**Vanilla Slut 2: Road Trip**

by [Maracorby](https://www.asstr.org/~Maracorby/index.html)

**Chapter 1**

I guess it started when Stacy was telling me about all the fun she and her boyfriend Ty had had on their trip to the amusement park.

"Ty wanted to go on the Ferris wheel for some reason," Stacy began, "and so I went along, whatever. Once we were seated we started making out and stuff. Then once we were high, he revealed his real plan and started pushing my head down toward his crotch."

"That sounds kinda uncool," I interjected doubtfully.

"No, it was cool - I like it when he does stuff like that," she explained. "Anyway, I wanted to blow him. But you know those safety bars across your lap? I couldn't bend enough to get my mouth down there. But my hands were free. So there we are, going round and round on the wheel, and he's kissing me while I'm working my spit-filled hands up and down his cock like a champ. And then near the very top of the wheel, he groans and squirts. I never stopped to think about where the come would go..."

"Oh no...," I said.

"Oh yes!" Stacy replied. "It shot out, like, feet in front of him before falling out of our sight. And there was a lot of it. Then a second later we heard some angry man shout, 'What the fuck?!?'"

"Oh god!" I reacted. "So then what happened?"

"Obviously we played it cool for the rest of the ride," Stacy said. "The park was closing, so we went back to his SUV. But everyone was trying to leave at once, so we messed around for a while before driving home. Thank god for tinted windows, huh?"

I eyed her suspiciously. "What kind of 'messing around' are you talking about?"

Stacy grinned. "The kind where he pulls down my pants, bends me over the back of the car seats, sticks his nose in my ass crack, and fucks my hole with his tongue until I come."

"Holy shit, you can come like that?" I asked, astonished.

"I did this time!" She said. "Then, of course, he was hard again, so I fucked him sitting in his lap." She added with a certain naughty pride, "I've got bite marks on my boobs."

"God, I am so fucking jealous of you!" I said.

"Hey, just because I managed to think of one sex act that you didn't do first is no reason to get upset," Stacy teased.

"It's just been so long!" I whined. "I miss sex! And I've never even had romance." Then, more somberly, I added, "Hell, it's been forever since a boy even smiled at me."

Stacy picked up on my change of tone, and reacted sympathetically. "Kaitlyn, it'll happen. Your condition sucks, but you've been doing a really good job of managing it."

"Maybe too good," I muttered.

"What do you mean by that?" Stacy probed.

I sighed. "I just mean that sometimes I wish I could go to a party somewhere without you or any of my other caretakers, rip off my mask, unbutton a few buttons, and just let whatever happens happen," I confessed.

Stacy didn't say anything more, but just side-hugged me.

See, the thing is, back in my freshman and sophomore years, I was a notorious slut. Seriously, everyone at my high school, and a lot of people at neighboring schools, knew me as "Vanilla Slut".

A big part of that was the fact that I have this neurological condition: any time I smell or taste vanilla, it triggers in me this overwhelming compulsion to have sex. I can't help it, and I can't fight it. It's like the song stuck in your head. It's like the sneeze that you feel coming but won't quite happen. It's like starving, or running for your life, or being so tired you can't sleep. But it's not any of those things; it's my body telling me, "Kaitlyn, you must have sex right now - your life depends on it."

But when I give in and give my body what it wants, oh my god! It's like a bubble bath after a whole day of gardening. It's like butter-drenched filet mignon when you haven't eaten in a day and a half. It's like finally peeing when you're just short of bursting. And that's on top of the regular feel-goodness of just plain sex.

Anyway, there were a lot of scandals before we figured out what was causing my behavior and how to mitigate it. How I avoided catching a bunch of STDs is anyone's guess. I'm lucky that I've got good friends and family looking out for me.

When school started up again, I was going to be a senior. For more than a year I had been wearing a mask with super-effective filters to keep the smells out any time I was in public. It was not flattering. Recently, a seven year old boy had asked his mom why I was dressed up like Bane from Batman. My mask wasn't quite that bad, but it was certainly unfashionable and it kinda creeped people out. So I'd gone from a slut to a prude freak. Even if a guy had liked me, I wouldn't have been allowed to date him. Too many complications - at least, that's what my dad and my shrink said. I knew they were right, but sometimes I just wanted to run away from my problems.

Not long after that discussion with Stacy, I was letting my brother Lucas practice Aikido on me. That's not as mean as it sounds: Aikido is a martial art that's all about throws and joint locks, but in a nice way. He usually went in slow motion, and any way, I had been doing gymnastics since I was little, so I was no stranger to hitting the ground hard.

Lucas liked practicing on me because I'm unusually flexible, which makes it harder to perform the moves correctly. A couple times, he actually took me in to the dojo to ask the sensei why some move wasn't working on me. The sensei was always able to correct his technique, and turn it into a lesson for the whole class. I didn't mind: they were nice people and they didn't make fun of my mask.

Anyway, there I was in the back yard in my pajamas, with Lucas' arm across my chest and his leg under mine, holding me off-balance, when he said, "Katie, I need a favor."

I giggled at his timing. "Sure. What's up?" I asked as he helped me back to my feet.

"You know how Dad was talking about you taking a road trip to visit that college in Massachusetts?" Lucas asked. "I need you to say yes, and insist that I come along. I need to get to Massachusetts before August 14th."

"Is this about Angie?" I asked. "What's the rush?"

Lucas looked distressed just talking about it. "She's moving to Switzerland. This is our last chance. We really need to... be together." I raised an eyebrow at that, but Lucas went on. "Please. We're in love. We really need to be each others' firsts."

Lucas was about to start his sophomore year. He'd been cyber-dating Angie, this super-cute blond girl that he met through an Aikido discussion website several months before. They had never met in person, but it was obvious that this is the real thing for him. Her family was with the United Nations or something, so they moved around a lot, all over the world.

I smiled at him. "We'll figure something out."

**Chapter 2**

We got permission for the road trip from my parents. Any time I traveled, it pretty much had to be by car. In theory, the security checkpoints at the airport should have been able to make accommodations for medically necessary equipment, but sometimes things go wrong. After the last time, several bystanders had written to the authorities insisting that I be placed on the sex offender registry and the no-fly list.

Better yet, the road trip was going to be just us kids. Dr. Brown had even helped argue my case, saying that like any teen-ager, I needed opportunities to be independent every once in a while in order to grow. And so, Stacy and I set off cross-country to take a tour of Rourke University, with Lucas coming along to help keep me out of trouble.

Most of the first day went by pretty quickly. Stacy and I were goofy and excited, joking about the towns we drove through, and making up stories about the people in cars around us. Lucas was mostly quiet, exchanging lovesick puppy messages with Angie on his tablet.

By the afternoon, the novelty of it all had faded away, and we were all in our own heads. Being the conscientious driver that I was, I knew that there was a car next to us driving the same speed, but I didn't really think much about it. That is, until Stacy brought them to my attention.

"Hey Kaitlyn," Stacy said. "See those guys in the car next to us? They think you're hot."

"Huh?" I said. I looked over. There were two guys - two cute guys - about our age in the car. The one in the passenger seat kept alternately looking at his phone and over at us. When my eyes met his, he made a dramatic gesture, like a sigh and clutching his chest. Then he hurriedly went back to typing on his phone.

"Specifically," Stacy went on, "they say you're 'like a white-hot shard of heaven fallen to Earth'." Lucas shook his head and laughed.

I was flabbergasted. "What? How do you even know that?" I asked.

"I'm texting with them," Stacy replied casually.

Obviously I was flattered, but also completely surprised. I wasn't wearing my mask, of course - no need in the safety of my car. But my hair was kind of messy from driving with the window down earlier, and my clothes were bland comfortable things that I wouldn't want to be seen in by anyone who knew my name. I guess I just sort of forgot what it was like to have boys notice me.

"Well I'll be damned if I'm going to let you get all the admiration," Stacy teased. She was in the back seat, and through glances in my mirror, I could see that she was taking off her vest, hat, and then T-shirt. She wasn't wearing a bra, so she was totally topless when she rolled down the window and leaned out. Knowing Stacy, she was probably licking her lips or making fuck-me faces at the boys in the other car. Their car dropped back a few feet so that their passenger window lined up with Stacy.

After a few seconds Stacy sat back down and closed the window. That's when she noticed that Lucas was turned around in his seat in the front, staring at her. "What are you looking at, perv?" Stacy said. It might have sounded mean if you didn't know Stacy, but she meant it in a playful way.

"What, those guys get a show but I'm not allowed to look?" Lucas retorted. Stacy deliberately turned to face Lucas for a moment, hands cupping her boobs, with her chest and tongue stuck out. Then she got dressed and went back to texting.

"Well?" I asked eagerly.

"'Fucking fantastic,' and 'Wet dreams for a month' were their replies," she said. After a moment, she added, "They're still not sure which of us is hotter, though. They want to see your boobs."

I chuckled. "Well, they can't," I said. "I'm driving."

"So pull over," Stacy said matter-of-factly.

"What? No!" I replied.

"Come on. It's all in good fun," Stacy pressed. "You're the one who said you missed getting attention from boys. These guys are from a different town - they've never heard of your reputation. Nothing's going to happen. Just pull over and listen to them say nice things about you for a couple of minutes."

"Just flirting?" I asked. "Just for a couple minutes?" Stacy nodded. I'm pretty sure Lucas rolled his eyes. But he also seemed to be looking back at Stacy a lot.

I pulled off the highway, and the boys did too. There were some trees nearby providing a little bit of privacy and shade, so Stacy and I walked there. Lucas stayed in the car, but before we left, he told us, "Scream if anything looks like it might get out of hand, okay?"

"We will," I promised.

We introduced ourselves. The boys were Mike and Rob - brothers.

"So Stacy's obviously a bad girl," Mike said with a smooth delivery, "but I'm guessing you're the good one. Pure as the driven snow. In fact, I bet you're a virgin."

Stacy and I busted out into laughter. "I'm about as far from a virgin as you can get without actually taking money for it," I said.

Mike looked me up and down. "Nah, I don't believe it. You're a good girl - a Daddy's girl - I can see it. You don't have it in you to do anything wild."

He was playing me, of course, but I liked it. "You just want to see my boobs," I accused. Mike gave me a yeah you caught me but you're going to do it anyway smile. Rob had barely said anything, but the way he looked at me, it was like he was in love somehow. I pulled my polo shirt up over my head, and then took off my bra, giving the boys a playful but innocent smile.

"So what do you think?" Stacy asked. Mike whistled his appreciation.

"I would crawl through the lowest level of hell to touch those," Rob said. I blushed.

"You know, it's my boy Rob's birthday today...," Mike said.

"Pfff, yeah right!" I said. Despite my shy act, I kept making covert motions with my hips and shoulders to give my boobs a little bit of bounce.

"For real!" Mike said. He fished his brother's wallet out of a jacket pocket and handed a driver's license to Stacy.

"What do you know!" Stacy exclaimed. "It really is his birthday."

Rob really did seem mesmerized my boobs. After glancing at Stacy for her opinion - which was of course a yes, I took his hands and put them on my chest. "Just for a minute, okay?" It felt so nice to have him touch me, and squeeze me, and brush his fingers past my nipples. It felt so nice to be wanted again. There was no way we were going to go any further - or even ever talk again. But at that moment, I was really happy for the intimacy that Rob and I shared.

For as much as I enjoyed the feel-up, Rob was on a different level. It was like he was the first person to discover a whole new level bliss or something. I mean, I like my boobs, and I'm pretty sure they're good ones, but they're just boobs.

I stopped Rob when I thought the time was right. My nipples were stiff and my pussy was wet. A part of me really did want to go further. But if nothing else, I wanted to be able to tell my dad and Dr. Brown that they made the right decision in trusting me.

I guess Stacy got bored, because as I was putting my clothes back on, she turned up the tease machine. "You know, Kaitlyn sometimes has these crazy spells where she just has to have sex, with anyone she can find," she said. "There's no stopping her."

"Stacy!" I objected.

Mike wanted to hear more. "Is that right?" He said.

"Yup," Stacy went on. "And as her friend, it's my job to protect her from guys who might take advantage of her." She was talking in her sultry voice. I wasn't sure what she was up to.

"And how do you do that?" Mike asked.

"I just have to fuck her myself," Stacy said as she dropped to her knees in front of me. She reached to unbutton my shorts.

"Stacy, no!" I said.

"Come on - don't you want to give the guys a show?" Stacy said. "Be a little wild?"

"They've seen plenty," I asserted. "Come on, let's get back on the road." Then I said to the boys, "Thank you two for being so nice. Happy birthday, Rob."

Lucas insisted that we tell him all about what had happened. His job on this trip, he asserted, was to keep me out of trouble, so he had to know what had taken place. We told him about it, but he didn't say anything himself.

In the girls' room at the next rest stop, Stacy asked me, "Has Lucas ever actually seen you topless?"

"I don't know," I said. "Probably when we were kids. I don't think so after I got boobs. Why?"

Stacy shrugged. "Just something in his face when you told him about getting felt-up," she said. "And I think he got a chubby."

I laughed it off. "Oh, he's just a horny boy who's never had a girlfriend. We could talk about grandma getting felt-up and it would give him a boner. Yours are probably the first boobs he's seen in person."

**Chapter 3**

We stopped driving pretty late, in a small town whose name I don't remember. After putting our stuff in the motel room, we walked across the street to a restaurant and bar called Stuart's. I was wearing my mask, of course, so I wouldn't be able to eat there, but we all needed to unwind. Lucas and Stacy had meals while I just looked at the menu planning what I would order to-go.

It was a nice stop, though. They had a karaoke machine, and a non-stop line to sing. Some people were really good: there was a woman in some sort of work jumpsuit who hit all the notes in an Ariana Grande song. Some people were bad, like the guy who butchered "Sweet Home Alabama".

There was this one girl - about Lucas' age - that sang three times. She was obviously a local favorite, because the cheers for her were always the loudest. She sang pretty well, but she really knew how to work a stage. She was always prancing around and smiling at the crowd, and twirling her skirt just a little too high. Absolutely everyone in the place with a penis adored her, my brother included. She really made it look fun.

Then Stacy went up. She sang the really old punk song, "Anarchy in the UK." The patrons gave her token applause, but the song clearly didn't sit well with them. Then, after some prodding, Lucas went up and sang the Beatles' "Ticket to Ride". Lucas had always been a quiet kid: I was amazed by his display of confidence. Maybe learning Aikido had matured him, or maybe it was something that Angie had brought out in him. Either way, it was nice to see that from my brother. I think the flirty local girl even winked at him.

I would have loved to take a turn myself. I just kept thinking of more and more songs that I wanted to sing. But of course, singing was impossible with the mask on, and I definitely didn't dare taking it off in the restaurant, having seen all the dangerous things on the menu. Anyway, I figured it was better not to attract attention, since people were already staring and whispering about me. I think Lucas might have read my mind, because at one point he hugged me out of nowhere.

Back at the Motel I ate while Lucas typed goofy lovestruck messages on his tablet, and Stacy teased him. Then it was lights-out, with Stacy and me in one double bed, and Lucas in the other.

I guess I fell asleep pretty quickly, but I think it was just a few minutes later that Stacy shook me awake. She put her finger over her lips and then pointed at Lucas' bed. She was grinning scandalously. I shifted my position discretely and looked over to see a tent-pole made of sheets centered on my brother's crotch, and movement underneath. The light was very dim, and there was no sound, but it was perfectly obvious that Lucas was jacking off.

Stacy clearly thought this was the bawdiest thing ever. She whispered in my ear, "What do you think he's thinking about?" A number of ideas went through my head: Angie, the flirty karaoke girl, random Internet porn. But then I made my choice by pointing to Stacy's chest. She rubbed her nipple with a fingertip as an acknowledgement.

I know it was wrong, but I kept watching as my brother played with himself - even though I couldn't really see anything. Pretty soon Lucas' breathing became audible, and the thumping monster under his sheets moved faster. And then he was still. He shifted onto his side and, I guess, fell asleep.

Stacy pulled my face back in her direction. She looked puzzled, but I had no idea what she was thinking. She whispered in my ear: "What about the jizz?" I shrugged. She whispered again, "Doesn't he need to clean up? Is he just sleeping in it?" I shrugged harder, closed my eyes and tried to get back to sleep.

Try as I might, I couldn't get back to sleep. Trapped in bed alone with my thoughts, I kept wallowing in how unfair it was that I couldn't do normal things like eat in a restaurant or sing karaoke. I'm a good singer, damn it! I had been making all of these stupid accommodations for a year and a half: a year and a half of being stared at and talked about, or being asked personal questions by strangers, or just staying home while everyone else had all the fun. The risks really weren't that high around strangers: none of them would know how to deliberately turn me into a sex monster. And it's not like people walk around with bottles of vanilla extract everywhere.

After I don't know how long, I got out of bed, pulled on a dress, and headed back to the restaurant. I left my mask and my phone behind. The crowds had thinned out a lot, so the DJ was just playing regular music in between patrons' acts. A petrified little girl was singing a Disney song with her mom when I showed up. The crowd gave them warm applause.

I was really nervous when my turn came up, but fuck it, I was going to do this. I picked "Call Me Maybe" because it's a fun song and it kind of fit how I was feeling. After a couple verses I was feeling pretty good about my performance. I experimented with some hip bumps and twirls, but they didn't feel right, so I stuck to just swaying and singing. Enough people were watching, and enough people clapped at the end, that I felt my performance was a success.

As I left the stage and looked for a place to sit down, a guy approached me. "Every man in the place would like to buy you a drink right now," he said. "I hope you'll let me be the one who does."

He was college age, with semi-curly black hair that reminded me of Superman. He was tall and built, too, and his eyes were fantastically blue. He handed me a tall icy glass with a fizzing black liquid

"What is it?" I asked, trying not to offend him.

"It's just Diet Coke," he said. "But I'll get you anything you'd like."

"Just Diet Coke?" I asked, "Nothing in it?" When I heard myself say it, I figured he must think I was accusing him of trying to drug me. "I have allergies," I hastily added.

The boy's name was Hal. We sat in a booth and I sipped at the Diet Coke while we talked. He was just passing through town, too.

He played football for his college, so that was interesting. And he had been injured in high school, too, so we shared stories about physical therapy. I asked him what he knew about engineering students, but he said he didn't know any. Somewhere in there he made a crack about gymnastics not being a real sport, so I had to call him out on that. "Give me your hand," I told him.

I ran my palm across his. "Feel those calluses? Tell me which one of us is more athletic, Mr. Soft Hands!"

"All right," he said, taking off his jacket. "But have you got these?" He curled his arm and showed me a pretty impressive bicep.

"Well, no," I said. "But I bet you can't do this!" I got up from the booth and made sure I had Hal's attention. Standing on one leg, I lifted my other knee up near my chest, and then extended it until my foot was far above my head. With a little steadying from my hand, my legs formed a perfectly straight line. My dress bunched awkwardly, but I was still wearing my pajama shorts underneath, so whatever glimpses the other diners might have caught weren't anything too scandalous. I held the pose and smiled an I know what you're thinking smile at Hal before returning to the booth.

Hal laughed. "Okay, truce. I take back what I said about gymnastics," he said.

Look, I recognize when a guy is on the prowl, hoping to get lucky. And I suppose I was putting out a few "maybe" signals. Back in my full-on slut days, before I understood my condition and before I understood why I behaved the way I did, Hal was definitely the sort of guy I would have gone home with. Maybe he wasn't someone I would have wanted as a boyfriend, but I wasn't even sure of that - I'd never really had one before.

Anyway, that was all moot. These days I was a good girl - a decent girl. Sure, I flirted a little, but I certainly didn't fuck strangers in unfamiliar towns without anyone knowing where I've gone. Certainly not willingly. But, you know, accidents happen.

Hal stood up and grabbed our empty glasses. "Another Diet Coke?" He asked.

"Please," I said appreciatively. I added, "Maybe with some flavored syrup? Surprise me."

My heart raced as I waited for the outcome of my Russian Roulette game. I didn't have to drink it, I told myself. This was a choice I was making, I forced myself to admit, and not an accident. Then I stuffed that voice deep down where it wouldn't bother me again.

One sip was all it took. The Vanilla Coke flipped a switch in my primal brain, and suddenly I was the hunter and he was the prey. Hal didn't even get a chance to sit back down. "Do you think we could go back to your motel?" I asked softly. It was my seduction voice.

I clutched Hal's arm as we walked across the street to the motel. My obsession was in full force: my body was itching for sex. I thought about him naked on top of me, all muscles. I thought about him sliding in and out of my pussy. I thought about screaming in orgasm. The compulsion doesn't feel bad as long as I know I'm making progress - as long as I know it'll happen soon. It consumed my whole attention, but there was a sort of delicious anticipation to it. In the last few steps up to the door, I had my hand on his crotch.

There was another guy in the room when we entered. "Hey Jerry - I'm going to need you to give me the room for a while," Hal said.

Jerry was an Asian guy with spiky hair and glasses. He looked over at me and smiled. "Yeah, lemme just finish this up real quick," he said.

I tried to be patient while Jerry finished whatever he was doing on his laptop, but I couldn't control myself. At first I was running my hands up and down Hal's chest outside of his shirt, but soon I was peeling his shirt off of him, and then I was pulling his pants down.

Jerry chuckled at us. "You guys aren't wasting any time, are you?" He said. "You going to do anal?" He asked without a hint of shame.

"You know it," Hal replied. I was fondling his balls through his underwear while he squeezed my ass.

"No anal," I said with a yucky face. "I want you in my pussy."

"Come on, Kaitlyn," Hal said. "Give it a chance. Every girl I've ever been with has loved it.

"No, I need you in my pussy," I argued as I cast off my dress, dropped my pajama shorts to the floor, and kicked off my shoes. "I'm really tight - you wouldn't believe the muscles I've got down there. You won't regret it, I promise!"

"If you try anal and you don't like it, I promise to lick you for as long as you want," Hal said.

I was starting to get anxious. The more Hal resisted, the more my compulsion weighed down on me, pressing me, punishing me for failure. God, I just want someone to fuck me, I thought. It shouldn't be this hard!

Jerry had folded up his laptop and had started putting on his shoes. It seemed like he was honestly trying to leave swiftly, but that didn't stop him from staring at Hal and me. I pulled off Hal's boxers and gave his dick a couple friendly sucks.

Hal went on trying to persuade me. "I know it sounds disgusting, but you'll actually come harder from anal - all women do if the guy knows what he's doing."

I was exasperated. I went to the bed and lay back with my legs spread invitingly, wider than most women are capable of. I looked up at Hal. "Come on, dude, just do it," I said, with obvious agitation. "No more talking. Just shove your dick in my pussy, please? I need it!"

Jerry was ready to leave, but he had slowed on the way to the door to watch the drama unfold. Hal sat on the edge of the bed and put his hand on my thigh, and for a moment I thought that I was finally going to get relief from this horrible wonderful need. Instead he started fingering my asshole. "Let's just slow down and take a look at our options," Hal said, voice dripping with honey.

I sighed loudly. Fearing he would leave before I could make a pitch, I sprung up from the bed and took a few steps toward Jerry. "Will you fuck me please?"

"Well, this just got interesting," Jerry said. The three of us just looked at each other for a few seconds. I'm sure they thought I was some kind of freak, but not enough to throw me out just yet.

Jerry spoke again: "How about a compromise? I fuck your pussy while Hal does you up the ass? Good?"

"Yeah, whatever, that's good," I said, glad that I was back on track for cock. I wasn't really sure what would happen with the anal part of the agreement, but that didn't matter compared to getting my pussy filled up.

I yanked down Jerry's skinny jeans and bikini briefs and shoved him back onto the motel's easy chair. A few squeezes of his hairless balls was all it took to get him hard, and then I crawled up on top of him. I lowered myself down onto him, taking his whole cock in in one quick motion - too quick, as it turned out. I was plenty wet - that had never been a problem for me - but my vagina ached for a moment at the forgotten sensation of stretching to swallow a hard penis. The discomfort quickly went away, though, and I was left with nothing but the wonderful throbbing fullness of a cock inside me where it belonged.

"Oh god, yeah!" I breathed with relief as I rocked forward and back, relished the nearly forgotten feeling of two bodies moving together like the surf against rocks. My need was quelled. Instead of anxiety I felt relief - the best high I've ever known. I was fucking this boy, and that's all that mattered.

"Du-u-u-de!", Jerry said. "She wasn't kidding about being tight. You're missing out!" I gave him a couple squeezes with my pussy, and pinched his nipples lightly. His eyes rolled back.

Hal was behind me now, and he was touching my asshole with a wet finger. Whatever - I wasn't about to stop what I was doing to complain. He managed to wiggle it inside, and it felt weird, but it wasn't really a big deal. Pretty soon he had more fingers in my ass, though, and he was stroking them in and out. That was something: it was an intrusion. My body was clear that those fingers didn't belong in there, but the feeling wasn't intolerable or panicky like a gag reflex. I don't think I found it sexy, but I was so worked up from riding Jerry, that it was pretty hard to isolate the feelings.

Hal wrapped an arm around my waist and moved his body up against mine. I guess he was getting ready for his cock to say hello. I couldn't keep bouncing on Jerry being held like that, but fortunately he took over, thrusting his hips up into me and going, "uh, uh," over and over. Then I felt a lot more wetness on my asshole, and a pressure that must have been Hal's cock. The small part of my brain that was idle figured there was no way he was going to break through my unyielding butthole, but he just kept poking at it with his cock head - poor hungry little guy. I wasn't clenching - I know better than to do that - but still, it didn't seem like anything would change. And then just like that, my sphincter popped open and the tip of Hal's cock was inside my butt.

"Mmm," Hal grunted, as he took slow shallow strokes, spreading the lube gradually inside his chosen fuckhole. Deeper and deeper it invaded me, but for as weird as it felt, it didn't take anything away from the feel-good sex grindings I was experiencing. Once Hal reached his maximum depth, he began fucking my ass in longer, faster strokes.

The two boys were knocking me around and pounding me at different speeds and directions, creating a chaotic maelstrom of sensations. For a moment I thought about the two cocks inside of me like Godzilla and another monster, fighting and knocking down buildings in Tokyo. I guess I probably enjoyed it more than Tokyo did, though.

Whatever they were doing it was working. I had to confess that Hal's cock up my ass was not unwelcome. Jerry was squeezing my tits, and Hal's hands were on my hips, and I could feel an orgasm creeping along toward me. I bit my lip.

"Mmm, fuck yeah, keep doing what you're doing," I said. For some reason, that made Jerry pump up into me faster, and the orgasm that had been approaching started drifting away.

"No," I said instructively. "Do it like you were before." Jerry went back to his old rhythm, and suddenly I was back on track to coming.

"Oh, that's it. Fuck me, guys. I'm gonna come," I said. That's when Jerry wrapped his hands around my neck. He didn't squeeze - it was a purely symbolic gesture - but for some reason it really got me excited. "Oh, oh, oh god. Yes! Yes! Yes!" Climax hit, and my body squeezed and rippled and flexed in ways that I couldn't comprehend.

"Whoa!" Jerry said. His hands left my neck and dug like claws into the chair's armrests as his head fell back and he flooded my pussy with jizz. He was still like that when his softening cock popped out of my pussy, due in part to the now more violent thrusting that Hal was giving me from behind. I didn't want it to end any more than he did: however it was the we got there, his cock-hammer was keeping the high-intensity after-orgasm feelings going strong. I lay on top of Jerry for several minutes, kissing him, while Hal kept pounding me, until finally Hal groaned and squirted his come up my ass.

Afterward, I grabbed my clothes and dashed to the bathroom to clean up. When I came out, the two boys, now dressed in their underwear and talking quietly, fell silent and looked at me.

"I owe you guys an explanation," I said with a sigh, "but it would take too long. Let's just say I'm a freak and leave it at that. I had a good time. I hope you did too."

I left hastily, but I walked around a little before going back to my motel room. As soon as I creaked the door open, Stacy was off like a rocket. She grabbed me and pulled me outside so that she wouldn't wake Lucas, as she whisper-shouted at me.

"It is not okay for you to disappear like that," Stacy said through gritted teeth. "If you want to fuck the whole town, I'll print up the fliers. But god damn it, I need to be there so you don't end up dead in a ditch somewhere!"

I felt tears welling up in my eyes. She was right: I count on her so much, and yet I had deliberately evaded her protection. She wouldn't have judged me. I betrayed her confidence. My lips quivered and I didn't know what to say. Stacy suddenly changed her tone. "Hey, it's okay. Are you all right?"

"I just... I wanted to slip up," I sobbed. "I wanted to be free. Or, whatever this is."

"But you're okay?" Stacy pressed. "Physically?" I nodded.

"It was actually pretty good," I said meekly. "I'll tell you all about it morning, 'kay?"

**Chapter 4**

The next morning we sent Lucas to bring back breakfast while I told Stacy all about the night I'd had. It didn't take long for the tone to go from shameful confession to boasting about a wild night. Stacy was weirdly obsessed with the anal sex part. She had always sworn that she would never do it - as had I - but she seemed really intrigued. We had to stop talking when Lucas got back. I can tell Stacy anything, but I didn't want to disappoint Lucas.

A short while after we hit the road again, Stacy stuck her face between the front seats and started interrogating Lucas.

"So have you planned out what you're going to do with Angie?" Stacy asked in a bubbly voice. Lucas gave her a skeptical look in response.

"Like," she went on, "are you going to fuck her up the ass?"

Lucas took Stacy's bait. "We're both virgins. I think we'll stick to ordinary sex."

"Okay," Stacy went on, "but what kind of ordinary sex? Have you thought about positions? Wheelbarrow? Piledriver?"

Lucas held his tongue but it was clear that Stacy's needling was getting to him. She continued. "And have you made plans for other contingencies? Like, what happens if she laughs the first time she sees you naked? Or what if you come too fast and she's like, 'Is that all?' What if you try and you try and you try and you just can't make her come?"

Lucas kept his silence. I didn't think I needed to intervene just yet. "Okay, okay," Stacy said. "How do you imagine it will go?"

Lucas responded to that one. "I don't know - just ordinary sex. Like, guy on top or whatever."

Stacy sprung her trap. "Is that how you were thinking about doing it with her when you were jacking off last night in the hotel?"

Lucas blushed and gritted his teeth. Stacy went on, "You were thinking about Angie last night while you stroked your dick, right? I can't imagine who else you would have been thinking of...."

"God, Stacy, shut up!" Lucas shouted, even more flustered.

I patted Lucas' shoulder. "Ignore her," I said. "As long as you and Angie go into it with the right attitude, you'll have a great time figuring it all out. Don't let Stacy get in your head."

Nobody said anything for a few seconds so I figured I had made peace. But then Stacy said out of nowhere, "So what happened to the jizz after you came last night?" Lucas blushed and seethed some more, but didn't say anything.

After another moment of silence, Lucas spoke in a soft, vulnerable tone. "What if I can't make her come?" He said.

I shot Stacy a warning glance to tell her play time was over. "Don't obsess over that," I said. "Really - girls aren't like guys: we can enjoy sex without coming. But if you make that your mission, then neither one of you will have fun."

Stacy joined in with a shockingly sympathetic tone. "Anyway, it's not really under your control," she said. "Some girls need time to learn how their bodies work. I needed time. I didn't come for like the first two months when I started. And it wasn't anything that Ryan was doing wrong. It just... took practice."

It was touching that Stacy would share with Lucas like that.

"But you still really enjoyed it, right?" I asked, for Lucas' benefit. "Not just emotionally but because you liked the feeling?"

"Yeah," Stacy said. "I just wish I could have told my best friend about it at the time," she added while she reached forward and mussed up my hair.

There was another silence. Lucas broke this one again. "And positions?" He asked. "Is missionary okay? Or is there a better one?"

Stacy and I both answered. I started to say, "You can't go wrong with doggy..."; at the same time, Stacy blurted out, "Doggy style!" All three of us laughed.

"Have you guys talked about birth control?" I asked ponderously.

"Yeah, like a month ago," Lucas answered. "She said she was going to ask her doctor to put her on the pill."

"Hmm," I said. "That might not be long enough for her to be protected. "You should get some condoms just in case."

Stacy was back to her normal teasing self: "And lube, in case you want to fuck her up the ass!" She said.

By the time we hit the next gas station, Lucas was all psyched up to buy his first pack of condoms, but once we were in the store, his confidence faltered. There were parents with small children milling about, and the condoms were behind the counter so he would have to ask the cashier for them. The cashier was a sixty year old dead-inside ugly woman who almost certainly would be bothered by teenagers asking for condoms for one reason or another.

"Can't you do it for me?" Lucas begged. "It's less embarrassing for girls."

"That's not true," I said. And then, giving him my big-sister-knows-best face, "Anyway, would Angie rather hear that you bought them yourself, or that you asked me to?"

Lucas nodded and sighed and took position near the cashier, waiting for the right moment. I watched him from behind the gummy candy aisle. The right moment didn't seem to come, though. When I saw Stacy walk up to him, I was worried that she was going to pick on him. Instead, she slipped up beside him, wrapped her arm in his, and kissed him on the cheek. "Hey baby," she said casually. "Did you get them?"

I guess the extra sexual legitimacy of a girl on his arm was enough to move Lucas into action. After a brief moment of confusion, he went up to the counter. "I'd like some Trojans, please," he told the woman at the counter.

She didn't outwardly judge him, but the cashier certainly wasn't courteous, either. "Lubed or unlubed?" She asked, as if her paycheck depended on being as monotone as possible.

Lucas looked at Stacy, but she just shrugged. "Lubed, please," he said.

The cashier took a small box from the glass case behind her and set it on the counter. "Anything else?" She said.

Stacy spoke up. "Do you sell those in twelve-packs?" She said.

"No."

"Okay," Stacy negotiated, "then can we please have two three-packs?" The cashier took another box and tossed it onto the counter.

Back in the car after paying for an assortment of sodas, condoms, and gummy snacks, Lucas asked with some surprise, "Do you really think we'll go through more than three condoms?"

"I don't know," Stacy said, popping a green gummy worm into her mouth. "But if you do, won't you be glad you spent the extra two bucks?" I didn't say anything - I just beamed with pride at both of them.

We made it to our destination city pretty late - too late to really do anything. So we ordered a pizza and watched a movie on the hotel's TV.

When we were getting ready for bed, Lucas asked if Stacy and I were done with the bathroom for a while. He wanted to take a shower, he said. Not long after he started, we began to hear a faint wet slapping sound over the noise of the shower.

Stacy beamed devilishly at me. "He's doing it again, isn't he?" She asked. "I bet he's thinking about you," she added. She put on her imitation-boy voice: "Oh Katie, I've always wanted you! Even before all my friends told me what a fantastic lay you are!"

I shot Stacy the most serious face of my life. "Stacy," I said sternly, "you can't ever make that joke in front of him."

She started to protest - I'm sure she was going to say she was just goofing around - but I had to drive the point home. "Stacy, Lucas has suffered more than anyone because of my condition," I told her. "I really messed him up in the head... and I can't ever make up for that." My eyes started to tear-up a little.

Stacy stopped goofing. She put her hand on my arm. "Okay," she said.

The next day, Stacy and I dropped Lucas off at Angie's house, and drove to the college for the tour. I know it's silly, but I wanted to look nice, so I had worn my sundress and done my hair in a side-braid. That probably just made my mask seem that much more disturbing. Sort of Mad Max meets Cinderella. Stacy went with her usual attire: torn jeans, tee-shirt, studded vest, and winter cap.

There were five other kids in the tour group, and a couple parents. I wasn't surprised when the tour guide did that whole, "everyone tell us your name and something about yourself" thing. I knew he would and I knew I would hate it.

When it was my turn, I stood up and started to speak. "Hi, I'm Kaitlyn," I began.

The tour guide interrupted me. "Could you speak a little louder, please?" He said.

"I really can't," I said apologetically. With my mask on, I could have a normal conversation with someone as long as there wasn't too much background noise, but if I tried to go loud, I became unintelligible.

Stacy came to my rescue. She stood up next to me and put her hand on my shoulder. "This is Kaitlyn," she said. "She's a very good gymnast, and she wants to study engineering. My name is Stacy, and I enjoy punching people who give my friend a hard time." Based on the expressions on everyone's faces, I knew that Stacy was glaring at them.

The rest of the tour was fine, and it made me more excited about college in general. It didn't really help me decide if Rourke was where I wanted to go to, though. I had no idea how to make a decision like that.

In the early evening, Lucas texted that he would be having dinner with Angie's family, and would get his own ride back to the hotel. Stacy had somehow heard about a party, and I sort of owed her a little adventure of her own on this trip, so she threw on even more eyeliner, and then we headed over. I could almost see the gears turning in the door guy's head as he worked out that he had to let in the dorky mask girl if he wanted the sexy punk chick to come in.

I mostly sat in an out-of-the-way place, with half my attention on people-watching and half on Stacy-watching. I had never learned to drink - maybe a half glass of champaign here or there on holidays, but that was it. Stacy looked like an old pro at it, throwing down beer after beer. I don't know when or how she developed such a tolerance.

People mostly left me alone, which suited my mood pretty well. One college girl named Anjanette introduced herself and tried to make conversation, but it didn't really go anywhere. It was nice of her to try, though.

Stacy eventually got drunk and flirty enough that I became worried, so I dragged her back to the hotel. Lucas was reading, but he put down his tablet to help me with Stacy when he saw us.

Stacy slurred out a question. "So did your little cutie pie make a man out of you?" Lucas didn't answer, but it was clear from the grin on his face that the answer was yes. I made Stacy brush her teeth before going to bed, because I didn't want to try to sleep next to stale beer breath.

**Chapter 5**

Getting ready the next morning was slow going because Stacy kept hogging the bathroom to vomit. I threw on my dress again because it was easy. I promised Stacy I'd be back soon, and then drove Lucas to Angie's house again.

Lucas didn't want to share any details about his long-awaited first date with Angie, which was fine. He was very obviously happy, though, and he seemed unusually confident. He was in love, and I was glad for that.

"Hey, do you think I could meet her?" I asked. "I won't stay long, I promise. I'd just like to thank the girl who put a smile like that on my brother's face."

Lucas said it would be fine, so we both went up to the door together. I was wearing my mask, of course, but I was sure Angie wouldn't make me feel uncomfortable about it.

"This is my sister, Katie," Lucas said after kissing Angie hello when she opened the door.

"So nice to meet you, Katie!" Angie said, full of sunshine. Not fake sunshine, but the real thing.

"It's Kaitlyn," I said, like a dork. "Lucas calls me Katie. You can call me Katie too, I guess. Ah, nice to meet you too!"

We went in and talked for a little while. I really liked Angie - I knew that I would want her to be my friend, even if she weren't dating my brother. Pretty soon, Angie asked if we could take a picture of the three of us.

"Oh, I don't really take good pictures," I said, touching my mask self-consciously.

"It's probably safe to take it off," Lucas said to me. To Angie, he added, "You don't have anything vanilla scented around here, do you? Candles or air fresheners? She's super allergic."

"I don't think so," Angie said. She looked at me with hopeful eyes, and it really didn't seem risky at all.

"Okay," I said cheerfully. "But just one or two, and then I need to get back to take care of Stacy."

We were on our second picture when Angie's mom came home and shouted her greeting from the kitchen. "Mom! Come meet Kaitlyn!" Angie yelled back.

Angie's mom came in holding a box. "I found these pastries at the market," Angie's mom said as she flipped open the lid. "They looked so interesting, I had to buy some. Hi! I'm Gabrielle.

Lucas and I both glanced panickedly at my mask on the coffee table as the smell of the pastries hit us. Sure enough, they smelled like vanilla. Lucas yanked me out of my seat and dragged me into the bathroom, yelling, "Allergies," as he locked the door behind us.

"Oh god, Lucas, I'm so sorry. I can't control it!" I said, knowing that in less than a minute I would be begging him for sex.

"Katie, it's all right, I'm going to help you ride this out," Lucas said confidently. "Call Stacy - maybe that will help," he said, but we had both left our phones in the livingroom.

I was already affected. My eyes couldn't stop snapping to Lucas' crotch. "Lucas, you know how this ends," I said, rubbing my hand against my own crotch. "Is there anyone else in the house? A father or brother or handy man? Oh god, Lucas, I need it! Fuck, I need it!"

I reached to unbutton Lucas' pants, but I guess he was expecting that, because he twisted me around and pushed me face-down onto the sink counter, and held me there. "Just concentrate on your breathing," he told me.

"Fuck your breathing, I need cock!" I replied. I guess I was pretty loud. My heart was racing and my body felt awful. I was scared, anxious, furious - pretty much every motivating feeling there is. My body had given me a mandate.

"Do you need help in there?" Angie's mom asked. "Should I call an ambulance?"

"An ambulance won't help," Lucas shouted back. "Just give us a minute, please."

"Come on, Lucas," I said. I was still bent over the counter with my butt sticking out. I imagined Lucas moving behind me, pulling my dress up and my panties down. I yearned for it. "You know what the quickest solution is. The one that doesn't involve paramedics and police and unbearable agony. Please!"

Lucas didn't say anything. He just held me there, immobile, and stroked my hair.

"Please, Lucas, you have to fuck me!" I shouted. I went on in a calmer tone: "It won't be weird. I promise. We love each other so it won't be weird. I know you've thought about me. You've always secretly wanted me. I've thought about you, too. It's natural. Think about all of those fantasies you never really let yourself enjoy. They can be real."

"GIVE ME YOUR GOD DAMNED COCK, LUCAS!" I shouted. "IT'LL BE THE BEST FUCKING LAY OF YOUR LIFE. I'LL DO THINGS TO YOU SHE NEVER WILL."

"I think I'd better call an ambulance," came another shout from outside the bathroom door.

"No, don't - just wait," Lucas yelled back.

"God it hurts," I moaned and cried. "We lied, you know," I said. "Dad and I - about that time in San Francisco. He tried holding me like you're doing now, but he saw that it didn't work. He fucked me. He fucked me, Lucas, to make the pain go away - because he loves me. Why don't you love me, Lucas?"

It worked. The most depraved, manipulative lie I could think up, and it worked. And I wasn't sorry. I watched in the mirror as Lucas let go of me and dropped his pants. He was already rock-hard. I stayed bent over, and pulled up my dress. He pulled down my panties. And then I felt his hands moving all over my butt and between my legs as he bumblingly tried to find my hole with his near-virgin cock. I couldn't read his face at first, but once he did get his cock lined up right and slid it into my pussy, his face showed satisfaction and relief. We both groaned in unison.

"Oh god, that's good," I muttered. He pushed his dick into me over and over. With every stroke, another piece of my discomfort went away and was replaced by blissful relief. "Thank you, Lucas. I love you, Lucas."

Pretty soon I was moaning with pleasure, thoughts of where we were and how this had come to be completely out of mind. It was sex, and it was wonderful. Every stroke was musical, like a bow across a cello playing out a symphony. I suppose in hindsight that we could have stopped at that point - but I was too lost in the moment to realize it. I looked back through the mirror at my brother's sweet inexperienced face as he drove rhythmic pulses of pleasure into me.

Lucas started groaning. "I don't think I can hold back any more," he said.

"It's okay," I said sweetly. "You can come inside of me. I want you to." My baby brother was about to fill me with come, and I couldn't have been happier about it.

Hoping to make good on my promise to give him the best possible sex, I started squeezing my pussy around his cock in time with his thrusts. His groaning grew louder, like he was out of control. He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth as he stroked his final desperate pushes into me. Then he sighed with satisfaction, and he was still, and I felt the warm bursts of his ejaculation in my womb.

We stood like that for just a moment, smiling at each other in the mirror. Then the door swung open and Angie's very angry mom started shouting. "OUT! OUT OF MY HOUSE! GET! OUT!"

Lucas pulled up his pants, I grabbed my panties, and then Angie's mom herded us out the front door. Lucas and Angie exchanged a glance: she looked hurt and confused, but not angry. I desperately hoped that she wouldn't hold this against him, but I doubted there was anyone in the world who was that understanding. I discretely left my medical ID bracelet behind, hoping that it would help explain things.

Back at the hotel, we called Dr. Brown's personal phone number, interrupting her daughter-in-law's baby shower. She conferenced in my dad, and then we talked, and talked, and talked.

Lucas took a cab to the airport to fly back home. My dad was going to fly to us to help us drive back home, but he settled for promises from both Stacy and me to drive straight home, no distractions and no risks.

Lucas and Angie resumed their long-distance love affair, in defiance of Angie's parents. If those two ever get married, holidays are going to be very interesting.

After a couple days, surprisingly, Lucas and I just went back to the way we were before. It was really weird that it wasn't really weird.

Dr. Brown said that this incident was an important lesson in growing up and learning how to live life with my particular challenges. My dad agrees, but I swear every time he looks at me now there's a tiny glimmer of disappointment. Dr. Brown says that that perception, whether it's true or not, is also part of the lesson.