I don’t know whether I’d stick my dick in her pussy even if she wanted me to.”

“Why wouldn’t you do it?” I asked.

“Maybe it’s incest. I don’t know. Some people would say what we’ve done already is incest. I just know I’ve never left my sperm in her pussy and I’ve never taken a chance on getting her pregnant.”

“I guess I feel the same way,” I said. “I’m still fertile and I might be for another ten years. I don’t want to take a chance on one of my sons giving me a little baby. Accidents happen; Kerry’s proof.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Kieran said. “Why did you dream about that old porno movie, anyway? I haven’t seen that thing in years. Do we still have it?”

“I think so. I think it’s in one of the boxes in the basement we never unpacked when we moved in here. I’ve been meaning to clean out that stuff and give it to charity.”

“Don’t give the movie away,” he said, “I’d like to see it again. I think you used to like it too. If I remember correctly, you used to get pretty hot from watching it with me.”

“We’ll look for it tomorrow, Kieran. If the storm hits tonight and it’s as bad as forecast, we’re not going anywhere tomorrow anyway.”

“We could get nice and warm and watch it together, Siobhan, like in your dream. Do you think the kids would like to see it? Do you think it would be OK if they watched it?”

“I suppose,” I answered. “We’ve never placed any restrictions on what they could see before. Maybe they’d get a kick out of the old thing. Are you going to get off me before we go to sleep?”

“I don’t want to take my dick out of you.”

“Why not? You’ve already shot your load in me.”

“Honey, if I take my dick out, you’re going to say the same thing you always do - that your pussy’s going to overflow. I don’t want to get up and get a towel. Would you be OK just stuffing my pajama bottoms between your legs tonight?”

“Yeah, I guess so. I think they’re at the foot of the bed. Hand them here.”

“Thanks, Honey, I can hardly keep my eyes open.”

“Me either, Kieran. Sweet dreams.”

“Yeah, sweet dreams to you too.”

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Forty-Three

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.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 43; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 42; Kavan Kelly Stuart, 17; Arial Erin Stuart, 15; Kerry Lee Stuart, 12 1/2

Kathryn Jenssen, 17; Brad Weaver, 17; Leigh Williams, 13

TELLING THE STORY:

Kieran Stuart, Kavan Stuart

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(KIERAN)

Our bedroom was still totally dark when I awakened on Thursday morning. I was wonderfully warm and relaxed, pressed against Siobhan, my arm around her waist. I gently moved my hand up until I found her breast. Even covered with her flannel nightgown, I loved to feel her softness. When I moved my hips closer, I felt her nightgown against my penis. I had no need for sex; we'd had a slow and loving coupling before we went to sleep. She'd come on top, riding me in her own way, and I'd rolled her over and taken my turn in my own way. Not one word said, no need for words: it was perfect.

Somehow I knew it was time for me to get up. I rolled over and looked at the lighted numbers on the clock – six minutes until the alarm went off. I rolled away from Siobhan as gently as I could, made sure she was still covered, pulled my pajama pants up, and got out of bed. I pushed the alarm button off by force of habit and went in the bathroom.

I peed and then stripped for a shower. The bathroom was cool, almost cold, but I knew the heat would kick on in a few minutes. I showered quickly and then turned on the small TV to check the weather as usual. The weather channel was forecasting snow beginning sometime Friday morning, ending that night, with clear cold weather on Saturday and Sunday. It would be perfect for a trip to the cabin. I was standing there naked, just starting to shave, when I heard the door open.

“Good morning, Dad.”

I looked; it was Kerry, in his winter uniform of thermal underwear and white socks - and morning piss hard.

“Good morning, Son. Is your Mom up?”

He assumed the position over the commode, pulled his dick out, and released a stream from his fire hose into the center of the bowl. I hoped she was up; the noise was enough to awaken anybody. He answered when he finished.

“Sure, Dad, she was just coming down the hall when I got up. I guess she’s going to fix breakfast for us this morning. You know I wouldn’t come in here if your bedroom door was closed.”

“Yeah, you kids are usually good about giving us our privacy,” I said. “What’s up with you this morning?”

“Is it OK if I use your shower? Ariel’s already using the one in our bathroom.”

“Sure, it’s OK. Why didn’t you shower with her?”

“I need to get a quick one this morning. I’ve got a test today and I need about a half hour to review some stuff. When I shower with her, it always takes me longer.”

He stood watching me shave for a moment and I knew there was something else on his mind. He stripped and threw his sleepwear toward the clothes hamper. I stopped to watch, marveling at his long arms and legs and beautiful body. He kept looking me up and down.

“Dad, you’re really getting buff now. Are you still working out with the agents at Andersen Security?”

“Yes, Squirt, I’m doing an hour three times a week. I’ve dropped an inch or so on my waist.”

“Looks like you’ve added some in your biceps too. I’ll bet you could lift like Kavan now.”

“Maybe, but I’m not doing weight training, Kerry. I’m just doing exercises for over-all body conditioning.”

“Dad, is it time for me to start shaving yet?” he asked.

“Nope, not ‘til your dick’s eight inches long.”

“Aawww, come on, Dad, yours isn’t that long. I’m serious. I’m getting a moustache.”

“Come over here under the light.”

He stood next to me and I looked at his upper lip. There was a moustache of sorts there – fine blond hairs that were invisible at first glance except at the corners of his mouth where they looked like two faint smudges.

“You’re right, Son, but don’t worry about it. If you’re like me, hair growth on your face will be kind of slow. I didn’t shave regularly until I was almost seventeen and even then it was only about once a week.”

“Could we talk tonight when you get home? I need to talk to you about me and Leigh.”

“Sure, Son, is there a problem?”

“Naaahhh, not really. I just need to talk. Sometimes I can’t figure out stuff and maybe you can help me.”

“The weather channel said we’d probably have snow on Friday and then a few days of really cold weather. I’d like to go to the cabin this weekend and install the new fans and check out the new heating system. Do you want to go?”

“Yeah, Dad,” he answered with real enthusiasm, “I’d love to go. I’d love to get out doors and make snow angels. Hell, I’d even make naked snow angels, maybe fucking naked snow angels.”

He giggled and I just shook my head. I knew better than to ask how he would make a fucking naked snow angel.

“Do you want to invite Leigh?”

“I guess so,” he said, as he got in the shower. “I’ll decide after we talk tonight.” He still had a grin on his face that told me he was thinking about snow angels.

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Dinner that night was a little cold. It certainly wasn’t the Mexican casserole that Arial and Kerry had prepared. That was a perfect meal-in-a-dish except for the heat level and they’d put a small bowl of jalapenos on the table for me to warm it up.

It was Kavan and Kathryn again. I’d already admonished them a couple of times not to bring their problems to the family dinner table. I’d told both of them to put on a happy face with good manners when we were eating together as a family and to let me and Siobhan know whenever

they wanted help with whatever was causing them to argue. They used the good manners but they couldn't quite manage a happy face. When they started arguing again, I cut them short with two words: "That's enough!"

When we were finished, Siobhan started cleaning up. I caught her at the sink, gave her a hug, and whispered in her ear. She nodded her OK and I decided to tackle the problem.

"Kavan, the mats for Arial's car came in UPS today. Could you help me install them tonight? I want to get them in before we pick up the seats. They're going to be re-covered in a few days."

We'd completed all the mechanical work on my old BMW that I was going to give to Arial. Now all that was left was the interior work and it would look like new for her sixteenth birthday in a couple of months.

Kerry started to say something, probably that he'd help, but I cut him short with a quick shake of my head. He got the message. Kavan finally looked up and I think he knew he'd gotten an offer he shouldn't refuse.

"Sure, Dad," he answered, with no enthusiasm whatsoever.

In the basement garage area, he was willing to play go-for - go get me this, go get me that - but that was all. He was usually eager to help me with anything automotive.

"What's wrong with you and Kathryn?" I asked.

"Shit, Dad," he said and his voice sounded like he was almost ready to cry, "I don't know. It just seems like we can't get along since she went to see her Mom in New York over Christmas."

"Kavan, you had to let her go see her Mom. It'd been six months since she'd seen her."

"Well, why wasn't I invited too, Dad? I thought her Mom liked me."

"I can't answer that, Kavan. Her Mom was OK with letting her stay with us for one week over the holidays. It wasn't unreasonable for her to want to have Kathryn by herself for the other week."

"I know, Dad. But it's like Kathryn's different now somehow. All she can talk about is what it was like in New York with her Mom. It's like me and my family's not good enough for her."

“Son, she’s seen bright lights and big city. Don’t blame her for being impressed. You probably would be too.”

“But Dad, I just get the feeling that’s she’s different with me now. She’s always liked sex just as much as I do but we just don’t talk with each other the way we did. Last year, if we’d had a good fuck, she’d reach up and hold my face in her hands, and then she’d look me in the eyes and say stuff like ‘Kavan Stuart, do you know I love you?’ She doesn’t do that now. Now, when I tell her I love her, she’ll just kiss me on the cheek and won’t say anything.”

“Kavan, I warned you when you and Kathryn started with each other, that it might not be permanent. I told you first love might be like a hot flame that burns out. You laughed when I tried to tell you not to let it leave you with ashes in your heart, to try to keep a warm glow because you were lucky enough to have it for a while.”

“Yeah, I remember, Dad. I thought you were being a typical father and I thought I knew what it was like with Kathryn better than you did. Maybe you were right about us. It still hurts.”

**“Does her mother still want her to come to New York for the summer?”
I asked.**

“Yeah, that’s going to be a real test, isn’t it, Dad?”

“I told you I’d give you air-fare to go up for a short stay, Son. Do you still want to work at the plant nursery next summer?”

He gave out with a couple of big sighs, looked me in the face, and put on a smile. I think he was beginning to face up to an unpleasant possibility.

“Yeah, Dad, I want to work all summer. I just want to start earning my own money to pay the insurance and gas for my truck. I don’t like you and Mom having to pay for all the stuff I get.”

“Son, I thought we had a deal when I got the truck for you and helped you fix it up. No drugs, no smoking, no liquor except at home, and I’d pay for your car insurance and maintenance.”

“Yeah, Dad, I appreciate what you’re doing for me. But I just want to do it for myself. I just don’t feel right with you rewarding me for doing something I ought to do for myself. Besides, I like to work. It’s dirty and hard sometimes but I’m learning a lot and it keeps me in great shape.”

“Kavan, your Mom and I already talk about you kids leaving us someday. Do you know what we’ve decided?”

“What, Dad?”

“Son, we want you and Arial and Kerry to be part of us for the rest of our lives. The only way we can do that is to turn you loose. We’ve got to let you fly, to live your life as you choose. We can’t make decisions about your life for you.”

“You’re saying I have to let Kathryn fly, huh?”

“I guess so. She’s got to live her life as she chooses. If she loves you enough, she’ll stay with you. If not, she’ll go her own way.”

“It’s just hard to think of letting her go.”

“Well, she’ll be with you until the end of May. You can either keep arguing with her and drive her away or you can love her and try to make her happy so she’ll want to stay. But it’ll be her decision.”

He gave a couple of big sighs and looked at me again and I think the smile on his face was genuine this time.

“Damn, I’m glad you’re my father. Now let’s get these fucking mats installed.”

“And I’m glad you’re my son, Kavan. But I hear you did something a few days ago that makes me ashamed of you.”

He looked at me, evidently thinking for a minute, and then he knew I knew what he’d done.

“I’m sorry, Dad. I won’t do it again.

“I hope so, Kavan. Don’t ever speak to your Mother that way again. Don’t raise your voice in anger with her and don’t ever throw a profanity at her again.”

He hung his head. “I am sorry, Dad. I apologized to her already. Who told you?”

“Your Mother didn’t. Kerry told Arial and they talked it over to decide whether to tell me. Arial told me. It was the right thing for her to do. She said you and Kathryn had been arguing and your Mom walked into the middle of it.”

“Yeah, I’m ashamed of myself for it, Dad. I just don’t know what to do with Kathryn sometimes. I won’t let it happen again.”

“OK, it’s over with. Now, would you like to go to the cabin this weekend, Son? I’ve got eight fans to install and I could use your help. Maybe we could all have a little fun after we get the work done. You and Kathryn don’t have to entertain us this time; you two could just enjoy yourselves a little.”

He brightened immediately. “Fun, huh, you mean games like we played last summer?”

“I guess so. If the others want to play.”

“Naked twister? Stuff like that?”

“Yeah, if the new heating system works OK and we don’t freeze our asses off.”

“Could I take my old weight bench and set it up at the cabin? Uncle Alan’s got a better set he wants to get rid of. He said I could have it if I come pick it up. I want to bring it here and take the old one to the cabin.”

“Sure, Son, take it. I think it’ll get used a lot there.”

“I’ll show you how I lift while Kathryn’s sitting on my stomach.”

I knew what he meant. “Your Mom told me about that,” I said. “Just don’t expect me to try it with her.”

“Which her, Dad? Do you mean with Mom or with Kathryn?” He looked at me with a teasing grin.

I punched him on the shoulder. “Kathryn’s yours, Son. I told you that and I mean it. You’ve just got to decide how to keep her, that is, if you really want to keep her.”

I rolled up the window in the driver’s side of the BMW and shut the door – finished until the seats were ready and could be picked up. I started toward the stairs leading up to the kitchen.

“I’m taking a shower, Dad,” Kavan said. “Come join me.

I knew what he wanted – a back scrub. I didn’t need any coaxing. He and I were both bothered by minor skin problems on our backs. For

the last three years, we'd swapped scrubs occasionally. I did his first and in return luxuriated in the feel of the rough cloth on mine.

Afterward, we both finished our bath alternately moving back and forth under the hot spray. I stood to one side while I shampooed my hair and watched my son scrub the rest of his body. When his hands got down to his cock and balls, they seemed to slow. He stood there, eyes closed, one hand holding his foreskin retracted, while he washed his cock with a soapy cloth. I watched as it swelled and lifted, swelled again, lifted again, until it was standing straight out from his hips. I wondered where his thoughts were.

"Kavan," I said. He didn't respond. "KAVAN," I said, and this time he jerked and looked up at me.

"What are you going to do with that?" I asked, and nodded downward toward his cock.

He smiled sheepishly. "First I'm going to apologize to Kathryn, Dad. I shouldn't have argued with her tonight. I especially shouldn't have done it in front of everybody at dinner. After that, I'm going to see if she'll let me share it with her. Maybe some good loving might make her more willing to stay with me."

"Son, you can't count on your big dick to convince a woman to love you."

His smile broadened into a big grin. "Yeah, Dad, I know. But if I use it right, it sure as hell won't make her hate me."

I went back upstairs wearing only a terry robe. Kerry and Siobhan were sitting at the dining room table. He was in his nightly uniform of thermal underwear again. She was beautiful in her nightgown and faded robe. He was working what looked like math problems of some kind. She was doing something on my laptop computer and had a couple of open folders beside it. We'd decided we had a surplus of cash that didn't seem to be needed anytime soon and that she should find where we could put it.

"Where's Arial and Kathryn?" I asked.

"Kathryn's downstairs in their bedroom," Siobhan said. "I think she's doing their laundry. Arial's in her bedroom reading, I think."

"Did you want to talk to me, Squirt?" I asked Kerry.

“Yeah, Dad, I want to talk. I sort of want to talk just to you but I don’t care if Mom hears.”

“You guys can go in your bedroom if you want to, Kerry,” Siobhan said. “I need to do a little more research on something tonight and you and your Dad can talk without me listening.”

“Thanks, Mom,” he said. “Is that OK, Dad?”

We went down the hall to his bedroom and he moved a stack of books off his desk chair so I’d have a place to sit. He sprawled out on the bed.

“About you and Leigh, huh? What’s the problem?” I asked.

“It’s not really a problem, Dad. I just keep thinking about stuff and trying to decide what’s the right thing to do about Leigh.”

“Well, tell me what you’re trying to decide.”

“I like her, Dad. I’ve told you how much fun we have fooling around. We both like that a lot. It’s just that I wish I could talk to her about important stuff. You know how curious I am about everything. I always want to know how things work and why the world’s the way it is and why people are the way they are. That’s why I read so much. She’s never curious about anything. I just can’t talk to her about much that interests me.”

“But you like the fooling around, huh?”

“Yeah,” he answered, with a big grin.

“You know you shouldn’t do anything to hurt her, don’t you? You’ve opened the door to sex a little with her. You’ve got to think of her feelings now, Son.”

“Yeah, I know, Dad. That’s exactly what Arial said when I told her. I don’t want to hurt Leigh. I keep calling her and going to see her because I like fooling around with her. But sometimes I wish I’d never gotten involved with her.”

“Are you making new friends in high school, Squirt? Guys and girls? People you like because you’ve got things you can talk about with them? Common interests?”

“Yeah, Dad, I’ve already got some friends at school, girls and guys. Maybe that’s why I feel mixed up about Leigh. I’m just a lot more

comfortable with them than I am with her, even if they're older. They don't treat me like a kid anymore. They just treat me like one of them."

"Does Leigh have other friends, at school or around where she lives?"

"Yeah, lots of them. You know Larry and Kirk - they've been around here some - they're the ones I explore the river with - well, they're both friends of hers too. We had a big bunch of friends when I was going to school with them."

"When she goes to school functions, like field trips, does she pair up with a guy?"

"I don't think so. Larry's said he'd like to invite her to go with him but he doesn't want to make me mad at him."

"Maybe that could be a way to solve your problem, Kerry. Tell Larry to ask her to go with him. Tell him you'll still be his friend. Just don't tell him what you and Leigh have been up to."

He looked at me like I'd insulted him. "Dad, I wouldn't do that. I know better. As far as they know, I've never even kissed her."

"Well, think about it. If you encourage Larry and then discourage her by not calling her or seeing her so often, she might make a decision you'd like."

He was quiet for a minute or so and then a big grin crept back on his face.

"Yeah, I like that. That's a cool way to do it. Larry would be a good boyfriend for her."

"Maybe you'd better not invite her to the cabin with us this weekend, Squirt."

His grin vanished and he gave out with a couple of big sighs.

"Oh, shit! I've already invited her, Dad. I even talked to her Mom. I can't take back the invitation now. She wants to go with me. She knows how our family is about playing around and she's all excited about it. Damn! How did I get into this mess?"

"It's called puberty, Kerry," I said. "You'll survive."

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When I left Kerry's bedroom, I noticed that the door to Arial's room was slightly ajar and the light was on. I tapped gently and waited but didn't hear anything.

I pushed the door open and peeked in. Arial was on her stomach in the center of her bed. She already had on her nightgown but it had ridden up around her waist. She had white panties on what had to be a perfect little fanny. Between her legs, I could see the soft mound with its little crease. She also had on white socks and her feet were moving around in response to some rhythm I couldn't hear. I looked closer and saw she had on her wireless headphones. I knew she was listening to the salsa dance music she loved so much. She was reading a book and her calves and feet were sticking up in the air and gyrating wildly. I watched her for a minute or so and as usual my heart ached to see the beauty of her.

When I touched her on her shoulder, she looked around with a startled expression on her face that quickly changed into a smile when she saw me. She pulled the headphones off and said, "You scared me."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to. I just wanted to say good night."

"How did your talks with Kavan and Kerry go?" she asked.

I sat down on the side of the bed near the foot. "How did you know I've been talking to them?"

"Dad, I've lived with you all my life. At dinner tonight, I could tell you wanted to have a good talk with Kavan. Maybe you did want to put the mats in my car but I think that was an excuse to be alone with him."

"Yes, Princess, it was. But how did you know I was talking to Kerry?"

"I heard two voices in his room when I went to the bathroom. Didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out who it was."

"I guess you're going to tell me next you know what I was talking to them about."

She rolled over on her side and propped up her head with one hand.

"Sure, Dad, about girls. Kerry wants to bust up with Leigh and Kavan wants to hang on to Kathryn."

"Can't hide anything in this house, can we? I suppose you've got the answers too."

“Nope, they’re going to have to figure it out by themselves. I do think Kerry ought to stop seeing Leigh but he shouldn’t hurt her. Kavan’s going to have to let Kathryn decide what she wants. It’s not his problem, Dad; it’s hers. All the rest of us can do is help them get through it.”

“I suppose you’re right. You’re going to be just like your Mother.”

“I hope so, Dad. We’re both women. Brad thinks Mom’s a woman with a capital W.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“He says she’s the most beautiful woman he’s ever seen. We were talking about how we might look when we get older and I said I thought he’d be just as handsome as his Dad, especially if he got gray hair too. He said Mom was like an earth mother and he thought you ought to have a nude painting of her reclining on a couch and call it Woman. I think he’s sort of intimidated by her.”

“I see her the same way, Princess. But you’re not going to look like your Mom when you get older. Kavan looks like her side of the family, especially his grandfather Kelly. You’re going to look more like my mother.

“That would be nice. Granma Stuart’s still beautiful. How old is she now?”

“She’ll be seventy-one about a month after you’re sixteen.”

“I just hope I can be as happy and full of love for everybody as she is when I get old.”

“Sounds like you and Brad are getting along OK. No problems? ”

“We’re fine, Dad. Honest! I don’t think things could be better. I’m so glad I didn’t chase him off like I started to the first day Kavan brought him home. I think I could be happy with him the rest of my life.”

“Are you chasing him off a little now? I sort of expected him to be around here all the time now that you two are lovers.”

“No, Dad, we talk about everything and we both know we don’t need to be together all the time. We’re trying to work out some sort of balance so both of us can still do what we want to for school and still have other friends and be with each other sometimes. We both think it’ll be better if we’re not with each other all the time.”

“So you don’t have any problems and don’t need your old Dad’s advice?”

She sat up in the center of the bed and crossed her legs, Indian fashion. She and Kerry were able to sit like that for hours. I saw a momentary flash of white panties between her legs and I knew my eyes had flicked downward for a split second. Her nightgown fell back down and covered that area.

“You’re not old, Dad. I don’t ever see an old man when I look at you. If you were old, you wouldn’t have to look just because I showed you my white panties.”

“Thanks, Princess. I guess so much has happened in the last year that I feel that way sometimes. Anyway, I hope I never get so old I don’t look at white panties on a beautiful girl.”

“Well, you don’t look old. Since you’ve started working out all the muscles in your chest and arms sure stand out. Mom says you look as good as you did when she married you. Your dick looks good enough to eat as always.”

I looked down and realized that my robe was gaping open and my dick was still warm and partially distended from the shower, resting on my balls, which were nestled on top of my thighs. I started to cover up and then realized it wasn’t really necessary.

“You know, starting that gym for everybody at Anderson Security and staffing it with trainers was one of the best decisions I’ve made. We’ve been able to hire some good people because of it.”

“Could Mom use it with you? Maybe she doesn’t work for Andersen but she’s still doing a little work for Lauren.”

“Do you think she’d like to? She looks great to me now.”

“Dad, I think she feels like she’s getting old too. Sometimes she says her butt’s too big. She’s said more than once she wishes she had breasts like mine, like she had when you two married. She says they’re beginning to sag too much.”

I had to stop and think about what she said for a minute. Siobhan never complained to me. Or did she? Maybe I just hadn’t paid attention the way I should have.

“Arial, she’s had three children and her fanny’s bigger than it was when she was twenty-five. She’s just got a woman’s butt, not a girl’s. It still turns me on.”

“Were her breasts really little like mine? I wonder if mine are too small and whether Brad really likes them.”

She slipped one button at the top of her nightgown and pulled the pink flannel to one side. Her breast was exquisitely beautiful. Her aureole was a rose-colored circle with a little brown-berry center. I felt an involuntary surge of warmth in my cock and wondered if she noticed it.

“Princess, he’s crazy if he doesn’t. You have beautiful breasts. When you have children, your breasts will get bigger just like your Mom’s did. She breast fed all three of you and hers still look great to me.”

“Dad, the way you talk, you sound like you still love her.”

“More and more every day, Arial.”

“Do you still tell her that, Dad?”

I stopped and thought about her words. I knew I did but how often? And was it just sort of routine now when I said it? I guess she saw how I was thinking about what she’d said.

“Tell her, Dad. Make sure she knows it. Tell her how much you like her body. Don’t take her for granted.”

“I thought I was supposed to be giving you advice, Princess, not the other way around.”

“I may not need your advice but Brad does. I can’t figure out what to do with him sometimes.”

“What do you mean?”

“He doesn’t understand how women are about orgasms, Dad. I think he still believes *he’s* responsible for me having orgasms. Maybe he feels like he’s not as good a lover as he ought to be if I don’t come when he’s making love to me. Men can be so dense sometimes.”

“I’m a man too, Arial.”

“Yeah, but you understand how women are different from men. Mom’s told me lots of times how you two talk to each other when you’re

making love and how, if she wants to come, you help with your fingers or mouth.”

“Have you learned to have orgasms with his dick in you, maybe by getting on top like your Mom likes to do? Or maybe letting him do it from behind while he’s rubbing your clit with his finger? Your Mom likes that too. Sometimes that makes her come so hard, it feels like her cunt’s squeezing the juice out of me. I call it her lemon-squeezer.”

“We’re both learning, Dad. I like it both those ways and so does he. He’ll even go down on me and use his mouth after he’s come inside me.”

“It sounds to me like he’s going to be a very good lover, Princess. I don’t see why you think he’s got a problem.”

“Last time we made love, it was really great, Dad. He was on top and I had my ankles around his neck and he was giving me hell. But just as soon as he came, he stopped and asked me if I’d come too. Then he let out a big sigh when I said I didn’t. It was like he felt like he had to do something right away so I’d come too. It was so good I hadn’t even worried about whether I came or not. I guess I’d have been OK even without it. It’s like that sometimes.”

“Like what? What do you mean?”

“Well, sometimes, especially when he’s on top of me, he comes and I don’t guess I really do but it’s like I don’t need to. I just wrap my arms and legs around him and hold him until he quiets down. I like to feel his dick get soft in me, so soft it’s like my pussy knows it’s squeezed out the last little bit of his semen and it’s through with his dick for a while and it pushes it out. It’s like my body’s got what it needs from him and I’m ready to turn over and go to sleep.”

“But sometimes it’s the other way isn’t it?” I asked. “It’s like everything in you is tight and you want something to make it turn loose so you can relax and quit wanting him. And you have a hard time going to sleep because you still want him. And you get a little pissed at him if he goes to sleep without satisfying you.”

She slipped her hand down her stomach inside her panties and I could see the ridge of her index finger centered over her cleft. I realized she’d baited the trap again and my eyes had followed. I looked up at her face and saw she was looking down at my cock.

“Your Mom and I’ve developed ways of letting each other know what we want at times like that, Princess. Talk to him; tell him how you feel

and what you want. When we first got married, your Mom didn't always let me know what she wanted and sometimes I didn't have a clue. Still don't sometimes. But she's comfortable telling me now because she knows I want her to help me understand her needs. She knows how much I love her and how I want her to be content with our love-making."

"I guess I'm learning to be like that with him, Dad," she said. "I know he wants me be satisfied like he is. But I still wish you and Mom could have a long talk with me and Brad sometime. You've always talked with us about sex but Brad's never had the sort of discussions we've had. If he can get over being embarrassed, I think you and Mom could help him like you've helped me and Kavan and Kerry."

"Maybe we could do that this weekend. It looks like the weather's going to be pretty cold and I'd like to make the trip to the cabin. Did you tell him what I want to do? I've got a lot of work I want to get done but we'll have time to talk and play some if everybody pitches in."

"You mean play like Naked Twister? Maybe Susie Says?"

"I don't know about Susie Says. If Leigh goes, we may have to hold down on things a little. And Brad's probably not ready to play the sort of games you made up last summer."

She gave me a smile that could only be described as devilish.

"Oh, I don't know about that, Dad. Mom told me about one you'd like to play. I'll bet Brad would love it too. I know Kerry would."

I didn't dare ask what it was. I just shook my head and she understood what I was saying – that my kids would never cease to amaze me.

She leaned forward suddenly and put her hand on my dick. I looked down and watched as she wrapped her soft warm fingers around it and stroked in up and down a few times. It responded appropriately, even for an old man, and was one heartbeat shy of lifting up. She left the head uncovered, brought her fingers to her lips, kissed the tips, and then rubbed the kiss over the head of my cock.

"Go take that to Mom, Dad. Tell her how much you love her," she said.

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(KAVAN)

Thursday night, the weather forecast was for snow on Friday and cold weather for the weekend. Dad told Arial and Kerry to call Brad and Leigh to tell them the trip to the cabin was on. He told me to come up with a plan to get the work done. He said I was in charge and I had eight workers and a job to do. I asked him some questions and then sat down with a pad and pencil and put together my plan.

I decided on two teams of men, Dad with Kerry and me with Brad, to take down the old fans and disassemble them. I thought about two teams of women to assemble the new fans and decided Leigh wouldn't be of much use and Kathryn probably wouldn't either. So I settled on one assembly team with Leigh as gofer. Since we were redoing the wiring to bring it up to code, I decided Brad and I would do that while Dad and Kerry helped finish assembling. Then we could have two teams to put up the new fans.

When I finished my plan, I went looking for Dad. I found him in the kitchen sneaking a piece of the apple pie we'd had for dessert. He looked guilty when I caught him. He swore it was just a small piece and wouldn't hurt his diet. I didn't fuss at him because he really did look good from dieting a little and exercising a lot more. He went over the plan with me and stopped on the part about the re-wiring.

"Why are you planning on keeping eight switches for the fans? They'll all have remotes to operate them and we could wire them all into one central switch. You'd save a little bit on wire and the cost of seven switches."

"Dad, how often do we lose the remote to the TV in the family room?"

"OK, good point, Son. The remotes are programmable to work with one specific fan so we've got to number them to correspond. Make a list of what you need and we'll buy the stuff to rewire when we go pick up the van tomorrow night. I just called and rented a big four-wheel drive one. I'll drive it with your mother and Kerry and Leigh and you and Kathryn can ride with Brad and Arial in his Jeep. That OK?"

"Sure! Do you think we'll have any trouble getting to the cabin on Saturday morning? What if it's a heavy snow?"

"I don't think so. We'll have a major highway for the first forty miles and that'll be open. Then five miles of country roads and I think we'll be OK there because the people living along it will keep it open. It's just those last five miles plus the mile or so on the cabin property where we'll have to be careful. With four-wheel drive, I don't think even the dirt road at the cabin will be any problem no matter how much snow's on it."

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Friday night, Dad drove the rented van back to the house and let me drive his Mercedes. He was always a great dad about sharing but I knew he had two things he wanted for himself alone: his razor and his car. We loaded the fans first and the weight bench next and left room for the cooler with food to go in the next morning. There wasn't much room for clothes and other stuff so Dad said to pack in plastic bags so he could put them in small places around the big stuff.

Kathryn and I were in our basement bedroom getting stuff ready to go when Ariel and Kerry came in. Ariel said she'd been talking to Kerry and she wanted to talk to us too. She had an idea about trying something with Mom and Dad while we were at the cabin. She said she'd already talked to Brad about it when she called to invite him to go and he thought it was a good idea. I liked it too and so did Kathryn so we tried to figure out how we might make it work. Kerry offered to tell them what we wanted them to do but I said no, I wanted to do it, and the others should be ready to support me. If all six of us kids were on board, I thought her idea might work. It would be interesting, something we'd never done before.

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Saturday morning, Dad sent Kerry to wake me before daylight, before six, and asked us to go pick up Leigh. The snow had finally stopped during the night and everything was covered with a white blanket. The road down the hill was sloppy but already partially cleared by traffic. I think Kerry was sitting on the edge of his seat but I didn't have any problems driving my truck to Leigh's house and back.

Brad came while we were gone and we were all having pancakes and sausage for breakfast just as the sky started to turn light. We were on the highway to the cabin before the sun peeked over the hills. Brad kept a watch for Dad's tail lights ahead of us and it seemed like we were the only ones going out of the city.

The countryside was white with snow and the rising sun started turning it pink as we drove. A lot of the houses already had yellow lights shining out their windows and smoke or steam rising from them. Brad and I didn't have much to say and neither did Ariel or Kathryn. I guess we were all enjoying seeing so much beauty.

Dad was right about the big van and the dirt road. He drove very slowly after turning off the main road and Brad didn't have any trouble

staying in his ruts. It looked like the snow was about six inches deep in the woods and there was no sign of any life having disturbed it.

When we parked at the cabin, I almost expected a snowball battle to erupt but I guess the others felt like I did – that it was all too beautiful to disturb with loud noises or fighting, even if it was play. Dad backed the big van up as close to the front door as possible and then unlocked it and let us in.

The cabin was almost freezing cold inside. Dad showed us the new wood-burning stove that Uncle Alan had installed and explained that it was a great way of heating as long as the wood supply held out. It looked like a really big stove but most of it was the forced-air circulation system that pumped air around the heating chamber. The previous winter, I'd wondered why we had to stockpile so much wood under the cabin and now I understood what Dad and Uncle Alan were planning – year-round use of the cabin.

Dad started a fire in the stove first thing and by the time we had the van and Brad's jeep unloaded the cabin was beginning to warm up. We shut the door and within a few minutes, we were all out of our coats and ready to work.

By midmorning, we had all the old fans down and the new wiring done. The cabin was getting warm enough so that clothes began to come off. Kerry pulled off his sweatshirt and I saw he had on his thermal underwear top. He even had a little dark sweaty spot in the middle of his back. I'd worn just a white undershirt under my sweatshirt. I could tell it was getting damp so I stripped down to bare skin above the waist. Brad didn't need an invitation and I guess Dad decided he'd better go along.

I guess I should have suspected somebody was up to something when the women's team started talking about all the muscle-bound men and how hard we looked. I had my hands above my head when Arial walked by and put her hands on my pecs and then let them slide down to my waist. She made the rounds of the other men, doing the same thing, and then, a few minutes later, Kathryn felt us all up too, except that she sort of slid one hand down over my crotch. By the time Mom and Leigh did the same thing, I was hard in more than my pecs. Brad dropped a screwdriver when Mom did it to him.

I was installing our third new fan while Brad was being helper when I heard giggling. I looked down and saw that Kathryn and Arial were bare-chested – or bare-breasted - too. Arial was trying to pull Leigh's sweatshirt over her head and Leigh was pretending to resist. Mom didn't even bother to resist when the other three got at her. Brad

cussed and told me to watch what I was doing. But, damn, four sets of tits in different sizes and shapes and colors would grab any man's attention.

We still had three fans to install when Mom and the girls announced that lunch was ready. We were all sitting around bare-chested and bare-breasted after eating and having fun when Kerry said he was hot and asked if anybody else was. Maybe he wanted to go play in the snow but Dad wasn't about to let his work crews go before the job was done. He told Kerry he'd got four thermometers to check how well the new heating system worked and asked him to tack them up on four of the support posts around the main hall. All four showed about eighty degrees.

When Kerry came back, he sat down on the bench again, took off his boots, took off his jeans and briefs, put his boots back on, and announced that he was ready to work. It looked like a good way to work to me so I did it too and Brad and Dad were a little behind me. I didn't know what the ladies would do but Arial set an example and the others followed her. They had to coax Leigh a little bit but she stripped too. It was a new sight to me – nudists in nothing but white socks and work boots.

The women's team still seemed bent on sabotaging what the men's teams were doing. When somebody walks up behind you and sort of accidentally bumps you with their tits, it's hard to concentrate on working. They'd just giggle and then go do it to somebody else. When somebody's hand just accidentally brushes up against your dick, it just makes it that much harder. It didn't take long before I was sporting a hard-on I could have hung a hammer on. And I wasn't the only one.

I was wiring the last fan and Brad was helping when I saw Mom walk up behind him. She had a grin on her face and her hands were hidden behind her back. I tightened the last wire nut and watched to see what she was going to do.

Brad was standing on the floor and looking up. I was on a bench doing the wiring and looking down. When Mom got behind Brad, she brought her hand out and swung it around in front of Brad. It took me a second to realize that she had a big plastic cup full of snow. She threw the snow against Brad's groin and I saw his dick and balls disappear and snow splattered around. I was just about to laugh when I realized Arial was behind me and was doing the same thing. Shit! Ice-cold snow on a guy's dick and balls sure cools him off in a hurry.

I jumped off the bench and ran after Arial. I didn't know what I was going to do to her but I knew I wanted one thing: revenge. Mom ran too

and Brad took off after her. I don't guess Brad cared if she was our mother; she acted like a teen-ager and he treated her like one. Arial ran for the door leading out to the deck and Mom was a split second behind her. When they were outside, Mom tried to hold the door closed but she didn't have a chance. The door opened to the inside. I pulled on the knob but my hands were slippery. Brad shoved me out of the way and pulled the other end of the doorknob out of Mom's hands in one yank.

Arial and Mom were trapped. They'd gone to the side of the deck away from the stairs. They knew they were going to get it; they squealed and ran back and forth but there was no escape. Arial had done me so I went after her. I scooped up hands-full of the soft snow and tossed them all over her and Brad did the same to Mom. When I finally got Arial covered, I filled my hands with snow and rubbed them all over her breasts. I didn't think Brad would do the same thing to Mom but he did. I didn't think Mom would let him do it but she did and with a smile.

That's when we got attacked from the rear. Kathryn and Leigh were hitting us with snowballs and throwing snow on us and Dad and Kerry were bent over laughing - traitors. I ran for the stairs leading down to the ground from the deck and Brad was right on my heels. They all started throwing snowballs down on us from the deck so we went down the hill a little. I didn't think anybody would follow but they did. They followed, still throwing snowballs at us, so we went a little farther. We finally held up our hands in surrender and they dropped their ammunition.

We all stood around freezing, gasping out clouds of breath, looking at each other. It was cold as hell but it was beautiful. The trees were still holding snow on their branches and every few seconds some of it dropped to the ground in an explosion of white powder. The flat area near the creek where we played in summer had a set of footprints from some animal crossing it. The sky was so bright and blue the light almost hurt my eyes.

"Shit, I'm going in," Dad said.

"Wait, Dad," Kerry yelled. "Snow angels."

I didn't believe Kerry meant it. We'd made snow angels a few times but we'd always had on warm clothes when we did it. I guess Dad knew he meant it. When Kerry walked over to a smooth patch of snow, Dad followed to help him.

Dad had showed us how to make the best snow angels when we were little kids. We'd stand facing him, close together, and he'd hold our

hands and slowly lower us down until we were flat on our back on the snow. Then we'd make the wings and robe.

That's what they did this time. Kerry held his legs and hips straight while Dad lowered him down in the snow. He acted like it wasn't even cold but his little shriveled dick and scrotum told the truth. Dad backed up out of the way. Kerry just gave us his usual big grin and then slowly spread his arms and legs to make the wings and robe.

"Naked snow angel," he yelled.

I expected him to get up but he just lay there, still grinning like it was fun.

"Come on, Leigh," he said, holding out his hands toward her. "Let's do it. You promised!"

I didn't know what he meant but she did. She walked over to Kerry, staying in Kerry's and Dad's footprints. She straddled Kerry's body and took his hands in hers. Slowly she lowered herself until she was sitting on Kerry's thighs. I don't guess she was worried about Kerry's dick because it was drawn up smaller than I'd seen it in years. She sat down on it and I knew her pussy was right on top of it. Then she leaned forward until her knees were in the snow on each side of Kerry. He put his arms around her and pulled her down against him and gave her a quick kiss.

"Look, everybody," he yelled. "It's a naked *fuckin'* snow angel."

We'd never made one like it before and Dad helped them so they'd leave a good impression. He got back behind Leigh and helped her get up without disturbing the prints in the snow. Then he pulled Kerry up and they both got out of the way. It was one damned good fucking naked snow angel, if you could figure out what the two knee-prints on each side were supposed to be.

Everybody got one good look and then the mad melee up the hill started. I was the last one back in the cabin and I made sure the door was closed. The cabin was still nice and warm but everybody was huddled around the stove, trying to thaw out. I muscled in and got me a spot as close to the stove as I could stand.

I noticed that something was funny and I looked around and checked. All the girls were standing with their butts turned to the stove; all the guys were turned with their dicks toward the stove.

Dad was on the other side of the stove from me. His balls were drawn up so tight his scrotum looked like a tight little ball, half of one anyway. His dick was sticking out, not hanging down, and it looked like it was only about three inches long. There was a little nipple-like protrusion of foreskin at the end. When I looked down, I saw that mine looked exactly like his. When I checked out Brad and Kerry, theirs looked about the same. Four half-frozen dicks that wouldn't scare any poor little virgin – I decided to find a warm spot for mine as soon as I could.

We were just about thawed out when I saw Dad whisper something to Mom. She looked at him and said “You sure?” “You froze it. It's the least you could do,” he answered. “OK,” she said.

Brad was standing between Arial and Mom. I wondered what she was going to do. She pushed Brad back a little, got in front of him, and then reached back, caught his hands, and pulled him up against her.

“Kieran said I should warm up Brad's Popsicle with some hot buns,” she said. She rubbed her butt back against Brad's groin and held his hands so he couldn't get away. The expression on Brad's face was one of absolute disbelief but he seemed to be enjoying it. Mom brought his hands up to her breasts and made him hold them. He must have liked that too because he didn't try to pull his hands away, just started rubbing them all over Mom's breasts. It was hilarious to see them like that.

Kerry thought it was a good idea so he got behind Leigh to warm his dick. I started to get behind Kathryn but then decided maybe Dad might like to warm his against her butt. Kathryn didn't protest when he did it; she just swiveled her hips from side to side. Arial's butt was nice and hot against my dick. I guess my hands helped get her breasts warm too. It took a few minutes but we finally got four dicks restored to normal – maybe more than normal because Kerry had a hard-on and Brad was damn close to one.

“Anybody want some hot chocolate?” Mom asked.

I think she got affirmative answers from everyone. Arial said something about chocolate making it hot and that didn't make sense.

Dad asked us guys to help double-check the fans while the girls made hot chocolate for us. We'd installed everything OK so we turned on the fans, set them to blow up so they'd push the hot air down the sides of the A-frame, and then checked the remotes to see that they worked OK too. Everything was fine. I could feel just a gentle movement of warm air circulating.

We were all sitting down at the big table with hot chocolate and Oreos when I saw Arial look at me and nod. I knew it was time to bring it up. I didn't know how it would all work out but I took a deep breath and started.

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Forty-Four

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.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 43; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 42; Kavan Kelly Stuart, 17; Arial Erin Stuart, 15; Kerry Lee Stuart, 12 1/2

Kathryn Jenssen, 17, Brad Weaver, 17, Leigh Williams, 13

TELLING THE STORY:

Kavan Stuart, Arial Stuart

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(KAVAN)

We were all sitting down at the big table with hot chocolate and Oreos when I saw Arial look at me and nod. I knew it was time for me to bring it up. I didn't know how it would all work out but I took a deep breath and tried to decide how to start.

I'd talked it over with Kathryn and she loved the idea. I guess she thought she was going to have another crack at Dad or maybe let him get at her crack again, whatever. I told her we'd have to hold it down a little bit because Kerry knew he couldn't fuck Leigh and I didn't know if she'd be OK with some of the other stuff we might do. Kathryn said Leigh told her she was OK with playing around in the bed with us the first time. It seemed to me she had fun the other couple of times us kids had fooled around but we really hadn't done that much.

Leigh surprised me though when she teased Dad the way she did. I knew Ariel and Kerry coaxed her to do something with him while he was hanging a fan. He was standing on a small table, working on the fan, with his legs spread for balance. She got behind his legs and started talking to Kerry through Dad's legs. Then she held onto the back of Dad's thighs and sort of accidentally brushed her little tits against his calves. And all the time, she acted like she was just innocently talking to Kerry. I think Dad's dick ratcheted up another notch when she did it. It wasn't pointed up at twelve-ten like mine, maybe about twelve-fifteen.

That was after Kathryn did her part to give Dad and Kerry a hard time while they were working together. She got right in front of Dad while he was standing on the table, with her face just inches away from his dick and looked up at him. When he asked Kerry for the pliers, she took them and handed them up to Dad. He jumped and almost fell when her hand brushed against his dick. She didn't even pretend with Kerry, just reached down and wrapped her hand around his dick while she was watching Dad work. Yeah, Kathryn didn't just love the idea; she was hot to do it. I wondered if she wanted to get Dad or maybe even Kerry to fuck her again. I didn't think Ariel would let Brad off his leash long enough to screw her but I wasn't sure.

Ariel had loved the idea too. In fact, I guess it was her idea, hers and Kerry's. She said Brad didn't know whether he wanted to do it or not so she'd told him about some of the stuff we'd done playing with Mom and Dad, not all of it, just some. At first he couldn't believe it but then he decided he could and maybe he wouldn't mind playing too, especially if he got to play with Mom and Kathryn. Ariel told him he'd better watch it with Kathryn or he'd have his dick in his third pussy. He asked about Mom and she told him he couldn't park his pecker in her pussy but anything else was probably OK. When Mom warmed his Popsicle, he seemed to have a lot of fun with her. When she put his hands on her breasts, I could tell he liked that. He kept them there for a couple of minutes when she turned loose of his wrists. He had a dick again instead of an icicle when she pulled away from him. Then he sat between her and Ariel when we were having hot chocolate and I know he brushed Mom's breasts twice while reaching for Oreos, both times looking at Dad and grinning. I figured he'd be OK playing if we didn't get too wild.

Kerry was ready to do anything he could get away with as usual. He said he knew he couldn't stick his dick in Leigh but he'd already done just about everything else. I asked him how far they'd gone with each other and he said he'd got his tongue in her little pussy twice last week and had her coming for about ten minutes the second time. He said he

thought she was about ready to return the favor. He didn't really want the rest of us guys to do much with Leigh because she was just getting used to fooling around with him and he didn't think she was ready for older guys and bigger dicks. I told him I thought that made sense.

"Kieran," I said, and Dad looked at me, "did you really think you needed to keep telling Kerry *over and over* which wires to connect. Black to black. White to white. Damn, don't you think he knows that?"

He looked at me and I could see he was puzzled.

"I guess maybe he does, Son," he said "When you and I wired your basement bedroom, I tried to teach you and he was being gofer. I guess he picked it up then."

"Shit, Kieran Connor Stuart," Kerry said, "There you go again. Still in father-parental mode, calling Kavan son when he called you Kieran, not Dad. Don't you and Siobhan ever get tired of being *parents*?" He made it sound like parents was a cuss word.

Dad looked at Kerry and he had a little smile on his face in addition to the puzzled look. I guess he knew he was being set up for something. It wouldn't be the first time the three of us had cooked up a plot to get him and Mom to do something.

"Yeah, Kieran," Ariel said, "why can't you and Siobhan try being just *people* once in a while with us, not *parents*? Wouldn't you like to be teens again, at least for a little while, and not have to worry about being *parents*?"

He looked at Brad. "Don't look at me, Kieran. I'm with them. I think you and Siobhan ought just once to drop your parental-authority roles."

He looked at Kathryn and Leigh. They were both smiling and nodding their agreement. Siobhan was looking around at us too.

"Stop being parents for a while, huh?" Kieran asked. "Like this weekend? Is that what you all want? For me and Siobhan to be like... teens again?"

He saw all of us nodding now but he sat for a minute or so without answering, while we all nodded yes and waited. Finally, he made up his mind.

"Sorry, can't do it. I don't ever want to be a teen-ager again. That's just too damn much to ask." He paused for a minute. "All those damn

hormones knocking what little sense I had out of my head. Dick so much trouble I'd put it in the crack of a door and slam the door just to get off."

He got a lot of giggles and laughs at that image.

"Best I can do is take off twenty-two years," he finally continued. "That'll leave me twenty-one and Siobhan will be twenty. That's my final offer. That's as close to teen-age as I want to get. Take it or leave it."

I took a deep breath and relaxed a little. "And you aren't married to Siobhan," I said. "You two are just screwing around like the rest of us, right?"

He looked at Siobhan and she nodded. "Yeah, right, I'd love to screw around with her. I've been trying to get in her panties for months now. Hope she lets me do it this weekend." He was grinning when he said it, both of them sitting there naked and she wasn't even wearing panties.

"It would be nice to be young again, wouldn't it, Kieran?" Siobhan asked.

"Yeah, especially the part about not being parents, I'd like that," he said, sort of wistfully.

"Me, too," Siobhan said, "like, not to have to worry about whether somebody else gets pregnant; oh, shit, that'd be so nice."

"Especially not to have to worry about somebody else fucking around and catching some sort of STD from it, that'd be damn nice," Kieran said.

"D...I mean Kieran," Ariel squealed, "you didn't have to worry about me. I've got enough sense not to get pregnant or catch something. I knew Brad didn't have anything bad I could catch before we did it."

"Yeah," Kieran said, "well, that's what Dr. Dan told me when we were talking about what you two were getting into. We both decided we didn't have to worry about that."

"Well, you didn't have to worry about me," Kathryn said. "Kavan and I were both virgins. We couldn't give each other anything bad."

"Except a baby," Kieran said, "and you came damn close to that in spite of me giving Kavan a big supply of condoms."

“Yeah, you just threw condoms at them and ran like hell,” Siobhan said. “Her Mom and I were the ones who got her on the pill.”

I decided we’d all got the point. They had been worrying about us and trying to make sure we didn’t catch something or get somebody pregnant. But I didn’t think they had to worry about us this weekend.

“OK, Kieran,” I said. “You and Siobhan have made your points. Now, how about it? Just this weekend – quit being parents – quit treating us like kids – let’s all be just some young people who want to play a little and have some fun. Is that so fucking hard to do?”

“Can’t do any fucking if it isn’t hard, Kavan!” Kerry giggled.

Mom and Dad, I mean Kieran and Siobhan looked at each other with big smiles on their faces. If I hadn’t been watching, I wouldn’t have seen Kieran give just the least little nod and a wink and then Siobhan smiled even wider.

I gave a big sigh of relief. It looked like our plan would work. I didn’t know where it was going but I knew it would be fun to find out.

“If we’re that young, Kieran, we’re not even married to each other,” Siobhan said. “Does that mean I can fool around with these other boys? I think the tall skinny one is kind of cute.”

She was looking at Kieran when she said it, not at Brad, but he knew who she was talking about. He moved away from her and closer to Arial and had a funny look on his face. Arial decided to add to Brad’s misery.

“You’d better not let me catch him with his dick in your pussy, Siobhan Kelly,” she said. “If he comes anywhere today or tonight, it’s going to be in mine.”

“Would it be OK if I just fooled around with him enough to get him hot for you, Arial?” Siobhan asked. “You can play with my boy friend, Kieran Stuart, and get him ready for me.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” Arial sulked but it was easy to see she was pretending too.

Kathryn and Leigh and Kerry were giggling at all of this. Brad looked like he didn’t know where to run and hide. Kieran was just leaning back against one of the support posts with a big smile on his face, like he was tickled at the can of worms we’d opened.

“Well, you horny guys have got to leave my girl friend alone,” Kerry said. “She and I can’t do it yet and I’ll be fucked before I let you big-dicked guys get at her. We’re just two *little* kids, you know?”

Yeah, like he was a little kid, sitting there with a hard-on lots of grown men would like to have.

“It’s OK, Kerry,” I said. “None of us are going to try to get at Leigh; we won’t try to get our wieners in her schnitzel.”

Leigh had been silent, except for giggling, while all this was going on but then she said something to me that almost floored me.

“My Mom’s family’s Polish, Mr. Smarty-pants. She says if Kerry tries to put his kielbasa in my pirogi, she’ll whack it off. So if you guys try, you’ll get it whacked off.”

Dad laughed so hard he slipped off the post he was leaning against and fell on the floor. Kerry just sat there straight-faced and then he said to Leigh:

“I don’t care if you don’t like my kielbasa, Miss Leigh. I thought your pirogi tasted better with a little tongue in it, anyway.”

I couldn’t help it. I fell off the bench and rolled on the floor with Kieran. Brad was going whoop, whoop, like he was going to bust open. Siobhan and Arial and Kathryn were all giggling like they were thirteen like Leigh.

After that, we all cut up for about fifteen minutes, trying to come up with better, I mean, dirtier, allusions to sex and eating or eating sex or fucking food or stuff like that. Nobody beat Leigh and Kerry though. Finally I decided I’d see if I could get everybody to play at something I knew I was good at – lifting weights.

“Well, how about you guys help me set up my weight bench now?” I asked. “I’ll show you my favorite lifts – one hundred pounds of weights and one-hundred twenty pounds of female.”

“Oh fuck, Kavan, that’s like ... like nothing,” Kieran said, and I knew he was trying to act younger because he didn’t usually talk like that. “I can do that with like no trouble. It’s like no big deal.”

“I dare you,” I said.

“Well, I like double-dog-dare you,” Kieran said.

I looked at him and saw he was grinning from ear to ear. Kerry and the others were staring too, like they couldn't believe what we'd just said. He did look leaner and harder since he'd started working out at Andersen Security. I wondered if he'd been practicing with Mom at home. I knew I didn't always find my weights where I'd left them but I thought maybe it was Kerry or possibly Brad, not Dad, I mean Kieran.

"Well, you studs have got me beat." Brad said. "I can do a hundred in weights but I can't manage more than a one-fifteen female."

"Huh," Arial puffed, "you just think you can manage that much female. When have you tried?"

I just kept my mouth shut at that. I didn't really know if he'd ever tried to manage Arial or if he could if he even wanted to.

"Leigh, how much do you weigh?" Kerry asked.

"Almost one hundred," she giggled.

"Jeez," he said with a deep breath. "I know I can do fifty pounds of weights. If you'll let me, I'll try to lift you." He grinned at her and I knew he had some devilish inspiration. "I'll give you my best shot."

"Kerry Lee Stuart," Arial said. "You will not give her your best shot. You know that's the one thing you can't do with her."

"Oh, come on," I said. "Cut the crap. Let's get the fucking bench put together and then we'll just see who can lift best."

We finally agreed on a place where the weight bench wouldn't be in the way and Brad and Kerry and I assembled it while Kieran played gofer. It was an easy job because all I needed was one wrench to tighten about a dozen nuts. I asked Kieran for a left-handed wrench and Leigh was the only one who didn't get the joke.

I hoped Kathryn wouldn't mind helping me demonstrate how I could lift a hundred pounds of weight and then her and then both at the same time. She'd giggled and squirmed so much the first time we'd showed Arial and Kerry that she'd made me come while I was lifting her. Then later Siobhan came downstairs and watched us do it but we'd never shown Kieran. We'd told Brad and Arial but they'd never seen us do it either.

My dick had drooped a little while we were putting the bench together, just like Kieran's and Brad's. Kerry's was still reaching for the sky. I

knew mine just needed a little stroking or sucking and it would be back up and ready for anything if Kathryn would just help me.

I looked at Kathryn to see whether she wanted to play with me and I couldn't make up my mind what I saw in her eyes. I guess I'm a mean bastard sometimes with her lately. I can't talk to Mom or Dad about it because I don't really know anything to talk about. I can't talk to Kathryn because I'm afraid I'll just make things worse.

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A few weeks ago, I'd made her cry when I was fucking her. She was on her hands and knees and I was doing it from behind. She usually liked it that way if I didn't shove it in too hard. She said if I did it slow and easy it'd stretch her cunt and fill her up so good she could go off like fireworks with just a little touch or two on her clit. She said if I rammed it in her too hard, it'd hit her somewhere inside and hurt like hell, sort of like when I got hit in the nuts. I guess I was still angry about New York and whatever it was that happened there and I got carried away and started pounding away at her. When I came, I shoved it in as deep as I could and held her by her hips and then I heard her crying.

I still couldn't figure out what it was about her trip to New York to see her Mother over Christmas that made me so mad. She came back with her pussy shaved or something and it was smooth like a little girl's, like Ariel's had been when she was little. I couldn't even feel any stubble and she wouldn't even tell me how she'd got it like that. She just kept asking me whether I liked it. What's not to like?

Then she wouldn't even let me fuck her the first night she came back from New York, said she had stomach cramps because her period was about to start and she had jet lag too. I knew she had cramps sometimes but I thought that was usually after her period started.

And then she started jacking me off like that, using a twisting motion with her hand when she moved it up and down. And something else new, she curled her other hand around with the fingertips under my balls and pressed down. She'd never done stuff like that before; it was always just straight up and down like I liked. I told her it wasn't a chicken neck and to stop trying to wring it and she had got her feelings hurt. Only guy I'd ever seen do like that – sort of twisting and pressing behind his balls - was Jeff Winters and he was circumcised and did his own dick like that once when we were showing off. I wondered if that was the way circumcised guys always did it and where she'd learned it.

Then she wouldn't do anything else with me for almost a week after she got back. Just kept her panties on and had a pad or a panty liner there all the time and I couldn't tell what was going on. I didn't see how she could have had time to do anything to do with another guy while she was gone and I knew I couldn't accuse her because it would just make things worse.

I guess I didn't like her loving her visit to New York so much. When she'd told me her Mother wanted her to spend next summer there with her, I think I knew in my heart I might lose her, and she might stay there for her senior year of high school. I couldn't make up my mind whether it was just because I didn't want to have to do without sex when I'd gotten used to it with her or whether it was because I really did love her and didn't want her to leave me.

Finally, when she did let me fuck her, she didn't act like she enjoyed it and I know she didn't even come once. The worst part was when she didn't say anything about loving me even when I told I loved her and I really meant it.

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I really wanted her to help me show off how I could lift weights and her but I wasn't sure she wanted to do it. I looked at her and maybe she could see in my eyes how my heart was hurting because she came up to me, put her hand against my face, and gave me a sweet kiss on my chin. I looked down in her face and tried to read her but I couldn't.

"I love you, Kathryn," I whispered.

"I love you too, Kavan," she whispered back. "Please don't be mean to me."

I couldn't help it. I wrapped my arms around her and squeezed her against me and just held her. I could feel my eyes getting wet and I could see the others looking at us, probably wondering what was going on. I guess I wondered the same thing.

Then I felt Kathryn's hand on my dick and I just stood and let her hold it and stroke it until it was standing up and proud. Fuck it! I decided I was going to show them all how much fun it is to lift weights with her on top of me.

I asked Brad if he'd be my spotter and he got at the end of the bench and lifted the weights up to the rack. I'd put two twenty-five pound weights on each end of the bar and I didn't know whether he could do it

or not. From the way he racked the bar, like it was nothing, it looked like I might have some serious competition.

I used some light free-weights and a couple of my favorite exercises to warm up a little and then stretched out flat on my back on the bench. Everybody was just standing around watching and I hoped I didn't deflate my dick while I was pumping my biceps. It stood up OK while I was standing and then didn't just flop on my stomach when I lay down.

I dismounted the bar and did three reps real slow, down to chest and then arms extended, and hardly felt them. I nodded at Kathryn and she straddled my waist and sat down on me. I didn't know whether she would put my dick in her pussy or not but I figured I could show off just as well either way, except it was a hell of a lot more fun with it plugged in.

I braced my arms under the weight bar, without trying to lift it, and then used my stomach and back and leg muscles to lift Kathryn. She put her hands on my chest to hold on and lifted her feet off the floor and I raised her up a few inches, three reps. That was the easy set.

I rested a minute or so and decided to try the next set. I lifted the weight bar with my arms, lowered it and pressed, put it back in the rack, braced, lifted Kathryn, put my butt back on the bench, then did it all twice more, three reps. Still not too bad.

I looked around and everybody was watching with big grins on their faces. Shit, I decided to go for it. I nodded at Kathryn and winked at her. She decided to help me. She reached down, held my dick straight up so the head was touching her pussy, and slid down a little bit at a time until it was inside her. I gave her a minute or so to get comfortable before I tried the hard set. Besides, it felt too fucking good to do anything else for a while.

I shut my eyes and did my deep breaths, did three reps with the weights, breathed, did three with Kathryn, then more breaths, and lifted weights and then Kathryn, three times. I knew it was the combination of muscle tension in my hips and stomach combined with the feeling of a hot cunt on my dick that made for a ball-busting orgasm. But I didn't quite get to it this time. I didn't really mind; I guess I was sort of relieved that Kathryn had finally said she loved me.

When Kathryn dismounted, I grabbed an old towel I'd packed with the weights and wiped the sweat off my face and chest and then wiped my dick off. Damn, cold as the Klondike with snow outside and hot as hell inside, it was enough to make anybody sweat.

“OK, Mr. Kieran Connor Stuart,” I said, “let’s see you do that.”

“Naw, it’s Brad’s turn,” he said, but his dick looked like it was ready.

Brad looked like he wanted to run and hide again. When we were working together putting up our fans, I’d tried to tell him to expect anything but I don’t think he could just relax and have fun with sex like the rest of us could. His dick sure looked like it was ready even if he wasn’t.

“Not me, boy,” Brad said, “let Kerry do it with Leigh. He doesn’t have to put his dick in her pussy. She can just sit on it.”

Then Leigh tried to say she couldn’t do it but Kerry started begging her to try. Siobhan and Kathryn and Arial started talking about whether it was fair to do it if Kerry wasn’t plugged in and decided it was. Kathryn told Leigh she’d help keep Kerry’s kielbasa out of her pirogi and it couldn’t hurt anything.

I guess all of us wanted to watch Kerry try. He was always good for a few laughs and we liked to have fun with him and tease him. He knew it and just wanted to show off that much more.

I took off one of the weights on each end of the bar and handed Kerry the five-pound hand weights to warm up. I even did the other warm-up exercises with him and then Kieran and Brad started doing them too. Kieran even got the ten-pound hand weights and started using them and showing off.

I put the bar back on the rack for Kerry and he lay down on the bench. I knew he could do fifty-pounds because he’d done that much working out with me. He did his breathing just like I had taught him and then did three reps with the weights. I was ready to catch but he put them back on the rack without any trouble.

He looked at Leigh and I saw her looking at his dick. It wasn’t laying flat on his stomach. It was pointing up a little, lifted in the air, and his balls were hanging down between his legs. I guess it was enough to scare any girl who was still a virgin. Kerry saw where she was looking and reached down to his dick and held it flat down against his stomach.

“Come on, Leigh,” he said. “Get on board. Let me lift you. Your pirogi’s safe.”

She kept shaking her head no and I guess Arial decided she’d better do something. She grabbed the towel I’d used, draped it over Kerry’s hips

so we couldn't see Kerry's dick, just the bulge, and held out her hand to Leigh.

"Come on, Leigh," she said. "Do it. It's OK."

She straddled him, put her hands on his chest, lifted her feet off the floor, and waited. Kerry did his breathing again and then – I wasn't sure he'd be able to do it – lifted his butt off the bench a couple of inches. I couldn't help it. I started a round of applause and the others started clapping too, yelling "Atta boy, Kerry," and stuff like that.

Then Leigh gave us another surprise. She reached down, pulled the towel off Kerry, threw it on the floor, held his dick down flat on his stomach, and sat down on it. He braced his arms against the weight bar and then lifted her, maybe four or five times. I'm not sure whether the last two or three were lifts or whether he was just sliding his dick back and forth against her pussy lips. Either way, he was grinning like he liked it. What's not to like?

"Wanna go for the gold, Kerry?" I asked him and he nodded yes.

He took three breaths, lifted the weights off the rack, lowered them to his chest and put them back on the rack, lifted Leigh with his hips, then paused. I could see his hips still wiggling and I could see the tip of his dick just sticking out between his stomach and Leigh's. I don't think he was competing; I think he was rubbing his dick against Leigh's pussy, the closest he'd got to a fuck with her.

He did it one more time, breathed, lifted the weights, lifted Leigh, and then stopped trying. He and Leigh both had their eyes closed and she had her feet on the floor. She wasn't even pretending anymore; she was just enjoying the closest thing to a fuck she'd ever had, at least if Kerry told me the truth about how far they'd gone.

Kerry was still wiggling his hips under Leigh and the head of his dick kept popping out of her pubic hair. I looked around and saw everybody else watching and grinning. Leave it to Kerry. He didn't last very long. The head of his dick popped out one more time and he stopped still and squirted and laid a little white stream from his chest to down below his navel.

"Kerry Lee Stuart," Siobhan said, "you're bad. You weren't supposed to do that."

Kathryn grabbed the towel and wiped Kerry's stomach clean while I helped Leigh dismount. Kerry just lay there like he was dead but the silly smile on his face said he wasn't. I decided I'd better get him off the

bench so somebody else could use it. I checked out Brad and Kieran and they both had hard-ons about like mine. I figured maybe either one was ready. I put the other weights back on the bar and then stepped back.

“OK,” I said, “who’s next?”

Brad looked at Kieran and even put his hand on his shoulder and tried to push him forward. Arial decided to take charge as usual. She grabbed Brad’s hand and pulled Brad toward the bench. He still held back.

“Damn, Arial,” he said, “I can’t do stuff like that in front of everybody.”

“Who’s everybody?” Arial asked.

“I mean your parents, that’s who,” Brad said.

Arial pretended to look around the room like she was looking for parents.

“I don’t see any parents here, Brad,” she said. “All I see are a bunch of kids and we’re all just fooling around and having fun.”

Brad looked at Kieran and Siobhan again.

“Brad,” Siobhan said, “Kieran and I are going to do it just as soon as you and Arial get through. Now, get busy.”

“Damn!” Brad said. “OK but, this time when I say this Stuart family’s going to take some getting used to, I really mean it.”

He lay down on the bench and started his deep breaths. His shoulders sure looked like he could lift like me but I knew that didn’t prove anything unless he’d trained his muscles the right way. He shut his eyes, lifted the bar off the rack, lowered it to his chest, raised it so his arms were straight, and then lowered and raised it three more times and put it back on the rack. He opened his eyes and a big grin spread over his face. Four times; I was glad I hadn’t dared him.

“Brad Weaver,” I said, “You told me you hadn’t done any lifting with free-weights. You lied about it.”

He grinned sheepishly. “I didn’t lie. I haven’t done *free-weights*. I use the gym facilities at the condo where Dad and I live, use them a few times a week. I just never told anybody because it’s nothing special.”

I looked at Arial and she stuck her tongue out at me the way she always does. Then she threw one of her long legs over Brad's waist, held his dick against his stomach with one finger, and sat down on it. Brad shut his eyes and started grinning like an idiot.

"Come on, Brad, you're supposed to be lifting, not sleeping," Kathryn said.

He opened his eyes, still grinning, did some deep breaths, and nodded to Arial. She leaned forward, put her hands on his chest, and lifted her feet off the floor. He braced his arms against the bar and lifted Arial one, two, three, four times. Damn, he just had to beat me. I knew he was skinny but I'd never seen his stomach muscles pop out like that. He had a six-pack as good as mine.

"OK, Mr. Universe," I said, "go for the gold."

I didn't know whether Arial would let him do it with his dick in her pussy or not. I don't guess any of us had seen that yet and I knew he was still trying to get used to us and not be embarrassed. He started breathing again, getting ready, and Arial said wait. She lifted her little fanny up off his stomach, held his dick straight up, rubbed the head back and forth in her pussy, then gradually slid down on it, all the time grinning and looking around at the rest of us, with her tongue stuck out again.

Brad shut his eyes and lay there with his idiot grin until Arial was ready and said OK. Then he started. Weights off the bar, down to his chest, arms extended, four times. Shit, he was going to show me up. Then more breathing, braced his arms, lifted Arial, four times. I guess I didn't really care if he could show me up. They looked like they were really having fun and that was all that mattered.

When he was ready, he did the last set. Four arm presses, four lifts with Arial, and then bar and Arial for four reps. Damn, he was good. At least he was sweating worse than I was. I was hoping he'd bust his nuts with Arial before he finished but he didn't. Arial even asked for the towel, wiped his chest and stomach, then dismounted, and wiped his dick, all before he got off the bench. I was sort of hoping she'd wipe the sweat off his face too because it was the same old towel I had wiped off my dick with and Kathryn had used to wipe up Kerry.

I guess Kieran knew it was crunch time. I was afraid he wouldn't be able to do it but I sure didn't want him to beat me too. He looked at me and winked before he stretched out on the bench and I quit worrying. I didn't know what he could do but I knew I didn't have to worry about it.

I'd been Brad's spotter so I just stayed in place to be Kieran's. He did his breathing, dismounted the bar, and then pressed it three times. He looked up at me like he was saying he could have done it again. Shit, I would have done five or six reps to begin with if I'd known I was going to have serious competition.

Siobhan straddled his waist, just like Arial had, holding his dick down flat against his stomach, and sat down. She looked me in the eyes just like she was saying she was just a kid too and she was having fun. Then Kieran lifted her, just three times.

"OK, Kieran," Kerry said, "it's time to go for the gold."

"He can't get gold, Kerry," Arial said, "Brad's got it already."

"Well, just have fun then," Kerry said. "Enjoy it."

I was looking at Siobhan's face when she lifted up off Kieran, held his dick up, and sat down on it. She was looking at Brad and I don't know what he was thinking but he was sure watching as Kieran's dick gradually disappeared. I'd seen it before so it wasn't that new but I still remembered how hot I'd gotten the first time I'd seen it when I was still a little kid. I'll never know how women do it but Siobhan settled down until her red pubic hair was pressed against Kieran's light brown hair. I guess I'll never know how they can take something so big inside them and then look like they love it.

Kieran braced his arms under the bar and started to lift. Siobhan leaned forward, put her hands on his chest, with her fingers curved around his ribs. I knew right away that was a mistake. He was too damn ticklish. Sure enough, Kieran started trying to choke off laughing or giggling. He looked ridiculous with his lips held together, his cheeks puffed out, wiggling around trying to get away from Siobhan's fingers. I don't think she even knew what she was doing until it was too late.

Finally, he gave up and started laughing and trying to lift her with his hips or maybe it was just to shove his dick in and out a little. Siobhan put her feet back down on the floor and lifted up a little, and that's what they ended up doing. I was hoping he'd bust his nuts too but he slowed down when he could quit laughing and they just stayed still looking at each other. I'd seem that look lots of times. It was they way they looked at each other when they were saying they loved each other. I always liked to see them look at each other that way.

Kieran hadn't really worked up a sweat but Siobhan wiped him off anyway. That old towel must have smelled ripe with all the sweat and

dick and cunt juice on it. When she finished, she looked around at all of us, watching them, and I didn't know what we were going to do next.

“Do you think it'd be OK if Kieran and I had a little private time?” she asked. “We could all go in the bedrooms and give these guys a little relief. I think they all need it.”

Kerry was the only one who'd had any. He was hard again or maybe still – you never know with him – and so were Brad and Kieran. I knew I was ready; I was aching to get off.

I went over to one of the bedrooms on the sides of the cabin and went in. It was warm in the main room of the cabin but the bedroom was still cold. I just went back, grabbed my sleeping bag and Kathryn's, grabbed her by the hand, and went in anyway. I figured we'd be able to make our own heat.

I looked back and saw Arial hand two sleeping bags to Brad. She saw me watching and stuck her tongue out at me. Kieran was standing behind Siobhan, his arms around her waist, watching us too. Kerry had one arm around Leigh but he had the drawstrings to two bags in the other hand. I shut the door and I guess they made up their own mind what to do.

I was a perfect gentleman with Kathryn. I made sure she came first, maybe more than once, until my tongue got tired. Then she let me mount her in the good old missionary position and we stayed that way for a while. When I finally got some relief, she finally said it to me again, said what I wanted to hear, said what I needed to hear. She put her hands on my face, looked me in the eyes, and said, “I love you, Kavan Stuart.”

(ARIAL)

I really didn't know how Brad would handle whatever silly fooling around we all got into at the cabin. I knew he was getting pretty used to whatever the two of us wanted to do. He'd even been nice to Kerry the couple of times we'd goofed off together. I guess I was more worried about him not wanting to play because Kieran and Siobhan were just pretending not to be parents and maybe he couldn't accept that.

I hoped he'd learned to relax and play with us. It was just a few weeks ago, when we went to the Andersens to take care of little Paul when Joanne had her baby, that he and Kerry and I had fun together for a while before Brad and I got serious. We all got pretty wild and sometimes we didn't know who we were doing stuff with but it was fun

anyway. And then it was just Friday a week ago that Brad and I really got wild for a while. I think Brad almost went crazy because he got so rough with me I was sore for days afterwards.

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On that Friday, Brad had given me and Kerry a ride home as usual. Three afternoons during the week, he had dropped us off and left immediately to go to the hospital to help his Dad on his latest research project. One afternoon he'd stayed for a while but we hadn't made love.

The look he gave me when I walked up to his Jeep where he was waiting told me what he wanted when we got home. The look I gave him must have told him I wanted it just as much. He broke out in a big grin immediately and kept it while he was driving. I put my hand on the inside of his thigh but he told me not to make him have a wreck so I left his dick alone.

Brad, Kerry, and I all started down the hallway toward our bedrooms and I guess we all had the same thing in mind – a trip to the bathroom. Kerry begged to go first because he had to go real bad. Brad and I went in my bedroom and he put my books on my desk and we waited for Kerry to finish. We could hear him peeing through the bathroom door. I kicked off my shoes and Brad did the toe-heel trick to get his off with unlacing them. I decided to see if I could train him and Kerry to unlace. Finally the noise in the bathroom stopped and Kerry opened the door and said “Next.”

I started to go but Kerry stopped me. He gave me his famous grin, kind of lopsided this time.

“Arial, I'm going in my bedroom and jack off. Why don't you and Brad take advantage of a little time together? I promise I won't bother you and nobody else will be home 'til after five. I'll bet you two could find something to do for a couple of hours.”

I didn't answer him. I just went in the bathroom, handed him the bottle of baby oil and the damp towel I'd left after showering before school, and pushed him through the door to his room. When I turned around, Brad was standing in the door, shaking his head.

“What?” I asked. “Aren't you used to my family yet?”

He didn't answer and I guess he didn't need to. I pushed my pants and my panties down and sat down on the commode. I had to go pretty bad too. I shut my eyes, took a deep breath, relaxed, and peed. When I opened my eyes, Brad was watching me and his grin was even wider. I

rolled TP around my hand and patted dry as usual. When I stood up, I didn't bother to pull anything back up; I started unbuttoning my shirt. Brad was just watching me so I waved my hand at the throne to give him permission to go.

He unzipped his khakis and pulled them down a little, then pulled his briefs down and pulled his dick and balls over the waistband. He had on the no-fly briefs, really briefs, I'd bought him. I stopped and watched him. He grunted and grinned and finally got it started. He had good aim. He had a beautiful dick too, almost as pretty as Kerry's. I'd told him that more than once but I'd also told him it was his hard little butt I liked most and he couldn't understand why.

When he finished, he didn't bother to put his dick away, just started taking off his clothes. I took off my shirt and then my bra and gave him time to look before I took my pants and panties off. He kicked his pants and briefs off without ever taking his eyes off me. His dick looked funny, swollen like that, sticking out with a drooping curve.

I pulled back the shower curtain and started to get in the tub but Brad grabbed my arm and stopped me.

"Fuck the shower!" he said.

I looked at him and I guess he saw the confusion on my face.

"I said fuck the shower, Arial."

"Brad, I'm sweaty. Let's just take a quick shower."

"No! I don't want you to."

"Brad, I'm sweaty and I just peed. I need a shower if we're going to do anything."

He pulled me up against him, at least as much as his dick would allow. It was sticking straight out and it bumped against my belly. I held it to one side and he wrapped his long arms around me, his big hands on my butt, and he branded me across my stomach with his dick.

"You heard me, Arial," he said. "I want you just like you are, sweat and pee and all. Don't make me wait."

He leaned over and kissed me. He knew how to settle a disagreement. I couldn't say fuck the shower with his tongue in my mouth but I thought it and I guess that was my last coherent thought for a while. He kissed

me like he was hungry for something and I had whatever it was that would satisfy him.

When he scooped me up in his long arms, I gave in. I shut my eyes and let him do whatever he wanted. I didn't say anything even when he bumped my head against the door going into my bedroom. He laid me on my bed and then fell half across me and started eating me.

I suppose that's the best way to describe what he started doing. He started in the hollow of my throat just above my collarbone with his mouth open on my skin and his tongue licking me. After he'd done both sides, he moved down a little and started nuzzling my armpit. I tried to pull my arms down but he held both of them above my head and got his tongue right in there with the sweat. I didn't usually use deodorant and I giggled when I started thinking what it might have done to his mouth if I had. Besides, it tickled.

When he started on my breasts, I thought he was going to get one of them in his mouth. He was squeezing one with his hand and sucking and almost biting on the other and I couldn't make up my mind whether it felt good and I wanted it or whether it hurt and I wanted him to stop. I finally managed to get out a few words.

“Brad, please, not so hard; be easy, please!”

He stopped and looked up at me and I guess I'd describe his eyes as smoldering. I didn't care if he was hot because I was just as hot from wanting him. I wanted his dick in me so bad my stomach was hurting from not having it. When he started licking and sucking on my breasts again, he tried to keep his eyes on my face and I kept my neck bent to watch him.

When he moved down lower and pushed my legs apart, I shut my eyes and quit trying to watch him. I knew my pussy was probably a little smelly because I'd gotten hot and sweaty at school a couple of times and I'd peed twice before I ever came home. If he didn't care, I didn't either and, the way he got at me with his mouth, he must have liked it. First he'd been trying to suck my breasts off and now he was trying to suck everything out of my pussy.

I wanted to come and I didn't want to wait so I tensed up my leg and hip and stomach muscles like I do when I'm doing myself and it worked. When he fastened his mouth on my clit and started sucking and tonguing me there, I went off in a series of hard contractions. I didn't realize my hands were on Brad's head and I was pulling his hair until he said, “Ow, shit, Ariel, not so hard; be easy.”

I tried to pull him up on the bed so I could hold him but he resisted. Instead he pulled me down further on the bed and scooted backwards. I wondered what he was doing and then I realized he'd moved down until the lower half of his body was off the bed, his knees on the floor. He pushed my legs apart again and rested his cheek against the inside of my thigh. I could feel his breath, warm and heavy, against my pussy.

For a while he didn't touch me and then I felt his cheek move and his tongue started ever so gently moving up, licking me, again and again, and it was almost too much to bear. He used just one finger to separate my pussy lips so he could get his tongue where he wanted it, which was where I wanted it too. I didn't want him ever to stop but, at the same time, I wanted to do something for him.

I pushed his head away, sat up, and moved down to the foot of the bed. He straightened up, still on his knees, until I was directly in front of him.

"Stand up," I said.

He stood up. His dick was as big and red and ready as I'd ever seen it. The veins just under the skin on the shaft looked like blue vines wrapping all around and the head was all purple-red and uncovered. I had to bend it downward to get it pointed toward my face.

"You don't have to do that, Ariel. I thought we agreed you didn't need to do it to me just because I'd done it for you."

"Shut up, Brad," I said, "put your hands on my shoulders and keep them there."

I did it to him. It didn't take that long. Always good manners from Brad, he even warned me when he was close to coming. I didn't want good manners. I wanted him to come in my mouth and I wanted to taste him, all hot and gooey. I got what I wanted, more than I wanted, I guess, because the first couple of shots were almost too much. I almost gagged and pulled my mouth off before he was finished. I felt the third shot across my cheek and chin and then the rest squirted down on my breasts.

I looked up and saw him looking down at my face. His breath was loud and rasping and I could see his heart beating in the arteries in his throat. He kept looking at me, his eyes locked on mine or on my face and I didn't know what he was thinking.

He reached down suddenly, pulled me up so that I was standing against him at the end of the bed, and started kissing me again or maybe it was

eating me again. His mouth was all over my face, licking my cheeks, sucking on my ear lobes, licking my eyes, sucking on my lips. Then he turned me, so that the bed was behind him, sat down, and pulled me against him again, so that my breasts were in his face. Again, he was almost uncontrolled, licking and sucking, biting on my nipples until I couldn't stand it.

Then he grabbed me around the waist and almost threw me back on the bed. He crawled up and over me and started pushing his dick at my pussy. It was still hot and big but it had lost a little of its stiffness. I knew I wanted it in me and I knew he did too. I reached down with both hands, held his dick between my hands, and guided the head to my opening. It was slick and ready for him and his dick slid in even if it wasn't fully erect. He fastened his mouth on mine, found both of my breasts with his hands, and started wiggling and thrusting against me. It didn't take long before it was completely hard again. I don't think he ever took his mouth off mine until after he came again. He did the same thing he usually did – just stopped moving when he was coming and held still with his dick buried deep inside me and I felt his throbbing contractions. Only then did he move his face from mine and take his hands off my breasts. He buried his face beside mine, in my hair, his nose near my ear.

I don't know how long it was before I could think again or even speak but I knew we'd better get cleaned up and dressed before my family came home.

“Brad,” I whispered, “would you like to shower with me now?”

He raised his face up over mine, gave me a smile, and nodded.

I checked the clock and I knew it had to be a quick shower. Afterward, back in my bedroom, I pulled Brad a t-shirt, briefs, and socks out of the part of a drawer I'd set aside for him. He got a pair of his jeans out of my closet and I watched him get dressed while I towed my hair as dry as I could get it and then brushed it. I put on panties, didn't bother with a bra, and slipped on my jeans, socks, and an old knit shirt that Kavan had outgrown.

We all had dinner in the kitchen, Chinese take-out that Mom had picked up, crowded around the table that wasn't really big enough for seven. Brad started calling Mom and Dad Kieran and Siobhan and they didn't seem to mind. I guess Brad and I gave something away by the way we acted with each other. When we were finished eating, Dad pushed his chair back, straightened his long legs, and looked at me and Brad.

“Well, are you two happy loving each other?” he asked.

I guess our smiles were answer enough.

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Brad and I started to go in one of the bedrooms at the cabin but Kerry stopped me and asked if he and Leigh could use that one. I asked why and he said just because but I couldn't see what difference it made. Anyway, they were all alike so Brad and I just used one on the other side of the cabin next to the one where Kavan and Kathryn were.

It wasn't that cold in the bedroom but it was uncomfortable with nothing on but white socks and boots. Brad and I worked together to get two sleeping bags unrolled and zipped together so we could spread them on the queen-size mattress on the floor. We both sat down at the same time, took off our boots, and I know he didn't stop his silly grinning the whole time. Maybe I looked silly too, but at least I didn't have something sticking up and flopping around all over the place.

Once we were inside the sleeping bags we scrunched up against each other and rubbed each other's backs and whatever else we could reach with our hands to get warm again. It didn't take that long; it seemed like we both were impatient for the same thing. We ended up with our hands on each other's butts and Brad sliding his dick up and down real slow against my stomach.

“You didn't have to show up Kavan,” I whispered.

He waited a minute and then answered. “Yeah, I know. But he's been on my case for the last month or so, teasing me about whether I'm keeping you satisfied all the time. I guess he thinks I ought to come live with you all like Kathryn did.”

“Well, I think we made the right decision to just sleep together on weekends. I don't think I could keep up with school and other stuff if you were around all the time.”

“He probably could've beaten me if we'd gone first and he'd done it next. I was shot after what I did; I think he could have kept going for a few more reps.”

“This doesn't feel like it's shot,” I whispered.

“Not yet.”

“Would you like me to take care of that?”

“Yeah.”

I pushed him over on his back and crawled on top of him. I couldn't sit up straight in the sleeping bag but Brad held it over us so we were sort of in a warm cocoon. I reached back under my stomach and found his dick and it didn't take but a little wiggling to get it where I wanted it. When I could feel his balls pressed tight up against my butt, I tried to relax and slow down a little.

“I'm glad you could let me do this while you were lifting weights,” I said. “I wasn't sure you'd be OK fooling around in front of my parents.”

“What parents?” he whispered. “Are they here?”

“Silly. You know they are.” I slid upwards just a little and then back down.

“Nope, they're just another horny young couple as far as I could see.” He rolled his hips upward against me a little.

“Did Siobhan warm you up for me?”

“Yeah, she's quite a woman, isn't she? Sexy as hell!”

“Did you like having your hands on her breasts?” I slid upward, downward, twisted my pelvis so I could feel my clit press against the shaft of his cock.

“Come on, Arial. You know I liked it. How did you expect me to act?”

“How would you like to have your mouth on her breasts? Maybe Kathryn's too? Maybe Leigh's?” I rocked forward and down and against his cock again.

“Damn it, Arial, don't tease me. I can't do that.”

“I've got something to play with maybe tonight, something I know Dad did once with her. Mom told me he said someday he'd like to be able to do it with his kids. Said he hoped they could raise us to enjoy sex without being ashamed of anything. That was before Kerry was even born.”

I rocked on him again. My breath was getting faster and I knew it wouldn't be much longer before I came. He curled his hands around my hips with his fingertips just touching my pussy where it was tight around his cock.

“Shit, that’s the sort of stuff I can’t get used to, the way you all talk about sex with each other, how you’re so open about it.”

“Yeah, well, I like the ... way they’ve raised us.” My breath was becoming a little uneven. “We can talk with them about sex and ... they’re honest about it. Mom tells me all sorts of good stuff.”

“Like what?”

“How I can control ... when you come. Make you come ... in a hurry if I want to.”

“Show me.”

I had to wait to answer until my pussy stopped its contractions and I could breathe again. It took a minute or so and I couldn’t think of anything except how good it felt to be able to come with him inside me and with his hands on me. When my heart slowed down, I opened my eyes and looked down at him. He was smiling at me, his eyes on my face. I knew he was pleased that I’d been able to come so easily with him this time – ever the gentleman. I sat still for another minute or so.

“Are you ready for your turn now,” I asked.

“Yeah.”

He knew what to do. He pulled me down against him, wrapped his arms around me, and rolled over on top of me. It was so easy to do now, not like the awkward first time or two we’d done it, when we couldn’t decide whose legs went where and our knees knocked together. Now he knew to keep his legs together while I kept mine spread, until I was on my back and could bring them up and around and over his thighs or his hips or back.

“OK, now show me,” he said.

“OK, take your dick out.”

“Huh?”

“I said take your dick out and I’ll show you.”

He pulled out until I could feel the wet head just touching me. I reached down, wrapped my hand around his cock, and slid it back toward his body. I hoped it would work the way Mom had told me. I didn’t see how I could keep the skin on his dick pulled tight against the base while he

put just the head and a little more in me. She'd teased me to try it with Brad, to see how he liked it, to let her know if it worked.

"Now fuck me," I whispered.

"I can't," he said and I could tell he was confused. "Your hand's in the way."

"Try it."

He did. I tried to keep my grip tight on the base of his cock, keeping the skin on his dick pulled back away from the head. I watched his face and saw his eyes open wider when he slid it in and out a few times. I saw him begin to smile and I knew he liked it. He probably lasted less than a minute. I couldn't feel that much of what was happening to him. I could see it in his face though. His mouth opened, his eyes closed, and he looked like he was in some sort of misery, sweet misery. I let his cock go; he let it slide in all the way and collapsed on top of me.

"Damn, that's something," he whispered with his mouth next to my ear.

"I love you, Brad Weaver," I said.

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Dinner was a huge pot of beef stew Mom and I had fixed at home. We had bought six loaves of Italian bread from Ippolito's and I'd got some black olives and feta cheese in olive oil to go with it and made some garlic and herb olive oil at home. I knew the guys liked bread like that and if they got too hungry they could stuff with that until we ate.

Siobhan did something she'd never done when she was setting the table for dinner. She put only four big bowls on the table and then put eight spoons and forks. When I looked at her funny, she told me to just wait. Then when everybody was seated after I called them, she said something that I guess made sense.

"Sometimes two people have to eat out of the same bowl or else they can just go hungry."

I don't guess anybody had any problems with sharing a bowl. I broke off pieces of bread and wiped up the last of the stew in our bowl and fed them to Brad and he liked that. He said he was still hungry after we finished one serving so I filled ours half full and ate a few more bites while he finished that. I kept thinking about what Siobhan meant when she said that. I didn't know whether it was intended for me and Brad or

Kavan and Kathryn or maybe all of us but I sort of liked the idea of eating out of the same bowl with Brad.

We sat around just talking about everything for a while. Everybody kept breaking off little pieces of bread and dipping it in the stew or in the olive oil dips. It was just too good to quit.

“Leigh, are you OK with this wild bunch?” Siobhan asked. “Are you having fun?”

“Yeah, I like it,” she said. “It’s kinda nice sitting here, warm, close to the stove, eating, even if we don’t have clothes on. It’s like, I don’t know, just fun.”

“Do we have any dessert?” Kerry asked.

“Yes, Kerry,” Siobhan said, looking at me, “we have a surprise that Arial brought. But we’ve got to wait a while to have it.”

“Why? I want something sweet,” he said.

“Kerry,” I answered, “if you can wait a while, I promise you something sweet, something you’re gonna love because you’ve never had it before.”

“What?”

“Do you like chocolate?”

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Forty-Five

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.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 43; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 42; Kavan Kelly Stuart, 17; Arial Erin Stuart, 15; Kerry Lee Stuart, 12 1/2

Kathryn Jenssen, 17; Brad Weaver, 17; Leigh Williams, 13

TELLING THE STORY:

Arial Stuart

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(ARIAL)

“Kerry,” I answered, “if you can wait a while, I promise you something sweet, something you’re gonna love because you’ve never had it before.”

“What?”

“Do you like chocolate?”

“Sure. You know I do,” he answered. “I ate six Oreos and had two cups of hot chocolate this afternoon.”

“Then I’ve got something you’re going to love. Dad too.”

I walked across the room to the kitchen area and found the box with the two bottles of Hershey’s chocolate syrup. They were still in the paper bag where I’d hidden them when we were packing. I brought the bag back to the table, pulled one plastic squeeze bottle out of the sack, and held it up. Kerry’s face showed confusion and Brad’s did too. Dad’s showed delight and I think Kavan understood too.

“What do we do with that?” Kerry asked.

I walked around behind where Leigh was sitting on the bench beside Kerry, put my hand on her shoulder, and pulled her back against my legs. I inverted the bottle and very carefully squeezed out one tiny little drop on the nipple of her breast closest to Kerry.

“Guess,” I said.

He looked up at me with such a big grin I knew he’d guessed right. Leigh understood too; she cupped her hand under her little breast and sort of offered it to him. He half-turned on the bench, leaned over, put his mouth on Leigh’s breast, and closed his eyes. After a few seconds, he pulled back, looked around at everybody, and said, “I think I’m going to like my dessert.”

“Somebody told me about a guy who played around with his wife with this stuff just after they’d had their second child, a little girl,” I said, careful not to look at the one who’d told me.

“Who was it?” Kathryn asked. “Was it anybody we know?”

“No, we don’t really know them,” I answered. “She’d just nursed the baby girl while her husband and their first child, a little boy, watched. After he put them to bed, he came back in their bedroom with a bottle just like this one.”

I noticed that Kieran and Siobhan were whispering to each other. The others were trying not to look at them but they knew who I was talking about.

“Are you going to tell us about it,” Kavan asked.

“Did they have another baby later?” Kerry asked.

“Yeah, another little boy,” I answered, and Kerry grinned even wider.

“OK, then tell us what happened!” Kavan said.

“Well, like I said, she’d nursed the little girl and he’d put the two kids to bed. Then when he came back in the bedroom, he had a dark-brown plastic bottle. Hershey’s Chocolate Syrup. He asked if he could have some chocolate milk. She told him he was a sick puppy. He said he didn’t care and if he wanted to put chocolate syrup on her breasts when she was nursing and then suck on them, he didn’t see anything wrong with that.”

“Well, did she let him?” Leigh asked, and she was grinning like the others. She knew who we were talking about.

“Yeah, she did. He put it on her breasts and licked it off and she put it on his dick and licked it off. They ended up with some good old-fashioned love making.”

“Damn, that sounds like fun,” Kavan said. “I’d like to do that too.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet you would,” Kathryn teased. “You just want me to put it on your dick and then lick it off.”

“I can’t believe this,” Brad said, like he was skeptical but he was smiling. “I know I’ll never get used to this Stuart family.”

I walked over to where he was sitting on a bench next to Kerry. My breasts were almost even with his face. I put one little drop on each of my nipples while he and Kerry watched.

“Don’t you two little boys want to play with me?” I asked, using my best little-girl voice.

Maybe Brad had some problems playing while everybody watched but that didn’t stop him. He leaned over to my right breast and Kerry took the left one. It didn’t take them long to lick the chocolate off. I guess they liked it as much as I did; they both just about had hard-ons by the time they finished.

“Give me a bottle, Ariel,” Kavan said. “I’m going to squirt it all over Kathryn.”

“You will not, Kavan Stuart,” she said. “Well, anyway, not *all* over.”

“Wait a minute,” I said. “That’s not the best part. The part I like is what he told her just when they were about to go to sleep.”

“Well, go ahead and tell it, Princess,” Kieran said. I knew it was OK.

“He said he didn’t care if he was sick or what anybody else called him. He said, when his boy and girl were teens, he was going to get a couple of bottles of Hershey’s Chocolate Syrup, and invite them to play with him and his wife, putting chocolate syrup on lots of good places and then licking it off.”

“That sounds to me like an immature kid with weird fantasies,” Kieran said. “I don’t think he’d feel the same if he had grown up kids with minds of their own.”

“Ah, Kieran,” Kavan said, “it’s not so weird. I already do stuff like that with Kathryn. We just haven’t got around to the chocolate syrup yet.”

“You guys can do what you want to,” Kieran said. “I just think I shouldn’t do it with anybody but Siobhan.”

That surprised me. When Siobhan told me about what had happened when I was a baby, I thought maybe he’d really like to do what he said. Now I didn’t know what to think.

“Come on, Brad,” Kavan said. “Let’s me and you and Kerry drag some foam mats out and put them around the stove. We can play where it’s warm.”

“You and Kerry go ahead, Kavan,” Brad said. “I want to talk to Kieran a little bit.”

I looked at him when he said that but his face didn’t give anything away except that he wasn’t smiling at me. He walked away from the stove toward the other end of the cabin near the doors to the deck and Kieran got up and followed him.

The rest of us helped Kavan drag some foam mats away from the wall where they were usually stored and then arrange them in a semi-circle around the stove. I tried to keep an eye on Kieran and Brad but I couldn’t tell what was going on. They were standing facing each other in front of one of the glass doors to the deck and it made me smile to see two half-hard dicks silhouetted against the bright light shining on the snow outside. I couldn’t hear what they were saying but I saw Kieran nod in agreement about something and then put his hand on Brad’s shoulder. After a while, they walked back to the stove area still talking but both smiling now. Brad had his hand on Kieran’s shoulder this time and he was doing most of the talking while Kieran was just nodding.

I helped the others arrange the mats around the stove and waited for Brad or Kieran to tell us what they’d been talking about. They didn’t seem in a hurry to say anything so I decided to find out what was going on.

“I need a pit stop,” I said. “Come on, Brad; let’s go to the bathroom.”

From the way he smiled, I think he knew what I wanted. He went with me anyway. I started to go in the women’s bathroom, with two commodes, but I decided I’d rather go with him. The men’s toilet had one commode and one urinal. The commode was in a stall with a plywood door but the urinal just had a plywood partition for privacy on both sides.

“Which one do you want?” I asked.

It took him a few seconds to figure out what I meant.

“I’ll let you use the urinal if I can watch you do it,” he said with a big grin.

“Silly, you know I’m joking.” I went in the stall and did my business. I could hear him on the other side of the plywood wall doing his.

“What were you and Kieran talking about?” I asked.

He didn't answer right away but I could hear him still peeing. When he finished he said, "I told him I didn't think I wanted anybody but me getting at you below the waist."

That surprised me. He hadn't asked me what I wanted. But I liked the way he'd made up his mind without asking anybody else what they wanted to do.

"What did he say?" I asked, as I left the stall.

"I guess he didn't know exactly what I meant; maybe I didn't either. I told him I just didn't want anybody else making a little sperm deposit in you; that when you got pregnant, I wanted it to be my baby."

"Nobody in my family's ever done that, Brad," I said. "I told you only one other guy's ever done that and it was only a few times."

"Anyway, he said it was fine with him. He said he understood how I felt because he felt the same way. He said if Siobhan had another baby, he wanted it to be his. He said that stuff you were talking about was because he wanted to raise his kids so they'd never be ashamed of sex and would enjoy it just like he did. He said he already had the only woman he wanted."

He leaned back with his butt against the sink counter and opened his arms to me. I knew what he wanted and it was what I wanted too. I hugged up against him and he wrapped his arms around me with his hands cupping up under my buns.

"Wouldn't you like to put some chocolate syrup on Kathryn's and Siobhan's breasts and lick it off?" I asked.

"Sure, if Kavan or Kieran don't kill me."

"They won't. How about if Kathryn or Siobhan put chocolate on your dick and lick it off?"

"Sure I'd like it but I don't think I want anybody to do it to me."

"Why not?"

"Cause if I do that, the next thing I know, we'll start swapping around and putting chocolate on somebody's pussy and Kieran and Kavan will be licking it off you."

"I thought you said you'd be OK playing around with all of us. Wouldn't you like to get your tongue in Kathryn's pussy? Maybe even in

Siobhan's? We just play around and nobody does anything unless they want to."

"Yeah, I thought I would be too. But maybe I don't know if I'm ready to do it yet. I've been thinking about what we've done with Kerry and that bothers me too. I don't know what I want – except for you."

"Letting Kerry play with us bothers you? Why?"

"I don't know, Arial. I like him. He's a great kid. But I don't want to do anything to hurt him. What if he decides he likes to have sex with guys? I sure as hell didn't like it when that jock called me a fag. How am I going to feel if Kerry grows up to be a queer?"

I guess that made me love him even more, to know that he worried about Kerry and didn't want to do anything to hurt him.

"Brad, I'm not supposed to tell you about what Kerry does," I said, "but he's already had sex with women. You can't turn him into a queer."

"Damn! At his age? You said women. You mean more than one? Who?"

"I'm not going to tell you. Just think about who you know he's slept with."

He thought for a few seconds and then I guess he knew who I was talking about.

"You mean Ms. Lauren? He slept with her the night Kieran Lee was born! You mean they did it too, like we did?"

"Yes and it wasn't the first time. Now don't ask me any more."

"Sheez, Arial, your family really is hard to get used to."

"You've said that, Brad, lots of times. Now come on and let's go play with the others."

He held me tight against him a minute or so longer and I could feel something hot and heavy against my stomach.

"You sure you won't mind if I fool around with Kathryn?" he whispered in my ear. "Maybe even with Siobhan?"

"No, Brad, I don't mind," I answered. "Just as long as my pussy's the only one you come in tonight."

He kissed me one more time. "It will be."

When we went back to the stove area with the others, I liked what they'd done. Somebody had moved the two antique oak library tables in front of the stove and turned them on their sides. The tables were at an angle to each other and made a sort of wall with the foam mats between them and the stove. They'd piled pillows against the tables. The doors to the stove were open and the fire was throwing a red glow on everything. They'd already sprawled out on the mats, paired up, and they'd left us a place next to Kieran and Siobhan, between them and Kerry and Leigh.

"Brad, would you turn out the lights?" Siobhan asked.

Brad walked around to the different switches and turned out all the lights except the one between the two bathrooms. There was still enough light coming from the bathroom area and from the open stove so I could barely see. It made everything look red and the shadows sort of wiggled as the flames in the stove danced. Brad and I lay down on the mats in the space left for us. Nobody said anything for a while and nobody seemed in a hurry to do anything. It was nice cuddling up and being close in front of the open fire. Finally Kerry broke the silence.

"I'm hungry," he whined. "I want some dessert!"

"Wait your turn, Squirt," Kathryn said. "You've already had a taste. I think it's somebody else's turn."

"OK. Who?" Kerry asked.

"Where's the syrup?" I asked. "I'll give somebody else a turn."

Kavan handed me the bottle and I looked around, pretending that I was trying to decide who was next. I'd already made up my mind when I was talking to Brad in the bathroom. I crawled over to Siobhan and pushed her down so she was on her back, propped on her elbows. I was very careful squeezing the bottle and managed to leave just one little brown drop on each of her strawberry nipples.

"There," I said, "one is Kieran's and the other's Brad's."

Brad didn't move. He just looked at me and then Siobhan and then Kieran. I guess he still couldn't believe it was OK for him to do it.

"Come on, Brad," Kieran said. "You can have your pick."

Brad smiled and crawled over to Siobhan. He chose her right breast and put his mouth on her nipple. Kieran smiled back and then took the left one. They took their time in sucking the chocolate off and Siobhan was smiling too before they finished.

“OK,” I said, “who’s next?”

Kathryn held out her hand for the bottle and I passed it to her. She made Leigh lean back against the pillows and then very carefully put the syrup on three places – both her breasts and in her navel.

“There,” she said, half giggling, “since Kerry’s the only one that gets to fool around with Leigh, that ought to keep him busy for a little while.”

We all watched while Kerry got busy. Siobhan held out her hand for the bottle. She put three drops on Kathryn, in the same places as Leigh’s.

“That’s for Brad and Kieran and Kavan. They can fight over who gets the navel.”

They didn’t fight. They were all very polite. I got tired of hearing them say “after you” and I decided to settle it. From the way Kathryn spread her legs, I think she wanted a chocolate drop somewhere else.

“Oh, come on, you guys,” I said. “Brad gets the navel.”

Brad didn’t hesitate this time and neither did Kavan or Kieran. Siobhan and I watched while Kerry finished with Leigh and the others licked Kathryn clean. Brad might have had his tongue in Kathryn’s navel but his hand was on her thigh and I think his finger was almost in her pussy. When Kieran was finished, he took the bottle out of my hand and I knew it was my turn.

“OK, Princess,” he said, “you might as well lay back and enjoy it.”

He put two little drops on each of my breasts and then, still on his knees, pretended to be looking around for some other place to put a chocolate drop. Finally, he made up his mind. He pushed my legs apart, used two fingers to hold my pussy lips apart, and put a drop or two right where my clitoris was hidden.

“That’s Brad’s,” he said. “That is, if he wants it. If he doesn’t, I’ll take it. Kavan and I’ll be tit-men this time if he wants to be the clit-man.”

He was looking at Brad when he said it. Brad tried to stare him down without smiling. I didn’t know if Brad would do it in front of everybody

but I knew he didn't want anybody else to do it either. Finally, he decided.

"It's mine," Brad said. "It may not be a chocolate-covered cherry but it's close enough for me."

I shut my eyes and let the tit-men use their lips and tongue to clean the chocolate off my nipples. Brad was a great clit-man when he licked up all the chocolate there; he was getting to be an expert at finding it. They all took more time than they needed to clean up such a little bit of syrup. I didn't mind.

"I'm still hungry," I heard Kerry say, so I opened my eyes. He was on his knees between Leigh's legs. His dick was rigid and pointed up at a sharp angle. He was holding out his hand for the chocolate syrup bottle. I watched as he put four little drips on Leigh and then started cleaning them off.

"Pass me the bottle," Kieran said. His dick wasn't pointed up quite like Kerry's but it looked ready for something. Kerry threw it to him and almost hit Brad in the head. He put a couple of drops on Siobhan's breasts and then stopped. I looked around at Kavan and Brad. Their poor dicks looked just as hard and heavy as Kieran's.

"These are for Kavan and me," Kieran said and then waited. "And this one is for...oh, shit, I forgot, he doesn't want to do anything below the navel except on Arial." He waited a few seconds again and then put a couple of drops right where Siobhan's slit began. "I guess I'll just have to do it then unless Brad decides he wants to."

Brad looked at me and I couldn't tell whether he wanted to or not or whether he just wanted my permission.

"Go ahead, Brad," I said. "You guys all have fantasies about stuff like this. You might as well do it with Siobhan and then do it with Kathryn too."

I guess he still couldn't make up his mind what he wanted to do so I gave him a little push. Siobhan was smiling at him and waiting. Kathryn and Leigh were both giggling. I looked at Leigh and saw Kerry lying on his stomach with his face between her legs. I couldn't see what he was doing but she must have liked it because she was holding onto his head.

Kavan crawled over to where Siobhan was lying. "Get out of the way, you guys. I'll do it."

Brad put his hands on Kavan's shoulders and stopped him. "No you won't, Buddy; it's my turn."

Kavan and Kieran waited until Brad got his head down to Siobhan's pussy and, from the look on her face, got his tongue going, and then they both leaned over to her breasts. Siobhan had her eyes closed and looked like she was in heaven.

I guess everybody was enjoying playing around with the chocolate. Kathryn put some on me and told Kieran to lick it off my clit and Brad didn't object. Siobhan put some on Kathryn's pussy and told Brad to lick it off and he jumped right to it. He checked with me before he put his face between her legs and I nodded my approval. When Kerry and Leigh weren't watching the rest of us, Kerry kept putting more chocolate drops on Leigh and cleaning it up. His mouth was smeared all around with the dark chocolate.

I looked around for the chocolate syrup bottle and saw it lying on the floor. I crawled over and picked it up and waited until Brad and Kerry were finished. When they looked up, I decided it was time to put the chocolate somewhere else.

"OK, you guys stand up," I said. "In a row."

They did – Kavan, Kerry, Brad, Kieran. I crawled over to Kerry on my knees, held his dick straight down so it was pointing straight out, and anointed the head with one drop.

"That one's yours, Leigh," I said. "Just wait until we're all ready."

She moved in front of Kerry and I moved over a little to Brad. His dick was drooling a little so I pulled it down, straight out, and licked the stuff off. It almost jerked out of my hand but I held it and then put a few drops of chocolate on it in the groove just behind the head.

"That one's yours," I waited for a few seconds until I finished, "Siobhan."

She moved over in front of Brad, on her knees, and took his dick in her hand. I waited to see if he was going to run but he didn't. He just kept looking at Kieran like he was asking if it was really OK with him.

Kieran was next. I anointed him just like I'd done Brad and then told Kathryn that he was hers. She smiled like she was ready and Kieran looked like he was ready for her too.

Last, I did Kavan, just like the others.

“I guess I’ll just have to settle for this one since all of you have already got an assignment,” I said. “Are you all ready?”

Everybody was. Kavan’s big dick was a mouthful but I didn’t mind. I just sucked gently on it until I couldn’t taste any more chocolate. I looked up and watched Brad’s face while Siobhan was sucking his dick. He was looking to the right and left and seeing what the others were doing. When he saw me looking up at him, he just shook his head and smiled.

Siobhan took over for the next round. She assigned me to Kieran and Kathryn to Brad. She told Leigh she’d have to stick with Kerry and she took a turn with Kavan. I suppose it was Kathryn’s turn with the chocolate next. I think I got confused and couldn’t keep it all straight. I know I did Brad’s dick so I guess we were all back dancing with the one who’d brought us to the party.

“OK, it’s break time,” I said. “Let’s all enjoy cuddling in front of the fire for a little while.”

We paired up again and settled down in front of the fire. Brad’s dick was standing up over his stomach, but he didn’t seem to be in a hurry to do anything with it. I looked around and saw that Kieran and Kavan and Kerry were about the same. Siobhan had her hand on Kieran’s and was holding it straight up, running one finger around and around on the head. I looked at Brad’s face and he was watching the same thing I was.

“Who do you think has the nicest dick, Arial?” I heard Kathryn ask behind me. I looked over and she had her hand on Kavan’s, doing the same thing that Siobhan was doing.

“I don’t know,” I answered. “But I think Brad’s got the best butt.”

“Oh? What’s wrong with Kieran’s?” Siobhan asked.

“Nothing, I guess,” I said. “I just like Brad’s little butt. Kerry’s is the most beautiful of these guys but Brad’s is just perfect for him – tight and little and hard. When he’s walking, I like to watch the muscles moving in it.”

“Well, I think Kavan’s is pretty darn nice too,” Kathryn said. “It’s just so smooth and nice and there’s not a freckle on it.”

I'd never noticed that. Kavan had freckles on his face, chest, shoulders, and even his legs. As much as I'd seen his butt, I'd never realized it wasn't freckled too.

"I think we ought to make the guys show us their butts," Siobhan said. "How can we decide who's got the best butt without inspecting all of them?"

It took a couple of minutes of coaxing but we finally got the four of them standing in a row, holding onto the tables, backsides toward us and the stove. I suggested we had to feel them and not just decide by looking. The guys stood still in spite of our silly giggling and feeling them. We even talked Leigh into taking her turn in feeling the other guys' buns.

When we let them lay back down, all of us girls argued the merits of their butts but we couldn't reach any conclusion except that we liked all of them. I guess Kerry got bored waiting for us to decide.

He shut his eyes and then yawned so big I could see every one of his teeth. Then he stretched out with his long arms and legs all over the place. When he was through, he opened his eyes and saw us watching him.

"What?" he said. "I'm about ready to go to sleep." He wrapped his hand around his dick and pointed it straight up. "If somebody will just help me get rid of this, maybe Leigh and I could stuff ourselves in a sleeping bag."

"Well, I want to make a deposit in a sperm bank before I got to sleep," Kavan said. "Any volunteers to help me?"

"Me too," Brad said. "I hope Arial will let me make a little night deposit."

"What do you all want to do?" Kieran said. "Are we all ready to get in our sleeping bags now?"

"It's still too warm to get in sleeping bags," Kavan said. "Let's just spread them out on the mats and then do it on top. Kerry and Leigh can watch us. Leigh can give Kerry a hand."

"Kavan, that's not fair to Kerry," Kathryn said. "There's one thing he can't do with Leigh and it wouldn't be polite to make him watch all the rest of us doing it."

“Well, you can let him do it with you,” Kavan said. “The rest of us can watch. Leigh needs to see how it’s done.”

I didn’t know what to say. I couldn’t believe Kavan had suggested that Kathryn let Kerry do it with her first. I knew he had been jealous and possessive of her since Christmas and I didn’t want anybody doing anything to cause them to start arguing again. I guess my face showed what I was thinking. Siobhan’s and Leigh’s did too. Maybe Kavan saw the looks on our faces.

“Shit, don’t look at me like that,” Kavan said. “He’s my little brother and I love him too. I don’t see what it’d hurt if Kathryn wants to do it.”

Kathryn didn’t say anything. She just lay there with her mouth open, looking at Kavan.

“I don’t think you ought to ask Kathryn to do that, Kavan,” Kieran said. “Maybe the rest of us ought to go in the bedrooms where it’s private and Kerry and Leigh can do what they want to. He knows how far he can go with her.”

“Oh, fuck, Da., Kieran,” Kavan said. “Kerry’s already done it with her once and so have you. I know you’ve said you’re not going to do it with her again but I think Kathryn would enjoy it if Kerry and I both got at her.”

Kathryn was still quiet, just looking around at everybody else, but she was smiling and I didn’t think she was mad at Kavan for suggesting it. Brad’s mouth was hanging open, like he couldn’t believe what he’d heard.

“Are you sure, Sweetie?” Kathryn asked Kavan. “Want me to show Kerry and Leigh how I get to Banbury Cross? Kerry first, you second?”

“Yeah, do that,” he answered. “Kerry’ll like it.”

“What’s Banbury Cross?” Leigh asked. “You mean like the nursery rhyme?”

“Kavan thinks it’s funny. I told him it made me think of that nursery rhyme when we did it,” Kathryn said.

“What nursery rhyme?” Kerry asked. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Kathryn told us: “Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross, To see a fine lady upon a white horse. Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, She shall have music wherever she goes.”

“Yeah, that’s the way she said it at first and then she changed the first line,” Kavan said. “She swapped it around so it was ‘Ride a horse cock...”

Kathryn giggled. “Well, his dick is kind of big, you know.”

I guess Kathryn did want to do it. She got Kerry to lay down on his back with his head and shoulders propped on pillows against the table. Leigh was watching and, when she looked at me, I patted the mat next to me and she crawled over and sprawled out next to me.

When I looked up, Kathryn was standing astride Kerry’s legs. He had that big Kerry grin on his face and I guess he knew what was going to happen. Kathryn got down on her knees, still straddling him, reached under and held his dick straight up, then slowly slid down until her pubic hair covered up Kerry’s little curls. I looked at Kerry’s face and his grin was even bigger, if that was possible. He brought his arms around, put his hands behind his head, gave a couple of deep sighs, and shut his eyes.

I watched Kathryn as she began to move, up and down, just slow and easy, with a little pelvic twist when she slid down on Kerry’s dick. I knew what she was doing. I’d learned to do the same thing on Brad’s dick so my clit would rub against the base of his cock. It almost always worked for me.

“Stand up, Kavan,” Kathryn said. Kavan stood and moved over beside her. Kathryn grabbed his dick and pulled him closer and then leaned over and opened her mouth. He shuffled up a step or two closer and she took the head of his dick in her mouth. She sucked for a few seconds and then started moving on Kerry again.

After a few minutes she stopped and looked at me and then at Brad.

“Come here, Brad,” she said, looking straight at me.

Brad turned and looked at me. I didn’t see why he needed my permission but I gave it anyway.

“Go ahead, Brad,” I said. “Just save you know what for me.”

Brad moved over opposite Kavan and I watched while Kathryn alternated between moving up and down on Kerry and then sucking

Brad and Kavan. I looked over at Kieran and Siobhan and they were both watching too, both with big smiles on their faces. Siobhan had her hand wrapped around Kieran's dick and was slowly jacking him.

When I looked back, I could tell something was happening to Kerry and I knew what it was. He'd reached down and wrapped his hands around Kathryn's butt and every muscle in his legs and stomach was taut. From the look on his face and on Kathryn's, I guess she was getting her first deposit.

"Damn, I can't take any more," Brad said.

He looked around at me and I grabbed his hand and pulled him down on the mat next to me. Leigh squirmed out of the way and I pushed him down on his back next to Kerry. Brad started grinning too and I guess he knew he was going to get the same thing Kerry had gotten. It took me only a few seconds to straddle him, get down on my knees, and then hold his dick up while I sat down on it. I sat there for a few seconds just enjoying the feeling of being filled by his big dick.

I heard a noise beside me and opened my eyes. Kieran was on his back beside Brad and Siobhan was just getting down on her knees on top of him. She reached out and put one hand on my shoulder to keep her balance and then settled down with the other hand underneath. I knew where Kieran's big dick was going. He had the same silly grin on his face that Kerry and Brad had.

I heard a noise on the other side and looked in that direction. Kerry had moved over next to Leigh again, cuddling with her, and Kavan had taken his place. Kathryn was just getting settled down on him, just like Siobhan and me. I looked back at Kieran, still grinning, then Brad, grinning just as much, and then at Kavan, another big grin. I didn't care. Let them grin. I was doing what I wanted to and so I shut my eyes and started back to the same movements on Brad's dick, riding a horse cock.

It didn't take that long. I'd been wanting his dick in me all day. I just did it slowly and gently, up, down, slide forward so I rubbed against him the way I wanted to. It started like little twinges inside me and then grew into a series of squeezes so strong I had to sit still on Brad until it stopped.

When it did, he pulled me forward on him, wrapped his arms around me, and I knew what he wanted to do. I rolled with him until he was on top of me and then wrapped my arms and legs around him. He brought his face down to mine and I opened my mouth to him and he started sliding his dick out and then back in until I could feel it hit bottom

somewhere inside me. Maybe he'd been wanting something all day as much as I had. It didn't take him that long either. He shoved it in one last time and I could feel him erupting inside me. He dropped his head down beside mine and I could hear his breath rasping in and out and feel his heart pounding just like mine.

When I finally opened my eyes again, I looked to one side and saw Kieran and Siobhan. She was still on top of him but he was holding her by the hips so she was raised up a little and she wasn't moving. He was thrusting upward into her and I knew he was close from the look on his face. I looked to the other side and saw Kavan on top of Kathryn. He had her bent almost in half and was shoving his big dick in so hard she grunted every time. From the look on his face, I knew he was close too. Beyond them, I saw Kerry and Leigh cuddled together, watching everybody else. Kerry's dick was hard again and Leigh had her hand on it and was slowly jacking it. I shut my eyes and listened to the sounds on both sides of me and Brad and waited for them to finish.

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Forty-Six

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.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 43; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 42; Kavan Kelly Stuart, 17; Ariel Erin Stuart, 15; Kerry Lee Stuart, 12 1/2

Lauren Andersen, 51; Stuart Andersen, 28; Joanne Andersen, 26; Paul Andersen, 3; Kieran Lee Andersen, just born

Kathryn Jenssen, 17; Brad Weaver, 17; Leigh Williams, 13

TELLING THE STORY:

Ariel Stuart, Kerry Stuart, Siobhan Stuart

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(KERRY)

When we started playing around at the cabin, I hoped it didn't show how mixed up I was. When I had jacked off on Friday night before we left for the cabin, I had felt like a shit for thinking about Leigh and wanting to do stuff with her and at the same time not wanting to keep on going with her. Then when she came out with the line about me not putting my kielbasa in her pirogi, I felt worse. I'd been thinking of her as kind of dumb and that was about as sharp as anything I'd ever heard. She's so damn cute and it gets me all hot to play with her but she just can't seem to talk about stuff I'm interested in.

She was a good sport about playing around though. Arial and I put her up to giving Kieran a hard time and I loved it when she brushed her tits against his legs. Then when I tried to lift weights and she finally decided to let me try to lift her – she'd said on the way to the cabin she wouldn't do it – she didn't get mad when I got too hot and rubbed against her pussy until I came. I still felt like I was playing with a little kid and I was a lot older than her, like I was a grown-up man and she was just a little girl.

I guess the last time I'd had sex with anybody else had made me want to do stuff and act grown up about it and I kept having a hard time feeling that way with her. Shit, it was all just one mixed-up mess but maybe someday I'll straighten it all out.

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On Friday afternoon a few weeks ago, Arial and I had gone over to the Andersen's home to take care of little Paul. Little Kieran Lee was being born and Ms. Lauren wanted to go to the hospital to be with Joanne and Stuart. Dad had given us permission to go and said we should plan on staying overnight because nobody knows when a baby's going to come out. Arial asked him if she could invite Brad and he said yes as long as Ms. Lauren said it was OK. Arial called to tell her Kathryn and Kavan were bringing me and Arial as soon as possible and asked if it was OK for Brad to come over too and she said yes. Arial called Brad and he said he'd come and bring us sandwiches for supper.

When we got there, Ms. Lauren was all excited and in a hurry to follow Stuart and Joanne to the hospital. We told her Brad and Arial and I were planning on spending the night but she already knew it because she'd just got off the phone with Dad. She said she'd already put fresh sheets on Stuart's and Joanne's bed. I guess she meant it

was OK for Brad and Arial to sleep there but she didn't say anything about where I was going to sleep. She almost ran out the door so I didn't ask her.

A little later Brad came and he had some sub sandwiches for us. After we ate, we played with little Paul for a while until he got fussy. Arial took him for a bath and said she'd read to him and put him to bed so Brad and I had to be quiet.

Brad hadn't seen the house in a while so we looked at the new part that Ms. Lauren was building. It was finished and they were living in it while the other part, the old stone building, was being remodeled. The old building, the two-story part, was going to be what Ms. Lauren called the quiet area, all bedrooms, but they weren't livable yet. The new addition had everything else in it. Ms. Lauren had her queen-size bed set up in what would be her office. The great room, with a huge glass wall overlooking the river, was where Stuart and Joanne had their king-size bed. Little Paul's bed was in the dining room and they'd hung a curtain to block it off because it was open to the great room.

After we looked, Brad and I sat down in chairs in the great room and waited for Arial. She came through the curtain a few minutes later, holding her finger up to her lips so we'd know to keep the noise down. She hadn't even had a chance to sit down when the phone rang. I grabbed it and said hello real low. It was Ms. Lauren.

She told me the baby had already come, it was another boy, everything was fine, and she'd probably be home in a few hours. Stuart was going to spend the night at the hospital with Joanne and the baby. I asked if she wanted me to call Mom and Dad and she said she'd do it.

When I hung up, I told Brad and Arial what she'd said and they were happy for Stuart and Joanne too. Arial asked me if they'd decided on a name and I said Ms. Lauren didn't tell me if they had.

I looked around the room, trying to think of what to do. The big TV was in the great room and too close to little Paul's bed to turn it on. There was a little TV in Ms. Lauren's office or bedroom but there wasn't room for all of us in there unless somebody got in her bed and we hadn't been told to sleep there.

"Well, what do we do now?" I asked. "Looks like we're here for the night."

Brad looked at Arial and she looked back at him and I knew what they wanted to do. I shouldn't have asked.

“OK, I guess I know what you two want to do,” I said. “I’ll find me a place to sleep. The king-size bed’s yours. It’s nice to know when you’re not wanted.”

“Don’t say that, Kerry,” Brad said. “You know what we want to do. You made sure you weren’t home the Saturday night before Thanksgiving so it could be just the two of us. Little things you do, like that, make me know why Ariel loves you so much.”

“Yeah, well, you two don’t need me around when you’re doing it,” I said. “It was fun playing with you after we cleaned the yard but I guess you can make up your own games tonight, can’t you?”

They stood looking at each other and I couldn’t read what they were thinking but I was hoping. Finally Brad decided what he wanted to do.

“Kerry, I think I’d like to play a double-header with Ariel tonight,” he said. “Would you like to play with us for the first game and then you can go to bed and we’ll play the second by ourselves?”

Yeah, exactly the sort of thing I was hoping. “Two heads are better than one,” I said.

“Two tongues are even better,” Ariel said.

“I’m not going to suck your dick this time, Kerry,” Brad said.

“That’s OK,” I said, and I stuck my tongue out at him. “I’m going to suck yours anyway.

“I’m going to suck yours too, Brad Weaver, and I’m going to suck Kerry’s. I don’t see why you can’t.” Ariel said and then stuck her tongue out at him. Brad stuck his out at her so I did it too.

Ariel told me and Brad to turn down the covers on the bed while she turned out the lights. She turned out all the overhead lights first and when she turned out the one on the table in the sitting area the room was pitch-black. She turned it back on and asked, “OK?” I wanted to see what we were doing and I guess Brad did too because we both said yeah about the same time.

The first game was great. Brad and I took turns with our tongues in Ariel’s pussy, Ariel and I took turns sucking Brad’s dick, and Brad and Ariel took turns sucking mine. Brad came up with something new to me. He stretched out on the bed with his head on pillows, Ariel straddled his face so he could lick her pussy, and I sucked Brad’s dick

while he gave Arial fits. Then they gave me a turn and I thought Arial would suffocate me and I thought I was about to come with Brad sucking my dick.

One of the best games we played was one that nobody really made up; it just sort of happened. Brad was lying at an angle to Arial, both of them on their sides, and he had his head between her legs, holding her topmost leg up in the air. I watched him using his tongue on her pussy for a minute or so and then decided to play too. I lay down at an angle to both of them, so we were sort of like a triangle, with my head at Brad's crotch and my crotch at Arial's head. I looked at Arial and she grinned and winked at me so I started sucking Brad's dick. Just as soon as I did, she started sucking on mine. Damn, that was hot. After a few minutes, we swapped around so Brad was sucking my dick and I was licking Arial's pussy.

I guess we all got carried away with trying different stuff like that on each other with our mouths - kissing each other, sucking on Arial's nipples, sucking on dicks, licking balls and dicks and pussy. Dad had told me how a man could get so hot when he's having sex that he doesn't know what he's doing. Maybe I didn't believe him at first but I guess that's what happened with all three of us. After a while I didn't know who I was doing stuff with or who was doing it with me.

I guess Brad got confused too because he grabbed me and started kissing me and sticking his tongue in my mouth, and feeling for something on my chest. I couldn't believe it but I guess he thought I was Arial and he was trying to find her breasts. When he pulled back and looked at me, I knew that was what he was doing. I grabbed his hand and pushed it down to my dick and said, "Here it is!"

He had his hand wrapped around my dick before he knew what he was doing. He just shook his head and laughed and looked around for Arial. She was on the other side of me, laughing at Brad and me. He crawled over me and started kissing her. I was ready to take a break because my balls felt like they were about to bust. I flopped over on my back and shut my eyes.

When I opened them, Brad was on the other side of Arial, halfway on top of her, and kissing her like I wasn't even there. She had her hand wrapped around his cock and he had his over her pussy and, when I looked closer, it looked like his two middle fingers were hidden somewhere.

"Arial, you and Brad do it," I said. "Let me watch and I'll jack off."

Brad turned his head and looked at me and so did Arial. They didn't either one say a word. Brad just nodded and started back to kissing Arial and moved on top of her. I watched as she spread her legs wide and lifted them around Brad's legs. I saw her hand move down between their bodies and hold Brad's dick while he pushed until it started sliding in.

After he had his stomach on top of hers and I couldn't see anything, I reversed my position on the bed so I could see what was going on between their legs. Damn, that was hot. Brad's balls sort of blocked the action until he pulled back a little and then I saw Arial's pussy stretched around his dick. Everything was all red and wet and shining and looked hot as hell. I couldn't help it. I started stroking my dick harder and it didn't take me but a few more seconds until I came. I don't think they even knew when I came because they were all wrapped up with each other in more than one way. I squirted all over my chest and stomach as usual and lay there looking around for something to wipe it off. I saw some napkins that came with the sandwiches so I rolled out of the bed and used them.

I grabbed the plastic bag with the thermal underwear I sleep in on my way out and tried to leave without disturbing them. I stood and watched for a minute at the door to the kitchen. Shit, I guess it would take a cannon going off beside them to disturb them.

I still didn't know where I was supposed to sleep. I wandered through the kitchen. It was really something and big too like the rest of the new part of the house. I looked in the fridge and found something to eat and I knew it was OK to take it because Ms. Lauren and Stuart and Joanne had already said I could treat their place like it was home too. I poured me a big glass of milk to go with my snack and stood there looking around until I was finished.

I went in Ms. Lauren's bedroom, her office, and looked around and tried not to get into stuff. She had a leather loveseat and it looked comfortable to sit but it wasn't long enough to sleep. There was a small TV I could watch if I was lying on her bed but I didn't feel right about getting in it.

I put on my thermal underwear and socks and lay down on the loveseat with my head on one arm and my feet hanging off the other and turned on the TV. It was the same garbage we had on ours. I found a show where they took old cars and made them into better than new ones. Dad and Kavan and I liked to watch it together.

I didn't really pay attention to the TV because I was thinking about the stuff I'd been doing with Brad and Arial. I guess maybe I wasn't

supposed to do stuff with Brad like sucking his dick but I couldn't see where it was hurting anything. I couldn't decide whether I liked sucking it but I knew I liked it when he sucked mine, just as much as when Arial did it. It wasn't like I was a fag or something and I knew he wasn't either. I didn't want to fuck him and he sure as hell wasn't going to get his dick up my butt like he'd had it in Arial's pussy when I left them to finish. I knew I liked him a lot but not the same way Arial does. I didn't decide anything except that it was a lot of fun to play around with them once in a while and I really liked it and wanted to keep doing it. Maybe I did decide something else – that all this stuff about love and sex and who you're supposed to do it with was confusing as hell. That was the last I knew for a while. I woke up when somebody said they were going to break my neck.

“Wake up, Kerry. You're going to break your neck.”

It was Ms. Lauren. She was getting undressed and was already down to her underwear. She had on light-blue bra and panties and she was beautiful as always. She was folding her pants and putting them on a hanger.

“I've been calling you for a few minutes. You're a hard sleeper.”

I didn't know what she was talking about but nothing made sense when I was just waking up. I guess hard registered so I looked down and my dick was kind of hard, not piss-hard, just sleep-hard, and it was a bulge under my underwear, the way I like it when I put my hand on it and go to sleep.

Ms. Lauren took off her bra and that was nice to watch. She picked up a nightgown from the bed and slipped that over her head, then reached under and took off her panties. That part wasn't as interesting. When she dropped her panties on my stomach that woke me up a little more.

“You can get in my bed, Kerry. Brad and Arial are sleeping together. It's still OK for you to sleep with me, isn't it?”

I guess I grinned too much at that and maybe she thought I wanted to do something else. I guess I always did want to now but I knew I couldn't do it with her anymore. She flipped back the bed covers so both pillows were uncovered. I stood up and walked over to the foot of the bed. I handed her panties to her and she gave me a big grin like she knew what I wanted to do.

“I said sleep, Kerry. That's all. It's after midnight. Can you be a good boy?”

I nodded and waited for her to get in the bed.

“Which side of the bed do you want?”

“On’t care.” I guess she knew what I meant. She lay down and I looked for a minute, trying to figure out something. When I did, I walked over to the side where she was and said, “Move over.” She did and I got in the bed and pulled the covers up over us. I was lying on my left side and she turned to look at me.

“Why did you want that side the bed?”

I was still sleepy. “Turn over,” I said. She did and I scooted up against her butt. “OK?” I asked.

“Yes, Kerry, it’s OK. I like sleeping with you like this.”

I curled my right arm around over her and she caught my hand and brought it up to her breast. It was soft and warm through her flannel nightgown but I wanted to feel skin instead of flannel. She turned my hand loose and I decided I’d better not try for skin.

“Stuart and Joanne are going to name the baby Kieran,” she whispered. “Kieran Lee Andersen. What do you think of that name?”

Dad and me both – damn - I sort of liked that, no, I really liked that. I nuzzled up against her and pushed her hair to one side and kissed her on her neck.

“s OK with me.” I nuzzled up against her neck again and took a deep breath. “I’ll bet Dad’ll be tickled.” She smelled nice, sort of like flowers and skin and stuff. I took a couple of more deep breaths.

“You’re tickling me, Kerry,” she said.

“Sorry. Good night, Lauren.” I realized I hadn’t called her Ms. Lauren as soon as I said it but I didn’t think it mattered.

We both lay still and I could tell her breathing was getting as quiet as mine. My dick was still hard but not hard hard, just sort of soft hard, and I knew she could feel it but I didn’t try to press my luck. I think I was about to go back to sleep when I felt her reach up to where my hand was holding her breast. I could tell she was unbuttoning something and then she took my hand and slipped it inside her nightgown so I could hold on to skin. That was better, especially when I felt her nipple get hard against my palm. That wasn’t all that got

hard after a minute or so and I really wanted to do something with it but I thought I'd better wait to see if she did too.

She took a couple of deep breaths and then whispered "Kerry, are you awake?"

"Yeah."

She rolled over facing me and reached down to my thermal underwear bottoms.

"Take these silly things off. I guess I'm too excited about the baby to go to sleep. Is it OK if we do something, just this one more time?"

I slid my bottoms down and kicked them off. Then I took the tops off too because I wanted to be naked with her. "Yeah, I'd like to."

"I can tell." She had both her hands on my dick and balls. I just let her play. It was nice to be all sleepy and have her hands on me. I knew we were going to do it but I didn't want to hurry.

"Just tonight, Kerry. Just one more time. I think I'm going to marry Mr. Jack. I don't think he'd want to have to compete with you."

"He'd better be good to you. Tell him I said if he's not, I'll make him wish he was."

"He's very good to me, Kerry. I've known him a long time and I know what sort of man he is."

She rolled over on her back and pulled her nightgown up all the way to her chest. I slid my hand up over her thighs, over her hairy patch, over her stomach, and all the way to her breasts.

"Yeah, 's OK then. I like him a lot. Hope you're happy with'im."

"Would you like to get on top of me?"

"Yeah."

She held the covers up while I moved on top of her. I didn't try to put my dick in or anything. Just lay on top of her with it against her stomach and my cheek against hers and her breasts so soft against my chest. She wrapped her arms around me and we just lay there, breathing quietly against each other. It was nice to do that.

After a while, she said “Lift up a little,” and I lifted up my butt and she spread her legs apart a little more and brought them up and over mine. I waited while she stuck one hand between us and found my dick. She just slid her hand up and down on it a little bit and I waited some more.

“It’s so hard,” she whispered.

I didn’t think that needed an answer so I just grunted.

“I think it’s grown some was last August, Kerry. How big is it now?”

“Don’t know,” I lied. She slid my foreskin back and rubbed the head up and down in her pussy and I think it got a little bigger again. It was nice and warm under the bed covers with her, pressed against her breasts, but it was hot and wet where my dick was touching her. I pushed just a little and she guided it to the right spot so it slid in just a little. Damn, her pussy was hot. She moved her hand out of the way and sort of wiggled from side to side like she was getting settled down. When she got still, I pushed again and then just waited, enjoying what I was feeling with my dick. Then she moved her hands down to my ass cheeks and pulled just a little bit. I let it slide in a little more. She pulled again and it slid all the way in. It was all so damn nice, still sort of sleepy, her hands on my ass, my dick buried in her hot pussy, my balls soft and warm up against her. I decided maybe I’d just stop and go to sleep like that.

I guess I forgot to tell my dick and her pussy to go to sleep though because they started doing something with each other and it was like they were doing it on their own. My dick felt her pussy sort of squeezing and wiggling some more and it decided to move in and out a little. It liked that so much that it kept on moving in and out for a while. Her pussy was wiggling around and squeezing every time my dick got deep in her. I don’t know how it was doing it but I think her pussy was fucking back at my dick.

I guess my dick didn’t think about waiting until Lauren’s pussy came first. It just kept doing what felt good until it couldn’t take it anymore and it decided to squirt again. I shoved it in as deep as I could and held it there and let it empty my balls. Then I felt Lauren’s pussy start bucking up against me and banging her pubic bone against mine and then it started squeezing hard all around my dick.

I just lay there on top of her and hoped she wouldn’t make me get up and get her a towel or something. She didn’t; she just held me and sort of ran her hands over my butt cheeks and squeezed me with her arms and legs every little bit. I realized I hadn’t kissed her except on

the neck so I lifted my head out of her shoulder and gave her a little kiss on her lips.

“You OK?” I whispered.

“Yes, Kerry, little love, I’m OK,” she whispered.

I lay there on top of her a while longer, my dick still inside her, me part of her, all wet and warm and not wanting anything else, and then I thought of what I wanted to say.

“Lauren,” I said, and it surprised me because it came out in a deep man’s voice instead of mine.

“Yes, Kerry,” she answered, full of sleep.

“I love you. Is it OK if I love you?”

“Yes, Kerry, it’s OK because I love you too. Always will.”

“My time’s out of sync with yours. If we wake up in the morning and you’re thirteen or I’m fifty, will you marry me instead of Jack?”

“Yes, Kerry. I will. Now go to sleep, little love.”

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I was glad when Siobhan suggested we all go in one of the bedrooms at the cabin for a little private time. Leigh had surprised me when she sat on my dick while I lifted weights, especially when she took the towel off me so there was nothing between my dick and her pussy. I wish I could have thought of something so I could get my dick in her like Kavan had done with Kathryn but I knew I couldn’t. I’d told Kieran he could trust me not to do that and I knew better than to try.

I knew which bedroom I wanted – the one where I’d spent the night with Rachael. I guess I’d done just about everything with her, including a good blowjob, even if I’d knocked myself for a loop when I bumped my head. I didn’t know what Leigh would be willing to do but I figured maybe she’d give me a blowjob too if I went down on her.

It was a little cold in the bedroom after we shut the door so I got Leigh to help me zip the sleeping bags together as quickly as possible. When we got inside, we just hugged up to each other and kissed and groped until we got warm. I tried to figure out a good way to get Leigh to do what I wanted her to and finally decided I’d just have to leave it up to her but I’d do what I could to give her a chance.

I crawled out of the sleeping bag, turned around, and then went back in head first. Maybe Leigh thought I was just going to do her because she started giggling. At first, that's all I did. I stayed up on my hands and knees, with my face between her legs, and licked her little pussy until I could taste her and it opened up a little.

I guess all women have pussies that are different. I still think Rachael's is the closest to a cunt of any, with all that black hair and big inner labia. Siobhan's looks grown-up too and maybe it's a cunt instead of a pussy. Hers is pretty with all that red hair. Lauren's too, except she's got dark hair. Kathryn's is sort of cunt-like, even if she keeps her dark hair trimmed. Ariel's is definitely more pussy and there's not much hair around it. When's Ariel's is closed up, all you can see is a crease between the fat little mounds on each side of her slit. When's she's hot and open, you can see the inner lips like two little butterfly wings. Leigh's is even more of a pussy; even after I licked it open last time, it was still just a tiny little slit that didn't look big enough for anybody's dick. It took me forever to get at her clitoris and I even knew where it was supposed to be.

After I nuzzled and licked and kissed her pussy for a while, I decided it was time to try my idea. I wrapped my arms around Leigh's waist and rolled over so that she was on top of me with her legs on each side of my head. I didn't tell her to do anything; I just got her in position and went back to licking her pussy and waited to see if she'd do anything to my dick. It was right there in front of her face and I didn't see how she could help but get the idea. She did.

I'd already told her how to suck my dick the last time I'd got at her and licked her to a good orgasm. First she said she didn't want to do it because she didn't know how; I told her. Then she said she didn't want me to try to push my dick down her throat because she thought that was gross; I told her she could take charge of it and I'd just be still and let her do it so that didn't happen. Then she said she didn't want to have to swallow my come; I told her I'd tell her before I came and she could take her mouth off. Then she said what if I forgot; I told her she could swallow it or spit it out because I didn't care.

She wrapped her hand around my dick and licked the head a few times. I stopped licking her pussy and waited, holding my breath and wanting her to take my dick in her mouth. When she did, I waited just a little longer, enjoying the feel of her lips sliding up and down on the head of my dick, and then I started licking her pussy again.

I guess doing a sixty-nine is nice if you like it but I decided it wasn't what I wanted. If we were both doing something at the same time, I

couldn't concentrate on how my dick felt with her mouth on it. If she was sucking my dick, I wanted to stop and just let her do me; if I was licking her pussy, I wanted her to wait her turn. It just seemed like it didn't work that well if we were both doing each other at the same time.

I squirmed around in the sleeping bag until I was pointed in the same direction as Leigh was. I pulled her up against me and my dick started trying to find its way between her legs so I pulled it up and pressed it against her stomach.

"Let me do you first," I whispered, "and then you can do me. OK?"

"OK," she answered. "Was I doing it right?"

"Ain't no wrong way, Leigh."

She giggled. "Kerry, that's the first time I've ever heard you say ain't."

"Well, there ain't. Just use your hand and your mouth. I'll tell you when I'm about to come and you can take your mouth off."

"You promise?"

"Yeah."

"Then let me do you first," she said.

"OK."

This time she squirmed around until she was head-first in the sleeping bag. Her little butt was up in the air and I slid my hand up her thigh until I found her little crack. When she started sucking on my dick, I started sliding my finger up and down and in and out. I guess that made her hot too because she started sucking really hard for a little while and then jacking my dick a little and then combining sucking and jacking both.

Even if I'd come once already, it didn't take that long before I was ready to come again. I told Leigh I was coming but she kept sucking with her mouth and then jacking me with her hand. I told her again, a little louder, and this time she took her mouth off. Her hand was enough to finish me off and I squirted somewhere down there in the dark in the sleeping bag. I hoped Leigh didn't get a face full but I didn't really care if she did. When it stopped, Leigh surprised me. She took the head of my dick in her mouth again and just held it there and played around on the head with her tongue.

When she turned around again, she lay down half on top of me and kissed me. She kept sticking her tongue in my mouth and I sucked on it and wondered why she was trying to tongue fuck me.

“I tasted your stuff,” she said.

“How was it?”

“OK, I guess. Could you taste it on my tongue?”

“No. What’s it like?”

She reached her hand down on my stomach and rubbed her finger around. Then she brought it back up to my mouth. I opened my lips and sucked her finger clean. It didn’t taste like much of anything to me. I couldn’t see why she’d been so uptight about it.

We played around a little more and she kept kissing me and rubbing her little tits on my chest and playing with my dick and balls. My dick had lost its hardness after I came but it didn’t shrink back down to its soft size. It took a few minutes but she got me hard again. I hadn’t wanted to go down on her after I came but, when my dick got hard, I decided maybe I wanted to give her a turn too. I guess my dick does tell me what to do.

She surprised me though. She swung her leg over me and lay down on me so that my dick was pressed against her. She slid up and down a few times and I could feel her wet pussy on my dick and balls. The feeling that I wanted my dick in her pussy came on me so strong that I gave in to it and started poking at her to find where her opening was. Then I realized what I was about to do and I panicked. I pushed her down so my dick was pinned against her stomach.

“Damn, Leigh, don’t do that. You’re about to get fucked,” I said.

“I want you to, Kerry,” she whispered.

“Shit, don’t say that. You know we can’t do it.”

“We could if you had a rubber.”

Yeah, like I carried rubbers around with me all the time, even when I was naked. Maybe she believed all boys carried one in their billfold or in their pocket but I didn’t. Kavan had offered to get me some more than once. He’d even teased me because I thought the big ones he used were the only size and he’d offered to get regular sized ones for

me. I decided I'd take him up on his offer the first chance I got. If she wants me to fuck her, maybe I'll do it. But, shit, I told Mom and Dad I wouldn't and her mother trusts us to do anything else we want to as long as I don't stick my dick in her. Besides, I didn't really want to keep going with her and I've heard gals get possessive about guys who get their cherry. I want to fuck her and she wants me to do it but I know I shouldn't. Maybe I'd better think with my brain instead of my dick. How the hell do I know what I want to do with her?

I squirmed around in the sleeping bag and managed to get down far enough so I could get to her pussy with my mouth. I couldn't stretch out on my stomach so I put my hands under her butt and lifted her up until I let my tongue do its tricks with her little bump. I guess she was pretty hot for it because it didn't take that long before she started moaning and grabbed my hair and pulled my face against her pussy.

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After dinner, when Arial said she had something for dessert, I thought she wanted to put the Hershey's chocolate syrup on ice cream or maybe snow or something like that. I really didn't have any idea that chocolate syrup could be used the way she wanted to do it. I'd heard plenty of times kids at school talking about eating each other like it was something they did all the time but I'd never heard them talk about licking stuff off each other. When Arial put it on Leigh's nipple, I decided it was a damned good way to have fun.

When Kathryn put the chocolate syrup on both of Leigh's breasts and then on her navel, I wondered if anybody would think it was gross if I wanted to put some on her pussy too. When Kieran put it on Arial's pussy and then Brad started licking it, I decided I was going to do it too whether it was gross or not. I put it right on the little ridge where her clit hides and then let it run down in the fold on each side of her opening. When I tried licking her pussy clean, I really liked it and I guess Leigh did too. She got her hands in my hair and wouldn't let me go until she came.

It was a lot of fun playing around with the chocolate syrup and watching everybody licking pussy and sucking dick and I guess that was more than I expected. Then when Kavan said it was OK for Kathryn to let me get my dick in her pussy, that was something I would have never thought would happen.

I guess I'll never understand all the stuff about different women and why I can get my dick in some of them and others I can't. When I was growing up and Mom and Dad would let me sleep with them once in a while, I loved to get at Mom's breasts and I got hard-ons lots of time

and wanted to do something to her with it but I was afraid to try. Arial says I can't do it with her because she's my sister. Shit! She's on the pill and Brad can do it but I can't. I don't think that makes sense. I probably would do it with Mom and Arial both if I could. Then I can't do it with Leigh because she's too young and she's older than I am. Damn, my dick's not that big yet. I wouldn't hurt her. Ms. Lauren says my dick's just the right size for her. She's lots older than I am but when I'm fucking her I feel like everything's OK and there's nothing wrong with it. Then Kavan says it's OK if I do it with Kathryn again. I sure as hell wouldn't turn that down but I don't know if it made sense for me to do it with my brother's girlfriend.

Sense or not, it was one damn good fuck. Just lying there with my hands behind my head while she did all the work – that was something new. I don't know what she was doing but every time she slid down on my dick and then slid forward, something inside her sort of rubbed on the head of my dick and it felt so good I knew I was going to come within a couple of minutes. When I felt it start, I just grabbed her by the hips and held her still and unloaded my balls somewhere deep inside her. It was like I'd died and gone to heaven.

When Leigh and I got in our sleeping bag, she whispered to me about how hot it made her to watch Kieran fucking Siobhan and Brad doing it with Arial and Kavan screwing Kathryn, all at the same time. Then just when I was spooned up to her with my dick nestled against her ass and sort of between her legs, she whispered that she'd let me do it with her if I'd get some condoms. Damn, what am I supposed to do? I'll be fucked if I know – that's what I thought and I guess that's the way I went to sleep, not knowing what to do.

(SIOBHAN)

When I woke up on Sunday morning, Kieran was already out of our sleeping bag. We'd spread ours on mats closest to the stove so he could tend the fire during the night. I'd awakened briefly when he got up twice. The first time, I suppose he was just checking the temperature in the cabin because he was back after a quick trip to the bathroom. The second time, he opened the stove and I heard him put in fresh wood before he crawled back in with me.

The big room in the cabin was cool during the night but still comfortable enough to sleep naked in our sleeping bags, spooned up with each other. I was glad we hadn't needed to put on the sweat suits and socks we'd brought in case it got too cold. I heard coffee perking so I sat up and looked around for Kieran and then saw him at the kitchen area at the other end of the cabin. He had on his sweats and was looking out the little window over the sink.

I looked for my sweats and didn't see them where I'd left them. When I looked around again, I saw a kitchen chair near the stove, the back draped with my sweats. I knew he'd put them there to warm for me.

I crawled out and put them on and then tiptoed to the other sleeping bags. Kerry was spooned up behind Leigh, his face almost hidden in her curly hair. Kavan and Kathryn were face to face, so close they were almost breathing the same air. Brad's head was out of the bag but I didn't see Ariel at first, just a lump. When I looked closer, I saw her blonde hair under his chin; she had her face against his chest. While I watched, Brad's eyes opened and he smiled at me. I kissed my fingertips and then rubbed them on his mouth.

In the bathroom, I peed, washed my face in the icy water, and then decided to be brave and to wash somewhere that needed it even more. Solar-heated water was more than adequate during the warm months but some changes had to be made if we were going to use the cabin during the winter.

When I came out, the kids were all still lumps in their combined sleeping bags. I walked quietly to the other end of the room where Kieran sat waiting for me. He had a cup of coffee in his hand and another sitting on the table for me.

"Good morning, Love," he said. "How are you this beautiful morning?"

"I'm fine but don't ask me to come back during cold weather until we get a water heater installed. I had to clean up somebody's mess from last night and cold water's no fun."

"Yeah, I know," he said. "I washed when I got up too. I think my dick tried to crawl inside my body. Alan's got the water heater ordered. It's supposed to be installed in a few days."

"You just had to come because of the snow, didn't you?"

"Yeah, worth it, wasn't it."

"I suppose. It is beautiful outside."

"Wanna go for a walk before lunch?"

"Yes. Let's wait for the kids to wake up so we can all go."

"How do you feel about what we did last night?" he asked.

“OK, I guess. You fulfilled your chocolate fantasy, didn’t you?”

“Aw, come on, you know I’ve never said anything like that but once and that was when she was a baby. You shouldn’t have told her.”

“Why not? We always try to be honest about sex with them. You’ve always wanted them to be proud of what they are, even when it comes to sex.”

“I know. I guess the fantasy wasn’t really what’s important. I just wanted them to grow up knowing how we enjoy sex with each other, to know we don’t stop doing stuff like that just because we’re parents and older. They’ve got more hormones pumping through them than we have now. There’s no reason why we should be like lots of parents and pretend they don’t have any interest in sex while they’re kids.”

“You don’t think there was anything wrong with it – us pretending to be kids again and then fucking around with them?”

“Honey, I’ve told you for years how I feel about sex, how I think it’s a pile of crap for religions to teach that sex is a sin and lusting after each other is something we’re supposed to be ashamed of. I think sex is the most normal thing we do and lusting after each other’s just the way we all are. It’s nothing to be ashamed of; it’s something to be proud of.”

“Even with the kids? You don’t think there’s anything wrong with us playing with them?”

“Shit, we didn’t talk them into it. Kavan wanted me to lift weights with you just like he did with Kathryn. He wanted Brad to do it with Arial. Kerry was ready for anything, as usual. Arial’s the one who brought the chocolate syrup to the cabin. If anything, they’re the ones who talk us into playing with them. You know Arial loves to orchestrate us into doing stuff she wants to do.”

“Well, it was a lot of fun,” I said, “but maybe it’s a good idea that you didn’t let anybody else get at me below the waist.”

“Why? Do you think you might have got what you want?”

“It’s entirely possible.”

“You’re sure it’s what you want.”

“Yes.”

“OK,” he said with a deep sigh. “I guess it’s OK with me too. Might take some getting used to again.”

“When do you want to start back?” I asked.

“Maybe two o’clock. Let’s all go for a walk in the woods this morning, maybe up the trail beside the creek. The trees and rocks and all should be beautiful with the snow. When we come back, we can have a leisurely lunch and become parents again. Arial wants me to help Brad understand how women are about orgasms. I thought we might have a good long talk with them, maybe about what we did last night, and any other stuff about sex they want to talk about. I could use your help, you know. I’m not sure I understand myself how women are about orgasms.”

“Don’t be silly,” I said. “Sometimes I want to have one or two. Sometimes I want a dozen. Sometimes I don’t care if I even have one as long as you do.”

“I love you, Siobhan,” he said. “Thanks for loving me and for my kids.”

“I love you too, Kieran. Now go make the kids get up and let’s get some breakfast fixed. I brought stuff for ham and eggs and grits. Is that alright with you?”

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(ARIAL)

On Sunday, we planned to leave the cabin just after lunch to go home. After our walk in the woods I thought everybody would enjoy something hot to eat and would like what I’d fixed at home on Friday.

Kerry was hungry even before noon. “What’s for lunch? I’m starved,” he complained.

“Chili,” I answered, “with crackers and apples and cheddar cheese.”

“Your kamikaze chili?” he asked.

I acted like I was going to hit him. I didn’t think it was that bad.

“Yes, little brother. It’s my famous kamikaze chili.”

“What’s kamikaze chili?” Brad asked.

“It means divine wind in Japanese,” Kerry explained. “My friend Kenjiro Daniels named it after he spent a Saturday with me. Arial made a pot of chili for lunch then too. He says it’s the legendary name of a typhoon that saved Japan in 1281 by destroying the Mongol navy.”

“I don’t get it,” Leigh said. “What’s that got to do with chili?”

“Leigh,” Dad said. “Sometimes Kerry’s like a man; sometimes he’s just a little boy. They’re all fascinated by flatulence.”

“What’s flatulence?” she asked.

Mom leaned over and whispered in her ear. Leigh looked surprised.

“Farting?” she said, loudly.

I think she blushed redder than Mom’s hair when everybody started laughing.

Kamikaze or not, everybody loved my chili, even if Dad and Kavan had to add more hot sauce to their servings.

After we ate, we sat around the table for another hour or so talking about sex and how we felt and what we liked. Dad even remembered to bring up the subject of how women were about having orgasms. Mom helped by telling us how she could have orgasms with Dad if she wanted to and how sometimes she didn’t care if she had one. Just like me.

We were still sitting at the table talking when Dad got up, went to the bag with his clothes in it, and came back with a CD. He threw it on the table and I looked at it. It was a music CD: Tony Bennett - I Left My Heart in San Francisco.

“What’s this?” I asked.

“It’s for your Mom,” Dad answered.

I handed it to her but I still didn’t understand why he was giving it to her. I knew she liked some of the old singers like Frank Sinatra and Peggy Lee and Mel Torme but I didn’t understand why he’d brought the CD to the cabin to give it to her. I looked at Mom and she looked as confused as I was.

“It’s for her new car,” Dad said. “Her old one doesn’t have a CD player.”

“Kieran, I told you I don’t need a new car,” Mom said. “What have you done now?”

“I know but I want you to have one. It’ll be delivered one day this week. They’ll call you when it’s ready to be picked up.”

“What did you get her, Dad?” Kerry asked.

“It’s just a little BMW. It’s white with tan leather interior. Real cool car. Great sound system.”

“Neat,” Kerry said. “When can I drive it?”

“Kieran, I wish you hadn’t done that,” Mom said. “I told you I was happy with the one I’ve got.”

“Honey, the old one’s got well over 100,000 miles on it. It’s not trustworthy and it’s always in need of repair. I don’t have time to keep it up for you.”

“But we don’t need to spend that kind of money on a car,” Mom protested. I could tell she was pleased no matter what she said.

“Look,” Dad said, “Andersen Security’s bought me a company car, a new Mercedes, and it’ll be ready as soon as they can install all the special equipment in it. I’ve sold my old one to the company so they can use it as a trade. I’ll have a check from that next Friday that’ll cover the cost of your car and leave a little extra.”

Mom just shook her head. She knew when it was time to let Dad have his way.

“If you’re going to spend a week or two with Luke and Rachael when their baby’s born, you need a dependable car. I worried about you when you went down there last month in the old one. And anyway, we’re not moving,” Dad added.

I knew they’d looked at some new houses in the last few months and Dad had even taken all of us to see one in an expensive new subdivision off Boone Pike. I didn’t know they’d decided not to buy a new house but I was glad because I didn’t want to move.

“He let me have my way on the house,” Mom said. “I like my house and I don’t want anything bigger or fancier. It was your Dad who thought we might want another house. I think it was C-E-O-itus.”

“I’m glad,” Kerry said. “Just ‘cause he’s CEO of Andersen Security, doesn’t mean we have to get any fancier. I like living where we do. I sure don’t want to have to change schools now.”

“Andersen’s having an open house for all employees and their families in a few weeks,” Dad said. “It’ll be on a Saturday and we’re having a big barbeque. You’re all invited.”

“How many employees do you have now?” I asked.

“Yeah, and are the buildings finished?” Kerry tacked on.

“About fifty. We’ve got the road paved and five buildings completed and occupied. They’re still working on one building and the helicopter facilities.”

“What else?” Kavan asked, looking at Dad.

“What do you mean?” Dad asked back.

“What else? New car for Mom, no new house for us, open house at Andersen Security: what else are you keeping from us?”

“I’m trying to buy the lot next to our house, on the South side,” he said.

I had to think for a minute to figure out which was the South side and when I did I was confused.

“I thought everybody thinks that lot’s impossible to build on,” I said.

“I didn’t say I had any plans to build on it,” Dad said. “The rock outcroppings and the steep slope make it a poor site. I’d just like to have it. Your Mom’s got our lot pretty well landscaped. I’d like to see what she can do around all the rocks.”

“Yeah, that’s what you say,” Kavan said. “Why were you and Mr. Jack spending so much time walking around on it and pointing at everything and talking so much?”

Dad smiled and I guess he knew he’d been caught being less than truthful.

“OK, maybe I am thinking of something,” he said. “But just keep your mouths shut about it. I’ve offered the owner less than half his asking price. The lot hasn’t been sold in over ten years. If I can get it at my price, I’ll let you know what I’m going to do with it.”

Everybody was quiet then. I saw Mom and Dad smiling at each other and I knew they were planning something.

“Anything else you want to let us know about?” I asked.

“Luke and Rachael are going to move back here when things quiet down after their baby’s born.” Mom said. “Your father wants him to work for Andersen Security.”

“I thought he had a research project to do for his Master’s thesis,” I said. “Don’t you want him to finish his Master’s before he moves?”

“He can do it after they move,” Dad said. “Stuart and I are helping him put together a project that his advisor suggested. Stuart says Luke should do the project and he can give him guidance on how to do it.”

“I wish they could live close to us,” Kerry said. “They’re like family and I miss them.”

“They’re not going to try to buy a house right away,” Mom said. “They’re going to live with us for a few months or maybe with Lauren if the rest of her new house is finished.”

“OK, is that all you two have to let us know about?” Kavan asked.

Dad waited a minute before answering and then he started grinning.

“Well, there’s nothing else,” he said. “Except that your Mom thinks she wants something and I’m trying to talk her out of it.”

“Kieran,” Mom said, “don’t you dare!”

“It’s something we both agree is totally stupid but she says it’s what she wants,” Dad teased.

It took a few minutes for the rest of us to coax it out of them. Mom finally relented and promised not to kill Dad if he told us. It was a complete surprise to me.

“Your Mom wants to have another baby,” he said. “I’d like to help her.”

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Forty-Seven

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.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

**Kieran Stuart, 43; Siobhan Stuart, 42; Kavan Stuart, 17; Arial Stuart, 15;
Kerry Stuart, 12 ½**

Kathryn Jenssen, 17; Kenjiro Daniels, 15

TELLING THE STORY

Kerry Stuart

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(KERRY)

I guess I thought sex was supposed to be a lot of fun and I could just enjoy it and not have to worry much about it. Boy, was I ever wrong!

Sometimes it was just a lot of fun, like when Mom and Arial gave me a helping hand. I liked that and it was nice to know they both loved me and didn't mind being silly with me. I didn't really mind when Arial played a dirty trick on me.

Sometimes it was pretty damn hot and heavy, like when Brad and Arial were doing it and they'd let me play along with them. I didn't worry about that even if I did end up sucking Brad's dick and that was the first time I'd ever done that. He did the same for me and I don't guess either one of us felt it was such a bad thing to do.

Sometimes it was just more trouble than it was worth, like when I'd fool around with Leigh. Shit, I liked all the stuff we did with together but I couldn't make up my mind whether I really liked her.

It made me feel real bad when I thought I was partly to blame for Kavan and Kathryn having trouble with each other. For a while he didn't seem to mind if Kathryn had sex with me, even with everybody else around like at the cabin. Then, bam, out of nowhere, something explodes and I don't know how to handle it.

The worst problem was what happened with my friend, Kenjiro Daniels. Out of anybody I know, he was the guy I'd most like to have as a friend. He was a damn nice guy and I really liked him a lot and it was fun to fool around with him too. I guess I didn't understand how doing stuff with him would make me feel.

I knew I could talk to Mom and Dad, maybe not Mom so much but I felt OK about talking to Dad about stuff. I just didn't feel like I ought to start off running to him every time I had problems with sex. I knew he was sort of my last resort and I hoped he always would be.

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On Thursday of the week after we went to the cabin, I decided I wanted to talk to Arial about Leigh. I knew I had to make a decision and stick to it but it was just so damned hard to do. I didn't want to hurt Leigh but I knew we were headed for trouble if I let things go any further.

Just as soon as we got home from school, I did my usual – book bag on desk, coat on bed, and a quick pee. Arial was in her room changing clothes and I knew she'd go pee too. I stuck my head in the door and asked her if we could talk in the kitchen. When I went down the hall, I saw Mom in a chair at the dining room table with a bunch of stuff laid out in front of her. She was still working on something for Ms. Lauren but she kept saying she was going to get another financial analyst to do the work. I hugged her from behind and kissed her on the top of her head. She didn't say anything and I knew she was in the middle of a think but she did give me a big smile.

I looked in the refrigerator and found some leftover meat loaf so I made me a sandwich and poured me a glass of milk. I was almost finished with it when Arial came in the kitchen. She'd washed her face and brushed her hair. I couldn't see any make up on her face and I thought she was even more beautiful without it. She poured herself a glass of milk and sat down with me.

“What did you want, Squirt?” she asked.

“I need to talk about Leigh again,” I answered.

“OK, but you're the one who's got to make the decisions, Kerry, not me.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Have you called her?”

“Yeah, last night. She called me Monday afternoon. I rode my bike over there Tuesday afternoon.”

“Well, what’s going on?”

“She wants me to do it with her.”

“You mean...she wants you to have sex with her, right? I guess you’ve done most everything else so you mean she wants your dick in her pussy.”

“Yeah, she wants me to get some rubbers and then do it with her.”

She sat there for a minute or so just looking at me. I didn’t want her to tell me what to do; I just wanted her to help me think about what I had to do.

“Boy, that’s going to be a problem, isn’t it? You told her Mom you wouldn’t and you told Mom and Dad the same thing. I think you’d better take this one to Dad and let him help you.”

“Naah, I just want you to listen. I’ll tell you what I’m thinking and you tell me if it sounds like the best thing to do.”

“I can do that, Kerry. Shoot.”

“Well, first thing is, I’m not going to do it. I want to and my dick sure wants to. But it’s time for me to fish or cut bait. If I do it, she’ll be after me all the time. You told me a girl feels like the guy who gets her cherry owes her and ought to stick around. I guess I was stupid to fool around with her so much and then invite her to the cabin. I like her a lot and I don’t want to hurt her. But I don’t want her feeling like she owns me.”

Arial nodded. “So far, so good.”

“I called one of my buddies who’s in the seventh grade with her. I asked him if he’d seen her talking to other guys. I guess he thought I was just checking up on her. He said she talks to lots of other guys but he sees her with one guy a lot. He didn’t want to tell me who but I told him I wouldn’t get mad. He says Kirk hangs around her a lot.”

“Kirk McLendon?”

“Yeah, I’ve been pals with him and Larry Williams for years. He’s a nice guy.”

“So you’re going to see if he’s interested in Leigh, maybe enough to take her off your hands?”

“Yeah, I’m going to call him in a few minutes.”

“And you’re going to do what we talked about – see if he’ll ask Leigh to go somewhere or do something with him. Then you tell her you’ve got to study a lot, maybe say you’ve got to do something for Mom or Dad, and you’re not going to be able to spend much time with her. Is that about it?”

“Yeah, it’s not being honest and I feel like a shit because of that.”

“As young as you are, can you buy condoms?”

“Sure. Drugstores don’t care. It wouldn’t embarrass me if I did.”

“Did Kavan buy his when he was using them with Kathryn?”

“Yeah, Dad gave him his first box or two. After that he bought them for himself. He said he’d give me some he’s not using if I want them.”

“Well, maybe you’d better keep some but I don’t like the idea of you doing it with Leigh unless you bounce it off Dad. I think you know what he’s going to say.”

“Yeah, but I don’t think I really need to talk to him. I don’t really want to keep going with her and it’d hurt her a lot worse if I did it first and then dumped her. That idea about getting her to dump me’s the best one I can think of. I guess I’ve got to do it before I dick her.”

“Dick her? You guys can be so gross. Is that all it is to you?”

“No, Ariel, it’s not. If it was, I’d just go ahead and do it. I’m not that kind of guy. I hope I never get to be that way, like some stupid jock.”

She sat and looked at me a couple of minutes, not saying anything but looking at my face. I knew she was thinking about what I’d said. After a while she smiled at me and said, “Kerry, do you know how much I love you?”

“Yeah, I think I do. I guess it’s ‘cause I love you the same way. I don’t ever want to do anything to make you ashamed of me.”

“Then, make up your mind right now and tell me what you’re going to do.”

I sat and looked at her a minute or so. I knew what I wanted to do, what I had to do, but my dick kept nagging at me to do what it wanted.

“I’m not going to do it,” I said. “I’ve done too much with her already and I’ve got to put a stop to it. I’m going to call Kirk and then I’m going to start pulling back from Leigh.”

Arial’s face broke out in a big smile. “I think that’s what you should do, Kerry. I think you’ve made the right decision. I love you and I’m proud of you.”

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I still don’t understand whether I made Kavan’s and Kathryn’s problems worse or not. I guess I probably knew a guy wouldn’t really like some other guy fucking his girlfriend, even if the guy was his little brother. Shit, I wasn’t the one who came up with the idea in the first place. I don’t know why I should be the one to blame for what happened.

A few weeks after we went to the cabin, I ended up spending Saturday night at home with just Kavan and Kathryn. Mom had gone to the Bridges to help when their new baby came. The first weekend she was gone I spent with the Andersen’s helping Stuart do some stuff. The next weekend everybody was gone Saturday night except me and Kavan and Kathryn. Dad flew to Cincinnati to talk to somebody about Andersen Security doing something for them. Arial spent the weekend at Dr. Weaver’s condo with Brad and his Dad and Genie

I had lots of studying to do so I stayed home and didn’t even talk to anybody until Saturday night. Then Kavan and Kathryn dragged me out of my room to go get a pizza with them. When we came back, Kathryn asked me if I wanted to get in the Jacuzzi with them. I liked playing in the Jacuzzi but when we went down in the basement to their bedroom, things seemed to change. I don’t guess I’ll ever understand what made Kavan explode.

“God damn it, Kerry, I am not pissed! Just shut the fuck up, you little turd!”

I almost smiled at that but I knew I’d better not. Just the way he was standing there, pissing, holding his dick with both hands, looking down at it, the expression on his face – he was pissed all right. I waited until he finished and then took my turn. He leaned back against the bathroom sink counter, just like I had been doing, watching me, not saying anything else. I tried to think what to do without making him any angrier.

I'd known he was pissed for the past hour or so. When he got the beer out of the basement refrigerator, I thought I understood why. When he got the second one, I drank a little of it so he'd know I wasn't going to tell Mom or Dad. It was OK for him to have a beer around them but it wasn't OK for him to be sneaky about it. Anyway, the beer turned out to be a good way to get him to go to the bathroom so we could take a piss – really so I could talk to him.

When the three of us went out for pizza, everything seemed OK and we had a lot of fun joking with each other. Even when we were in the Jacuzzi and were fooling around a little, Kavan still seemed to be having fun. He thought it was hilarious when I got my face under water and blew bubbles between Kathryn's legs. I think he knew she wasn't really farting in the tub while I was at her pussy. When Kathryn got both of us to sit on the edge of the tub and she knelt down in the water and played with our dicks and balls, he had his arm around my shoulder. I wasn't even surprised when Kavan said he and Kathryn were going to their bedroom and then asked me to join them.

Their king-size bed hadn't been made up and it was a mess. I just crawled in when they did, with Kathryn in the middle of me and Kavan. I don't guess I wasn't surprised when Kathryn kept fooling around with both of us. We were just playing at first. Kavan tried to hold me down while Kathryn tickled me. Then when I pulled her on top of me and got her nipple in my mouth and wouldn't let her go, that was still just playing, even if I did have a hard-on. I rolled her over and tried to pin her down so I could suck on one breast and let Kavan have the other and he told me to stop it. I did but then she started up again, trying to grab my dick or Kavan's if we got close to her. It was fun for a while but I kept watching Kavan. When Kathryn started sucking my dick, I looked at Kavan and I didn't like the look on his face. It looked like he was pissed – royally pissed – and that surprised me.

“Kavan,” I started, “we've always been able to talk to each other. I don't want to make you mad at me. Come on, talk to me, big brother.”

He stood there for a minute and then finally looked me in the eyes. I put my dick back in my sweatpants and just waited for him to make up his mind. I hoped calling him “big brother” would do it. It usually did. We both knew to be serious if I called him that. Sometimes I wanted his big brother advice and, when he gave it, sometimes I followed it. I flushed and put the lid down on the commode, sat down on it, and waited. He just stood there glaring down at me.

“Oh, shit, shit, shit, goddamn it all to hell!”

He said it through clenched teeth, still looking at me with anger in his eyes, breathing so strongly I could hear him. I figured I'd better not say anything else. I got up, squeezed out a smile at him, and started to go through the door to my bedroom. No way was I going to go back down stairs with him and Kathryn when he was pissed like this.

"No, wait, Kerry!"

I turned back to him. He was blinking and swallowing and still breathing hard but I thought I could see something different in his face. His eyes were all shiny like he was on the edge of crying. He held out his hand toward me and I thought, well, maybe we could work it out.

I took his hand but I didn't want it like that - a gentlemanly handshake. I wanted it to be like it had always been - big brother, little brother. I hugged up against him and wrapped my arms around his chest. My forehead was up against his cheek this time. Last time I remembered him hugging me, he'd been a head taller than me. We both held on to each other until his breathing slowed and I guess he let go of some of his anger.

"Don't ever hate me, Kavan, please, not ever," I said. "You and I and Ariel have got something special the way we love each other. Let's don't ever let other people make us quit loving each other."

He looked me in the eyes and then nodded slowly. "You're right, Squirt. I don't hate you. It's just me; I'm all fucked up and I don't know why."

I know some brothers can't get along with each other but it had never been like that with me and Kavan. Next to Dad, he was always the one I went to when I needed help with something. He was almost always calm and steady and dependable. For the first time, I guess, I wanted to do something to help him and I didn't know what.

"How about you go on back downstairs with Kathryn?" I said. "I think she was about to cry when you yelled at her and stormed out. Maybe you need to try to be nice to her."

"I know, damn it," he said. "I've been treating her bad. I don't want it to be that way but it just happens."

"Well, just talk to her. Try to tell her what's bothering you. I can't read your mind. She can't either."

"You come with me. You talk to her too."

“Uh, uh, if something happens and we get to fucking around again, you’ll just get mad again.”

“No, I won’t, Kerry. If it’s just me talking to her, she’ll get her feelings hurt and start crying again. Come on, help me.”

I knew I had to when he asked me like that. I didn’t know what good I could be, trying to help them talk to each other. I just didn’t want to cause any more problems for them.

“Kavan, if I go with you, you’ve got to promise me something.”

“What?”

“You know I want to fuck Kathryn. I don’t have a girl I can do it with anytime I want to, like you do. I’m grateful as hell every time I get some. You’ve got to promise me we won’t start playing around again tonight. When I come back upstairs, I’m going in my room and jack off and go to sleep. You need to stay with her and really make love to her and hold her when you go to sleep.”

He stood and looked at me and I guess he was thinking about what I said. His breathing was slow and regular and he didn’t look mad any more.

“I guess you’re right, Squirt. I’ll be nice to her. You help me talk to her.”

“There’s something else,” I said.

“What?”

“I want you to talk to her about how both of you feel about me fooling around with you. I fool around with Brad and Arial and I guess it’s OK with him since I can’t fuck her. You two need to decide what you want me to do if I fool around with you. If I ever fuck Kathryn again, it’s got to be ‘cause I know it’s OK with both of you.”

He started smiling at me and I guess maybe I was saying the right things. I didn’t know what I could say talking to Kathryn and him at the same time but I decided I’d try.

“You know, Squirt,” he said, “you’re a smart little devil. I’m glad you’re my brother.”

I went back downstairs with him. Kathryn had her face in the pillow and I could tell she'd been crying. I pushed Kavan toward her and he got in bed and pulled her up against him and just held her and kissed her on her cheek and forehead. I stood and watched and finally sat down on the foot of the bed. After a while, Kathryn rose up and smiled at me. Her face was a mess, all wet and red, but she was still beautiful.

I stayed for over an hour while we just talked with each other. I don't know whether anything anybody said made sense. Kathryn's eyes got all wet with tears again and so did mine and Kavan's. It seemed like everybody and nobody was to blame for whatever the problem was.

When Ms. Lauren came, we'd just started playing around on the deck with each other. When somebody came up with the idea of playing around with her to help her get over her husband's death, somebody had said some good sex might help. I guess I volunteered even if I'd never done it then. I probably didn't expect to be taken seriously. Kavan said yeah, he'd volunteered too. That's when Kathryn decided she'd like Dad to do it with her if Kavan did it with Ms. Lauren. Then later, Dad and I both did it with Kathryn while Kavan did it with Ms. Lauren.

It's funny how you can't remember who said what and who got what started. Kavan finally decided that was when he started feeling a little jealous of anybody else having sex with Kathryn. Then Kathryn said he never seemed to be jealous until she came back from New York at Christmas. It took him a while but Kavan admitted that he thought she'd been doing something with somebody while she was gone. She swore she hadn't and she'd just changed the way she looked so he'd love her more. So Kavan said he'd started worrying when she talked so much about New York and wanting to go back for the summer and he was afraid he'd lose her.

It all got to be too much for me toward the end. I don't think they knew I'd been talking less and less. I still didn't understand it but maybe they did. I decided it was time for me to leave. I stood up and started for the door. When I turned back, they were holding each other and looking at me.

"I'm going upstairs to my room and go to bed and jack off and go to sleep," I said. "Why don't you two try making love like you really mean it?"

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The next week, Ariel and I rode the bus home from school on Tuesday. We were having March weather that couldn't make up its mind what it

wanted to do. For a few days, we would have warm sunny weather and that had already made the jonquils in our yard pop out. Then we would have a few days of cold cloudy weather with strong winds that almost blew the big yellow school bus off the road. When we got off the bus at the crest of the hill, Ariel and I zipped our coats up again. Ariel's hair was a mess by the time we got in the door. When I looked in the mirror, I saw that mine was just as bad.

We went down the hall for our usual routine: to our bedrooms to put up our books and coats and then to the bathroom to pee. I put on my sweat suit and put some wool socks over my white ones to keep my feet warm. If I couldn't go barefooted in the house, I liked to just wear socks.

Mom had come back from the Bridges on Sunday afternoon so I expected her to be home but I didn't see her anywhere. I looked in the garage where she keeps her little BMW and it was gone. I went to the refrigerator to get a glass of milk and found she had put her note where she knew I'd find it. "Gone to the Andersens. Be back in time to fix dinner."

Ariel came into the kitchen in her blue sweat suit. She knew how much I loved to see her in it so she turned around once to give me a good look. Brad always said she was the most beautiful girl in our high school and I think he's probably right.

"I'm going to fix some hot chocolate," she said. "Would you like some instead of that cold milk?"

"Like we had at the cabin?" I asked. I loved to tease her.

She knew what I meant. "No, Squirt. Just plain hot chocolate this time."

"Sure. But I want the milk first. Have we got anything to go with the hot chocolate?"

"I don't know. See what you can find. But I don't want anything else."

"Well, I do. I'm hungry."

"You're always hungry."

"I can't help it."

"Where were you at lunch? I looked for you. Brad did too. We were a little late getting there."

“Yeah, I looked for you too. It was a little crowded and I saw Grizzly at the jock’s table by himself. I ate lunch with him.”

“Was he nice to you?”

“Yeah, he always is. He may be the biggest guy in school but he’s really like a teddy bear. He’s always kind to everybody. Since I helped him get ready for that algebra test, he makes sure everybody else is nice to me too.”

“You mean the other jocks?”

“Yeah, four of them came in and ate with us. One’s a nice guy even if he is a football player. Keith Hargrove. Except for Grizzly, he’s the only one worth talking to.”

“Why aren’t they worth talking to?”

“They’re stupid. They think they’re smart but they’re so stupid they can’t talk about anything but football and girls. I don’t want to hear who they’re screwing.”

“Do they name names?”

“Sure, they don’t care. Two gals came by the table and stood there yakking with them. They were talking back and forth about how good a blowjob somebody got, about how hot somebody’s pussy was, how big and hard somebody’s dick was, how somebody got their pussy eaten – stuff like that. I think they were just doing it to see what I’d say.”

“What did you do?”

“Same as always. I just open my eyes a little wider and let my mouth hang open a little and I don’t say anything. I act like I’m a little kid who doesn’t know anything about sex. It’s hard to keep from laughing at them. I told you they’re stupid.”

“Is Grizzly like that?”

“No. He looks like he’d be dumb but he’s not. He’s got a sense of humor as bad as mine. I can cut up with him the way I like to.”

“Wouldn’t you like to screw around with some of the jockettes?”

“Nah, I wouldn’t want to fuck those two today if I could borrow a dick to do it with. Grizzly asked me the same thing and I asked if I could borrow his dick. He got a big kick out of that.”

I put my glass in the dishwasher and looked in the cabinet for something to eat. I found some good cookies, got me three, and sat down at the table to wait for the hot chocolate.

“I’ve got two tests tomorrow and then one on Thursday,” I said. “I’ve got some serious studying to do tonight.”

“Is there anything I can do to help you,” Arial asked.

“Nah, I’ll probably be at my desk slaving away until the wee hours of the morning, maybe as late as nine o’clock. Just make sure somebody calls me when dinner’s ready.”

Arial poured our big mugs of hot chocolate and sat down. I got up and got me three more cookies and then sat back down with her.

“Are you still doing OK with your classes?” she asked.

“Yeah. No problems. I stay prepared. I’ve just got a lot of stuff to review. I know most of it but I just want to make sure.”

“How about Leigh? Any trouble there?”

“No, I think it’ll work out. Kirk likes her. I told him how nice she is. And I didn’t tell him anything about her fooling around with me. I’ll just let things be quiet for a while and see.”

She sat and looked at me, sipping on her hot chocolate. I’d seen that look before and I knew what it meant. It was like I could read her mind and she was thinking about how much she loved me. I looked at her lots of times the same way and she always knew I was thinking about her the same way. I didn’t believe in telepathy but it was enough to make me wonder.

She called me for supper. I guess I’d gotten so wrapped up in studying that I didn’t even realize a couple of hours had passed. I sat next to her as usual. I held the casserole dish while she served her plate and then she put twice as much on my plate. I was still thinking about the stuff that would be on my tests so I ate without much talking. I was through before anybody else so I asked permission to be excused and then took my dishes to the sink. Arial said she’d clean up for me so I could go back to studying.

I studied for a couple of more hours, with just one pit stop. I was pretty much finished when I heard a knock on the door. I said, "Come in," and Arial came in with a stack of clean underwear for me. She knew where I kept everything so she put it away for me. I did the same thing for her sometimes and she didn't mind. I like her panties but I've never had to swipe any to jack off with.

My back muscles were so tight they were almost cramping. I stuck my arms up over my head and stretched a little. It felt good. I wiggled my back and stretched my spine to get the knots out. That felt even better. Arial was watching me do my contortions; that was what she always called them.

"Would you like me to do something to make your back feel better?" she asked.

"Sure, what?"

"Take your sweatshirt off and I'll rub your back."

She didn't have to ask twice. I took my sweatshirt off, pushed my books to one side, and leaned over the desk with my head on my forearms. She put her hands on each side of my neck and squeezed the muscles there. She rubbed and kneaded and I shut my eyes while the world went away. Damn, it felt great.

After a while, she made me get up, turn the chair sideways, and sit back down so she could rub my back lower down. I almost had a hard-on when I stood up and it was bent down and making a nice bulge in my sweats. I looked at Arial to see whether she saw the effect she'd had. She was smiling; she knew. I sat back down and she started rubbing again.

"Did I give you that hard-on?" she whispered.

"Nah, I've always had it," I whispered back.

"Silly, you know what I mean."

"Yeah, you made my little dick get hard. You girls like to do that to guys, don't you?"

"Why did you do that with your hand when you sat back down?"

"Do what?" Her hands felt great on my back, especially when she slid them down under my sweat pants to my buns.

“You reached down to your crotch and sort of tugged upwards. I’ve seen Dad do it lots and now you’re doing it too.”

I didn’t even remember doing it.

“I don’t know. I guess it’s a guy thing.”

“Well, Dad does it when he sits down sometimes, exactly like you just did.”

I had to think for a few seconds. “I guess it’s to pull my balls up a little so they don’t get scrunched between my legs. I don’t have any underwear on and they kind of hang low when I’m warm like now.”

She giggled and slid her hands all the way down from my neck to my butt. “Well, I’m just glad I don’t have all that stuff hanging out all the time.”

“Yeah, it’s rough being a man.”

She sniffed a few times. “You need to take a shower,” she said. “You smell a little ripe tonight.”

“Damn, how can you smell me and I can’t? I guess I’d better use some deodorant tomorrow morning. I’ll probably stink after two tests.”

“It’s not bad, Kerry,” she said. “It’s sort of raunchy. It’s just your balls pumping out testosterone. That makes your sweat glands work overtime. Kavan has the same problem.”

She slapped me between my shoulder blades and said “Finished.” I stood up and turned around. This time my dick was making a bigger bulge. I reached down inside my sweats and turned it so it pointed straight up.

Arial stood looking down at the tent in my sweat pants. I was hoping she’d do something and she did. She bent over in front of me, pulled my sweats down to my knees, wrapped her hand around my dick, and then looked up at me. I guess I had a silly smile on my face but so did she. She pulled on it a couple of times and stood looking down at it.

“You’ve got a beautiful dick, Kerry,” she said. “All of you Stuart men do. I’m just glad Brad’s got a nice one too.”

“I thought gals think all dicks’re ugly,” I said.

“That’s not true. Well, maybe sometimes it is. You should hear Betty Lou Chapman talk about her boy friend. He’s circumcised and she says his dick is ugly. She says it’s two-toned when it’s hard – dark for about three inches and then red for another three. I’m glad you’re not like that.”

“Which is the red part?”

“Silly, it’s red on the end. You know that.”

“Yeah, well, every time I see one like that, it looks like something’s missing. I don’t see how they can stand it. Sometimes my foreskin gets pushed back and my dick head rubs on my clothes and it drives me crazy.”

“Maybe they get used to it.”

“I don’t know how. I’m just glad Dad didn’t let anybody whack off part of my dick.”

Arial moved her hand back and forth a few times and we both watched as my foreskin slid off the head of my dick and then back over it. She turned loose of it and slapped me on my stomach.

“Why don’t you take a shower and get ready for bed? Bring the baby oil and a damp towel back with you. Maybe somebody will lend you a hand.”

“Yeah, I’d like that.”

I scrubbed all over, especially my armpits and my dick, and then brushed my teeth. I looked in the cabinet and found some cologne and rubbed a little in both my armpits. Damn, that was a stupid mistake. The stuff burned. I grabbed my washcloth and wiped it back off. I was just glad I didn’t put it on my balls.

When I went in my bedroom, Arial wasn’t there. I put the baby oil and the towel on my desk next to my bed and pulled out my last clean set of thermal underwear. They were black and I didn’t like them but I decided to sleep in them anyway. I slid some white socks on my feet and then opened the door and looked down the hall. I didn’t see anybody. I checked my dick and it was still making too big a bulge in my underwear to go flaunting it all over the house. I knew Dad would probably ask me what I was up to and I’d answer about six inches as usual. I lay down on the bed with my hands under my head, shut my eyes, and waited for Arial.

I thought about jacking off and then what it had been like with Ms. Lauren and then jacking off again and then how Ariel's fingers had felt so much softer than mine on my dick. I guess my dick heard me because it got about as hard as it gets. I straightened it up under my thermals so it was pointed up on my stomach. I wondered when it might get long enough to reach up to my navel. I was getting impatient when I heard a knock of the door. I knew I'd left it slightly open. What was she waiting for?

"Come on in," I said. "I need a hand."

Mom opened the door, walked in, and stood there looking at me. She had on her old terry robe but it was hanging open and she had on a pink flannel nightgown underneath. She was beautiful as always. She was holding a bunch of hangers with some of my knit shirts on them. I didn't know what to say and I said the wrong word.

"Mom!"

She looked right at my crotch and I looked too. She couldn't help but know what was making the bulge in my thermals. I saw her glance at the desk where I'd left the baby oil and damp towel. I looked too and I knew she knew what I was about to do. I still didn't know what to say.

"Were you expecting somebody else?" she asked.

I tried to think of something to say but I was stuck.

"Why, Kerry, I do believe you're blushing."

"Oh, shit." As soon as I said it, I knew how stupid it sounded.

"Were you waiting for Ariel to give you a hand?"

I knew she knew. "Yeah, I was going to use my own but she said somebody might give me a hand."

"That's what she told me in the laundry room," Mom said. "She said you were working on a hard project and you needed me to give you a hand."

I heard somebody giggling out in the hall and I looked at the door and then back at Mom and then back at the door and then Ariel walked into my room. I knew I'd been set up.

"Gotcha, Squirt," she said, and then giggled again.

“Arial, that’s not very nice,” Mom said, and she was giggling too. “Your brother really could use a hand. I think you should give him one.”

“OK, Mom,” Arial said, “but it looks like it really is a hard project. Would you help me?”

“I’d be glad too, Princess. Just let me hang up his shirts.”

That’s when I started grinning too. Two heads might be better than one but two hands would do just fine.

Mom hung my shirts in the closet and then walked back over to my bed. I kept one side pushed against the wall so there wasn’t much room for both of them on the open side. Mom sat down toward the foot of the bed and Arial sat down toward the head. My dick was within easy reach of both of them. I just kept my hands under my head and lay there grinning.

“Well, Arial,” Mom said, “what can we do to help him?”

Arial stood up beside the bed and pulled me up in a sitting position.

“I’ll take his shirt off; you pull his pants down.”

I think she tried to take my head off with my shirt. I laid back down, put my hands under my head again, and waited. Mom grabbed my bottoms on each side and I lifted my butt up off the bed. Then she tried to break my dick off when she pulled my bottoms down. This wasn’t the kind of help I had in mind.

Then Mom reached down and pulled my balls up from between my legs.

“Mustn’t scrunch these,” she said. “He might need them to give me grandkids some day.”

I guess Arial had told her every word we’d said but I didn’t care.

“See, Mom,” Arial said. “I told you it was beautiful. Don’t you think he’s got a nice little dick?”

“It’s not so little, Arial. He and Kavan have both got one like their father’s. But I do think they’ve all got very nice ones.”

“Brad’s is nice too,” Arial said. “I’m glad he’s not circumcised either. It’s more fun to play with that way.”

I was lying there waiting, while they yakked back and forth. I wondered if they'd forgotten that they were going to give me a hand.

"Oh?" Mom said. "Is there something special you like to do with it?"

"Yeah, I can drive him crazy with one finger," Arial said.

I just looked back and forth, wondering what was going on.

"Show me," Mom said. "Maybe your Father would like it too."

Arial reached over to my desk and got the bottle of baby oil. Yeah, this is more like it, I thought. She wrapped her left hand around my dick, held it straight up, and pulled down on the skin until just the exposed head of my dick was sticking out of her hand. With her right hand, she squirted baby oil out and probably got too much because it started running down her fingers. She rubbed up and down a few times and even wiped her fingers over my balls and coated them. I didn't know what she was going to do but I was ready.

"Watch this," she said to Mom.

She slid her left hand up so that my foreskin covered the head of my dick and I could see the wrinkled circle of skin at the end. She held it still and pushed the first finger on her right hand down so it slid in between my foreskin and the head. I didn't see why that was so much fun. Then she went round in a circle with her finger. That was better. She kept doing it and it got better. Yeah, I liked that. Arial glanced at my face and I guess my grin told her I liked it too.

Mom said, "Let me try."

Arial held my dick and Mom stuck her finger down between the foreskin and the head and started twirling it around. Damn, it was good, sliding around and around in the baby oil, damn good. If they kept it up, they could probably make me come that way.

Mom looked up at me. "Do you like that, Squirt?"

"Yeah, that's good."

"OK, I'll try it with Kieran."

"Let me know if he likes it, Mom," Arial said.

Mom stopped doing it and just wrapped her hand around Arial's so they were both holding my dick.

“Do you kids wish we’d raised you like most families?” she asked.

“Huh?” I said. I was really brilliant today.

“No, Mom,” Arial said.

Mom slid her hand down so Arial’s hand slid down my dick. She slid it back up. Then down and back up then down.

“Are you sure, Kerry?” Mom asked. “Wouldn’t you rather be able to jack off by yourself without anybody bothering you?”

Their hands kept slowly going up and down, up and down, up and down.

“Fuck no, Mom,” I said. “I like it when you lend me a hand.”

“Watch your language, Kerry,” she said. “I just wonder sometimes if maybe we never should have started going nude with each other and helping you learn about sex and then playing around with you kids.”

“Mom, we’ve got the best family anybody could ever have,” Arial said.

“Uh, huh,” I grunted, still brilliant.

“Here, Arial,” Mom said. “You do it a while.” She took her hand off and straightened up. Arial kept her hand going up and down.

“Mom, you’ve gotta be kidding,” Arial said. “Lots of the kids at school never learn anything about sex from their parents. That’s stupid.”

“Yeah,” I grunted, because Arial’s hand was getting me close.

“I really like the way you’ve raised us not to be ashamed of what we do,” Arial said. “I’ll bet lots of kids would like to be raised like we are.”

“Here,” Mom said, “his balls are drawing up. Could I finish him off?”

Arial moved her hand and Mom put hers on my dick. She started doing it faster and I knew it wouldn’t be long before I squirted. I looked up at Arial and she was watching Mom’s handiwork. Even if she didn’t have a dick of her own, she knew how to do it.

I felt it start and tensed up the muscles in my thighs and hips and stomach. I even raised my butt a little off the bed. The first shot lofted up a couple of feet and fell down on my chest. The rest didn’t shoot as

far and just laid down a trail down toward my dick. Mom slowed down and just started doing it easy, sort of squeezing the last little bit out. She had a nice blob on her thumb too. I relaxed and flopped back down on the bed.

“Wow,” I said, brilliant again. “Thanks for lending me a hand, Mom.”

“You’re welcome, *Squirt*,” she said. “Would you hand me the towel, Ariel?”

Ariel handed her my damp towel and she wiped her hands clean. She leaned toward me but Ariel took the towel out of her hand.

“I know you made the mess, Mom,” Ariel said, “but I’ll clean it up for you. You should go take it easy with Dad after all the hard work you just did.”

“That little thing? It wasn’t so hard, Princess.”

I didn’t care what they said. I was ready for sleep. Mom kissed me before she left. After a while, Ariel did too.

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I guess you never know when you start wanting or doing something how much trouble you may end up getting into. That’s the way it was with me wanting my own computer and then getting Kenjiro Daniels to help me get it. It wasn’t his fault. Maybe it was but it was just as much my fault too. It all started way back before Christmas.

My own computer, a killer machine, more memory than Stuart’s, a monster hard-drive, a flat-panel monitor: that’s what I decided I wanted when Ms. Lauren started paying me to work for her last fall.

After I helped the surveyors check out the property for her, Mr. Jack wanted me to help him and Dad and Ms. Lauren walk the property while they figured out where to place the Andersen Security buildings. Ms. Lauren said she was going to call it the Free loft Center. His name was Jack Coleman but when us kids started adding Ms. to Lauren’s name, he told us to call him Mr. Jack.

Even after they decided where to place the center, they kept finding little jobs for me. Ms. Lauren said she wanted me to walk with Mr. Free loft sometimes like Kavan and I had been doing for a couple of years. They hired a guy they called his caregiver and we took Mr. Free loft for walks when the weather was good enough. It’s funny how he could remember the trails all over the property but he couldn’t

remember how to find his way home. He'd always put one hand on my shoulder and hold onto his cane with the other and start talking as soon as we left the house. That's how I learned so much about the history of the place. He remembered stuff his grandfather had told him. I always just listened and discarded the clutter and organized the chaos and remembered the important stuff like I always do. Mr. Jack couldn't believe I knew so much about the property but it was easy. He gave me a hundred-dollar bonus when I told him where the Indian burial ground was so he could leave it alone and avoid problems with the native tribe group.

I found out Mr. Jack was staying with Ms. Lauren and her family when he flew into town from Oregon. Mom told me that his wife had died of cancer about the time Ms. Lauren's husband had and she thought they might get to be more than just friends. After I got to know him, I asked him one day whether his intentions toward Ms. Lauren were honorable. He acted surprised and I told him to make up his mind because if he didn't want to marry her, I did. He told me not to hold my breath.

Mom helped me open an account at the bank. I decided to save half of each paycheck and keep the rest to spend on anything I wanted. I just endorsed each check over to Mom and she deposited part and brought me cash for the rest. Before Christmas I had almost four hundred dollars in the bank and that's when I started thinking seriously about getting my own computer and whether to buy one or maybe put together one from components.

At school, I went to the Resource Center one day to talk to Kenjiro Daniels. His dad had been a military officer until he retired and they settled here. His mom was Japanese and he told me he was a Nisei. Whatever. He spoke pretty good Japanese and Italian because he'd lived in both places while his father was in the military. He was the student computer expert at the school and everybody said he knew more about them than the instructors. Some kids called him the computer geek but I didn't like to use words like that just because he was smart. I'd been called enough words myself. Some of the students called him Ken but I found out he liked Kenjiro so I called him that or Ken-chan most of the time.

He was fifteen and in the freshman class with me. I had a couple of classes with him and we hit it off from the day we met. I was beginning to develop my own circle of friends in high school and he was definitely one of the best. I asked him if he'd give me some free advice about whether to build or buy. When he found out Dad was the CEO of Andersen Security and I could probably get the same price as the

company on computer components, he said I should definitely build and he wanted to help me do it.

When I talked to Dad about my plans and asked if I could get company price on components, he said I could and he'd even give me a five-hundred dollar matching grant if I could earn that much toward the price of the computer. I didn't tell him I how much I already had; I just decided to get busy and earn the rest. He said when he got Andersen Security up and running, he'd have the fastest internet connection put in at home because he'd probably need it and I could use it for my computer. He let me borrow a catalog from Andersen's supplier and told me I could give him a proposal and an order when I was ready. When I asked what sort of proposal, he said I had to justify my need for what I bought, just like a business.

Kenjiro and I did most of the research on the computers in the Resource Center at school. Once I got Mom to drive us over to the Andersens and we talked to Stuart a lot about computer stuff. I even called Luke Bridges and talked to him for so long Mom told me to get off the phone. He really gave me some good advice too, like getting the biggest hard-drive I could.

One week in January, Kenjiro asked me to spend the weekend with him so we could finish researching what to buy and then put together the proposal Dad has asked me to do. He only lived a mile or so away but I'd never been in his house. That weekend, he got off the school bus at my house so I could get some clothes and stuff and then we walked the rest of the way to his house.

I didn't know what to do when Kenjiro sat down on a bench in the entry hall and started taking off his shoes. He told me they didn't wear shoes in the house so I took mine off too. He put on some soft slippers and handed me a pair. The house had wall-to-wall carpeting just like ours and walking on it in the slippers was nice.

He went looking to see if anybody was home and we found his sister Akiko in her room. She had long black hair, just like Kenjiro's except that his was short. She was really beautiful and I guess I didn't really need to tell her she was but I told her anyway. She just bowed to me and giggled. Then she straightened up and told me that was the Japanese side of her and she told me thanks like an American girl too.

Kenjiro showed me his room and, boy, it was really different from mine. His room wasn't carpeted; it had some sort of rectangular mats on the floor. He told me they were tatami straw mats and then took off his slippers. He said it was good manners not to walk on the tatami except in sock feet. There wasn't much furniture in his room – just a

bunch of big pillows, one big chest of drawers, and one little one with some sort of scroll hanging over it. His sister had an American-style bed but Kenjiro didn't even have one. When I asked him where he slept, he said on a futon. I asked him where that was and he said in the oshiire. He pulled open a closet and said he liked to sleep on a futon on the tatami. He kept looking at me and I could tell he was having a hard time keeping from laughing at me.

I guess that was bad enough but then I started looking for his computer and there wasn't one. So I had to ask about that. He slid the closet door the other way and there was a case and a monitor and keyboard. He just picked up the monitor and sat it down in the middle of the floor. It had just one cord leading back in the closet. Then he picked up the keyboard and put it down on the tatami. I asked him about the mouse and he told me Japanese didn't use a mouse; they used hashi. I asked what that was and he said chopsticks. I wasn't enough of a sucker to believe him so he got the mouse out of the closet and put it on a square piece of wood. I guess I expected him to start plugging the monitor and keyboard and mouse in and he said it was all cordless except for the monitor and he was working on that. He pushed one key on the keyboard and the monitor came on and everything was working. I knew I wanted my computer to be like his, not like those wired up things at school.

Kenjiro told me if he had to use the benjo and when he told me what it was, I told him I had to piss too. He wasn't bashful about it like American kids are. He just pulled it out and let fly and kept talking to me the whole time. When I pulled mine out, he whistled and, when I asked what, he said I sure didn't have a Japanese-size dick like his. I didn't understand because his looked big enough to work OK, probably the same size as mine.

He said he thought all American boys were circumcised and asked me why I wasn't. I told him Grandpa Stuart had thought it was mutilation and wouldn't let Dad and Uncle Alan be cut. So Dad didn't even consider it for me and Kavan. Kenjiro said he'd never seen any circumcised kids in Japan or Italy.

His Mom came in a little later and Kenjiro introduced me. I tried to bow like I'd seen Japanese do in movies and I guess she liked that. She almost didn't look Japanese and she had on clothes just like American women do. She wasn't short like I expected her to be. She was just about average height for women and on the slim side with small breasts. When she started talking to me, I had trouble understanding her at first because she spoke with a British accent, not an American one.

When his Dad came in, I could tell where Kenjiro had got his looks. His sister was a lot like their Mom and Kenjiro was a lot like his Dad. His Dad still looked like a military officer even when he was wearing a regular suit.

I wasn't worried much about what we'd have for dinner because I eat almost everything but I hoped we wouldn't have any raw sushi. I shouldn't have worried because they ordered in Chinese food just like we do. I think I surprised everybody when I used hashi to eat with instead of a fork and did it almost as good as everybody else.

When we were eating, Kenjiro told his parents what I wanted to do about a computer and how he was going to help me put it together. He told them I was going to sleep in his room on a *futon* on the *tatami* and everybody got a kick out of that.

When we went to his room, he opened a closet in the hall and I helped him carry another futon and some stuff into his room. He put our futons sort of in a V with his computer in the middle, at the foot. Maybe it was the head, I suppose, because I couldn't see that it made any difference. He turned out the overhead light and the only light in the room was from the computer monitor.

He sat down Japanese style on his futon so I folded up my legs and sat down on the other one. Maybe I surprised him by being able to sit like that but it was something I'd always been able to do and I liked it.

He told me all about his computer and the software on it and what he could do with it. When the sound came on, I looked around and finally found the four little speakers he had in the corners. I couldn't believe they were pumping out so much sound and he said the sub-woofer was in the closet and it could be anywhere. He did something to turn off the sub-woofer and said his Dad would get pissed if we played it too loud. He loaded a game called Alien Annihilator and showed me how to play it. I liked the way you could change the alien's blood from red to green and other colors and splatter it all over. We killed a few million aliens and at the same time talked about computer technology and what I might like in my computer.

After a while, Kenjiro asked me if I wanted to get ready for bed. He said we didn't have to go to sleep right away and we could just talk. I said yeah and we went to the benjo so we could pee and brush our teeth. When we got back in his room, he asked me if slept naked or in pajamas. I pulled out the thermal underwear I'd brought and told him I liked to sleep in them. He said he liked to sleep naked and we could if I wanted to. I said yeah and he got a couple of short kimonos out of his

closet. He told me he kept one handy so he could hide a hard-on under it if he got up to go to the bathroom at night.

We both got naked and I checked him out and I could see he was checking me out too. We were both about the same size, about five seven or eight, and he might have weighed ten pounds more than me and I'm at one twenty-five now. I guess we were a lot alike except the way everything was colored. My skin is real light and fair with freckles on my face and shoulders and arms and he was darker, like he had a good suntan. My hair is sort of dirty blond and brownish and his was dark black. The funny thing was the way his pubic hair was; it was black and almost straight, not curly like mine and everybody else I'd ever seen.

I couldn't see anything about his dick that made him think it was Japanese size. It looked about like all the others I'd ever seen, bigger than some, smaller than some, really about the same size as mine. We sat down on the futons again and folded up our legs and I checked him out again and compared his to mine. His balls were hanging down and resting on the futon, just like mine. His dick hung down between his balls almost to the futon, just like mine.

"Why did you say your dick's Japanese size?" I asked. "It's about the same as mine."

"Shit, Kerry, yours is big for your age. Mine was maybe half that size when I was twelve."

"Twelve and a half," I said.

"Yeah, well, fuck me, like that makes any difference."

"Well, a year ago, it was about half as big as it is now. It's just been growing faster than I am."

"Yeah, that's what I mean. Mine's stopped growing. I think mine's as big as it'll ever get and it's not even six inches. You're going to be hung like a fucking horse before yours quits growing."

"Well, maybe you ought to get a girl's opinion. If she thinks it's big enough, maybe that's all that matters anyway."

"Maybe you're right. A girl at school jacked me off at a party a few months ago. She thought it was big but she'd never had one in her pussy."

"Did you try?"

“Sure. All I got in her was one finger. I didn’t wash my hands for a week. Every time I dug a booger out of my nose, I’d get a hard-on. How ‘bout you?”

“What?”

“You know. Have you ever got any?”

Something Dad had said more than once popped into my mind. I knew it was damn good advice.

“My Dad says a gentleman never talks about what he does with a lady.”

“Well, fuck me again! You have done it, haven’t you?”

I couldn’t help but smile. I knew Dad was right. I couldn’t tell him what all I’d done. He was fifteen and a virgin. I didn’t want to make him jealous.

“All I’ll say is I know what pussy smells like.”

“Shit! You could tell me. I won’t tell anybody.”

I just shook my head no. “Nope. How about showing me another game?”

He showed me one of his favorites, something about Half-Life, and it really looked fascinating. I couldn’t believe the graphics and the way it looked on his monitor. He said it was too complicated to play for just a few minutes and he’d play with me sometime when we had an afternoon to waste.

“You want to see something good?” he asked.

“Sure. What?”

He did some stuff on the computer so fast I couldn’t follow him and the next thing I knew there was a man and woman on the screen and they were fucking. We watched it for a while and it was pretty hot but not nearly as hot as watching the real thing. When Brad did it with Ariel that was really something to see. They were always slow and gentle with each other and I could tell they loved each other and enjoyed what they were doing. The bad thing about the movie was the guy was banging away at the woman so hard and they were both grunting so loud, it didn’t look like anybody was enjoying it. It looked more like he might have been raping her. They’d both shaved everything they could

and he had a rubber on his dick and it didn't look like anything I'd ever seen.

"Wait 'til you see what he does when he comes," Kenjiro said.

He put the movie on fast-forward, just like a tape, and then stopped it at one point. All of a sudden, the guy pulled his dick out of the woman's cunt and they flopped around until he was standing and she was on her knees with her mouth open and her tongue hanging out. I didn't see when he took the rubber off but he didn't have it on when he got in front of her and started whacking away at his dick. When he started squirting, she acted like she was trying to catch it and swallow it but I could see her spit it out. It was disgusting.

I looked over at Kenjiro and I could tell his dick didn't think it was disgusting. Then I looked down at mine and mine must have liked it too. It was just as hard as Kenjiro's and looking up at the ceiling just like his. I looked up at him and he was grinning too.

"You want to jack off?" Kenjiro whispered. "I'll play some more good stuff."

I wanted to see some more but I didn't want to see an old guy like that doing it with a woman with a flabby ass.

"Are they porn stars?" I asked.

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Don't you have anything with just plain people? You know, people who look like somebody we'd know? I wouldn't fuck that bitch with your dick."

"Yeah, I know. They are kind of pathetic."

"What if your Mom or Dad catches you with that stuff on your computer?" I asked.

"They can't. I've got some encryption software that creates a virtual drive on my computer. It's encrypted so tight nobody can get at it."

"I'll bet my Dad could. Stuart, he's my half-brother, could too. I know Luke, my sort-of brother could. He's almost got a master's degree in computers."

We lay there and talked for a while about our family. I told him what my Dad did and how Stuart was my half-brother and what he did and I

tried to explain how Luke was my sort-of brother and how he was going to come to work for Dad handling all the computer stuff for Andersen Security. He told me his Dad had been in military intelligence in the Navy and had retired as a Commander because all the top ranks were getting filled up and he probably wouldn't ever get another promotion. He said he was working part-time with the police departments in town and at the university and trying to find a full time job he wanted.

"You ever see your sister Ariel naked?" he asked.

I didn't think it'd hurt to tell him the truth about that. Some of the kids at school already knew about my family and how we were nudists sometimes.

"Sure, all the time."

"No shit! Where?"

"At home. We're nudists. We don't worry about clothes when the weather's warm. We've got a backyard pool nobody can see and we swim naked. It's lots of fun."

"Damn! You mean you see your Mom and Ariel like that all the time?"

"Yeah, and Kathryn. She's Kavan's girlfriend. She lives with us."

He looked at me and I could tell he was trying to figure out what it meant that Kathryn lived with us.

"Are they doing it? You know, Kavan and Kathryn, are they fucking?"

I just smiled at him. I wasn't about to start telling him what somebody else did.

"Maybe you'd better ask them."

"Aaww, come on, Kerry, do they sleep together?"

I didn't say anything.

"Damn, that's something. I wish I could have a girlfriend I could sleep with. I'd fuck her twice every night and once in the morning."

"Well, how about you? You ever see Akiko or your Mom naked?"

“Yeah, Dad’s last duty station was at Yokosuka, Japan, and we’d take Japanese baths sometimes. Japanese don’t worry about being naked around each other like Americans do.”

“You’d see all sorts of Japanese stuff in the baths, huh? Cute little Japanese pussies?”

“Nah, it was just sort of family baths with us. Once in a while, we went to some with Japanese relatives but not much.”

“I thought everybody over there got in those hot-tubs together.”

“Nope. The only time we did that was when we had a big family vacation with some of my Japanese relatives. We went to a resort hotel near Mount Fuji and they had a big pool with hot water that bubbled up out of the ground. It was winter and it snowed and we all still got in the pool. You’d freeze your dick off when you got out and boil your balls off when you got in the pool. I liked it, a couple of dozen of us all up to our necks in hot water.”

“Did you jack off in the hot-tub, maybe in the pool?” I asked. I reached down and stroked my dick a couple of times.

“Shit, no, Kerry, you don’t do that in the tub. You use soap and rinse off before you get in the tub. The tub’s just for soaking.”

He watched my hand and then he stroked his dick a couple of times.

“You know how Japanese guys jack off?” he asked.

“No, how?”

He held his dick with his thumb and one finger and moved them up and down.

“With hashi.”

I grabbed a pillow and tried to hit him. He grabbed one and started swinging at me. I hit him beside the head and he held up one finger and I gave him a time-out. He took off his glasses, laid them on the little chest under the scroll, and attacked me again. We kept swinging at each other and giggling and rolling around. Finally, he knocked my pillow out of my hand so I tried to grab him. He ducked down and, when he came up, he wrapped his arms around me and we rolled over until he was on top of me, straddling me. He held his arm back with the pillow in his hand ready to hit me again.

“Give up?”

“Yeah.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah. Can I ask you a favor?”

“What?”

“Would you get off my dick?”

He moved backwards so he was sitting on my thighs. His dick was still pointing up at the ceiling. Mine was just a few inches from his and it was pointing at the wall behind my head.

“That’s a dick?” he sneered. “It’s so little, I couldn’t even feel it.”

“Well, at least it’s not a hashi-dick like yours.”

He started giggling again and so did I.

“Damn, that hurts, Kerry.”

“Not half as bad as it would if I shoved it up your ass.”

“Let’s jack off,” he whispered.

“OK.” I said.

He scooted back up toward my face and leaned over a little. His balls were against mine and our dicks were almost together. He reached down with one hand and pulled them together. I lifted up my head and looked at what he was doing. He had his thumb holding his dick down and his fingers holding my dick up. He moved again, just a little bit, and I could tell he was trying to get my dick lined up with his. He leaned over to the right, looked, then leaned over to the left, looked again. It looked to me like his was directly over mine and it looked like his was exactly the same size as mine.

“Poor little hashi-dick,” I teased.

“Well, fuck you, Kerry,” He said. “If I’ve got a chop-stick dick, you do too.”

He started sliding his hand back and forth, jacking us both at the same time, my dick against his. I watched what happened and his foreskin

slid back and forward over the head of his dick just like mine did. I liked the way it felt when he did it with his dick against mine. I felt for my pillow and stuffed it under my head, then put my hands behind my head and just lay there and watched him doing it. He kept looking down at our dicks and then at my face and grinning all the time.

“You do it,” he whispered.

I reached down with my right hand and we swapped hands. I had my thumb under mine and my fingers over his and it felt like one super-sized dick in between. I started jacking us both and he watched me for a while and then started squirming around so his balls were squashed against mine and it was harder to hold onto our dicks. I held my hand still and he started pushing with his hips so I did the same thing. It was like both of us were fucking my hand at the same time. I liked that. It felt too good and I knew I was going to come if we kept it up. I hadn't jacked off since just before I got out of bed and that was just a quick one.

I guess Kenjiro felt about the same way because he reached down with his hand and just wrapped it around his dick this time. I just kept mine on my dick and started stroking it faster and faster. His hand was so close to mine that we were bumping knuckles. Maybe Kenjiro synchronized; I didn't. I just kept watching while we both did it, his hand holding his dick just an inch or so away from mine, his balls still resting on mine, his ass sitting on my thighs, while we did some coordinated jacking. If it was a race, I won.

I squirted out a white string and, as usual, it flew up toward my face. I saw it coming and turned my head and it hit me on my cheek. I looked back and saw another one coming and I knew it wasn't going to go as far and it landed in the middle of my chest. That's about when Kenjiro started squirting too. He was aimed more up than I was and his lofted over a little and then fell back down about at my navel. By the time we both finished, I had one big mess of come on my chest and stomach. Damn, that was hot, all that mess of his come and mine puddled up and down my chest and stomach.

Kenjiro just sat there still straddling me, waiting for his breathing to slow down too, and we looked at each other. He had a silly smile on his face like he was a little kid and proud of what he'd done. I guess I looked just as silly but I couldn't help but smile too.

“Damn, Kerry, you made a fucking mess on yourself,” he said.

“Fuck you, you hashi-dicker, I had a little help.”

He sat on me a little while longer and we both kept looking at each other and smiling. He still had his hand around his dick and so did I. His looked about the same as mine, with a little more come drooling out the slit at the end. Mine had already softened a little but it wasn't back down to soft size. Kenjiro moved his hand and pushed mine out of the way and then held our dicks together again. He looked me in the eyes and smiled again and then rolled off me.

"If you can be still, I'll go get something to clean up your mess," he whispered.

"Fuck you," I said. "You're the one who erupted like Mount Fuji."

"Well, fuck you too, you blew out a wad like Mount St. Helens."

He stood up and got one of the kimonos and slipped it on. I just put my hands back under my head and shut my eyes and waited for him to get back from the bathroom. He was back in a couple of minutes with a warm wash cloth and a towel and I just lay there and let him clean me off. I didn't mind at all when he milked my dick down and got the last drops out and then wiped it off.

We lay there talking for a while longer until I started yawning. I guess Kenjiro felt about the same as I do after a good orgasm. He started yawning too and I knew I could sleep OK even if I was on a futon on the tatami. He reached over and tapped the keyboard and the monitor went off. At the same time, a light came on near the door. I looked and saw that the Japanese scroll was illuminated and the stuff written on it could be read if somebody could read Japanese.

"What does that say?" I whispered.

"It's a prayer. My Japanese grandfather did it for me. He says a prayer for me every night and when I read the scroll it's like I'm hearing him praying for me."

"You can read that stuff?"

"Not much. I can read Japanese written in Romanji; that's when it's written in our alphabet. I can read a little bit if it's written in Kanji like that but not much."

"What does it say?"

"I can't tell you, Kerry. It's my grandfather's prayer for me. It's kind of personal."

“OK, I’m kind of sleepy anyway,” I said.

“Yeah, me too,” he said. “Put on your kimono if you go piss in the middle of the night. Akiko’ll drag you in her room if she sees you with a hard-on.”

“Damn, I hope so,” I said.

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Forty-Eight

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.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12 ½

Brad Weaver, 17; Kenjiro Daniels, 15

TELLING THE STORY

Kerry Stuart

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(KERRY)

On Saturday of the weekend I spent with Kenjiro, we decided on all the components for my computer system. I had the catalog from the supplier for Andersen Security and we checked the prices they offered against other suppliers over the Internet. We could have saved a little by ordering from different suppliers but Kenjiro said I’d be wiser to buy from one dependable supplier and so we put together an order for Dad to submit for us.

That afternoon it rained and we played Half Life on his computer. It was a lot of fun but I just knew how Mom and Dad would be if I wasted too much time playing games. Kenjiro showed me lots of his favorite sites that looked really interesting and told me he’d give me a copy of

all his bookmarks when I got my computer. I liked the usenet groups where I could get all sorts books and music in mp3 format. He let me listen to his mp3 player and I knew I had to have one. He showed me photos taken by the Hubble Space Telescope and I couldn't believe how beautiful they were. I've always liked to learn stuff about the cosmos. He showed me how to use Google Earth and I liked flying over the Grand Canyon. He said I'd be able to find anything I was curious about now just by Googling for it on the Internet.

That night, we took the two futons back out of his closet and then got naked and he showed me some porn on his computer again. It was a short clip with teens fucking and it was pretty hot. We both just lay there and watched and played with our dicks without really trying to jack off. I couldn't understand why the guy pulled his dick out of the girl's pussy and came on her tits instead. Kenjiro told me that was called the money shot and all the guys who watched stuff like that wanted to see it. I didn't tell him I already knew it was a lot better to come in her pussy than on her tits.

Another scene with different kids started and then, all of a sudden, an image of Mount Fuji came on the screen and some sort of oriental-sounding music started playing. Kenjiro sat up straight and did something on his keyboard and the screen went back to his desktop scene.

"Shit, Dad got in again," he said.

"What?"

"He got in my computer. That music is Sakura. It's a famous Japanese folk song. Dad uses it and the Fujiyama image as his signatures. If he gets in my computer, he always leaves one of them where he knows I'll find it."

"I thought you said you encrypted stuff on your computer. How did he get in?"

"Yeah, I encrypt it. But he's good. He was in naval intelligence. He did stuff with secure communications. He lets me do anything I want to on my computer and then he tries to get in. It's like a game; we've been playing it for about three years."

"You mean he gets in your computer just by doing stuff on his? He doesn't come in your room and do it, does he?"

"Shit no, it's all done over the internet. Our computers aren't even networked. I told you; he's good."

“Can you get in his?”

“He lets me try. I got in once. Most of the time, I can’t. He usually catches me and then puts Sakura back on my computer. If it starts playing when I turn my computer on, I know he got me again.”

“Damn, you mean he doesn’t care if you watch stuff like those kids fucking?”

“Naah, he says he’d better not find any weird stuff or child porn that’s against the law. If he does, I lose my computer for a month. I’ve never lost it yet; I just don’t download stuff like that. I guess I’m kind of normal ‘cause I like to see normal people fucking. That clip I showed you last night was kind of rough but I didn’t know what you’d like.”

“Does your Mom know about it?”

“She knows we try to hack into each other’s computer. She doesn’t know I download porn sometimes. You’d better not tell anybody.”

“I won’t.”

He tried to explain what he and his Dad were doing and I guess it made sense. Most of it was way over my head. I knew I had one hell of a lot to learn when I got my computer. I was glad I’d asked him for help.

When we were about ready to go to sleep, I told him it was my turn to jack off on him. He took his glasses off and put them on the little chest and I knew he was going to jump me so I was ready. We had another wrestling match and I ended up on top this time. His dick was right under my butt and he started bucking upward like it was up my ass. I knew it wasn’t and it felt funny pressed between my cheeks.

I moved back so I could compare our dicks again. It really looked like they were the same size. Mine had a little curve in it but his was pretty straight. Maybe he had me a little on width but not much. He had veins and arteries showing all under the skin on his dick and they could hardly be seen on mine. The skin on his scrotum was a lot darker than mine and a lot more wrinkled. Mine was usually a very-light brown and it turned pinkish or almost red when I was jacking off.

“You ever had a blow-job?” he whispered.

I just smiled and didn’t say anything. I’d had more than one but I wasn’t about to tell him because he’d want to know who did it.

“Damn, Kerry, you have!”

“Sure, half the girls at school have sucked my dick.”

“Fuck you. Name one.”

“Yeah, well, fuck you too. They all made me promise not to tell anybody. They said they’d never do it again if I told.”

“A girl I know from school sucked mine once. She wanted to watch me jack off. I told her I would if she’d suck it. She did it about a minute or two. She was afraid I’d come in her mouth.”

“I don’t blame her. How’d you like to have that stuff in your mouth?”

“Shit, it’s not that bad. I tasted mine once. You ever taste yours?”

“Yeah, I guess we’re all curious about stuff like that, aren’t we?”

I started jacking our double dick, just doing it real slow, and we both watched it for a minute or so. It made me kind of hot to feel his balls and dick against mine, sort of like a mirror image. He tried to buck me off and I put my left hand on his chest and pushed him back down. I turned loose of my dick and wrapped my hand around his.

“You do my dick and I’ll do yours,” I said.

I guess his hand didn’t feel that much different from mine. His dick didn’t either. It was still a lot more fun to do each other. It made me get hotter, just knowing we were swapping.

I felt myself coming and I turned loose of his dick and he just kept jacking mine. I tightened up the muscles in my legs and thighs and stomach like I usually do to make it better. Maybe that was a mistake. I rose up a little, up on my knees, instead of kneeling with my butt back toward my feet, and when I shot off, the first squirt flew over Kenjiro’s head on his pillow and the second hit him right under the chin. The other drops made a straight line back down to his navel.

I eased back down on Kenjiro’s thighs and sat there a little bit while my breathing slowed down. All the time he was looking at my face and grinning at me. I guess I was grinning too. He looked funny with my come running down his chin and Adam’s apple.

“Come on, do me,” he whispered.

I wrapped my hand around his dick and gave it hell. My hand was almost a blur, I was doing it so fast. He must have liked it because he shut his eyes and his hands on my legs were squeezing and his fingernails were digging into my skin. He squirted out three or four times and laid down another trail on top of mine. When he opened his eyes, he lifted up his head and looked down at the mess we'd made.

"Damn, I know why your brother calls you Squirt sometimes," he said.

"Fuck you, hashi-dick, you made most of the mess," I said.

He tried not to but he started giggling or maybe just laughing funny trying not to be too loud. I thought it was funny too, me holding his dick in my right hand and mine in my left, and both of them still hard and drooling come.

He turned loose of my legs and then drug one finger up through the mess on his stomach. He held it up toward me and I shook my head no. I drug one finger through the mess and held it out toward him.

"I will if you will," he whispered. I leaned over toward his finger and opened my mouth and stopped. He did the same thing and I guess it was a stalemate. I leaned over a little closer so his finger was in my mouth and closed my lips. He did the same thing. I sucked on his finger and he sucked mine. It didn't really taste bad. It was yucky but it was just the same as the couple of times I'd tasted my own.

"Boy, you're a good dick sucker," he whispered. "I'll let you blow on my shakuhachi any time."

"Fuck you, you little hashi-dick. You can suck your own suckahachi."

"Aaww, shit, Kerry, a shakuhachi's just a bamboo flute. Don't you want me to play you a tune on it?"

That got us started laughing again and I squeezed his dick and yanked on it and he grabbed mine and started pulling on it. We ended up in another stalemate, both of us breathing hard and looking at each other and giggling.

He made me go for a washcloth and towel this time. The little Japanese robe he'd told me to wear hardly went below my butt. I told him Akiko would still see my dick because it was hanging out. He just said if she jumped me he'd come to my rescue. The bathroom he shared with his sister was between their bedrooms and I didn't run into her anywhere.

When we got all cleaned up and quieted down and ready for sleep. Kenjiro asked if I'd let him put our futons side by side so we could sleep under the same cover. He promised he wouldn't fuck me and I promised him I would fuck him but I didn't mean it. He moved his computer out of the way and turned off all the lights this time. When we got under the cover, he moved over close to me and I turned to face him. We talked for a while and both started yawning. Finally I turned over with my back to him and he spooned up close to me and put his arm over my chest.

Neither one of us fucked the other during the night but we got tangled up a couple of times changing position. When I spooned up to his back, I got a hard-on but I didn't try to do anything with it and he didn't complain when it was pressed against his butt. When we woke up the next morning, we both had good piss hards so we put on our little robes and tiptoed down the hall to the bathroom. We didn't see Akiko and I didn't really believe she'd drag me in her room anyway.

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A couple of weeks later, Kenjiro agreed to spend all day Saturday and that night with me. We were hoping my computer components would get delivered to Andersen Security and Dad would bring them home to me. I called Dad on Friday afternoon and he said he'd check before he came home. When he got in a little after five, he said my stuff still hadn't been delivered. I called Kenjiro and told him and said I wanted him to come over anyway and we'd find something to do.

Saturday morning the weather wasn't as cold as usual and the forecast was for temps in the seventies during the afternoon. It already felt like spring was really here to stay and I wanted to do something outdoors. I hadn't explored the creek for months and I thought Kenjiro might like that.

He came over just after breakfast on Saturday and I showed him all around the house. When I showed him my room, he looked at all the books on my shelves and asked me how I liked being the school freak. I thought he was talking about me being the youngest kid in high school. He just wanted to know whether I really had an eidetic memory like he'd heard.

I tried to straighten him out by telling him I wasn't really an eidetiker because that was memory ability in recalling visual images of things like pictures. I could do that some but my memory ability was more in being able to recall stuff I'd read. I told him that if I decided to do it ahead of time, I could read a paragraph and then recite it word for

word, even sometimes the next day if I wanted to. That was what one of the teachers at school had been testing me about.

He asked me if I had a book he could use to test me and I pointed to the bookshelves around the top of all the walls. I'd got Dad to help me when I got so many books I couldn't keep them organized and we'd installed a single shelf all around the perimeter of the room about a foot from the ceiling.

He scanned one shelf and pulled down a book Dad had given me when I turned eleven, *The New Joy of Sex*. I liked it a lot mainly because of its attitude and ideas. Kenjiro flipped through it and I could see his eyes get big on some of the pages.

Finally he closed it and handed it to me. He gave me the page numbers and asked me to look at three different places and remember the image and the paragraph. When I got through, he took the book back from me.

“OK, you fucking eidetiker, what’s on page 110 and 111?”

“It’s a guy fucking a woman from behind.”

“Shit! What does the paragraph on page 111 say?”

“It’s a position called croupade in the book,” I said. I closed my eyes and then read the paragraph out of my memory.

“Any position in which he takes her squarely from behind, i.e., all rear-entry positions except those where she has one leg between his or is half-turned on her side (see *Cuissade*).”

“Yep, you’re a freak, all right,” he said, “You’re a shit-kickin’, pussy-sniffin’, eidetickin’ freak.”

I wasn’t about to let him get away with that kind of crap.

“Well you’re a sushi-lickin’ hashi-dickin’ asshole-stinkin’ freak,” I said.

“Itai! That hurts! Bet you can’t say it five times.”

I did, even when he tried to goose me in the ribs while I was doing it the last time. I thought his insult was better but he seemed to like mine OK. I guess that’s how we started trying to top each other with insults. It was funny when people thought we meant it and we always knew we didn’t.

“How the fuck do you remember that shit, Kerry?” he asked.

“I don’t know. It’s just something I’ve always been able to do. Dad says I could remember images before I was two. He said he’d read a book with pictures to me and then ask me to find an image he described. He said I’d slap the pages with my hand and turn them until I found the one he’d described. Then I’d look up at him and smile. I don’t remember doing it.”

“Well, you’re a freak, alright,” he said. “Does it bother you when I insult you like that?”

“Fuck no. I know you don’t mean anything bad. I don’t either. I was just trying to top your insult.”

“Well, you sure topped it. Just don’t ever call me a Jap, OK?”

“Shit, Kenjiro, I don’t call people names if it hurts them. Grizzly’s my friend and he’s told me how it hurts when people call him a nigger. We were sitting at a table outside the cafeteria when he told me and I just put my hand on his and looked him in the face. I could see the hurt in his eyes.”

“I’ll bet they don’t call him that to his face, do they?”

“There’s a couple of rednecks who do. They know he won’t do anything at school. He may look like a bear but he’s more teddy bear than anything else. He said if he caught them away from school, he’d messum up a little. I got cold chills the way he said it.”

“I heard you’re helping him with his math course,” he said.

“Yeah, his teacher’s been helping me plan my math courses. He asked me to help Grizzly and I’ve helped him a few times.”

“Was that before you and Brad and Arial had the trouble with the jocks last fall?” Kenjiro asked.

“It was after, in January. I was afraid people would think I was sucking up to him because he stopped those other jocks from jumping Brad after he cold-cocked the one who hit Arial. After I got to know him better, I found out he’s really a good guy doing the best he can. I like trying to help him understand stuff.”

“I guess we’re both freaks,” he said, “but I don’t care. I guess we can be friends anyway. Maybe we can even find some more freaks for friends. Maybe Grizzly can be your friend even if he does play football. If he

needs help with using computers, let me know. I wouldn't mind being his friend too."

I looked at his face and I could tell he was really serious. I just nodded and then grabbed him and hugged him. We just stood there for a minute or so, holding each other, not saying anything.

When I showed him the basement, he got another good look at Dad's Mercedes and Dad let us sit in it while I explained some of the stuff in it. He loved the little BMW Ariel was going to get for her sixteenth birthday next month. She'd already been driving it when she had a licensed driver with her and she was as crazy about it as Dad was about his car.

When he saw the big shower we'd enclosed with glass bricks in the basement he asked me what it was. I told him it was a shower but we used it like a steam room sometimes in the winter. He couldn't believe me when I said once my whole family, including Brad and Kathryn was in there at the same time. I asked him how it was different from a Japanese hot tub and he couldn't answer that.

When we went out in the yard, we walked around the pool to where the path down hill to the creek started. He asked me if he could come over and swim sometimes. I asked him if he wanted to swim with something on or naked like I like to do. When I told him the whole family used it naked sometimes and he could see Ariel and Kathryn in their bare skin, he said he'd go bare too. I guess he finally believed what I'd told him about how we were about nudity around each other.

When we went back upstairs in the house, Ariel was dressed in jeans and sneakers with a light sweatshirt. I knew she was going somewhere with Brad when he came over but I hadn't heard what they had planned. When I asked her, she said Brad was on his way and he wanted to try fishing the creek and she was going with him.

"Would it be OK if Ken-chan and I go with you two," I asked. "I'll go catch some crickets and dig some worms if we can go."

"Do you have to use stuff like that for bait, Kerry? I'm not going to put worms on a fishhook."

"OK, Princess, I'll bait the hook for your royal highness if you'll let us go."

"Will you clean the fish if we catch any?"

“Yeah, Ken-chan brought his sushi knife and we’ll serve you some raw fish.”

She looked at me like I was crazy and then slowly began to smile. I knew she’d got me again. I’d been got and I didn’t even know we were playing gotcha.

“Brad called a little bit ago. He wanted me to ask you to take us fishing. He said you’d know the best places. Would you and Ken-chan like to go with us?”

Kenjiro and I went back down in the basement and I checked out the cane poles I used for fishing in the creek. The creek was a small one and didn’t have much water in it except in the deep holes in places. In lots of places you could cross it on rocks and in others you could wade across easily. I couldn’t find but two cane poles and they had lines and hooks still on them. I tried to find the third pole and then I remembered I’d broken one last fall.

I got my coffee cans with lids that I used for worms and crickets and Kenjiro and I went down the hill to the corner where we piled leaves in our mulch pile. I hadn’t been there since last fall when we’d piled a fresh layer of leaves. We used a rake to pull the leaves back and started finding crickets. When we got down to the black mulch and started digging, I found plenty of wigglers. We had enough bait in just a few minutes.

It was mid-morning before Brad drove up. Arial was worried about him because he took so long after calling and he said he’d stopped and got an oil change on his car.

We fished in teams, Brad and Arial with one pole and me and Kenjiro with another. I didn’t have to bait her hook after all because Brad did it. I showed them how to set the cork so the bait would go down about a foot or so and how to quietly drop it in one of the deep holes under the roots of a tree on the side of the creek. It took a while before we caught one and, wouldn’t you know it, Arial got the first one. She squealed when her cork got jerked under and then pulled so hard the fish flew through the air and over our heads. Brad grabbed the line and got the fish off and she quit screaming. It was a nice bream bigger than his hand. I knew it would be good eating so I got some water in the big plastic pail and put the fish in it. We went up the creek a little way and caught six more but none as big as the one Arial caught.

We went back up the hill to the house for lunch and Kenjiro and I agreed to clean the fish if Arial and Brad would fix us some lunch. I put the fillets in a plastic container and covered them with water and put

them in the freezer. Kenjiro said he'd eat some raw for lunch if I would but I said they'd be better fried when we caught a few more.

Arial and Brad made us all sandwiches and we ate outdoors on the deck. The sun was shining and the air was so warm we didn't want to go back indoors. I thought of something Brad might be interested in. It was on the bank of the creek down stream from where we'd fished. I wouldn't tell him what it was but I got a shovel and a hoe and led the way.

In one place the creek ran over some rocks and dropped a few feet and there was always a pile of small rocks and gravel a little bit below the falls. Then the creek made a turn and there was a sandbank in the elbow curve. I'd found something there I thought Brad would want to know about.

I'd found the bottom half of a broken arrowhead in the gravel once and then a fossilized horse tooth another time. We looked and dug and scraped and Arial did it again. She found an arrowhead, a whole one.

She didn't even know what it was. She just pointed to it and said it was a pretty colored rock. It was the point-end of an arrowhead, sticking up. I used my boy-scout knife and dug it out of the gravel and I couldn't believe what she'd found. It was a beautifully-made perfect arrowhead about two inches long and it was a red-color flint I hadn't seen before, almost like a gemstone.

We looked in the gravel some more and found some broken pieces of arrowheads and some stuff that Brad said were probably tools like scrapers for hides. Then I remembered what I'd found in the sandbar and I led them over there.

I'd found a couple of pieces of Indian pottery in the sand and I'd been wanting to dig so see if there was anymore. There was. We found a dozen or so pieces in just one little trench. I wanted to dig for more but Brad said he wanted to show the ones we'd found to his professor friend so we'd know whether it might be a site for him to dig. He said there probably had been an Indian village somewhere upstream and all the stuff was coming from there. He said it could be anywhere in the flat area behind our house but that covered a couple of miles of creek bottomland.

We lay around in the sand talking for a while and Arial asked Kenjiro about his family. I knew his father had been a captain in our navy but I didn't know his great grandfather had been an admiral in the Japanese navy during World War II. He was dead but Kenjiro's grandfather was still living and he was a college professor now but he'd been a diplomat

for Japan for years. His mother had learned English while she was living in England with her family. I told them they'd better use good grammar if they were around her because she spoke proper English all the time.

Arial was leaning back against a big rock and I guess Brad got tired of lying propped up on his elbow. He crawled over and lay down with his head in her lap. She pushed the hair back off his forehead and he smiled up at her and she smiled back at him. It was so lovey-dovey that I couldn't resist. I crawled over to Kenjiro and put my head in his lap. He took my cap off and pushed my hair back and we made kissy faces at each other until Arial threw a rock and hit me. It was just a little rock.

After a while we horsed around a little. Arial swiped my cap and threw it to Brad so I tackled Brad. Kenjiro helped me out but we all ended up rolling around in the sand before I got my cap back. I guess the temperature had gotten up in the seventies because I got a little sweaty and sticky with sand. We were already a little wet and dirty from playing in the creek but it felt good to be outdoors and dirty. I just wished I could take off everything and roll in the creek and the sand naked but it was a little too cool for that.

I knew Brad and Arial wouldn't mind if I showered in the basement with them but I didn't know what they'd say if Kenjiro did it too. I crawled over to Arial and whispered in her ear and asked her. She whispered in Brad's ear and asked him. He sort of shrugged and then just came right out and asked Kenjiro.

"Kenjiro, Arial and I are going to take a shower when we go back to the house. Would you and Kerry like to shower with us?"

Kenjiro looked at me and I knew he didn't know what to say.

"It's OK," I said. "I told you we all use the shower in the basement together. If you're going to be my friend and hang around my house, you might as well get used to it."

"Yeah, Kenjiro, you might as well get used to it," Brad said. "It's been *hard* for me to get used to it and it might be *hard* for you but we won't let Arial get you like she got me."

"Brad Weaver," she said, "if you're going to be like that, you three guys can just shower without me. You men are all alike."

“Aw, come on, Ariel,” I said. “He’s just teasing. I’ve told Ken-chan how we are about nudity. He’s going to come over lots this summer and use the pool with me. He might as well get used to seeing all of us naked.”

“I don’t know, Kerry,” Kenjiro said. “Ariel’s cuter than my Japanese grandmother. It might be *hard* for me to shower with her around.”

Ariel stuck her tongue out at him. “You’re just as bad as they are.”

We finally decided that we would shower together. Kenjiro did get a hard-on but so did I and then Brad got one too. Ariel just kept looking at us and smiling and shaking her head and smiling. When she got through she got a couple of towels off the shelf and went to the door.

“I’m going to dry off and go upstairs,” she said. “You three little boys can just go ahead and jack off when I’m gone.”

As soon as she went out, Brad grabbed a towel and left too. He told us we could jack off without him because he was going to save his until he and Ariel went to bed. Kenjiro just looked at me like he couldn’t believe what had happened. I just turned so the hot water was coming down on my chest and started stroking my dick. He watched for a little bit and then he got under the other shower and started jacking off too.

Mom and Dad were home when we went upstairs. I wrapped a towel around myself and just carried my shoes and clothes. I thought Kenjiro would follow my example and he did. I didn’t think he was quite ready to be naked around Mom and Dad.

We went in my room and put on sweats. I’d told him to bring some because that was what I like to lounge around in. When we were dressed, he looked at my twin-size bed and asked where he was going to sleep. I told him we were both going to sleep on futons on the floor. He looked at me like I was crazy and I told him we had some foam mats and I was going to put two side by side on the floor and then we’d use sleeping bags on top of them.

When we looked in the refrigerator to get something I saw a big pan of ribs marinating and I knew what we were going to have for dinner. Dad liked to marinate ribs in soy sauce and sweet vinegar and then barbeque them. We had a glass of milk and some leftover breakfast pastry to hold us until we ate.

Kavan and Kathryn came in a little after five from work and they were dirty and tired as usual. I asked Kenjiro if he wanted to go back downstairs and shower with them but he begged off.

We set up the folding table out on the deck and ate there for the first time this year. It was getting a little cool but it was nice to be outdoors. With eight of us, it got to be a little loud at times but Mom and Dad didn't seem to mind.

When we went to bed, Kenjiro and I brought a couple of the mats up from the basement and put them on the floor in my room. I got a couple of sleeping bags out of the storage closet and found an extra pillow for Kenjiro. When I spread one sleeping bag down over both of the foam mats, he knew what I was doing. He spread his over the top and then we zipped them together in one big bag. We flopped down on top and talked for a while.

I told Kenjiro that Mom and Dad had their own bathroom but the others would use the one next to my room and he'd just have to wait his turn if he got up and the bathroom door was closed. I said Arial and Brad would be sleeping in the bedroom on the other side of the bathroom and Kavan and Kathryn would be sleeping together in the basement bedroom.

He said it was hard to believe my parents would let them sleep together and I told him some of how my parents were about sex. I asked him not to talk to the kids at school about Kavan and Arial and who they slept with because it was nobody else's business.

After a while, I heard Arial's door open and then somebody started peeing and I knew she and Brad were doing their pee and flush and brush routine. I waited until they went back in their room and asked Kenjiro if he was ready to use the benjo. He was and we did our pee and flush and brush routine together. When we started back in our room, I heard Arial say "Good night, Kerry. Good night, Kenjiro." I tapped on her door and she said come in.

I opened the door and stood there with Kenjiro. Arial didn't have anything on but a pair of panties. Brad was naked. They were changing the sheets on the bed. Brad turned around and looked at us.

"I don't know why Arial can't change her own sheets," he said. "She always makes me do it every time I'm here."

"I do not, Brad Weaver," she said. "I just forgot it this time. You know I always put fresh sheets on the bed when you come over. And I always have to change the bed when you leave too."

"Well, I can't help it if you make a mess," Brad said.

Arial grabbed a pillow and swung it behind her head.

“Good night, Ariel. I love you,” I said, and quickly closed the door. I heard a pillow hit something on the other side. Then I opened the door again and said, “Good night, Brad. I love you too.” Brad was standing there with a pillow in his hand and Ariel had her tongue stuck out at him. I closed the door quickly and pulled Kenjiro away. I heard another pillow hit something and then everything was quiet.

Kenjiro and I stood outside the door for a minute or so but we didn’t hear any more pillows being thrown, just somebody moving around. I went back in the bathroom and got a couple of small towels and wet a couple of washcloths. Kenjiro didn’t even ask me what they were for. He just smiled. He knew what I wanted to do.

I didn’t even ask him what he was going to sleep in. I just stripped naked and waited on him for a few seconds and then turned out the light. The light from my clock radio was just enough to see by. I slid in the sleeping bag and then held up the other side for Kenjiro to get in. We lay there looking at each other.

“I liked sleeping with you when you came to my house,” he whispered. “Did you like it?”

“Yeah,” I said, “I liked it too.”

“I’ve never really slept naked with anybody else like that,” he said. “I thought it would be sexy but it wasn’t really. It was just sort of warm and nice. I liked feeling you backed up against me.”

“Well, I’m just glad you didn’t try to fuck me.”

“I didn’t want to fuck you, Kerry. I thought it was nice to have a friend I could sleep with without worrying about that. When I turned over and backed up against you, you got a hard-on and I didn’t even worry about you fucking me.”

He stuck his arm out and put his palm against my chest.

“I don’t see why guys can’t just be friends and touch each other without worrying about fucking each other and acting like queers.”

“Yeah, but if you put your hand on my dick you’ll feel a hard-on. What does that make me?”

“Shit, I’ve already got one,” he giggled. “It just makes me horny.”

“Me too.”

“Let me feel,” he said.

He moved his hand down and I grabbed it and pulled it to my dick. He wrapped his fingers around it and slid them back and forth a couple of times and then lifted my balls and held them in his hand. I reached over and found his dick and did the same thing.

“Is this the way gay guys feel?” he whispered. “It makes me all hot to feel your dick. Your balls are funny, the way they hang so loose.”

I felt his balls and they were different. They were soft and warm but they didn’t hang loose like mine where you could feel each one. His were sort of like one big something in his sack.

“Shit, Ken-chan, I get all hot from everything. Lots of times my dick just gets hard and nothing made it do it. It was fun playing around with you and jacking off on each other. Is that the way you start being a queer?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “I got a hard-on in the shower and I wasn’t looking at Brad. Does that make me straight? Arial’s really sexy. I’ve always thought she was beautiful but she’s got a body that’s....I don’t know, I’ve never seen a naked girl who looks like her before. Is it OK if I get a hard-on looking at your sister?”

“Shit, yeah, if you didn’t, I’d worry about you. Did you look at Brad’s dick tonight?”

“Yeah, I checked to see how Arial affected him. If I was about to get in bed with her, I’d have the biggest boner I’ve ever had. His wasn’t standing up but it wasn’t far from it. How do you keep from getting hard when you see her naked?”

“Sometimes I don’t. When we’re in the pool and horsing around and stuff, I guess I’m used to it and it doesn’t bother me. I can’t remember ever not seeing her naked. We were just raised that way. She’s probably seen me with a hard-on a thousand times.”

Kenjiro moved over closer to me and I moved over a little closer to him until we were up against each other. He put his arm over me with his hand on my butt and pulled me up closer to him. He bucked his hips a couple of times against me and I did the same against him. I put my arm over his with my hand on his butt too. His skin was soft and smooth and I couldn’t feel any hair on his butt until my fingers were right in his crack and then I felt some sticking out. I pulled some of them and he shoved his dick at me.

“Is your asshole hairy?” I whispered.

“Yeah, is yours?” he asked.

He slid his fingertips down to the crack of my ass and traced up and down. I knew I didn’t have any back there yet. Shit, I didn’t have that much around my dick and my balls and there wasn’t any between my legs. I knew Kavan had lots of red hair between his legs but Dad didn’t and I’d always thought I’d be like him in a few more years.

“Let’s do something else,” Kenjiro whispered.

“What?”

“I’ll suck your dick if you’ll suck mine.”

“Yeah, and we’ll both be queers too.”

“You really think so? What if you like girls and you’d rather do something with them? Are you queer if you do something with a guy because you can’t get a girl to do it with?”

“Shit, don’t ask me,” I said. “I don’t understand all this stuff about being queer and what makes guys that way.”

“Me either,” he said. “If I could get me a girl and she’d let me do it, I’d have my dick in her in a second. Do you think girls don’t like me because I’m half Japanese?”

“Shit, Ken-chan, I don’t know. You don’t look different to me. Maybe your eyes are a little different but not that much. You’re a good looking guy. You’ll find a girl sooner or later.”

“Yeah, I hope so. I’m not fooling about this mixed race stuff, Kerry. It hurts about as much as being called a queer when somebody calls me a Jap. I don’t feel different. I’m just me.”

“Who says that?”

“You know. It’s usually the jocks or the rednecks. It’s not the ones I like. It’s not my friends.”

“Well, I hope not. You may be mixed race but we’re so much alike it’s funny. I hope we can be friends if we don’t kill each other.”

“Yeah, me too.”

We'd been playing with each other's dicks while we were talking and I guess that's when I decided to do it. I slid down in the sleeping bag and kept my hand on his dick until I felt it bump against my chin. I opened my mouth and held his dick and wrapped my lips around it.

I didn't try to make him come or anything like that. I just held his dick in my hand and sucked on the head real easy and ran my tongue around on it. I heard him take a couple of deep breaths and then he put his hands on my head. I just did to him what I liked to have done to me. He was real still at first and then he held me behind my head and started sliding his dick in and out a little. Then he pushed it in a little too much and bumped the back of my throat. I started to gag and pushed away from him and moved back up facing him.

"Damn, Ken-chan, don't do that," I whispered.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I guess it was just too good. Let me do you a while."

"Have you ever done it before?"

"No, but I said I would. Roll over on your back."

I did and he moved down in the sleeping bag and I felt his hands and then his mouth on my dick. I put my hands under my head and just lay back and let him do it. Maybe he hadn't done it before but he did OK. He just sucked on the head a little and then took his mouth off and jacked me a little and then did it some more. It was good but I'd had better. After a few minutes he came back out for air and he had sweat on his face.

"Shit, it gets hot down there," he whispered.

"Yeah, you're a pretty hot cocksucker," I said.

"Well, fuck you, Kerry, you were pretty good yourself. You're a cocksucker too."

He sounded a little pissed. I hadn't meant to make him mad. I knew guys didn't like to be called cocksuckers. I reached down and wrapped my hand around his dick again.

"Yeah, well, I guess we're both cocksuckers but I don't really give a shit," I said. "Do you?"

He lay there looking at me, no smile on his face, and I could tell he was really serious.

“I don’t know, Kerry. I like doing stuff with you but I don’t want guys at school calling you a cocksucker. I don’t want them calling me one either.”

“Well, we just won’t tell them. OK?”

“Yeah. I guess so,” he said. “Let’s both do it at the same time. You know, soixante-neuf.”

“Show off,” I said. “I guess you parlez-vous fucking Francais too, don’t you?”

“You know what it is, don’t you?”

“Shit, yeah, sixty-nine, you do me at the same time I’m doing you.”

“Well?”

“OK, but I don’t want you on top. I don’t want your dick shoved down my throat.”

We ended up side by side in opposite directions. I’d never done it but it was easy. He bent one leg and kept the other straight and I put my head on his thigh and his dick was right in front of my face. I did it too and he used my leg for a pillow.

I just did him like I wanted him to do me and I guess he did the same thing. It was like instant feedback because I’d do something and then he’d do the same thing but maybe better.

I liked the way he played with my balls while he was sucking my dick so I did the same thing and then tried to slide my finger back toward his asshole. Maybe he liked that except that he pushed harder and his finger pressed against mine. Damn, that was hot. Him sort of finger-fucking my asshole while he sucked my dick. He never stuck it in me but he didn’t have to, it felt so good.

I could feel myself getting ready to come and I didn’t want to stop but I didn’t know whether Kenjiro wanted me to come in his mouth and I knew I didn’t want him to come in mine. I pulled back and stopped and so did he.

“What’s the matter?” he whispered.

“I was about to come,” I said.

“Damn, me too. It was good, wasn’t it? I’m so damn hot.”

I was too. The room wasn’t that warm but I was sweating a little. I turned around and lay down beside him again. He reached over and wrapped his hand around my dick and just held it and moved his hand up and down a little.

“I’ll suck you some more and you tell me when you’re about to come and I’ll finish you off with my hand, OK?”

“Yeah, I’m ready,” he said.

I rolled over on top of him and acted like I was fucking him. That felt good, my dick sliding back and forth against his dick and balls. I knew I was close to coming and I guess he was too. I moved down and he opened his legs wider so I could get my knees between them. I leaned over and put my hand around the shaft of his dick and my mouth over the head. I decided to try it like Ariel had told me she’d learned to do it.

I pulled his foreskin back and down real tight and then sucked on the head and pulled my mouth up and off. Then I jacked it a couple of times and put my mouth back on and did it some more. He put his hands on my head again and I shook them off and he put them on my shoulders. I jacked him a little harder and sucked a little harder and listened for him to tell me.

He didn’t. I felt his dick jerk and something hot shot back in my throat and I pulled my mouth off. He shot again and it hit me on my cheek. I pulled back further, trying to hack up his come from the back of my tongue. It almost made me hurl and I coughed and hacked until I felt it move toward my mouth so I could spit it out.

When I could talk again, I was mad. “God damn it, Ken-chan, you didn’t tell me. You shit, you said you would.”

He was lying there in front of me, one arm across his face so I couldn’t see his eyes. His chest was heaving up and down and his stomach was sucking in and then relaxing. I still had his dick in my hand and there was some more of his come on my thumb and fingers. I wiped it off on his chest. He finally moved his arm and looked at me.

“What?” he said. He looked confused.

“You were supposed to tell me when you were coming.”

“Shit, I couldn’t stop it. I tried but it was just too damn good.”

I just stayed there on my knees, almost over him, looking at him. I was breathing hard too but it was because I was mad.

“I’m sorry, Kerry. I didn’t know it could be like that when somebody sucked me off. It was just too damn good to stop.”

He grinned at me and I couldn’t help it; I grinned back. I waited a little longer for my breathing to get back to normal.

“I’ll suck you off too,” he said. “I guess that’s fair.”

I thought about it and I wanted him to do it but I decided to just do it myself. I wrapped my hand around my dick and started jacking it real slow. Kenjiro watched me and then looked at my face. I did it for a minute or so more and then I felt myself coming. I leaned forward with my hand in the center of his chest and did it a couple of more strokes and then shot right at his face. He shut his eye just in time because I laid down a string across one side of his face.

He didn’t move for a minute and then he used one finger to wipe my come away so he could open his eye. He grinned at me again and I grinned back.

“Damn, you sure shoot a long way for a little kid,” he whispered.

I used my thumb and forefinger and milked out some more of my come. It just hung there on the end of my dick. I moved forward like I was offering it to him and I guess he thought I was. He bent his neck forward and opened his mouth so I straddled him and moved up so he could get to my dick again. He put his mouth around the head and sucked it and looked up at me. After a little bit, I flopped down beside him. I couldn’t think of anything to say and I don’t guess he could either.

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Some of my computer components were delivered to Andersen Security on Monday and the rest on Tuesday. Dad brought them home and we started assembling it on Tuesday. I wanted to do it in a hurry so I could start using it but Kenjiro made me go slow. He said I needed to learn what we were doing so I could do it myself when I wanted to. He made me read all the instructions and then tell him what we were supposed to do. We finished it up on Friday night and loaded software on Saturday. Dad gave me a pile of stuff and Kenjiro gave me some. I felt like my heart was going to jump out the first time I rebooted it with

everything loaded but it came up OK with no problems. Kenjiro said that's the way it is when you take your time and do it right.

I asked him to stay for dinner Saturday night and then spend the night but he said he had to get home. He said his Mom always fixed a real Japanese dinner at least once a month and he couldn't miss that. He asked me to go home with him and spend the night instead. He said he had lots more software and I could have a copy of most of it. He said we needed to think about how we were going to communicate, whether it was IM or VOIP. I knew what instant messaging was but he had to explain VOIP. I knew I had a lot more to learn.

I wanted to stay and start doing something with my own computer but I could see he wanted me to go home with him. From the way he talked, I could tell he really liked it when his Mom fixed a Japanese dinner and he wanted me to eat with him and his family. I asked Mom and she said OK but I had to be back early on Sunday morning because they had some plans for Sunday.

I'd have never gone if I had known what was going to happen. I guess I expected we'd fool around again when we went to bed but I didn't know we'd do what we did. We played around doing stuff for a long time and I got so hot doing it I wasn't thinking with my big head. I was just following the lead of my little head and it got me into trouble. I knew I'd done something I shouldn't have just after we did it and I woke up a couple of times during the night and thought about it. Then when I was riding my bike home early on Sunday morning I guess it really hit me that I'd been stupid.

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I leaned more about using my computer Sunday night and then Monday and Tuesday afternoon. Mom had to tell me to study my schoolwork and she doesn't usually do that. I was fooling with my computer but I was really thinking about what I'd done on Saturday night with Kenjiro.

On Wednesday night, I decided to go to bed before my usual nine o'clock bedtime. For three nights in a row, I hadn't been able to go to sleep like I usually do and I'd tossed and turned, thinking, for an hour or so. Mom says it's my responsibility to get up at six for school and she won't call me. On Monday morning, she'd dragged me out at six fifteen. On Tuesday, she'd sent Arial to make me get up. On Wednesday, Dad had the chore. I hadn't heard the alarm go off once. Dad said I had to make sure I could get up by myself or else he'd do it and I wouldn't like his solution.

I was in bed, quiet, lights off, before nine but it didn't do any good. My brain wouldn't shut off and leave me alone. It just kept going back to the same thing over and over and I didn't know what to do so I wouldn't keep thinking about it and regretting it.

I looked at the clock at nine twenty and again at nine thirty-five. I wanted to talk to somebody but I didn't want to tell them what was bothering me. I decided to see if Arial was still awake, reading like she usually does before she goes to sleep.

The light was shining under her door so I tapped a couple of times. She told me to come in and I opened the door quietly and slipped in. She was propped up on a couple of pillows, the old quilt on her bed pulled up to her waist, reading a book. She had on her light-pink flannel nightgown and she was beautiful like she always is.

"What do you want, Squirt?" she whispered.

"Is it OK if I get in bed with you so we can talk?"

She flipped back the quilt and sheet on one side for me and smiled at me.

"Sure."

I crawled in the bed and started to lie down next to her but I knew that wasn't what I wanted. I rolled over on my left side and snuggled up to her with my right leg over one of hers and my right arm around her waist. That still wasn't exactly what I wanted either so I moved down on the bed a little and then leaned over a little and put my head on her breasts. That was what I wanted.

"Do you need mothering, little boy?" Arial whispered.

I didn't answer. I just lay there, taking deep breaths, smelling her, her Arial scent that I'd known all my life, with a little shampoo and soap and maybe toothpaste thrown in. I turned a little so my face was between her breasts and I almost felt like crying. I pulled myself up tighter to her and tried to hide myself in her. She put her hand behind my head and her arm over my shoulders.

"What's wrong, Kerry?" she asked. "Talk to me."

I shook my head no and that was nice, bumping my nose against her breasts on each side. I took some more deep breaths, breathing in the girl smell of her.

“Is something bothering you?” she whispered.

I shook my head yes this time and that was nice too.

“I can’t talk about it,” I whispered, with my face against her nightgown. I almost wanted her to take it off but I knew that wasn’t what I wanted from her. I didn’t even really know what I did want.

“Is it about Leigh?” she asked.

I turned my face sideways against her breasts so I could talk better.

“Naah, everything’s OK there,” I said. “Kirk asked her to go with him, you know like boyfriend and girlfriend. She’s going to the mall movie with him and some other kids. If I just stay away from her, I think she’ll dump me some time soon.”

“Well, what is it then? Have you done something wrong?”

“I don’t know, Arial. Sometimes I don’t know what’s right and wrong. I guess it’s like Dad said – sex can make fools of us all.”

She was quiet for a minute or so.

“You’ve done something with somebody and that’s bothering you?”

“Yeah. I keep thinking about it.”

“Is it Kenjiro? Have the two of you been fooling around?”

“Yeah.”

“You’ve been jacking off with each other?”

“Yeah, we even jacked off on each other.”

“How did you do that?”

“We were wrestling and pillow-fighting and we ended up with him straddling me. We both did it at the same time. We both made a mess on my chest and stomach.”

“You and Brad did that to me, Kerry. I liked it. It was fun.”

I lifted my face up from her breasts and looked her in the eyes.

“Arial, tell me the truth, was it OK for me and Brad to fool around when I was playing with you and him? You know, when we started sucking each other’s dicks, do you think it’s OK for guys to do stuff like that?”

She looked at me for a minute or so. Her eyes were squinted a little and she had a wrinkle between her eyebrows.

“Kerry, you’re asking the wrong person. I’ve never been able to understand why people are the way they are about that. I like to do it to Brad. I like to get him all hot and see how good I can make it feel to him. It gets me all hot too. I’ve done the same thing to you and I liked it. Was that OK with you?”

I couldn’t help but smile thinking about when she’d done it for me.

“Yeah, it was more than OK. You’re the first one who ever did that. I couldn’t believe how good it was.”

“It didn’t hurt you, did it? You didn’t feel bad about that, did you?”

“Naah, I felt great. I guess I felt like I was just growing up and learning what sex was all about.”

“Then what’s worrying you? If you and Kenjiro do it and you like it, I don’t see why you worry about it.”

I decided maybe I could look her in the face while we talked about it. I propped up on my left elbow, put my right arm over her waist, and pulled up closer to her so my leg was over both of hers and my crotch was pressed against her hip.

“Shit, I like it, alright. I just don’t want anybody to find out about it. I don’t want the guys at school calling me a queer.”

“Is that what’s really bothering you? Not so much what you’ve done but what somebody else might think if they learned about it.”

“Yeah, what if Mom or Dad found out about it?”

“I don’t know, Kerry. They’ve always told us not to be ashamed of anything we did if it was just sex.”

“Did Brad ever say anything to you about me and him fooling around, you know, what he thought about it?”

“Yes, he mentioned it when we were at the cabin. He knows we’re just playing when we get silly with each other like that. He thought it was funny when he got me and you confused and he kissed you. The only thing he was worried about was what effect it might have on you.”

“What do you mean?”

“He was worried about whether stuff like that might make you grow up to be gay. Remember how mad he got when that jock called him a fag. He likes you; he doesn’t want people treating you like that. I told him he didn’t need to worry because you liked girls. I told him you’d had sex with a woman and he guessed Ms. Lauren when we spent the night over there.”

“You didn’t tell him about the night you spent with Luke and I spent with Rachael, did you?”

She put her right arm under the cover and slid her hand up and down on my thigh. I hadn’t come in her room to play around but I wasn’t about to stop her.

“No. Maybe I will someday. You liked learning about sex with them, didn’t you?”

“Sure, what’s not to like? I know I like girls. It’s just that it was fun to fool around with Kenjiro too. What does that make me?”

She laughed. “Normal, I guess.”

She moved her hand away from my thigh, pulled up the top of my thermals, and put her hand under the bottoms. I started to back up a little so she could get her hand in front but she slid it over my hip and curved her fingers around on my butt.

“Don’t laugh, Ariel. I didn’t tell you about everything we did.”

Her face got serious again. “Tell me.”

“You sure you want to know? It’s kind of dirty.”

“That’s OK. Come on, tell me.”

“We fucked each other.”

She looked at me and her face slowly went from being serious to a big smile.

“At the same time? Damn, I wish I could have seen that.”

“No, damn it, you know what I mean. I did him and then he did me.”

“And that’s what’s really bothering you, isn’t it?”

“Yeah. I just wish I hadn’t done it. You know, you get all hot and bothered and you don’t think about what you’re doing except that it’s fun and it feels good. I can’t sleep ‘cause I keep thinking about it and wishing I hadn’t done it.”

“Did it feel good?”

“Yeah, have you and Brad done it?”

“Not like that.”

“You’re not going to tell anybody, are you?”

“Of course not. If it keeps bothering you, I think you ought to talk to Dad. I’ll bet he could help you with guy stuff like that.”

I moved my arm away from her waist and up until my hand cupped under her left breast. I loved the way she felt, all soft and warm to my hand under her flannel nightgown. Then I realized I was about to get sidetracked and I hadn’t come in her room to play with her. I moved my hand back down to her waist.

“Arial, I didn’t come in her to fool around. I didn’t mean to bother you. I just wanted to talk to you. Sometimes you help me make sense of stuff.”

She put her other hand under the cover and on top of mine and pulled it back up to her breast. She started moving the other one around on my butt and letting her fingertips brush up against my balls from behind.

“Kerry, can I tell you a secret?” she asked.

“Yeah, sure.”

“Girls like to fool around too. You’re one sexy man, Joe.”

“South Pacific.”

“Yeah, you’re Joe Cage.”

“And you’re, what’s her name, that oriental girl?”

“Liat.”

“Am I really sexy?”

“Kerry, you came in here in that gray thermal underwear, hair all messed up, some nice little bulges in front - you’re sexy. You’re very sexy. You’re beautiful and you’re sexy.”

“I don’t know. Sometimes I just feel like a tall skinny kid who doesn’t have any muscles.”

“Kerry, you’re never going to be a football player but you’ll fill out after you grow up. Dad’s always been nice to look at but he’s got beautiful muscles now that he works out. You’ll grow up to look like him.”

“I hope so. Do girls really like to fool around, you know, just like guys do? You don’t do it just to please us?”

“I don’t know about other girls. I like it. Is your dick getting hard?”

“Yeah.”

“Can I feel it?”

I moved back away from her hip a little so she could slide her hand around under my thermals to the front. She cupped her fingers around my balls and her thumb around my dick. I didn’t say anything; I just lay there and waited for my dick to get hard the rest of the way. It didn’t take long.

“Can I feel you?” I asked. She pulled her hand out of my thermals.

“Uh, huh, lift your leg?”

I did and she pulled her nightgown up, lifted her butt off the bed, and pulled some more until it was around her waist. When I put my leg back down over her, I could feel the silky texture of her panties. She caught my hand in hers and pushed mine up under her nightgown. I slid it up until it was cupped under her breast, just soft warm skin with a hard little nipple under my thumb this time. She stuck her hand back in my thermals and wrapped it around my dick and balls again.

“I really didn’t come in her to fool around, Arial.”

“That’s OK. I want to. Would you let me do what I want to?”

“I guess so. What?”

“Let’s get naked. Then you straddle me. I want to jack you off so you come on me, like Kenjiro did on you.”

“Shit, Arial. Do you really want to do that?”

“Yeah.”

“If you jack me off, can I do you afterwards?”

“Yeah, I’d like that.”

“OK.”

I rolled away from her, pulled down my underwear bottoms and kicked them off my legs and at the same time she pulled off her panties. When I sat up to pull my top off, she pulled off her nightgown, and we ended up naked, grinning at each other. She flopped back down on her back and held the cover up and away from her.

“Come on,” she said. “Get on top of me.”

I rolled over and straddled her and then held myself up over her on my knees with my arms straight. She reached down with both hands and held my dick with one and cupped my balls with the other. I looked her in the eyes.

“Arial, do you think we’re ever really going to do it?” I whispered.

“Do what?”

“You know, make love with each other. My dick in your pussy.”

She was quiet for a while, just looking at my face. Her hands were soft and warm on me.

“I don’t know, Kerry. In my dreams, you’ve already done it. Would you really like to do it?”

“Yeah, I would. I know Mom and Dad have always said we could play around with each other as long as we didn’t do that. I’d still like to do it with you.”

“Maybe someday, Kerry,” she whispered. “For now, Brad knows he’s the only one who’s doing it with me. If I did it with you, I think it would

cause me problems. Maybe not like your problem with Kenjiro but I couldn't lie to him about doing it with you."

"Can I just lie down on top of you for a minute?" I whispered.

"Yeah, I'd like that."

I eased down on top of her and felt my balls settle between her legs, my dick press against her stomach, my chest against her breasts, and my face just inches from hers. She put her hands on my buns and pulled me against her a little. I felt like my heart was going to beat out of my chest. I wondered if she could feel it. I held still on top of her just looking in her eyes, wondering if she'd really let me do it someday.

"Would you like to kiss me, Kerry?" she whispered.

"Yeah."

I turned my face at an angle to hers and brought my lips down against hers. At first it was just lips against lips and then I felt hers open and her tongue touched my lips. I opened my lips and we played tongue tag for a minute or so. My heart was pounding even harder. I pushed my dick against her stomach and slid it back and forth a little.

She turned her head away from me, eyes closed, breathing almost as loud as I was, and just held still and let me dry-fuck her for a minute or so. Her hands on my butt pulled against me as I pushed against her.

"Kerry, I think we'd better stop," she whispered. "If we don't, somebody's going to get fucked and I think it might be me."

I stopped and held still.

"Yeah, you're right," I said.

I pushed up over her and started to move off her. My knee bumped her legs and I felt her open her legs a little. I put my knee down between her legs and she looked up at me, staring in my eyes. I looked back into hers and moved my other knee over and put it between her legs. She moved her legs a little further apart and brought both hands back between us, holding my dick and balls again. I started lowering my self back down on her.

"Don't, Kerry." She whispered, so low I could hardly hear her. "We've got to stop."

I stopped. I closed my eyes and tried to start thinking again. I wanted to do it. I wanted to feel me inside her, me part of her, me joined with her. But I knew she was right. I swallowed hard, took a couple of deep breaths, and pushed back away from her. I moved my knees back on each side of her so I was straddling her and she brought her legs back together. She reached down and caught my dick with one hand and cupped my balls with the other. Maybe I couldn't fuck her in that position but it was nice to have her hands on me.

"Yeah, I know," I said. "I love you and I want to do it with you but we can't."

"Kerry," she whispered. "I love you but I love Brad too. I don't want to screw up what I've got with him."

She started sliding her hand back and forth on my dick, sort of pulling on it, while she cupped my balls with the other. I shut my eyes and let her milk me. She kept at it, just slow strokes and squeezes, just like she was milking the come out of me. I opened my eyes and looked down at her. She was smiling up at me. I shut my eyes again and let her do it.

"You're not jacking me," I whispered. "You're milking me."

"Do you like it?"

"Yeah, it's good."

"You're about to come, aren't you? I can feel your balls drawing up."

"Yeah. Just a little more."

I kept my eyes shut, straddling her while the world went away and all I knew was my dick and balls and her hands. When I started coming, I held my breath while I squirted down on her again and again.

"Wow," somebody whispered.

I opened my eyes and looked down again. She had little white strings and puddles all the way from between her breasts down almost into her pubic hair. I looked at her face and saw her smiling up at me. I smiled back at her.

"Did you like that?" I whispered.

"Yeah, it's hot. Is that the way it was when Kenjiro came on you?"

"Yeah, it was hot."

“I like to see you squirting like that. When you do it, your face looks like you can hardly stand it.”

“Girls like to see guys come like that?”

“Yeah, I do. Would you sneak back in the bathroom and get me a washcloth?”

I rolled off her and off the bed. I tiptoed into the bathroom and groped for the washcloth I'd used when I'd showered. It was still there. I rinsed it under the faucet and wrung it out and then went back in her room, as quietly as I could. She was still lying on her back and my come between her breasts and on her stomach was glistening from the light on her nightstand. I sat down, leaned over her, and started to wipe up my mess.

“Damn, Kerry, that's cold.”

I hadn't thought to warm it. When I jacked off on myself, I usually just wiped off with a damp cloth or towel and it didn't bother me if it was cold.

“Sorry.”

“That's alright. Do you see your underwear? You need to get in bed.”

“I can't. I'm not through yet. I want to do you.”

“You don't need to do me, Squirt. I'm OK. You go to bed.”

“Oh, come on, Arial. You agreed. You said I could do you after you jacked me off. It's your turn now.”

“Oh, OK, but can you pull the cover back over us. I'm a little cold.”

I did and then moved back close to her, on my left side again. I slid my hand down her stomach until I felt her little patch of silky hair. She lifted her legs and spread them and I slid my hand down and around until it was cupped over her pussy. The skin on her stomach felt a little cold but between her legs everything was hot. I looked at her and saw she had her eyes closed and a little smile on her face.

**“Hold my hand and show me how you like to do yourself,” I whispered.
“Tell me what to do.”**

She put her hand over mine and pressed it against her. My middle finger was centered over her slit and I felt the little lips there separate and then felt the damp heat of her. She felt for the first two fingers on my hand and wrapped her fingers around them.

“Just use two fingers, on each side of my nubbin,” she whispered. “Just rub around in a circle sort of easy like.”

That was a new one to me. I’d never heard a girl’s clit called a nubbin. I didn’t know what it meant but it seemed like a good name for it.

“Has Brad been rubbin’ your nubbin?” I asked, as I started doing it.

She smiled and didn’t say anything. I kept doing it, just moving my two fingers around and around in a little circle, feeling the soft little lips there rolling to my touch. I couldn’t feel her nubbin but I knew it was hard to find sometimes until it swelled a little. She pushed my hand down and around her pussy and I felt the hot wetness of her again.

“Put your fingers in me and get them slippery, then rub some more.”

I did what she said and she kept her hand on mine while it went round and round. Then she added something new – she pushed my hand downward again until my fingers slid into her and then pulled them back up slowly between the lips of her pussy and I felt the little bump of her nubbin. It all seemed so simple, go round and round and sometimes down and up.

I moved up closer to her until my dick was pressed against her hip. It was hard again and I tried to brand her with it.

“I’m going to shove my big dick in your cunt,” I whispered in her ear.

“OK, do it,” she said.

“I’m going to fuck you from behind and get your asshole cherry.”

“OK, but don’t hurt me.”

“I’m going to fuck you ‘til your little cunt’s raw.”

“Do it.”

“I’m going to squirt a gallon of come in your little pussy.”

“Yeah, I’d like that.”

“Can I suck your tits?”

“Yeah.”

She pushed the cover down a little and waited while I looked. Her little breasts were soft mounds but the nipples were standing up and red like hard little dicks. I leaned over and took the closest one in my mouth.

It seemed like trying to rub my stomach and pat my head at the same time but I did it. I kept my fingers going round and round and then in and up while I sucked on the hard little nipple. I could hear her breathing louder and I knew she was getting close. After a minute or so, I felt her tighten the muscles in her hips and stomach, just like I do when I’m coming. When it hit, she grabbed my hand and pushed it down and around between her legs again. I guessed what she wanted so I pushed two fingers into her cunt as deep as I could. I held my hand still while I felt her contractions squeezing again and again on my fingers.

When her pussy stopped squeezing, she pulled on my arm and I slid up and over her until I was halfway on top of her again. I kissed her softly on her cheek and her lips and then I put my head beside hers, my face buried in her hair. We stayed like that for a minute or two until her breathing slowed back to normal and she relaxed again.

“I really didn’t come in her to fool around with you, Ariel,” I whispered in her ear.

“I don’t care, Kerry,” she said. “I wanted to fool around with you.”

“Would you really like to have my dick in your pussy?”

“Yes, but not tonight. You need to go to bed.”

“Will you wake me when you get up?”

“OK.”

I found my underwear bottoms under the cover at the foot of her bed and my tops on the floor beside her bed. I put them back on while she watched. Then she put her nightgown back on while I watched. We were both grinning at each other. I guess we both knew we’d been a little naughty and maybe almost done something else.

“Ariel, I wish we’d been born twins,” I said. “It would’ve been nice to be all naked and wet and warm in Mom’s womb with you.”

She grinned even wider. “I know, Kerry. I love you too.”

“I envy Brad,” I said. “I think he really loves you too. I hope he’ll always make you happy. If he hurts you, I get his left testicle.”

“Kavan still gets his right one?” she asked.

“Yeah,” I said.

I turned and started out the door.

“Are you going to talk to Dad,” she whispered.

“I guess so,” I said. “I’ll think about it. If I can’t handle it, I’ll talk to him.”

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I slept OK on Wednesday night and Ariel didn’t have to call me the next morning. I’d programmed some new wake-up tunes on my alarm clock and, when it started playing The Beatles’ I Want To Hold Your Hand, I got up feeling better than the last couple of mornings. But then Thursday night the same old crap started running wild in my thoughts and I had another bad night. I was almost afraid to go to bed on Friday night but I turned in before ten even though I didn’t have a bedtime when we didn’t have school the next day.

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Can’t go to sleep! What the fuck? Lay here and squirm. What time is it? Damn, almost eleven o’clock.

SHIT! How could I be so stupid? Really screwed up. Fun while we were doing it, now I feel like crap. Guess that’s what Dad meant letting my dick do my thinking for me. Just like a little kid, can’t handle it, damn it!

Oh, fuck. Why worry about it? It’s done. Just hope he doesn’t tell anybody about it. Kenjiro’s a good guy. He wouldn’t, would he? Shit, I don’t know.

Damn, we agreed. I said I’d do anything he would. He even let me do him first. Couldn’t chicken out when it was his turn to do me.

Pretty damn good when I had my dick up his ass. Good as when I did it with Rachael. Fucking in the ass, you can’t tell whether it’s a girl or a guy, anyway. Little lube and it slides right in. Bet it’s tighter than a

virgin's pussy. Wouldn't know. Never had my dick in one of those. Every cunt it's been in already broken in some.

Him bent over like that, ass sticking up, not much difference anyway. Stick my dick in an inch lower, could've been in a cunt. Little higher, asshole. 'Cept he didn't have a cunt. Just his balls hanging down there.

He was tight though. Guess he wasn't lying when he said nobody had ever done it to him before. Damn, it did feel good. Holding him by his hips, sliding it in and out slow like that, good fucking.

Guess I'd have come in his ass if he hadn't stopped me. Said I wouldn't do that if he let me. He said it too. Damn hard to stop. Said it was his turn, didn't want to stop, he said come on, Kerry, stop.

I didn't want to let him do me. Yeah, I did. Curious, I guess. Wanted to know what it was like. Well, I found out. Little KY on his finger, slid it right up my asshole. That wasn't bad. Kinda felt good. Sliding his finger in and out. Didn't hurt. Didn't think his dick was going in. His was hard, bone hard, like mine gets. He said relax, he wouldn't do it if it hurt, hard to relax. Then when he pushed, it popped in, didn't hurt.

Funny, laying there on my back on the futon, him holding my legs up in the air. My dick sticking up over my stomach, so hard felt like it was going to bust. Did what he told me, held my balls up so he could see where to stick his dick. Funny, his dick's the same size as mine. Figured mine didn't hurt him, his wouldn't hurt me. It didn't.

Guess I didn't think it would feel so god damn good. Him sliding it in and out slow like that. After a while, it felt like he had it all the way in me and I was filled up. Made me feel like I had to come, wanted to so bad.

Started jacking my dick, couldn't stop. Just shut my eyes and did it harder and faster. Then when I felt it coming, never felt anything like that, come lots of times, best one ever, like my dick's squirting my balls out. Squirted all the way up to my neck.

What was it he said? Damn, Kerry, you really do squirt a load for a little kid. Couldn't help but giggle. Then open my eyes. He's right. White puddles right down my chest and stomach. Big load all right.

Then he starts fucking me again. Breathing so loud I could hear him. Still felt good. For a while, afraid he'd come in me. When he jerked it out and started using his hand, glad he did. He was close. Didn't take

him but a few strokes and he squirted another load out on my chest and stomach. Shit, he shot off as much as I did.

Him kneeling there between my legs, smiling down at me. Guess I was smiling back at him. Yeah, it felt good. Damn good. Liked it. Then just as soon as I shot off, felt bad about doing it. Didn't want to let him know. So I smiled back anyway. Funny, seeing his come mixed up with mine on my stomach, that was hot. Then seconds later, feeling like I wished I hadn't done it. Wonder how he felt.

Shit, don't know how I'm supposed to feel. Yeah, it was fun. Felt good when I was fucking him. Felt good when he was fucking me. Just wish I hadn't done it. Feel like shit now. Can't go to sleep. Why did I have to be such a goddamn fucking idiot?

Oh, fuck, if I start crying again I'm going to go in the toilet and flush myself down.

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Forty-Nine

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.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Kerry Stuart, 12 ½; Kenjiro Daniels, 15

TELLING THE STORY

Kerry Stuart

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(KERRY)

I heard something somewhere in the house so I sat up and looked at the clock radio on my desk. The luminous dial made a good night-light

and it showed the time clearly if I could just manage to open my eyes. Damn, I felt like crap after not sleeping well for a whole week.

It had to be Dad. It was five forty-five and just barely light outside. I knew he was going for a Saturday-morning run. I knew his routine. If he was going running, he'd come down the hall and use the bathroom next to my bedroom. I'd hear him pissing if I was awake. I usually wasn't so it never bothered me. Then he'd go in the family room where he'd left his running outfit.

It was him. I didn't even hear the door to the bathroom open but I heard him peeing. We always kept a night-light in the bathroom so I could see where to piss if I got up during the night. I couldn't stand to turn the lights on because it hurt my eyes if it went from dark to light all of a sudden.

I slid out of bed and opened the bathroom door. Dad was standing there in the semi-dark, with his pajamas half way down his legs and his butt turned toward me. He heard me and turned his head.

“Good morning, Kerry,” he said, “Did I wake you up?”

“Naahh, Dad, I couldn't sleep. Had a lousy night again.”

“What's the matter? Are you sick?”

“No, I'm OK. Just couldn't sleep. I need to pee.”

He milked his dick down a couple of times, shook it, pushed his foreskin back over the head, just like I do, and then pulled his pajama bottoms back up. He moved out of the way and leaned back against the sink.

I pulled my thermals down and tucked them under my balls with my left hand, held my dick with my right, slid my foreskin back, and grunted until I started pissing. Dad was still leaning against the sink, watching me. I didn't know what I wanted, except I wanted to talk to him. I squeezed the last drops out, shook my dick good, pushed my foreskin down until I had a little elephant trunk again, and tucked it back in my underwear. I looked at Dad and he was standing there grinning so I grinned back at him. I flushed and stood there a minute just thinking. Dad was waiting. I wanted to say something but I didn't know what to say.

“Anything you want to talk to me about, Son?” he asked.

“Maybe. You going for a run?”

“Yeah. Do you want to go?”

“Yeah. Which way are you going?”

“Up the street to the crest, then all the way to Old Church Road intersection. Three miles there and back.”

“Yeah, that’s a good run. I like it. Could we just walk until we get up on top of the hill? I don’t like to have to run uphill when I get started.”

“I don’t either, Son. I usually walk and stretch going up the hill and then start running when it levels out.”

“Is it cold out?”

“Not bad. I checked. The temperature on the deck is almost fifty. You should be OK in your light running suit. Come on in the family room when you’re ready. We’ll go out the deck door so we don’t wake anybody up.”

We stretched and warmed up as we went up the hill to the spot we called the crest. It was pretty much the top of the hill for a while and nobody could build on it because there were no good lots, just piles of boulders. Somebody had put a picnic table there and people liked to go there because there was a beautiful view of the city on one side and the river and country on the other.

We started running easy at the crest. Dad settled down into the kind of pace I like, the kind where I can put everything on automatic and my body just does it without me having to think about it. He tried to explain it to me once as a Zen experience but I didn’t understand much about what he was saying. Anyway, we didn’t talk all the way to Old Church Road and then we just turned around and came back the same way. It felt good now that I could keep up with him.

When we got back to the crest, Dad stopped and walked off the road to the side where the boulders were biggest. We just stood there for a while until our breathing got back down to normal. The sky was almost all blue now and the sun was just peeking over the ridge to the east of us.

“What did you want to talk about, Son?” Dad asked.

I looked at him. He was smiling at me like he does most of the time. I didn’t want to say anything that would knock that smile off. I tried but

it just wouldn't come out. Finally I decided I had to say it. I'd always talked to him about everything. Maybe he wouldn't hate me.

"Dad, what would you do if I told you I was gay, if I said I was a queer?" I asked.

He kept looking at me and the smile disappeared but he didn't look mad, maybe just puzzled. My heart was trying to beat out of my chest and I guess I was about to start crying again like last night. Just like a damned kid, can't handle it.

Then the smile came back and he opened his arms wide, like he does when he wants to hug me. I let out my breath. He took a couple of steps over to me and wrapped his arms around me and pulled me up against him. He put one hand behind my head and pulled it up against his shoulder. When he does that, I usually turn my face so it's below his, sort of looking into his chest. This time I couldn't do that; I turned so I was looking away from him. He held me for a while and then kissed me on the back of my head.

"I love you, Son," he said. "I've loved you since you were born, maybe even before. I'll love you 'til the day I die. Nothing can change that, nothing can ever change that."

I wrapped my arms around him and squeezed. I guess that was what I wanted to hear. He kept rubbing my neck and the back of my head and kissing me in my hair. He held on to me and I held on to him for a while until I heard a car coming up the hill. Guess they really would think I was a queer if they saw two men hugging each other. I pushed away from him but I didn't really want to.

"Come on," Dad said, "let's walk the rest of the way home."

"OK. Dad, I don't ..."

"It's OK, Kerry," he said, cutting me off. "We don't need to talk about it right now. Just know you're OK with me. Quit worrying. We'll talk later today. We'll figure out how to straighten things out for you."

I let my breath out again. That was what I needed, somebody to help me figure it out. I took another deep breath and let it out. I wanted to say something but I couldn't make the words come out.

Dad put his hand on my shoulder and I looked at his face. He was smiling again. He winked at me. I couldn't help it. I smiled back at him. He pulled me against him again, gave me a quick kiss on the cheek, then pushed me away, and started down the hill toward home.

“Don’t ever think I’ll stop loving you, Son. You just quit worrying now and we’ll go somewhere this afternoon so we can talk, just us men.”

Mom was up and in the kitchen when we got home. She had on the old robe she always wore when it was just family. I could tell she’d brushed her hair a little but it was still wild. She was still so damned beautiful.

I went back to bed after breakfast and slept for a couple of more hours. After lunch, Dad told me to put on some old jeans and a sweatshirt. He said for me to wear sneakers but to bring my oldest boots or shoes. He wanted to go to the Free loft Center and check on some of the construction going on for Andersen Security and we might walk where it was muddy.

Dad took us in his new Mercedes. It was really something. The first time I saw it, I couldn’t believe they made cars like that. He said it was an E75 AMG and it was the quickest production sedan in Mercedes history. I said I bet it cost a mint and he just smiled and didn’t say anything. I loved sitting up front with him, looking at all that black leather and brushed metal and trying to figure out what all the controls did. He’d already showed me some of the things that had been done to it and some of the special equipment that had been installed. I watched everything he did when driving, just like I always do when I get to sit up front. It didn’t look all that hard. I guess he knew I was watching him.

The road leading into the Free loft Center had been paved now and there was a barred gate just off the highway. I’d been there a few times and I knew you had either to push a call button or to put in a card or punch in a code. But Dad didn’t do anything. He just stopped for a second, said his name, and the gate lifted. Dad drove in like we were going to Lauren’s house and then turned off on a new road and went down into the flat area near the river. I hadn’t seen what they’d done in that area before. It looked like they’d made a big racetrack or something except that the road was twisted up worse than a pretzel. Dad stopped the car in a parking space.

“Get out,” he said, and he got out too. When he came around on my side, I didn’t know what he wanted.

“What are we going to do?” I asked.

“Get behind the wheel, Son,” he said.

I looked at him like he was nuts. He was smiling at me.

“Get behind the wheel. I want you to drive it.”

“Shit, Dad, I can’t drive your car. You don’t like anybody else driving your car.”

“Kerry, I just said - I want you to drive it. Now get behind the wheel.”

I did what he told me but I was scared to death. I’d never driven a car before. I always watched other people drive when I could so I could understand what they were doing. I guess I knew how it was done but I’d never done it by myself.

Dad made me adjust the seat first. My arms and legs are already so long it didn’t take much. I put on the seatbelt without being told. I looked at him again and all he did was nod.

I took a deep breath and swallowed. Since the car was already warm, I knew it would start easily. I put my right foot on the brake and started the car. I heard it start but then I didn’t hear anything. I was about to reach down and start it again.

“Don’t. It’s running. You just can’t hear it. Fooled me for a while.”

It really wasn’t hard to drive it. Dad told me where to go on the track and I did it OK. I didn’t hit any of the yellow cones and I stayed within the lines. It was fun but I was glad when he told me to go back to the parking lot and stop.

“What is that place?” I asked.

“It’s a training area. It’s where we teach our guys good driving skills, how to control the car under bad conditions, and how to defend themselves against bad guys.”

“You mean somebody shoots at them?”

Dad grinned at me. “Well, not yet. We’ve got a bunch of training courses planned. We haven’t got to that one yet.”

“Damn, I’m glad nobody shot at me.”

“Do you want to drive it to my office?”

I knew what he was doing. Maybe I was a kid but I wasn’t a dumb one.

“You’re saying you trust me, aren’t you?” I asked.

“Yes, that’s exactly right, Son. I trust you. I love you and I trust you.”

I drove real slow going to his office. It was maybe a quarter of a mile from the driving range. Dad showed me where his reserved parking place was, under a covered area. I bumped the curb with the front wheels when I parked but not hard. Dad didn't say anything.

I hadn't seen the office complex since it was finished. We'd had the employee picnic in one of the buildings but Dad had been too busy with everybody to show us where he worked.

At the entrance, Dad put his right hand on what looked like a block of marble with a hand carved on top. I saw some lights come on all around his fingers. Then when he went to the door he stopped for a second where there was a black stripe on the sidewalk and the door slid open.

"Do you know what I just did, Son?" Dad asked.

"Yeah, I think so. You've got some of that new stuff that knows your handprint and it recognized you. Then when you stopped and lifted your head and opened your eyes wider for a second, I think you were getting scanned again. I couldn't see anything happening that time. Am I right? Where's the eye scanner?"

He grinned at me. "You're right. Someday I'll let you look for the eye scanner. I don't think you're going to find it. But it's there. Neat, huh?"

"Yeah, neat! Would it have let you in if you'd just said your name?"

"Yeah, it would. We've got voice recognition abilities as one of our security measures. That's going to be one of our big sellers when it comes to personal and home security. We've got it working here and so far we haven't had any problems with it. A lot of our security measures here are redundant but we're making sure we know how to use them. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Sure, Dad," I said. "You've just got more safeguards than you really need. You're making sure they all work OK. I love all this neat stuff. Will you let me learn about it?"

"Sure, Son, whenever you're ready."

From the outside, the building looked like a square building with little slits not even a foot wide for windows. When we went inside, I saw the building was really hollow in the middle and all the walls around the uncovered center were glass. Out in the center, I saw three old hardwood trees that looked like they had grown there. There was one

area under the trees with a concrete base and a nice patio table and chairs. All around the outside walls, it looked like there were different offices and rooms. There was one desk right in the center of the entryway.

“It’s an atrium,” Dad said. “It lets natural light in and it’s supposed to make everybody feel better. I don’t know whether it really works or not but everybody seems to like it.”

“Where’s your office?” I asked.

“It’s right over there.” He pointed to a door to the right. “But I’ve got something I want to do first. Come on.”

He led me into a small office and I saw there was a desk on one side with a computer monitor and a keyboard on it. Near the desk, there was a place where I guessed people got scanned or something. It had another hand scanner and a place marked on the floor to stand and a bunch of stuff on the wall directly in front. I walked over to it and Dad let me look at it for a minute or so.

“Put your toes on the black line and your hand on the scanner and stand still,” he said. I did and he did something on the keyboard and the monitor came to life. I watched him to see what he was doing.

“Now look straight ahead, Son, at the green light and do what you’re told.” I looked back in front of me and there was a green light there now.

“My name is Hal. Would you say your name please?” A disembodied voice spoke from somewhere and I jumped. “Kerry,” I said.

“Say your full name, please, Kerry, slowly and distinctly,” the voice said.

“Kerry Lee Stuart,” I said.

“Thank you, Kerry. That didn’t hurt, did it?”

“No, Hal, it didn’t,” I said and then realized I was talking to a machine.

“Good,” the voice said, “now Kerry, when the green light blinks, look directly at it and try not to smile.”

I tried but I couldn’t help myself. I smiled.

“That won’t do, Kerry. Take two deep breaths and don’t smile.”

I did what the machine told me. The green light brightened and then went out.

“That’s very good, Kerry,” the machine said. “I’ve got all the information I need for now. Please come to talk to me again sometime. I like you.”

I turned and looked at Dad. He had a big grin all over his face.

“Stuart helped set it up. It’s got his sense of humor.”

“I like you too, Hal,” I said.

I followed Dad out of the room. I couldn’t help but think about what we’d done. Talking to Hal. Giving him information about me. I knew I had to learn how all of that was done.

“I gave you level-one clearance, Kerry. It’ll let you in some of the buildings here and you can use the phones and the bathrooms. Just don’t get too fast and try to walk through a door that doesn’t open for you.”

“What level do you have, Dad?” I asked. “Will you really let me learn how all this stuff works?”

“Level five. I’m one of four at that level. And I’ll explain all this stuff to you someday when we have some time.”

“Thanks, I’d like that. Can I really talk to Hal? Is that artificial intelligence?”

“Yeah, but he’s not as smart as Hal in the movie. He learns from you but he’s not that heuristic. We tried to make him sound smarter than he really is. It’s not anything like that movie.”

“What sort of information did he get about me?”

“Lots. He’ll recognize your voice in the future, even if it changes. He recorded certain points on your face and head and he’ll recognize you from now on. He did a retina scan and a fingerprint scan. He even recorded how long your dick is.”

I looked at Dad. I guess he knew I didn’t believe him on that last one. But I did believe him on all the others. Boy, it was really neat!

“Yeah, sure he did. Let me get a hard-on and he can record it again.”

Dad led me into an office and I knew right away it was his. There was a picture of Mom on one shelf and another of me and Kavan and Arial right beside it. I stood and looked all around. Dad had an L-shaped desk with a computer monitor and keyboard and mouse at the crook of the L. The desk was more like a table, with nothing underneath. I stooped and looked but I couldn't see any wires underneath - nothing that looked like computer stuff. I liked that.

"Go ahead. Sit behind the desk," Dad said and I did. He had a nice leather swivel chair with a high back. I liked that too.

"Hal, are you listening?" Dad asked.

"Yes, Kieran, I'm listening."

"Good. Hal, would you please make my office secure?"

The door to the office silently closed and then I heard a little click. At the same time, the light changed a little and I looked at the narrow window. It had been an ordinary window and I could see outside; now it looked like frosted glass and I couldn't see through it.

"Kieran, your office is secure."

"Thank you, Hal."

"Do you really have to say please and thank you to it, Dad?" I asked.

"Of course, Kerry. It always pays to be polite. And he's not an 'it'. He's a man."

He was smiling at me and I could tell he was kidding. At least, I guess he was. I'd seen so much I didn't understand that I wasn't sure. He sat down in one of the chairs in front of the desk.

"So he closed the door for you and clouded up your window. How does that make your office secure?"

"Good question, Son," he said. "What you saw is maybe one or two percent of what was done. The most important part you don't see. Anyway, the office is secure, Kerry. That means no one can ever know what we talk about in here. There'll be no record of it."

I thought about what he'd said for a minute. Something kept nagging me and I finally thought of what it was.

“Suppose you want Hal to make a record of what goes on in your office. Can he do that? How do you get him to do it?”

“If I want him to he can record everything he sees and everything he hears. I can tell him to do it a number of ways. The simplest way is for me to say one key word.”

“But you didn’t say it?”

“No.”

“I guess you want me to tell you about what’s bothering me,” I said.

“No, I want to tell you about some things I’ve done.”

“What?”

I really didn’t know what he could be talking about.

“About me having sex with guys. I want to tell you about it.”

I looked at him and tried to think of something to say. I couldn’t.

“I’m going to tell you about something I did with Paul Andersen. Maybe with some other guys too. I want your word you’ll never tell anyone else what I tell you.”

“You’ve got it.” I thought for a minute. “Does Mom know?”

He smiled. “Yes, she knows. I told her years ago.”

“And she doesn’t care?”

“Kerry, she’s the one who got me to do stuff with one guy.”

I couldn’t believe him. “Shit! You’re not gay, Dad.”

“I don’t think I am either, Son. I’ve never felt that way. Now I’m going to tell you about Paul and then you’re going to tell me about Kenjiro. OK?”

I suppose he was guessing but he probably knew he was right when I didn’t do anything but nod my head.

He told me about what he’d done with Paul and Lauren Andersen at the cabin when he was fifteen. He gave me a good description of everything: how he fucked Lauren once and then Paul fucked her and

then he fucked her again while he sucked Paul's dick at the same time. When he told me Paul came in his mouth and he swallowed it, I guess he saw on my face I found that hard to believe. He stopped and waited for a minute.

"It's true, Kerry," he said. "Every word of it's true."

We just sat there for a few minutes and looked at each other.

"And Mom knows about it and she loves you anyway?"

"She didn't know it when we married. I told her a few years later. I think it was when you were a baby, maybe one or two years old."

"And she still loves you?"

"Yes. She didn't quit loving me when she found out about it."

I knew what he was saying. "You're saying you're not going to quit loving me if I tell you about what I've been doing with Kenjiro, aren't you."

"Yes."

So I told him. I told him everything. After I got started, it wasn't so bad. I didn't mind telling him about Kenjiro coming in my mouth. When I got to the part about him fucking me in the ass, I slowed down a little. But I took a couple of deep breaths and told him about that too.

"So now you're worried about what you've done, aren't you? You think that it's wrong and that other guys don't do stuff like that and maybe you're going to be a queer if you like it too much. Is that it?"

I guess he understood what was bothering me. I didn't know what to think about what I'd done. It just seemed like I didn't know what to do. I took a deep breath and let it out.

"Yeah, Dad. I've fucked up and I don't know what to do. It was after Kenjiro fucked me in the ass. I kind of liked it but right afterwards I started wishing I'd never done it with him. It seems that's all I can think about. I just wish I could back up and erase all of it so I wouldn't have to live with it."

"Would you like to hear what I did with David?" he asked.

"Huh? David who?"

He told me. He told me about what he'd done with his friend, David, when he was in college: how David fucked him in the ass from behind and then how he sat on David's cock at the same time that David sucked his dick until he came in his mouth and how David got mad and hit him and made his nose bleed and how they rolled on the floor laughing at it. It was almost too much. I tried to picture what they were doing but I just couldn't fit it all together.

Then I began to wonder. Maybe he was just making it up. Maybe he was just telling something he'd done that was worse than what I'd done so I'd quit feeling so bad about it.

"Are you making this up?" I asked.

He looked at me for a minute with a smile on his face.

"No, Son, I'm telling you the truth. Every bit of it's true. Why? Don't you think men can do things like that and enjoy it?"

I didn't know what to think. I had been wanting to talk to somebody about what I'd done because I thought it was so bad and here he was telling me he had done stuff just as bad, if not worse.

"Did you ever do it again?" I asked.

"What?"

"You know. Let somebody screw you in the ass?"

"No, I never have." He smiled at me again.

"Why not? Didn't you like it?"

"I guess so. I suppose I was curious. I liked David. I don't think he was any more gay than I was. I went to his wedding a year or so later. Last I heard, he's still married and got kids. He's just an ordinary old married man now."

"Did you have a girl friend when you were in college?"

"Not when I fooled around with David. That was during my freshman year. I met Susan during my sophomore year. We had a pretty hot love affair for part of the year."

"Does Mom know about her too?"

“Yes, Son, she does. I’m not afraid to tell her about anything I’ve done. I know she won’t quit loving me if I do.”

I knew what he was saying – that I didn’t have to be afraid of telling him about what I had done with Kenjiro and he wasn’t going to stop loving me. I guess I finally believed it. I guess that’s what I needed to know. Then I remembered something else he had said.

“Who did Mom talk you into doing something with? Did you and some other guy do something with Mom? Why did she want you to do something with another guy?”

He told me about the weekend at the cabin with Luke and Rachael. He told me we’d all gone there in the spring after Luke came to live with us in the fall. He told me what he and Mom had done with them. Kavan and Ariel had told me some of it but they didn’t know about all the stuff they had done. I didn’t even remember it but I didn’t remember much from when I was three. I tried to picture Dad sucking Luke’s cock and then fucking Rachael but I couldn’t. I tried to picture Mom doing stuff with Luke and Rachael both but that was even harder to imagine.

I looked at Dad and he was just sitting there with a half-smile on his face. I guess he was waiting for me to believe that he was telling me the truth again. I sat looking around the room and thinking about it all for a while. I looked at Dad and he was still waiting. I knew it didn’t matter to me. I loved him just as much as always, maybe even more now that I knew so much more about him. I thought about how he had always tried to tell us not to be ashamed of what we did when it came to sex, that’s we would fuck up sometimes, but we would probably get it right when we got older and got married. Like he had done. I looked straight at him.

“Dad, you’ve got my word - I won’t tell anybody about what you’ve told me.”

“Good, Son. Now, let’s talk about the consequences of sex and then figure out what you’re going to do about Kenjiro.”

“You don’t think I should be ashamed about what I’ve done with him?”

“Son, being ashamed doesn’t make things right again. I’ve always told you never to be ashamed of anything you do when it comes to sex. You’ve just got to do some serious thinking about it. I want to talk to you about what can happen when you have unprotected sex, whether it’s with a girl or a guy. Is that OK? Do you feel like you can talk to me about it?”

“Yeah, Dad, I can always talk to you. I know some of that stuff. It was in one of the books you gave me. I guess I just never thought it applied to me.”

“Son, I’m not going to worry about whether you ever have another dick up your ass. I’m just going to worry if you’re dumb enough to let some guy do it without a rubber. You know what AIDS is, don’t you?”

“Yeah, I guess. But I’m not ever going to let anybody do that again. It just caused me too much of a problem. It’s not worth it.”

“OK, you may think you’ll never do it again but your dick can talk you into lots of things. I’m going to get you a box of condoms and I want you to keep some in your room. Don’t keep one in your billfold. Keep them in a dark dry place.”

I couldn’t help but grin at him when he said that.

“What good will they be if I’m in the back seat of a car with a girl and the rubbers are in my room?”

“Just put one or two in your pocket before you go on a date. Do you need larger ones like Kavan or will regular fit you OK?”

“Shit, Dad, how do I know? I’ve never used one.”

“Well, I’ll get you some regular size ones and you try them out when you jack off. I imagine you’ll need the larger ones in a year or two. My dick was bigger than average by the time I was fourteen.”

We sat and talked about all kinds of sex and about AIDS and STD’s and what people would think about me if I’m gay – social approbation, Dad called it. I liked that word. He told me he didn’t think people were just straight or gay. He talked about how lots of people, men and women both, have some sexual experiences with the same sex at different times in their lives and how he thinks that’s just normal behavior. We talked about all sorts of sex stuff, not so much the fun side, but mostly the bad side. I knew about some of it, but, like I told Dad, I’d never thought it would happen to me.

“Are you ready to talk about Kenjiro?” he finally asked. “You need to decide what you’re doing to do about him.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Do you know whether he’s gay or not?”

“Shit, Dad, I don’t think he’s gay. I know he’s not. He said he’d never done anything with a guy before. He wouldn’t lie to me. He’s just not that kind of guy. I don’t think he’s gay, no more than me.”

“Kerry, you’re not gay. You’re just a normal kid, doing a little normal experimentation. We all go through the same things.”

“So you think Kenjiro’s probably just a normal kid too?”

“Yeah, I think so. Do you want to keep him for a friend?”

I gave that question a minute or two of thinking.

“Yeah, Dad, I do. I really do. He already thinks some people don’t like him because he’s mixed race. I don’t see why. He’s one of the nicest guys I know, sort of like Brad. He’s smart and just as crazy as me sometimes. I want to be his friend. I enjoy being with him.”

“Then what are you going to do about fooling around with him? Are you going to tell him how you feel about what you’ve already done?”

I thought for a minute or so again.

“Yeah, I’ve got to. I don’t want to do that again. I don’t see what it hurts if we jack off together because I do it all the time and so does he. You’ve always said that’s the most normal thing a young boy does. I don’t know about doing anything else. I just know I’m not going to fuck him again and he sure as hell isn’t going to fuck me.”

We sat and batted stuff around for a while longer. That’s the way Dad describes it. He kept leading me to think about stuff and then I’d tell him what I thought and then he’d tell me what he thought. I could tell what he was doing - sort of guiding me into deciding what would be right and wrong for me. I guess it made me feel good just to be able to talk to him about it. After a while we sort of ran out of stuff to talk about.

Dad leaned forward in his chair with his elbows on his knees and looked at me. His eyes were sort of squinted and I wondered what he was thinking.

“Kerry,” he said, “do you know we’re all alone in this world?”

I didn’t know what he meant and I guess my face showed it.

“I mean we’re always lonely. We can never connect or merge ourselves in with someone we love, no matter how much we want to.”

I just sat there waiting. I didn't think he needed me to say anything.

"You're always going to be separate from me, Son. You're mother is separate from me. I've wished lots of times I could let her put her hand in my heart and feel how much I love her. Does that make any sense to you?"

"Yeah, Dad, that does. I've felt like that lots of times."

"This morning, when I hugged you, do you understand I was doing the best I knew how to show you I love you?"

"Yeah, Dad, I understand that."

"You turned your head away from me, Kerry. You usually just sort of stick your face against me like you want to bury yourself in me. Did you feel like maybe you weren't worthy of my love?"

He'd noticed. I had hoped he hadn't.

"I guess so, Dad. I guess I sort of felt like I'd done something wrong and that was bad enough. Then I got to thinking about how you'd feel about me if you found out. I didn't know what to do."

He waited a minute or so and just kept looking at me.

"Son, I wish you could stick your hand in my chest and feel how much I love you. Don't ever turn your head away again when I hug you. You don't need to. The next time you screw up, I'll be here for you."

"I hope so, Dad. I just hope I don't screw up too much."

"Someday you're going to find a woman to love and you'll decide to commit your life to her. You'll have kids and then those kids will grow up. They'll fuck up sometimes. What are you going to do then?"

I looked at him straight in the eyes. I knew what he was saying. I knew what he was saying about me and what he wanted me to learn.

"I'm going to hug them, Dad. I'm going to hug them and love them. I guess that's all I'll be able to do."

"Maybe that'll be enough, Son," he said. "Now get your butt out of my chair. I've got to look at some stuff and then we've got to get home. Your Mom's cooking supper for us."

When we left, Dad told Hal to secure the building. I didn't see anything happen but a few seconds later I heard a voice from somewhere above the front entrance say, "Kieran, the building is secure." I knew I had to learn how they were doing all the stuff I'd seen and heard. It seemed like something from a science-fiction story.

We changed our shoes at the car and then walked around the FreeLoft Center so Dad could look at a couple of buildings that were still under construction. I looked all around but I couldn't see anybody else around the site.

"Dad, are we being watched right now?" I asked.

"Yes, Son, you're being monitored. Everything around the center is being monitored. You're also being recorded."

"Well, who's watching? Where's the place where we're being recorded? I haven't seen anybody else around here today."

"There are two people on duty here, Son. You don't see them because they're indoors. They can see you. And me."

"Boy, this place is really neat. Could I really come back here and learn how all this stuff is done? Maybe get somebody to show me stuff and answer some questions?"

"I've told you already, Kerry. Just let me know when you want to do it and I'll arrange it for you. We'll work on some of it together."

We walked all around looking at everything and it turned out that it was a good thing we'd worn some old shoes. We ended up with mud all over our feet. I sure wouldn't have wanted to get it in Dad's new car. When we got back to the car, we changed our shoes again and I knew there was one more thing I had to make sure of before we left.

"Dad, I've been thinking about Kenjiro. I really do want to keep him for a friend. I guess I like him more than any other guy I've met at school. Is it OK if he keeps coming over to our house?"

"Sure, Kerry, I don't see any reason why you two can't be good friends."

"You're not going to let him know I told you about what we did?"

"Of course not, Son. You should know I wouldn't do that. I don't think what you two did is so awful bad. Sex is always hard to handle. You

always need to think of the consequences. If you do something that bothers you just don't do it again. Quit worrying about it."

He pretended to slap me up side the head and then handed me the car keys again.

"Where do you want me to drive?" I asked. "I thought we were going home."

"We will," he said. "Just get behind the wheel and start the car."

That scared me. "Dad, I can't drive home. I can't drive in traffic."

"I know, Son. Trust me. Do what I said."

I got behind the wheel and put the key in. Dad didn't put his seat belt on so I waited. He saw me looking at him so I pulled my seatbelt away from my chest and let it go. He put his belt on too. When I turned the key, nothing happened, just nothing, not even a sound. When I turned to Dad again, he was watching me with a big grin. I tried to start the car again. It wouldn't start.

"What am I doing wrong?" I asked.

Dad didn't answer me. He just said, "Hal, are you listening?"

"Yes, Kieran, I'm listening." Hal said.

Damn, he was in the car too. How could he do that?

"Why can't Kerry start my car?" Dad asked.

"Kieran, Kerry is not authorized to drive your car. Kerry is twelve years old." Hal said.

"Kerry drove my car earlier today. How could he drive it then?"

"Kieran, I was put in control of your car when you left it. I was not in control of your car when Kerry drove it."

"Thank you, Hal. I'll take control now," Dad said.

"Yes, Kieran, you have control now."

"Damn, I love that. Don't you?" Dad said. He was grinning like a little boy with a new toy. I was too. I just shook my head. Unbelievable!

We swapped seats and Dad drove back to the main highway. He stopped for traffic for a minute, did something on the steering wheel, and the radio came on. It was set to Dad's favorite station and I heard some classical music I knew Dad liked. Dad sat and waited and listened even though there were breaks in the traffic.

"That's Spring from Vivaldi's The Four Seasons, Son. Do you like it?"

"Yeah, I guess so. It's beautiful but it's complicated. I can't figure out why he does some of the things he does. The patterns are so damn intricate."

"That's an absolutely perfect classical music composition, Son. I don't think there's a single note I would change to make it better."

"I didn't mean there was anything wrong with it, Dad. I always like to understand things. I've heard it when you listen to it at home and I like it. But Vivaldi throws in some tricks and that makes it hard to understand."

"Kerry, you're an absolutely perfect composition too."

I looked at Dad. He was grinning as he pulled out onto the highway. I was too. I knew I could handle anything. I didn't care what it was; I could handle it.

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When we got home, Dad drove around the house to the basement garage where he parked his car. He'd insisted Mom take the single-car garage that opened out to the front of the house when she got her new BMW. When he turned off the motor, I started to get out. He reached over, grabbed my arm, and said, "Wait."

He just sat there looking at me and I couldn't tell what he wanted or what he was thinking. After a minute, he asked, "Are you OK?"

I knew he meant OK about what we'd talked about. I was OK as far as he was concerned, more than OK. I wasn't OK as far as Kenjiro was concerned. I knew I had to talk to talk to him and tell him how I felt.

"Yeah, Dad, I'm fine. I want to call Kenjiro and talk to him."

He shook his head no. "Don't call. Either go over to his house or invite him over here. Do it face to face."

I thought about it for a few seconds and then I shook my head yes. He smiled at me again and turned toward me as much as the car seat would let him. He opened his arms to me. "Come here."

I slid over a little and leaned against him and he wrapped his arms around me. I turned my face toward him and buried it under his chin.

"Kerry," he whispered, "I love you so much it makes me feel like crying when I know you're hurting. You can make up your mind what's right. Do it. I'll always love you no matter what."

I felt like crying too but I was too happy to do it this time. I wrapped my arms around his chest and squeezed up against him tighter. We sat there for a minute or so without saying anything. Finally he pushed me back, gave me another smile, and we got out of the car.

When we went upstairs and into the kitchen, Mom was working on something on the kitchen counter. I could smell something cooking and I knew it was a lemon-pepper pork loin. It was one of my favorites but everything was close to a favorite lately. She looked at me and smiled.

"Call Kenjiro. He's called three times since you've been gone. I don't know what he wants but he wants to talk to you about something. He said it was important."

"Can I go over to his house?"

"May I?"

"Damn, OK, may I?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It's after five and dinner will be ready about six. Call him and see if he wants to come over and eat dinner with you."

I looked at Dad and he nodded OK.

"I think that would be a good idea," he said, so Mom would hear. "Whatever he wants, it can wait until after you've had a good meal. I don't like to have to deal with anything important when I'm hungry."

I called Kenjiro and he said he wanted to talk to me but he didn't want to do it over the phone when somebody might hear. He asked me if I

could come over to his house. I asked what he was going to have for dinner and he said sandwiches. Then I asked him if he's rather have lemon-pepper pork loin with all the stuff that goes with it.

Dad was leaning against the kitchen counter watching me. He held up one finger and I stopped to see what he wanted.

"Tell him to walk over and we'll drive him back home sometime tonight."

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After dinner, I asked Dad if it was OK if Kenjiro and I walked up the hill to the crest. I told him I wanted Kenjiro to see the view at night up there. He knew what I really wanted and said OK.

As soon as we were out the door, Kenjiro asked me where I'd been all afternoon.

"At the FreeLoft Center with Dad. You know, that's where they've built all the buildings for Andersen Security. Dad let me drive his car."

"No shit? That big fucking Mercedes? Damn, I wish I could drive it."

"Wait'll you see all the cool stuff they've got over there. You won't believe some of it. I talked to a fucking computer and it answered me."

Kenjiro didn't say anything and I knew he wanted to talk about something else.

"I wanted to talk to you too." I said. "I'm glad you called."

He stopped walking and turned toward me. I could barely see his face. It seemed like it took him a while to say anything.

"Kerry, I...damn. Are you mad at me?"

I was surprised.

"Shit no. What ever gave you that idea?"

"Well, you haven't been joking with me and stuff like that every time I've seen you this week. You've been so damn serious I thought you were mad at me."

"Yeah, well, I've had something bothering me all week. Wait'll we get up to the crest and we can sit down and talk about it."

At the crest, we walked through the boulders to the picnic table. The sky was dark except for stars and the view back over the city was beautiful. I sat down on one side of the table and he sat on the other. He reached across the table and caught my hand.

“Kerry, I’m sorry,” he said. “I was stupid to get you to do that stuff last Saturday night. I’ve been worrying about it all week. I don’t want to lose you as a friend.”

I didn’t know what to say. I’d never thought about it from his side.

“Ken-chan, you didn’t get me to do anything.”

“Shit, Kerry. You know what I mean. I’m almost three years older than you are and I shouldn’t get you into bad stuff. I guess I forget about that most of the time because you’re as big as I am and you act like you’re lots older. But, damn, I shouldn’t have fucked you that way. It makes me ashamed of myself.”

“Aaww, come on, my dick was in your ass first.”

“Yeah, I know but we shouldn’t have done that, neither one of us. I guess it was fun but I’ve felt bad about it all week. I’m not going to do stuff like that any more.”

“Ken-chan, can I tell you the truth?”

“Sure.”

“Look, I liked it when I got my dick in you. I even liked it when you got your dick in me. When I jacked off while you were fucking me, I felt like my nuts had exploded.”

“Yeah, that part was kind of good, wasn’t it? It was just later I got to feeling so bad about doing it. I guess I felt like we were just getting to be good friends and I liked that and then I just felt like I’d fucked up everything.”

“Yeah, I know. That’s exactly the way I’ve felt all week.”

“Then you’re not mad at me? You think we can go on being friends?”

“Ken-chan, I’m not mad at you. If anybody’s to blame, I’m just as much to blame as you are. We were both kind of stupid. I want us to keep on being friends.”

“Yeah, stupid’s the right word. I don’t see how guys can do stuff like that if it makes you feel so bad inside. I’m going to keep my dick in my pants until I can stick it in a pussy.”

“Maybe you’ve better take it out to take a piss once in a while.”

“You know what I mean, Kerry.”

“Are you going to quit jacking off? I’m not.”

“Shit no, I didn’t mind that. I don’t see where it hurts anything to jack off, even if we do it together. Hell, we do it separate all the time anyway.”

“Look, Ken-chan, let’s get something straight about this shit. I’ve been ashamed of myself all week. So have you. You didn’t make me do anything. I’m as much to blame as you are. Let’s just don’t do it anymore. Let’s just keep on being friends.”

He took a couple of deep breaths and let them out. We just sat there for a while looking at each other. He put his arm out, elbow on the picnic table, hand in the air, and I slapped my hand in his.

“Want to arm wrestle?” he asked, squeezing my hand a little.

I squeezed back and then turned loose of his hand.

“Nah, let’s go home. I’ll see if Dad will drive you home in his car. I’ll even let you sit up front.”

“Thanks, Kerry. Do you think he’ll let me drive it too?”

“Nope, not a chance of that.”

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

Chapter Fifty

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.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Stuart, 43; Arial Stuart, 15; Kerry Stuart, 12 1/2

Brad Weaver, 17'; Nicole Whittaker, 15

TELLING THE STORY

Arial Stuart

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(ARIAL)

Brad came by on Friday morning to pick up me and Kerry for school as usual. As soon as we pulled out of the driveway, I told him that Mom had already left to stay with Luke and Rachael while their baby was being born.

“Mom left about daylight to go help Luke and Rachael. She was like a little girl going off by herself in her new BMW. I wish you could have seen her.”

“I didn’t know she was going,” Brad said. “Has the baby come yet?”

“No. Rachael said it was due early in March. Luke called last night. The doctor says the baby is already more than large enough and they may induce labor if nothing happens in the next few days.”

“Today’s what – the eleventh? Is it overdue? Is Rachael having any problems?”

“No, they think it’s a little overdue but the doctor says she’s ready to pop any day now. She’s having some minor problems but Luke says the doctor’s got them under control. That’s why Mom left now. Rachael asked her to come because she doesn’t have a mother of her own. I think she just wants Mom’s support.”

“I’ve heard all of you talk about Luke and Rachael a lot. They seem like part of your family anyway. Didn’t you say they’re going to move back here?”

“Dad says they are. He says he needs Luke now because he’s in over his head in setting up the computer and communications systems. He said he doesn’t know what he’d have done so far if Stuart hadn’t helped him. Luke’s finishing up all his classes for his Masters in Computer Science this month. He’ll have a project to do but they can move before they finish that.”

“You like Luke a lot, don’t you?”

That was unexpected. I turned and looked at him. He was looking straight ahead, watching the road as usual. He was always a careful driver. I wondered what he’d picked up on as I was talking about Luke. I’d never said anything to make him think I’d done anything with Luke.

“Yes, Brad, I do. He’s like an older brother to all of us. Rachael’s like a sister. I love both of them because they need it. Rachael had a horrible childhood and Luke’s was bad too. We all love them a lot.”

Kerry had been sitting in the backseat, quietly for a change, while Brad and I talked.

“Yeah,” he said, “we all feel like they’re part of our family. You’re going to like them a lot. Luke’s a neat guy. He can make a computer do anything. Rachael’s an Italian angel; she can make a guy do anything.”

“He and Rachael are about the same age as Stuart and Joanne, aren’t they?”

“Yeah,” Kerry said. “Stuart wants them to come live with him and Joanne and Ms. Lauren when they move back. He says they’ll have plenty of room and we can all come see little Paul and Kieran Lee and Adrianna and Rachael’s peanut at the same time.”

“Peanut?” Brad asked.

“Yeah,” Kerry said again. “That’s what Luke’s always called the new baby. They already know it’s going to be a boy and they’re trying to decide on a boy name.”

I told Kerry something Luke had told me last night. “That’s what Luke and Rachael have decided to do, Kerry. He said Stuart keeps asking him to move in with them until they can find a house of their own. He told me last night that Rachael said OK so that’s what they’ll do.”

“When do you think they’ll move?” Kerry asked.

“She said if the baby will just get here soon, they might try to do it at the end of this month. Mom’s already volunteered to go down to get Rachael and the babies. Luke can take care of all the moving stuff.”

“Brad, can you run me over to the Andersen’s when we come back from school?” Kerry asked. “I’m staying over there this weekend again. Stuart’s letting me work on some research stuff with him. He said I had to learn some statistics so I’ve been working my way through a stat book for a couple of weeks.”

“Damn, Kerry,” Brad said, “can you really learn stuff that easily?”

“Yeah. It’s just math. I’m halfway through the book and it’s not too hard so far. Stuart told me not to worry about memorizing all the formulas and computational processes. He’s got computer programs that do all the number crunching. He just wants me to understand what things mean and when they can be useful. Did you know your height is over two standard deviations from the mean?”

“Quit showing off, Kerry,” I said.

“You’re learning it with no teacher?” Brad asked.

“Yeah, but Mr. Jackson loaned me the book and he’s helped me with a couple of things. He’s a good teacher. I want to take a course from him in something.”

“We don’t have to cook for tonight,” I said. “Dad wants to take the three of us out somewhere. Kavan and Kathryn won’t be in ‘til late. Don’t you want to wait until after we go out to eat and we can drop you off after that?”

“Where are we going?” Kerry asked.

“He said for us to decide. Brad’s never been to Ippolito’s. I’ll bet he’d like that.”

“Yeah, Brad,” Kerry said one more time. “That’s good Italian stuff. I’ll bet Ariel would love for you to kiss her tonight with garlic breath.”

“Sounds good to me,” Brad said. “Ariel, is it OK if I spend the weekend with you and your family?”

I looked over in the backseat beside Kerry. Brad’s bag was there and it looked like he’d packed enough to spend more than a weekend.

“It looks like you’ve already got your bag packed,” I said. “Do you really think you’ve got to ask me every time?”

He glanced over at me and he wasn’t smiling.

“Yes, I do, Arial. I hope I never start taking you for granted. Anytime you’ve got other plans, just let me know.”

I leaned over and whispered in his ear. “I hope you haven’t got plans. I’ve got my period.”

“I heard that,” Kerry said. “You’ve got your period. Brad can just go back home.”

Brad turned and looked at Kerry and then at me. He looked angry.

“Damn! Do you really think I want you just for sex? Don’t you say anything, Kerry!”

I didn’t know what to say. I didn’t think that at all. I didn’t mean anything bad. I didn’t think Kerry did either; he was just teasing as usual. I just sat there without saying anything the rest of the way to school. Brad didn’t say anything either. Kerry was quiet for once.

When Brad found a parking space and turned off the motor, Kerry leaned forward. He put one hand on my shoulder and one hand on Brad’s.

“Brad, I didn’t mean anything bad. Please don’t be like this with Arial and me. Kavan and Kathryn are bad enough. I know you two love each other. How about a kiss before you get out of the car?”

Brad turned around toward Kerry, said, “OK, kiss me,” and smiled and then puckered up. Kerry hit him on the shoulder and Brad turned to me.

“I’m sorry, Arial. Would you kiss me, please?”

“Yes, Brad, I’d love to kiss you.”

“Yeah! That’s the way.” Kerry said, and Brad put his hand behind my head and pulled my face to his.

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Kerry had his bag packed before Dad came in from work. He took a few minutes to relax and talk to us and then he changed from his suit into

casual clothes. We went to Ippolito's Deli for dinner in Dad's new Mercedes. The place was mainly a deli take-out but they had about a dozen tables inside for people who wanted to eat there. I think Kerry charmed some extra large servings out of Mrs. Ippolito. His plate and Brad's looked twice as loaded as mine and Dad's. When we left, Kerry asked Dad if he could drive and Dad said not right now. I didn't even know Dad had been teaching him to drive.

When we dropped Kerry off at the Andersens, Dad had to hold his namesake. It made me feel good to see how he was with a baby. I wondered if he'd been like that with us. Kieran Lee got a little fussy and Joanne said it was time for his feeding. We all sat and watched while she breast-fed him. I think Brad was embarrassed to see Joanne open her nursing bra and hold him up to her. I thought it was beautiful to see his little face at her breast. He was really noisy when he started to suck. Joanne said he was a little pig when he nursed.

When we got back home, the house was dark and I knew Kavan and Kathryn hadn't come home yet. Brad hung his coat in our front closet and then hung mine up. Dad just stood there with us. He'd taken his jacket off but, when Brad held out his hand for it, he held on to it.

"I think I'm going to take a walk up to the top of the hill," he said, and put his jacket back on. "You kids make yourselves comfortable."

Brad surprised me. "Could I go with you, Kieran?"

I guess he surprised Dad too. He looked at me and then at Brad.

"Sure, if you want to. I'm just going up to the crest of the hill and then back. It's a nice night for a short walk."

I didn't know what to do. Brad was usually comfortable with Dad now but he'd never asked to go anywhere with Dad and leave me alone. I wondered why he wanted to go too.

"Is it OK if I come with you?" I asked, looking at Brad.

"Yeah. I wanted to talk to your Dad but you can come too. I don't have anything to say that you can't hear."

We walked up to the area where all the boulders were, where somebody had put a picnic table, and then stopped and looked at the view out over the valley. There was about a half moon and only a few clouds and it was a beautiful place to look around. Brad hadn't said anything and I wondered again what he wanted to say to Dad.

“Kieran, do you think I hang around Arial just because I want to have sex with her?” he finally asked.

Dad waited a little before he answered.

“Brad, if that’s what I thought, I wouldn’t let you get anywhere near her. I think there’s a lot more in your relationship with Arial.”

“I’m glad. The sex is great but it’s not the best thing for me. I’ve had a little taste of sex without love. I want to be with her because I love her. If I can’t have her love, I don’t want to have sex with her. Does that make any sense to you?”

“Yes, Brad, it does.” Dad said. “Siobhan and I have always tried to teach our kids that’s what they should want in life. You two should really work at loving each other; then the sex will take care of itself.”

“Is it really work?” Brad asked.

“Sometimes it is. I just mean you’ve got to be conscious of your relationship and not take it for granted. Sometimes you should do things that make the other person happy, even if you don’t want to. It’s not always easy.”

“It’s not easy for me to be like you all are about sex,” Brad said. “I never dreamed I could have sex with a girl like Arial. I certainly never thought I’d be able to talk to her father about it. I just don’t want you thinking that’s the main thing I want from Arial.”

“I don’t think that, Brad,” Dad said. “You two are just going through the same things Siobhan and I went through. You’re doing it a lot earlier than we did. I think you two are a great young couple. It makes me feel good to see you two so much in love with each other.”

“Well, I want your help in keeping us together,” Brad said. “My Mom and Dad never could get it right. It seems like you and Siobhan have. I wish you’d tell me if you see me doing anything that hurts Arial and our relationship. I’m damn proud of the way I feel about her.”

Dad put his hand on Brad’s shoulder. “I think you two are being very sensible about your relationship. If I see either of you do anything that could hurt you, I’ll tell you. If you think I’m interfering, you tell me.”

“Kieran, I do a lot of thinking about Arial and how I feel about her,” Brad said. “It’s like she gives a purpose to my life and makes me want to be the best I can. Is that the way you feel about Siobhan?”

“Yes,” Dad answered. “That’s exactly the way she makes me feel. We’ve got a great marriage. Having three kids, no, four, just makes it better.”

“Four?” Brad asked. “You’ve got another one started already?”

I looked at him. I could see his face clearly in the moonlight. He was grinning and looking at me. I knew he was just teasing Dad. But I knew why Dad had said four. Brad had forgotten the other one.

“Brad, Dad’s counting Stuart,” I said. “Stuart’s his son too.”

“Yeah, Brad,” Dad said. “Give us a little time on another one. It’s only been three weeks since I told you Siobhan wanted to have another baby. We’re working on it.”

“I wish I could work on it with Arial,” Brad said. “I’d love to father a child with her.”

I’d been standing between them, looking out over the valley, while they did all the talking. I’d been worried about what Brad was thinking but, after hearing him talk to Dad, I knew it was going to be all right. I caught Brad’s hand with my right one and Dad’s with my left.

“Come on, you two,” I said. “I know I’ve got two great men who love me. Now, let’s finish our walk.”

We were part way back down the hill when Brad brought up something else to talk to Dad about.

“Kieran, Arial’s going to be sixteen next month. If my Dad offered her a part-time job, would you let her take it?”

I guess I squealed a little too loudly and Brad reached over and put his other hand over my mouth.

“Maybe you’d better tell us about the job, Brad,” Dad said. “It seems like this is news to Arial too.”

“Well, Dad’s got a new research project funded. It’s one that could last for years if he gets good results and the government keeps funding it. It’s about the sex practices of adolescents and the consequences later in life. He’s going to use teams of students to do interviews and then enter the results in a database. I thought Arial and I might do some work part-time as a team.”

“You and Arial, huh?” Dad said. “Would that be OK with your father?”

“He’s the one who suggested it,” Brad said, and he squeezed my hand.

“Well, what do you say, Princess?” Dad asked, and he squeezed my other hand and then turned loose of it.

“I’m glad somebody finally asked me,” I said. “I’d love to do it.”

Brad told us all about the research project while we walked back down the hill. It did sound like something I’d like to do with Brad because we could schedule our own work hours and it paid very well. I’d been trying to think of something to do to earn the money to take care of my car when Dad gave me his old BMW.

When we got back home, Dad told us he had to do his homework. It was what he did lots of nights now that he was running Andersen Security. He would usually have some documents or reports or books to read. He’s make a pot of de-caf coffee, go in the living room where he could listen to his classical station, and start reading. He was usually there for an hour or two. He surprised me when he asked me and Brad if we wanted a cup of coffee.

We were sitting at the kitchen table drinking a cup of coffee when Brad asked Dad another question.

“Kieran, when was the first time you met my father?”

I was confused. I thought the first time our fathers had met was when we had the problem at school and Brad’s father had come to our house with his lady-lawyer friend. I looked at Dad and he had a half smile on his face.

“I met him when he was elected to the Opera Board of Directors last spring,” he said.

“And when did you and Dad go to Murphey’s together?” Brad asked.

I didn’t know what was going on. I’d never heard of Murphey’s. Why would our two dads go there together?

“What’s Murphey’s?” I asked.

Dad was still smiling, like he knew something I didn’t. He looked at me.

“Murphey’s is a bar and grill close to University Hospital. It has very good sandwiches and some of the best draft beer I’ve ever had.”

He looked at Brad.

“We went there after the Opera Board meeting the first Tuesday in September. Neither of us had anything to eat before the Board met at six p.m. After the meeting, I asked Dan if he knew a good place to get something. He took me to Murphey’s.”

“Is that when you two talked about me and Ariel?” Brad asked.

Dad was still smiling his enigmatic little smile.

“It wasn’t like that, Brad,” he said. “He talked about you and your brother. I told him about my kids. We even ended up pulling out our billfolds and showing each other pictures of our kids.”

“You two didn’t talk about me and Ariel and then decide to get us together to see what would happen?” Brad asked.

“No, Brad, we didn’t. Where’d you get that idea?”

“It was just something Dad said the other day, about you going to Murphey’s with him and you two talking about me and Ariel,” Brad said. “

“Your father and I didn’t cook up a plan to get you two together,” Dad said.

“Why did Kavan invite me home with him not long after that?” Brad asked, looking at Dad with a serious face.

“Brad, there was never a Machiavellian conspiracy,” Dad said. “I asked Kavan if he and Ariel knew you. He said he did and I asked him what sort of kid you were. He said you were a great guy and everybody who knew you liked you. That’s all there was to it. Why do you ask?”

Brad reached over and slapped Dad gently on the cheek. “Because I think you and Dad and Kavan did a little scheming to get me and Ariel together. I just wanted to say thank you.”

Dad was still smiling. “I’m pleased you two have found each other, Brad. We didn’t move you around like pawns on a chessboard.”

I wasn’t convinced that Dad was telling all of the truth. Maybe he hadn’t connived with Brad’s Dad but it seemed to me he’d done some things that had led to Brad being introduced to me.

“Dad, I don’t think you’re quite as innocent as you’re pretending,” I said. “But it doesn’t matter to me. You couldn’t make me love Brad. But I do, and I thank you too.”

I leaned over and gave him a gentle slap on the other side of the face. He just sat there smiling at us and sipping his coffee. After a minute or so, he got up and took his cup to the dishwasher. He started to leave the kitchen and then turned around and sat back down with us.

“I want to talk to you kids about something important,” he said.

“Un, oh, the birds and bees talk,” Brad said. I looked at him and he was smiling. I knew he was just kidding.

“No, it’s something more important than that,” Dad said. “I want to talk to you about love.”

Brad’s face became serious and I know mine did too.

“I know you two think you love each other but you’ve still got a lot to learn. I want to tell you some of the things I’ve learned about love and I want you to think about them.” He looked at Brad and then at me.

“Go ahead,” Brad said, “we’re listening.”

“Right now, part of what you two feel is just your hormones singing to each other. Love’s a lot more than just chemistry.”

I reached out and Dad wrapped his right hand around mine. His left hand was toying with a spoon.

“At some point in your relationship, your love is going to stay alive only if you make a conscious decision to nurture it. You can’t base your love just on sex, no matter how good it is. You’ll have to base your love on the things you share, like children and family. Love can’t live on nothing but fun in bed.”

Brad put his right hand over my left and then reached out to Dad. He took the spoon out of Dad’s hand and then wrapped his big hand around Dad’s smaller one and squeezed it. Dad looked at him and smiled.

“My love for Siobhan’s my refuge in life, Brad. And no matter how crazy the world is, when she wraps her love around me, everything’s OK. When she said she wanted to have another baby, I told her she was crazy. She just asked me if I loved the four kids I already have, said she

knew my heart was big enough to love another one. I knew she was right.”

“I wish my Mom had been like that,” Brad said.

We sat and talked for a while. Dad did most of the talking, telling about his feelings toward Mom before they married and then afterwards and even after they started having children. He’d always seemed so self-assured to me and it was strange to hear him talk about how he felt for a long time that he wasn’t good enough for Mom and how, when he saw her naked, her body was so beautiful to him he couldn’t believe she would share it with him. He sat there with his eyes looking far away like he was somewhere with Mom. I looked at Brad and he was looking intently at Dad’s face. I squeezed Brad’s hand and he looked at me and smiled.

“Your Dad could be describing the way I feel about you,” he said.

Dad shook his head like he was just waking up and I think his eyes were a little moist.

“Well, anyway, you kids have heard me talk enough tonight. I just want you two to be happy.”

“We are, Dad,” I said.

“And we will be,” Brad added.

Dad looked at Brad for a second and then at me. He smiled and then stood up.

“I’m going do my homework,” he said. “See you kids tomorrow.”

When he was gone, Brad turned to me.

“I like it when he talks to us like that. He always makes a lot of sense. Do you think he’s letting us see into his heart?”

“I think so too, Brad. That’s the sort of little lectures he’s always giving us.”

“About us meeting, what do you think? Did they arrange it?”

“I don’t know. Maybe they did arrange for us to meet each other. Since then, everything’s been up to us, hasn’t it? So it doesn’t matter, does it?”

“No, I guess it doesn’t.”

“Then come, let’s go get comfortable.”

I went down the hall to my bedroom and Brad followed me. I sat down in my chair and took off my sneakers and socks.

Brad went over to his bag and started taking stuff out of it. It seemed like every time he came, he brought more than he took back. His drawer in my chest was full and he had his own space in my closet.

“I’m going to take a shower,” I told him. He looked up and smiled and I said, “Alone.” I saw his brow wrinkle. Men! They can be so dense sometimes.

“Why can’t I shower with you?” he asked.

“Brad, I told you I’ve got my period.”

“I know. I still don’t see why I can’t shower with you.”

I really couldn’t understand how he could be so dense. Didn’t he know how messy menstruating can be sometimes? I suppose not.

“Brad, do you want me to tell you why not? Or do you want to say just because?”

“Arial, I don’t know what all goes on when you’ve got your period but I don’t see how it could be so bad you have to hide it from me. If I’m going to live with you for the rest of my life, I guess I’ll have to learn about it some day.”

“Brad, I’ve got a tampon in me right now with a little string hanging out. When I pull that little string, that tampon’s going to come out and it’ll be red and ugly. When I shower, I’ll wash down there with my fingers and it’ll probably make the shower water red. When I get out of the shower, I’ll put a pad in my panties and put them on. Couldn’t you just wait until I come back to you all clean with white panties on?”

He looked at me with that silly crooked half-grin of his. “Arial, you can’t gross me out,” he said. “Life’s messy sometimes. I understand that. I’d still like to shower with you.

I gave in. “OK, dummy, you’ll be sorry.”

I let him see everything. I don’t suppose it grossed him out but he didn’t get a hard-on in the shower like he usually does. He was just as

loving in helping me bathe as always, even though he didn't offer to wash my pussy.

Afterwards, he sat on the commode with a big smile on his face while I put a pad in my clean panties and then put them on. He held out his arms to me and I walked over and pulled his face up to me. He wiggled a little and rubbed his lips and nose on the area between my breasts. I watched his face as he closed his eyes, took in a deep breath and released it, then relaxed against me.

"I love you, Ariel," he whispered.

I didn't say anything. I didn't think I needed to. I just held his head to my breasts so he could hear my heart bursting with happiness. After a minute or so, I pulled away from him.

"Come on, let's get ready for bed," I said.

In my bedroom, he went to my chest, to the bottom drawer I'd given him for his clothes, and started looking for something. I enjoyed looking at his butt while he was bent over. The view between his legs from the rear was very interesting.

"Where are my pajamas?" he asked, turning around to me.

Just like a man - has to have a woman to find things for him. We'd gone shopping together during the after-holiday sales. I'd helped him find some flannel pajamas and he'd helped me get a flannel nightgown. We'd been wearing them on our weekends together for a couple of months.

"I always put them back in there after I wash them," I said. "Are you sure they're not there?"

"Yeah, I'm sure. It's just my underwear and shirts and socks. They're not here."

I thought for a while. I knew I usually put them back in the drawer when I helped with laundry the first of the week. I finally realized I hadn't helped this week. I'd been busy with schoolwork and Kathryn had said she'd help with it. I couldn't imagine what she'd done with them. Maybe she didn't realize they were Brad's. I told him what might have happened.

"Well, that's OK. I guess I'll just have to sleep naked," Brad said.

He was grinning and I knew he didn't mind that I hadn't put them back in the drawer.

"You've got thermal underwear in there," I said. "Those blue ones I like. Kerry sleeps in his all the time. Why don't you try it?"

He pulled them out of the drawer and tossed them on the bed. He walked over to me, picked me up under my knees and back, and put me down on the bed.

"Could we be close together for a while before I put them on?"

I looked down at his dick. It wasn't hard but it wasn't completely soft either. I could tell it wouldn't take much to make it stand up.

"Brad, we can't do anything. If you get a hard-on, you're not going to make love with me while I'm menstruating."

He walked around to the other side of the bed and got in next to me. He pulled me up against him so that my breasts were against his chest and then slid his hands down to my fanny. He moved them around over my buns and then moved them up and slid his fingers down just inside my panties. His face was only inches from mine.

"That's far enough, little boy," I said.

"I know," he sighed. "I'm not going to try to do anything. I really do just want to feel you close to me."

"You could kiss me."

He lay there quietly, looking into my eyes.

"No, I can't. My dick's just about to raise its head up. I think I'd better just hold you."

"Silly. Why do you worry about whether you get a hard-on? I know how to take care of one. Remember the first time I did it?"

I saw his crazy cock-eyed grin break out on his face. I loved to see it even if he did think it made him look stupid. I thought it just made him cuter.

"Yeah, but I don't want you to do it tonight. If you can't do anything, I don't want to either."

"Why?"

“I don’t know. It just doesn’t seem fair. If you can’t enjoy it, I don’t want to either.”

“Brad, don’t be like that. I don’t feel that way. I like playing with you. I like touching your dick and your balls, playing with them, watching your face when I do it. I enjoy doing that. I’m not like a guy who has to come every time he gets a hard-on. Girls aren’t like that.”

“Well, I don’t have to come every time I get a hard-on. Where’d you get that idea?”

“Silly, you know what I mean. If I get you all stirred up, you’ll never be able to go to sleep unless you get some relief. I like to jack you off and watch you squirt. I think it’s cute.”

“Oh, shut up. Don’t get me hot. Put on your nightgown and I’ll put on my thermals. Let’s just cuddle up and go to sleep.”

“No, I want you to do something for me first.”

“What?”

“Rub my tummy.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m a little uncomfortable. When I’ve got my period, I ache down there sometimes and I rub it or put a heating pad on it. That usually makes me feel better.”

“I don’t know how.”

“I’ll show you.”

He took in a deep breath and let it out. “OK, but it’s going to give me a hard-on.”

“That’s OK,” I said.

I rolled over on my back and pushed my panties down so that my pubic hair was just beginning to show. I took his big hand and showed him how to rub me - down until he felt my pelvis, up to my belly button, and on both sides for a few inches. I shut my eyes and let him do it. It always felt good when I did it; it felt better when he did it.

He was right. It did give him a hard-on. I felt it touch me on my hip. I eased my hand down between us and wrapped my fingers around it while he kept rubbing me gently. It felt so good to have his fingertips pressing down and rubbing me. He pulled my hand up and away from his dick and then moved up a little closer to me. I felt the hot hard length of it pressed against my hip. When he started rubbing me again, I realized he was touching me lower and lower each time.

“You’re going to get a red finger if you go any lower,” I whispered.

He moved a little closer so that his mouth was just beside my ear.

“A guy I know at school was bragging about playing stink-finger with his girl. Would you like to play red-finger?”

“Brad, that’s nasty,” I said. “You’ve got no idea what you’d be getting into.”

“Yeah, I do. I’ve been in there before. Fingers and tongue and dick.”

“Well, you’ve never had them in there when I was menstruating.”

“Yeah, but I want to play nasty,” he whispered. “Let me make you come first and then you can jack me off. I don’t care if I do get a red finger.”

“Brad, I’m a good little girl. I don’t play nasty.”

“Yeah, and I’m a bad little boy. Boys like to play nasty. Let me push your button and I’ll ring your chimes.”

I’d done it to myself sometimes when I had my period. I knew it could be as good then as any other time. I just put a little baby oil on my fingertips and rubbed my clitoris and it worked fine.

“OK, but go in the bathroom and get the baby oil,” I said.

“Why? I didn’t think you liked me to use it on you.”

“I don’t want it inside me, Silly. Just put a little on your fingertips and rub me on my clit. Then you won’t get a red finger.

“Uh, uh, that’s not nasty. I like red fingers. Don’t you want to play nasty?”

His fingertips slid down between me and the sanitary napkin and cupped over my vulva. He pushed gently with one finger and I felt it slide between the lips of my pussy. He let it rest there.

“Brad, you’re bad.”

He moved his finger from side to side and pushed it down and around and slightly into me.

“Yeah, but you like it, don’t you?”

“I like the way it feels when you do that with your finger.”

“I feel something hot and juicy in there. What do you think it is?”

He took his finger out of me and held it up in the light. It was slightly pink.

“Boy, that’s nasty,” he whispered. “I like nasty.”

He slid his hand back inside my panties and his finger found its place again.

“Brad, you’re not just nasty. You’re bad.”

“Where is it?”

“What?”

“Your nubbin, you know, that little thing you like me to rub.”

He found it. I didn’t have to tell him. He was watching my face. When he found it, I shut my eyes. He played with me - sticking his finger in deep and then rubbing it in the right place, leaning over me and kissing me until I couldn’t breathe, licking my breast and sucking on my nipple – all the while keeping his one finger moving around and around and in and out. When I came, I put both hands behind his head and pulled his mouth against mine so hard it hurt my lips.

When I started thinking again, he was close against me with one hand on my breast and his leg thrown over my stomach. It felt warm and nice to feel his thigh there. His dick was pressed against the side of my hip and that felt good too. I opened my eyes and looked at him. He was propped up on his left arm and he was smiling at me.

I realized the hand on my breast was the one he’d had between my legs. I looked and I could see a little color on his finger and on my breast.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “I’ll get a washcloth and clean you up.”

“You were bad, Brad.” I whispered “And you were nasty. Are you satisfied?”

“No, but I will be when you jack me off. I’m going to be nasty and come all over your hand.”

He went to the bathroom and came back with a warm washcloth, the baby oil, and a damp towel. He gently wiped my face first, then my breasts, and then pulled my panties down and wiped up between my legs. I watched as he used his fingers to pull my pussy lips apart. He looked like a little boy discovering something new. He even pulled my panties back up and I lifted my butt off the bed until he had then back where they belonged.

After I rested for a while, I used the baby oil and two hands on him. When he squirted, it didn’t get on my hands. It sprayed all over his chest and stomach. I kept slowly stroking his dick after he came and he just lay there and watched me. Finally I milked it down and squeezed out another glob of semen. I caught it on one finger and held it up toward my mouth. I stuck my finger in my mouth and sucked it clean and he just watched. I milked his dick down and got another big drop. I held it out toward his mouth and he opened wide. I stuck it in his mouth and he sucked my finger clean.

“Boy, that’s nasty,” he said.

“Yeah, it is,” I said, “but I like to be nasty too.”

After I wiped him clean, I put on my nightgown and he put on his thermal underwear. We kept looking at each other and grinning like little kids. It was fun being nasty together.

I looked at the clock and saw it was almost ten o’clock. Dad kept the thermostat set to drop the heat at ten. I turned over with my back to him and he moved up close behind me. Like an old married couple, we both reached down at the same time and pulled the blanket and quilt up and over us.

We lay there for a while talking about loving each other and what we wanted in our lives and stuff like that. After a while, Brad pulled the bottoms of his thermal underwear off and kicked them somewhere under the cover. He tugged on the bottom of my flannel nightgown and I lifted up off the bed until he pulled it up to my waist in the back. He scooted up close to me and put his right leg over my left one. I felt his dick against my thigh. I knew what he’d do next. He curled his long arm around me and tried to get it in my nightgown. I unbuttoned the top for

him as usual and he put his hand in and found my breast. He took a couple of deep breaths and then relaxed against me.

“I do love you, Ariel,” he whispered. “I hope we can always love each other.”

“Me too, Brad.” I whispered.

“The first weekend the forecast is for good weather on Saturday, would you go somewhere with me?”

“Yes.”

“Aren’t you going to ask me where?”

“No. I know you’ll tell me so I’ll know what to wear. I’ll go anywhere you want me to, Brad.”

“Anywhere?”

“Yes.”

“It’s up in the mountains, in the state park, about an hour from here. It’s just a place in Cold Creek Canyon where I like to go. I’d like to share something with you.”

“What is it?”

“Let’s let it be a surprise. I hope you’ll understand when you see it. A hiking buddy and I found it. We asked the ranger about it and he said they don’t put it on any park maps because it’s so fragile. I don’t think many people know about it. I’ve been back a few times by myself.”

“By yourself? What did you do?”

“Nothing. That’s the whole point. You’ll see.”

“Some of that country is a little wild. Will we be safe?”

“I think so. Your folks know where the park is. We’ll register with the rangers just like we did last fall and I’ll take my cell phone. The place I want to take you is off a service road about a quarter of a mile. Except for the last part, it’s easy to get to.”

“What about the last part?”

“We may have to wade the creek and it’ll be cold as always. It won’t take but a few minutes.”

“Just let me know when you want to go. I’ll be ready.”

We lay there quietly, still talking about everything and nothing and it felt like I was where I belonged, and Brad was where he belonged. The small lamp on my desk was still shining and I wanted to turn it off but I didn’t want to move away from Brad.

The knock on the door startled both of us. Brad pulled his hand out of my nightgown and moved away from me slightly. He propped up his head on his left hand. I reached around to his hip and pulled him back closer.

“Come in.” I thought it would be Dad since Kavan and Kathryn were supposed to be in around eleven o’clock. It was.

He walked in and stood in the middle of the room for a few seconds, just looking at us. A smile started on his face and got wider and wider.

“Brad, where was your hand before I knocked on the door?” he asked.

I looked down at my nightgown. It was unbuttoned and gaping open and I could see most of my breast. I knew Dad could too.

“Well, I wasn’t scratching my head,” Brad said.

“Well, put it back where you had it,” Dad said. “If I were in bed with Siobhan like that, I know where mine would be.”

Brad put his arm back around me and slid his hand in my nightgown. I put my hand on his and pressed it against my breast. Dad still stood watching us.

“That’s better,” Dad said.

“Yeah, I agree,” Brad said. “It’s just hard to get used to being like this with Arial when you and Siobhan are around.”

“Brad, let me ask you a serious question,” Dad said. “How do you feel when you’re close to her like that, holding her, being quiet together, talking?”

“As happy as I’ve ever been in my life. There’s nothing I’d rather be doing.”

“You two aren’t married yet but maybe you will be someday. Being close like that is one of the things that makes a good marriage. When I’m that way with Siobhan, I feel the same way you do. Don’t ever be ashamed of it. You didn’t have to move your hand just because I’m here.”

“Remember, Brad,” I said, “Dad didn’t kill us the morning he found us sleeping together on the couch when he went for a run. I think he put a blanket over us, didn’t he?”

“Yeah, I guess he did,” Brad said.

“That’s what I came in here for,” Dad said. “I’m going for a run tomorrow morning. Would you like to go with me, Brad?”

That surprised me a little. I knew Dad invited Kavan and Kerry sometimes and had even invited Stuart when they were staying with us. He’d never asked Brad. I wondered if it was because he was already feeling like Brad was like a son or maybe would be a son-in-law someday.

“Yeah, I would,” Brad said. “The sneakers I wear are good for running. Where are you going?”

“Down the hill to the trail along the creek,” Dad answered. “There’s a bunch of us who run down there. We’ve got it cleared so there’s about two miles of it that make a good running track.”

“What do I need to wear?”

“Just some sweats. It’ll be cold when we start but you’ll work up a sweat before we get back.”

“OK. What time?”

“A little after six. I’ll knock on your door when I go past. I’ll be in the kitchen. Since Siobhan’s not here, I’ll put on a pot of coffee before we go.”

He turned out the light on my desk, started out the door, and then turned back. I couldn’t see his face in the darkness.

“I mean it, Son. You two should be proud to love each other. Don’t ever be ashamed of anything you do. My kids know I still make love with my wife. What you’re doing and feeling with Arial is the same thing I’m doing and feeling with Siobhan. I’ve been doing it with her for almost twenty years and it’s still fresh and loving and wonderful.”

When he was gone, Brad put his head down and nuzzled up in my hair. He squeezed my breast, pulled me closer against him, and kissed me on the back of my neck.

“Wow,” he said.

“What?”

“Your Dad. He’s really something.”

“Yeah, I agree. Now hold me and let’s go to sleep.”

“Did you hear what he called me?”

“Yes.”

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On Monday of the following week, Brad came by to pick up me and Kerry for school as usual. He was early so we weren’t outside waiting for him. He rang the bell and I peeked out my window and saw his red Jeep Cherokee. When I let him in the front door, he hugged me and then gave me a quick kiss.

“Any coffee left?” he asked.

I knew when he asked for coffee that meant he hadn’t eaten. I’d already eaten so I scrambled him two eggs and made him some toast. I found one last Danish pastry so I put that on his plate. He sat watching me while he sipped on his coffee.

When he finished, he licked the remains of the pastry off his fingers, took a sip of coffee, pulled an envelope out of his pocket, and handed it to me. He didn’t say anything and I looked at it and saw Brad’s name written on it.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Something for us, for somebody else too if they want to go. Open it.”

It wasn’t sealed so I opened it and pulled out the two pieces of paper inside. The first one was a gift certificate for \$100 at one of the nicest restaurants in town. The other one was a certificate for \$200 to the same restaurant. I looked at them closer and saw that they were made out to Dr. Dan Weaver, Brad’s Dad.

“They’re for your Dad,” I said, “not for us.”

“Look on the back.”

I did and saw that there was a note addressed to somebody asking that Brad be permitted to use the certificate. I looked at him again and I guess he knew I had more questions.

“They were both given to Dad about a year ago. They expire after one year and the big one’s good through this month. The other one’s got a couple of more months. Dad said he’s not going to have time to use them. He thought we might get somebody to go with us.”

“Who?”

“Well, I thought Kavan and Kathryn might like to go and I want Kerry to go too. Maybe he can ask somebody to go.”

“Well, it won’t be Leigh. He says they’ve agreed just to be friends and you know what that means. I don’t think he knows anybody else to invite.”

“Maybe we could help him find somebody,” Brad said. “You’ve told me lots of the girls at school think he’s the cutest boy they’ve ever seen. Do you know any of them who might be interested? Let’s fix him up.”

I guess Brad saw the grin pop out on my face. I knew just the girl. I’d known her for almost two years, since I started high school, and she was one of Kerry’s admirers. She’d said something to me more than once about getting Kerry into the drama group which put on the big play every year.

“Nicole Whittaker,” I said.

Brad looked at me and smiled. “The one you say looks like a French gamin? Boy, she’s perfect.”

“Not gamin, Brad,” I said. “It’s gamine. I think gamin is masculine. Gamine is feminine.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re taking French and not me. She’s about your age, isn’t she? Do you think she’d date Kerry?”

“From what I’ve heard her say about him, I think she would. I’ll see what I can do.”

“I’ll leave it in your hands.”

Nicole was tall and slim like Kerry and she certainly marched to her own drum, just like Kerry. She always dressed for herself and was always beautiful. She didn't care what anybody else wore and never wore jeans. She was always in everything involving dance and drama. Best of all, I knew she didn't have a boyfriend. I liked the idea.

"Don't say anything to Kerry. Let me set it up with her. Then I'll talk him into asking her. When she says yes, you make the reservations for Saturday night." I said.

Brad looked at me with a conspiratorial grin. "You mean, don't let him know you've arranged it, huh? You do love to play chess with people, don't you?"

"I've never done that with you, Brad."

"Yeah, I know. I'm just your little pawn."

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I caught Nicole between classes and told her all the details. She liked my idea too. She knew Kerry was the youngest boy in school but she didn't care how old he was; all she asked was how tall he was. When I told her he was already five feet, eight inches tall, she said she was five, seven, and she'd love to go out to dinner with him. I told her to act surprised when Kerry asked her and she gave me another conspiratorial grin.

On Tuesday, she just happened to walk past the table in the cafeteria at school while Brad and Kerry and I were eating. When I called her over, I nudged Kerry under the table with my foot. He didn't make too big a mess out of inviting her to go out with us. She acted surprised when he told her where we were going and then she asked me what to wear.

That night, I was in my nightgown and about to crawl in bed to read when I heard Kerry in the bathroom. I heard him go through his nightly pee and flush and brush routine. I was in bed with my book when he tapped on my door.

When I told him to come in, he walked over to my bed, took my book out of my hand, and sat down beside me. He sat for a minute without saying anything, just looking at my face and in my eyes. Finally he leaned over so that his head was beside mine, slid his arms around me, and kissed me on the cheek.

"I love you, Arial," he whispered.

I couldn't say anything. I loved him too, so much that I felt like crying. I wrapped my arms around his back, put my hands behind his head, and held him tight against me. He seemed almost to melt into me and I listened to the sound of his breathing. Finally he pushed away from me, looked at me again, and a grin crept over his face.

"Thanks for fixing me up with Nicole," he said, then leaned over and kissed me on the lips. He was at the door before I could say anything. He turned and gave me a little smirk so I stuck my tongue out at him.

"Do that again and I'll bite it," he said.

TO BE CONTINUED: