**The Photographs**

from Tempest's fertile imagination

**Intro**

When Julian, a press photographer for the LA Times, dies of a massive heart attack, it's left up to Dillon, his younger brother, to sort through his affairs. Dillon comes across photographs on his late brother's computer that changes his perspective of his brother as well as changing his own life.

**Chapter One**

It goes without saying that the funeral of my brother, Julian, was a somber affair. I drove to the cemetery in Forest Lawn Memorial Park Hollywood Hills—a short twelve-mile drive from Pasadena through Eagle Rock on the 134 Freeway. It was a warm sunny day in mid-June, and I was surprised it was smog-free. I later found out that the prevailing winds tend to carry smog eastward from the Los Angeles Basin. I had flown in from the East Coast into LAX two days earlier and was surprised at how many people attended Julian's funeral. There was a large group of colleagues from the LA Times where he worked as well as friends.

I was staying in Pasadena at my late brother's house with his daughter—my twelve-year-old niece, Taylor. The house was a beautiful Spanish style two-story home located in the San Rafael area and close to the Arroyo Seco. The woodsy neighborhood was cool, even on a summer day.

Julian had been a photographer for the LA Times and was a past president of the Press Photographers Association of Greater Los Angeles. At the age of thirty-four years of age, he had died unexpectedly of a massive heart attack.

"Can you stay for a while?" Claire, Julian's ex-wife, asked as we walked together from the grave site with Taylor behind us arm in arm with her best friend, Mindy. "Taylor will come and live with me eventually. But I don't think it would be wise to tear her away from familiar surroundings at this time, and she needs someone to stay with her, to comfort her."

Since I was a freelance web designer, I was not tied to a physical location. I said, "Sure, Claire, I'll stay as long as she needs me."

Back at my late brother's house when everyone had left, I told Taylor that I was going to stay with her for a while. She came up to me and put her arms around my chest and sobbed softly.

"Thanks for staying with me Uncle Dillon," she said through teary eyes.

I held her head in my hands and wiped the tears from her eyes with the pads of my thumbs. Taylor was a beautiful little girl with light-brown hair that she always seemed to have tied up in a loose ponytail. Her eyes that were usually a sparkling deep-blue were reddened from crying.

Seeing Taylor now in the flesh so to speak she was not a little girl anymore. At the age of twelve, she was on the cusp of womanhood. Tall at five-six, with budding breasts, small waist, and still narrow hips, she was all female. Even though I had just lost my only brother, I was happy in a way that I could get time to be with her and watch her blossom into womanhood.

"I'm happy to, Taylor," I said. "It will let me spend time with my beautiful niece since I don't get to see you often enough with us on opposite sides of the country."

That comment brought a rare smile to her face. She said, "It will be nice to have you here with me. You're right, we don't spend enough time together, I always loved our monthly FaceTimes. Dad talked about you a lot. He always referred to you as his kid brother, and you remind me so much of him. You're very much alike."

I chuckled. Although there were only a couple of years separating us, Julian always looked on me as his kid brother. He was bigger and stronger than me and was always standing up for me. He got into more fights than I care to remember with the school bullies for which I seemed to be a magnet.

I WAS SO GLAD that Uncle Dillon had agreed to stay with me. He reminded me of Daddy so much that at first, I thought it would be a bad thing, reminding me every time I looked at him that Daddy was gone from my life. But it was just the opposite. It reminded me of the good times me and Daddy had together. I hoped he would stay. Perhaps he would come to love me the way Daddy did. That thought excited me.

I wondered if he would be able to access Daddy's computer and find the photos that he had taken of me and my best friend Mindy over the years. I secretly hoped so. It had started innocently at first. Daddy, being a professional photographer, always seemed to have one of his cameras handy. He used his expensive Nikon D5 on his job, but it was his older Canon D10 that never seemed too far from his hand when he was not working. He would snap shot after shot of me when I wasn't looking. When I would see him with the camera in his hand, I would strike an exaggerated pose or simply give him the finger or cross my eyes—that would always make him chuckle. He would just smile and hold the shutter button down taking picture after picture.

**Chapter Two**

IT WAS A WEEK AFTER the funeral and Taylor was over at her friend Mindy's house. I was trying to take care of Julian's affairs. The will had been read, and his estate passed to Taylor, with a few mementos of our childhood bequeathed to me. I fired up his iMac and was confronted with the need for a password. I didn't bother looking for it or trying all the possible combinations of Taylor's name and date of birth or some other concoction. Being a Mac user, I knew to start the machine while holding down the Command and R keys. Once it booted up in Recovery mode, typing 'resetpassword' in Terminal quickly gave me access to the computer after setting a new password.

The desktop was cluttered with folders. I opened the one titled LATimes. Inside where dated sub-folders containing photographs Julian had taken. The Retina high-resolution display of the iMac rendered the photographs in incredible detail and color. There were photos of joy as a young boy or girl was pulled to safety from the raging torrent of the LA River after a heavy rain, or happy reunions after families were separated by wildfires, or lovers strolling hand in hand on Venice beach. There were also images of the underbelly of the city, with victims of drive-by shootings lying in pools of blood or homeless men and women living in cardboard boxes under freeway underpasses.

Then I saw a photograph I was familiar with. It was the one that won my brother the Independent Press Photographer award that year. It was of a member of the Los Angeles Fire Department holding a new-born baby girl in his hands in the open door of its parents' pickup. He had just delivered the baby at the side of the freeway. Julian had told him that it was pure luck since he happened to be driving by at the time and saw the fire truck parked on the shoulder with its lights flashing.

One folder among the cluttered desktop caught my eye. It was simply titled Taylor. I clicked on it and inside were sub-folders with dates and locations. One was titled Taylor at Home and was dated three years ago when Taylor was nine-years-old. Most were of Taylor either in the pool or on the terrace, and all showed her wearing just a pair of cotton panties or the bottoms of a bikini. She had yet to enter puberty and was flat-chested with small pink areolas and tiny red nipples.

Taylor would be caught mid-jump into the pool with her arms and legs flailing, or in the pool just emerging with water cascading off her head and shoulders. My brother was a very talented photographer. He was a master at composition and lighting—just catching Taylor at the right moment. The one that I liked the most showed Taylor wearing a pair of yellow panties lying on a chaise by their pool. She was looking at the camera with a smile on her face and her eyes crossed.

Another folder was titled Taylor Nude and was dated two years ago. The title intrigued me. My brother had taken photos of Taylor in the nude which sort of surprised me and at the same time excited me. Although I was no pedophile lusting after young girls, I had always thought my niece was a sexy little girl. I clicked on the first photo. It was a very tasteful shot showing Taylor lying on her bed naked. She was on her front with her chin resting on her forearms reading a book. You could barely see the swell of one small breast as it was pressed against the mattress. I had to admit, it excited me to see my then ten-year-old niece's gorgeous ass, with its twin buttocks swelling up from the small of her back, separated by a very sexy cleft. The individual knobs of her spine were shown in relief with the sunlight streaming through the window casting small shadows.

The next photo showed Taylor in the pool at night. She was standing with the water just covering her nipples; you could see her breasts fractured by the ripples and the underwater lighting. There were photos of Taylor with her small cone-shaped breasts visible down the open neckline of her dress with her smiling at the camera aware of what Julian was snapping photos. There were quite a few with panties visible, but all of them were tastefully framed, and none showed anything other than a hint of forbidden flesh. There was a trait running through all of them, and that was that Taylor was a willing model and was enjoying being photographed showing the hint of a breast or the flash of her panties.

I opened one folder that was dated just one year ago. The first photo showed Taylor wearing only a pair of lime-green, bikini-cut panties. Her hands cupped her breasts hiding them from the camera's view. She had a blank look on her face, but her eyes betrayed her playfulness. She was showing a sensual side I had not seen in the photos to this point.

The next must have been a second shot in a series because her left hand was down at her side exposing one gorgeous breast. I felt my cock starting to grow as I looked at a perfect tit. It was the size of a half lemon; her areola was dime-size and was darkened and stippled with her obvious arousal, with her red nipple like a small hard bead in its center.

I couldn't wait to see the next in sequence, and I wasn't disappointed. Taylor had both of her budding breasts on display, and they were the epitome of perkiness and youthfulness. Firm, sitting proud, spaced close together and high on her chest. My cock was now really hard as I looked at the next photo. Taylor was smiling and obviously proud of her tits as she was cupping them and had her nipples between her finger and thumb.

I could hardly believe what I was seeing. My brother had photographed his daughter, my niece topless. My anticipation of what might be next caused my cock to strain against the confines of my pants, but it was not to be since I heard the front door opening and the voice of Taylor calling out.

"Uncle Dillon, I'm home."

I quickly shut down the computer and headed for the downstairs half bath before my niece could see the tell-tale bulge in my pants. When I came back out after giving myself sexual relief, I found Taylor in the kitchen with her head in the fridge.

"There you are, Uncle Dillon," she said as she closed the fridge door having retrieved a soft drink.

"How was Mindy?" I asked. I had to force myself to not stare at Taylor's breasts inside her top, but it was tough since the images of her topless in the photos were still in my mind.

"Mindy's fine. Is it okay if she comes over next Saturday to swim? Could she spend the night?"

"Taylor, this is your house now. Of course, it's okay—you don't have to ask permission. I'll do a cookout for us."

"That would be nice, Uncle Dillon. Thanks."

"Taylor, if you like, you can drop the uncle and call me Dillon. Calling me Uncle Dillon makes me feel old."

"Oh, okay. What's for supper Dillon?" she asked with a smile on her face—something rare since the funeral.

"I put a roast in the oven with root vegetables. Should be ready at six."

"Mmm, sounds yummy."

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After supper, we watched a movie until nine when Taylor said she was going to turn in. She leaned over next to me on the sofa and gave me a quick kiss on my lips which was unexpected but warmed and excited me.

"Mmm, that was nice, Taylor," I said.

"There's more where that came from, Dillon," she replied with a soft, shy smile.

"That's an exciting thought." I said.

"Night, Dillon."

"Good night, sweetheart."

Ten minutes later I fired up my brother's computer again and resumed looking at photos where I'd left off. The next photo in that series showed Taylor lying on her bed propped up on two pillows against the headboard. Judging by the image, Julian must have been near the bottom of the bed near her left foot. She was naked, and my cock immediately came to full attention as I saw her pussy. She had her legs closed, but her mons swelled up from her flat tummy. It was sparsely covered with light-brown hair, but her plump labia were smooth and bare, with the tight slit in between that merged with the crack of her butt.

The next shot was with her right leg bent at the knee and her foot flat on the bed. She had this sensual look on her face—her deep-blue eyes seemed to smolder with desire. I couldn't help myself so I unzipped my pants and fished inside my boxers. Finding my cock, I pulled it free. I stroked it with my left hand while manipulating the mouse with my right.

In the next shot showed Taylor with her right leg still bent with her foot flat on the mattress but with her left leg that was also bent and was laying sideways flat on the mattress with her foot under her right thigh. The pose caused her pussy to flare open. And, at 2560 by 1600 resolution of the iMac's Retina display, I could clearly see her clitoral hood with its small pink nubbin. Every fold, every crease, even her urethra was on display in incredible detail and vibrant color.

As I saw a trickle of white liquid coming out of the red opening to her vagina, I came and came hard. Cum spurted all over my underwear and pants. I was panting hard as I stroked my cock while looking at my niece's gorgeous pussy. The way she looked into the camera was incredibly arousing. She knew what she had on display and the effect it would have on anyone looking at the photo. It was the most incredible erotic image I had ever seen, and my brother captured it perfectly.

After cleaning up and shutting down the computer, I went into the master bedroom. I had decided to use my brother's old room rather than one of the guest rooms upstairs. All of his clothes had been removed and donated to the local homeless shelter and the Salvation Army. As I lay in bed, I couldn't get the image of my naked niece out of my mind. Sleep finally arrived sometime later.

**Chapter Three**

I was hooked on the photos of Taylor. It was like an opiate, and I couldn't get enough. As soon as Taylor was out of the house at her friend's house or shopping at Broadway Plaza—retail therapy was helping her get through her grief—I would fire up the computer. All of the nude shots of Taylor were tastefully done but revealed her young pubescent body in incredible detail and clarity thanks to the iMac's Retina display. There were dozens of shots of her from the rear, either lying on the chase or on the floor watching television. The sight of her plump peach-like pussy squashed between slender thighs never failed to give me an erection.

Then, three days after I first discovered Taylor's photographs, I saw some that both shocked and excited me. The file folder was titled Taylor and Dad and was dated almost a year ago. The photos started off tame enough with shots of Taylor and Julian sitting on benches at the zoo or at Venice Beach or on the pier at Santa Monica. It appeared as if Julian had used the camera's remote to take the shots after he had set them up.

The next set was of the two of them at home by the pool. Both were naked and were lying on a chaise with Julian's arm around Taylor's shoulders, and his semi-erect cock was resting on his leg. Both were looking at the camera and smiling. In the third shot, Taylor was looking at her father's erection as she held it in her fist. My cock was straining at its uncomfortable position, so I stood up and dropped my pants and boxers. I had earlier placed a small washcloth nearby since I knew I would be masturbating while looking at Taylor's naked body. I nearly blew my wad as I saw Taylor with her mouth over the head of Julian's cock, smiling at the camera.

I finished watching that set with Julian's face between Taylor's open legs. Her eyes were closed, and it was obvious that Julian had taken the shot remotely since it was apparent to me that she had just climaxed. Another folder title caught my attention in the clutter of the desktop. It was titled Mindy. I opened it and clicked on one sub-folder dated three months ago. The first half dozen were innocent shots of Mindy in street clothes and a one-piece or bikini swimwear.

Then it got interesting with Mindy first topless grinning at the camera or giving it the finger, then totally naked. Mindy had larger tits than Taylor. I guessed she wore a B-cup whereas Taylor wore a thirty-two-A bra since I'd seen her underwear in the wash. Mindy also seemed to have less pubic hair, or because she was a blonde, it wasn't as noticeable. She also had a fuller figure than Taylor with nicely rounded hips. She was a beautiful girl with gorgeous green eyes. The high-resolution image even captured their gold flecks.

I was slowly stroking my cock as I flipped from photo to photo. I felt like a complete perv and enjoyed every second. I stopped at the last few shots. The first showed Taylor and Mindy in a passionate French kiss. Mindy had her hand on Taylor's left breast. The next two photos showed first Mindy with her head between Taylor's open legs licking her clit, and the last one was a role reversal. The washcloth certainly came in handy as I spurted a lot of cum looking at Mindy's exposed slit with the tip of Taylor's tongue touching her clit while looking into the camera with a wicked smile in her deep-blue eyes. It was very obvious that the two girls weren't just posing, but I was sure that when the camera was put away they had sex. I wondered if Julian watched them.

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That evening after dinner, Taylor and I were sitting side by side on the sofa watching some sitcom. Taylor moved closer and hugged my left arm and put her head on my shoulder. She sighed happily.

"This is nice, Dillon," she murmured. "I wish you could stay. I really don't want to have to go live with Mom. It's not that we don't get along because we do. I like her and was sad when she moved out, and she and Daddy divorced. It's just that I don't much care for her live-in boyfriend. He creeps me out. He's always trying to find a way to look down my front at my tits."

"I don't have to go back home if you don't want me to," I told her. The truth of the matter was, I wanted to stay because I was totally smitten with this twelve-year-old goddess, and wanted to find out what Taylor's and my late brother's relationship was like. I had a suspicion looking at the intimate shots of the two of them that they were doing more than just pleasuring each other.

"You don't?" Taylor said, surprised. You mean, ever?"

"No, I can work from anywhere. If you want, I could go back home, pack up my belongings and arrange to rent my place out and move in here with you."

It was the first time since the funeral that I had seen Taylor truly happy, and that made me happy too.

"You'd do that for me?"

"Yes, Taylor, I would love to."

Taylor flung her arms around my neck and kissed me on my lips. I had always thought that a girl in the budding throes of puberty—when they had an increasing awareness of the effect they had on men—was at the most exciting stage of her sexuality. Taylor was at that stage, and it thrilled me that I could live with her and experience it first hand. I hoped she would use her new-found sexuality on me.

We watched the rest of the show and, at nine-thirty, Taylor kissed me again and went upstairs to bed. I went to bed twenty minutes later. I was just slowly falling asleep when the door opened, and Taylor came into the bedroom and slipped under the covers.

"Will you cuddle me, Dillon," she said. She snuggled her back to me and pulled my arm over her waist. It was a good job I was tired since I was sure I would get an erection having such a sexy female in my bed.

"Daddy used to let me sleep with him and cuddle me, and I miss that. You don't mind me coming into your bed do you?"

"Of course not, Taylor. You're welcome any time."

"I can?"

"How could I resist having such a beautiful young woman in my bed?"

She smiled softly. "Nite, Dillon."

"Good night, sweetheart."

I LAY THERE AWAKE and thrilled that Dillon had agreed to come live with me. I was also thrilled that he had allowed me into his bed. I had seen him in my Daddy's study and wondered if he had managed to get into the iMac. I knew the password and wondered if I should leave it where Dillon would find it. I waited until Dillon was snoring lightly and carefully slipped out of bed so as not to wake him. In the study, I fired up the iMac. When my password didn't take, I was confused. I tried it again but to no avail. Then it struck me that Dillon was a computer whiz and had somehow managed to change the password. That made my pussy throb softly.

I turned off the computer and went back to bed. I lay there remembering the first time Daddy had asked me if he could take photographs of me without clothes on. I was eleven years old, and the request thrilled me. Okay, he had taken many photos of me topless before, but that was when I didn't have tits. The thought of letting Daddy see my budding breasts had caused my pussy to throb and leak into the gusset of my panties.

It was a warm April afternoon, and I had been lying on a beach towel on the chaise with Daddy sitting in the chair under the large octagonal umbrella with a beer in a foam sleeve next to his Canon D10 with his favorite lens that always seemed to be near him.

"Taylor, honey?" he had said.

I opened my eyes and said, "Yes Daddy?"

"Would you mind if I took some shots of you topless?"

I remembered that moment as if it was yesterday. I remembered my nipples tingling and beading up at the thought of Daddy seeing my naked tits.

"Okay, Daddy," I had replied without hesitation.

I stood and unhooked my bikini bra and dropped it on the table. I remembered the look on my Daddy's face and the tingling in my nipples and the pride that I felt that I could make Daddy desire me. Daddy took half a dozen shots of me topless from different angles—some shots of my nipple were really close I could feel his hot breath on my tit. The thing that I remembered from that day the most was the ever-present bulge in Daddy's shorts. That the sight of my naked tits could cause Daddy to have an erection, excited me beyond words. I mean, I was just a little girl, and I had excited a grown man by letting him look at my little titties.

As I relived that moment, I slipped my hand under my nightie and down the front of my panties. I pressed my finger in between my plump labia and felt wetness. With one hand gently squeezing my left tit and tweaking my hard nipple, and my other cupping my pussy, I slowly brought myself to a quiet orgasm. My body shook, and my legs jerked as I climaxed lying next to my uncle. In the afterglow of orgasmic bliss, I slowly slipped into a deep and satisfying sleep.

**Chapter Four**

I WAS LYING ON MY BACK as I opened my eyes the next morning. It was just beginning to get light outside. Thankfully my erection was hidden from view inside my boxers under the covers. I looked across at Taylor who was still fast asleep. I could see her breasts rising and falling inside her cotton nightie. I was intimately familiar with my niece's breasts from the hundreds of photographs my brother had taken of them. I desperately wanted to explore them, feel their firmness, kiss them and watch her nipples harden. I had seen dozens of women's breasts, but something about a young girl's budding breasts was unbelievably exciting. I felt the pull of allure, the slow blossoming of desire for something society labeled as taboo. I was drawn to Taylor as a moth to the flame. I hoped not to get burned. I wondered if she would allow me to do the same things with her that she had done with my late brother. As they say, hope springs eternal.

I saw her stir, followed by arms stretching straight up. Then her full, lush lips opened, and a yawn emerged. She turned toward me and opened her eyes. There was a twinkle in her deep-blue eyes.

"Morning, Dillon," she said through another yawn.

"Good morning, Taylor," I replied.

She gave me a soft smile and got out of bed. "Gotta pee, she said.

I watched as she padded around the end of the bed and into the en-suite. I heard the toilet lid go up, and a few moments later the tickling sound of urine hitting the water in the bowl. After the toilet flushed and Taylor had washed her hands and rinsed her mouth with Listerine, she came back to bed. She leaned over and gave me a minty kiss on my lips.

"I have to use the bathroom too," I said. I had my back to her as I got out of bed, so my erection was hidden from her. I headed to the bathroom where I emptied my bladder and brushed my teeth.

"That feels better," I said as I got back into bed. I put my arm around Taylor and drew her to me. We kissed. It wasn't a passionate kiss by any stretch of the imagination, but it wasn't a chaste kiss either. I had kissed dozens of women many, many times, but kissing a young girl's luscious lips was an altogether different experience. There wasn't the experience of years of kissing; instead, there was slight uncertainty and nervousness and the excitement of being kissed on the lips by an adult.

"I like kissing you," Taylor said afterward.

I was quiet for a while, getting myself composed for what was to come next. I said with a soft, caring voice, "I was going through Julian's computer the other day and came across a ton of photographs of you and your best friend Mindy."

Taylor's neck and cheeks flushed with a tinge of red; she looked down. "Did you look at all of them?"

I nodded.

"Including the ones of Daddy and me. . . you know . . . those photos?"

I put my hand on her arm to reassure her. I said softly, "It's okay, honey, your secret's safe with me."

"Thanks, Dillon," she said quietly; it was almost a whisper. "This is so embarrassing."

"You shouldn't be embarrassed, honey."

"But . . . you saw Daddy and me doing things . . . things that a daddy and daughter should never do."

"I have to ask, Taylor. Did he make you do those things?"

"Absolutely not! Daddy was the most loving, most caring, most gentle man."

"I thought so. I could see in the photos that you both loved each other. You've got a gorgeous body. I loved looking at your breasts."

Her eyes lit up. "You did?"

"Yes, Taylor. I think they are the most beautiful tits I've ever seen. And they just happen to be on the most beautiful girl I have ever known."

Taylor giggled at my use of the term 'tits' reinforcing her youthfulness.

"But you've seen lots of women's tits, and I'm sure they were bigger than mine," she said.

"Let me tell you something, honey. Big tits are overrated. In my opinion, as a brilliant breastologist, anything more than a handful is a waste."

She giggled again. She asked, "Is breastologist a real word?"

"Probably not. Should be a mammologist maybe."

More giggles. I wondered if her breasts jiggled as she giggled. That thought caused a twitch in my already hard cock, that was thankfully concealed by the covers.

"Can I ask a very personal question?" I said.

"I guess," Taylor replied quietly.

"Were you and my brother lovers—you know did you have sex?"

Taylor nodded.

"So, you're not a virgin then?"

She shook her head.

"Did you and my brother have sex with Mindy?"

"No, she's still a virgin. But she used to watch us and stuff."

I didn't follow up on the "and stuff" reply.

"Do you think I'm a slut, Dillon for letting Daddy take those photos and letting him do things with me?"

"Good God no, honey! It didn't surprise me since you're a very desirable young woman. You look incredibly sexy in those photos. There was a smoldering sensuality in your eyes that your dad caught just perfectly with his camera."

Taylor gave me one of her soft, shy smiles that I found so attractive. "Thanks," she said. "Can I get a kiss, Dillon? I miss Daddy's kisses."

I turned her face to me and kissed her lips. I felt her tongue pushing against my lips. She tilted her head, and her tongue entered my mouth. I had my hand on the side of her chest with my thumb just barely touching her breast as we French kissed. I found it so hard to resist just cupping her breast to feel the firmness of it. She had her hand on the back of my neck pulling my mouth hard against hers. Things were getting out of control, and I didn't know what Taylor wanted to do, so I broke our kiss, panting.

"Sorry, Taylor. I got carried away," I said. "We shouldn't be doing this since I'm your uncle. I mean a simple kiss is one thing, but French kissing is taking things to a whole new level, and I'm not sure it's appropriate for us to be doing that."

There was a look of hurt on her face. "Kay," she said and got off the bed and left the room. I felt like shit, but I couldn't help feeling like I was taking advantage of her in her time of need. I suspected that she looked on me as a substitute for her late father. I had to slow things down. I didn't want my lust for her to get out of hand. After all, she was only twelve years old, and in spite of her gorgeous sexy body, she was still a child, and she was my niece. My very desirable niece.

I RAN UPSTAIRS to my room and threw myself on the bed and sobbed. "I thought Dillon wanted to do things with me like Daddy did," I said to no one. "After he had seen photos of me naked, I thought he wanted to see me naked. I was a stupid, stupid little girl to believe Dillon could be like Daddy. I should have known better. I pounded the pillow with both fists.

"Stupid little girl."

**Chapter Five**

OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS, Taylor seemed a little distant, and I kicked myself for not letting her down more gently. Girls of her age are easily hurt with a perceived snub. Their young psyches are easily bruised. I began touching her, letting her know I still loved her and she slowly responded.

"Can I get a kiss?" I said on the Friday before the weekend when her friend Mindy was due to come over for a cookout. "I've missed your kisses."

Taylor's deep blue eyes sparkled. They closed as our lips met. She had both hands behind my neck, pulling my mouth hard against hers. She pressed her body into mine, feeling her firm breasts against my chest. I broke our kiss before my erection became noticeable.

"I've missed our kisses too," she said.

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That night, Taylor came to my bedroom and slipped under the covers.

"Cuddle please," she said. It was almost a demand.

Not wanting my erection to press into her butt if I spooned her, I lay on my back, put my arm around her shoulders and drew her to me. She laid her head in the crook of my shoulder and put her arm over my chest and snuggled herself into my side. I felt her leg lay across mine. Fortunately, my swollen member was lying on my stomach, so it was well away from her leg.

"Mmmm, this is nice, Dillon."

"It is isn't it?" I replied. "Did you sleep with him every night?"

"Not on school nights. Daddy said I needed my rest. I think that he needed his rest too." She giggled, and I figured that sex had been a weekend activity for them.

I lay there, trying to imagine what sex with a twelve-year-old was like. I'm sure she was tight. I wondered if she was active when they had sex—taking the initiative. I knew she performed oral sex on him since I had seen photos with his cock in her mouth. I wondered if she let him cum in her mouth. I had a raging erection that I had to do something about.

Under the pretext of checking to see if I had locked the door, I got out of bed and went to the half-bath at the end of the hallway and quickly masturbated. When I returned, Taylor was snoring lightly. I got back into bed and, with my cock now fully deflated with no chance I was going to get another erection, I spooned her back.

I don't know if it was a conscious effort or an automatic reaction because she used to do it with my late brother, but she pulled my hand around and placed it over her breast. I could feel the heat through the thin cotton of her nightie and the firmness of her breast. It was probably the most erotic thing I had ever felt. I drifted off to sleep with the image of her petite breast in my mind and my palm full of one.

I THOUGHT IT FELT SO good to feel Dillon's hand on my tit. The feigned snoring did the trick. I figured that if I had done it while he thought I was awake, he would probably pull his hand back. Now, because he thought I was asleep, he was exploring my small tit. I sensed that he was testing how firm it was because he was gently pressing it. My nipples were hard and tingling like crazy as he moved his fingers around my now puffed areolas. I felt dampness in my panties as I squeezed my legs together. He finally stopped his exploration of my tit, and a few moments later I heard him snoring.

I slipped my hand inside the front of my panties and cupped my pussy. I probed with my middle finger and found the opening to my vagina. I put my finger inside and got the tip wet with my creamy secretions and moved back to my clit that was now out of its protective hood. It didn't take long to bring myself to a satisfying orgasm, made all the more exciting since I was inches away from my uncle.

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THE NEXT MORNING I AWOKE with Taylor's compact bottom pressed to my groin. Her nightie had gotten moved up around her waist in the night exposing her pale-blue cotton panties and my morning erection was pressed into the cleft formed by her firm, rounded buttocks. My hand was still on her breast, but this time there was no cotton in the way. I must have slipped my hand under her nightie during the night which was why its hem was around her waist.

My cock twitched as I felt her hard nipple pressing into the palm of my hand. She was getting aroused but was she still asleep. I looked at her face, and her eyes were still closed, and her breathing was steady and slow. She was gorgeous, and she was my niece and perhaps we could become lovers.

I started this conversation with myself in my head. 'Why are you fighting it, Dillon? You know it's what you want, and your late brother has paved the way, God bless his soul. But it's so wrong—she's your niece for heaven's sake, and she's only twelve years old. I could get into big trouble if anyone found out. But Taylor and Julian kept it a secret so why couldn't you and her do the same?'

A shiver of exhilaration ran through my body as I cupped her petite breast and, with the pad of my thumb, I felt the puffiness of her areola. It was so firm: so young: so illicit. I wondered what it would be like to take it all in my mouth; to suck her hard young nipples. Then I froze as Taylor, who I thought was asleep, spoke.

"Mmm, that feels very nice, Dillon," Taylor said. I went to remove my hand, but she stopped me. "No! Keep it there; it feels so good. I masturbated last night lying beside while your hand was on my tit."

"You did? I wish you had woken me up, I would have loved to have witnessed that."

"Maybe next time I will," Taylor giggled, and it thrilled me.

I was nervous as heck as I said, "Would you . . . you know . . . let me see your . . . ?"

"You wanna see my tits?"

"Uh-huh, please," I replied excitedly.

"But you've seen them in the photos," Taylor replied teasingly with a wicked smile in her deep-blue eyes.

"Stop teasing me, Taylor. I really want to see them."

I could feel Taylor trembling with excitement and desire as she sat up and hoisted her nightie over her head. She sat there, letting my gaze fall on her perky tits. Yes! This is what I wanted—an indication that she wanted to do things with me as she did with my late brother. But just looking at her naked tits and doing what she and Julian did was an altogether different thing. It was, however, a step in the right direction. Taylor's areolas looked like small cherries on a cupcake—sexy, puffed, pink mounds topped by small, red nipples.

Taylor smiled as she saw me staring at her breasts. "God, they're gorgeous, Taylor. I think they're bigger than in the photos."

"Yeah, I wore a thirty-two AA back then. I'm into thirty-two A now, and I think you may have to take me shopping for new undies since I'm outgrowing them."

"I'd love to do that. Maybe on Monday."

"Thanks, Dillon. I'm really, really glad you're going to come and live with me. We can have lots of fun together."

I liked that she said that, although my idea of fun and hers might be entirely different. I had to ask to see where this was going. I said, "Taylor, could I . . . you know . . . touch them?"

She gave me one of her soft, shy smiles that just tugged at me. "I think I'd like that if you want to."

My heart was racing as I reached over and cupped her right breast. I felt her nipple get hard in the palm of my hand.

"They're simply gorgeous, Taylor. Now I know why Julian took so many photos of them. If you'd let me, I'd love to kiss them."

Taylor's reply excited me, "Go ahead, have at 'em."

I wasted no time; I laid her back down and leaned in and took her right breast in my mouth. She moaned with pleasure as I swirled my tongue around her areola. I sucked it and teased her nipple with my tongue. When I took my mouth off, her areola had darkened, stippled, and looked bigger.

"My left titty is feeling neglected, Dillon," Taylor admonished with a giggle. I noticed that her petite breasts hardly moved they were that firm.

Not wanting its twin to feel left out, I moved over to it and began to suck and kiss it as well.

"I've wanted to do this ever since I saw the photos of you topless. I too masturbated as I saw the one photo with you lying on your bed with your legs bent and your pussy on display. It was the most erotic thing I had ever seen."

"I'm glad I can turn you on, Dillon," Taylor said.

"Do you ever. You're the sexiest, most beautiful, most desirable female I've ever met."

"Telling me that makes me very happy. I love you, Dillon."

"I love you too, Taylor."

**Chapter Six**

The sky was bright blue and not a cloud could be seen. I was certainly enjoying the Southern California weather. It was not at all humid—a far cry from Georgia, that was for sure. I watched Taylor and her best friend Mindy whispering as they sat on the pool coping with their feet dangling in the cool water, wondering what they were talking about.

"HE FOUND OUR PHOTOS, Mindy!" I said.

Mindy put her hand over her open mouth and smiled. She said, "Gawd, I hope he wants to do things with me like your Dad did."

"Last night in bed, I put his hand over my tit. He thought I was asleep and I felt him squeezing it. Then this morning he asked if he could see my tits. I took off my nightie and showed them to him."

"You're so slutty, Taylor," Mindy said with a giggle.

"I know. He did more than look at them. He asked to touch them and ended up sucking them."

"He did! Gawd, Taylor, you lucky girl you. He's gorgeous, he looks a lot like your Dad."

Taylor sighed sadly. "Yes, he does, doesn't he?

"You think we should give him a show and go topless, Taylor?"

"Yeah, let's do it. He's already seen photos of them anyway."

We both glanced over at where Dillon was sitting. He wasn't looking in our direction, so we quickly shed our bikini tops and slipped into the water. I saw Dillon look up as we walked up the steps at the shallow end of the pool topless.

I COULDN'T TAKE MY EYES off their breasts. I had already seen Taylor's perky and petite tits up close and personal but Mindy's in photos only. They were larger and fuller than Taylor's—most definitely a handful.

"Wow, girls!" I said as I stared at their naked tits.

"You've already seen mine and photos of Mindy's so we figured we could go topless," Taylor replied.

"Well, I thank you very much, girls."

Both girls giggled furiously; Taylor's breasts hardly moved but Mindy's jiggled sexily.

Ever the brazen Mindy said, "You've touched Taylor's so I think it only fair that you get to touch mine—if you want to that is."

"Try and stop me," I replied.

Mindy came and sat on my lap. I'm certain she could feel my erection inside my shorts. I cupped her breast feeling her nipple press urgently into my palm. They were a nice handful. I leaned down and sucked her nipples feeling them firm up. Mindy squirmed on my lap, feeling my erection pressing into her butt.

She got off my lap, grabbed my arm and said, "C'mon, Dillon, let's get in the pool."

It was my chance to let the girls see my erection inside my Speedos and let the chips fall where they may. I stood and shucked my shorts. Both girls' eyes got big, and their jaws dropped as the ogled my boner clearly outlined in the stretch fabric of the Speedos. I ran and dove into the pool. Taylor and Mindy followed.

Mindy swam to where I was standing in chest-high water and put her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. The head of my cock was pressing into her pussy, and her tits were squashed against my chest.

She wiggled her butt against the head of my cock. "You like my tits, Dillon?"

"I think they're good enough to eat, Mindy."

She wiggled her butt again and said, "That's a nice boner you've got. You wanna show it to us?"

"I don't know, Mindy. I could get into trouble," I replied cautiously but wanting desperately to show them.

"Oh, c'mom, Dillon. When Taylor's dad was alive, we used to skinny dip all the time. No one's gonna find out. Be a daredevil," she added as she let go of me and tugged my Speedos down. She twirled them around her head and threw them to Taylor who was giggling furiously.

"Dillon's nekkid," she shouted and promptly pulled her bikini bottoms off and threw them onto the pool deck. "So am I," she shouted.

I watched as Taylor also removed her bikini bottoms and swam over to where I was standing with my mouth open and a silly grin on my face. She put her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. Her pussy was rubbing the head of my cock, and she had a wicked smile on her face, and her deep-blue eyes twinkled.

"See, that wasn't so difficult was it?" she said.

So just like that, we were naked and in an intimate embrace with the head of my cock pushing against my twelve-year-old niece's pussy. I was surprised at how easily we had slipped into an intimate relationship because we were now way beyond uncle and niece but almost—not quite yet—lovers.

"You okay with this, Dillon? I mean I've sort of been a little forward."

"To be honest, Taylor, When I saw those photos of you and Julian, I thought the idea of a grown man and a twelve-year-old girl having sex sort of shocking. I mean it's incest. But I knew how much my brother loved you and it was obvious to me looking at those photos how much you loved him. Now I think I like the idea . . . a lot."

I saw tears form in Taylor's eyes and slide down her cheeks. I kissed her salty lips. No more was said about the matter the rest of the day. As time wore on, I got more comfortable being naked around Taylor and Mindy, although my cock was never far away from full erection.

After I cooked hot dogs and hamburgers on the gas grill that we ate with coleslaw and baked beans, we watched a movie. I had put on my shorts and Taylor and Mindy their panties. Taylor was snuggled up to my left and Mindy to my right. Both girls had their breasts pressed against my arms throughout the whole movie. At bedtime, Mindy wanted to sleep with Taylor and me, but I wasn't comfortable with the arrangement so, a little disappointed, Mindy slept in Taylor's bed.

Taylor got into bed wearing just a pair of satin, bikini style panties. "Today was very nice," Taylor said as she snuggled up to my side with her leg over mine and her hand on my shoulder.

"Yes, it was wasn't it. I think getting naked in the pool was a bit of a watershed moment too, no pun intended."

Taylor turned her face up to me and smiled. Excitement danced across her entrancing deep-blue eyes. I turned, put my hand on her cheek and kissed her. Soon we were French kissing, our tongues finding each other's. I moved my hand off her cheek and found her left breast. I massaged her hard nipple with the pad of my thumb, feeling her areola puff up with her arousal. As I moved my hand lower across her flat tummy, a shiver of excitement at what I was about to do—to touch a twelve-year-old girl's pussy—ran through my body.

Taylor gasped into my mouth as I slipped my hand inside the waistband of her panties and cupped her lush pussy, feeling the softness of her fleshy mons in the palm of my hand and the hardness of her pubic bone beneath. As Taylor opened her legs a little, I pressed my middle finger against the length of her tight cleft. With more pressure, her plump, engorged labia pooched aside, and I felt the wetness inside. It was an incredibly erotic experience to feel my middle finger being hugged by Taylor's pussy lips. As I touched her opening, she gasped again.

Gathering the creamy moisture that I had seen on one of the photographs of her naked, I moved my finger up and found her small clitoris protruding from its hood. Taylor was moaning in my mouth as I rubbed and pressed her small nubbin. She pulled my mouth against hers in a very hot kiss as I attended to her clit. She had parted her legs and was actively bucking her pussy against my hand.

Taylor broke our passionate kiss, closed her legs against my hand and cried, "Oh, Gawd, Dillon!"

She had her hands on the back of my neck and was holding me tight as she orgasmed. I could feel her entire body tremble and jerk as her orgasm consumed her. The twitches and tics went on for a good minute until she eventually began to calm.

Then she hugged me tight and said, "Thank you, Dillon. I hoped that you wanted to do things with me like Daddy used to. I wasn't too sure, but when you told me you had seen the photos, I hoped so."

"I wasn't too sure at first, Taylor. I mean I knew you and my brother were doing things together, but I wasn't sure you wanted to do them with me. Then there was the incest thing. I knew it was illegal as well as you being underage. I had to get over that hurdle."

Taylor kissed me. "I'm glad you did. There are so many fun things we can do together."

She opened her legs, and I withdrew my hand, bringing it to my nose. As I inhaled her sex, I became a little lightheaded.

"God, your pussy smells so good," I said. "And it tastes divine," I added after sucking her juice off my finger.

Taylor giggled. "I'm glad you like it. You should taste Mindy's, it's really good too."

That comment excited me. On the one hand, it excited me that Taylor and Mindy had been having sex, but also because I was going to taste her pussy as well.

"Can I kiss your pussy?"

"Please," she replied and giggled as only young girls can. And just like that, with five words we went from adult and child: from uncle and niece, to lovers. No transition: no flirting: no discussions: no reservations: no regrets.

I moved down the bed and lay between Taylor's open legs. I inhaled her sexy aroma. "God, Taylor you smell so good," I said. "I can't wait to taste you."

Taylor giggled. Her breasts hardly moved.

With my face inches from Taylor's pussy, I parted her plump labia with thumb and finger exposing her thin, still-developing inner labia with its clitoral hood near the top and the dark red opening to her vagina at the bottom where her buttocks were pressed together. I dallied and enjoyed my first view of a twelve-year-old girl's vulva in real life and, even though the computer display was incredibly detailed, it paled in comparison to what I was now seeing.

Her lush labia were red and swollen with her arousal. I teased her clit out of its hood and, as I began sucking and licking it, Taylor moaned. She had her hands on my head pressing her pussy against my lips. I felt Taylor's body shudder with excitement at having a man pleasure her again. As I worked on her clit, she was pulling my head into her groin, grinding her engorged clit against my lips.

Then she climaxed. Taylor's legs closed on my head. I didn't know what to expect her orgasm to be; would she be loud? I loved her cute little snort as she inhaled sharply followed by a tensioning of her body like a violin string which I played with little kisses and licks of her small now firm clitoris. She held that posture for a good ten seconds. Then with a whoosh, as she exhaled, she relaxed and let go of my head and settled back down into the mattress. I moved up the bed and lay beside her with my arm around her shoulder and her head on my chest. She was breathing hard with little jerks and tics like mini aftershocks coming and going. Eventually, they disappeared, and she calmed.

"Gawd, Dillon, that was good," Taylor said at last as her breathing slowed. A tear formed in her eyes and ran down her cheek; she wiped them away with her palm.

"You okay, honey?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. I was just remembering the last time Daddy did that . . . you know brought me to orgasm with his tongue."

I drew her tight to me. She moved her head into the crook of my shoulder and lay her arm across my chest. I could feel her hot, wet pussy pressing into my thigh. We lay there enjoying each other's company.

"Cuddle me, Dillon," Taylor said as she turned and snuggled her back against me.

I put my arm around her and cupped her breast. I was soon asleep.

I WAS SO, SO GLAD THAT Dillon finally came around and brought me to orgasm with his tongue, something Daddy loved to do. I was getting a little worried that maybe he was too uptight about the incest and under-age thing to do anything other than kissing my tits. I think Mindy and me getting naked was what did it. I'm so happy. After Daddy died, I didn't think I'd ever find another man to have sex with, but when Dillon said he was going to come and live with me, I began to hope that we could become lovers. Dillon's going to be so surprised when he wakes up in the morning and finds Mindy in bed with us naked.

**Chapter Seven**

Mindy snuck into the bedroom before Dillon was awake the next morning. She started to say something, so I put my finger to my lips.

"Shush," I whispered.

Mindy pulled her nightie over her head and dropped it on the floor followed by her panties. I opened my legs, and Mindy lay between them. I shuddered the first time she licked my clit. It was so sensitive at the thought of Dillon waking up and seeing Mindy and me having sex.

I OPENED MY EYES and was thrilled at what I saw. My twelve-year-old niece had her legs spread, and Mindy's head was visible between them as she ate out Taylor's pussy. Mindy looked up at me, and a smile found her beautiful green eyes. The tip of her tongue was alternately licking and flicking Taylor's love button. I could see that Taylor had her eyes closed tightly, and had balls of bed linen in her fists.

I was stroking my cock under the sheet as I watched Mindy bring Taylor to a quiet orgasm. She gave a little snort and began mewling like a kitten. Mindy stopped eating her best friend and watched my hand moving under the sheet. As Taylor was calming, Mindy got off the bed, came around to my side and lay beside me. I offered no resistance as she pulled the sheet down, exposing my erection in my fist. By this time, Taylor had calmed enough and opened her eyes. Both girls watched me masturbate while I looked at their naked bodies. Taylor was sitting cross-legged, and her labia were reddened and engorged from Mindy's ministrations.

There was no way I was going to last much longer with two twelve-year-old naked girls watching me stroke my cock. I could feel my orgasm rising and my scrotum drawing up tight. Blood was throbbing in my head, and I began to get light-headed as my cock swelled in my fist and the first rope of pearly-white cum spurted out onto my stomach. Both girls had their hands over open mouths as they watched ropes of semen spurt out. I was quickly done, but I was still panting hard.

Taylor jumped off the bed, and I watched her sexy buttocks move seductively as she headed for the bathroom. She returned a few moments later with a washcloth, but Mindy had beaten her to it. I watched in utter amazement as Mindy licked most of my semen off my stomach. She was like a damn Hoover vacuum cleaner. Taylor cleaned off the rest with the damp washcloth. I was thrilled when she scooped a little on two fingers and sucked them clean.

"I take it you ladies like the taste of my semen," I said.

"Nice," Mindy said.

"Yummy," Taylor added.

Both girls snuggled up to me, one on each side. At that moment, I felt like the luckiest guy in the world. Taylor went to grab hold of my semi-erect cock, but Mindy beat her to it. Instead, she fondled my balls. To have Mindy holding my cock in her hand and Taylor fondling my scrotum, I quickly got hard again.

"No way," Mindy said.

"Looks hard to me," Taylor said.

To be honest, I was surprised that I got hard again so soon. But there again, I'd never had two naked preteens in bed with me before. Mindy and Taylor took it in turns stroking my erection. When Mindy passed my cock back to Taylor, Taylor lowered her mouth over its bulbous end.

"Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, that feels incredible, Taylor," I said as she clamped her luscious lips around the underside of the head. I could hardly believe we had come so far in our sexual relationship so soon. It was just a few days ago that I first saw Taylor's tits and kissed them. Now she was going down on me having just swallowed some of my cum—fucking unbelievable. I think all along this is what Taylor had in mind. I think it was my reluctance to even consider sex with a twelve-year-old girl that created the log jam. With our first French kiss, and me bringing her to orgasm, the log jam was broken at last. Taylor and I were now lovers, and I couldn't wait to have intercourse with her.

Incredibly, I could feel the onset of a second orgasm. It built quickly with Taylor's expert attention to my cock. When she began to lick the underside of the crown that was the tipping point.

"God, Taylor, cumming baby," I cried.

Taylor took my cock in her mouth and swirled her tongue around its head as I climaxed. I felt my cock spasm the one time, and then I was done.

"Mmmm, you spurted a little," Taylor murmured.

"Fucking amazing," Mindy said. I didn't know a guy could cum twice so soon."

"I didn't either," I said. "I think it was having two gorgeous young ladies naked in my bed that did it. We have to do this again."

All three of us got in the shower and washed each other. I was quickly warming to the idea of sex with these pre-teens and wondered if Mindy would let me take her virginity. I'd never had sex with a virgin before, and the thought of deflowering a twelve-year-old excited me beyond words.

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We dropped Mindy off at her house after dinner that evening. Taylor sat beside me on the couch watching television.

"Today was amazing, Taylor," I said. "I still can't believe what we did in bed this morning."

Taylor turned her head and leaned up and kissed me. "I love you, Dillon and I'm glad you're feeling okay with the things we're doing together."

"I love you too, baby. I know I was reluctant at first, but I'm glad I came around. Mindy's a little minx, isn't she? I can't believe she guzzled my cum down like a vacuum cleaner."

"Mindy loved to eat Daddy's cum. I call her a cum slut." Taylor was quiet for a while. Then she said, "Mindy asked me if you would take her virginity. Her boyfriend has been bugging her to let him fuck her, but she says he's too amateurish. Would you consider it?"

"Is she on birth control?"

"She's on the patch too."

"Then I'd love to. I've never had sex with a virgin before."

Taylor got up and picked up her iPhone. I heard her talking excitedly to Mindy. A few minutes later she ended the call and came and sat back down.

"Next Friday night," Taylor said.

"Okay, then you girls need to get dolled up since I'm going to take you both out on a dinner date next Friday."

That night in bed, a naked Taylor snuggled up to my side. "You know, Dillon, if you're going to have sex with Mindy, then we have to have sex first."

I had expected that Taylor would insist on that and I was looking forward to it. "There's no better time than the present," I replied.

Taylor put her arms around my neck and kissed me. I responded by opening my mouth and tilting my head. Soon we were French kissing with a passion that I had not felt before. My hand fell to her breast feeling her areola puff up, and her nipple harden into a little bead. After making both areolas puff up and her nipples like beads, I slid my hand down and cupped her pussy. She opened her legs invitingly.

I slowly brought Taylor to orgasm with my middle finger. She pulled me close to her as her body began to shake. The sensation of Taylor having an orgasm while we French kissed was amazing. She was moaning into my mouth as she held my cock in her hand.

I waited until she had calmed and released me from her tight embrace and said, "You ready for me to make love to you, Taylor?"

"I'm more than ready, Dillon," she replied.

I climbed over her leg and settled on my haunches. I lifted her legs over mine and pulled her close. My cock was lying on her stomach with its root on her prominent mons and my balls were resting against her pussy. It was an arousing sight to see my cock lying on her tummy with its head almost reaching her navel. I was going that deep inside her. I backed up a little and, grasping the shaft, I moved the bulbous head between her legs and pushed it against her tight slit. As I moved the head up and down her cleft, her plump labia pooched aside, exposing the moist, pink inside.

Placing the head against the opening to her vagina, I pushed a little. She was tight alright, but she had had my brother's cock inside her before. I felt the tight ring of skin start to dilate. I watched the expression on her face to see if I was hurting her, but I wasn't. She was smiling.

"Go ahead, Dillon," she said, "you won't hurt me. Daddy's cock's been inside me at least twenty times."

I pushed harder and all of a sudden I slipped inside her. And, God did it feel good. It was like my cock was being gripped inside a tight, hot velvet sleeve. Taylor put her arms out indicating she wanted me to lie down on her. As I pressed her slender frame into the mattress, she seemed so small underneath me.

"Yes, that feels so good. Daddy used to put all of his weight on me."

I began humping my twelve-year-old niece's pussy, with slow inward strokes and quicker withdrawals. I knew I wasn't going to last too long since I was so aroused by the very notion of having sex with one so young. Taylor had her knees bent and her legs next to her chest allowing me to penetrate her all the way to her cervix. She had easily taken all of my five and a half inches inside her.

Taylor's hands were around my neck as I made love to her. I was thrusting harder now, and my inward strokes were moving her whole body. I could feel her pussy spasming on my cock as she chased another orgasm. I was on the cusp of mine, and on the next inward stroke, I stopped with my cock buried deep inside her as I climaxed. As my cock swelled and the first load of cum spurted inside Taylor's pussy, she orgasmed again.

"Oh, Dillon! Fuck!" she said. We both rode our orgasm for all it was worth. Of course, mine was over first, too soon. But Taylor's went on for another two minutes, her body jerking and trembling. Then she began to calm. My cock softened and slipped out. I could feel my semen running out of Taylor's pussy and onto the towel I had placed there earlier.

I climbed over her leg and lay on my side facing her. I kissed her. "I love you very much, Taylor. Thank you for letting me be your lover."

Taylor put her hand on my cheek and kissed me back. "I love you too, Dillon. Since you came into my life you've made me so happy."

We both lay there enjoying our post-orgasmic bliss. Taylor balled up the towel and threw it on the floor. She snuggled up to me, and soon we were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

I LAY AWAKE AS DILLON snored lightly next to me. I was over the moon that Dillon had finally cemented our relationship by making love to me. Now I wondered if he would be open to the thought that Daddy and me had started discussing a month before his death, and that was me having his baby when I turned sixteen.

**Chapter Eight**

On Monday morning, Taylor and I went shopping to get her new larger bras. We drove to Paseo Colorado and parked in the underground lot. Inside we headed for Victoria's Secret & Pink where I found a young sales associate by the name of Traci. She looked not much older than seventeen or eighteen and was petite with long blonde hair fixed in a ponytail that swished from side to side as she walked.

"My twelve-year-old niece Taylor here needs new underwear," I said to her. "Would you please measure her to see what size bra she needs?"

"Of course," Traci replied. "Come with me, Taylor," she said.

I noticed how Traci looked at Taylor and, on a hunch, I decided to follow them into the changing rooms. Traci opened the stall door.

"You can wait over there," Traci said nodding toward a couple of leather armchairs by the entrance.

"It's okay," Taylor said. "Dillon can come in with us. He's seen me naked before."

Traci looked at me then at Taylor and blushed a little. "Well, I guess it's okay," she said. You're a lucky girl," Traci whispered to Taylor.

Inside the changing room stall, Taylor removed her ribbed cotton top and unhooked and took off her bra. Traci looked at me and gave me a shy smile as she put the tape measure around Taylor's chest then around her breasts. She looked at the second measurement.

"Well, she's bigger than a 32A but not quite ready for a 32B," Traci said. "I would suggest a 32B with removable pads. That way she can remove the pads as her breasts get larger."

"Thanks, Traci," I said.

"I can't believe your niece lets you see her naked. My uncle blushes whenever he sees me in a bikini. I think he would have a heart attack if I ever took it off."

"You're a beautiful young woman, Traci," I said. "I'm sure a lot of men would love to see you naked. I know I would, so would Taylor since she likes girls too."

Taylor put her hands on Traci's shoulders and kissed her lips lightly. Traci was a little reluctant at first, looking at me smiling at her. Taylor pressed her breasts into Traci's as they kissed. Taylor broke their kiss and smiled at the young sales associate.

"I let my uncle do more than see me naked," Taylor said. "We sleep in the same bed and have sex."

"There was a time when I wished my uncle would do things with me," Traci said, "but now I go strictly with girls. My last boyfriend popped my cherry, but it wasn't as romantic as I thought it would be. I turned to my cousin Sara, and she showed me what it was like to have sex with a girl. Gawd, I can't believe I'm telling you all this."

All the time Traci was talking, Taylor was rubbing her breast through the silk of Traci's turquoise blouse. Traci froze as Taylor began to unbutton her blouse revealing a pale-green bra. She stood motionless as Taylor, with a sexy twinkle in her eyes, pushed her bra up exposing her breasts.

I watched with a boner inside my pants as Taylor proceeded to suck Traci's little puffies and nipples. Traci stood there mesmerized as Taylor ministered to her small tits.

Then I think Traci, realizing what she was letting Taylor do whispered, "We shouldn't be doing this while I'm working." She pulled her bra back down and buttoned up her blouse. She opened the stall door and left.

Taylor looked at me and giggled. "That was fun, wasn't it?"

"Uh-huh. You want to give her your phone number?"

"Yeah, she might never call, but it's worth a try."

After Taylor got dressed, we spent the next twenty minutes shopping for underwear. I could see Traci staring at us. I wondered what was going through her mind. We took Taylor's underwear to Traci to make sure that she got the sales credit. I paid with my Visa card, thanked Traci, then headed for the door. I looked back to see Taylor and Traci whispering. Taylor caught up with me before I reached the door.

Back in the car, I said, "Well. What did Traci say?"

Taylor smiled and said, "She said she gets Wednesday off and is going to drive over to our house next Wednesday for an afternoon swim."

"I can't wait to see her naked and the two of you making out. I wonder if she'll let me take photos."

"Yeah. And maybe she'll even let you fuck her!" Taylor giggled.

**Chapter Nine**

The girls were absolutely giddy about our Friday night dinner date. Taylor pestered me as to where we would be going, but I told her it was a surprise.

"Can we get really dressed up?"

"You bet! I want you to. We're going first class, and I want to show you two hotties off. Maybe some hot woman will see the kind of females I attract and take me home with her and do naughty things to me." I teased.

"That'll be the day!" Taylor said without missing a beat. "You're all mine and don't you forget it."

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At breakfast Friday morning Taylor asked me if I would drop her and Mindy off in Old Town Pasadena before lunch so that they could do some shopping. Mindy had spent the night, and I knew they were egging each other on about tonight's "date" with me. When I dropped them off, they both kissed me with a little tongue action then jumped out of the car.

"We won't be too long," Taylor said. "I'll call you when we need a ride home. Kay?"

"Okay. I'll be at home waiting." It was just a short 10-15 minute drive even with traffic.

Then, leaning in the window, Taylor smiled and said, "Be a good boy and don't masturbate while you're looking at pictures of Mindy and me!"

"I'm not making any promises!" I replied.

Taylor called, and I picked the girls up just after two in the afternoon which had to be a record for shopping by a preteen in a shoppers' paradise. They were both carrying shopping bags from Victoria's Secret and Pink. I was looking forward to sacrificing myself on the altar of Mindy's virgin pussy tonight, and my member was twitching in anticipation.

The girls spent the day changing clothes and primping in private. I was always aware of where they were—bedroom or bathroom—by their seemingly non-stop giggling. I was hoping that they wouldn't overdo anything—like make-up, hair or clothes.

I spent the afternoon re-reading several of Renpet's erotic stories which seemed to heighten my "need." Since I told the girls to be ready by six thirty, I started getting ready at five thirty. I poured a light scotch and soda and headed for my bathroom where I shaved, showered and got dressed in slacks, Gucci loafers, and a light blue shirt. I would put on my dressy custom silk sports coat before we left. I wandered into the kitchen then on to the living room where I waited for my dates.

"Dillon? Are you sitting down?" Taylor called from the hallway.

"Yes. I'm anxiously awaiting your arrival," I replied.

"Okay. Close your eyes. I'll tell you when to open them."

"I can't wait," I said.

I smiled to myself delighted to have these two sweeties in my life. I closed my eyes and listened as I heard the girls come into the room.

"Okay," Taylor said. "Open your eyes!"

"Holy fuh . . . ! I mean Jeez!"

The girls giggled happily. I had heard the old phrase "took my breath away" since I was a kid, but I had never experienced it—until now. I was stunned by what I was seeing.

Beautifully coiffed hair, subtle, perfect make-up, and strapless cocktail dresses—emerald green on Mindy and a delicious deep-blue on Taylor. Apparently, something that they purchased today was pushing up their breasts showing just the most tasteful and exciting swell of their perfect bosoms. They were stunningly beautiful—individually and as a duo.

"You like?" Mindy asked with a relaxed pose.

"My God, you girls are absolutely gorgeous!" I managed to say.

"Thank you," they said in unison.

As I stood up from the sofa, each girl came up to me and kissed me sweetly on the mouth.

"Okay, you gorgeous creatures, your carriage waits without." I offered each girl an arm, and we went out to the courtyard, and I remotely unlocked the car. I opened the doors and let the girls get situated before closing the front door. When I got into the front seat, the full impact of their perfume hit me.

"Damn, you ladies smell good! Good enough to eat!"

They giggled in response.

I had made reservations at The Raymond restaurant the day I promised them a special dinner. It was one of my brother's favorites. I remember him telling me about it, and their wonderful bar named 1886 for reasons unknown to him.

The restaurant is housed in an old, beautiful Craftsman-style cottage rich with history and hidden down a long driveway just off of Fair Oaks Avenue. It is one of those restaurants where the food lives up to its environment,

I took a slightly different route from the house to the restaurant. I cut down Arroyo then across Mission Avenue to Fair Oaks and turned north toward The Raymond. About half a mile before reaching The Raymond, I turned into McDonald's lot and pulled into a parking space.

"Here we are, ladies. Dining at its finest," I said sincerely as I turned off the ignition.

"You gotta be kidding!" Taylor moaned as she leaned in from the back seat and slugged my arm.

"Ow! I thought you guys liked McDonald's!" I said rubbing my arm.

"Okay, Mister! You've had your fun so let's go somewhere nice!" Taylor said trying to sound tough. Meanwhile, Mindy was doubled over laughing.

"Okay, okay," I said resignedly. "I'll try to find something a little better."

I started the car and pulled out of the lot heading north. As I began to turn into the valet parking area of the restaurant, Taylor knew where we were going.

"I knew that you were just teasing! This is one of my very favorite places!" she said as she kissed my cheek.

The mâitre d' greeted us warmly—almost like we were old friends—which I really appreciated. Until, of course, I noticed the attention he was paying to the two young beauties as he tried to get a peek down the front of their dresses.

He led us through the restaurant to a table with walls on three sides giving us a unique dining experience with a lot of privacy. The girls got a lot of attention as we wound through the unique layout to our table. I saw one guy mouthing the word 'Wow' as his eyes followed the girls. If he only knew!

When our waiter showed up to take drink orders, I called for a Johnny Walker Black, rocks, with a splash of soda. The girls didn't know what to order, so I suggested Piña Coladas. They agreed, and I ordered two virgin Coladas. Seated at the U-shaped comfortable bench seat around a large table with Taylor on my right and Mindy on my left, I felt that I was in heaven.

After our drinks were delivered, I raised my glass and offered a toast, "Here's to tonight."

Taylor and Mindy both raised their glasses and said in unison, "Tonight."

Dinner was excellent as expected. I had the Veal Piccata, Taylor had a very nice Chicken Cordon Bleu, and Mindy the Dover Sole. I allowed the girls half a glass of Chardonnay, more to calm Mindy's nerves. Throughout dinner, either Taylor or Mindy or both at the same time would grope me under the table.

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During the drive home, the girls were whispering to each other that I couldn't make out but was sure Taylor was telling Mindy what to expect. The three of us took a shower together with both Taylor and Mindy paying attention to my cock. Of course, I returned the attention by cleaning their pussies. After drying off, I grabbed a towel to put under Mindy, and we all got onto my king-size bed. I sat back and watched Taylor go to work on Mindy's pussy. I was sucking Mindy's puffed up areola and hard beaded nipple on one breast while squeezing her other. Soon Mindy was moaning as Taylor finger-fucked her best friend while sucking on her clit that I thought quite large.

Then Mindy climaxed. She put her arm around my neck and pulled my head down and kissed me. It was an amazing feeling to have her French kiss me while she orgasmed. I glanced down and saw that Taylor was sat up and had all four of her fingers inside Mindy's vagina. She looked at me and smiled.

Taylor and I changed places. I looked down at Mindy's pussy. Her labia were red and engorged with her arousal. Grasping the shaft of my cock, I swiped its head up and down her slit, oozing aside the labia and ending up at the opening to her vagina. My cockhead was coated with a liberal amount of Mindy's creamy secretions thanks to Taylor's ministrations.

I looked at Mindy, she smiled and nodded. As I began to push into her, she screwed her face up, anticipating pain. But much to her and my surprise, the bulbous head of my cock slipped inside her.

"Gawd, Dillon, you've really stretched me, but I only felt a twinge as you put it inside me," Mindy said with a smile.

"That's because Taylor had all of her fingers inside you while she was eating you out. She stretched you for me."

I pushed a little more and, over the course of about a minute, I managed to get all of my cock inside her.

"God, that feels so good," Mindy said as I bumped her rubbery end. I feel really, really stuffed, and I love it."

As I stroked in and out of Mindy's tight but slick pussy, Taylor had her head on Mindy's tummy and was licking her clit. Occasionally she would lick my shaft as I made love to her very best friend. The effect of me stroking in and out of Mindy's pussy and Taylor's licking her clit soon brought her to another climax. I felt Mindy's butt jerking, heard her long low moaning and rapid breathing as her orgasm grabbed her. Her pussy was spasming; I could feel it clench and release my cock in a rhythmic cycle.

I couldn't hold back any longer. With one final thrust, I buried my cock inside her and exploded, filling her womb with my teeming fluid. I was done, sated, fulfilled, but Mindy wasn't. Her orgasm went on for another minute or so. When she finally calmed down and opened her eyes, she looked at me and smiled.

"That last one was amazing," she said. "When I felt you spurting inside me, it was if I had an orgasm on top of an orgasm. I've never felt anything like it."

Taylor put her arms around my neck and kissed me. "Thanks," she whispered.

As my cock deflated and slipped out of Mindy's pussy, it was followed by a stream of my semen that was quickly absorbed by the cotton towel. Mindy wiped between her legs and balled the towel up and dropped it on the floor. I lay down, and Taylor snuggled up to my left and Mindy to my right.

"Thanks, Dillon," Mindy said. "I'm glad you were my first and not my boyfriend."

"I'm glad too," I said that caused both Mindy and Taylor to giggle.

Soon the three of us slipped into slumber.

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I think Mindy wanted to have sex again the next morning but was too sore. Instead, she insisted on giving me a blowjob. Of course, I didn't offer any resistance. It wasn't the first time she had performed oral sex since she told me that she gave her boyfriend regular blow jobs to keep him satisfied when she wouldn't let him fuck her. She was doing a half decent job with Taylor giving her some encouraging pointers. Apparently, she didn't let her boyfriend cum in her mouth since she almost choked as I spurted a not very large load of semen. Taylor was giggling at Mindy's discomfort much to Mindy's chagrin.

"Not funny, Taylor," Mindy said indignantly.

"Well, I thought it was," Taylor replied.

"It's okay for you since you've done it a ton of times, but I've never let Tim cum in my mouth."

"Well maybe you should practice on Dillon and give Tim a big surprise next time you go down on him."

I groaned and both girls broke out into a fit of giggles.

**Chapter Ten**

Taylor answered the doorbell at one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. I had been looking forward to this day ever since Taylor, and I met Traci, the sales associate at Victoria's Secret. I was sitting on a chair under the umbrella by the pool wearing just a pair of dark-blue Speedos, when Taylor and Traci came walking out of the house.

I stood up and gave Traci a hug and a quick kiss on her lush, full lips. "Glad you could make it, Traci," I said.

Traci smiled shyly. "Thanks for inviting me," she replied.

"Can I get you anything to drink?"

"A Pepsi would be nice," Traci replied.

I went into the house, and when I came out a few minutes later with a fresh beer for me and a Pepsi for Traci, both girls were getting undressed. I set the drinks down on the table and watched Traci remove her sexy, pink lacy bra. She had a nice pair of tits about the size of half oranges. Her areolas were already puffed up and looked like a cherry on a cupcake, a sexy, swollen, pink mound topped by a small nipple. My cock hardened as I saw her hook her thumbs inside the waistband of her matching pink, lacy boyshort style panties and pulled them down.

"My God, Traci," I said catching my breath, "you've got one gorgeous body."

She gave me a shy smile and looked at the large bulge in my Speedos and said, "Thanks, Dillon." She watched me intently as I pulled my Speedos down. I heard a small gasp as my cock sprang out and stood straight up against my stomach. I saw Taylor whisper something in Traci's ear that made her eyes get bigger.

I sat back down and watched Taylor and Traci frolicking in the pool. I noticed how Traci's tits jiggled as she moved in contrast to Taylor's that hardly moved. After a few minutes, both girls got out of the pool and lay on chaises next to each other.

"Sunscreen please, Dillion," Taylor said holding up a bottle.

I grabbed a towel, folded it a few times and placed it next to where Taylor was lying on her front. I knelt down facing Traci who was also lying on her front with her head turned watching me. I could see the bulge of her breast as it was squashed against the chaise. I applied a liberal amount of lotion to Taylor's shoulders, back, and butt, making sure I worked it well into her crack and the insides of her legs. I patted her butt and Taylor turned over. Traci was watching me intently as I massaged the lotion into Taylors breasts, tummy and mons. I saw Traci's mouth open in a silent gasp as my fingers found Taylor's pussy.

Without being asked, I got up, picked up the towel and knelt on it next to Traci. I felt a shudder run through her body as I rubbed lotion into her back. I massaged her cute ass with lotion feeling how firm her buttocks were. There was a slight hesitation after I patted Traci's butt for her to turn over.

I could see Taylor watching me and smiling as Traci slowly turned onto her back. Her breasts, softer and larger than Taylor's lay a little to her sides and flattened some, were exquisite with rather large areolas, darkened and stipple with her arousal. Atop each breast was a small beaded nipple like a small cherry on a dark pink dollop of ice cream just waiting to be sucked.

With a large dollop of sunscreen lotion in the palm of my right hand, I began to apply it to Traci's arms and upper chest. I felt a shudder run through her torso as I rubbed lotion into her breasts. Her hard nipples and soft puffy areolas pressed into the palms of my hands as I massaged her breasts. They were a little more than a handful, so I revised my earlier assessment of their apparent size.

Taylor's hand cupped her pussy, and I could see her middle finger moving up and down as she manipulated her clit, all the time watching me run my hands all over Traci's young body. She opened her legs slightly as I massaged her prominent mons, feeling the fleshy pad with the hard pubic bone beneath. Taking her invitation, I cupped her pussy and pressed my middle finger against her tight cleft. As I applied pressure, her plump engorged labia pooched aside and hugged my finger in a sensual embrace.

Traci's half-closed eyes were looking at me as I moved lower in her cleft and found the entrance to her vagina. A quiet gasp escaped her partially open lips as I entered her. She gasped again as I curled my finger inside her, but louder this time. I could hear soft feminine moans coming from Taylor as I slowly finger fucked Traci with my right hand while my left lay palm down on her mons rubbing her clit with the pad of my thumb.

Now Traci was moaning softly as I slowly brought her to her climax. I heard Taylor gasp and cry out with her own orgasm as Traci arched her back, pushing her pussy hard against my hands. Both girls were shaking with their orgasms, Traci more so since I was finger fucking her and rubbing and pressing her hard little nubbin of a clit.

I took my hands off Traci's body and began to pump my very hard cock. As I masturbated, Traci opened her eyes and watched me intently. I could see a burning passion in her eyes as she watched my fist move up and down on my shaft.

As Traci said, "Cum on my tits, Dillon." My cock swelled, and I exploded, spurting pearlescent-white ropes of semen onto her breasts and tummy. Traci was rubbing it all over her chest and between her legs. Her curly, blonde pubic hair was matted with my cum. I sat back down on my heels panting hard. I was finally done, empty but eminently sated.

"Gawd, that's a lot of cum, Dillon," Traci said.

"It's because I was looking at such a gorgeous sexy body, Traci," I replied as I caught my breath.

Taylor got up off the chaise and came over to where I was kneeling. I moved over, giving her room to kneel beside me. She leaned in and licked my semen off Traci's hard nipples.

"You like to swallow his cum?" Traci asked. "I let my boyfriend cum in my mouth one time, but had to spit it out it tasted so bad."

"Dillon's tastes good," Taylor replied, "you should try it."

Traci scooped a little cum on two fingers and sniffed it and, having deemed it not icky, put her fingers in her mouth.

"Mmm, you're right, Taylor, he doesn't taste too bad at all."

"I think we should all get in the pool," I suggested.

As we splashed around in the pool, I could see Traci and Taylor whispering. A few minutes later, Taylor swam over to me and put her arms around my neck.

"Traci wants to spend the night and have sex with you," she said.

"You okay with that?" I asked.

"Of course I am, Dillon. I know you love only me."

I kissed her soft lips and said, "Yes, I love only you and no other."

**Chapter Eleven**

We showered before getting into bed that evening at eight o'clock. I lay back on pillows against the headboard and watched Taylor eat Traci's plump vulva. It was like deja vu all over again as I remembered the last time two young girls were in my bed as Taylor ate out Mindy's pussy before I deflowered her. Now I was going to have intercourse with a very sexy and very desirable eighteen-year-old. Taylor was the warmup act, and I was going to be the main attraction. I must admit, it did surprise me when Taylor told me that Traci wanted to have sex with me since she had told us in the store changing room that she was now into girls.

Traci was moaning softly as Taylor sucked and licked her prominent clit all the while finger fucking her with three fingers. I lay there slowly stroking my cock watching an incredible display of my twelve-year-old niece performing oral sex on a beautiful eighteen-year-old.

"Oh, gaaaawd, Taylor," Traci cried as she orgasmed. She snapped her legs closes on Taylor's head as her whole body began shaking and jerking in the throes of an intense orgasm. The whole of Traci's upper chest and neck were tinged with the red of her arousal. It was a much more intense orgasm than the one I brought her to earlier that afternoon since it was Taylor's tongue that was causing it.

After a few minutes, Traci opened her eyes and looked at me. She smiled and said, "You wanna give me another orgasm?"

"God, yes, Traci," I replied.

I changed places with Taylor and sat on my haunches. Traci spoke as I was about to penetrate her.

"I'm not on any kind of birth control so you can't cum inside me."

"I'll be glad to finish Dillon off," Taylor said with enthusiasm.

I pushed aside Traci's wet, swollen labia and penetrated her hot, wet vagina. She wasn't as tight as Taylor, which was to be expected due to their age difference, but was very snug and she held my cock in a velvet embrace. Taylor was sucking on Traci's left tit while squeezing her other. I could see Taylor's tongue licking and flicking Traci's nipple and swollen areola.

With my hands on Traci's hips, I was thrusting in and out of her. She had her eyes closed and was breathing in and out through her mouth as I fucked her. She would lick her parched lips from time to time. Traci was caressing Taylor's shoulder and back as Taylor worked her magic on both of her perky tits.

I wasn't far off from my orgasm as Traci chased her second of the evening. I could see her body tremble and her pussy began clenching and releasing my member as her orgasm took hold. She was actively fucking me as she bucked her groin against my thrusts. Traci was moaning loudly, and her head was moving from side to side on the pillow. As she began to calm, I felt my ballsack draw up tight.

"Gonna spurt," I said as I pulled out of Traci's still spasming pussy.

Taylor grabbed the shaft of my cock and put it in her mouth just as I felt it swell. I pumped load after load of my hot teeming fluid into her waiting mouth. I saw her swallow hard as more cum entered her mouth. I was quickly finished since I had masturbated onto Traci's tits earlier that afternoon. I climbed over Traci's leg and lay beside her with Taylor opposite.

"You girls have worn me out," I said.

"But we're not done," Traci said. "Taylor's gotta get her rocks off before we go to sleep."

I lay there watching Traci lie down between Taylor's legs and began licking and sucking her pussy. I couldn't resist leaning over and sucking Taylor's petite breasts. My twelve-year-old niece was moaning softly as Traci slowly brought her to orgasm. It wasn't a spectacular orgasm—more like a soft moaning and small jerks of her legs. With all three of us eminently satisfied, and Traci to my left and Taylor to my right, we quickly fell into a deep sleep.

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I awoke the next morning and quickly got out of bed to go and empty my bladder. When I returned, Traci was awake and watched me as I slid back into bed beside her. She grasped my cock and began squeezing it. It didn't take long for it to get rock hard. Traci lowered her mouth over the end and began to fellate me. A few moments later, Taylor woke up and when she saw what Traci was doing, smiled.

"Good God, Traci," I murmured, "that feels incredible."

Traci looked at me and smiled with her eyes and continued sucking my cock. It didn't take her long to bring me to orgasm. She kept just her lush lips around the underside of my cockhead as I climaxed and ejaculated a decent amount of semen inside her mouth. She quickly swallowed and licked her lips.

"Mmm, that was good," she said.

"Tell me about it," I replied.

Taylor and I stayed in bed while Traci got up, showered and got dressed. "Gotta be at the store by nine-forty-five," she said. "Can I come and spend next Wednesday with you guys?"

"We'd love to have you," I replied.

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When Traci had left, Taylor, who was lying beside me with her hand across my chest and her leg over mine, spoke, "Dillon, you're a fortunate guy."

"I am? Why's that?"

"Because Mindy loves you."

"Well, I love her too, kitten. And I love you too. So I am one lucky guy to love two girls who are best friends."

"No, I don't mean she "loves" you, I mean she loves you for real."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

I was surprised, but then remembered how she looked at me and was always touching me. "How do you feel about that, honey?"

"I'm okay with it. I love you Dillon, but not passionately as Mindy does. I know we can never marry and have children. Mindy desperately wants a family when she's older, and I think the two of you would make a great couple and great parents."

"Over these last few months my feelings toward her have changed, that's for sure, and I need to see where our relationship is headed."

"A word of caution, Dillon. If you find that you don't love her in that way, then you need to let her down gently. I don't want my best friend hurt."

"I know, Taylor. I'll be careful."

Over the next few months, Traci became a permanent part of Taylor's and my life. A few weeks after Traci spent the first Wednesday with us, Taylor introduced her to Mindy. The two of them hit it off right away so Mindy would join us in our bed.

Traci would come over every Tuesday evening after the store closed and stayed until Thursday morning. When Taylor and Mindy went back to school, Traci managed to switch her day off to Sunday so she would spend Saturday night, the whole of Sunday and Sunday night with us. The four of us went on vacation together and were inseparable.

My feelings toward Mindy were slowly evolving. Taylor had said we could never have children, and to be honest I knew in my heart of hearts that could never happen. But I since coming to live with Taylor, I realized that a big hole in my life had been filled and I knew I wanted a family.

Epilogue

Taylor, after much encouragement from me, had decided to go to college. She had the grades and was granted honors at admission by UCLA. When Mindy found out that her best friend was going to college, she too chose to go and was awarded a scholarship to USC. So, for the first time in years, the two friends did not attend the same school.

I looked forward to the end of semesters when the girls came home, where we reacquainted ourselves with each other. Sex was amazing, and Traci enjoyed being in our bed again even though she had formed a long-term relationship with an older woman.

Four years later, Taylor graduated with honors and a degree in Marketing from UCLA. Myself, Mindy, Traci, and other friends were in attendance. Taylor was over the moon at finally graduating and having the people who loved her the most to experience it.

It took Mindy six years to graduate from USC, also with honors, and a BS degree in Business Economics. Present in the audience were her mom and dad, Taylor of course, and Traci. I was so proud of my wife, and as she walked up onto the stage to receive her diploma, I had our two-year-old daughter, Marie, in my arms.

"There's Mommy," Marie said pointing at Mindy. "Why is she wearing that funny hat?"

"That's because Mommy is graduating from college and they all have to wear them," I replied.

After the ceremony, as Mindy joined Marie and me and hugged us both, I couldn't be any happier. Who would have known that a trip to my brother's funeral would end up with me married to a beautiful woman and father to a gorgeous little girl? Life sure has its surprises and, for me, out of tragedy came happiness.