**Roommates or More?**

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When my roommate left for a new job on the other side of the country, I started looking for a replacement. What I found was way beyond my expectations.  
  
I had a great apartment in Somerville, just outside of Boston. It was the second floor of a two family with two bedrooms, decent living room and kitchen, a full bath, off-street parking and a porch overlooking a small park. The rent was steep and I didn't want to move, so I put an ad on Craig's list. A lot of replies I discounted because they had pets, were smokers or just sounded way too weird. I was about to give up when I saw Megan's response. I never considered a female roomie, but wasn't opposed to it either.  
  
I set up a time for her to come and see the place. She was prompt and I opened the door to see a tall, beautiful red-head. I'm six-four and she was only a couple inches shorter. She had shoulder length wavy hair, a trim figure and a great smile.  
  
She said her roomie was getting married and would be taking over the whole apartment where they lived. She worked as a nurse in Boston and my location would be an easy commute.   
  
I showed her around, collected a couple references and told her I'd call her. Her references were all positive, so I called her and told her I'd be looking forward to her as my new roomie.  
  
I had some misgivings sharing with a girl. I always had guy roomies. I wondered if it would be awkward. What if I brought a girl home? I laughed and said slim chance of that with my recent dating history. What if she brought guys home? Well, I wasn't her father, so what the hell.  
  
Megan moved in the first weekend in May. She didn't have much to bring. Her old roomie and her fiancé carted in a twin bed, beat up dresser, one bean bag chair, boxes of books and clothes. They got her settled and left. Megan spent the rest of the day settling in.  
  
Around six I offered to get some pizza and beer and she readily accepted. Later as we sat in the living room we began to fill each other in on backgrounds. I'm a writer and she looked dubious. I assured her it's a regular job with a paycheck. I work for a high tech firm writing manuals, spec sheets, a newsletter and other stuff. She's an ER nurse and said she had strange hours. She might work three twelve hour shifts in a row and then be off for three or four days.  
  
Megan was easy to talk to and easy to look at. I hoped I could adjust to having a beautiful woman living in my apartment.  
  
We settled into a simple routine. I was usually up and out by 7:30. On the days Megan worked, she had to be at the hospital by 7:00, so we didn't see too much of each other. On her days off, we usually had dinner together and started becoming good friends.  
  
Living with a woman caused some adjustments. I was pretty much a boxers or less around the house guy. Often, I wouldn't wear anything to go to the bathroom for a shower and I never wore clothes to bed. Now, I started wearing shorts and a t-shirt and being discreet about closing the bathroom door and other things so as not to seem like a jerk.  
  
After about a month, the weather turned warm. The apartment had no air conditioning, so we tried to keep cool by a couple window fans, open windows and by not wearing a lot of extra clothes.  
  
I couldn't help but admire Megan's figure. In running shorts, her favorite bottom, her long legs were nothing short of awesome. She favored tank tops that outlined nice but not large breasts and showed a flat and tight tummy. Her ass was phenomenal in her shorts, jeans or almost anything she wore.  
  
We both enjoyed running and would often take a three mile run in the evenings. One night it was really hot and humid and we returned drenched. I said she could take her shower first and after mine we could hit an air conditioned neighborhood bar.  
  
I had just finished a tall glass of water and was headed to my room, when Megan came out of the bath. She held a towel in front of her and we almost ran into each other. We apologized and she turned to head into her run. Her back was completely exposed. I looked at her ass and blurted out, "Holy shit."  
  
She looked over her shoulder said, "Oops. Sorry." She dashed into her room and closed the door. I went into the bath and stripped off my wet running clothes, struggling to get my shorts over my erection that popped up the second I saw that perfect butt.   
  
Now I love women and don't have any dominant fetish about any one part. All parts appeal to me. But, Megan did have the best ass I had ever seen in clothes. Now, seeing it naked and moving, it literally took my breath away. I'd put it right up with Nicole Kidman. It was tight, round and luscious. My hand strayed to the rod sticking out and, after a few minutes of attention, brought the release I needed.  
  
I dried, dressed and Megan and I walked the few blocks to a bar. The cool interior was a relief as were the tall draft Sam Adams we had.  
  
We sat at the bar and paid a little attention to the Red Sox game on the tube, but mostly drank, ate bar peanuts and didn't talk. That was unusual for us, because we talked to each other all the time.  
  
Finally I broke the ice, "Megan, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have...well, I mean, I didn't expect to see your...what I'm trying to say is I hardly saw anything, honest."  
  
Megan had a great smile that lit up her entire face, and she turned it on full blast. "Jake, you said 'Holy shit'. So I gotta imagine you saw my ass."  
  
"Sorry, Meg. I was just surprised."  
  
"Yeah," she answered as she sipped her beer. "You know I've been thinking about this sort of thing and have come to the understanding that living with the opposite sex roomie has its challenges."  
  
"Challenges?" I asked.  
  
She nodded and said,"Let me ask you something and promise to answer honestly. Before I was here, what did you wear around the apartment?"  
  
"Boxers," I said and then smiled and added, "or less."  
  
"Exactly," Megan said. "Now you're wearing shorts or pants all the time. Now, me, I am sort of a let it all hang out girl. My old roomie was a nurse too and we worked a lot of the same shifts. We'd get home and feel really grubby from being around sick and hurt people. So, we'd just about get in the door and we were stripping. We'd throw our stuff in a big hamper and walk around bare-assed drinking wine or beer until we each had our showers. Most days, it was just bikini bottoms around the house—at the most. When her fiancé moved in, we discussed it and said we weren't going to alter our habits. I can guarantee you he never complained." The last bit she offered with a grin.  
  
I didn't know where this conversation was going so I did what most guys do, kept my mouth shut and drank beer.  
  
"So," Megan continued, "as I said I've been thinking about it. I think I have an idea that will help."  
  
"What?" I asked.  
  
"Tell you when we get home," she said and ordered us two more beers.  
  
At least this conversation broke the ice and we started chatting normally. We ended up splitting a burger and fries at the bar and had two more beers.  
  
Arriving back in the apartment, Megan excused herself to go pee. I was sitting on the couch watching the end of the Red Sox when she came back in.   
  
"So, do you want to hear my idea?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"I say we just get it over with and then we can relax."  
  
"Get what over with?"  
  
"Being afraid one of us is going to see the other person naked or be seen partially naked or whatever. Or worse, imagining what the other person looks like naked. We need to get rid of the big curiosity factor."  
  
"Megan, I haven't been trying to spy on you if that's what you mean."  
  
"No, I'm not saying that, Jake. But, let's be honest. I see you looking at me sometimes when I have that old tank top and my nipples are poking out. Hey, I'm not pissed, but just saying that's natural. I'm a girl, you're a guy and we get curious."  
  
"Meg, I'm really embarrassed. I don't want you to think I'm like mentally undressing you all the time. Ok, I will admit that one tank top is provocative, but I didn't think I was that obvious."  
  
Megan laughed and her laugh was one of the sweetest sounds I ever heard. "You weren't that obvious, but I knew you were looking. And, true confessions, I was flattered. Besides, after the first time, I could've chosen not to wear that again. So, I guess I was being a bit of a tease."  
  
She continued, "So we can agree there is some curiosity and that each of us has had to adapt to living with the opposite sex. I think it's stupid, so let's get it over with."  
  
I still did not get it. "Megan, I don't want to appear to be stupid, but what are you talking about?"  
  
Again the brilliant smile, "What I'm talking about, Jake, is that right now, right here in our living room, we strip off. We get buck naked and let the other person see it all. No more secrets, no more sneak peeks. Let it all hang out and then we can get back to living the way we want."  
  
"So, you're saying we undress in front of each other?"  
  
"Jake, that's exactly what I'm saying. So, stand up and let's do it."  
  
I felt as if I were moving in a dream, but I stood. Facing each other, I pulled my polo shirt over my head and dropped it on the floor. Megan removed her t-shirt exposing a sports bra. She then dropped her shorts to reveal a pair of pink bikini bottoms. I undid my belt, praying that I would not get a hard-on and embarrass myself to death.  
  
Megan looked at my boxers that were decorated with Patriot's logos and just shook her head.  
  
In a fluid motion she pulled her bra over her head and without hesitation bent and tugged her panties to the floor, kicking them free with her foot. I stared at the magnificent naked body in front of me.  
  
I was brought back to reality with a pronounced, "Ahem" from Megan.   
  
I realized I still had my boxers on. I slowly slid them off and straightened to face her. She did not hesitate to look me up and down, spending some time on my crotch. She motioned with her finger and I turned my back to her.  
  
"Holy shit," she exclaimed. We both burst out laughing at her imitation of me. I turned back to face her. She raised her hand and we high-fived.   
  
I once again took in her body. Her breasts were on the small side, but stood out proudly from her chest. She had almost no areoles topped by dark, tiny nipples that appeared to be erect. Her tummy was flat and tight. She had a belly button ring that made her navel stand out. Her pussy was the same shade as her hair, a mixture of reds and strawberry blond. She slightly trimmed the side and the top, but the rest was a wondrous jungle of tufts, curls and color.  
  
Her breasts and crotch were lily white as opposed to the fair complexion of the rest of her body. I knew she would never tan, but there was a nice contrast between her sex parts and the rest of her body.   
  
She watched me looking and then turned to give me a full view of the fantastic ass I glimpsed just a few hours ago. I now saw each cheek had a delicate dimple. Her back and legs were muscled but smooth.  
  
I was using every ounce of willpower to keep my dick from getting hard.  
  
"So, there," she said. "We've each seen it all."  
  
"What now," I asked? "What are the rules?"  
  
Megan smiled and said, "Simple. No rules. If either of us doesn't want to wear clothes, then we don't. If we do, we do. No hassle, no pressure, and best of all, no wondering. Deal?"  
  
It didn't take me long to figure that the deal would mean I probably would be looking at one of the best bodies I had ever seen and so said "Deal."  
  
Megan extended her hand and we shook.  
  
"Now, I'm going to bed. I've got to be in early. 'Night, Jake."  
  
"'Night, Meg."  
  
As I lay trying to get to sleep, I kept replaying the scene of her stripping and the view of her naked body. My dick rose to the occasion this time and my hand helped relieve the tension it was carrying.  
  
I didn't see Megan for three days. I had two night meetings and went to a Red Sox game with some buddies. The next time I saw her was Saturday morning.  
  
I woke around 8 and had to pee. I started to pull on my boxers and then thought, maybe I don't need them. Then, I thought maybe Megan had second thoughts or really didn't want me to actually walk around the apartment swinging in the breeze. I covered my bets by picking up my boxers, but not putting them on. I figured I could just hold them in front of me if I ran into Megan and she seemed shocked.  
  
I opened my bedroom door and noticed Megan's door was open. I headed to the bathroom and heard her call out, "'Morning."  
  
I turned to see her walking my way with a mug of coffee in one hand and the Globe in the other. She wore tiny blue bikinis and nothing else.   
  
I slid my boxers in front of me and said good morning and motioned to the bathroom.  
  
She nodded and then said, "What's with the boxers?"  
  
"Uh, I, well, I was just carrying them in case, you know, that maybe being naked wasn't..."  
  
"Jake, I thought we covered that. Go balls out all the time. It's cool. I don't mind. Hell, it's nice to see a tight bod. And, in case you are wondering, I think you have a good dick and great ass. Very good, actually. Ok? So, chill."  
  
I grinned and tossed the boxers back into my room. From that moment on, it was very casual in our apartment.  
  
Boston was in the midst of one of the worst heat waves in our history. Both Megan and I appreciated being able to strip off and cool down. On the evenings she was home, we settled into a little routine. We'd have a light supper of salad and white wine, put a fan in front of the couch, turn off the lights and watch a ball game or pick a movie to watch, or sit on our porch, all while being nude or sometimes Megan wore tiny bikini panties.   
  
We alternated movie selection. One night it might be a chick-flic romance for her and the next a shoot-em-up or spy one for me. Neither complained about the other's choice and we each loved making caustic comments about the inane plots of any of the genres. When watching baseball, we'd comment on the players, which ones were good guys and which were assholes. Megan asked why guys kept pulling at their crotches. I tried to explain adjusting the boys, but she felt they could do that in the dugout and not on the field. All in all, we soon hardly took notice of our nudity—well, actually I always noticed her body, but I certainly didn't complain.  
  
One particularly hot evening, we were watching a Sox game. We were both damp with sweat and finally Megan said, "I need something really cool to drink."  
  
I said how about frozen Margaritas.  
  
We agreed and both headed to the kitchen. Megan said she'd get the blender and I pulled out the booze and dug in the fridge for limes. I was turning to get a knife to slice the limes just as Megan was backing up from retrieving the blender from under the counter. She was still bent over and her butt was sticking up in the air. I turned and she moved back and suddenly my dick was right between her ass cheeks.   
  
She yelled, "Whoa!" and I stumbled back. My embarrassment went off the chart when I immediately got hard from this unexpected contact.   
  
"Jake, what the..." Megan stopped in mid-sentence as she turned and saw my erection.  
  
"Oh, boy," she said softly.  
  
"Sorry, Meg, that was totally an accident."  
  
She looked directly at my erect member and said, "And, that is the result of this accident?"  
  
I smiled dopily and said, "You know they have a mind of their own. Sorry, I'll go put some clothes on."  
  
"No," Megan commanded. "Actually, this is sort of the last barrier of curiosity. I admit I wondered what your dick looked like hard. So, now I know."  
  
We both looked down at my erection, and, honestly, without me doing anything, it bounced.  
  
We laughed and Megan said, "Well, hell-o to you, too."  
  
We made our drinks and went back to the couch. I was back to almost normal. We sipped in silence for a while.  
  
"Jake, are you Ok?"  
  
"A little embarrassed, but, yeah, I'm Ok."  
  
"Well, I was wondering about this. I mean I know we say being naked around each other is cool, but you never got a hard-on. I've been around guys, and usually it happens a lot. God, my ex-roommate's fiancé had a woodie half the time we were there. I think he was proud of it and I also think he was hoping that Carol and I would team up and take care of it. Never happened, I assure you. But, you've been pretty tame."  
  
"Well, I've been concentrating a lot to keep it down. And, if I had one, I stayed in my room until, well, let's say it went away. Many times in the morning I have one, but just hang in my room 'til it goes away. I didn't want you to think I was a perv and imagining you in a sexual way.'  
  
"Jeez, Jake, don't work yourself up. We are friends and I'd like to think we are very good friends. I don't think we are going to screw each other by mistake, but that doesn't mean we don't have sexual thoughts. I like looking at you naked. I think you have a really, really attractive dick and I especially like seeing it as it swings when you walk. It's certainly not tiny, I say that because I hear you guys are hung up on size, but it's not grotesquely big. I think your ass is fab. And, you have a great set of balls. So, yeah, I think sexually. It's normal."  
  
"God, I wish you didn't say all that," I moaned.  
  
"Why, did I offend you?"  
  
"No," I said and looked down at my crotch. Megan followed my eyes to see a hard and upright dick.  
  
"My bad," she said giggling.  
  
"I've think you've unleashed the devil. Now that he knows you're not offended, he's going to be popping up all the time."  
  
"No prob, Jake. He's always welcome" she said as she lightly touched the top of my naked thigh.  
  
She offered her glass and we clinked rims and drank.   
  
"How about you and your man-spear get us a couple refills, while I just enjoy the view."  
  
I was amazed at how fast I was loosing my concern about parading around aroused. I returned with her drink and she asked me to stand there. She looked intently at my erection, which did nothing to ease its hardness.  
  
"That's very attractive, Jake. I still marvel at how hard a guy's dick can get. Thanks for letting me stare."  
  
I raised my glass and we toasted silently.  
  
After that night, Megan stopped wearing her bikini briefs even occasionally. She was always nude when we were in the apartment. It was now mid-August and a weekend when both of us were off work. I stumbled out of bed with major morning wood and went in search for coffee. Megan was in the kitchen making a pot. She had on black undies.   
  
She turned and noticed my erection and said, "good morning my fine hard friend. It's always good to see you."  
  
I shrugged and said, "Morning wood. As soon as it goes down, I'll pee. By the way, what's with the panties?"  
  
Megan blushed, turning her white breasts a pretty shade of pink.  
  
"Got a little visitor."  
  
"Huh, someone's here?" I panicked thinking she might have a guy over and I didn't want to be caught in this condition.  
  
Megan laughed, "No, stupid, I've got my period."  
  
Now it was my turn to blush and I am sure I was scarlet from head to toe. "Sorry. It's just that I never noticed before."  
  
"That's because my last two happened while I was working."  
  
Talking about this feminine stuff made me go soft enough to be able to pee, so I excused myself.  
  
Back in the kitchen I poured a mug and joined Meg at our small table.  
  
"You know, I don't think I've ever talked about a girl's period before. Doing it would be weird, but not as weird as sitting here naked talking about a girl's period."  
  
Laughing Megan assured me it was Ok.   
  
"Jake, I think we can talk about anything. I don't believe I've ever been as comfortable with any guy or practically any girlfriend as I am with you. You're a great friend."  
  
I agreed and offered a coffee mug toast.  
  
We decided to take a long bike ride out to Walden Pond. It was a great trip and we got home late afternoon, totally drenched from the exercise. Megan offered me the first shower. As I was drying, she nudged me aside with a hand on my butt and jumped in.

I went and sat on the couch sipping a beer. Megan appeared with her hair still wet and grabbed her own beer. She stood right in front of me, with her legs slightly spread apart.  
  
"Jake, what do you think of my pussy?"  
  
I choked on the mouthful of beer I had just taken in. After getting under control, I could not help but stare at the luscious bush catching light in the tangles. It was all golden and fiery.  
  
"Well," I said, "not having any intimate knowledge of your pussy, I have no fuckin' clue what to say. This isn't one of those 'do these jeans make my ass look fat' questions, is it?"  
  
"You think my ass looks fat in jeans?"  
  
"No! Actually, I think you have the best ass I have ever seen. It almost looks as good in jeans as it does naked. And you know I rate your naked ass a 'Holy shit'."  
  
She laughed. Then looked at me, "Seriously, I want your opinion of my pussy."  
  
"What are you really asking?" I said.  
  
"Well, I've been talking with my sister and she keeps telling me to shave it all off. She does, loves it and thinks I look like a jungle girl."  
  
I again stared at the wide rectangle with the wild curls. I tried to imagine it bald and the only result was a massive hard-on.  
  
Megan noticed and said, "Well, I guess that's a vote that you like my pussy."  
  
"What's not to like? It's beautiful, like the rest of you. But, really if you want to trim it or whatever, it's your choice. You are so beautiful; no guy is going to complain if you're smooth as a baby or hairy as a gorilla. What do you want to do?"  
  
Megan ran her fingers through the mass of red and pulled on the tufts. She sipped some beer, and said, "I think I should trim this down to a shallow layer and narrow the strip."  
  
"Sounds like a plan," I offered as my erection throbbed at the thought of it.  
  
"Glad you agree because I need your help."  
  
"Help?"  
  
"Yeah, I don't think I can get it even by myself and I certainly don't trust my own hand making a straight line with a razor. So, Roomie, you get the honors."  
  
"You know this is fuckin' bizarre, right?"  
  
"I think it's fun," and after a pause, "and a little kinky. But, mostly fun. And, by the looks of your quite impressive erection, I'd say you're not opposed."  
  
I gave in and said we should probably do it on my bed since there's more room. I got up and Megan smiled at my hard-on bobbing as we walked.   
  
I grabbed a towel and shaving cream and a razor. She went to her room and got a pair of scissors.  
  
She laid on the spread towel and indicated how much pubic hair she wanted trimmed. I marveled at the silky feel of the hairs between my fingers, telling her how soft and silky it was and was she sure she wanted it to go away.  
  
She ran her fingers through the luxurious curls and sighed. She took my hand and placed it tight on her pussy.   
  
"Be the last person to touch it before it's all gone," she said in a small voice.  
  
I ran my fingers through the curls, enjoying the sensation and feeling the warmth of her sex. She moved under my touch and let out a small moan.  
  
"Easy, Cowboy. I think you have done justice to this last trip through the forest."  
  
I then pulled a patch out taut and snipped it at the desired length. She said it was perfect, so I grabbed, pulled and snipped until her the mass of pubes was hacked away. I got an idea and went to the bathroom, returning with a grooming razor. A couple years ago I had a beard and liked to keep it at about a three day growth. I bought this razor so I could adjust the settings. I explained to Megan that I could get a more even look if I finished her with this.  
  
She told me to go for it. I adjusted the depth to what I thought was right and made a pass over the remaining pubes. It looked good, so I continued. Megan squirmed and I asked if I had hurt her.   
  
"No, the vibration sort of gets to me, you know."  
  
I nodded and finished with the electric razor. I brushed the stray clippings on to the towel, enjoying the sensation of touching her pubic area.  
  
Her slit was now clearly visible and I was dripping. I prayed she did not notice.  
  
Megan then indicated how wide the strip should be. I put a pile of shaving cream in my hand and spread it from her thigh into the right spot on her pussy. I ran a finger down to make a line. As I did, she shivered again. I figured I was not the only one getting turned on.   
  
I worked the safety razor from the line out to her thighs, and then trued it up with an up and down stroke. I repeated the same procedure on the other side until she ended up with an inch and a half strip.   
  
"How about the taint?"  
  
I knew she meant the part from the bottom of her slit up to her asshole. She grabbed her thighs and pulled her legs up. She was now totally exposed and spread. I could see both her outer and inner lips, and her clit pushing through the little hood.  
  
"Shouldn't I have a medical degree to be at this angle?" I joked.  
  
She smiled and asked if I were going to do an internal exam.  
  
"Not likely," I replied.  
  
"Pity! Well, I don't think you need to be a doctor, then."  
  
I spread cream around her sex lips and in between her legs. I carefully shaved the area. I used a corner of the towel to wipe away the excess cream and noticed she was quite wet. I yearned to lean in and kiss the beautiful display of pink inches from my face.  
  
"Can you get me the hand mirror from my dresser?"  
  
With my hard-on leading the way, I retrieved the mirror. She held it between her still spread and elevated legs and admired the new look.  
  
"Guess I sprung a little leak, Jake. Looks like you're not the only one who gets turned on every now and then."  
  
"Happens," I said.  
  
"Guess, so. I see your head glistening. God, this is weird," Megan exclaimed. "We are roomies, but certainly not lovers, but here we are. You have this rock hard erection and I'm spread open like a gal waiting for a class A screwing and dripping like a freakin' hose. Actually, I think this is a good time for another shower—a cold one."  
  
We both stood. Megan leaned in, avoiding contact with my erection, and kissed me on the cheek and softly said, "Thanks."  
  
"Honestly, and I mean honestly, Meg, the pleasure is all mine. And to answer your earlier question..."  
  
"What question?"  
  
"You asked me what I thought of your pussy."  
  
She blushed, smiled and said, "So?"  
  
"It's absolutely beautiful."  
  
She laughed and bounced into the shower. I cleaned up and grabbed another cold beer. I held it against my dick hoping it would take the swelling down before I got a serious case of blue balls.  
  
Later that evening, Megan came back out of her bedroom and said she just talked with her sister and told her of the grooming that was done. I asked her if she told her sister that I did the trimming.  
  
"No way," she said, "she is shy and would flip out thinking we are naked all the time, and would double flip out thinking my male roommate shaved my puss. I know she's had boyfriends and she is certainly not a virgin, but she would never just prance around like we do."  
  
She then asked if it would be Ok if her sister visited for a couple days. I said sure. Megan said she'd be here next weekend.  
  
Sally, Megan's sister was almost as tall and equally as good looking. Like Megan, Sally was a nurse and also taught yoga at a private club. Megan said they were "Irish Twins", meaning they were less than a year apart. She also had twin sisters who were a year and half younger than Sally, twin brothers two years younger than the girl twins and another sister, who inexplicitly was four years younger than the boy twins. "Guess Mom needed a break or something," she said.  
  
Before Sally arrived, we agreed we would be back to wearing clothes. "I'm pretty sure I'm not going to tell her about our lifestyle. I hope you're not offended."  
  
I assured her it was no problem.  
  
We picked up Sally at Logan and dumped her stuff in the apartment and headed out on foot. After a night of beers and burgers at our neighborhood bar, we returned to an oven of an apartment. Megan had said she and her sister would share her twin bed, but I knew that would be intolerable with two people in that tiny space. I told them to take my queen bed and I would sleep in her twin. They put up only mild resistance and I could tell they thought this was a great idea.  
  
We said our good nights and I stripped and crawled into Megan's bed. It was slightly erotic being naked in her bed. I was just settling in when a soft rap on the door preceded Megan's head popping in.  
  
"Can I come in?"  
  
I nodded and she entered, wearing only her pink bikini bottoms and a thin t-shirt.   
  
"God, you are really going to get the wrong idea of us, but I need something from my nightstand."  
  
The nightstand was between the bed and the wall. I offered to get what she wanted, but Megan said no. She crawled over me and dug in the drawer, pulling out a pink vibrator.  
  
She looked at me, blushed and said, "It's not like were Lesbos or into incest, but we do like getting off with a toy. We used to do it all the time when we were in high school and then nursing school. Don't think I'm a slut."  
  
Megan was sitting next to me on the tiny bed. I assured her I thought nothing bad about her and hoped she and Sally would have a great time.  
  
"Jake, you're the best."  
  
She moved toward me for a hug and I reached up to welcome her. I misjudged the angle and my hand landed right on her left breast. I felt the soft warm flesh and hard point of her nipple through the thin fabric of her shirt. I should have pulled it away immediately, but I froze.  
  
"Sorry," I said.  
  
"It's Ok, Jake, I know you didn't mean it."  
  
"True, but doesn't mean I don't like it."  
  
I removed my hand and Meg gave me a quick hug and a kiss on the cheek. As she turned to get up she glanced at the sheet and noticed a big tent.  
  
"Oh, I see you really did like it."  
  
I nodded sheepishly.  
  
Megan placed her hand on my erection, still covered by the sheet. She moved her hand up and down, squeezed it and said, "Sorry, fella, but no can do right now."  
  
She jumped off the bed and bounced out of the room with my eyes glued to her butt barely covered by the bikinis. My dick throbbed. I had to restrain myself from jerking off. I just couldn't do it in Megan's bed, even though I could hear giggles from my room and imagined they were doing something similar in my bed to what I wanted to do in Megan's.  
  
After a lot of tossing and turning and torturing myself with imagined scenes of Megan and Sally, I fell asleep. In the morning I pulled on clothes and found the sisters making a big breakfast. Each wore a t-shirt and panties. Looking at them together, I thought I was seeing double. Same great ass, small chest and unending legs.  
  
We hung out playing tourist in Boston. Sally was leaving Monday morning to fly back to Philly and Megan was still off. She would take her sister to Logan and come back to the apartment. I was working at home, finishing up a newsletter.  
  
I said my good-byes at night and fell asleep to more giggles and moans from my bedroom.  
  
I slept a little late the next morning. It was almost 9 when I climbed out of bed. I was happy not to have to put clothes on. I had really hard morning wood, probably from not relieving myself from the erotic images flashing through my head for the last couple nights.  
  
I heard noise in the kitchen and silently prayed Megan had made coffee. I turned into the room and saw her working the coffee maker with her back toward me and that great ass on display in tight jeans.  
  
"You are an angel. I need you to give me something hot and steamy," I said teasing as we both would often do.  
  
She turned, looked at me, looked at my hard-on and screamed.  
  
I was staring into the face of Sally.  
  
"Shit, Sally, I thought you left."  
  
"You're naked and have a hard-on."  
  
I couldn't argue the point.  
  
"I thought you were Megan."  
  
"What? Were you going to rape her?"  
  
"No, this happens all the time."  
  
"Creep. You run around exposing yourself to my sister all the time."  
  
I realized I should cover up and grabbed a dish towel from the counter. Holding it in front of my erection, I tried to explain.  
  
"It really is not what it looks like."  
  
"It looks like a naked guy with a freakin' hard-on asking for something 'hot and steamy'. I think I can figure out what that means, Asshole."  
  
"Yes, that's what I said, but I would never do anything to harm Megan. Honest. It's just..."  
  
"Just what?"  
  
I didn't want to explain our living situation since Megan didn't do it herself. But, I was afraid that if I didn't Sally was going to lose it.  
  
"It's just that Megan and I rarely wear clothes when we're home. It's no big deal."  
  
"I can't believe it. You mean the both of you just parade around naked all the time."  
  
"Actually, yes."  
  
"Are you two lovers?"  
  
"No, we never do anything sexual." I thought about my hand on Megan's tit, her hand on my dick, but rationalized that was not really sexual. And, I thought that shaving her sister's pussy and touching her in that private area was not sexual. I realized we were having a lot of contact for two people who were not having sex.  
  
"What about your freakin' hard-on?"  
  
"Sally, guys get erections. Especially in the morning, we get them a lot. Megan and I decided it was natural and we were not going to make a big deal out of it. I'm sorry I've offended you. I thought you were gone. You and Meg look identical from the back. Anyway, what are you doing here and where's Megan?"  
  
"My flight got cancelled and there was no other equipment available. So, I called in to the hospital and said I'd be in tomorrow. Sally got beeped and had to cover a half shift this morning."  
  
By now my erection had subsided. I kept the towel covering my crotch, but felt foolish.  
  
"Look, Sally, I'll go get dressed and maybe we can sorta' just not make a big deal out of it. Ok?"  
  
"So, you two really are bare-assed in the apartment?"  
  
I nodded and added, "It helps to beat the heat, too."  
  
She laughed and said sarcastically, "I'm sure that's your main priority."  
  
"Well..."  
  
Sally cut me off, glancing down at the towel that was no longer tented in front of me.  
  
"And, Megan is cool with it?"  
  
"Her idea, actually."  
  
"No shit? Come to think of it, I can imagine her doing this. She's always been a little bit out there, at least, farther than me. Well, I can be cool with it too."  
  
"So, you are willing to let me off the hook?" I asked.  
  
"Ok, but on one condition."  
  
"What?"  
  
Sally broke into a smile as dazzling as her sister's.  
  
"Toss me that towel."  
  
I grinned and tossed her the towel.  
  
She looked at my semi-hard dick, my abs and chest and back at my dick, then nodded. I turned and she did a little wolf whistle watching my butt disappear around the corner.  
  
I returned to the kitchen to find her on the phone, tears of laughter streaming down her face, as she described the morning's event to Megan.  
  
Looking me in the eye, she said into the phone. "Definitely, Sis, awesome ass and really great dick."  
  
That evening we all had a lot of chuckles about the morning's event. Although we both remained clothed, Megan teased Sally and said she was free to join us in our normal dress pattern. Sally begged off, much to my disappointment. I was really curious what her bald pussy looked like.  
  
The next morning she left for real and I was back at work. With our crazy schedules, I didn't really catch-up with Megan until Friday evening. She had been off all day. When I got home, she suggested hitting our favorite bar and getting slightly shit-faced watching the Sox take on the Yankees.  
  
We did. Walking back home, I know both of us were feeling pretty good.  
  
As soon as we entered the apartment, I asked if I could go to the bathroom first. I had to pee really badly.  
  
"Great," said Megan. "This will be the perfect opportunity to do it."  
  
"Do what?"  
  
"Pee like a guy," she said, all smiles.  
  
"You want to pee standing up?"  
  
"No, dipshit, I want to be the guy."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Ok, let me spell it out. I want you to stand there and I will operate the equipment."  
  
"You're kidding."  
  
"Nope, always wanted to see what it felt like. Never had a guy I was able to ask. But you, Jake, are the coolest."  
  
I was shocked, but had to pee so badly that I did not want to argue any more.  
  
"Ok, let's go."  
  
We went into the bathroom and I stood in front of the toilet.  
  
"What now?" asked Megan.  
  
"Lift the seat."  
  
"Oh, yeah."  
  
Megan lifted the seat and asked for more directions.  
  
"Well, you should probably stand behind me to get the full effect."  
  
Megan pushed herself against me and I could sense her hard nipples pushing into my back.  
  
"Ok, unzip me and take it out."  
  
Megan poked her head under my left arm and craned her head around so she could see. Reaching around me, she used two hands to pull down my zipper. She put her right hand inside and tried to get into my boxers.  
  
Her hand kept getting trapped behind my shirt tale. I told her to move her hand under my shirt and into my fly. After a little more fumbling, her hand found the entrance and I felt her warm hand take hold of my cock. I fought with all my might to not get hard. Not only would it be slightly embarrassing, but it would make it really difficult to pee and I had to go so bad.  
  
"Ok, take it out, aim it and let me know when you're ready."  
  
Megan managed to bring my cock from my pants and now gripping it with fingers on two hands pointed it toward the bowl.  
  
"All set, Jake, let it fly."  
  
I need no more encouragement. I let loose a strong stream.  
  
Megan shrieked as the pee hit the side of the rim and started wetting the floor.  
  
I managed with great difficulty to stop peeing.  
  
"See, it's not as easy as it seems. So, don't bitch if sometimes we leave some drops around."  
  
"No fair," she said, "guys have a lot more practice."  
  
She readjusted her aim and I let go again, this time resulting in the familiar splashing we've all come to recognize. Megan took great delight in moving my dick head around and hitting various parts of the bowl. I took great delight on having her fingers on my dick.  
  
I must have gone on for 15 or 20 seconds and the relief in my bladder was exotic. Finally, the stream faded to a dribble.  
  
"Now what?" she asked.  
  
"Give it a couple shakes and put it away."  
  
"Yuck, you don't wash it off?"  
  
"No. Guys never do that, Meg. Shake it dry and put it away. That's all there is."  
  
She gave it a few shakes, using more force than I would, and put it inside my shorts. She then let her hand slip down and cup my balls.  
  
"Wow!" I exclaimed.  
  
"Hey, I figured I was in the neighborhood, so what the hell."  
  
She felt them for a few seconds longer, fingering each nut inside, moving her hand up and down my flaccid shaft, and finally removing her hand, zipping me up, finishing with a kiss on the back of my neck while hugging me.  
  
"Thanks, Jake. That was super cool. I really like the feel of your penis."  
  
"Penis?"  
  
"It seems kinda' crude to call it a dick or cock after I felt it. It just seemed sorta pansy."  
  
"Whatever you call it, Meg, I enjoyed your touch. And, you're not a bad pisser, once you got the hang of it."  
  
I moved to the sink to wash my hands as Megan dropped the seat, pulled down her pants and bikinis and peed. I looked down to see a gush coming from the beautiful pussy that I had trimmed. Too bad, she felt comfortable in keeping it in shape and didn't ask me to help her again. She wiped herself dry, and stood, not bothering to pull up her clothes. As she was washing her hands, she looked at me in the mirror.  
  
"I guess that's another barrier we've crossed."  
  
"Yeah," I agreed, "But you are never going to watch me take a dump. Never!"  
  
She howled and said, "Deal."  
  
We said good night and I went into my bedroom. I stripped and was adjusting the fan, when Megan came in.

"Jake, can we talk?"  
  
"Sure" I gestured to my bed. We pulled down the sheets and plopped on the bed, resting our heads on the pillows letting the fan cool our naked bodies. Megan turned off the bedside lamp and we lay next to each other with just the glow from outside illuminating the room.  
  
"That was the first time I touched you," she said with a small voice.  
  
"Sorta'" I replied.  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"That night your sister was here and you came in for your vibrator. You touched my hard-on."  
  
"Well, you grabbed my tit and I only touched you outside the sheet for a second. Tonite, I held your dick in my hands."  
  
We lay together quietly for a while. I felt Megan's hand rest on top of mine and I opened my fist to hold her hand, intertwining our fingers.  
  
"Jake, I loved touching you. It felt good."  
  
"Good on my part, too, Meg."  
  
"We are not going to fuck things up, are we?"  
  
"How?"  
  
"By getting sexually involved."  
  
"I don't know. I'm not planning anything."  
  
"But you think about it?"  
  
"Do you?"  
  
Megan squeezed my hand and whispered, "Sometimes."  
  
"Me, too," I replied.  
  
"Jake, I think I love you. Hell, I know I love you, but I don't know if I am in love with you in a sexual way. Is that crazy?"  
  
"I don't think so. It's sorta' how I feel about you. I mean I can't imagine not having you in my life. We share everything, talk about everything and live like a couple, except we aren't a couple."  
  
"No fucking."  
  
"Yeah, no fucking."  
  
"Isn't it frustrating?"  
  
"Sometimes, but I just so enjoy being around you that it's Ok. And, looking at you naked is awesome. I hope that doesn't flip you out."  
  
She shook her head and then picked up her conversation.   
  
"You haven't had a girl here since I moved in and I don't think you've stayed over at anyone's place. So, you obviously aren't getting laid."  
  
"Quite observant," I teased. "And, I could say the same for you."  
  
I could feel her tense next to me. She remained silent for a long time.  
  
"Jake, I have had sex a number of times. Usually after work and before I come home. One week when you went out of town for a few days, we had sex here in my room. So, I've had the opportunity to work out some of the pent-up sex drive. But, you haven't"  
  
I was stunned to learn of her sexual encounters. I had fantasized that we both were these warriors who were abstaining from sex and forging some super bond.  
  
Megan rolled on her side and put her head on my shoulder and her hand on my stomach, her fingers just brushing the top of my pubes, lightly scratching the sensitive area, sending mild erotic shocks to my groin.  
  
"Jake, I've hurt you, I fear."  
  
I shook my head, but inside I was hurt.  
  
"Jake, it's nothing about us. It's not cheating, since we are not a couple. It was just sex. I think you should feel free to do it too. That's one of the reasons why I wanted to talk. I want you to understand that you can do what you want."  
  
I nodded, but couldn't find any words.   
  
"So, do you like take care of yourself?"  
  
I shrugged.  
  
"Come on, Jake. You can tell me. Hell, you knew that Sally and I were jerking off like fiends when she was here. And, really, we are not incestuous. I use the vibe on her, but don't touch her with my hands or anything. She does the same for me. We know each other so well, that's it's a real kick to have someone else get you off. And, I do it when I'm alone. I use the vibe or just my fingers. Sometimes I squeeze a pillow between my legs and get off that way. I'm telling you this, because I don't want you to think you can't do it."  
  
I laughed a little. "You know, I have never talked about masturbating with anyone, not even another guy. Now, I'm having a conversation about it with a girl."  
  
"Well, technically you haven't said shit. I have spilled my beans, but yours are still in the freakin' can."  
  
I laughed some more. "Megan, I jerk off like a fool. I do it here in my bed, in the shower and a couple times in the living room watching Showtime flics. Don't worry I am careful and don't spill anything."  
  
Megan kissed my cheek. "My hero," she said with a hint of sarcasm.  
  
"Do you think of me when you do it," she asked softly.  
  
"Yeah, most of the time. Sorry."  
  
"Nothing to be sorry about. I fantasize about you and that gorgeous cock that loves to stand up in front of me. I told you how much I enjoy watching it move as you walk. To be honest, I get wet sometimes looking at you with a hard-on just going about doing stuff in the apartment. Yep, very erotic. Good masturbating material."  
  
We lay next to each other for a while and then I said.  
  
"You said 'one of the reasons' before. What's the other reason you wanted to talk about our sex lives."  
  
"Jake, I might want to bring someone home soon. It's nothing serious, just a hot fling, but I don't like that we'd have to sneak around you. So, I want to know if it's Ok with you."  
  
I felt a pang of anxiety in my stomach, but knew I had no right to such a feeling.  
  
"Of course it is, Meg. Bring him home anytime. Just give me fair warning so I'm not greeting him for the first time with my dick hanging out."  
  
Megan was silent.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Actually, Jake, it's not a him. It's a her."  
  
I now turned on my side to face her.  
  
"Her? You're gay?"  
  
Laughing, she said, "No, I don't even think I'm officially bi. But she and I connected somehow and next thing I know we are having mind-blowing sex. She's only the second woman I've been with, not counting my sister, but that doesn't count anyway 'cause we really don't have sex. And, definitely not counting nursing school when things got sorta' really crazy. With a bunch of horny girls living together in a dorm with only two guys, one of whom was definitely gay. God, the combinations were uncountable, but it was purely sex and none of us gave it a thought except that we loved getting off and getting each other off. Lots of pussy eating, but no emotional involvement. But, I mean this is only the second woman whom I would consider a lover. And, there have been more guys than girls, believe me."  
  
"Have you been with any guys since you've been here."  
  
Megan snorted and said, "Pathetic cliché. Yeah, I screwed a married doctor some. I knew it was a mistake. He had made his way through a bunch of the nurses already, but he is charming. You know how people like to gossip, so I heard he had a huge dick. One night after a long session in the ER where we worked side by side to save some kid's life, who was in a motorcycle accident, we were standing by ourselves in the doc's lounge having a cup of coffee. Jake, when you are doing something so intimate as having your hands together in another body and saving a life, you form this bond. It doesn't last too long, but it's there.  
  
"So, we're just leaning against a counter and I said there were a lot of crazy rumors in an ER. He wanted to know what I meant. So I asked him if it was true that he had a huge cock. We were alone. He smiles, drops his scrubs, wearing no underwear, and shows me this enormous cock. I am talking porno movie cock. I wanted it, Jake. I wanted that big, get ready for the rest of the cliché, black cock. I reached out, took it in my hand, then dropped to my knees and sucked him. He got hard and it got even bigger. Next thing I know my pants are off and he's in. So, lily white nurse fucks black doctor with legendary cock."  
  
"So, how was it?"  
  
"Big," she said laughing. "Really big, I was amazed he could get it in my pussy. He did and he banged me hard. It made me really sore. But I came like crazy. We only did it a few times, shit that's a lie. Ok, we did it every chance we got. I would be working near him and know that big thing was just hanging there, no underwear around it. I'd get wet, and at the first break, we'd dash to a closet, an unused office, or any space and fuck like rabbits. Then our shifts got mixed up and we stopped seeing each other. Good thing, because he was pushing to ass-fuck me. I don't think I could have handled that monster in the back door. Next thing, I heard he was pounding another ER doc and the VP of nursing found them going at it in an unused patient room. Caused a shitstorm. But, good ER docs are hard to find and the VP let it slide, after making sure they never worked together again. I also heard she couldn't get over the size of his cock standing up when she caught him and he pulled out of the doc, and that after he was soon putting his 10 inches to good use with her in her executive office. Sounds like a soap opera, but this shit happens."  
  
I looked in her eyes for a long time.  
  
"What are you thinking," she asked?  
  
"Thinking what it would be like to make love to you."  
  
"Ah."  
  
"But, I don't think it's going to happen," I said sadly.  
  
"Probably not, Babe."  
  
Megan moved in and kissed my lightly on the lips.   
  
"I love you too much to make love to you."  
  
I nodded in agreement.  
  
With a twinkle in her eye and her brilliant smile lighting up the darkness, she added, "But, I may be able to help you now and then."  
  
She ran her hand over my hard dick, kissed me again and rolled out of bed.   
  
She said good night and went back to her room.  
  
I tossed and turned for a long time pondering her final words and savoring the memory of her touch on my dick and her kiss on my lips.  
  
It was two days before we were together again. It was movie night and Megan picked a flic called, "Waterdance". I didn't know much about it, but it had Eric Stolz, whom I thought was a good actor, and Helen Hunt, whom I thought was one of the most attractive and sexy women in entertainment.  
  
About half way through the movie there is a scene where Eric Stolz's character, who is paralyzed from the waist down as a result of an accident, and Helen's character, leave the rehab facility on a pass. They go to a motel and all of a sudden a naked Helen Hunt is on top of him. I took one look at her beautiful naked boobs and got rock hard. You also get to see her ass. I was practically drooling.  
  
Megan noticed and said, "My guess is you like Helen Hunt not Eric Stolz?"  
  
I followed her gaze to my crotch, and mumbled "Sorry. She's been a bit of a fantasy of mine."  
  
"Don't blame you. She is sexy and looks great naked."  
  
Megan slid her hand onto my erection. I jumped at her touch.  
  
"Let me help, Jake."  
  
"I can't."  
  
"Sure, you can. All you have to do is sit there. I will do all the work and you get all the reward."  
  
"This is too weird, Meg."  
  
She slowly and softly stroked me.  
  
"Let me tell you another secret. Sally and I used jerk off guys all the time. We didn't sleep with them, didn't let them play with us, didn't suck them, but we loved jerking them off. It was particularly fun to double date and do it together. Later we'd compare notes on how big each guy was, how he sounded, how much he came and other silly stuff."  
  
She started rubbing harder. I put my hand on her wrist to pull her off.  
  
She took my hand away.   
  
"Jake, I want to do this. For you and for me. I enjoy touching you and I want to give you pleasure. Please let me."  
  
I laid my head back against the couch, closed my eyes and gave myself over to the sensations.  
  
I was on the path of no return. Megan kept up a steady stroke while using her other hand to massage my balls. Soon, I felt my cum rising and exploded, shooting up on my stomach and chest. Megan kept pumping until I had just a dribble running down over her hand. She leaned in and kissed me ever so softly on the lips and said, "Thank you."  
  
She ran into the bathroom and returned with a damp washcloth. She wiped me clean and dried me with a hand towel she also brought back. She fondled my flaccid member and kissed my cheek before announcing she was off to bed.  
  
After that night, Megan would tend to my needs several times a week. Either when we were watching TV or sometimes she'd lay beside me in bed and play with me until I was hard. She claimed to love it best when I was soft and she would fondle me until I was hard. She would bring me to the brink and back off, building up the tension until I had magnificent orgasms.  
  
She always cleaned and dried me, kissed my kips and went to bed. I imagined she was masturbating herself. Sometimes, I thought I could hear the soft hum of her vibe, but maybe it was my imagination.   
  
I offered to return the service, but she always refused. "It's different," she'd say.  
  
I couldn't understand what she meant, until she explained. "With a guy, I rub and get the expected result. But with a girl, you have to really get inside her. Jake, that's a lot more intimate than rubbing a cock. I think that letting you inside me, even with a finger, is moving us somewhere neither one of us wants."  
  
I relented and enjoyed her relieving me.   
  
One day Megan called me at work. She asked if she could have her friend over that night. I immediately agreed and told her I'd catch dinner and a movie and wouldn't be home until 10 or 11. She said I didn't have to stay away, but I insisted.  
  
I arrived home just a few minutes before 11. The apartment was dark except for a small night light in the hallway outside our bedrooms. I used the bathroom and crawled into bed.  
  
I then heard voices talking softly. It was definitely two women. Then the voices turned to other sounds and I knew what was occurring behind the wall next to me. I was both jealous and happy. I drifted to sleep thinking of how Megan's hand would comfort my erections and imagining her and another woman entwined in her narrow bed as their moans carried into the night.  
  
The next morning I pulled on my boxers and headed for the bath. Emerging a few seconds later, I saw Megan waiting for me in the hall with a mug of coffee. She wore a t-shirt that did not completely cover her sex. Even though I had seen her nude hundreds of times and had even shaved her most private parts, seeing just a flash of those delicate lips and light covering of red bush, made my heart skip a beat.  
  
"Morning, Jake," she said offering me the mug.  
  
"Morning, Meg," I replied and on impulse kissed her cheek. She turned her head up and we kissed lips.  
  
"Sleep well?" she asked.  
  
I grinned and said, "At least I slept."  
  
"Oops, too noisy?"  
  
"Well, it certainly sounded like fun."  
  
"It was," came a voice from behind me. I turned to see a small, compact dark haired woman standing in Megan's doorway. She had her hands over her large naked breasts and wore tiny panties that revealed a dark bush behind the practically transparent material.  
  
"I'm Gina," she said.  
  
"Jake," I replied and automatically extended my hand. I belatedly realized that if she shook my hand she'd have to reveal her breasts.  
  
Gina looked at Megan, back at me and said, "What the fuck. Glad to meet you." She shook hands and exposed her large round breasts, with huge areoles and darker prominent nipples.  
  
She had a wide smile that showed off even white teeth. Her eyes were dark brown and was olive complected, looking to be Italian.   
  
She said to Megan, "I'd love a mug of that coffee that smells so good. I'm going to pee and then maybe we can all get to know each other better."  
  
Gina disappeared into the bath. Megan turned toward the kitchen, exposing her ass. She must have felt me staring because she looked over her shoulder. She immediately noticed that my boxers were now seriously tented.  
  
"Maybe you might want to put on some pants, Jake. Although I love your guy, Gina may not be into looking at hard dicks first thing in the morning."  
  
I grinned and went to get dressed.  
  
When I came into the kitchen, Gina was there with a what we used to call a "wife-beater" t-shirt, the kind with thin straps and open armpits. Her large breasts were practically on display and as she moved a nipple would peak out now and again. I was glad I had baggy shorts on that hid my erection.  
  
Meg was making toast. As she turned to butter the warm bread, Gina slipped a hand on Meg's naked ass. Megan turned her face to hers and they kissed. This did nothing to ease the tension in my pants.  
  
Over coffee and toast, I learned that Gina was also a nurse in the ER. She was indeed Italian, her parents being born in Naples. She was born here. She was twenty-two making her three years younger than Megan and five years my junior. We chatted about our lives but didn't get into anything too deep.  
  
As we were wrapping up, I offered to clean up.  
  
"Great," said Gina, "because I think Megan and I have some unfinished business." She shot a sexy glance at Megan, who blushed, but did not refute the statement.  
  
"You don't mind, Jake," Gina asked?  
  
"Why would I," I answered a little defensively.  
  
""Cause Megan talks about you all the time. I know you guys hang out in the nude and I thought you might be jealous."  
  
"Megan and I respect each other. She is free to do whatever she wants and I'm happy for her. That's it."  
  
Gina thought about it and turned to Megan, "You're right he is totally cool."  
  
"Wanna' watch?" Gina purred.  
  
Megan's face reflected complete shock.  
  
For a second the image of these two beautiful women having sex flashed into my brain. I imagined watching them.   
  
"Not today, thanks" I said as lightly as I could.  
  
"Cool."  
  
Gina took Megan's hand and they began walking to the bedroom. She stopped and turned, Megan did the same.  
  
"Are you sure?" she asked. "You could get naked and play with yourself as we did it on the bed." As she said this, she pulled her t-shirt off revealing her large breasts, with now erect nipples. She peeled off her panties showing a dark bush trimmed to a small patch ending above her lips, leaving exposed the thick and meaty lips, with her inner lips also peaking out.  
  
I thought my pants would burst. Gina then lifted Megan's shirt and removed it. She hugged Megan and they kissed. Gina moved her face to Megan's breast and kissed the nipple, followed by a tonguing on the hard nub. Megan kept her eyes closed.  
  
"Still sure."  
  
I could not find my voice and nodded. Gina ran her hand up and down Megan, letting her fingers linger on the opening to my friend's sex and rubbing across the thin strip of red hair that I worked so hard to keep neat. She let her middle finger slid along the obviously moist slit and rub against the clit that was struggling for release from its hood.  
  
"Ok, your choice," Gina said as she seductively licked her finger that was covered with the juice from Megan.  
  
She took Megan's hand, led her into the bedroom and closed the door.  
  
I cleaned up, went into my room, stripped and jerked off with the most erotic images of the two women bouncing through my head.  
  
I fell back asleep. Later I was awoken as I felt the bed shift. Megan, naked and beautiful, was crawling in next to me. She lifted the sheet and came into my arms.  
  
We kissed softly and she snuggled her head into my neck.  
  
"Where's Gina?"  
  
"She left. Had to go see her family in Rhode Island."  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Sorry," she whispered, "Gina is a real tease. You know I did not plan that."  
  
"You let it happen, though."  
  
Megan was silent for a while.  
  
"Yes, I did. Jake, I think I wanted to send you a message."  
  
"What? That you have someone and I don't?"  
  
"No, that I am not the ideal woman you think I am. I can be a bitch, Jake. I have a mean side. I like to fuck women. I like to have affairs with married men. I am into some freaky sex at times. I am not a freakin' saint."  
  
I pulled Megan close to me. "I don't think you are a saint."  
  
"Yeah, you do. You think I am this special person. I'm not. I'm as fucked up as the next person, maybe even more so. I don't deserve how you treat me."  
  
"Meg, we're all fucked up. Me, you, Sally, Gina, everyone. But, I do know you are special. You are a good person." With a short laugh I added, "And you are fucking beautiful and like to walk around nude. You may not be an angel, but some days I think I've died and gone to heaven."

Megan laughed. "So, you're not angry?"  
  
"No, horny, but not angry."  
  
"Even with how we acted in front of you?"  
  
"Jesus, I was so excited. When she rubbed your pussy and licked her finger I almost exploded. The whole thing turned me on so bad I jerked off in about ten seconds. I'm doing everything I can to avoid asking you what it was like having sex with her."  
  
Megan said, "That's a relief. I thought you'd be pissed. And, for that other thing...I won't go into details, but I can say Gina can eat pussy like no other person on earth."  
  
As that image bounced through my imagination, a tent arose in the sheets.  
  
Megan noticed and said, "Now, that's the Jake I love and admire."  
  
She slipped her hand on me and began working her magic. Within minutes I enjoyed the second orgasm of the day.  
  
Labor Day was a few days away and the weather was as hot and humid as the rest of the summer. We both remarked that our nude-in-the house rule made things a lot more bearable.   
  
Sitting on our little porch one night, looking at the park, Megan said Sally would like to come for the long weekend. I told her it was fine with me. Inwardly I groaned since it would mean wearing clothes again. We even sat naked on the porch at night, enjoying the slightly cooler air move over our bodies.  
  
"I thought she might be a little put off after last time. I am still sorry about that incident."  
  
"Actually," Megan said, "she surprised me."  
  
"How, by asking to come back?"  
  
"No, by saying that she would be cool with us being the way we want to be."  
  
"You mean she wouldn't mind if we stayed nude?"  
  
"That's right. As a matter of fact, I had the feeling she hoped we would. Would you feel uncomfortable being naked in front of her?"  
  
I thought about it. Admittedly, it was exciting, but I figured I shouldn't say that to Megan.  
  
"I guess, if you didn't mind."  
  
"Well, she's seen it all, so no big deal."  
  
We sat in silence for a few minutes, listening to the cars go by and watching the boarders go up and down the sidewalks in the park.  
  
"What about Sally?" I finally asked.  
  
"What about her," Megan said coyly.  
  
"You know, Meg. Will she be...what's she going to do?"  
  
"You mean will she be naked too?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Don't know. I told you she is a lot more shy than I am. But, she talks about you being nude and what it must be like to just be that free. And, to be honest, she has told me like a thousand times that you have a great cock and it looked so, in her words, "fuckin' awesome" when it was hard. So, maybe she will join in. We'll see."  
  
In spite of my best efforts, I was rock hard.  
  
Megan noticed and asked, "So, what you have the hots for my baby sister? Can't wait to see her naked?"  
  
I couldn't tell if she were pissed or kidding, so I opted to go with kidding.  
  
"No, I have the hots for you. But, since that will lead to nothing, I am enjoying the prospect of seeing two incredible bodies prancing around in the apartment."  
  
Megan slipped her hand on my erection and said, "Let's go inside and I'll remind you of the talents of the soon-to-be-naked Anderson sisters. And, maybe you should prepare to show her this 'fuckin' awesome' cock again."  
  
We picked Sally up at Logan and drove back to the apartment on Friday evening. We decided to immediately go to the bar for supper.  
  
We had burgers, fries and way too many beers. As we stood to leave, all of us laughed at how far gone we were.  
  
Walking back to the apartment, I slid my hand around Megan's waist. Sally noticed and pulled my arm around her and they each laced their arms around my back.  
  
Maybe it was the beer, the hot evening, having two beautiful women on my arms, but I slipped one hand on Megan's ass as we walked. She turned toward me and smiled.   
  
This was the first time I had ever held her ass. I was at full mast inside my shorts. We walked a little further and Sally noticed where my hand was.  
  
"What's the matter with my ass, Jake?"  
  
I couldn't come up with an answer, so I put my hand on her ass. It was almost as enticing as Megan's.   
  
Megan was wearing light running shorts, that showed off her long legs. I moved my hand to the elastic band and slid two fingers inside it. She made no move to warn me off. Emboldened, I slowly slid my hand inside, under the band of her panties and rested my hand on her naked flesh. The feel of her skin, the shifting of the muscles as she walked and the knowledge that I was touching the ass I had admired all summer was almost too much. I was working myself into an orgasm, when fortunately, we reached the entrance to the apartment. I retracted my hands from each globe, one naked and one lightly covered, and opened the door.  
  
Entering the dimly lit living room, Megan proclaimed she needed a shower. Sally said she did too and Meg could go first.   
  
I got out three beers. Sally and I stood in the kitchen and toasted.  
  
"You look a little different from the last time we were standing here," she said and sipped her beer.  
  
"Yeah, sorry about that."  
  
"Nothing to be sorry about. As a matter of fact, I'm cool with it if you want to be that way again."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
She drank and let her eyes travel up and down my body. She paused looking at the obvious bulge in my pants.  
  
"Hey, is that one for me?" came a voice from the hall.  
  
"I was hoping it was for me," replied Sally, pointing at my crotch.  
  
I looked over to see Megan standing near, drying herself with a towel. Her various body parts flashed as she patted different sections. She looked at where Sally was pointing, and sighed, "See what I have to put up with, Sis."  
  
I handed her the beer.  
  
"So, what were you guys talking about?"  
  
"Uh..." I stammered  
  
"I was telling Jake that I would not be offended if he wanted to be naked," answered Sally.  
  
"There you go, Jake," said Megan. "What more encouragement do you need."  
  
I smiled and set my beer on the counter. I pulled my polo shirt off, undid my shorts and slid them to the floor.  
  
"Fair warning, ladies," I said.   
  
Sally and Megan nodded. They had moved next to each other. Sally in her tank top and jeans, Megan, naked, except for a towel wrapped around her hair.  
  
I eased my boxers over my erection and removed them. Both women stared at the male sign of arousal in front of them.  
  
"Now, I need a shower," announced Sally. She turned and headed to the bath taking her travel bag with her.  
  
"Too much?" I asked.  
  
"Never," said Megan as she kissed me and ran her hand up and down my hard-on. She then pulled me into her. For the first time, we hugged while naked. I felt her hard nipples push into my chest and my erection trapped between us. I could feel the short trimmed pubic hair brushing my shaft. slipped my hands on her ass and pulled her close. She cupped my butt and pulled me to her. I kissed her. She kissed back and then broke away. I  
  
We finished our beers and pulled out some new ones as Sally reappeared, not hiding her attempt to see if I still had a hard-on. She had on a cream sports bra and bikini bottoms. I figured this was her concession to our nudity. I gave her a beer and we decided to watch TV.  
  
We were watching the hopelessly inane Sex and the City 2 movie. The girls were remarking on the various outfits of the stars.  
  
Feeling little pain, I said, "Speaking of clothes, Megan, I think one of us might have too much clothing."  
  
"Really," she played along. "Too much?"  
  
"Oh yeah, way too much."  
  
"Should we help her out of her problem, so to speak?"  
  
"Splendid idea,"  
  
Sally screamed, "No way." She jumped up followed by Megan and me. We chased her around the living room, grabbed her and started tugging at her tank top. She screamed in laughter again, and broke free, dashing into my bedroom. She slammed the door, but we rushed in. I turned on the overhead, and we saw her shrinking in the corner.  
  
She tried to get by us, but we caught her and tossed her on the bed. Megan and I started tickling her. She cried for relief and squirmed back and forth. With Sally being incapacitated by our tickling, we once again tugged at her top. She fought back, but soon lost the battle. We slipped it over her head and we all sank back, exhausted from the effort.  
  
Sally was between Megan and me. She held her hands over her breasts. Megan reached over and pried one hand away exposing her left breast. I eased her right hand off, leaving her chest uncovered. Her breasts were much like Megan's only slightly larger. They both had tiny areoles with nipples covering almost the entire area. Like Megan's, Sally's nipples were dark and engorged with blood.  
  
"Do you like Sally's tits?" asked Megan.  
  
"Second best I've ever seen, I answered looking her in the eyes and then at her exposed breasts. She blushed and blew me a kiss.  
  
"Well, I hope you two pervs are happy now," pouted Sally.  
  
"Are you happy, Jake?" asked Megan.  
  
I shook my head.  
  
"Still too much clothing?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Well, get to work," she urged.   
  
Sally squeezed her legs tightly together, but I sensed this was token resistance. I took her ankles and gently moved them apart. Her legs opened. Sitting next to her, I eased my fingers under the band of her undies. I began sliding them down. She lifted her hips to allow me to remove them.  
  
I looked at her shaved pussy. Like Megan, her lips were smooth and tight. She had a prominent mons that made her sex that much more attractive. Unable to stop myself, I let my fingers feather across her pubic area, marveling at the smoothness and sensing the heat coming from her lips.   
  
"God, so smooth," I uttered.  
  
"Waxing," she breathed and opened her legs an inch. I let my hand move between her thighs and my finger slide along her slit. At the top, I could feel the hard nub of her clit. I also sensed moisture.  
  
I wondered if Megan's sex would feel the same or if she was as wet as her sister.  
  
"You're beautiful, Sally," I proclaimed.  
  
She smiled and rolled on to her tummy.   
  
"Now, you can rub my ass like you were doing to Megan walking home."  
  
Megan and I looked at each other and said simultaneously, "Busted."  
  
The three of us laughed, and I massaged Sally's wonderful butt and let my hands travel the length of her naked back and legs.  
  
I was so hard I thought I might explode. I said, "I don't know about you guys, but I need another beer."  
  
The girls agreed and I went to the kitchen, Returning I saw a naked back and awesome ass exiting Megan's room and darting back into my room. I marveled that I could not determine if it were Megan or Sally. I then realized it didn't make any difference, it was fantastic.  
  
The girls sat propped up on pillows. I saw that one of them must have gotten extras from Megan's room. They left room in the middle for me. I handed them the beers and crawled in.  
  
We sipped in silence for a bit.  
  
"Love the hard-on," said Sally.  
  
"Definitely a beauty," confirmed Megan.  
  
"Might need attention, tho."  
  
"Think you're right, Sis," said Megan.  
  
The girls set their beers on the night stand and shifted position so their heads were even with my crotch.   
  
"I like how his head gets all big and dark," said Sally tracing her finger along the top of my dick.  
  
"I like this big vein that starts underneath and ends up on top of his shaft," commented Megan as she ran her finger along it.  
  
"Balls are nice," Sally said as she cupped them.  
  
"Definitely a well made set," agreed Megan has her hand joined her sister's.  
  
As Sally continued to fondle my balls, Megan wrapped her hand around my shaft and began stroking me. She caught some pre-cum and moistened my hard-on and kept stroking as I moaned with pleasure.   
  
Sally removed her hand and looking Megan in the eye said, "I love you, Meg."  
  
"Love you two, Sal."  
  
"If we didn't love each other, I couldn't do this," said Sally.  
  
Sally moved forward, opened her mouth, stuck out her tongue and licked my head, sampling the clear liquid gathering there. I groaned and moved my hips.  
  
She took me into her mouth and began moving up and down. Using suction and her tongue she moved me to a new level.  
  
Breaking free with a thin trail of saliva linking my cock and her lips, she pointed the head toward Megan.  
  
Megan shook her head and whispered, "I can't."  
  
"You can and you want to," said Sally. She held my cock toward Megan and rested her other hand on her sister's cheek. "Go ahead."  
  
Megan looked at me. I could not move. She kissed her sister and then opened her mouth to receive me.  
  
I could not believe I had Megan's mouth on my cock. All my senses were on overdrive. She showed great skill and a wonderful sensitivity as she moved me closer to the edge. I next felt Sally taking a ball into her mouth and sucking it. I was all but incoherent.  
  
I barely had enough strength to say, "I'm coming."  
  
Megan sucked one last time and I exploded into her mouth. She took it and then pulled off only to be replaced by Sally who took my next three shots. Sally pumped me and I reached the end with two sets of women's lips and tongues licking the remains of my orgasm.  
  
The women crawled into my arms, their legs crossing over my body and each other.  
  
"I don't know what to say," I began.  
  
"No words are necessary, Jake," said Megan. She kissed my cheek.  
  
"Yeah,' said Sally and kissed my other cheek.  
  
We lay together in comfortable silence. Sally spoke up. "And now, round two."  
  
She reached under her pillow and extracted the pink vibrator. I figured she got it when she retrieved the pillows.  
  
"Jake you and I are going to send Megan on a trip of a lifetime."  
  
She switched it on and the humming seemed to fill the entire room. Megan looked at me and smiled. I kissed her and she kissed back. I rolled over her and she was now in the middle.  
  
Sally started on Megan's breasts, teasing the nipples. She handed me the vibe and I repeated her actions. Megan squirmed under our touch. Sally took it back and moved it down to the trimmed patch of red.   
  
"Jake, kiss Meg's tits."  
  
Again checking for a sign, I only saw the closed eyes of my beautiful roommate.  
  
I gently took her left breast in my mouth, savoring the feel and texture of it. I licked it and then the nipples. I sucked hard on her nipple, making her groan. I pulled it with my teeth and then licked it some more.  
  
All the while Sally was working below. Gliding the vibrator back and forth over her pubic area, she asked me, "Tell me if she is wet yet?'  
  
I looked at her puzzled.  
  
"We have a deal. We use the vibe, but we don't use our fingers or tongues. We don't touch each other's tits, don't stick our fingers in each other's pussies, and don't lick each other's clits. Usually Meg tells me, but I think she's beyond speaking coherently. So, you can check out to see if she's wet."  
  
I looked at Megan for a sign, but her eyes remained closed and her tongue was running around her lips.  
  
I put my finger at her slit, feeling the vibrations her sister was causing a few inches away.  
  
I eased my finger inside her, reaching not only her warm and moist inner self, but the fulfillment of my fantasy. Sometimes fantasies fall short, this one did not.  
  
Megan spread her legs at my touch, and I inserted another finger and began moving them in and out. Sally now placed the vibe on top of Megan's clit and this caused her hips to rise off the bed. I fingered her harder.  
  
Suddenly Megan grabbed my wrist and pulled my hand out. Sally immediately moved the vibrator to her sister's opening and pushed it in. She adjusted the setting to high and the pitch increased. Megan bucked fiercely and then screamed as her orgasm broke in waves through her body. She screamed twice more and settled back into the bed. Sally removed the vibrator and turned it off.  
  
Overcome with the sight of her exposed sex, dripping with juices, I leaned in and kissed her most private areas. I ran my tongue along her slit, tasting the rich liquid, and finished by taking her still swollen clit in my mouth and tonguing it. Megan mumbled and laced her fingers in my hair, pulling me away. I moved back up and kissed her. She kissed back strongly and for the first time opened her mouth to me. I thrust my tongue in and received hers in return. We broke and fell back on our pillows.  
  
"Shit, that was fuckin' intensive. Thank you both."  
  
Sally and I smiled at each other. Sally moved across her sister's body to kiss me. We kissed and she used her tongue to clean me of any remnants of her sister's juices on my upper lip. We next used our tongues to explore each other's mouths.  
  
Megan said, "Slow down, the night's not over."  
  
We sat back in our places, "What's next?" I asked.  
  
Megan rolled on top of me, stretching her length along mine. I felt my still soft cock against her hot crotch and her breasts pushing into my chest. I put my hands on her ass and she ground into me, causing my dick to stir.  
  
She kissed me and then said, "This is good, Jake, but it's as far as it goes."  
  
She opened the drawer in the nightstand and extracted a condom. I assumed she must have snooped at some point.  
  
She kissed me again and rolled off. She and Sally regarded my re-energized dick that stood straight up.   
  
She gave the condom to Sally and kissed her lightly on the lips.   
  
"I love you, Sal."  
  
"Ditto, Big Sis."  
  
Megan picked up her vibrator, pillows and walked out of the room, closing the door behind her.  
  
"Jake, you don't have to do this, honest. But, I've wanted you since that day in the kitchen. When I heard more about you from Meg, I knew you would be a good and generous lover. So, if you're up for it—and it seems you are—I say let's have some fun."  
  
In a split second I wondered if I would be screwing Sally as some sort of avatar of Megan. I think Sally thought the same.  
  
"Jake, it's me. It's not Megan. I can't figure you guys out. If I ever saw two people in love, it's you and Meg. But, you both say you're not going to be lovers. I hafta' say it was pretty hot what you each did to each other tonight, but it wasn't screwing. I, however, do not have those hang-ups. I want to screw and know we will have lots of fun."  
  
I kissed her and said, "Hell, yes, we will. But, you will not need this right now."  
  
I removed the condom from her hand.  
  
"Jake, sorry, I can't do it unprotected."  
  
"Sal, I will put the condom on, but first I am going to see what it's like to eat a waxed pussy."  
  
"Ah," she said, "thought you'd never ask."  
  
I loved the smooth pussy, bringing her to two small orgasms with my tongue while my fingers explored her tight, hot and wet interior. I found the g-spot and moving my tongue and fingers in consort, brought a growl from deep inside Sally. I enjoyed feasting on her breasts and finally, with condom firmly in place, slid inside her wrapped in the hot embrace of her interior walls and eventually brought both of us to a series of over the top orgasms. And, after a bit of rest, and a new condom in place, we worked our way through various new positions. We realized we must be having fun, when Megan banged on the wall and yelled, "Give me a fuckin' break. That must be the tenth time. Besides, I must have killed the batteries in this thing."   
  
We laughed and I slipped inside Sally as she lifted one leg behind her head. God bless yoga, I thought.  
  
We slept til noon, when finally Megan appeared carrying a tray with Bloody Mary's and fresh croissants from the corner bakery.  
  
She pulled the covers off us. "Just checking to see if it's still there," she teased. "I thought it might have broken off inside."  
  
I toasted her with the Bloody Mary and replied.  
  
"Still, there but a bit sore. Let me add, sore but ecstatically happy."  
  
"Oh, that happy," said Megan with a wicked grin. "Well, this will help." She lowered her frosted glass onto my balls causing a most unmanly shriek to escape my lips.  
  
We howled, drank and ate the flaky treats with gusto. We hung out inside for the rest of the day, naked, dozing and reading. Dinner was in Cambridge at a great Indian restaurant, with each woman's hand under the table fondling me from time to time and a couple times doing it together.

We returned home and Megan said she was tired and going to bed. Sally and I were in my room, naked and screwing in five minutes. I also spent a lot more time enjoying the smooth pussy. I wondered if I should convince Megan to go all the way with her grooming. Then I thought, what for, so Gina could have an easier time eating the hell out of her.  
  
Sally's mouth on my dick brought me out of my reverie and removed all thoughts except "more of that" from my mind.  
  
Sunday we decided to go up to Rockport and poke around the shops and stores. We stopped for seafood on the way home.  
  
Back in the apartment, Megan once again feigned fatigue. Sally stopped her.  
  
"Sleep with us tonight."  
  
"Not into spectator sports," said Megan.  
  
"Won't be anything to watch," assured Sally. "We are both a little worn out. Besides, Jake and I discussed it and we miss you. We want you with us."  
  
Megan searched each of our faces for any sign of doubt. Seeing none, she pulled her shirt over her head and said, "Last one in bed is a toad sucker."  
  
We snuggled together, breaking only when one of us had to pee. I got up once and returned with three snifters of expensive brandy I received as a gift. We laid back enjoying the moment and the aromatic drink.   
  
Sally slipped her hand on my dick evincing a slight grimace.  
  
Megan also touched me and said, "It's really that sore?"  
  
I nodded, "Guess I'm not the stud I think I am."  
  
"From what I heard through the walls, you are a stud and then some," said Megan as she softly caressed my limp member.  
  
"Amen." was all Sally said, "and talk about being sore, I could tell you a thing or two."  
  
"Sal," said Megan, "what would our mom do when we had a hurt?"  
  
Sally smiled from ear to ear, "Kiss it?"  
  
Megan smiled and nodded.  
  
The two women leaned in and placed tiny caresses on my head, shaft and balls. Sally dribbled a small amount of the cognac and licked it off, taking me in her mouth for a moment. Megan did the same, and pushed her tongue into the opening on the head of my penis. Even with all this attention, the best I achieved was a semi.  
  
The girls sat up and Megan said, "I think you've ruined him for life."  
  
"I hope not. He was such a trooper. Always standing up for what's right, or at least for what's wet"  
  
The sisters laughed at the joke, but still no more response from my trooper.  
  
We finished our drinks and snuggled. Soon we were breathing deeply as we slept as three.  
  
Meg and I took Sally to the airport around noon. We decided to hit a beach on the North Shore. After an afternoon in the sun, we headed home.  
  
We both voiced a need for a shower.  
  
Megan said, "We can share."  
  
Naked together for the first time under the warm water, we took turns washing every inch of each other. I admit to spending an inordinate amount of time making sure each breast was clean, and buffing the butt I loved until it shown. Megan was happily pleased to see that I was not permanently broken as her ministrations to my cock produced a rapid and hard response.   
  
We watched some stupid TV and knowing work awaited both of us, we headed to bed around 10.  
  
I used the bathroom and was surprised to find Megan in my bed.  
  
She smiled and said, "Jake, I can't say what's going on, but I did like sleeping with you and finding myself in your arms in the morning. So, no promises, but let's drop our guard a bit."  
  
"What about ruining our friendship?"  
  
"I'm not going to let you screw me, and I don't think I'll be giving you another blow job—well not regularly. But, I want to take some baby steps and let us see if there is something more than being friends. Can you deal with that?"  
  
"If it means I get to hold you, then absolutely."  
  
We fell together and I marveled at how well she fit into my arms.   
  
"What about Gina?"  
  
"Oh, Jake, Gina is just a fuck-buddy. So was that doc I told you about. They mean nothing emotionally. I find I am getting all my emotional fulfillment from you. So, I will not be going with Gina any more. I will not be fucking Dr. Big Cock. I will be here with you."  
  
"Sounds like the start of a perfect relationship," I said.  
  
"Yeah, and who knows it might actually lead to you know what."  
  
"What?" I said in mock ignorance.  
  
Megan lay on top of my, my erection pushing against her pussy, my hands on her ass.  
  
"Oh, it will come to you," she said as she moved up and down my body, rubbing her warm lips against my cock.  
  
I am praying it finally will.