

# Phoenix Rising

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# Chapter One - Eight Miles High

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The woman at the counter called my flight. I stood up from the row of molded plastic chairs, slipping my backpack over my shoulder, and headed for the gate, presenting my boarding pass to the woman in the blue skirt suit. She smiled as she handed my stub back to me, flashing two rows of perfect white teeth.

The plane wasn't even half full. I walked back through the aisle and found my seat, next to a window behind the wing, stuffing my bag in the overhead compartment before sitting down and watching my fellow travelers file in and find their assigned seats. They were mostly men and women in suits, carrying briefcases and small bags. The women all smoothed their skirts beneath them before sitting down; the men tugging at the knees of their trousers, some crossing their legs or reaching into their attache cases for folders, magazines, legal pads and pens.

I stood up and retrieved my backpack from the overhead bin, fishing out my journal and a pen and stuffing the bag beneath the seat in front of me. I'd brought a book — *Fear of Flying* by Erica Jong, an ironic gift from Helen — and I pulled that out, too, placing it on the seat next to me. I read a couple of pages, but I couldn't get any traction; I kept slipping over the words like a car on an icy road. I put the book down and looked out the window, watching planes land and take off, looking out over the harbor and the Boston skyline, watching the progress of a cargo ship through the choppy grey water.

As I watched a small yellow tractor pulling a train of silver cargo containers across the taxiway, my thoughts turned to the last few days. Helen and I had spent a couple of days shopping for my trip, buying new clothes, a pair of bathing suits, a floppy hat and sunscreen, a new suitcase, sunglasses, and other accessories that I might need for a trip to Phoenix. I thought it might be hot there, like Florida in the summer, but the newspaper said otherwise, low - to mid-sixties during the day, forties at night, so I'd packed a couple of sweaters as well.

I was reaching for my journal when a young man in a dark blue uniform stopped at my row of seats, checking the seat number against his boarding pass.

“Hi,” he said, as he opened the overhead compartment and slipped his briefcase and coat inside. “I think this is my seat.”

“Oh, sorry,” I said, gathering my journal and book from the middle seat cushion.

“No, don’t bother,” he said. “I can sit on the aisle.” He removed his peaked cap and placed it with his briefcase and sat down in the aisle seat, unbuttoning his jacket and crossing his legs. Mid-twenties, tall, handsome, closely cropped blond hair, a row of colored ribbons over his heart. He smiled and pulled a small notepad from his pocket, jotting down some notes in longhand as we waited to get underway.

As the plane backed away from the gate, a voice over the PA speakers said “Prepare for cross-check” as a male flight attendant walked down the aisle, counting passengers. There was a soft chime and the “FASTEN SEATBELTS” light came on. I reached behind me, looking for the belt, fumbling with the buckle.

“Let me help you with that,” the young man said, reaching into my lap and fastening the belt. “First flight?”

“No, not my first,” I said. “But it’s been a while.” I had taken a plane with my mother, about ten years earlier, when I was only five. We’d flown from Florida to Chicago to visit her parents, who were still alive then.

He seemed about to say something else, but the plane started to move, creeping backwards before turning and lumbering down the ramp towards the runway. A flight attendant stood at the front of the cabin and gave the standard safety instructions: oxygen masks, flotation devices, how to survive a worst-case scenario. I seemed to be the only person paying attention to her, and when I pulled the laminated card from the pouch behind the seat in front of me, the man next to me chuckled under his breath.

“What’s so funny?” I asked him, after the attendant finished speaking.

“Nothing,” he said. “Just that I’ve never seen anyone read that.” He pointed to the instruction card, still peeking from the pouch.

“I suppose you know it all by heart, working for the airline and all,” I said.

“Airline? Oh, right,” he said. “Air Force.” He turned the lapel of his blazer towards me, showing the silver “U.S.” that was pinned to it. Beneath the lapel, on the opposite side of his chest from the ribbons, was a black plastic nameplate with “MITCHELL” picked out in white capital letters.

“Mitchell. Is that your first name?” I asked.

“No, my last. Robby,” he said, holding out his hand.

“Anne,” I said, shaking his hand. Something made me say “Anne” instead of “Annie”. I wasn’t trying to be formal; “Anne” just sounded more grown-up.

“Pleasure to meet you, Anne,” he said. “Are you a student?”

“Sort of,” I replied. “School hasn’t started for me yet. You’re a pilot?” I had just noticed the silver wings above his ribbons.

“No, flight crew,” he said. “My eyesight is less than perfect. I was an ‘ewo.’”

“Ewo?”

“Electronic warfare officer,” Robby replied. “Before I was grounded.”

“Grounded?”

“Medical reasons. Had to punch out. Injured my back.”

“Punch out?” I started to get that feeling I’d had when Bradley and I discussed the guardianship petition or the details of Julia’s trust, that you’re listening to someone speak English but you still can’t understand what they’re saying.

“Ejected,” Robby said. “You’re strapped into a seat one moment and a second later you’re in the air without an airplane. Then your ‘chute opens and you float to earth. More like a controlled fall, really.”

“Why did you have to eject?” I asked. The sound of the airliner’s engines increased in volume, and I could barely make out his reply.

“We lost part of the tail,” he said. I could feel the blood draining from my face. I’d been slightly nervous since I’d boarded the plane and now I could feel an icy ball of panic in the pit of my stomach.

“Don’t worry,” Robby said. “Flying is safer than walking. Statistically, that is.”

“Um, okay,” I said, gripping the armrests as our plane began to roll down the runway. I looked out the window, watching the black tire streaks on the concrete runway blur as we gained speed. The interior of the plane made loud plastic creaking noises as we rolled over a bump and then, suddenly, the ride smoothed

out as we became airborne. I felt the pull of gravity inside me, like the ascent of an elevator inside a tall office tower, only more so.

Despite my anxiety, my apprehension over flying, I liked this feeling. I always loved going fast, roller coasters, bicycles, sledding downhill, even a simple playground swing set. Feeling the tug of gravity in my belly, the wind in my face, teetering on the edge of control; the essence of childhood, yet it felt almost sexual at times. I relaxed my grip on the armrests and looked out the window again. Below us, Boston seemed tilted at a crazy angle, the choppy gray waters of the harbor becoming a fine fabric, marred only by the v-shaped wakes of ships and boats.

“What was that?” I said, gripping the armrests once again as I heard a mechanical whine and a loud thumping sound coming from beneath my feet. Without even thinking, I reached across the empty middle seat for Robby’s hand.

“Landing gear,” Robby said. “Nothing to worry about.” He held my hand in his own, gently squeezing it.

“Sorry,” I said, releasing my death grip on his fingers. I felt a blush spreading across my face.

“It’s okay,” he said, still holding my hand. I didn’t let go until a few minutes later, when the plane had leveled off, flying above the broken clouds. The sound of the engines decreased as we reached our cruising altitude and the “FASTEN SEATBELTS” and “NO SMOKING” lights went off with a soft chime. The pilot announced our speed and altitude, as well as our arrival time in Phoenix, where he said it was a balmy 64 degrees. A pair of flight attendants pushed their steel carts down the aisles, serving drinks and snacks. I asked for coffee, Robby had a soda, and we talked.

Robby had loved flying. The excitement, the camaraderie, even the danger. That he was serving his country and following in his father’s footsteps was icing on the cake. Being grounded for medical reasons had been like clipping the wings of an eagle. He’d undergone over a year of painful physical therapy and a number of operations, hoping to be reinstated to flight status.

Over the course of that agonizing period, he’d pursued his masters degree at Caltech, and now he was a doctoral candidate at M.I.T., studying some of the same electronic systems he’d operated as a member of a flight crew. He briefly described some of his research, and the dissertation he was currently working on, peppering his description with so many acronyms that my head began to swim again. I listened

and nodded, trying to follow all of the technical terms. It was his voice that held me, though, deep and well-modulated like the pilot of our airliner, with just a hint of a southwestern twang, that official airman's and astronauts' accent.

"I must be boring you with all this," Robby said.

"No, no. It's really very interesting," I replied.

"What about you?" he asked. "Where are you going to school? B.C.? B.U.?"

"Actually, I'm still in high school. But I graduate next year," I said, blushing as I told this egregious lie. My graduation wouldn't be for another three and a half years.

"Really?" he said. "Could've fooled me." I smiled at that, wondering if he was just humoring me. I could have passed for sixteen, maybe seventeen with judicious use of makeup. "Have you picked out a college yet?"

"Haven't decided," I said. "B.U. looks good, though." Helen had driven me through Boston University's long urban campus on the way to the therapist's office in Brookline. It wasn't so much that the campus looked good, but the students I'd seen walking along Commonwealth Avenue or waiting for trolleys were really cute, guys and girls, just about all of them.

Our conversation was interrupted as the flight attendants served lunch, some form of lasagna the size of a business card, served on a plastic tray, with plastic-wrapped utensils, a plastic-wrapped salad, and a plastic package of condiments and dressings. As Robby and I picked through the plastic wrappings and ate our tepid meal, I told him about how I was flying to Phoenix to see my father, whom I hadn't seen in over a decade.

That was about all I could tell him about myself. There was so much more, like the year I'd spent on the streets, servicing men for money, or Cami and Delia, the transsexuals I lived with before Bradley and Helen found me and brought me into their family. Even further back was a well of sadness, the deaths of my mother, my stepfather and stepbrothers, a deep hole of sorrow I could only drink from when I was alone with my thoughts and feelings. As the flight attendants collected our trays and served drinks, I tried to deflect the conversation away from my life, asking Robby to look out the window and tell me where we were. He scooted over into the empty seat between us and leaned over me, looking through the broken clouds at the verdant landscape below us.

“Hmmm...looks like Ohio or Indiana I think, ” he said. “Familiar, though. I was stationed at Wright-Patterson for a few months. Not too far from here.”

Robby’s face was close to mine, and I could smell his after shave. There was a little nick on his cleft chin, a shaving cut, and it was all I could do to keep from kissing it. He leaned back in his seat and looked at his watch, his eyes moving upward as he did a mental calculation of time and airspeed.

“Would you excuse me for a minute?” I asked. I needed to use the lavatory, as that first cup of coffee had worked its way through my kidneys. He stood up in the aisle, taking this chance to remove his jacket and store it in the overhead compartment.

It took just a thought, a mere notion, to make me reach into my backpack and pull out the beaded purse that held my diaphragm and spermicidal jelly. Robby smiled and stepped aside as I made my way out of the seat, heading towards the rear of the plane, past the galley and into one of the tiny bathrooms in the back.

Something I’d read in that book, *Fear of Flying*, stuck in my mind. The author describes something called a “zipless fuck”, sex with a stranger, no strings attached, even giving an example in the form of a short story in which a widow and a strange man come together in a train compartment somewhere in Europe and then part without exchanging a word. It was a potent bit of writing, one that I’d cherish when I was alone in Carrie’s bed, on rare nights when I wasn’t sleeping with Bradley and Helen. I’d imagine myself as the widow, dressed in black, my breasts full like hers, a small gold cross nestled between them. Sometimes the stranger looked like Bradley, sometimes like Mr. Sheffield, the man who paid me to pretend that I was his daughter. Sometimes he had a different face, someone I’d seen in a mall or on television.

I squirted jelly into my diaphragm and folded it, slipping it inside my sex. I was moist just thinking about this, the story, my fantasy, giving myself to Robby. Washing my hands in the tiny sink, I looked around and wondered if there was enough room for what I wanted to do.

Robby stood up to let me slip back in my seat. The cabin lights had dimmed and small video screens had emerged from the ceiling, with the airline’s logo on each one.

“They’re starting the movie,” Robby said. “I bought a headset for you. I wasn’t sure if you wanted to watch.”

“Thanks,” I said, taking the plastic -wrapped headphones from him and plugging them into the armrest. They resembled a little stethoscope, two earpieces attached to hollow tubes that conducted the sound from speakers in the armrest. It was loud and tinny until I figured out how to turn down the volume. A dial in the armrest let you select music or the movie soundtrack.

“You’re not going to watch?” I asked Robby. He had a book open on his tray table and was making notes in the margin with a mechanical pencil.

“No, I’ve seen this one already,” he said.

“Oh,” I said. “Could you do me a favor?”

“Sure.”

“There’s a blanket in there,” I said, pointing towards the overhead bin. “Could you get it for me?”

“Sure thing,” he said, half-standing in his seat and opening the bin, reaching inside for the blanket, blue wool with the airline’s name printed on it. I thanked him and unfolded it on my lap.

“Chilly?” he asked.

“A bit,” I said. “Would you mind...?”

“Mind what?” Robby asked.

“Would you mind if I sat next to you?” I said. “Just until I warm up a bit.”

“No. Not at all,” he said, smiling. “In fact, these lift up.” Robby swiveled the armrest next to him upward until it fit flush between the seats. I did the same with the one next to me and scooted over next to him, lifting my legs on to the window seat and snuggling against Robby’s shoulder. He plugged my headphones into his armrest and went back to his book.

The movie was a James Bond flick, though with Roger Moore instead of Sean Connery. Moore was cute, no doubt about it, but there was something about Sean Connery that pushed all my buttons. That accent, that perfect combination of sophistication and toughness; he made Moore seem delicate by comparison. I suppose Connery was getting a bit long in the tooth to play Bond, but even so, I would have gladly taken the place of any of the women in his movies. Oh, James...

The clouds below us had thickened, and every so often I’d glance out the window to look at the puffy white ocean beneath us and then return my attention to the movie. Every couple of minutes there would be a slight bump, making the ice in peoples’ drinks clink in their plastic cups. A chime in my

headphones sounded, and the pilot's voice came on over the sound of the movie, announcing that there was a bit of turbulence and that he was turning the "FASTEN SEATBELT" sign again. I swung my feet off of the seat and Robby helped me into my seatbelt before buckling his own. I pulled the blanket back on my lap as he put his book away in his briefcase and lifted his tray table back in the upright position.

There was another thump and then the plane dropped like an elevator, sending my stomach up into my throat. I grabbed Robby's hand again, clutching his arm with my other hand, clinging to him as the plane recovered the altitude it had lost.

"Don't worry," he said, gently squeezing my hand. "Just a bit of turbulence. Looks like there might be some thunder storms out there."

"If you say so," I said. I pulled off the headset and snuggled closer to his shoulder.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Yes, thanks," I replied. I'd gotten seasick on Ramon's boat when it was just tied up at a pier, but that was mainly because of the smell of diesel fuel and the reek of fish. I didn't feel nauseous, despite the jostling, but just in case I made note of the nearest airsickness bag, peeking out of the pouch behind the seat in front of me.

Our bumpy ride smoothed out a few minutes later, and I relaxed my grip on Robby's hand, still holding it, though. He had nice strong hands, and I fondled the jewel in his class ring before intertwining my fingers with his, slowly pulling his hand into my lap, letting it rest on my bare thigh. I was wearing a short, flouncy black skirt, with a dropped waist and three tiers of overlapping ruffles, a popular style back then, at least until Cyndi Lauper ran that look into the ground a year or two later. It was still one of my favorite skirts at that time, sexy without looking too tight and revealing like the clothes I'd worn on the street.

When Robby's hand came in contact with my thigh, I could feel him turn his head, and he made an attempt to move his hand back. A feeble, half-hearted attempt despite his strength, and I unfolded his fingers from mine, placing his palm on the inside of my thigh and guiding it under my skirt.

"Anne..." he said, looking around to see if anyone was watching. "We shouldn't..."

"Shhh..." I whispered, running my other hand over his chest, his shoulder, his neck, gently turning his cheek until we were facing. "Please kiss me..."

“Anne...” he said again, hesitating for a moment as our faces moved closer and closer. I tilted my head and closed my eyes, feeling his lips touch mine, opening my mouth to accept his tongue, feeling it melt into mine. I guided his hand up my thigh, towards the heat between my legs, feeling his fingers brush against the crotch of my panties.

I brought Robby’s other hand to my breasts, and he gently cupped and squeezed them through my silk blouse. Undoing a couple of buttons, I guided his hand inside my shirt, letting him fondle my small tits through my bra. As he circled my nipples through the thin lacy cotton, I put my hand on his thigh, slowly moving up towards his crotch until I could feel his hardness, tracing the outline of his cock with my fingers.

We kissed quietly, slowly, gently exploring each other as the rest of the passengers on the plane watched the movie or read their in-flight magazines. Even though the plane was barely half-full, I wouldn’t have cared if it had been crowded with travelers. I wanted this young, handsome stranger more than anything right now, and as I squirmed in my seat I thought about having him right there on the striped blue cushions.

“Count to a hundred and follow me,” I said, breaking off our kiss. I straightened my clothing and buttoned my blouse before getting up and stepping over his legs into the aisle. A middle-aged man a couple of rows back glanced up at me and then returned his attention to the movie. I walked to the back of the plane, swaying my slim hips, knowing that Robby was watching me. Choosing the last lavatory on the left, I went inside, locking the door behind me. The lights and ventilator hummed to life as I slid the indicator to “OCCUPIED/OCCUPADO”.

I checked myself in the mirror, brushing my hair out with my fingers. It had grown back in the year since I’d stayed at the shelter, and I kept it trimmed so it fell just above my shoulders, with blonde bangs framing my face. Wishing I had brought my lipstick with me, I counted to one hundred under my breath. I’d only gotten as far as seventy-two when there was a soft knocking at the lavatory door. Sliding the lock open dimmed the lights. Robby stepped inside, locking the door behind him. Without a word, we kissed again.

There was barely enough room to stand, and he was so tall I had to stand on my toes. Our lips met, our hands roaming over each other’s body, our legs intertwined. I could feel his hardness through his blue trousers, and I ground my thigh against him, softly moaning as he unbuttoned my blouse and slipped his

hand inside it. Robby slipped his other hand under my skirt, cupping my bottom and pulling me up, higher, until my feet were off the floor.

I reached between us and began to unbuckle his belt, unbuttoning his trousers, pulling his zipper down and pushing his pants off of his hips. Robby let me down, back on to my feet. I slid down his chest and sat down on the lid of the toilet, pulling his boxer shorts down with me, freeing his cock from its confinement. In the cramped confines of this lavatory, the tip of his penis was barely a tongue length away from my lips.

Compared to his overall height, his cock seemed of average length and girth, but here in this tiny space, where it was so close to my face, his manhood seemed huge. I took it in my hands and slowly wrapped my fingers around his shaft, extending my tongue to lick the shiny smear of pre-ejaculate on his glans. He gasped as I opened my lips and accepted him inside my mouth. As my lips sunk lower, towards a nest of curly auburn pubes that were a few shades darker than his dirty blond hair, Robby reached down and gently caressed my cheek, now bulging with his hard meat.

I've sucked cock for any number of reasons: for love, for money, to make a man hard, to make him come when I was too sore to fuck, to clean our juices from him afterwards, to wake him up, to put him to sleep. This was one of those times when I sucked a man's cock so I could watch his face, to see his pleasure, to know the effect I had on his body. To control him, not in the manipulative sense, not in the sense of bondage, though there was certainly an element of discipline involved. The closest analogy I could think of was that of horse and rider, that by using my mouth and hands I was able to guide him towards his pleasure at the pace of my choosing, the way an equestrian steers his mount with reins and stirrups.

I put Robby through his paces, starting slowly, pulling my lips back over his shaft and lingering before sinking back down, swirling my tongue over his swollen glans each time. I cupped his balls with one hand and used the other to encircle the base of his cock, holding his skin taut. Then I picked up the pace, a gentle canter, using my tongue to concentrate on the underside of his shaft, a spot just past the head, an area that I knew would feel good for him.

Robby began to move his hips as I sucked him, just barely, just enough to make his shaft glide over my lips a bit faster. I immediately slowed down, sucking him harder, immobilizing him, stopping his hips. I gradually sped up again, lashing him with my tongue as I sucked him, and his hips resumed their

gently rocking until I slowed down again, more suction, more friction, lightly grazing my teeth over his shaft. He gasped again, closed his eyes, and stayed perfectly still as I gobbled his thick tool.

I began to suck him faster again, working my way up to a full gallop, when he tugged at my arms, bringing me to my feet and kissing me on the lips; a hard kiss, a wet kiss, a passionate kiss. Robby lifted me by my hips and sat me down on a small shelf that ran along the bulkhead opposite the sink and mirror, kissing me again as he slipped his hands under my skirt and tugged at my underwear. I put my hands on the shelf and lifted my bottom so he could pull off my panties, and he slid the lacy white bikini down my thighs and off my legs. Then Robby knelt on the tiny floor and pushed his face under my skirt, kissing my hungry sex before probing me with a warm, wet tongue.

I lifted my skirt around my waist so I could watch him eat me, hoisting my legs and draping them over his shoulders. I could see our reflection in the mirror on the opposite bulkhead, my clothes askew, his head between my legs, his closely-cropped blond hair shining as it moved up and down, back and forth, side to side. I felt my own pleasure begin to build, the tension in my belly that had grown while I had sucked him becoming a nest of butterflies, and then a flock of doves, compounded by the danger of getting caught and the sheer excitement of a new lover.

He ate me out well, with a man's strength and boldness as opposed to a woman's patience and finesse. Robby had no trouble finding my clit, either, unlike some men I'd known, and he could have easily made me come right then, had I not tugged at his shoulder to make him stop. I wanted to come, but with his big beautiful cock inside me.

"I have a condom," Robby whispered as he got up from his knees.

"We won't need one," I said, pulling him closer and kissing him on the lips. I reached down between us and took hold of his tool, guiding it between my legs, towards my cleft, rubbing the tip over my moist labia. Robby pushed forward with his hips and his glans penetrated my lips, finding my hungry hole and slowly filling it. As the rest of his shaft pressed inside me, I wrapped my arms around his neck, my legs around his waist, and scooted closer to the edge of the shelf. Robby nuzzled my neck, kissing and nibbling me as he cupped my bare bottom, pulling me in to meet his first thrust.

"So good..." he murmured, pulling back and lingering with just his glans inside me before thrusting inward again.

“Fill me,” I whispered, urging him to go deeper within my passage, to take me completely, totally. I watched our reflection over his shoulder, seeing his shirt tail flap over his butt, his thighs tensing with every thrust. I dug my heels into his ass and urged him to pump me faster, to bring me to my release. Perched on this narrow shelf, my ass in his strong hands, I wasn't able to meet his thrusts. But for spurring him on with my heels, I was under his control now.

“Faster...,” I whispered, “...harder...”. Robby eagerly complied, his column of flesh stirring my little honeypot quicker, deeper, making me tremble with delight in his hands. I began to moan as that feeling began to spread from my belly, and I pressed my mouth against his shoulder to muffle myself, hoping I couldn't be heard outside the lavatory.

There was bump of turbulence, then another, and then one more. I tightened my hold on Robby, clinging to him as he slid me back and forth on his pole. Was it the weather? The plane? I didn't care. We could fall to Earth in a ball of fire, and so long as I could feel him inside me during my last moments I would die a happy girl.

And that was it, that was what sent me over the edge. On top of the danger, the excitement, and above all the feeling of his cock in my hungry pussy, the thought that I could die fucking this handsome blond warrior of the sky made me come, long and hard. I clamped my lips down on his shoulder, but even so, my cry of passion filled the intimate little space. My limbs quivered, shuddered, stiffened in our embrace as my orgasm took control of my body, making my cunny spasm around his thrusting tool. I clamped my kegel muscles down on his shaft as he buried himself inside me, the ridge of his pubic bone pressing against my swollen clit, sending me over a second, higher peak.

“Robby...Robby...come for me...,” I urged him, running my hands over his broad back, relaxing my legs around his waist. I tightened myself around his tool again, squeezing him with my pussy, trying to bring him to his climax. There was a hesitation in his thrusts, just a hitch in the rhythm of his hips, and he began to twitch inside me, filling me with his hot juice.

“Anne,” Robby sighed, kissing my neck, his hips slowing down, his grip on my bottom relaxing. “Anne...” I turned my head and found his lips with my own, kissing him, our tongues melting together as his thrusting ceased. He lowered me back down to the shelf, his softening cock slipping from my cleft. I felt his semen begin to ooze from my sex, pooling on the beige plastic shelf.

Robby straightened up and I leaned my head against his chest, listening to his breathing, his heartbeat, as he gently stroked my hair. There was another rumble of turbulence, and a “FASTEN SEATBELT” sign next to the door came on.

“We should get back,” Robby said, reaching down to pull up his trousers.

“You go first,” I said. “I’ll follow.”

“Okay,” he said, buckling his belt and kissing me. I locked the door behind him and began to straighten my clothing, buttoning my blouse, finding my panties on the floor and pulling them on, wiping up the sperm that had dripped on to the shelf. Robby’s cum was oozing from my messy slit, so I made an improvised mini-pad from a paper towel and slipped it into the crotch of my undies. Before I left the lavatory, I checked my skirt for telltale stains. Fortunately, it had been bunched up around my waist while we’d been fucking.

I placed my hand on the lock, wondering what I’d find when I left the lavatory. I’d tried my best to muffle my cries, nearly biting Robby’s shoulder in the process. But the door was thin, and someone could have heard us. Would the pilot be waiting for me? Did we break some sort of FAA regulation? Would there be a group of flight attendants in the galley, scowling at me as I passed by?

There was no one in the aisle outside the bathroom, and the one attendant in the galley didn’t bother to look up. I walked back to my seat.

“The stewardess came by when you were still in there,” Robby said, standing up so I could slide into my seat. “I didn’t know if you wanted anything. Is soda okay?”

“That’s fine, thanks,” I said, sitting down and taking his hand. “That’s sweet of you.” Robby glanced around and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek before the flight attendant arrived with our drinks, pouring a half can of soda into two clear plastic cups filled with ice, and placing a miniature bottle of bourbon on Robby’s tray.

“Could I get one of those?” I asked her. She looked at me and then at Robby.

“It’s okay,” he said. “She’s with me.” The flight attendant smiled and pulled another one of the tiny bottles from a shelf on her cart. Robby tipped her with a couple of bills pulled from his shirt pocket and she moved on down the aisle. We poured the bourbon into our cups of Coke and stirred them with plastic swizzle sticks embossed with the airline’s logo.

“To the ‘Mile High Club’,” Robby whispered, lifting his cup for a toast.

“Mile High Club?” I asked.

“If you’ve had sex in an aircraft, you’ve joined the ‘Mile High Club’,” he said. “Actually, it should be the ‘Eight Mile High Club’, considering our present altitude.”

“To the Eight Mile High Club,” I said, clinking my plastic cup against his. As we sat together and sipped our drinks, I snuggled against him and looked out the window. The storm clouds had passed, and the verdant landscape below us began to yield to buff colored hills, broken by the occasional forest.

“Oklahoma, maybe the Texas Panhandle,” Robby said, nearly reading my mind as I wondered where we were.

“What a big country this is,” I said. It’s one thing to look at a map, but it’s entirely different to fly its breadth, even more so to drive across it, I thought. I was too young to remember flying to Chicago with my mother, but I remembered driving up the East Coast with Ramon and my stepbrothers, watching the palms of Florida give way to pines, then oaks and maples as we neared Maine. It had taken most of three days.

I held Robby’s hand and leaned against his shoulder as he described his first flight as an EWO, sitting in the upper deck of an Air Force bomber, behind the pilot and co-pilot as they flew north from Louisiana, over the country, over Canada, almost to the North Pole to what he called the “fail safe point”, carrying a load of nuclear weapons, waiting for the coded message that would send them into the Soviet Union.

“Were you scared?” I asked. Julia had taken me a few times to see films at the little cinema in Coopersport, a place that mostly screened foreign movies and older Hollywood flicks. One night we saw “Dr. Strangelove”, a movie that left me baffled, as most of the black humor had gone right over my head. But now I could picture Robby in the cockpit, in his flight suit and helmet, his face glued to a radar screen as Soviet missiles homed in on the plane.

“Not really. Well, a little,” he admitted. “They train you hard, drills and proficiency tests and stuff like that, so when something happens you just do your job. Truth is, flying is pretty boring most of the time.”

“I don’t believe you,” I laughed.

“It’s true,” he replied. “‘Hours of boredom mixed with seconds of terror’ is what our instructor used to say.”

I snuggled closer to him, trying to resist the urge to shudder. War scared me, nuclear war especially, ever since grade school when we’d have “duck and cover” drills in class or when our teacher would march us into the gym, our school’s fallout shelter. The Cuban Missile Crisis had occurred over five years before I was born, but in Florida the Cold War hysteria had lingered.

Looking out the window, the hills began to yield to desert, copper and crimson colored in the late afternoon sunlight, broken only by purplish ridges and only the occasional patch of green. Robby had his arm around me, and I leaned my head against his chest, listening to his breathing.

This was beyond the definition of the “zipless fuck”, the after-sex cuddle, the closeness, the feeling of his gentle caresses. True, I’d probably never see him again after we landed, but at that moment I felt like I’d known him forever, and that we’d always be together. I closed my eyes, just to rest them, but I ended up drifting off to sleep in his embrace.

We were flying in my dream, in the bomber from “Dr. Strangelove”. Robby was at a radar console, calling out the range of incoming missiles. I was on the floor of the cockpit, holding on for dear life as the plane jinked and banked between mountains, dodging missiles that looked like rocket-propelled telephone poles. Major Kong was at the controls, and he turned his head and barked an order to me, incomprehensible words, a jargon I couldn’t understand. Somehow, I knew what I had to do.

I was in the bomb bay of the airplane, kicking at the clamshell doors, climbing on top of the nuclear weapon and reaching for a severed wire, brilliant blue sparks flying past my head. I could smell the acrid stench of burning hair from where the sparks landed on my shoulders, barely able to reach the two parts of the wire and twist the ends together.

And then I was falling, falling, falling, my legs clamped around the bomb, dropping towards the tundra below. I clung to the weapon, and suddenly the cold white-painted metal became skin, bumps and veins and follicles, warm and soft and hard at the same time. I opened my mouth to scream...

The chime of the “FASTEN SEATBELTS” sign roused me from my nap, and the sound of the airliner’s engines changed, lowering in pitch and volume.

“We’re landing soon,” Robby said, his arm still around me.

“Oh. How long was I asleep?”

“Less than an hour,” he said. “You seemed like you were having a dream or something.”

“Yeah, it was weird.” Just a fragment remained. I straightened up in my seat and buckled my seatbelt as the pilot announced our arrival in Phoenix. Just a few minutes more. I took Robby’s hand in mine and squeezed it.

From our rapidly decreasing altitude, Phoenix looked like a patchwork of green and brown squares under a hazy sky. The plane banked and then leveled off again, and I heard a mechanical whine beneath my feet.

“Flaps,” Robby said, pointing out the window to the wing, showing me how they extended from the trailing edge. The sound of the engines changed once again, and there was another series of thumps below the cabin floor. “Landing gear,” he said, starting a running commentary on what was happening. “Turning for final approach...throttle back...nose up...”

The houses below seemed to get larger, white squares on winding streets contained within square tracts, aqua and teal dots that became swimming pools as we descended. In the distance was a cluster of larger buildings, downtown Phoenix, and a bluish ridge that seemed to emerge from the earth like the spine of some massive animal.

The ground seemed to go by faster as we approached, with the closest features turning into a blur of green and brown and white. Then we passed the perimeter of the airport, a long chain link fence, a series of metal towers with flashing lights, and then the gray concrete of the runway, black streaks of rubber and unbroken yellow lines. There was a squeal of rubber against cement and the engines revved up again.

“Thrust reversers,” Robby said. Deceleration made the seatbelt dig into my lap, but it abated a moment later. We were on the ground again, taxiing slowly towards the terminal. It felt strange, this slow movement, and I felt like my blood was still racing along at 500 miles per hour.

“Here’s my address in Boston,” Robby said, writing in his notepad. “If you feel like writing or something.” He tore out the page and handed it to me.

“Thanks,” I said, folding the piece of paper and slipping it into the pages of my journal. “I’d like that.” So much for zipless fucking. But I did want to see him again. He was interesting, he was cute, and he

fucked like an animal. I wondered what he'd be like outside of the coffin-like confines of an airplane lavatory. There was one problem, though: he didn't know I was only fifteen.

The plane stopped at the gate, and our fellow passengers stood up from their seats, reaching into overhead bins and under seats to collect their belongings. Robby and I waited until the line of people leaving the plane began to move before we got up from our seats. We walked off the airplane together, past the smiling row of flight attendants at the door who thanked us for flying United. Well, at least Robby and I had flown united for a few passionate minutes.

"I've got to catch my connecting flight," Robby said. "I'll be back in Boston in a couple of weeks. Call me?"

"I will," I said. He leaned over and gave me a quick kiss, and then he was gone. I watched him walk down the concourse towards his next flight, and then I hefted my backpack over my shoulder and headed away from the gate.

It seemed as if there were as many people here to meet the flight as there had been on the plane. Wives greeted husbands, husbands greeted wives, a large family had a noisy, happy reunion. One man stood alone, scanning the faces of people leaving the plane: tall, tanned, dark curly hair graying at the temples, khaki slacks and a sport jacket. His eyes met mine and he smiled, walking over to me from where he stood.

"Annie?"

"Daddy?" I recognized him now.

"Annie. At last..." he said, wrapping his arms around me. I hugged him, feeling my eyes well up with tears. I didn't want to get emotional, but I just couldn't help it. I looked up at him and he held me tighter, kissing the top of my head.

"Let's go get my suitcase before I start crying in the middle of the airport," I said. My father laughed and hugged me again, and then he took my hand and we headed towards the baggage claim area.

"You're beautiful, just like your mother," he said as we waited by the baggage carousel.

"Thank you, Daddy." I blushed, looking around to see if anyone noticed. The conveyor belt lurched to life, and luggage started appearing from a small door set into the wall. It took a few minutes for my suitcase to appear; my father scooped it up from the conveyor by the handle.

"I'm parked over by Terminal A," he said. "This way." I followed him down a wide concourse and we stepped on to a moving walkway, looking out the glass walls at the distant hills.

"Flight okay?" he asked.

"Fine. Just a bit of turbulence," I said, trying to sound like a veteran flier, even though I was a bundle of nerves for the first part of the flight.

"Good, glad to hear it," he said. "Mia and the kids are back at the house. There's enough time for you to settle in and unpack, and then we'll go out to eat. Sound okay to you?"

"Yes, Daddy," I said.

"You look great. Really great," he said.

"Thank you, Daddy." I blushed again, and he chuckled.

"Just like your mother," he said, reaching out to touch my cheek. "I could make her turn as red as a beet."

"Mom...," I said, under my breath. It had been a little over three years since she'd been killed, shot during a robbery at the bank where she'd worked as a teller. A social worker had tried to track down my father, but she came up empty. Without any other living relatives, I was left in the care of my stepfather, Ramon, my dear papi.

"Annie. I'm sorry," my father said, putting down my suitcase and taking my hand. "I didn't know about your mother until two years after she died. By then you had left Florida."

"It's okay, Daddy," I said, squeezing his hand. "It's okay."

"I would have come for you."

"I know."

"I missed you, Annie."

"I missed you, too, Daddy." This wasn't exactly true. I was very young when he'd left my mother and I, too young to really know him, but his absence left a hole in my life. I thought about him every Christmas, every Fathers' Day, and on the anniversary of my mother's death, but there were people I missed even more: my lover Julia, my papi, my stepbrothers Del and Paco.

We reached the end of the moving walkway. My father picked up my suitcase and led me out of the terminal, into the Arizona sunshine. We walked across a parking lot, to a red Cadillac convertible with a

white interior. He placed my bag in the back seat and opened the door for me, and then we drove out of Sky Harbor Airport and headed towards the distant blue hills I'd seen from the terminal.

"You'll like the house," my father said. "It's a nice place, but I'm looking for a bigger one in the same development. You'll have to share a room with Dana for now."

"Dana?"

"My daughter. Mine and Betsy's," he said.

"Betsy?"

"Elizabeth. My second wife," he said. "I always called her 'Betsy'."

"Oh. You have a son, right?" I'd only spoken briefly with my father before flying out, and I knew he had two kids from his second marriage, and that his third wife was expecting a child soon.

"David. He's twelve."

"Twelve? But that's..."

"Before I left your mother," my father said. "He's Betsy's son from her first marriage. Actually, she wasn't really married. It was just some guy she lived with. But I consider Davy my son, anyway." We were stopped at a traffic light and he turned and looked at me, taking a quick glance at my bare legs. I tugged my skirt down over my thighs, a reflexive gesture.

"And, um, Mia? Is that her name?" I asked him. She was his third wife.

"You'll like her. She's pretty young, only 24," my father said.

"When did you meet?"

"It was three years ago, when I was still selling cars, before I got my real estate license. Her parents flew down from Montreal to buy her a Jeep," he said, steering the car down a long avenue lined with palm trees. But for the lack of an ocean aroma and the occasional cactus plant we could have been in Florida. Even the buildings and houses had that South Florida look: white stucco walls and terra cotta roofs.

We drove the rest of the way in silence. The weather wasn't as hot as I had expected; it was warmer than Boston, to be sure, but it felt more like a late spring day, even though the sun was just starting to set. I leaned back against the seat, feeling the breeze blowing through my hair. We pulled off the road and went through a set of steel gates, past a security guard with a nickel-plated revolver strapped to his hip. He smiled at my father and waved us through.

Just past the gate was the clubhouse, a sprawling white stucco building with a sign out front that read “Rancho Paradiso - MEMBERS ONLY”. Past the clubhouse, I could see parts of the golf course around which the community was built, closely -cropped grass with sandy bunkers, some stunted trees and cactus plants surrounding the fairway. We drove along a winding street lined with houses in various states of construction.

“This is Phase III,” my father said. “We started this last fall.”

“They’re nice,” I said. Seeing some of the houses that were only partially built, naked wooden beams only partly covered in plywood and sheetrock, reminded me of the derelict brownstone in which I’d hidden for a few days, abandoned in the middle of renovation. There was something about these houses that seemed cheap compared to houses I’d seen in New England, as if they were constructed from toothpicks and construction paper, hardly able to survive a nor’easter.

We arrived at an older part of the community, built a few years earlier. The palm trees were taller, the houses slightly smaller. I saw a few with “FOR SALE” signs on the lawn that bore my father’s name and phone number, and the name of his company. He slowed down and pulled into a driveway, parking next to a station wagon. There was a girl’s bicycle on the lawn, pink frame and white plastic tassels on the ends of the handlebars, a fake license plate with the name “DANA” on the back of the seat.

“We’re here,” my father said, turning off the ignition. “I’ll get your bag.”

The front door was unlocked. My father led me inside, putting my suitcase down on the polished tile floor. “Mia! We’re home!” he called out. I heard footsteps coming from the kitchen, along with another sound, the click of a dog’s paws. Mia appeared, accompanied by a German Shepherd. The dog trotted over to me and immediately stuck his snout under my skirt, pressing his cold, wet nose into my crotch.

“Hey!” I shouted, stepping back.

“Schultzie! Sit!” my father said. The dog looked at him and sat on his haunches, his tail swishing back and forth on the tiles. “Give him your hand to sniff,” he said. “He just wants to get to know you.”

“I’ll say.” I reached out, letting the dog sniff my fingers and then scratching behind his ears, making his tail wag faster.

“Mia, this is Annie,” my father said. “My daughter.”

“I’m so happy to meet you finally,” Mia said, extending her hand. She was petite, despite her pregnancy, barely an inch taller than me, with big brown eyes and dark brown hair that had been cut in a sort of shag, coming down to the nape of her graceful neck. She gave my hand a gentle squeeze.

“Where are the kids?” Frank asked.

“Finishing their homework,” Mia said.

“Come, let me show you around,” my father said. I followed him from the foyer, through a large living room with a stone fireplace, an Indian rug in front of the hearth, expensive leather couches and seats, and a large glass-topped coffee table. We walked past the kitchen and through a carpeted hallway.

“Our bedroom...this is my den...here’s Davy’s room,” my father said, giving me the tour of his house. He knocked on David’s door and opened it. His son was seated at a desk, a textbook open in front of him as he jotted notes in a looseleaf notebook.

“Davy, this is Annie,” he said. “Your stepsister.”

“Hi,” David said, getting up from his desk to shake my hand. He sounded shy, looking down at his feet as I accepted his handshake. What surprised me was his coffee-colored complexion, almost the same shade as Cami’s, and his curly copper hair that set off his pale blue eyes. After we shook hands, he stood there quietly, his hands in the pockets of his blue jeans, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

“We’ll let you get back to your homework,” my father said. “Be ready for dinner in an hour or so, okay?”

“Yes, Dad,” David said, smiling wanly as he returned to his desk. We left his room and my father closed the door behind him.

“Shy,” I said. “Cute kid, though.”

“He is. Smart, too. Made the honor roll last year.” My father led me to the room next door, knocking before walking in.

“Annie, this is Dana,” he said. The girl was sitting on her bed, a book in her lap. She looked up and smiled, soft auburn ringlets surrounding her round face, a cute button nose, my father’s deep blue eyes.

“Hi, Annie,” she said, putting aside the book.

“Why don’t you wait here and I’ll bring in your bags,” my father said. I sat down on the bed next to Dana.

“What are you reading?” I asked her.

“Charlotte’s Web,” she said.

“You like to read?” Dana nodded.

“Well, don’t let me interrupt you,” I said.

“It’s okay. I was just at the end of a chapter.”

“I’ll bring the cot in from the garage,” my father said as he returned with my suitcase and backpack.

“Can I help?” I asked.

“No, it’s pretty light,” he replied. “Dana? Can Annie use a drawer in your dresser for her things?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, slipping a bookmark between pages and closing her book.

“It’s not necessary,” I said. “I can live out of my suitcase for a few days.”

“Nonsense,” my father said. Dana opened the bottom drawer of her dresser, already empty except for a couple of bathing suits. She pulled them out and stuffed them in the drawer above.

“Thank you, Dana,” I said, as my father left to get the cot. “You don’t mind if I stay in your room?” She shook her head, her curly hair swirling around her shoulders.

“It’ll be fun, like a sleepover,” she said.

“Yeah, it will,” I said, taking her hand and squeezing it. “Help me unpack, okay?” Dana smiled and scooted off of the bed as I placed my suitcase on a chair and opened it. She fetched some hangers from her closet for my dresses and blouses, and helped me fold my skirts, sweaters, and underwear, carefully placing them in the dresser drawer.

“This is so pretty,” Dana said, holding my sheer pink babydoll nightie against her little body, looking in the mirror on her closet door as she turned this way and that.

“It’s a bit big for you, sweetie,” I said. It was the nightie I had bought at Mrs. Pomerantz’s boutique, the one that reminded me of the negligees my mother used to wear. I heard the squeak of casters in the hallway, and my father appeared with the cot, an aluminum framework around a mattress that was folded like bread from a sandwich.

“Is that yours?” my father asked me as Dana folded the nightie.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“It looks like...nevermind,” he said, wheeling the cot next to Dana’s bed and unfolding it. “Mia’s getting some sheets and pillows for you.”

“Thank you,” I said. “Is there time for me to take a shower before dinner?”

“Plenty of time,” he said. “The kids’ bathroom is through there.” He pointed to a sliding door opposite Dana’s closet. “I’ll get Mia to bring you some fresh towels.” He smiled and left just as Mia arrived with pillows and linen for the cot. She began to unfurl the sheet, slowly bending over to tuck the corners under the mattress.

“No, no, let me do that,” I said.

“I don’t mind,” Mia replied.

“No, really. I don’t want to be a bother. Please.” I took the sheets from her hands and finished dressing the cot while Dana slipped the pillows into their pillowcases.

“I’ll be back with some towels,” Mia said.

“Do you help your mom around the house?” I asked Dana.

“She’s not my mom,” she replied, pouting.

“Sorry. I meant your stepmom.”

“Oh. I help a little. Daddy has a cleaning lady come in twice a week.”

“That’s good,” I said. I couldn’t picture Mia cleaning this house by herself, and she wasn’t even due for another couple of months.

“Is there anything else I can get you?” Mia asked, returning with a pair of towels and a washcloth.

“I’m fine, thank you,” I said, taking the linen from her. She smiled and left, and I went into the bathroom for my shower. There was another door that must have led to David’s room, and I locked both before getting undressed.

Robby’s semen had soaked through the folded paper towel I’d slipped into the crotch of my panties while I was on the plane. Fortunately, my skirt was still clean, no telltale white stains on the back. I filled the sink and dropped my panties in the warm, soapy water to soak.

The shower had one of those detachable massage heads, like the one in Mr. Sheffield’s bathroom. I savored the feeling of warm water pulsing on my skin, directing the stream over my breasts, my belly,

between my legs. There was a pleasant tingling, but I resisted the temptation to linger in the shower and make myself come. Still, it seemed like a wonderful way to start the day. Perhaps tomorrow morning...

I dried myself off with one of the plush towels that Mia had brought for me, wrapping it around my body and rinsing out my panties in the sink. I wringed them out, draping them over the shower curtain rod to dry. When I stepped back into Dana's room, she was gone, leaving me alone to brush out my hair and get dressed. I put on a nice dress, a black cocktail sheath that I'd found in a vintage clothing store in Boston, along with black pumps and a simple strand of pearls that Helen had bought for me. A bit of makeup, not too much, and I was ready for dinner.

Mia and my father were sitting in the living room, sipping chilled white wine. Davy and Dana had iced glasses of soda, and the dog was spread out on the rug by the hearth, gnawing at a big piece of rawhide.

"Can I get you something, Anne?," Mia asked me. "A soda or some juice?"

"Could I have a glass of wine, please?" I said. She looked over at my father, and he looked at me for a moment.

"Sure," he said. Mia started to get up from the couch, but my father stopped her and headed into the kitchen, returning with a glass of wine.

"You look very pretty in that dress, Anne," Mia said. "Doesn't she, Frank?"

"Pretty and grown up," he said, handing me the wineglass.

"Thank you," I said, taking a sip. It was dry but fruity, smooth.

"So. Tell me what you've been up to," my father said. "You're in school, right?"

"Not right now," I said. "School doesn't start for a couple of weeks."

"Really?" he said. "The kids have been back for a week now."

"It's a private school. I think the semester ends later."

"Those people you're staying with, how do you know them?" he asked.

"Friends of a friend," I said. For the last week I'd been trying to figure out what I could safely tell my father about my life since he'd left us. Obviously, the truth wasn't going to work. How could I tell him that I'd been on the street, trading sex for money. Even before that, there was my relationship with Julia, my life with my papi and my stepbrothers, so much that I wasn't able or willing to talk about.

“That lawyer, Bradley was his name? He said that they’d been looking for me since they found you. Where were you?” my father asked.

“I was living with Dee and Cami, ” I said.

“Who were they?”

“Dee’s a nightclub singer, ” I replied. “Cami’s just a couple of years older than me. I cooked for them, did housework sometimes. ”

“What about school?” Mia asked, taking a sip of her wine.

“I missed a year, ” I admitted. “I’d study on my own. ”

“But you have to make a year up now, right?” my father asked.

“No, I won’t. I did pretty well on the entrance exam, and Helen hired a tutor to help me catch up. ”

“That’s good to hear, ” Mia said. “This private school, it is a good one?” There was just a trace of a French accent in her speech.

“Yes, it’s pretty exclusive, ” I said. “I’m looking forward to it. ”

“We should get a move on, ” my father said, looking at his watch. “We have reservations. ” I took a last sip of my wine and followed them out to the driveway, where we all piled into Mia’s Volvo station wagon. I sat in the back seat, between David and Dana. David looked through the window, out at the twilight sky, while Dana reached for my hand, intertwining her fingers with mine.

“Are you going to live with us? ” she asked me.

“I don’t know, ” I said, catching my father’s eyes in the rear view mirror.

“I’m gonna have a little sister soon, ” she said, “but I want a big sister, too. ”

“You might be getting a little brother instead, ” Mia said, turning around in her seat. I laughed, and Dana wrinkled her nose.

“Boys are yucky, ” she said.

“What about David?” I asked. “He seems nice. ” David sighed and kept gazing out the car window. He hadn’t said a word since we were first introduced.

“He’s okay, I guess, ” Dana said.

The restaurant wasn’t far, only a few minutes away. We parked in the lot and went in, where we were seated almost immediately, despite a small crowd of people waiting for tables. Except for that tiny

portion of lasagna I'd had on the plane, I'd had almost nothing to eat all day. I'd been too nervous about flying to have much more than toast and tea for breakfast. I had a craving for seafood, but the menu was heavily skewed towards beef. That was fine, though. I was hungry enough to eat anything at this point.

We ordered, and the waiter brought a round of drinks, wine for Mia and I, soda for Dana and David, and a scotch on the rocks for my father. He drained it pretty quickly, and ordered another even before our food arrived. Mia frowned at this.

"Slow down, Frank," she said. "Don't forget that you're driving."

"I'm fine," he replied. Still, he took it easy anyway, sipping instead of gulping.

Our food arrived, and the waiter placed a plate in front of me that held the biggest hunk of steak I'd ever seen in my life. My father laughed when he saw my eyes widen.

"I don't know how I'm going to eat all of this," I said.

"Whatever you don't finish we can bring back with us," he replied. "I'm sure Schultzie would love it."

I ate far more than I thought I would, just about half of the tender, rare beef smothered in sauteed onions and mushrooms. It was probably the best I'd ever had. Dana and Davy had smaller portions, from the children's menu, but my father's steak was even larger than mine. Mia just had a salad and a broiled fillet of sole, though. As we devoured our hunks of dead cow, I wondered what Michael, that vegetarian artist, would think. For that matter, I tried to picture my father eating one of those rice cakes, almost laughing out loud at the mental image this produced.

My father had yet another scotch after he finished his meal, even though Mia and I had yet to finish our wine. He began to get boisterous, laughing loudly at his own jokes, making Mia roll her eyes.

"So, Annie," he said, too loudly. "You have a boyfriend back in Boston?"

"Not really," I said. I still felt a little raw over the silent treatment Bradley's son, Brad Jr., had given me when he'd come back from school for winter break. He'd been so sweet to me just a year before, so passionate, that his coldness had hurt even more.

"What's the matter?" my father said. "A pretty girl like you..."

"Frank....," Mia said, sharply.

“Stay out of this, Mia,” he barked back. “I wanna know if my little girl is fucking someone, dammit.”

“Frank!” she gasped. “Where’s that waiter? I’m getting the check.”

“We’ll leave when I’m damn ready,” he said, slamming down his drink. A melted ice cube escaped from the glass and skittered over the table. I looked at David and Dana: they were terrified, embarrassed. People at the adjoining tables were turning their heads and whispering to each other.

“Frank,” Mia said, softly. “You’re making a scene.” As if on cue, the waiter appeared with a small leather folder that held the check. My father reached for his wallet, pulling out a credit card without even looking at the bill. He was quiet now, saying nothing until we were out in the parking lot.

“Give me the keys, Frank,” Mia said, standing in front of the driver’s side door of the car.

“Fuck off, Mia. I can drive,” he said.

“Not with the kids in the car you won’t,” she said, lunging forward to grab the keys from his hand. My father sidestepped her and stumbled backwards, nearly falling to the asphalt. “Frank! The keys!”

“Come and get them,” he taunted her, holding them over her head and laughing. Even on her toes, they were still a foot beyond her reach.

“This isn’t funny,” Mia said. “Davy. Dana. Annie. Come. We’re going back in to call a cab.”

“The hell you are,” my father said. He was about to say something else when he doubled over and retched all over the pavement and on the tire of the car parked in the adjacent spot, dropping the car keys in the process. David was on them in a flash, snatching them from the ground and handing them to Mia. While my father paved the parking lot with his dinner, Mia unlocked the car and got behind the wheel. Dana, David, and I scooted into the back seat and we were peeling out of the lot before my father was finished puking.

Dana was sobbing, and I put my arm around her, holding her trembling little body. I reached out for David’s hand, but he moved it away. I could tell he was on the verge of tears, but he was putting up a brave front, looking away, out the window, into the night.

Dana had quieted down by the time we pulled into the driveway, but now it was Mia’s turn. She rested her head on the steering wheel and softly wept.

“You kids have a key?” I asked them. David nodded. “Go inside. Give Schultzie the leftovers. We’ll be there in a few minutes.” As they got out of the car, I went around to the passenger side and sat down on the front seat, next to Mia, putting my arm around her, trying to comfort her as I had with Dana. She shrugged off my hand at first, but then she relented, letting me put my arm around her shoulder.

“Does he do this a lot?” I asked her. She shook her head.

“Just the past few months,” she said, her voice cracking. “It’s been hard on him lately, with the baby, so much work. These houses aren’t selling as well as he thought.”

“Does he hit you?” I asked.

“No. Never. He just becomes an asshole when he drinks.”

“Has he thought about getting some help?”

“No,” Mia said, shaking her head. “I tried to talk to him about it, but he just gets angry.”

“Maybe you should leave him,” I said. Mia stopped sobbing and looked at me.

“Never. I could never...,” she said.

“Okay, it was just a thought,” I whispered, caressing her tear-stained cheek. She winced, bringing my hand down to her swollen belly.

“Did you feel that? The baby’s kicking.”

“Wow,” I said. I’d never felt that before, and I wondered what it would be like to carry a child within me.

“I think it’s a boy,” Mia said. “Girls aren’t supposed to kick like that.”

“Do you have a name yet?”

“Frank Junior, if it’s a boy,” she said.

“And if it’s a girl?”

“Frank wanted to name her ‘Anne,’” she said. “That was before you found him.”

“Anne?”

“Yes. Now she’ll be Cherie, after my grandmother. But I think it’s a boy.”

“Cherie. It’s a beautiful name,” I said.

“That it is. You know, Frank was so excited to hear from you. He thought he’d never see you again.”

“I know,” I whispered. My father had nearly cried when I first spoke with him on the phone.

“He wants you to live with us,” Mia said. “He’s even looking for a bigger house with an extra bedroom.”

“I don’t know if I can,” I said. I had a life back in Boston, and compared to Bradley and Helen, my father was practically a stranger. They’d been so good to me, so supportive, so generous. Still, if I did decide to move here I knew that they’d understand. After seeing my father drunk, though, this was pretty far from my mind.

“Think about it,” Mia said. “I’d love to have you around.” She kissed me on the cheek, softly, taking my hand and holding it in hers.

“Thank you,” I said.

“I’ve got to go in,” she said. “Frank, Jr. is kicking my bladder.” She laughed as she reached for the door handle.

As Mia trundled off to the bathroom, I went into Dana’s room to take off my cocktail dress. She and David were sitting on her bed, his arms around her, holding her protectively. Her tears had abated, but she looked as if they’d start again. I sat down next to them and kicked off my heels.

“You kids okay?” I asked. David nodded for both of them. I put my arm around him; this time he made no attempt to shrug it off.

“That was a nice move, back in the parking lot, grabbing the keys,” I said to David.

“Thanks,” he said, weakly.

“You play baseball?” I asked him. The way he scooped the keys up from the pavement reminded me of a shortstop snatching a ground ball before it could roll into the outfield.

“A little,” he said. “I like soccer better.”

“My stepbrothers called it ‘futbol,’” I said. “We used to play together, but they loved baseball even more.” I rubbed David’s back as I remembered how Del and Paco and I used to play catch in the field behind our house in Maine. Sometimes Ramon would come out and bat fungo, hitting fly balls for us to shag in the tall grass.

“Time for bed,” Mia said, standing in the doorway. She’d changed from her mid-length burgundy maternity dress into a long white bathrobe. David and Dana stood up from the bed and filed into the bathroom to wash up and brush their teeth. When they’d left, I reached back and started to unzip my dress.

“Let me help you,” Mia said, pulling down the zipper.

“Thanks,” I said, reaching into the dresser for my chemise and my kimono.

“I can’t wait until I can fit into something like that again,” she said, as I stepped out of the dress. “It’s lovely.”

“Thank you,” I said. Mia gave me a quick kiss goodnight and went into the bathroom to make sure the kids did a proper job of brushing their teeth. I unclasped my bra and shrugged it off, slipping on the chemise before skinning off my panties, wrapping my kimono around me as Dana returned from the bathroom. I helped her out of her dress and underwear and into her nightgown. She was a skinny girl, her hips just starting to take on a womanly shape. After I tucked her in and gently kissed her forehead, I reached into my knapsack for my journal and a pen.

“You’re not going to bed?” she asked.

“I want to do some writing first, sweetie,” I said, sitting down on the edge of her bed. I was tired, somewhat jet-lagged, but I wanted to put my thoughts on paper while they were still fresh in my mind.

“Is that your diary?” Dana asked.

“Yes. Yes it is.”

“Oh,” she said, barely able to keep her eyes open.

“Go to sleep, honey,” I said. “I’ll see you tomorrow.” I kissed her again and turned out the light. She was probably asleep even before I closed the door.

I sat in the living room and opened my journal, writing down everything that had happened that day, from the moment I woke up, boarded the plane, my conversations with Robby, our tryst in the tiny lavatory, seeing my father for the first time in years, meeting my new stepmother and my half-siblings, watching my father get drunk, the scene in the parking lot, right up to this moment, sitting in a strange house in Phoenix, Arizona. Then I sat alone with my thoughts, trying to picture what my life would be like if I came to live here. The house was quiet, chilly. There was a hand knit quilt draped over the arm of the couch. I unfolded it and draped it over my shoulders.

There was the sound of a key in the front door lock. It was my father. His clothes were askew, his eyes bloodshot, his face looking drawn and haggard. He closed the door and took off his sport jacket, sitting down heavily in an easy chair across from the couch. Next to him, in the other chair, Mia had left a pillow and a blanket. He stared at them before speaking.

“Looks like I ’m sleeping in the den tonight,” he said.

“Daddy...,” I said, quietly.

“Annie, I ’m sorry.”

“Daddy...,” I said again. He looked defeated, older than his 45 years.

“I don ’t want to talk about it tonight,” he said. He stood up and gathered the pillow and blanket in his arms. “I ’m going to sleep. I ’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Good night, Daddy.”

“Good night, sweetheart.” He walked down the hall to his office.

I felt sad for him. I felt angry, too. Sad because he looked so pitiful, so ashamed of what he ’d done to the people he loved most. Angry because he was fucking up again, in a different manner from the way he ’d fucked up his marriage to my mother, diddling my babysitter who was only thirteen at the time. I knew little about his second marriage, to the mother of David and Dana, just that Betsy had run off to an ashram in Oregon, cleaning out my father ’s bank account in the process and giving it all to some Mahari shi Mahesh Yogurt. It wasn ’t fair to blame my father for that sort of flakiness, and he ’d done the right thing, taking care of their daughter and her son, the child of another man.

But here he was, doing his level best to screw up his third marriage, probably putting his job in jeopardy as well. I had no idea what to do, what to say to him, or if it was even my place to say or do anything. I was his first child, his oldest girl, but he ’d been out of my life for over a decade, and to be truthful, I hardly knew him. That was the reason I ’d flown out here, to reconnect, to get to know my father, a man I hadn ’t seen since I was four years old.

I had to stop thinking about this. I was tired, at least my brain was, though my body felt restless, an excess of energy surging through my limbs. I thought about taking a walk, just to burn it off. I thought about going back into Dana ’s room, into my backpack, where I ’d kept some sleeping pills and a few Valium left over from the prescriptions my therapist had written for me. Instead, I went over to the bar set

into the flagstone wall of the living room, pouring myself a scotch. I stood by the tall picture windows, looking out over a dark green fairway. There were a few stars shining, but the rest were masked by the haze of light that filtered up from downtown Phoenix. In the distance was a dark mountain range, the one I'd seen from the plane, separating the city from the desert beyond.

I sipped the scotch, feeling its warmth start in my belly and spread through my limbs. It was just what I needed, something to ground me, to stifle my restless energy. I didn't even have to finish it, and I spilled out the rest of the scotch down the kitchen sink, placing the glass in the dishwasher and heading off to bed.

Dana was sleeping quietly. I slipped off my kimono and watched her for a while, her curls spilling over her pillow and framing her face as she slept. She kept a picture of her mother next to her bed, and though Dana had her father's eyes, the curls, her cute little nose, and the shape of her face belonged to her mother. I stifled the urge to kiss her and climbed into the cot, trying to make as little noise as possible. Dana stirred, but didn't wake up.

"Good night, little sister," I whispered, pulling the sheets up over my body and laying my head down on the pillow. There was once a time when I had no end of trouble falling asleep in a strange bed, but after all the places I'd found myself over the previous year, all the dark and scary places I'd slept, I didn't have that problem anymore. I closed my eyes and let sleep embrace me.

\* \* \*

It was a strange dream, precisely because it wasn't strange at all. Its logic wasn't inconsistent with the waking world. My surroundings were unfamiliar, but only until I remembered where I was, Dana's bedroom, Phoenix, night.

My father stood over our beds. His pants were down, his cock was out, and he was stroking himself, a look of lust and hunger in his eyes. The sheet that had covered my body had been pulled down, and my chemise was bunched up around my waist. I looked over at Dana's bed: she was asleep, but her nightie had been lifted over her slim hips and her legs were spread.

"Daddy?" I whispered. Even stranger. In some of my dreams I wasn't able to speak, unable to scream if I had to.

"Shhhh..." he said. "It's just a dream."

“It’s not a dream,” I said. “My dreams are weirder than this. ”

“Shhhh...,” he repeated. “Go to sleep.” I was groggy, and I started to close my eyes, but I heard him gasp and hold something white over the tip of his penis. He wiped himself off with it and dropped it on the floor before leaving. I wanted to get up, to see what that white object was, but I was too tired. I closed my eyes and the dream faded into nothingness.

\* \* \*

## Chapter Two - I Touch Myself

“Anne,” Mia whispered, gently stroking my cheek. “Wake up, Annie.”

“Wha? Where am...?” I bolted upright on the cot. It took me a moment to remember where I was. “Oh...”

“Come to the kitchen,” she said. “I’ve got coffee on.”

“Thank you,” I said. “I’ll be there in a minute.” Mia smiled and left the room. I pulled the sheet aside. My chemise wasn’t bunched up, like in my dream. Dana’s bed was empty, and the digital clock on her night table read “9:32”. She must be in school by now. I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and slipped into my kimono, getting out of bed and stretching. I was heading towards the door when I noticed something on the floor, something white, something I’d seen in my dreams. I knelt down and picked it up, realizing that it was a pair of Dana’s panties, white cotton with a cartoon character on the front.

There was something stiff on the back, as if something had dried on the fabric. I fingered the stain; it wasn’t totally dry, and I held the damp part to my nose, taking a tentative sniff. It smelled a bit like pollen, with a slight note of ammonia. I knew that scent well, intimately.

Dana’s panties had dried semen on them.

I dropped the panties on the floor and headed to the kitchen, wondering if my dream had really been a dream. Unlike most of my dreams, this one remained with me instead of unraveling like an old sweater. Still, it had that unreal quality and, despite the semen stain on Dana’s panties, I wanted to believe it was a dream. I tried to put it all in the back of my mind as I got dressed in jeans and a sweater and headed to the kitchen.

Mia made delicious coffee, with heavy cream, sweetened with raw sugar. I poured myself a second cup as she served me pancakes with syrup. As I watched her move about the kitchen, I started to notice something about her, a sensuality, a fluidity in her movements as she reached into cabinets for clean plates and placed dirty breakfast dishes in the sink.

“Were you a dancer?” I asked her.

“Gymnast,” she replied. “I transferred to Arizona State to train under Komarov.”

“The Olympic coach?”

“Yes. It was right after he defected,” she said. I remembered hearing about him on the news, his daring leap from an Aeroflot jet as it taxied towards the runway after the closing ceremonies in Montreal, six years earlier.

“Let me do that for you,” I said, watching Mia start to wash the breakfast dishes.

“No, you’re our guest here, Annie,” she said.

“Please. Let me,” I said. “You shouldn’t be on your feet so much.”

“Well...,” she said, hesitating before she stepped away from the sink. “Thanks. Just rinse the plates and put them in the dishwasher.” Mia sat down at the kitchen table and sipped her decaf while we made small talk. I finished the dishes and started scrubbing the pan she’d used to make breakfast.

“Is there anything else I can do?” I asked her. “Laundry? Make the beds?”

“You shouldn’t...,” she said, standing up to put her coffee cup in the dishwasher.

“I want to,” I said. “Please.” Mia stood close to me, looking as if she was about to kiss me, her big brown eyes gleaming. I would have gladly let her press those full red lips against mine.

“Very well,” she said. “Help me with the beds, okay?”

“I’d be happy to.”

We started in Dana’s room, stripping her sheets and putting fresh linen on her bed. I scooped up the semen-stained panties from the floor before Mia had a chance to see them. Then we did David’s bed before moving on to the master bedroom. I hadn’t seen it before; the bed was huge, with a lacquered wooden headboard that held some books and an alarm clock. The titles were all self-improvement and sales technique manuals, my father’s I supposed.

There were more of these books in his den. I folded the blanket that Mia had left out for him the night before. On his desk was a personal computer, one of the first that IBM had started making the year before, with a small monochrome monitor atop a big beige metal case. I sat down on the big leather swivel chair behind his desk, imagining myself as a businesswoman, someone important, someone who wielded power, controlled vast sums.

I laughed to myself as I stood up from the leather seat. I’d seen so many businesswomen in Boston, walking around in their skirt suits, running shoes on their feet, carrying their heels in a tote bag. Cami and I made fun of them sometimes, while we stood on the streets of the South End. Delia called them

“yuppies”, and growled about how they were taking over the neighborhood, driving the cost of rent upwards.

Mia showed me where to put the laundry, inside a hamper in the laundry room by the kitchen. The housekeeper would be by later to do the wash, so I didn't have to load the laundry into the washer. Then she excused herself and went into her office, which had once been a spare bedroom. She did translation work on a part-time basis. Her major in college was Russian literature, but she was fluent in Spanish and French as well. I asked Mia if I could use a phone to call Helen back in Boston, to let her know how I was doing. Mia said that I was welcome to use the phone in Frank's den. I heard the clattering of her electric typewriter down the hall as I walked into the den and shut the door.

Helen was happy to hear from me, though it had been only a day since she and Bradley saw me off at the airport. I told her about Frank's drinking, how cute the kids were, how Mia seemed to glow from her pregnancy. When I told Helen what Mia had said, how my father wanted me to live with them, there was a momentary silence on the other end of the phone.

“Annie, you know that we love you, and that our home is your home,” Helen said. “But if you do decide to move out there, remember that we'll support your decision fully. Whatever you decide, you'll always have our love.”

“Helen...,” I said, feeling my eyes fill with tears. “Thank you. I love you.”

“I love you, too, Annie,” she said, her voice starting to crack. “Now go, enjoy the weather. It's freezing up here.”

I let her go and sat behind my father's desk. No business fantasies this time, just a decision, the hardest decision I ever had to make. I felt the need to write, to make a list of pros and cons. In the end, I knew that my heart would decide, but I wanted to get my thoughts out on paper. There was a coffee mug filled with pens and pencils on my father's desk, but I needed some paper. I searched through his desk for something to write on.

In the bottom drawer was a crumpled pair of panties, a familiar looking pair, pink cotton trimmed with picot lace. I picked them up, feeling the same stiff, dried stains that I'd felt on Dana's undies. These were my panties, though, a pair that matched one of the soft cup bras I'd bought at Jordan Marsh a year before. My father must have taken them from Dana's room the night before and jerked off in them.

Beneath where I'd found my panties were some magazines, a couple of copies of "Hustler", both covers featuring young women with their hair up in pigtails, plaid skirts hiked to show a flash of white cotton. Beneath these were more magazines, smaller ones, some of them in German. A few of these purported to be guides to European nudist colonies, showing families together on the beach, by a pool, playing volleyball, having a picnic. There was no sex, no lascivious poses, just naked men, women, and children, some as young as three or four. These could have just as easily been snapshots from a family photo album, except no one had any clothes on, save for sandals or flip-flops.

Further down in the pile, however, I found more little magazines, some in English, some in German, some in what might have been Danish, with names like "Kinderfich" and "Lolita Sex". I thumbed through them, seeing pictures of girls younger than me undressing, posing, even having sex with other kids or older men and women.

I felt a chill run down my spine as I remembered how I had posed for Cecil, the guy I called "The Photographer". I'd started out just modeling clothes for him, maybe showing a little leg or my panties, but it had gradually progressed from there, ending up with the porn video he'd shot of me having sex with those two boys from that punk rock band. He got busted before he had a chance to finish editing the movie, but I'd always wondered what he did with the photographs he had shot. I didn't think he sold them to a magazine, but at that time I didn't know that magazines like these existed.

I pulled them from my father's desk, looking through all of them, page by page, wondering if I'd see myself, laying on Cecil's white scrim, my panties down around my thighs, a vibrator stuffed into my shaved cunny. It took over an hour, and I didn't see any of his photos, but what I did see left me both horrified and aroused. The magazines were older, anyway, and the copyright notices inside the cover dated them from the Seventies. I heard the door to Mia's office open and I stuffed them back in the drawer, hurriedly closing it as she knocked on the door of the den and asked if I wanted some lunch.

I followed her to the kitchen and helped her make some sandwiches, which we took out to the patio. There were some men on the long green fairway, riding in a white golf cart with bags in the back, heading towards the manicured green. While we ate, I watched them get out and pick clubs from their bags, hitting little white balls into a cup.

"Have you ever played golf, Anne?" Mia asked.

“No, never,” I said.

“How about tennis? There’s some nice clay courts here,” she said.

“Never did that, either.”

“Would you like to try?”

“Sure,” I said. My restlessness was back, a nervous energy that had built up while I’d been thumbing through those magazines, wondering if I’d see my own face staring back at me.

We finished lunch and I helped Mia with the dishes. Then she took me to her bedroom and picked out her tennis clothes from the closet, a short pleated white skirt and a sleeveless white knit sweater. We were just about the same size, at least before she got pregnant, so the skirt and sweater fit pretty well. I was about to lace up my sneakers again when Mia stopped me, pulling something from her dresser.

“You should wear these,” she said, “so no one will see your pants.”

“What are they?” I asked.

“Panties,” she replied. “Tennis panties.” She held them out so I could step into them, and she pulled them up my legs, her hands lingering just a little too long on my bottom. I lifted the skirt and looked in the mirror; the tennis panties were covered with rows of ruffles, like the ones that Mr. O’Hare had bought for me to wear with that awful communion dress. I shuddered at the memory of him forcing his fat cock into my cleft, and wondered if I could just wear the bottoms from my bikini swim suit instead, but Mia seemed to like how they looked on me.

“You look so pretty, Anne,” she said, her hand resting on the small of my back. “Come, let’s see if there’s a court available.”

She rummaged through a hall closet for her tennis racket, called the dog and snapped a leash on his collar, and we walked a few blocks down to the clubhouse, stopping every twenty feet so Schultzie could sniff or piss on just about every fence post or street sign. There were only two people on the court, a young man in white shorts and a pale blue shirt, and an older woman with bronzed skin, her graying hair tied back into a ponytail. They were hitting a bright chartreuse ball back and forth, while he shouted out tips in a French-accented voice. Mia and I watched them for a while, until the man caught the ball in his hand and approached the net to talk to the woman. I couldn’t hear what he was saying, but something made

her laugh and kiss him on the cheek. She squeezed his hand and walked off the court, slipping a vinyl bag over her racket and heading towards a soda machine.

“Jean-Paul! Jean-Paul!” Mia called out. The man waved and walked over, kissing Mia on the cheek. They started conversing in French, which I couldn’t understand. I picked up one of the balls that was scattered around the court and started bouncing it.

“Anne? This is Jean-Paul,” Mia said, introducing me. He held out his hand and I shook it, getting an extra squeeze from him in return.

“My pleasure,” he said.

“Jean-Paul has time to give you a lesson,” Mia said. “Would you like that?”

“Yes, please,” I said. Jean-Paul winked at me and said something else to Mia, making her laugh. He was really cute, mid - to late-twenties, not very tall but in wonderful shape, his skin tanned from the Arizona sun, his unruly black hair held back from his face with a white terrycloth headband.

“Excellent,” he said. “We start with the basics.”

“Have fun, Annie,” Mia said, squeezing my arm. “I’m going back to the house to finish work and wait for the kids to come home from school.”

“Thanks,” I said. “I’ll see you soon.”

I didn’t think I’d be playing tennis like a pro after an hour of lessons, but I must have been doing pretty well for a beginner. Jean-Paul showed me how to grip the racket, forehand and backhand, standing behind me and guiding my arm through an arc. It took me a while to get the hang of serving the ball, and I hit the net more times than I cleared it, but that just gave him a chance to stand behind me again and correct my form. That was the best part, so far as I was concerned. I didn’t care if I learned how to play or not; just feeling his hands on me was enough. By the end of our hour together, we were volleying the ball back and forth while he shouted “Bon! Bon!” or “That’s right! Follow through! Yes!”.

Jean-Paul bought me a soda afterwards, and we chatted for a while as we cooled down on a long wooden bench. There was a bead of sweat dripping down from his temple, and it was all I could do to keep from leaning over and licking it from his skin.

“You come back next week, no?” he said. “Another lesson?”

“I’d love that,” I said. Jean-Paul gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and squeezed my hand, heading into the clubhouse to shower. I felt compelled to follow him, to lather his tanned skin and rinse it off with my tongue. I could feel myself blushing as I walked off the court, back to the house.

“How did it go?” Mia asked as she stood at the kitchen counter, chopping scallions for dinner.

“It was fun,” I said. “Thanks.”

“I’m happy you liked it,” she said. “He’s a cute one, isn’t he?”

“Yes, he really is,” I replied. “He wants to give me another lesson next week. Is that okay?” I knew that these lessons weren’t exactly free.

“Of course, Anne. You’re here to enjoy yourself.”

“Thank you,” I said, giving her a kiss on the cheek. It was her turn to blush now.

Mia graciously refused any of my offers to help her with dinner, insisting that I relax before our meal. I thanked her and headed to Dana’s room to take a shower and change out of the tennis outfit she’d lent me. As I walked down the hallway I could hear the kids bounding through the front door, excited that it was Friday, the start of their weekend. As I stood in the bathroom and took off the tennis clothes, I could hear David and Dana, in their rooms adjoining the shared bathroom, dropping book bags on the floor, drawers opening and closing as they changed out of their school clothes.

I stepped into the shower and started lathering myself. It hadn’t been too hot during the lesson, but I’d worked up a sweat anyway. As I soaped up my breasts, I thought about the handsome tennis pro, how I wished that it was his hands on my skin instead of my own. I reached for the shower head, pulling it from its bracket, and adjusted the dial to one of the massage settings, spraying the pulsing jets of water over my nipples first, and then working lower, down to my cleft, making the soap suds pool around my feet.

I closed my eyes and imagined Jean -Paul naked, dressed only in sneakers as he served the ball over the net, his cock dangling from between his legs as he followed through on his stroke. I imagined myself naked, too, my small breasts jiggling as I returned his serve, watching his muscular legs tense as he chased the ball and whacked it with a backhand stroke. I moved my hands from my nipples down to my sex, spreading my labia and directing the powerful flow of water over my swollen clit.

My legs felt weak as I began to come, and I leaned against the tile wall of the shower, running the water back and forth over my cunny, imagining that it was Jean -Paul’s tongue. I pictured myself lying on

one of the courtside benches while he licked my sex, circling my button with his tongue before lashing it directly. That was all I needed, and my legs gave out as I came, shuddering on the floor of the bathtub as I squealed with pleasure.

Suddenly I heard one of the doors slide open. I froze, the shower massage still pulsing against my pussy. A hand pulled the curtain aside: it was David, his eyes wide as he looked me up and down. I aimed the shower head at him, soaking his face and most of his shirt.

“Sorry!” he cried out, letting go of the shower curtain and jumping back.

“Fuck off!” I shouted, feeling my face turn red.

“I...I heard a scream,” he stammered. “I thought you fell or something.”

“Get out,” I said, picking myself up from the floor of the tub. David left quickly, sliding the door closed behind him. I grabbed a towel and dried myself off, wrapping it around me. I was about to return to Dana’s room, to get dressed, when I began to regret yelling at David. He must have heard me cry out when I came and, thinking that I might have slipped in the shower, came in to see if I was okay. Instead of opening the door to Dana’s bedroom, I slid open the opposite door, the one that led to David’s room.

“David, I’m sorry that I...,” I began to say. Then I saw him, sitting on his bed, his shorts down around his ankles, stroking his hard boycock. He looked up at me, his eyes wide with surprise.

“Annie!” he cried out. I started to laugh; this was just too funny. First he’d barged in on me and seen me naked, now I was walking in on him while he jerked off. I closed the bathroom door behind me and sat next to him on his bed.

“Let me do that for you,” I whispered, putting one arm around his shoulders and reaching into his lap with my other hand, gently stroking his cock. He’d started to wilt when I startled him, but soon he was hard again. David had a pretty big cock for a twelve-year-old boy, and I wondered how big he’d be when he grew up.

“Annie...,” he gasped, enjoying the soft touch of my fingers on his smooth shaft. I kissed his cheek and he turned his head, pressing his lips against mine. It must have been his first real kiss, and he wasn’t sure what to do with his tongue, but soon he had the right idea.

“I’m sorry I yelled at you,” I whispered, breaking off our kiss. “You were just trying help.”

“I thought you fell,” he said again. “I’m sorry I walked in on you.”

“I know, baby,” I cooed. “That was sweet of you.” I loosened the towel and let it fall from my body, reaching for his hand and cupping it around one of my breasts. He squeezed me gently as I continued stroking his hardness.

“Lay back, Davy,” I whispered, gently pushing him back on the bed. I got down on the floor and kneeled between his legs, slowly leaning forward and kissing the tip of his boycock, making him gasp in surprise and pleasure. I parted my lips and took him into my mouth, slowly sinking my lips down his shaft as I bathed the underside of his cock with my tongue.

David’s hips began to move, making the bed squeak quietly as I sucked him. I fondled his fuzzy balls and stroked his shaft with my fingertips, feeling his cock twitch and tense inside my mouth, dancing between my lips like a small animal. His penis began to twitch again, harder this time, and I could feel his thighs begin to tense. I heard him gasp again, and he began to come, a single jet of semen erupting from his glans. I swallowed his boycum, keeping him in my mouth until he began to soften, licking the last drops of sperm from his cock. He was smiling when I released him from my lips. I got up from between his legs and wrapped the towel around me, laying next to him on his bed and snuggling with him. He gently stroked my arm, and I felt goosebumps begin to emerge.

“Is that your father?” I asked. There was a picture next to his bed, a framed photograph of his mother next to a black man in a baseball uniform, the word “PADRES” written on the front of his shirt.

“Yes,” he said, looking a bit sad.

“You miss him?”

“I never met him,” David said. “He left before I was born.”

“I’m sorry, baby,” I said, kissing his smooth face. Like Dana, he had some of his mother’s features, her eyes, her nose, but with his father’s full lips and angular face.

“It’s okay,” he said. “Mom always said he was a dick.”

“I’m sorry,” I said again, kissing him on the lips. “I’ve got to go get dressed. Thanks for coming to my rescue.”

“Next time I’ll knock,” he laughed. I playfully poked him in the ribs and got up from the bed, walking through the bathroom, back to Dana’s room. She’d changed into a short sundress and was lying in bed, reading a book. I closed the door quietly, trying not to disturb her.

“Hi, Annie,” she said, closing her book around a bookmark.

“Hi, Dana,” I replied. “Don’t let me stop you, honey. I just need to grab my clothes and get dressed.”

“It’s okay,” she said. “I was almost done, anyway.” She put the book aside and sat up in bed. I was going to just get my jeans and sweater and change in the bathroom, but I thought about it for a moment and decided that it was okay to get dressed in front of Dana. After all, she was my half-sister. I dropped the towel and reached into the bottom drawer of her dresser for my underwear, picking out a bra and panties, white lycra trimmed with pale pink lace. As I pulled the panties up my thighs, Dana reached for the bra, holding it against her flat chest and threading her arms through the straps. I laughed and sat down on the bed next to her, clasping the bra behind her back. She smiled and pressed the cups against the bodice of her dress.

“You’ll have your own soon enough,” I said, unclasping the bra.

“Titties?” she said, giggling and blushing.

“Those, too,” I said. She handed me the bra and watched as I slipped it on, adjusting the cups against my breasts and reaching back to fasten the hook and eye clasps.

“I’ll do that,” Dana said.

“Thanks.” I told her which of the two rows of eyelets to snap the hooks into and straightened out one of the straps, which had twisted over my shoulder. Then I wriggled into my jeans and pulled my sweater on over my head. As Dana sat on the bed and watched me get dressed, I could see her unconsciously feeling her chest, checking to see if she’d started growing. I smiled, remembering how I’d done the same thing when I was her age, just five years ago. I gave her an affectionate kiss on the cheek and gathered the tennis clothes Mia had lent me. Dana smiled and went back to her book.

The housekeeper, a young Hispanic woman in a light blue uniform, was in the laundry room, placing a load of t-shirts, underwear, and socks in the washer. I handed her the tennis skirt and the ruffled panties, and she smiled and nodded, adding them to the load. The sweater would have to be hand washed, so I put that aside. As I passed through the kitchen, I stopped to see what Mia had made for dinner, coq au vin, onion soup, and salad.

“Smells wonderful,” I said.

“Thank you,” Mia replied, taking a sip of wine. “Would you like a glass?”

“Please.” Coq au vin was one of the dishes Julia used to make, and it was the basis of the safe word we had used when she tied me to her bed, “chicken”. I only had to say “chicken” and she would know that I had reached my limit. Mia poured me a glass of white wine, and I sat with her while she finished preparing dinner.

“I wish you’d let me help you,” I said. There was something about having a woman seven months pregnant cooking for me that just didn’t sit right.

“Nonsense,” she scoffed. “But if it is any consolation, Frank is going to hire a cook in a few weeks, so I will be off my feet for the last two months before the baby’s due.”

“That’s great,” I said, reaching across the table for her hand. Mia was so sweet, and I was starting to wonder what she saw in my father. Sure, he was handsome, and he seemed to be doing pretty well selling real estate, but he had that dark side. I’d known that even when I was just a little girl.

“Speak of the devil,” Mia said, hearing his key in the front door. My father came into the kitchen and kissed Mia, and then me.

“Smells great,” he said, putting his briefcase down on the floor.

“One of your favorites,” Mia said, getting up to stir something on the stove. “Be ready in an hour.” She poured my father a glass of wine.

“Good. I’m going to take a shower first,” he said, giving her another kiss and leaving with the wineglass.

“So you two made up?” I asked Mia. He’d slept on the couch in his den the night before, after the scene he’d made at the restaurant.

“This morning,” Mia said, sitting down at the kitchen table again. “He said he was sorry. He told me he was thinking of seeing a counselor.”

“That’s good,” I said. Maybe there was hope for him yet.

Dinner was amazing, the coq au vin even better than Julia’s, and that was saying a lot. It was preceded by the salad, and the onion soup, served in crockery bowls, a layer of melted cheese encrusted over the top, a garlicky crouton floating beneath. We had another bottle of wine, and even David and Dana

had some, just a half of a glass. Between courses, David reached under the table for my hand, giving it a quick squeeze. He'd been so shy when I first met him that this gesture caught me by surprise.

After dinner we went out to see a movie, something my father's family did almost every Friday night. "Clash of the Titans" was playing, and though it was sort of scary for Dana — she held my hand through the entire movie — David loved it. We went out for ice cream afterwards, and then back to the house. While Mia put the kids to bed, my father said he wanted to talk to me about something. I followed him into the living room and sat on the couch while he poured himself a scotch, and a glass of wine for me. He handed me the wineglass and sat next to me.

"I think you already know what I'm going to ask you, Anne, right?" he asked me, laying his arm along the back of the couch and stroking my hair. I took a sip of my wine and closed my eyes.

"Yes, Daddy." His gentle touch felt nice, soothing me, relaxing me.

"We'd really love for you to come live with us," my father said. "And it's not just me. Mia, too. She really likes you, Annie. And Dana looks up to you. Did you see the way she was looking at you during dinner? She'd love to have a big sister."

"I don't know, Daddy," I said. I really didn't. Maybe if I hadn't found my panties in his desk drawer, stiff with his semen, or those magazines. Maybe if he hadn't jerked off in Dana's room the night before. But those were also reasons to stay with him: I felt like I had to protect Dana from him, the way I'd tried to protect little Megan from Father Ken. But I'd failed to do even that. Megan had almost died in my arms, her blood on my hands. I'd gotten her to the hospital in time to save her life, but I wasn't able to prevent the priest from hurting her. That was a burden I would carry for the rest of my life.

"I know it's an important decision. You don't have to decide now," my father said, taking another sip of his scotch. "I won't try to persuade you any more. I've laid my cards on the table. It's all up to you. But I want you to think about this, seriously. When you called me I was so happy I could burst. It was just like the day when Mia told me that she was expecting. I thought I'd lost you forever, and then you found me. It was the happiest day of my life."

"Oh, Daddy," I whispered. His eyes were glistening, like he was about to cry, but I could tell he was trying hard to maintain control. I scooted over on the couch and snuggled next to him, and he put his arm around me, holding me close, kissing the top of my head, sniffing back his tears.

“I love you, princess,” he said.

“I love you, too, Daddy.”

We sat there for a while, silently, quietly, and then he got up to refill his drink. I sipped the last of my wine, and as he sat back down on the couch with his scotch, I kissed him on the cheek.

“I’m going to sleep, Daddy.”

“Good night, Annie. Get a good night’s sleep. I want to show you around the city tomorrow.”

“Good night, Daddy,” I said, going into the kitchen to put my glass in the dishwasher before heading off to Dana’s bedroom.

I managed to find my chemise in the dark, taking it into the bathroom to change for bed, trying to make as little noise as possible. Dana was already asleep, and I didn’t want to wake her. After I changed, I climbed into the cot slowly, to keep it from creaking too loudly. Dana stirred in her bed, but didn’t wake from her slumbers. I laid my head on the pillow, tired, groggy from the wine I’d had, and fell asleep.

\* \* \*

Her shrieking woke me up. For a split-second, I thought I was back in the shelter, and that it was Megan in the bed next to me instead of Dana. I bolted up from the cot and put my arms around her. She wasn’t crying, but she had a terrified look on her face, her lower lip quivering.

“Just a nightmare, baby,” I whispered, stroking her long curly hair. “Just a nightmare.”

“Annie...,” she whimpered.

“Was it the movie?” I asked. She nodded and started to relax as she realized that it was just a picture, that Medusa wasn’t real. I started to let go of her, but she clung to me.

“Can I sleep with you?” Dana asked.

“The cot’s pretty small, sweetie,” I said, starting to get up from her bed.

“Then stay with me,” she pleaded, tugging at my arm.

“Okay,” I said. “Just for a while.” I slipped under the sheets and laid down next to her. Dana rolled over and snuggled against my side, her head resting on my shoulder, her leg between my thighs.

“Good night, baby,” I whispered, kissing her button nose. Dana smiled and closed her eyes as I stroked her hair and caressed her back. I closed my eyes as well and started to drift off to sleep again.

Except Dana didn't seem to be sleepy just then. I'd stopped stroking her, not wanting to keep her awake, just resting my hand in the small of her back, and I felt her begin to move her bottom slightly, back and forth, grinding her cleft against my hip bone. She began to breathe heavier, a sharp intake of air, almost a gasp passing her lips. I turned my head and looked at her. Dana's eyes were half open, and there was an unmistakable expression of hunger on her face.

Dana hugged me tighter, and I wondered why she was being so bold with her desire. Was it the scary movie, the nightmare? Fright sometimes had that affect on me, especially when I was younger, watching monster movies on television with Del. I remember screaming during "The Creature From the Black Lagoon" and then screaming later, in Del's bed, while I rode his hardness, my fear turning to sheer horniness.

Or was Dana like me, our father's daughters, sexually precocious, overly curious about the pleasures our bodies could give us. I was Dana's age when Luci and I began our explorations, voraciously consuming any information about sex that we could get our hands on, playing with her mother's vibrator, learning how to kiss and make love with each other. I thought about Luci as I began to caress Dana's back again, cupping her skinny little bottom through her nightie. She almost felt like Luci.

Dana reached down and pulled the front of her nightgown up, pressing her bare cunny against my hip, moving it back and forth. Her sex felt hot and damp against my skin, and I began to press my own flower back against her thigh. She let out another gasp as I slipped my hand under the back of her nightie, caressing her soft cheeks, my fingers lightly probing her cleft, dancing over her puffy labia, making her press harder against me.

I leaned my head forward on the pillow and kissed her soft lips, gently nibbling them. Dana pressed her lips against mine but, like her brother, her tongue was shy, hesitantly touching mine. I squeezed her bottom and she began to hump me faster, pushing forward against my hip and then back against my fingers, her thigh grinding across my cleft. I reached down and pulled up my chemise so she could feel my heat against her skin as well.

"Feel good, baby?" I whispered. Dana nodded.

"You like to touch yourself?" She shook her head.

“My pillow sometimes, sometimes Mr. Beary Bear,” Dana said. I looked over at the big stuffed animal that was sitting on her chair, picturing her humping the plush toy, its furry leg pressed between her thighs, her nightie bunched up around her hips, her little ass moving back and forth.

“Let me show you something,” I said. “Lie back, honey.” Dana slowly stopped grinding her sex against my hip and rolled on to her back. I folded the sheets aside and lifted her nightgown over her chest, exposing her little brown nipples. Leaning over her slim form, I began to kiss and lick her areola, making her moan softly in the dark bedroom.

She spread her legs as I gently caressed her thighs, lightly grazing her labia with my fingertips before pressing them inside her sex. She was damp down there, but not wet enough, and I brought my fingers to my lips to moisten them, returning to her cleft. As I probed her little cunny, Dana arched her back slightly, letting me slip my other hand around her slim waist.

“Oh!” she said softly when I began to circle her tiny clit with a wet fingertip. Humping her stuffed toy or her pillow might have produced a pleasant enough sensation, but this new feeling caught her by surprise.

“Feel nice?” I asked her. Dana nodded and smiled, and I continued circling her little button, never touching it directly. Her hips began to move, her chest started to heave, and when I touched her clit directly, she let out a louder gasp and I felt her start to shudder. I pressed my thumb against her pearl and started probing her wet slit with my other fingers.

“Annie...,” she gasped. I could feel Dana getting wetter down there as she humped my fingers, her breathing growing heavier, a series of short, sharp breaths escaping her parted lips, and then a deep breath as she pressed her quivering thighs together, arching her back higher off of the mattress.

“Ah...ah...ah...,” she moaned, and then a long “Ahhhhh...” as she relaxed against the bed, parting her thighs to release my fingers. She wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me close against her flat chest, letting out a long contented sigh. I caressed her flat belly and stretched out next to her, finding her lips with my own. Her tongue was anything but shy now.

“You do that...to yourself?” she asked, a look of wonder on her face.

“Yes, sweetie,” I whispered. “It’s great, isn’t it?” Dana nodded and touched herself tentatively, grazing her little clit with her finger, shivering slightly, still sensitive from her climax.

“Can I watch you...?” Dana said.

“Some other time,” I replied. “Let’s get to sleep, baby.” Dana nodded and snuggled against me, pressing her warm skin against my own and closing her eyes. I was pretty horny, and I probably would have come quickly, but I didn’t want to make any noise. It was one thing to pleasure myself in the shower, where the sound of running water would mask my stifled cries of delight, but a quiet home in the middle of the night was another matter. I could wait until morning.

I woke up just before dawn and slowly extricated myself from Dana’s arms, straightening out my chemise and crawling back into the cot. Dana stirred and murmured something, but didn’t wake. I hoped her dreams were more pleasant now.

\* \* \*

## Chapter Three - Roadrunner

Dana woke me up the next morning. It was still early, not even 7:30 in the morning, and I wanted to get some more sleep. Dana was insistent, getting into the cot and snuggling against me, kissing my cheek and lips until she knew I was awake.

“Bugs Bunny is on,” she said, gleefully. “C’mon, Annie.”

I let her drag me out of bed, stopping only to grab my kimono, and following her into the living room, where she turned on the television and sat cross-legged on the floor. I could hear David waking up, too, and he padded down the hallway in his bathrobe, sitting down next to his sister on the hearth rug. Even the dog joined us, stretching out at our feet.

I got up and went into the kitchen, putting on a pot of coffee and pouring three bowls of cereal, bringing them into the living room on a tray. We sat in front of the television, munching our breakfast while we watched that scrawny rabbit outsmart Elmer Fudd. I’d seen these cartoons many times before, watching them with Paco on Saturday mornings, but watching them with Dana was like seeing them anew.

Roadrunner was on next, and the desert landscape reminded me of some of the places I’d seen from the airliner as we approached Phoenix. My father had taken the day off to show me around town, just some sightseeing, touristy stuff. I made a note to ask him to show me the desert, the wasteland just beyond the hills.

My father and Mia woke up about an hour later, joining us in the living room with their coffee. David and Dana were disappointed to hear that they were going shopping with Mia; they’d prefer to come sightseeing with my father and I. While Mia went into the kitchen to make some breakfast for Frank and herself, the kids pleaded with their father to let them come along, to no avail. I took a quick shower and got dressed, black tank top, denim miniskirt, and a grey sweatshirt.

My father drove me all around the city, Downtown Phoenix, Mesa, Scottsdale, Tempe. He showed me the university, we spent some time at the zoo, had lunch at the museum. After we ate he asked me what I wanted to see.

“The desert,” I said. “I want to see the desert.”

“The desert? It’s pretty boring,” my father said. “Wouldn’t you rather go shopping or something?”

“I can shop in Boston,” I said. “But there’s no desert there. I want to see it. Please, Daddy?”

“Okay, if you insist,” he said. My father made a U-turn and we headed out of town, passing through one of the Indian reservations. It wasn’t like I expected to see teepees or something, but I was still surprised at the trailers and tin-roofed wooden shacks, rusting cars without wheels, sitting on cement blocks, old pickup trucks and jeeps, barefoot kids playing in the dirt. My father turned on to a two-lane road that narrowed down to one lane, and then the pavement abruptly stopped. His Cadillac wallowed over the ruts in the dusty dirt road, and then slowed to a halt between a pair of rocky bluffs that led to a small canyon.

“Here we are,” my father said. “Is it what you thought it would be?”

“I guess,” I said. I suppose I had some image of a sandy sea of dunes, like the Sahara or something. For a desert there was a lot of life: stunted trees, scrubby little shrubs, cactus plants both tall and short, birds, insects, little reptiles that darted back and forth through the undergrowth. My father knew the names of some of the plants, the tall saguaro cactus, the stumpy barrel cactus, mesquite trees, Russian thistle, sagebrush, cottonwood. I got out of the car and walked around as my father reached into the glove compartment for his camera.

“I don’t have any pictures of you, Anne,” he said, taking off the lens cap. “Do you mind?”

“Sure, Daddy,” I said, posing next to a saguaro cactus that was three times my height. He clicked away at the shutter while I posed, just standing there like a tourist.

“Hang on a sec,” I said. It was warmer in the desert than it had been in town, and I pulled my sweatshirt over my head. My tank top rode up with it and, because I wasn’t wearing a bra, I could feel the sun on my nipples. I heard my father press the shutter three times before I was able to tug my tank top back down over my titties.

“Daddy!” I shrieked, throwing the sweatshirt at him. He laughed and caught it on the fly.

“Sorry, princess,” he chuckled. “I couldn’t help it. I’ll expose the film if you want.” I thought about it for a moment. There was no doubt in my mind that he’d jerk off over these pictures, but instead of being disgusted at this thought, I was sort of turned on, thinking about how I’d aroused him. There was a growing bulge in his khaki trousers, and it was a struggle keeping my eyes off of it.

“Don’t bother,” I said. “I don’t mind. Really.” I prove how I felt, I lifted my tank top again, exposing my little breasts to my father. He smiled and brought the camera up to his face, clicking the shutter three more times.

“Where are you going to get these developed?” I asked him. Cecil had his own darkroom, so no one but he had to work with the sexy images he’d taken when I was posing for him.

“I know someone down at the photo lab,” my father replied. “I’ll slip him some cash. My firm gives him all of our business, anyway. He won’t tell.”

So there would be another man looking at my breasts, a stranger who would probably yank his cock while he looked at these pictures, maybe even make copies for himself. I didn’t care. My horniness from the night before started to return; I hadn’t had time to take care of myself in the shower that morning.

I thought about Cecil again as I posed for my father, bending over so he could see my panties, letting my miniskirt ride up my thighs. He opened the trunk of the car and pulled out an old army blanket, spreading it over the car’s hood. I hopped on top of it, feeling the hot metal through the scratchy brown wool. As my father took more pictures, I spread my legs for him, pulled off my tank top, cupped my breasts as if I was offering them to him. In a way, I was.

“Damn, I’m out of film,” my father muttered. I reached for my tank top to pull it back on, but he said “Don’t get dressed just yet.” He pulled another camera from the glove compartment, a Polaroid, the kind that took instant pictures. He opened the camera and inserted a film cartridge.

“I use this when I’m trying to sell a house,” he said. “I take a picture of the happy family in front of their future home and give it to them. Works like a charm.” The camera whirred and spit out a cardboard blank and then he was ready. I leaned back on the hood of the car and unzipped my skirt, wriggling out of it and placing it next to my tank top. Wearing only my white cotton bikini panties and a pair of sneakers, I continued posing for my father. As I spread my arms and legs, he hovered over me, smiling as he clicked through a cartridge of film.

I licked my lips for him, cupped my breasts, pulled my panties up so my labia made an imprint in the cotton crotch, rolled over so he could photograph my bottom, tugged the panties down so my crack was visible. I did everything but show him my pussy. Three cartridges later, he was out of film, and I got dressed again.

We sat in the car and watched the pictures develop, the colors slowly fading in from a light grey haze, becoming clearer and more vivid. My father practically drooled over them, and the bulge in his trousers had grown even larger.

“God, you’ve grown, Annie,” he said, his voice practically crackling with lust.

“Do you think I’m pretty, Daddy?”

“Pretty? Beautiful,” he said. “Just beautiful.” He stacked the pictures together and slipped them into the pocket of his sports jacket, his eyes fixed on my bare thighs. He wanted me then, he wanted to take me on the hood of the car, or in the back seat, to make love to his pretty girl, to feel my sex surround his hardness. He was about to say something but then he shook his head, starting the car and putting it into gear.

“We should get back,” my father said. “Mia will have dinner waiting for us.”

We rode back to the house in silence, and every so often my father would glance over at my thighs again, and then back to the road. My skirt had ridden up a bit, but I made no attempt to pull it back down. When we returned home, my father disappeared into his office, closing and locking the door behind him. I knew he’d gone in there to jerk off, probably with all of the Polaroids of me spread out on top of his desk.

Dana was eager to show me the clothes her mother had bought her that day, the disappointment of not coming with my father and I all but forgotten. She’d been taking dance lessons, ballet, and was proud of her new toe shoes, her leotards and tights, pink wool leg warmers, and a frilly tutu for her first dance recital. I helped her put it on and we went into the kitchen to find Mia, who was beaming proudly as she watched Dana execute a perfect pirouette. Mia poured me a glass of wine, and I led Dana back to her room, helping her out of her outfit and hanging the tutu up in the closet. As I sat on the cot and sipped my wine, I watched Dana slip on her new black velvet leotard. It hugged her slim body, especially her round little bottom, and I felt a little twinge of lust begin to grow in my belly.

“You look so pretty in that, sweetie,” I said. Dana smiled and twirled around, and then she walked over to the cot.

“Thank you,” she said, standing in front of me, an expectant look on her face. I reached out and straightened part of the legband of her leotard that had gotten folded under, exposing a bit of her panties, tugging the black velvet down over the white lace trim.

“You said I could watch you last night,” she whispered. It took a moment to remember what she was talking about: she’d wanted to watch me masturbate after I had showed her how much pleasure her little button could give her.

“I don’t know if there’s enough time right now,” I said. “Dinner’s going to be ready soon.”

“There’s time,” Dana said. “We’re having pork chops and Mommy hasn’t started them yet.” She was right. Mia was still making bread crumbs when we’d gone in to the kitchen to show her Dana’s new outfit. There was no denying that I was horny right then, and as Dana stood before me in her cute little leotard, a pleading look in her big blue eyes, I felt my resolve begin to weaken.

“Okay, baby,” I whispered. “But we’ve got to make this quick, okay? I want you to help me get off.” Dana smiled and nodded vigorously. I stood up from the cot and unzipped my skirt, stepping out of it and laying down on Dana’s bed, which was quieter than that creaky old cot. As I pulled off my tank top, Dana wriggled out of her leotards and climbed into bed next to me, wearing just her panties.

“Touch me here,” I said softly, taking her hand and placing it on my breast.

“I want boobies like yours,” Dana said.

“You’ll have them some day,” I said. I glanced over at the picture of her mother on the table next to Dana’s bed. In the photo, Betsy was wearing a low cut blouse that showed off her ample cleavage. “All this and more.”

Dana looked at the picture of her mother and then at me, smiling as she caressed my little breasts. I had just begun to fill out an A cup bra; my own mother was barely a B.

“That feels nice, honey,” I cooed as Dana fondled me. She leaned in and placed her lips on my nipple, lightly suckling me, just as I’d done for her the night before. I closed my eyes and slipped a hand under the waistband of my panties, squeezing my mons, slipping a finger between my nether lips.

“I want to see,” Dana said, releasing my nipple from her lips when she saw my hand moving inside my cotton undies. I lifted my bottom off the bed and pulled down my underwear, slipping them off my legs. Dana scooted down to the foot of the bed, curling up between my feet to watch me pleasure myself. I spread my legs wider and parted my labia with my fingers, showing her my sex. She watched, fascinated, as I dipped a fingertip in my wet slit and brought it up to my little pearl, slowly circling it, teasing it from its hiding place.

“It’s so wet,” Dana said.

“That’ll happen when you’re older,” I said.

“Why does it get so wet?” she asked.

“It makes sex easier,” I replied. She thought about that for a moment and nodded, watching as I slipped a finger inside my passage while my other hand was busy with my clit. I watched her watching me, and then I closed my eyes and tried to conjure up a fantasy, something to bring me to a quick release.

All I could think of was my father, who at that moment was probably locked in his office, his pants down around his knees, cock in hand, looking at the Polaroids he’d taken that afternoon, jerking off into the panties he’d stolen, while he fantasized about taking me on the hood of his red Cadillac convertible. I tried to picture his cock, thinking back to the times when he used to give me a bath, placing my little hands on his hardness and urging me to stroke him.

I began to picture myself on the hood of the car, lifting my bottom as he pulled down my panties and climbed between my legs. I could almost feel the tip of his hard cock pressing between my labia, pushing into me, every bump and vein on his shaft as he filled me. I began to finger my clit harder, inserting a second finger into my slit, sawing them in and out. My pleasure began to build, starting in my belly, spreading down through my thighs and up to my breasts, taking control of my body as I diddled myself.

I imagined a bird’s eye view of the hood of the car, my father’s tanned body pumping between my legs, my arms wrapped around him, my hips moving to his rhythm, the car bouncing slightly on its front suspension. That was all I needed, and I began to come, stifling my moans as my thighs began to quiver and my bottom lifted up from the bed. I kept fingering myself, though, climbing to a second, higher peak before collapsing back on to the mattress, exhausted and satisfied.

I licked my fingers, tasting my nectar before sitting up and gently pulling Dana on top of me. She giggled and nuzzled my neck as I caressed her smooth back and little bottom. It was then that I noticed that the bathroom door was slightly open, and I caught a glimpse of a single blue eye and a coffee-colored cheekbone in the gap.

“Get in here, Davy,” I said. There was a moment’s pause and then the door slid open. David stood in the doorway and blushed, naked except for the towel wrapped around his waist, an obvious erection

tenting the plush terrycloth material. Dana stared at it, fixated on its bobbing motion, her mouth slightly open, an expression of fascination and lust on her pretty face.

“Sorry...I...sorry...,” he stammered.

“Get over here,” I commanded. He walked over and stood next to Dana’s bed. I reached out and tugged at the towel, pulling it off of his hips, revealing his erect penis.

“How much did you see?” I asked him. “Tell me the truth.”

“Just about all of it,” David replied. “I’m sorry.”

“What do you think we should do with him?” I asked Dana. She shrugged her shoulders.

“I’m sorry, Annie,” he said again.

“Well, you saw me, David,” I said. “It’s only fair that we get to watch you. Right, Dana?” She smiled and nodded her head.

“Watch me what?” he asked.

“Lay down on that cot and jerk off,” I replied.

“No way,” he protested.

“Okay, I’ll just tell Daddy that you were watching us get dressed,” I said.

“No, don’t,” he pleaded. “I’ll do it. Just don’t tell on me.” David reluctantly laid down on the cot next to Dana’s bed, lying on his back and taking a deep breath. I had Dana roll over on to her side and I snuggled up against her back, caressing her flat chest and tummy as we watched him take his cock and balls in his hands, stroking the former and cupping the latter. David closed his eyes and took another deep breath, probably replaying what he’d just seen in his mind.

“I’ve never seen it like that,” Dana said. “It usually isn’t that big.”

“You’ve seen him before?” I asked her.

“Our real mommy used to let us run around without our clothes when we were younger,” Dana said. “Before she left us.”

David smiled when he heard this, remembering another time when he and his sister would parade around the house naked, unashamed. His hips began to move as he stroked his shaft with one hand, holding his foreskin tight with the other. While I watched him masturbate, I slipped my hand inside Dana’s little cotton panties, rubbing her puffy little slit with my fingers. She began to hump my hand, moving her hips

in time with her brother's, grinding her little bottom against my thighs. When Dana began to gasp with delight, David opened his eyes and looked over at us, moving his hips a bit faster when he saw my hand in his sister's panties.

"Your brother has a beautiful cock," I said to Dana. If only there was more time; I would have loved to show her how to put such a nice erection to good use.

My fingers pressed deeper into Dana's damp cunny, finding her little button and circling it with my fingertip. She let out a little moan of pleasure and began to move her hips faster, making my moist finger run back and forth over her clit.

David was stroking his penis quickly now, his breathing becoming fast and shallow, his eyes glued to his sister's crotch. They were both getting close to their release, and I decided to speed things up but pulling Dana's hair away from her face, kissing her neck, and nibbling her earlobe with my lips. She gasped and began to convulse in my arms, humping my hand faster and harder as she came.

Seeing his sister climax had the desired effect on David and, as his fingers danced over his shaft, he drew a sharp breath and his body began to tense, his hips rocking quickly now, making the old cot rattle and creak. Suddenly he stopped in mid stroke, a rosy stream of semen erupting from the tip of his smooth boycock, followed by another, streaking across his body and landing on his chest. He shot a third, smaller spurt which pooled on his belly, still connected to his glans by a thin white thread. David relaxed on the cot, still holding his softening penis, a smile crossing his face.

"Wait, don't do that," I said as I saw David reach for a towel to wipe the sperm from his chest and belly. I pulled my hand from Dana's panties, feeling her little body tremble with a post-orgasmic shiver, and climbed out of her bed, and kneeling next to the cot. Holding my hair back with one hand, I leaned over David's body and began to lick up the semen that was cooling on his skin. He reached over and caressed my back as I cleaned his bronze skin, lapping up his boycum. When all that remained on his chest and stomach was a glistening trail of saliva, I moved down between his legs and began to clean off his soft cock with my lips and tongue.

"Ewww," Dana said, a look of mild disgust on her face. "What does it taste like?" I knew she'd be curious. After I bathed David's flaccid penis, licking the semen from the tip, I went back to her bed and leaned over, kissing her on the lips.

“I like it, but it’s an acquired taste,” I said. Dana just wrinkled her nose and stuck her tongue out. I gave her a sip of my wine to wash the taste from her mouth. As I took a sip of my own, David grabbed his towel and began to get up from the cot.

“Next time ask if you want to watch me,” I said to him. He smiled sheepishly and nodded, heading back to the bathroom and closing the door. Dana and I got dressed for dinner, finishing just in time to hear Mia calling us to the table.

It seemed like everyone was in a good mood at dinner, everyone except Mia. She looked so down, sort of depressed, even though she was trying hard not to show it. It didn’t seem like my father was picking up on this, though. He had a somewhat contented smile on his face, probably from whacking off to the pictures he’d taken earlier. After dinner, I insisted that Mia let us clear the table and do the dishes. She relented, not even putting up much of a fight over it, and headed off to her office, closing the door behind her.

“I think Mia’s feeling a bit down, Daddy,” I said. I was cleaning the last of the pots and pans, handing them to him to dry.

“You think so?” he said, still oblivious.

“That’s the way it seems to me.”

“I’ll go check up on her when we’re finished,” he said.

“Why don’t you go out tonight, just the two of you? I can watch the kids.”

“Would you? That would be great,” my father said. He finished drying the saucepan he was holding and leaned over to kiss me on the cheek. “I’ll go tell Mia.”

About an hour later, Mia and my father came out of their bedroom. They were dressed nicely, and Mia was holding my father’s arm. She wore the burgundy dress she’d worn to dinner the night I flew in; my father was dressed in a nice grey suit. Her mood had changed since dinner, and she was smiling, giggling like a schoolgirl after my father whispered something in her ear. While he went out to start the car, Mia came over to where I was sitting, the living room couch, and sat down.

“Thanks for offering to watch Dana and Davy,” she said, hugging me.

“It’s my pleasure,” I said. “I hope you have some fun tonight.”

“Frank wants to check into a hotel for the night,” Mia said. “I’m not sure if I want to do that, but either way, we’ll be home very late.”

“What time should I put the kids to bed?” I asked her.

“Ten o’ clock for Dana, but Davy can stay up ‘til midnight since it’s Saturday,” she said. Mia opened her purse and pulled out a folded piece of paper. “Here’s the number of the place where we’re going dancing, and if we do end up at a hotel, I’ll call you, okay?”

“Sure,” I said, taking the number from her. “You look lovely.”

“Thanks,” she said, kissing me on the cheek. “There’s an open bottle of wine in the fridge. Help yourself to some.”

“Thank you,” I said. “Have fun.”

“We will,” she laughed, squeezing my hand before getting up from the couch. I watched her leave and then got up and went into the kitchen, pouring a glass of white wine for myself and returning to the couch. Reaching for the remote, I clicked on the television, idly changing channels, looking for something to watch. David and Dana came in and sat on either side of me.

“Where did Mom and Dad go?” Davy asked.

“They went out for the evening,” I said. “Dancing. Just the two of them.”

“They did?” Dana said, looking sort of distressed.

“Hey, sweetie,” I cooed, putting my arm around her. “We can have fun, too. Would you like to dance with me?” Dana nodded, and I shut off the television, walking over to the stereo and finding the sort of swing music Mr. Antonelli loved to dance to, muted trumpets and saccharine saxophones. I kicked off my shoes and walked over to the couch, extending my hand to Dana.

“May I have this dance, Madame,” I said. Dana blushed and giggled, taking my hand. I led her to the middle of the living room and placed one hand on her hip, showing her what Mr. Antonelli had taught me, our bodies pressed together as we danced. Dana was barefoot, so it didn’t hurt too much when she stepped on my toes, though she was trying hard to be careful.

David sat on the couch, looking slightly bored, so I piqued his interest by slipping my hand under Dana’s dress, resting my hand on the small of her back, exposing the back of her little cotton panties in the

process. She and I danced through a couple of slow songs, and when the radio station paused to air a string of commercials, Dana sat back down on the couch. I took this moment to take a big sip of my wine.

“Your turn, David,” I said, once the music had started again.

“No, thanks,” he said.

“C’mon, Davy,” Dana urged. “It’s fun.”

“Please?” I asked him, holding out my hand. Reluctantly, he took it, kicking off his shoes before he got up from the couch. I held him close, both of my hands on his back, our faces barely an inch apart, swaying to the music on the rug in front of the hearth. The dog, curious over what was happening in the living room, padded in from the master bedroom and jumped on the couch, laying his head in Dana’s lap. She petted him while she watched us slow dance.

“Sorry,” David murmured, after stepping on my feet a couple of times.

“That’s okay,” I said. “You’re doing wonderfully.”

“Really?” he asked, surprised.

“Really,” I replied. He pressed a bit closer to me, and I could feel him start to harden in his trousers. I tilted my head slightly and pressed my lips against his, parting them to let his tongue find mine. I let my hands roam lower on his body, squeezing his firm buns, feeling him press his erection against my thigh.

By this point, we weren’t dancing anymore, just feeling each other up, unbuttoning and unzipping clothes, seeking the sensation of skin against skin. David shrugged off his shirt, I stepped out of my skirt, he pulled my tank top over my head, I pushed his jeans down over his hips. We stood there nearly naked, dressed only in our underpants, pressing against each other as we kissed.

I felt another hand on me and broke off our kiss. Dana had gotten up from the couch and taken off her dress, looking up at us as she caressed our skin. We brought her into our embrace and stood together on the rug, the three of us.

“Let’s go back to Dana’s room,” I whispered.

As we walked down the hallway, carrying our clothes, I could hear a soft clicking behind us, Schultzie’s toenails on the wood floor as he followed us into Dana’s bedroom. David and Dana sat on the bed and the dog curled up on the carpet as I closed the door behind us. The kids looked at me with

expressions of anticipation, wondering what we were going to do together. I stood in front of them and skinned off my panties; they immediately did the same. I wasn't exactly sure what we were going to do myself, but seeing David's cock bobbing in his lap gave me a good idea of where to start.

"Come down next to me, Dana," I said, kneeling between her brother's legs. "Watch what I do. You're going to do it after me, okay?" Dana nodded as she knelt next to me. I looked up at David and smiled before leaning into his crotch, taking his hardness in my hand and gently kissing the tip. Then I parted my lips and let his penis enter my mouth, sinking down the length of his shaft, swirling my tongue over the underside as I sucked him. Dana leaned closer, trying to get a better view. I pulled back slowly, releasing the tip from my mouth, licking the bottom of his shaft, all the way down to his fuzzy balls and back up to the tip. David leaned back on his elbows, smiling as I gently stroked his boycock.

"You want to try this, sweetie?" I asked Dana. She thought for a moment and nodded. I made room for her between David's thighs, kneeling behind her so I could coach her through her first blowjob. Dana looked back at me for encouragement, and I smiled for her, caressing her cute little bottom as she leaned into her brother's lap.

"Watch your teeth, Dana, and use your tongue on the bottom of his shaft," I whispered. She nodded, kissing the tip of David's cock, just as I had done. Then she opened her mouth wide and took his hardness into her mouth, clamping her lips down on his shaft. Her rosy little cheeks bulged as she took more of his hard meat, sinking down the length of his tool until it hit the back of her throat, making her cough and release him.

"That's okay, sweetie," I said. "Just suck what you can and use your fingers to stroke the rest of him."

"Is he going to make the white stuff in my mouth?" Dana asked.

"You'll know when he's about to come," I told her. "You'll feel his cock begin to twitch."

"I won't come in your mouth, Dana," David said. "Unless you want me to." Dana wrinkled her nose in disgust, but that didn't stop her from taking her brother's penis in her mouth again. She didn't try to take so much this time and, by looking at David, I could tell she was doing pretty well. I cupped David's balls, feeling them twitch, trying to gauge how close he was getting to his release. I felt his thighs begin to tense as well, and I tugged at Dana's shoulder, pulling her off of his cock.

“Hey, I just about to...,” David protested.

“Yeah, I know,” I said. “Time to switch places.” Dana looked up at me with a quizzical expression.

“Whoa, what do you mean by ‘switch places’?” David said.

“Dana, get up on the bed,” I said. “David, get down here with me.”

“I don’t know about this,” he said.

“She sucked you,” I countered. “It’s only fair.”

“Yeah, but...”

“Okay, you don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do, Davy. Maybe you’d have more fun watching tv.”

“Well...,” he said, thinking about it. “Okay.” He got off of the bed, making room for Dana, who sat on the edge just as he had, her legs dangling over the side, her thighs spread, exposing her little cunny. I was glad that David didn’t call my bluff; I had plans for that sweet cock of his.

I planted a trail of kisses up Dana’s creamy thighs, hesitating for just a second before touching my lips to her puffy labia. Dana took a sharp breath when she felt me probing her slit with my tongue, working slowly up to her little button, teasing it, circling it, making her tiny clit swell. She began to stroke my hair as I ravished her cleft, licking her up and down, lingering at the top as I started to lash her pearl. Dana’s breathing became heavier, her flat chest began to heave, and I could hear her start to softly moan. I swirled my tongue over her clit and then planted a kiss on her hairless lips.

“Okay, your turn,” I said, moving aside so that David could take my place between Dana’s thighs. He held his breath and leaned into her cleft, extending his tongue and pressing it into her slit.

“Start off slow,” I said. “Work your way up to the little bump at the top. That’s her clitoris, okay?”

“I know what it is,” David said. “I’ve seen pictures.”

“I’m sure you have,” I said. “But Dana isn’t a grown-up lady. Her clit is harder to find.” David nodded and returned to Dana’s cunny, feeling around for her button with his tongue. I knew from the way Dana gasped that he’d found it.

“Not too hard,” I coached him. “Work up to that. Start by circling it before you start licking it.” He nodded again, moving his neck in a circular motion as he ravished his sister’s little cunny. I reached up and

began to caress Dana's tummy, feeling her start to tense up as her climax approached. With my other hand, I stroked David's smooth back, encouraging him to pleasure his little sister. Dana began to let out a series of soft cries: "...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...". I knew she was getting close, and I tugged at David's shoulder, pulling him away from her cleft. Dana looked at me with a disappointed expression.

"Let's skip over to Chapter Sixty-Nine in our lesson," I said. "Move over, Dana, so you're lying lengthwise on the bed. Now, David, climb in next to her so you're head to toe." I guided them into position, lining up David's head with Dana's pussy. His half-hard cock lay across his thigh, just inches from Dana's lips. No other instructions were necessary; they knew exactly what to do. As David buried his face between his sister's thighs, Dana took his cock in her mouth and began to nurse him back to hardness.

I sat on the bed next to them, stroking and caressing their smooth skin as I watched them greedily lick and suck each other's goodies. Dana's head bobbed back and forth in her brother's crotch as she sucked his glistening boycock, and David's head was buried between her thighs, his tongue busy in her moist groove. Dana was getting close again, her moans and cries muffled by the penis in her mouth. I cupped her little bottom, probing her crack with my fingers, pressing against her nether hole. I heard her let out a little cry of surprise as I pushed my fingertip inside her, feeling her tight muscle clamp down on my finger. Removing my finger from her bottom, I laid down next to her and began to lick her crack, probing her tiny ass with my tongue. David's face was only inches from mine, and he watched with fascination as I licked Dana's little brown rosebud. She rocked her hips back and forth, seeking her pleasure from the two busy tongues that ravished her tender holes.

Dana's head pressed back against my thighs as she released her brother's cock from her mouth, having the good sense to know that she might hurt him with her teeth when she came. She began to moan loudly, humping her shuddering hips back and forth as her climax took control of her. At one point she shrieked so loudly that the dog got up from his corner and came over to the bed to see what was going on.

"Ungh! Okay! Okay! Stop! Enough!" she pleaded. David and I stopped our oral assault and smiled at each other. His face was wet with her juices, and he clearly looked pleased with himself for making his sister come so hard. I sat up in bed and scooted around to hold Dana in my arms, mopping the sweat from her brow with a corner of the bed sheet.

"You liked that, baby?" I asked her.

“Wow. That was...wow,” she murmured, still out of breath from her intense orgasm. I kissed her lightly on her lips and stroked her rosy cheek, watching the flush fade from her face and chest. David watched us, his head propped up on his elbow, his cock bobbing between his legs.

“Lay back, honey,” I whispered. “I’ll finish sucking David, okay?” All Dana could do was nod and lay back on the bed, a contented smile on her face.

David moved around so that he was laying next to his sister. As she reached for his hand, I crawled between his legs and kissed his glistening boycock. He gasped as I began to suck him, cupping his lovely balls as I swirled my tongue over his smooth shaft. He began to rock his hips back and forth, moving his penis over my wet lips.

Suddenly, I felt something warm and wet between my legs, licking my crack, swishing up and down. I released David’s penis from my mouth and saw Schultzie, his snout buried between my legs, greedily licking my snatch. I reached back and gently swatted him away as David and Dana began laughing hysterically.

“Cut it out!” I shouted at the dog. “Bad doggie! Bad doggie! Go lie down!” Schultzie let out a pathetic little whimper and went back to his corner, curling up and burying his snout between his legs and licking his long red cock. I had to laugh at this, too, though there was part of me that wondered what it would be like to be taken by a dog. A few months before, I’d read that book by Xaviera Hollander, *The Happy Hooker*. In the very first chapter she lets her sister’s German Shepherd mount her and fuck her. I remembered reading that part and feeling both disgust and arousal.

Hollander had let the dog fuck her out of horniness and sheer boredom. However, I had a perfectly good cock in front of me, loaded with boycum and about to squirt. I waited until the laughter had died down and resumed sucking David’s lovely tool, greedily gobbling his bobbing knob, slurping my lips over the tip and sinking lower on his shaft. I ravished his hard young cock with my tongue, and almost immediately I was rewarded with his yummy cream, spurting into my mouth and sliding down my throat. David sat up, almost doubling over as I milked him with my lips, tugging at my shoulder to make me stop.

“Sensitive, sweetie?” I asked him, licking a drop of his semen from my lips.

“Yeah, right after I come,” he said. “That was great, though. Thanks.” He kissed me on the cheek, avoiding my lips, not willing to taste his own spunk. I reached over for my glass of wine, taking a sip and

then passing it to David. He took a big gulp and gave it to his sister, who took a small drink before handing it back to me. I settled back on the narrow bed between them, sandwiched between their smooth young bodies.

“I got some pot,” David said. “Wanna get high?”

“Sure,” I said. It had been a few weeks since I’d smoked. While David got up to get his stash from his room, I went out to the kitchen and poured myself another glass of wine. When I returned, Dana was sitting on the edge of the bed. Schultzie had his snout buried between her thighs, busily licking her little cunny with his long pink tongue.

“Dana!” I shouted. “That’s awful!”

“It feels so good,” she said, tilting her head back and closing her eyes. When David returned from his room with a joint, he couldn’t stop laughing at the sight of his little sister getting head from a German Shepherd.

“Here, play with this instead,” I said, digging into the side pouch of my suitcase and pulling out the little vibrator I’d bought when I was still living at the shelter. I handed it to Dana, pulling Schultzie away from her crotch by his collar. He nuzzled his snout between my legs before slinking back to his corner.

Dana quickly figured out how to turn on the vibrator, twisting the base so that it began to purr in her hand. I showed her how to rub it over her little clit, and she squealed with delight when she felt it make contact with her button.

“It feels like my whole body is humming,” she said. As David lit the joint, we watched Dana lay back on the bed and pleasure herself with the little pink plastic phallus. She tried to slip it into her passage, wincing as it hit her cherry. After that, she contented herself by running it over her puffy lips, pressing it lightly against her clitoris.

Dana didn’t smoke pot, and she was too engrossed with this new toy even if she had smoked, so David and I sat together and passed the joint back and forth, chasing each hit with sips of chilled white wine. He was such a cute boy that I couldn’t keep my hands off of him, caressing his thighs, stroking his back, leaning over and kissing him. His lovely cock began to stir between his legs, and I gently fondled it, feeling it grow between my fingers.

After we finished the joint, I rummaged through my backpack and found my diaphragm. Dana stopped playing with the vibrator and watched as I squirted the spermicidal jelly into the latex disk and folded it, putting a leg up on her chair and slipping it inside my vagina.

“What’s that?” David asked.

“It’s my diaphragm,” I said. “So I won’t get pregnant.”

“You can get pregnant from sucking?” Dana asked.

“No, silly. Just from fucking,” I replied. I watched David’s expression change from curiosity to excitement when he realized what we were about to do.

“We’re...we’re gonna...?” he stammered.

“Not if you don’t want to, honey,” I cooed, kneeling between his legs and kissing the tip of his hard cock.

“I do, I do,” David said, eagerly. I sucked him for a couple of minutes, just to get him hard and wet, though I was so horny from watching the two of them pleasure each other that any more lubrication really wasn’t necessary. Dana scooted off of the bed, lying down on the cot, on her side, rubbing the vibrator over her slit as she watched me lie down on her bed and spread my legs.

“Do you want me to lick you?” David asked. “I’ll do it if you want.”

“That won’t be necessary,” I said. “Kiss me first, play with my titties a little, okay?” David smiled and knelt between my legs, pressing his lips against mine. I reached down and stroked his hardness, feeling it twitch between my fingers. He began to kiss my neck, my shoulders, lingering at my breasts as he suckled one nipple and then the other. I gently tugged at his cock and guided it between my legs, using the tip to part my nether lips.

“Start off slow,” I whispered. “Make it last.” David nodded and pressed forward with his hips, his sweet, smooth shaft slowly filling my warm passage. I could feel the tension in his body, a resistance against the compulsion to start thrusting wildly. “That’s right...slowly...slowly,” I cooed, feeling the base of his cock pressing against my labia. I ran my hands over his smooth back as we lay together, connected, gently nibbling each other’s lips. I looked into David’s pale blue eyes and nodded, and he began to thrust, slowly pulling out until only his glans remained inside me.

I held his firm buns, regulating his movements, keeping him from thrusting too quickly. I could hear Dana moving on the old cot, trying to get a better view of her brother's sweet cock as it plunged in and out of my hungry sex. His penis was big for a twelve-year-old boy, about five inches in length, with a long glans and a slight upward curve that pressed against my sensitive inner spot.

"Feel good, baby?" I asked him.

"Yeah...yeah...great...", he gasped, lost in this new sensation. I squeezed David's buns, letting him know that he could go a bit faster, clenching my muscles around his shaft as I met his thrusts with my hips. He gasped again as he felt my passage become tighter, gripping David's penis as it plunged in and out of my greedy sex.

"Faster...faster...", I whispered, feeling my pleasure begin to grow, the sensation starting between my legs and spreading through my body. David closed his eyes for a moment and then he hooked his arms under my knees and lifted my legs up over his shoulders, plunging his lovely cock deep inside me, fucking me harder, faster. I let go of his ass, letting him set the pace of our coupling. Even so, he stayed in control, keeping an strong, even rhythm. The tingling in my limbs began to intensify, and a moment later I was coming beneath him, digging my heels into his back as he pumped my spasming cunny.

David released my legs, letting them fall from his shoulders, and I wrapped them around his waist, urging him to fill me with his wonderful hardness. I clung to him with my quivering limbs, nearly immobilizing him. He was a strong kid, though, and he kept thrusting, the muscles in his back tensing and relaxing as he fucked me. I reached another peak, writhing and moaning beneath him as this delightful feeling washed over me. My ecstasy began to subside, but David didn't even seem close to coming.

"Come for me, Davy," I whispered. These words never failed to bring release to my lovers, and David was no exception. His hips began to speed up, but there was a hitch in his rhythm, a hesitation at the apex of each stroke. I clenched myself around his smooth shaft and felt him twitch, once, then twice, and then a third time as he began to spurt his hot seed inside me. David had already come once that night, so there wasn't much left in his balls, but I could still feel the warmth of his semen inside my sex.

"Annie...", he said. I silenced him with a kiss. He relaxed on top of me, resting his head on my shoulder as I caressed his back. I could hear the purring of the vibrator next to us as Dana pleased herself, having watched her older brother lose his virginity in her bed.

“Ow! Owwww!” Dana shrieked. David lifted his head and I turned to face the cot next to us. She’d managed to force the vibrator inside her little cunny and, despite the pain, she was still pressing it inward. I pushed David off of me and climbed out of bed, brushing her hands from the pink rubber toy, slowly pulling it out of her cleft. There was a streak of blood on the vibrator.

“Dana, baby, what happened?” I asked her. Tears were beginning to flow down her cheeks.

“I tried...I tried to...” She couldn’t get the words out, but I knew what she’d done. Dana saw how much pleasure her brother’s cock had given me and she wanted to feel it for herself.

“Here, baby. Drink some of this,” I said, handing her my glass of wine. She took a big gulp and tried to smile, but her lower lip quivered and her tears continued to flow..

“David, get me a towel, willya?” He sprung off the bed and ran into the bathroom, returning with a fresh towel. I made Dana lift her bottom for a moment and slid the terrycloth under her bottom so she wouldn’t stain the sheets. I blotted the blood from her puffy red lips and held her in my arms as she began to cry.

“I know it hurts, baby. I know,” I cooed, rocking her back and forth. I thought about Megan, the little girl at the shelter, how she almost bled to death in my arms. I felt a chill run down my spine, wondering if I’d have to take Dana to the hospital as well.

“Let me look at you, baby,” I said, gently laying her down on the bed. She spread her legs and I parted her puffy labia. Dana’s cherry was torn down the middle, clean through, but the bleeding looked like it was abating. I held her in my arms again and dried her tears with a tissue.

“I’ll be back in a minute,” David said, heading through the bathroom to his bedroom, returning a moment later with another joint and an orange plastic vial, some sort of prescription medicine. He opened the vial and tapped a couple of pills into his palm.

“Codeine,” he said. “From when I broke my arm last year.”

“Just give her half,” I said. She’d had some wine, and I knew that alcohol and pills weren’t the best combination. David broke one of the pills in half with his thumbnail and handed it to me.

“Take this, baby,” I said. Dana swallowed the pill, washing it down with some wine. Just then, the phone rang.

“It’s Daddy and Mia,” I said, getting up from the bed. “I’ll get it.” I grabbed the near-empty wine glass and walked to the kitchen.

They’d decided to spend the night together in a hotel downtown, and were calling to let me know. I let out a silent sigh of relief, glad that I wouldn’t have to face them that night or try to cover up what had happened to Dana. I could hear music in the background, and Mia sounded a bit tipsy, even though she was on a one-glass-of-wine daily limit during her pregnancy. She cut the phone call short, and I could hear my father laughing on the other end of the line before she hung up.

I poured another glass of wine and let out another sigh, audible this time, taking a sip and leaning against the counter. I should have seen this coming, I should have known that Dana would want to feel what I felt. I’d only been here a few days and already I was her big sister, someone she looked up to, someone she wanted to emulate. I shook my head and walked back to her bedroom.

“Good news. They’re spending the night at a...” I didn’t even have a chance to finish my sentence. David was hovering over his sister, his cock nearly hard again, the tip nestled inside Dana’s blood-streaked labia. She had a look of pure lust on her face, her skinny legs wrapped around his waist, digging her heels into the small of his back, urging him to fill her with his lovely tool.

“Hey! What the fuck...?” I shouted. David turned his head, looking at me over his shoulder.

“She...she wanted to...,” he said.

“Get off of her,” I demanded. “Dana? Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she said. “It doesn’t hurt so much anymore.”

David reluctantly climbed off of the cot and sat on Dana’s bed while I examined her again. The bleeding had stopped.

“You really want to do this?” I asked her. She nodded. “You’re going to be sore in the morning.”

“I know, Annie,” Dana said. “I want to feel him. I want to fuck him like you did.”

I looked over at David. He just shrugged his shoulders.

“Okay, but let’s do this right,” I said. “We’ll need some lubricant for starters.” I got up from the cot and went into the bathroom. There was nothing suitable, just sunscreen, Vaseline, hand lotion. I went into the master bedroom and looked through the bedside drawers, finding a half tube of KY jelly. Bingo. I brought it into Dana’s bedroom.

“David? Lay back on Dana’s bed,” I said. He did as he was told, his half-hard cock laying over his thigh like a slumbering snake. I uncapped the tube of KY and squirted some along the length of his shaft, feeling him harden in my hand. That’s one of the things I loved about boys his age, their regenerative powers, erections on demand.

“Okay, baby. Let me know if this hurts,” I said to Dana, lubricating her tender passage. She winced as I touched her torn hymen, but didn’t say a word. She was determined to see this through. I rubbed some of the jelly on her little clit, seeing her start to move her hips in response.

“That feels good,” she murmured, the codeine making her slur her speech a bit. I helped her off of the cot and on to her bed, where she straddled her brother’s hips.

“You sure about this, baby?” I asked her. Dana smiled and nodded. “Promise me you’ll tell me if it hurts too much, okay?”

“I will,” she said, a dreamy expression on her face as I brought David’s glistening cock up to her little cunny. The tip slipped in easily, and Dana began to settle down on his shaft. I kneeled behind her, straddling David’s knees, holding Dana by the waist, keeping her from taking him too deep.

“Ahh...ahhh...uh...,” she moaned. “Wait...stop.”

“What the matter, sweetie?” I asked her.

“It hurts,” she said. “Just a little.”

“Want to stop?”

“No. Please, no.”

“Take it slow, baby,” I whispered. “Take it easy.” Dana nodded and continued her slide down her brother’s slick shaft. Over her shoulder I could see an expression of amazement on David’s face as his cock disappeared into his sister’s tight little hole.

“Ready, baby?” I asked Dana, once her brother’s cock was buried to the hilt.

“Yessss...,” she sighed, her body trembling in my arms. I wrapped them tight around her chest and slowly began to pull her up, off of David’s hardness, letting just the tip linger inside her before settling back down. It was as if I was fucking David with Dana’s cunny.

David reached for his sister’s hands and held them, their fingers intertwined, supporting her upper body as she slowly moved up and down on his stiff pole. Dana’s hips began to move on their own, a

rhythm as old as life itself, and I stopped guiding her. I pulled her long curly locks aside and kissed her neck, my hands roaming over her flat chest and the gentle swell of her belly, moving lower to her cleft, feeling David's glistening shaft as it moved in and out of her sex. Dana gasped when I started teasing her clit, her breathing getting heavier, soft moans of pleasure escaping her lips.

"How's that feel, Dana?" I asked her.

"So...so good," she said, breathlessly. I didn't have to ask David how it felt; his smile said enough.

Dana's trembling began to grow, becoming a shudder, a shake, and then a nearly convulsive spasm as she approached her climax. As I lashed her clit with my fingertip, she began to hump her brother's cock with short, shallow strokes until her orgasm made her lose all control. Dana collapsed on her brother's chest and he wrapped his arms around her, holding her still. There were tears in her eyes, tears of pleasure, and her contented smile lit up the room. I lay next to them, caressing her back, kissing her cheeks before helping her off of her brother's hardness and back on to the cot. As she lay there with a dreamy expression on her face, I examined her again, looking for signs of new bleeding. She was fine.

"Shouldn't let this go to waste," I said to David, gently stroking his hard, well-lubricated cock. He smiled, eager to feel another pussy wrapped around his dick. I had other ideas, though.

Reaching for the tube of KY, I squirted some on my finger and spread my cheeks with my other hand, greasing up my tight nether hole. David moved aside as I stretched out on the bed, laying flat on my belly and spreading my legs slightly. David climbed on top of me, and I could feel the tip of his cock poking at the entrance to my sex.

"Not there," I said. "Here." I guided him up a bit, rubbing the tip of his greasy penis against my ass.

"In there?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. "Be gentle and go really slow, okay?" He let out a nervous chuckle. This was something he hadn't expected at all.

I took a deep breath and tried to relax my muscles down there, letting the tip of his cock pierce my tight bottom. David was mindful of my instructions and took his time penetrating me, giving me time to acclimate myself to his hard shaft as it opened me, filled me. He stretched out on top of my back, kissing my shoulder, my neck, nibbling my ear as he buried himself in my bottom. I looked over and saw Dana

watching us, amazed at the sight of her brother's penis disappearing into my ass. I felt his shaft widen a bit, stretching me even more, his hips pressing against my cheeks as he pushed all of his hardness inside me.

"So tight....," he gasped. "I'm gonna come real soon."

"That's okay," I said. "Go ahead." David pulled out and slowly pushed back in, and I could feel him start to twitch even before that first complete stroke. He managed to give one last thrust before he came, letting out a deep breath as he relaxed on top of me. I watched Dana try to probe her bottom with her finger, wondering would feel like to have a cock in there. She pulled her hand out from between her legs and sniffed her finger, wrinkling her nose in disgust.

"Let's take a shower," I said, once David's flaccid penis had slipped out of me. The three of us trooped into the bathroom and had a wonderful time lathering each other, slippery fingers sliding over chests and breasts, between legs and cheeks. There wasn't much room in the bathtub, and we were pleasantly pressed together while the warm water caressed our skin.

"Time for bed, sweetie," I said to Dana while I dried her off with a towel. She put up a feeble protest, but her tiredness and the codeine got the better of her. David and I tucked her into bed, kissing her affectionately before turning out the light. Schultzie was curled up on the carpet next to her bed, guarding her from the things that go bump in the night.

Dressed in our bathrobes, David and I sat together on the living room couch, smoking another joint and sipping wine from the same glass while we watched television. David was quiet, probably from the pot, but I could tell by the slight grin on his face that he was running the events of this evening through his mind, the evening he'd lost his virginity.

"Got anything left for me?" I asked him, slipping my hand inside his robe and caressing his smooth thigh.

"Maybe. I dunno," he said. I snuggled up against him and kissed his cheek, taking his hand and placing it on my breast. I could feel his cock begin to stir, a definite sign of life.

"Let's go to your room," I said, getting up from the couch and leading him down the hall by the hand. David turned down the blanket on his bed. He had Star Wars sheets and pillowcases. It would be my first time fucking on top of Darth Vader's face.

We shrugged off our robes and climbed into bed, holding each other and kissing, our hands roaming over each other's freshly cleansed skin. It took just a few soft caresses to get David hard again, and I gently pushed him over on his back, straddling his hips, guiding him inside me. I leaned over him and pressed my lips against his as I settled my hips against his, my hungry sex swallowing his column of flesh. We began to move slowly, deliberately, rocking against each other gently. I rode his hardness to a quiet climax and then clenched myself around his shaft to make him come, milking the last drops of semen that remained in his body. Afterwards, I rolled off of him and laid by his side, caressing his smooth chest as he stroked my hair.

"Are you going to live with us?" he asked me.

"I don't know yet," I replied.

"I'd really like it if you did."

"You like fucking me, don't you?" Asking a boy if he liked sex was probably the ultimate rhetorical question.

"No...yeah...I mean yes, I do," he said. "But it's not that. That's not why I want you to live with us."

"Why, then?"

"I dunno," David said, turning to face me as he searched for the right words. "I guess it's because I feel like you're my sister, my real sister. I mean I know we're really not related and all, but it feels like it. It feels right."

"My brother," I whispered, kissing him on the forehead.

"You've seen how Dana looks at you," he continued. "She wants you for a big sister more than anything in the world."

"I know," I said. "I always wanted a little sister like her."

"So you're going to stay with us?"

"I've still got to think about it." My heart was still with Brad and Helen. They'd rescued me from the streets, effectively saving my life. They had taken me in and treated me like their very own daughter, taking care of me and enrolling me in an exclusive school. I knew that they'd support whatever decision I would make, but I still felt an obligation to them even though their love and care were unconditional. They

were also my last link to the world Julia had shown me, a world of wealth, culture, learning, opportunity. Rancho Paradiso might be a nice place to visit, and no doubt was a safe place to raise children, but even after just a few days I knew that I'd go crazy here with nothing but sex and tennis to stave off the boredom.

"I understand," David said.

"Thanks," I whispered, kissing him on the lips. He rolled over on to his back and closed his eyes, a faint smile on his face as he drifted off to sleep. I watched this handsome young boy slumber for a while before I joined him.

\* \* \*

## Chapter Four - Girls Talk

I woke up just after dawn, the sun a crimson disk rising from the hills to the east. David was sound asleep, softly snoring. I climbed out of bed and walked through the bathroom to Dana's bedroom, climbing into the cot next to her bed. Dana was asleep as well, stirring ever so slightly as the cot's springs squeaked when I laid down on its lumpy mattress. I lay awake for a while, just staring at the wall, trying to make up my mind about living here. It seemed as if for every reason I could think of to move here, there was an equally compelling reason not to.

After an hour of this, I realized that this wasn't a decision I could make rationally. My heart would decide, and I knew that this wasn't something I could rush. When the time was right, I'd know what I would have to do. I felt better knowing that this decision could be deferred for a while, and soon I was asleep again.

I dreamed about Daddy. He was giving me a bath, just like he used to do, except I wasn't three years old anymore. Just as in my memory from a dozen years earlier, he was naked and wrapping my fingers around his erection. This time, however, I knew what to do.

And then we were on a bed, in a room that resembled the one at the Ritz in which Julia and I had stayed, that first time she'd taken me to Boston. I was laying on my back, my father stretched out on top of me. I looked down and saw that I was wearing a wedding gown, puffy sleeves, a low cut bodice, voluminous skirts of organza and crinoline bunched up around my waist. My pretty white lace panties were pulled aside and my father's hard cock was pressing against my sex. He grunted as he entered me, and I felt a sharp stabbing pain as he tore through my hymen.

There was blood, so much blood, flowing out of me, staining my lovely white dress, the bed, his penis. My vision faded to crimson, wine, then black.

And then I woke up.

\* \* \*

Dana was still asleep, and I sat on the edge of her bed, watching her slumber, thinking how cute she looked snuggled against her pillow. I didn't have the heart to wake her, but it was getting close to 8:30 and Mia had asked me to make breakfast for them before 9 AM. I leaned in and kissed her cheek, hearing

her stir slightly. Slowly, I pulled her blanket aside and kissed her little belly, tickling her just a bit. She stirred again, letting out an unconscious giggle, as if she'd been tickled in her dreams.

I pulled the blanket down further, over Dana's legs. Fortunately, there wasn't any blood on the sheets, nor were her panties spotted. I cupped her little ass and caressed her, finally rousing her from her sleep. She looked down at me and smiled, rolling over on her back, yawning, stretching.

"Good morning, sunshine," I said, stretching out on the bed next to her.

"Morning, Annie," Dana murmured, still shaking off her slumber. I kissed her cheek and caressed her smooth belly, getting a sigh and another kiss in return.

"How do you feel, baby," I asked her.

"Fine."

"It doesn't hurt down there?"

"Not really," Dana said. "Well, a little."

"Let me see you," I said. Dana pulled her panties down, over her thighs. I tugged them the rest of the way, checking the crotch for blood. There was none. She spread her legs and I curled between them, gently parting her puffy little lips and examining her.

"You look fine," I said, leaning forward and gently kissing her sex.

"Do that again," Dana said, giggling. I kissed her once more, dipping my tongue into her cleft. She sighed and moved her hips slightly, pressing her cunny against my lips. I'd intended to just give her a kiss or two and then get dressed and start cooking, but breakfast was right here, right now.

"Annie....," Dana whispered as I cupped her little bottom and brought her slit to my mouth, licking her from her tight passage all the way up to her little bud, hearing her gasp as I circled it with my tongue. She rocked her hips as I ravished her tiny clit, and soon I had her moaning and writhing in my hands and grabbing fistfuls of her My Little Pony bedsheets. She sat up straight after she came, gently pushing me away from her cleft and throwing her arms around me, hugging me. We held each other for a few minutes and then got out of bed.

"Wash up and get dressed, Dana," I said, heading for the bathroom. "I'm going to wake up your brother." She nodded and followed me into the bathroom, sitting down on the toilet as I slid aside the door to David's room.

I stood in the middle of David's room and looked around for a moment. There was something about a boy's room that fascinated me. Maybe it was because I had to share my room in Florida with Del and Paco, and had watched half of it transform from my dainty pink and white sanctuary to a riot of sports equipment, posters of athletes, and other artifacts of a boy's life. My best friends, Luci and Tina, had their rooms to themselves, and I often envied them: no clutter, no piles of stinky, sweaty clothes, their stuffed animals not displaced by baseball gloves.

All that clutter fascinated me, though, as if it contained some hidden information, some insight into the boy's personality. David's bedroom was no different. Shelves of plastic models and books, a couple of soccer balls, an electric guitar propped up in a corner, clothes thrown over a chair, textbooks open on the desk, posters of cars, planes, Star Wars on the wall. In the middle of it all was David, lying in his bed, on his stomach and clutching his pillow, his sheets pushed down around his hips. I slowly sat down on the bed and watched him for a minute or two.

I heard the toilet flush, and then Dana appeared, coming in from the bathroom. She stood next to me, putting her arm around my shoulder.

"Aren't you going to wake him up?" she asked.

"I was just about to," I said, trying to figure out how to get him to roll over on to his back without waking up. Finally, I reached out and lightly traced the curve of his spine with my fingertip, barely grazing him. David shrugged his shoulder and murmured something, so I did it again, even softer this time. He stirred momentarily and rolled over.

The sheets were wrapped around his hips, so I carefully tugged and freed them, exposing his body down to the knees. David's penis was half-hard, as if some sexy dream had just started. I knelt over his legs and took his cock in my mouth without using my hands, feeling him harden between my lips. He was quickly erect, and I slowly began to bob my head up and down, engulfing and releasing his shiny shaft.

"Can I do that, Annie?" Dana asked. I released David's hardness from my mouth and looked over at her.

"Sure, go ahead," I said. "Do it slowly, so he won't wake up too fast."

Dana leaned over from the side of the bed and guided her brother's glistening boycock into her mouth, sucking him slowly, as I had told her. I shifted back towards the foot of the bed and leaned down

between his spread thighs, kissing and tonguing his fuzzy balls, gently sucking the almond-sized testes within his silky sac. I could hear a murmuring coming from the other end of the bed, but Dana's head was in the way and I couldn't see if David was awake or not.

"Nice..." David whispered, finally awake and realizing that this wasn't a dream. There really were two hungry mouths working over his cock and balls. His hips began to move, making his smooth shaft glide over his sister's lips. Now that he was awake, I could suck and tongue his nuts harder, earning a gasp from him when I began to probe behind them with my fingers, toying with the gap between his cheeks.

I felt David's testicles tighten, contracting towards his body, his hips stabbing upwards towards his sister's loving lips. Suddenly, Dana's eyes widened and she gagged, pulling her head back from her brother's penis and coughing wetly. She ran into the bathroom and began spitting her brother's cum into the toilet, caught by surprise when David had erupted in her mouth. I wrapped my lips around his spasming cock, sucking the last couple of spurts of his semen, milking him with my lips before cleaning the remains of his ejaculation from his softening shaft.

"Sorry, Dana," David called out, trying to suppress the urge to laugh hysterically. She was still spitting out his seed. I heard the toilet flush and then the sound of her brushing her teeth. By this time, both David and I were laughing so hard we were nearly in tears.

"Wash up and get dressed," I said to David. "I'll go check on her before I start breakfast. We shared a quick kiss before I walked into the bathroom where Dana was still busy brushing.

"You okay, Dana?" I asked her. She nodded, still brushing, but then she spit into the sink and rinsed out her mouth with a Dixie cup full of tap water.

"Tastes awful," she said.

"You get used to it after a while, I guess."

"Really? I'll never..."

"David's tastes pretty good, compared to some others I've swallowed," I said. Over the previous year, my year on the street, I'd tasted hundreds and hundreds of different men's semen. They ran the gamut from toxically bitter to cloyingly sweet. David didn't really drink or smoke, his blood sugar levels were normal, his diet healthy, which made his seminal fluid taste fairly bland compared to some of the chain-smoking alcoholics I'd serviced.

“Ewwww.” That was Dana’s last word on the subject. I gave her a quick hug and left her in the bathroom as she started to brush her teeth for a second time. I threw on my kimono and headed for the kitchen, letting the dog out into the back yard before putting on a pot of coffee.

After a big breakfast of waffles and sausages, the kids sat down in front of the television, clicking through the Sunday morning talk shows to find some cartoons. I headed to the bathroom and took a long, relaxing shower, getting to know the massage wand a bit more intimately. After drying off, I threw on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt and joined David and Dana in the living room. They made room on the couch so I could sit between them, snuggling up to me on both sides.

My father and Mia returned home a couple of hours later. Mia rushed over to the couch and hugged the three of us, kissing the tops of our heads, smiling and laughing. Even my father had a contented grin on his face, winking at me as he headed down the hall to his bedroom, to change out of his suit.

“How was it?” I asked Mia. I had followed her into the kitchen and watched as she put on water for tea.

“I’ll tell you later,” she said, giggling. “Would you do me another big favor?”

“Sure,” I said. “Anything.”

“Could you take the kids swimming this afternoon? There’s an indoor pool at the clubhouse.”

“Of course,” I said. “You’ve got plans for the afternoon?”

“Well, we were planning on heading back downtown for brunch, but I think we might just spend the day here. Alone.”

“I get it,” I said, giving her a wink and a sly smile. “Have fun, Mia.” She gave me a quick kiss on the cheek.

“I’ll give you some money for lunch before you go. Oh, and one other thing.”

“What’s that?”

“Frank’s going to take the kids out to dinner tonight. He wants you and I to spend some time together, just the two of us. To get to know each other better.”

“That’ll be fun,” I said. We shared a quick hug and then I went back to the living room to let David and Dana know we were going swimming. Excited, they jumped up from the couch and ran to their rooms to change into their suits. Dana was going to wear a one-piece maillot, styled after the US Olympic

swimming team's suits, but when she saw my string bikini, she changed into a skimpy two-piece that was a size or two too small. I helped her tie the halter top and tugged the bottoms over her round little cheeks. It was only going to hit the mid-seventies that afternoon, so we put on jeans over our bathing suits for the walk to the clubhouse. David met us in the hall, and I stopped off in the kitchen to get money for lunch from Mia before walking the kids over to the pool.

We pretty much had the place to ourselves. Most of the newer houses at Rancho Paradiso had been built with indoor pools, and barely half of the older houses were occupied as residents traded up from Phase I homes to ones built later. There was no lifeguard on duty, but I kept a close eye on Dana and David as they dived off the high board and swam back and forth.

I sent David over to the clubhouse's snack bar for sandwiches and then, after the requisite thirty minutes to digest our lunch, we spent the afternoon swimming, diving, lounging by the pool. David loved to show off for me, plunging into the pool cannonball-style from the high diving board, though he had to cool it a bit when an older couple arrived at the pool to take some leisurely laps back and forth in the water. We showered off the chlorine pool water at the clubhouse and headed back home, carrying our wet suits. My father and Mia were still in their bedroom when we got back, so I helped the kids hang their suits up to dry and we went out to the back yard and kicked one of David's soccer balls around for a while.

The kids were hungry when Mia and my father finally emerged from their bedroom, so they left almost immediately, heading for a local pizza parlor. Mia opened a bottle of wine and started preparing dinner, lamb chops with mint jelly, along with a salad of mixed greens. Schultzie stood alert on the kitchen floor, ready to snarf up anything that fell from the counter or cutting board.

"So, how was last night?" I asked Mia over a forkful of lettuce.

"Nice," she replied, taking a sip of her wine. "We hadn't gone out dancing in almost a year. It was such a treat. Thanks again for watching the kids."

"My pleasure," I said. If only she knew what pleasure it had really been.

"We had champagne and strawberries sent up to the room," Mia said. "It was lovely." She blushed slightly, as if remembering an intimate moment from the night before.

"Sounds romantic."

"It was," she said.

While I cleaned up and washed the dishes, Mia went back into her bedroom and changed into a sweatshirt and sweatpants, returning with a bottle of moisturizer.

“Let’s sit in the living room,” she said, picking up her wineglass. I finished the dishes and went to Dana’s room, changing into my own sweatshirt and pants, the ones I’d gotten from Trish the year before, emblazoned with the word “GEORGETOWN” on the front of the shirt and down the left pants leg. Grabbing the wine and my glass from the kitchen, I joined Mia on the living room couch. She’d put on some soft music, and was reclining on the sofa, her sweatshirt hoisted over her belly, rubbing moisturizer into her skin.

“I hate these stretch marks,” she said, pointing out the streaks that marred her otherwise perfect skin.

“Does this help?” I asked, picking up the bottle of Nivea cream.

“That’s what I’ve heard,” Mia said.

“Would you like me to do that for you?” I asked her.

“Could you?” she said. “My arms are getting tired.”

“I’d be glad to,” I said, squirting some lotion on my palms and rubbing them to warm it up before smoothing it into her swollen belly. Every so often I’d feel the baby kick inside her, and I couldn’t help but wonder how it felt to carry a living thing inside me.

“That feels good,” Mia said, dreamily. She tugged her sweatpants down a bit so I could rub lotion into her waist and hips.

“You have beautiful skin,” I said, pouring more lotion on to my hands and caressing the sensual curve of her belly.

“Thank you,” she said. “I’d trade it for your pretty blond hair.” Mia reached forward and ran her fingers through my locks, gently brushing my cheek in the process.

“It’s too thin. It just lays there,” I said.

“You could get a perm, you know.”

“I know, but they’re so messy and smelly.” I remembered the Toni home permanent kits my mother used to buy for herself when I was younger, before she started getting it done professionally at a salon.

“Well, I think your hair ’s nice just the way it is,” Mia said.

“Thanks.”

“Annie?”

“Yes?”

“Would you mind doing...?” Mia said, lifting her sweatshirt over her breasts. Like her belly, they were swollen, her nipples stretched into big brown disks.

“Not at all,” I said. I squeezed some more lotion into my hands and began to rub it into her breasts, one at a time, slowly, gently.

“I used to be so small,” Mia said, reaching for her wine. “Now look at me. I feel like a dairy cow.”

“They’re lovely,” I said. “So...womanly.”

“And to think that Frank wanted to buy me implants after we got married.”

“He did?”

“Well, I think he was just joking around, but...” Mia’s eyes began to mist.

“Mia? What’s wrong?”

“Frank’s afraid to touch me,” she said, her voice cracking. “Since I got pregnant.”

“You mean you haven’t...?”

“Not for months.”

“What about last night? At the hotel?”

“I sucked him. That’s all we do these days. Then we cuddle afterwards, but...”

“That’s not enough.”

“No, it isn’t. I just can’t wait for this baby to be born, for things to get back to normal. But there’ll be those feedings at three in the morning, and it’ll take months to lose this weight.”

“I’m sorry,” I said.

“Don’t be. I wouldn’t trade this for the world. But I just wish...”

“I know. I know.” I leaned forward and kissed her cheek, stopping a single tear in its tracks. Mia turned her head and our lips touched, lightly at first, and then with passion as our tongues met and melted together. I kept my hand on her breast, kneading it a bit harder as we kissed.

“We shouldn’t...,” Mia whispered after breaking off our kiss.

“Why not?” I said, gently caressing her breasts again. I lightly circled her big brown areola with my finger tip and Mia shivered with delight.

“I’m your stepmother. It’s not right.”

“Says who?” I said, leaning in to kiss her again. “Let’s go to the bedroom.” There was no resistance to this suggestion. I got up from the couch and held out my hand, helping Mia to her feet. She grabbed the bottle of lotion and I followed her into the bedroom with our wine glasses, closing the door behind us. Mia began to pull her sweatshirt over her head.

“Let me help you,” I said, tugging at her shirt, lifting it up to free her arms. She sat down on the edge of the bed and I helped her out of the sweatpants and the plain white cotton panties she wore.

“Lay back,” I said, picking up the bottle of lotion and squirting some more into my palms, warming it up before gently rubbing it into her thighs. She spread her legs slightly, exposing her sex to me. Her labia bloomed like an orchid, and her pubic hair was trimmed into a neat little triangle that covered her mons.

“You’ve been waxing,” I said.

“I thought I’d keep it neat. For the doctor, anyway,” Mia said, laughing.

“Lovely,” I whispered, leaning forward and kissing the little patch of hair above her cleft.

“Take these off,” Mia said, tugging at the sleeve of my sweatshirt. I pulled it off over my head and skinned off the sweatpants, kneeling between her legs dressed only in my panties as I continued rubbing the moisturizer into her skin. Mia smiled and laid her head back on the pillow, enjoying my pampering.

“Roll on to your side so I can do your back,” I said. As she turned I poured more lotion into my hands, massaging it into her back muscles, working lower, over her bottom and the backs of her thighs.

“Mmmmm...,” she murmured, dreamily.

“Feel nice?”

“Wonderful.”

When I finished doing her back, I stretched out behind her, caressing her round belly, kissing her long neck. She slowly rolled over to face me, and our lips touched again, her tongue teasing my own. She reached out for my breasts, touching them tentatively at first before fondling and gently squeezing them. Our thighs intertwined, and I could feel her sex, warm and moist against my skin.

“Mia,” I whispered, clinging to her round belly, taking one of her big brown nipples in my mouth and suckling her like a baby. She gasped as I lightly grazed it with my teeth, sucking it into my mouth and milking her with my lips. As she stroked my hair I could taste a thin fluid coming from her breast.

“Baby,” she murmured, pressing her cleft hard against my thigh, grinding it back and forth over my skin.

“I can taste it,” I said, releasing her nipple and kissing her. There was something else I wanted to taste. Slowly, I began to slide down her body, kissing her breasts, her swollen belly, her knees, her thighs, homing in on her center, her delicate flower. Mia rolled on to her back and spread her thighs, anticipating my kiss.

I guess I expected a different taste, since she was pregnant, but her nectar was just like every other grown woman I’d made love with, Julia, Helen, Trish, even Sister Katherine. There was one difference, though: Mia was wetter than anyone I’d seen. As soon as I began to suckle her dark labia, her juices began to flow. I reached for my sweatpants and slid them under her bottom so she wouldn’t stain the duvet.

There was no need to tease her clit; it was swollen even before I touched it with the tip of my tongue. Almost immediately, Mia began to moan and squirm on the bed, her big belly heaving as she breathed. I held her swollen abdomen as I ravished her needy sex, wondering if the baby could feel anything. The thought crossed my mind that this might be my strangest threesome, and I had to suppress the urge to start laughing.

I licked and sucked her beautiful pearl until her moans became screams of pleasure, months of pent-up frustration pouring out of her like the juices that flowed from her cleft. She rolled this way and that, pinning me between her quivering thighs, but I stayed glued to her sex, intent on pleasuring her until she made me stop. Mia hit a second peak of pleasure before she gently pushed my head away from her soaked pussy. I crawled up in the bed and laid next to her, and she kissed me, tasting her own nectar on my glistening lips.

“Anne...,” she whispered. Her eyes were misty with tears, her voice hoarse from her cries of pleasure. “Annie...”

“Shhh...” I held her in my arms, caressing her belly, her breasts, kissing her again.

“Annie,” she whispered again. “I’ve got to pee badly. Could you help me up?” I crawled out of bed and supported her as she struggled to her feet, her knees still weak from her release, helping her into the bathroom. She sat down on the toilet and unselfconsciously began to empty her bladder. I sat on the edge of the big black marble bathtub and looked around. It was a huge bathroom, with a double sink that matched the tub and gold plated faucets. The tub was big enough for two people, at least.

“You’ve done that before?” Mia asked, getting up from the toilet and wiping herself.

“Done what?”

“Made love to a woman,” she said, reaching over to flush the toilet.

“Yes,” I replied, helping her back to the bed.

“You don’t like boys?”

“No, I do. I do,” I said, snuggling next to her, wondering if she’d make love to me. The sheer naughtiness of making love to my pregnant stepmother had left me incredibly horny.

“We should get up,” Mia said. “Frank and the kids will be home soon.”

“I guess,” I said, disappointed. Mia sat up and swung her legs around, trying to reach down to the carpet to pick up her discarded panties. I climbed out of bed and helped her, slipping them up over her thighs, followed by her sweatpants. My own pants were soaked from her juices, but at least the bed wasn’t stained. I slipped on my sweatshirt, which went down to my thighs, just long enough to cover my bottom, and followed Mia back into the living room, throwing my wet pants on to my cot as I passed Dana’s bedroom, startling the dog, who was lying on the floor next to Dana’s bed. We’d just settled down on the couch when I heard a car pull into the driveway.

David and Dana bounded into the living room, giving me and Mia a big hug each, even though they’d been gone for just a couple of hours. My father was right behind them, leaning over the back of the couch to kiss his wife. The kids excused themselves and headed off to their rooms to finish doing their homework.

“How was dinner?” Mia asked my father.

“Fine, fine,” he replied, going over to the bar and pouring himself a drink. “We went out for ice cream after.” He sat down in one of the chairs across from the couch and sipped his drink. I could see his gaze falling on my thighs, trying to catch a glimpse of panty under my sweatshirt.

“Frank, would you excuse us?” Mia asked my father.

“Oh, sorry,” he said. “Girl talk. I got it. I’ll get out of your way.”

“Thanks, honey,” she said.

“No problem,” my father replied, leaning over to kiss her again. “I’ll be in my office if you need anything. Good night, Annie.” He kissed me on the cheek and left us to ourselves. When he was safely out of sight, Mia reached for my hand and gently squeezed it.

“So, tell me,” she said in a hushed voice, “who was your first?”

“My first?”

“Your first woman. The first you slept with.” I smiled at her and took a sip of my wine.

“Well, first there was my best friend Luci,” I said.

“How old were you?”

“Ten.”

“No! Really?”

“Yes. We were so curious about everything.”

“What, you just started fooling around?” Mia asked.

“Sort of. We found some magazines in her mother’s closet. They were her father’s, but he’d passed away and I guess her mother didn’t want to throw them out or something.”

“So you looked through them with her?”

“Yeah, and we were like totally confused by it all. Some of the magazines were pretty raunchy, mostly the European ones.”

“I can imagine,” she said.

“Then we found her mother’s vibrator,” I said, feeling myself blush slightly at the memory of watching Luci use it on herself, how her little body shook with pleasure.

“And you...?”

“Yes, we did.”

“Together?”

“Yeah. Luci’s mom had a dildo, too, and we’d take turns.”

“When was your first kiss?” Mia asked.

“That was later. It was on a dare, my stepbrother dared us to kiss each other. After that we’d do it when we were alone,” I said.

“Did you fool around with him, too?”

“Yes, all the time.”

“Wow,” Mia said, looking flushed as she reached for her wine. “So, she was your first. Were there any others?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“How many?” she asked. “I mean, I don’t want to seem nosy. I’m just really curious is all. Do you mind my asking about this?”

“No, not at all,” I said, squeezing her hand. “After Luci moved away I met another girl, Tina. She was my new best friend.”

“You were with her, too?” Mia asked. I nodded.

“What about boys? When did you lose...?”

“I was eleven.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, but I’d already torn my cherry with the vibrator.”

“And this was with your stepbrother?” she asked.

“Del. Short for Delberto. He and his brother Paco shared my room after my mother remarried.”

“How old were they?”

“Del was twelve, Paco was ten.”

“You did it with Paco, too?”

“Yes.” I felt a lump rising in my throat, as I usually did when I thought about them and Ramon and Julia. I missed them so.

“Anne? What’s wrong?”

“I...I just...” I moved closer to her and laid my head on her breasts, feeling tears start to well up in my eyes. “I just miss them so much. It’s been over a year since they died, but I can’t help...”

“Annie, Annie...,” Mia cooed, putting down her glass and stroking my hair, kissing the top of my head. I clung to her belly as I quietly wept, feeling her wrap her arms around me. I knew she didn’t expect me to continue, but I felt so close to her. I felt like telling her almost everything.

“After we moved to Maine I met this woman,” I whispered. “She was older than me, in her fifties. Julia. We fell in love.”

“Anne, you don’t have to...”

“I want to. I miss her, too. She died a year ago and I still think about her all the time.”

“Poor baby,” Mia whispered, gently rocking me in her arms. Though she was only nine years older than me, I felt safe in her arms, loved, cherished, like I was really her daughter.

I was going to tell Mia about my year on the streets, the shelter, the men I sucked for money, life with Delia and Cami, but a quiet voice in the back of my mind told me that this wasn’t the right thing to do. Since Bradley and Helen had found me on the street and taken me in, I wondered what people would think of me if the things I had to do that year became known.

Mia rocked and caressed me for a while, until I began to feel better. I sat up on the couch and reached for my wineglass, draining the little bit that remained. Then I walked into the kitchen and dried my tears with a paper towel, picking up the bottle of wine and bringing it back into the living room, refilling my glass and topping off hers.

“Thanks,” Mia said, taking a sip.

“So, now it’s your turn,” I said.

“My turn?”

“I’ve told you some of my secrets. How about you?”

“Annie...,” she said, nearly choking on her wine. “I don’t know...”

“Nevermind, then,” I said, disappointed. “Forget I asked.”

“No, no, I’ll tell you,” Mia said. “It’s only fair, I suppose.”

“Right. Fair’s fair,” I replied. “First kiss?”

“Hmmm...first kiss. Jean-Claude, I guess.”

“How old were you?”

“Thirteen,” she said.

“Did he take your...?”

“No, no. That wasn't until I was sixteen. Gregor.”

“Gregor?”

“Yes, that was his name. Beautiful boy, his parents were from Hungary. We did it on their bed, there was so much blood on the sheets when we were done. I was so shocked, embarrassed. We pulled the sheets off and even the mattress was stained.”

“Did you get caught?” I asked her.

“No, we flipped the mattress over and put on new sheets,” she said. “It hurt so much, too. Not as much as childbirth, I guess.” Mia rubbed her swollen belly, as if caressing the baby inside.

“What about, um...”

“What?”

“Women?” I asked her. Mia looked flushed again and took another sip of wine. I snuggled up against her again, resting my head on her shoulder.

“Do not tell anyone about this, ever. Okay?” she whispered. “Frank doesn't even know about this.”

“I promise.” I made the cross-my-heart sign.

“Freshman year at McGill,” she said, lowering her voice in case anyone was listening. “My roommate was this really bookish girl, smart, pretty but just a bit overweight, very shy. You can't imagine how shy she was. She'd cringe whenever someone tried to talk to her.” Mia paused for a moment when she heard a door open down the hallway, taking a sip of her wine. A minute later, when the door closed again, she continued.

“Anyway, I was seeing this guy, pre-med, and Lena — that was her name, Lena — agreed to head over to the library to study. That way we could have the room to ourselves, you know?” she said. I nodded, as interested in this snippet of college life as I was in the story of her first lesbian experience.

“The next night, to thank her for letting us have some time alone in the room, I took her out to a bar near campus. I had been trying to get her to come out with us for a while, have some fun, get her out of her shell, you know?”

“Yes, I know,” I said. I was painfully shy when I was younger, but I managed to grow out of it. And then some.

“So she came with us, me and a few of my friends, and you know what? She had fun. She drank, she danced, she talked to boys, the whole deal. So, anyway, we stumble back to the dorm. We had been ordering pitchers of beer and shots, and I could tell she was not used to drinking, but she was okay, not too wasted or anything. I was pretty bombed, though, and Lena had to help me get undressed. So she takes my bra off and boom! She’s cupping my tit. Not squeezing it or playing with my nipples, just holding it, saying nothing.”

“Wow,” I said, shifting slightly on the couch. “What did you do?”

“I turned my head, like I was going to ask her what she was doing, you know? And suddenly we’re kissing! And you know what? It was wonderful,” Mia said, reaching for her wineglass. “Her lips were so soft. It wasn’t like kissing that pre-med, I can’t even remember his name. He’d stick his tongue down my freaking throat.”

“So what happened next?” I asked her. Mia took another sip of wine before continuing.

“The next thing I knew we were in my bed together, totally naked, kissing and hugging each other. It was beautiful, she was beautiful, like I was seeing her for the first time. She was so soft and tender, so patient and gentle. And she was anything but shy in bed. She could make me come so hard...”

“How long did you see each other?”

“Well, we really didn’t ‘see’ one another, not like we were girlfriends, anyway. I was still dating the Tongue, and she knew that. And we kept everything secret. You know, in a girls’ dorm nothing is secret, and people look at you differently if they know this about you. Montreal’s a pretty hip city, but a lot of the students had that provincial attitude. You know what I mean?”

“Yeah, sort of,” I said. “Maine was like that.” You might see gay people walking around holding hands in Ogunquit, but in Portland they’d have been beaten to a pulp, even killed. “So what happened?”

“We’d sleep together most nights, at least those nights when I didn’t have a date. Sometimes we’d even push our beds together for the night and make love for hours. But then Lena went home for the summer and that was the last I saw of her,” Mia said.

“You miss her?”

“Sort of, yes. She was so sweet.”

“Mia...,” I whispered, laying my head on her breasts again. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” she said. “It was just sort of a fling, nothing really serious. Not for me, anyway. Sometimes I thought Lena was really in love with me. She wouldn’t admit to anything more than a crush, but you can tell from the way someone looks at you, you know?”

“Yes,” I replied, looking up at her. There was something funny about the way Mia was looking at me.

“Hey,” she said. “I want to show you something. Come.” We got off the couch and I followed her out of the living room, into a room that opened off of the front hall. Like my father’s den, it was set up as an office, with a desk, electric typewriter, shelves of books, filing cabinets, a couple of chairs, and a small couch.

“This is my office,” Mia said, closing the door and locking it. “Used to be the guest bedroom. Like it?”

“Yes, it’s nice,” I said. Unlike my father’s office, this one was nicely decorated, with framed prints on the wall, some Indian artwork, a hand-woven rug on the floor. I looked over the bookshelves: they were filled with foreign language dictionaries and reference books, a few novels in French, Russian, and Spanish, some bound reports and looseleaf notebooks. In the corner of the room was a crib and a changing table, still in their boxes, unassembled. In a couple of months this room would be transformed from an office to the baby’s bedroom.

I felt hands around my waist, one roaming up under my sweatshirt to my breasts, the other dipping down into my panties, cupping my mound, and a big round belly pressing against the small of my back. Then breath, warm breath on the back of my neck, a gentle kiss, the nuzzle of a nose.

“Mia...,” I whispered.

“Annie,” she said softly. I wanted to turn around and kiss her, but her hands on my breasts and pussy felt so nice. She dipped a finger into my moist passage, and I let out a quiet gasp as she found my clit.

“Let me make you feel good,” she whispered in my ear.

“Mia, you don’t have to...”

“I want to. Please.”

I turned around, shuddering slightly as her fingertip dragged across my hidden pearl and slipped out of my panties, taking her in my arms and kissing her, lightly at first, and then passionately. She squeezed my bottom, pulling me closer to her belly, making me bend my body to fit her new shape. Her hands roamed higher, over my back, pulling my sweatshirt up over my head, forcing me to break off our kiss. She tossed it aside and our lips met again, tongues meeting, melting together.

Mia guided me to the couch, positioning me so that I was kneeling on the cushions, facing the wall. She stood behind me, cupping my breasts in her hands as she kissed my shoulders, working lower down my back. Her hands fell to my hips, and I felt her tugging at my panties, pulling them down my thighs. I leaned forward, leaning against the back of the couch, and presented my now bare bottom to her. She took one of the cushions and laid it on the floor, kneeling behind me.

Mia’s hands roamed over my cheeks and thighs, and I could feel her breath on my skin, getting closer to my cleft, a cloud of warmth that foreshadowed what was to come. The fulfillment of this promise began with a tender kiss on my sex.

“You shaved?” Mia whispered.

“Yes.”

“I like it. So clean,” she said. Mia kissed me down there again, and then I felt her tongue part my lips, entering me, probing me, tasting my nectar. I sighed and arched my back, spreading my thighs wider to give her access to my flower. She stroked my thighs as she licked me from front to back, pushing her tongue inside me with each repetition. I began to rock back and forth to her languid rhythm, that wonderful tingling growing inside my belly.

She pulled me back a bit so she could reach my pearl with her tongue, using her thumb to penetrate my slit, probing my bottom with a wet fingertip. I took one hand off of the back of the couch and squeezed my breasts, flicking my fingers over my nipples as she ravished my sex. It might have been a few years since she’d last been with a woman, but Mia knew exactly what to do, reading my responses, repeating the things that made me gasp, moan, shudder. Her thumb began to move in and out of me faster as her tongue lashed my clit, making my thighs quiver and the couch shake.

It was her hand, not her tongue, that brought me to my climax. As Mia's thumb sawed in and out of my cunny, her fingertip penetrated my bottom, pinching the flesh that separated my two hungry holes. I grabbed the back of the couch and pushed my hips back, wanting her to probe me deeper, to push me over the edge, to bring me release. She stopped licking my pearl and concentrated on finger fucking me, reaching around my thighs with her other hand to continue what her mouth had started. I bit my lip, trying not to cry out as I came, but the intense wave of pleasure that washed through me made that impossible. I buried my face in the back cushion of the couch and let out a quiet scream.

It seemed as if Mia could have made me moan and shudder all night. I had to fall sideways and stretch out along the length of the couch to get her to stop. She leaned forward and laid her head on my belly, licking my juices from her thumb until I sat up and kissed her, tasting my own nectar on her lips.

"Thanks," I whispered.

"My pleasure," she replied, her slight French accent making the words sound like "Mon plaisir". She slowly stood up and returned the cushion to the couch before heading over to the windows and opening one a few inches. The room was small, and it was filled with the scent of our lovemaking. I pulled up my panties and stood up from the couch, walking over to her, holding her from behind, kissing her graceful neck.

"I miss watching a woman find her pleasure," Mia whispered. "Men like Frank just grunt, squirt, and fall asleep. You looked so beautiful when you came."

"Thank you," I said, kissing her again.

"We should go back to the living room," she said, turning in my arms and kissing me on the lips. I pulled on my sweatshirt and followed her out of her office.

"I was wondering where you two were," my father said. He was sitting on the living room couch, his feet up on the coffee table, a fresh drink in his hand.

"I wanted to see her office," I said, sitting down and crossing my legs so my panties didn't show. Mia sat next to me and reached for her wineglass.

"Anne wanted a French lesson," she said.

"Oh, did she?" my father replied.

“Oui,” I said, taking a sip of wine. He smirked, like he didn’t really believe this sorry excuse, but he didn’t seem to be too jealous, either. Men are funny that way, willing to share their wives with another woman but turning into monsters if another man was involved. Most of them, anyway. The people Bradley and Helen partied with had no problems with something like that, so long as they could watch or join in the fun.

“Would you like to come to work with me tomorrow?” my father asked.

“We’re going shopping, Frank,” Mia said, even before I could reply. “Me and Annie.”

“Oh, well then what about Tuesday?”

“I’d like that,” I said.

“Great.” He swirled his drink and stood up, heading back down the hallway to his office.

“Do you think he knows?” Mia asked as soon as she heard his door close. She reached for my hand and squeezed it.

“I don’t know,” I replied. “But if he does, it seems to me that he doesn’t care.”

“Really? Why wouldn’t he...?”

“It’s a guy thing, Mia.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I really don’t, either,” I said. “It just is. Maybe it’s the promise of a potential ‘threesome’.”

“No! You think he wants to...? With you? His own daughter?” Mia’s eyes were as wide as saucers.

“No, no, no,” I said, knowing the opposite was really the truth. “I just mean in general, you know?”

“Oh, okay,” she said, mock-fanning herself with her hand. “You had me going there for a second. I guess I understand now.” Mia took a sip of her wine.

“Has he ever asked you about something like that?”

“A threesome? Never. I know he looks at other women. I catch him doing that all the time. But I’m sure he’s been faithful to me.”

“That’s good,” I said, wondering if jerking off in his daughter’s panties counted as “faithful” or not.

We talked for a while and then Mia excused herself, heading off to bed after giving me a quick kiss. I was tired, too, but I poured a half glass of wine and turned on the television, clicking through the channels until I decided that there was nothing on worth watching. I shut it off and sat on the couch, sipping my wine, once again wondering what life here would be like. The dog padded into the living room and climbed on to the couch, stretching out and laying his head in my lap. I petted his soft fur for a while, finishing my wine before heading off to bed. Schultzie followed me and took his place on the rug next to Dana's bed, circling three times before curling up and yawning. Dana was fast asleep, her bedtime having arrived an hour before. She'd thrown off her covers and lay sprawled on her stomach, her nightie riding up around her slim hips, exposing her little cotton panties. I pulled off my sweatshirt and stretched out on the cot, trying not to wake her.

Sleep didn't come easily. I lay on the cot, staring at the ceiling, counting the glow-in-the-dark adhesive stars someone had stuck on Dana's ceiling. I'd counted nearly a hundred when I heard the door slowly open. Through half-closed eyelids, I saw the silhouette of a man, tall, broad shoulders, wearing a bathrobe. My father. He closed the door behind him and my eyes readjusted to the darkness.

My father stood over the beds and untied his robe, pulling something out of his pocket. Probably the panties he'd stolen from me, I thought. He wrapped them around his erection and began to slowly stroke himself, his gaze alternating between Dana's bottom and my bare breasts. I thought about staying perfectly still, feigning sleep, but there was something inside me that made me want to reach out, to touch him, to please him, just like when I'd posed nearly naked for him out in the desert. I wanted to be his good little girl.

My father froze when I sat up on the cot, quietly moving down to the foot of the lumpy mattress, reaching out for him, taking my pink cotton panties from his hand and exposing his hardness. I heard him swallow and clear his throat.

"It's just a dream, Annie," he said, just like that first night.

"No it's not, Daddy." I cupped his balls, gently squeezing them. His erection had started to wilt when he saw me sit up, but now it began to return to its former state. I wrapped my fingers around his veiny shaft and began to slowly stroke him.

"Annie...", he gasped.

“Shhhh...,” I whispered. “You’ll wake her.” I saw him nod and then I leaned forward, into his crotch, parting my lips to take his hardness into my mouth. He gasped again, but said nothing as I began to suck him.

His penis was nothing like I remembered it, but a dozen years had passed since he’d tried to get me to jerk him off while he bathed me. At that time it seemed huge, and memory had made it seem even bigger. I’d only been three years old, though, and everything seems big when you’re that age. Seeing it once again, up close and personal, it didn’t seem like the one-eyed monster anymore. I’d known bigger ones, like Robby’s or Mr. O’Hare’s.

That’s not to say he was small. He wasn’t, in fact I’d place him above average in length and girth. He was circumcised, too, which sort of surprised me. Most of the men his age I’d known still had their foreskins, unless they were Jewish. My parents were nominally Presbyterians, though we hardly ever went to church.

As I sunk my lips down his shaft, bathing the underside with my tongue, he stood perfectly still, not moving his hips, just letting me pleasure him with my mouth. The thought struck me that this wasn’t just my father’s penis, this was the organ that had given me life, that planted a seed in my mother’s womb. I wondered if she’d ever done this for him. She must have; I’d seen her suck Ramon’s thick tool plenty of times while my stepbrothers and I spied on their lovemaking through the hole in our closet wall. I remembered something I’d seen back then, something about the way my mother used to tilt her head as she sucked my stepfather’s cock. I began to suck my father that way, turning my head left and right as I engulfed and released his hardness. He placed his hands on my shoulders and began to rock back and forth on his feet, sliding his cock over my lips.

“That’s right...suck me...suck Daddy’s cock...,” he whispered. Like some of the men I’d serviced when I was on the street, my father was a Talker, a man who liked to narrate the act, giving a blow-by-blow description of a blow job. I squeezed his heavy balls again and wrapped the fingers of my other hand around the base of his shaft, holding his skin taut over his glistening shaft as I sucked him. He kept rocking his hips, and I could feel his testicles start to contract and twitch, a sure sign that he was nearing his release.

“I’m coming...I’m coming for you, baby...”

I let out a little moan, just for his benefit, just to let him know that I was ready, ready to take his offering. His cock began to dance in my mouth, tensing up and bobbing between my lips. I pulled back and swirled my tongue over his spongy glans and suddenly he erupted, spurting his hot, thick semen into my mouth. It seemed as if he'd never stop. Jet after jet of his seed spurted from his cock, and I had to swallow twice before the flow began to wane. My father let out a deep breath and his penis began to soften. I milked the last few drops with my lips, gave his balls another gentle squeeze, and released him from my mouth, planting a tender kiss on the tip.

"Princess..." he whispered, leaning down to kiss the top of my head.

"Daddy..." I tilted my head up and his lips met mine. I opened my mouth and let his tongue inside, teasing it with my own. Unlike some men I'd known, my father didn't seem to mind the taste of his own semen, a taste that lingered on my lips. His tongue still bore the smoky taste of the scotch he'd been drinking.

"I love you, Annie," he whispered, breaking off our kiss.

"I love you, too, Daddy," I said. He reached for the pink panties he'd taken from me, but I grabbed his wrist. "No, Daddy. Take these instead." I released my grip and reached down to pull off the panties I was wearing, a plain white cotton pair that I'd had on all day. I handed them to him, and he immediately brought them to his nose, inhaling my scent.

"Thanks," he said, stuffing them in his pocket and tying his robe before turning and leaving the bedroom. I wiped a drop of semen from my breast with the panties he'd brought, a drop that had somehow escaped my lips. The undies were stiff with dried sperm, and I wondered how many times he'd used them to pleasure himself. I dropped them on the floor next to my sweatshirt and sweatpants; tomorrow I'd wash them in the sink or let the housekeeper throw them in the washer. Stretching out on the cot again, I reached for the sheets, hiding my nakedness from the luminous stars that glowed on the ceiling.

"That was Daddy," Dana whispered. I thought she'd been asleep.

"Did we wake you?"

"No. Not really. You sucked Daddy. I saw you."

"Yes, I did, baby."

"Is he going to fuck you?" Dana asked.

“I don’t know, Dana.” Actually, I did know: I had another six days here in Phoenix, and I could feel the inevitability of it all. At some point he’d find a way to be alone with me again, and that would be that. I made a mental note to start wearing my diaphragm when I was around him.

“What was it like?” Dana asked. “Did he come?”

“A lot.”

“Was he big?”

“Yes.”

“Did you like it?”

I thought about this for a moment before saying “Yes”.

Dana said nothing after this. She rolled over on her side and looked at me for a while before closing her eyes and going back to sleep. I wondered what she’d been thinking. Was she jealous? Did she want to suck him, too? I thought about climbing into Dana’s bed with her, holding her, talking to her about what she was feeling, but she had school tomorrow, and I thought it would be best for her to get her sleep. We could talk the next day.

As I closed my eyes and began to drift off to sleep, I could still taste my father’s semen in my mouth, the seed that had helped give me life. I thought about how I’d made love to everyone now sleeping under this roof in the space of four short days. I felt like the family sex toy, the pleasure girl, satisfying frustrated parents and teaching curious children. It was keeping me awake, wondering how every single relationship of mine always led to sex. Was this my only way of relating to another human being? I felt like writing in my journal; it had been a few days since I’d written anything. Instead, I went back to counting the stars on the ceiling until I fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

\* \* \*

## Chapter Five - Tequila

Mia woke me up with a kiss the next morning. I looked over at Dana's empty bed, disappointed that I hadn't had a chance to talk with her about the night before, when she'd seen me suck my father's penis. I sat up on the creaky old cot, accepting my stepmother's embrace, leaning my head on her shoulder as she caressed my bare back.

"Wash up and get dressed," she said. "I'll get breakfast started and then we'll go shopping."

"Thanks," I said, hugging her. She stood up and headed towards the kitchen. I stretched my arms and legs before getting out of bed, pulling on my kimono and going into the bathroom. The smell of coffee brewing and bacon frying made my stomach growl with hunger, so I took just a quick shower, skipping my morning fun with the massage head.

An hour later we were on the road in her Volvo wagon, heading towards a mall that had recently opened, looking forward to the grand opening sales. The parking lot was pretty full for a Monday morning, but we lucked out and managed to find a parking space close to the main entrance.

Our first stop was a maternity boutique. Mia browsed through the racks, selecting a couple of dresses and blouses. I accompanied her into the fitting room, helping her try them on, giving her my honest opinion when she'd asked me what I thought. I didn't care for much of the maternity clothes I'd seen, but the items she'd picked out were nice, almost chic, basic black, and what I now knew was Mia's favorite color, burgundy.

We stopped at a lingerie store next, the owner clucking over Mia as she looked for a nursing bra, the kind that had removable flaps over the nipples. The proprietor brought box after box out of the back room until Mia found one she liked, buying three of them. The owner, a tall middle-aged woman with a buxom figure, seemed relieved to have found something that Mia was satisfied with.

"Would your friend like to see something in a junior size?" the owner asked as Mia fished a credit card from her purse. I'd been idly browsing through the racks while Mia had been making the owner scurry back and forth.

"She's my stepdaughter," Mia said.

"I'm terribly sorry," the owner gushed, her face turning red.

“Annie? See anything you like?”

“Not really, Mom,” I said to Mia. “We can hit that place in Scottsdale after lunch, anyway.” The owner turned her head for a second and I winked at Mia. She looked as if she was going to burst out laughing at any moment.

“Please, let me show you something that just came in,” the owner said, disappearing into the back of the store.

“Mom’?” Mia whispered, barely suppressing her laughter. “Did you just call me ‘Mom’?”

“Would you prefer ‘Mommy’?”

“No, heavens no,” Mia said.

“I just wanted to stick it to the owner, you know? Maybe she’ll give us a deep discount, out of embarrassment.” The shop owner emerged from the back of the store, so Mia just smiled and winked.

We walked out of there after getting 40% off, twice the advertised discount. The lingerie the owner had shown me was nice, almost as expensive as the imported underwear Julia had bought for me on Newbury Street, even with the discount. Mia bought me a beautiful bra and panty set from France, delicate coral silk and lace, a matching garter belt, and a lovely white satin chemise. The owner threw in a few pairs of stockings, but our purchases still came to almost \$300. We got about ten steps out of the store before Mia lost it, laughing so hard that tears filled her eyes.

“Mom’. I can’t believe you called me ‘Mom’,” she chuckled. We recovered our composure and walked back to the car.

We drove to Scottsdale and ate lunch at an outdoor cafe before strolling down Scottsdale Road and browsing through the stores there. We stopped at a shoe store where Mia bought some flats and sandals. Any heel higher than 1 inch put too much of a strain on her back. She wanted to buy me a pair of cowboy boots, sort of a souvenir, but I politely declined, knowing how absurd they’d look if I wore them back in Boston. We ended up at Nordstrom’s, in the Juniors’ Department, where Mia picked out clothes for me to try on, saying that she couldn’t wait until she got her figure back, though that might be months after the baby was born. Mia bought me a pretty yellow sundress with a Shirred bodice and a dove grey cardigan for herself.

After Nordstrom's, we drove back home, arriving just a few minutes before the school bus was due to drop David and Dana off at the front gate. While Mia went to her bedroom to take a nap, I unpacked my shopping bags in Dana's bedroom. I had just put on the sundress from Nordstrom's and was looking in the mirror when Dana came home.

"Hey, baby. How was school?" I asked her. She dropped her book bag next to her desk and sat down on her bed, her back to me.

"Okay."

"Just okay?"

"Yeah." I walked over to her bed and sat down next to her.

"Dana, is there something you'd like to talk about?"

"No," she said. I tried to put my arm around her shoulder, but she shrugged it off.

"Dana, honey. Talk to me. Tell me what's bothering you. Was it last night?" She'd seen me suck our father's cock in this very room.

"Last night," she repeated. I put my arm around her again, and this time she didn't reject my embrace.

"Did it bother you to see that?"

"No."

"Are you mad at me for doing that?"

"No...I mean, maybe," she said. "I want to make Daddy happy like you did."

"Dana," I whispered, hugging her tightly. "You're still just a little girl. Daddy's a grown man. You're too young to think about things like this."

"But when? When will I be old enough?"

"I don't know. A year or two, maybe more. Every girl is different in that way." I'd been eleven, going on twelve, when I first gave a grown man pleasure. It had been Ramon, my stepfather, after my mother had died. Even I had to admit that I'd been too young for the things we'd done, but at the time it seemed like the right thing to do, giving my body to him in the depths of our grief.

"A whole year?" Dana said. "That's like forever."

"Baby, you know how big Daddy is, right?"

“Uh huh.”

“Do you think you could fit him in your mouth?” I reached out and lightly touched her ruby lips.

“I guess not.”

“Or how about your pretty little cunny?” I ran my fingertip up her thigh, under her skirt, tickling her between her legs. She laughed and tried to tickle me back, slipping her hands under my dress. We wrestled around on her bed, laughing and giggling, finally coming to rest with her on top of me, trying to hold my wrists in her little hands. She looked at me for a second and let go of my arms, pressing her lips against mine. I reached under her skirt and cupped her round little bottom, pulling her close to me, relieved that we’d cleared the air.

“I love you, Annie.” She was smiling now, a smile that lit up my heart.

“I love you, too, Dana,” I said. “My sister...” We held each other for a while, just enjoying the closeness, until Dana lifted her head from my shoulder.

“That’s a pretty dress,” she said. “Did you get that today?”

“Yes, when I went shopping with Mia,” I replied. “Want to see the other things I got today?” Dana nodded and rolled off of me, sitting on her bed as I showed her the lingerie Mia had bought me. She begged me to let her wear my new chemise, so after she took off her school clothes, I put it on her, adjusting the straps to fit her slender form. I gave her a pair of lacy white panties to wear underneath, instead of the plain white cotton undies she usually wore. They were a bit loose on her, but the elastic kept them on her hips.

“You look so pretty in this,” I cooed.

“It feels so nice,” Dana said, smoothing the satin over her body.

“Hey, want to try some makeup?”

“Could I?” she said.

“Just a little, okay?”

“Yes! Thanks! I mean, please!” It made me happy to see her so excited, and this was just the sort of thing I thought a big sister did for her little sister. I had Dana sit on the edge of her bed while I fished through my backpack for my cosmetics, dragging over her chair and sitting across from her.

“Okay, hold still for me, Dana.” She nodded and then sat perfectly still while I applied eyeliner and mascara to her beautiful blue eyes. I put a little blue eye shadow on her eyelids, a bit of rouge on her

cheeks, and then some deep red lipstick on her lovely little lips. No foundation or powder; I never wore it myself, and her complexion was too nice to conceal. I handed her a mirror and she gazed at her reflection while I brushed out her long curly locks.

“Annie...,” she said. “Wow.”

“You look beautiful,” I said, fluffing her hair with my fingers. “Like Brooke Shields.” That movie, “Pretty Baby”, had come out a few years before. It was quite controversial at that time, but Julia had taken me to see it anyway when it played at the Coopersport cinema. It made prostitution out to be somewhat romantic, and I thought about this often when I was standing on the streets of Boston, shivering, waiting for a man in a car to stop at the curb so I could suck him for money. Though a few of the men I serviced could be considered handsome, none of them looked anything like Keith Carradine.

“Is Mommy still asleep?” Dana asked me.

“I think so,” I replied. “Want to show Davy how pretty you look?”

“Yeah!” she said, jumping off of the bed. We walked through the bathroom and knocked on the door to his room. David was sitting at his desk, writing in a notebook. He looked up as we entered, an expression of surprise on his face when he saw Dana.

“You look great,” he said, putting down his pencil. Dana twirled around, letting the chemise float up around her slim hips. “Did you do this for her?” he asked me.

“Yes,” I replied. “Doesn’t she look good enough to eat?”

“Shit, yeah,” David said, laughing.

“Why don’t you?” Dana asked.

“Eat you?” David said. Instead of replying, Dana climbed on to his bed and laid down, pulling up the hem of the chemise and showing him the lacy panties I’d given her to wear.

“Go ahead,” I told him. David needed no further encouragement. He stood up from the desk, and I could see a bulge growing in his jeans. “Take these off,” I said, tugging at the waistband of his pants. David pulled off his t-shirt and unzipped his jeans, stepping out of them, never once taking his eyes off of his pretty little sister. He climbed into bed, kneeling between Dana’s legs, leaning forward to kiss her. I caressed his thighs and firm bottom, reaching around his body to fish his hardness out of his jockey shorts.

As I stroked his beautiful cock, David slowly pulled the lace panties down Dana's legs, ducking his head between her thighs and planting a tender kiss on her puffy lips. She let out a soft "ahhhh..." as his tongue began to probe her slit, penetrating it like a little penis, slowly working up to seek out her little pearl. Dana reached down and began to run her fingers through his tousled hair, urging him to ravish her babycunt.

"Davy...yes...yes..." she moaned, moving her hips as he assaulted her cleft with his tongue. "So good...so good..."

"Mmmph," was all he could say in reply as he hungrily licked and nibbled her sex. As I watched him eat Dana's little cunny, I ducked my head under his hips and took his lovely knob in my mouth. There wasn't enough room to properly suck him, but the movement of his hips made his cock slide in and out of my mouth. I cupped his bottom as he fucked my face, reaching under my dress and slipping my hand into my panties, finding my clit, circling it, teasing it, feeling my pleasure begin to mount.

Dana's leg was pressing against my back, and I could feel her body start to quiver and shake as her climax approached. Her soft moans began to elide into a constant squeal of delight, a trill that rose in pitch and intensity as she began to come. Her leg stiffened, and I could feel her little body convulse with pleasure behind me. David's hips stopped moving, and he pulled back, making me release his boycock from my mouth. I turned and looked at Dana, lying spread-eagle on the bed, her eyes half-closed, a blissful expression on her face. I ran my finger along the length of her wet slit, feeling a post-orgasmic shiver run through her body.

"Are you still sore from the other night?" I asked her.

"No, not anymore."

"Would you like to feel Davy inside you again?"

"Yes. Please." There was a sudden look of hunger on her face. I didn't even have to ask David. He'd managed to get his jockey shorts off, not an easy task when an erection is involved. I stretched out next to Dana and kissed her as he took his place between his sister's legs, his hardness bobbing in anticipation. I reached down and gently guided him into Dana's sex, rubbing the tip along the length of her labia to wet it, and then caressing his smooth back as he entered her, his mocha-colored stem disappearing into Dana's pale pink lips.

“How’s that feel, baby?” I asked Dana as David began to thrust in and out of her hungry hole.

“Good...so good...,” she moaned. I leaned over and kissed her, seeking out her tongue with my own, running my hands over the satin that clung to her little body. Dana began to move her hips of her own accord, meeting her brother’s pumping body with each stroke, urging him to fill her cunny with his hard meat.

“Fuck her, Davy,” I whispered. “Make her come again.” He grunted an acknowledgment and turned his head, pressing his lips against mine as he fucked Dana’s tight pussy. As we kissed, I ran my hands over his body, feeling the muscles in his back and buttocks moving as he pumped his sister’s cunny. Dana’s sex made soft, wet sucking sounds as it engulfed and released her brother’s shaft.

“I’m gonna...I’m gonna...gonna come...,” Dana moaned. I slipped my arm under her shoulder and held her as she stiffened and arched her back, trembling as another orgasm took hold of her body. She let out a little cry and closed her eyes. David grunted again, hesitating at the top of each stroke before plunging inside her, and I could tell that he was close to his release, his sister’s spasming cunny urging him to fill her with his cream.

“Gah,” he muttered, giving one last thrust and burying his bone inside Dana’s sex. I felt a shiver run through his body, and then he collapsed on top of her, a patina of perspiration on his brow. He and Dana lay together for a while, and then he rolled off of her, his soft penis slipping out of her messy slit. David kissed his sister, then me, and went into the bathroom to shower.

“How do you feel?” I asked Dana. “Sore?”

“Just a bit,” she said. “But I don’t care. It was good Really good.”

I kissed her again and then curled up between her legs and licked her cunny clean, scooping up her brother’s cream from her pussy. Dana loved that, even if she didn’t come, and afterwards we shared another kiss, this one flavored with David’s semen.

After David finished his shower, I took Dana into the bathroom and cleaned off the makeup. While she took a shower I washed my face and went to check up on Mia, who was still taking a nap in her bedroom. I knocked softly on the door, wondering if she was still asleep.

“Come in,” she said. The curtains were drawn and the room was darkened, and Schultzie was curled up on the rug next to the bed.

“Are you okay?” I asked her, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

“Yes,” she replied. “I just had a bit of a headache. I’m fine now.”

“It’s after five, and I thought you’d want to get up and start dinner,” I said. “If you’re not feeling up to it, I could whip something up.”

“Thanks. That’s sweet of you, but we’re going out tonight. Frank’s taking us to a nice Mexican place for dinner.”

“Oh, okay,” I said. “I’ll let you rest, then.”

“No, wait,” Mia said, reaching for my hand. “Please stay. Frank won’t be home until after six.”

“Sure,” I said, leaning over to kiss her lightly on the lips.

“Take off your dress,” she said, tugging at the zipper on the back. “Don’t want to get it wrinkled.” Mia pulled down the zipper and I stepped out of my new sundress. She pulled the sheets aside and I could see that she was wearing just her big white cotton maternity panties and nothing else. I unhooked my bra and shrugged it off of my shoulders before climbing into bed next to her.

“Thank you, Mia,” I whispered.

“For what?”

“For taking me shopping, for buying me such nice things.”

“It was my pleasure,” she said, kissing my forehead. “I hope we can do it again. Maybe later this week?”

“I’d love that,” I said, snuggling up to her warm body.

“Annie?”

“Yes?”

“Would you say it again?” she asked.

“Say what?”

“What you called me in the mall, in the lingerie store.”

“‘Mom’?”

“Yes,” Mia said. “That’s it.”

“Mommy,” I whispered, hugging her, caressing her swollen belly.

“Baby,” she cooed.

“I love you, Mommy.”

“I love you, too, sweetheart.” Mia’s eyes glistened as she turned her head. Our lips met, our tongues seeking each other, our hands roaming over each other’s skin. “I’ve been so horny all day. I guess that’s where my headache came from.”

“Can I make you feel better, Mommy?”

“Oh, baby,” she whispered. “I thought you’d never ask. Suckle my tits, honey. That makes me feel so hot.”

“Mommy...,” I said again, leaning over Mia and cupping her breast, bringing her nipple to my lips and gently sucking it. She stroked my hair and sighed as my hand roamed lower on her belly, slipping under the waistband of her panties. I could taste that fluid oozing out of her nipple, though it seemed thicker and sweeter this time. As my finger probed her wet slit, I lightly grazed her nipple with my teeth, gently suckling it between my lips. Mia moaned softly and spread her legs a bit wider.

“Baby...,” she cooed, her breathing growing heavier as I circled her swollen clit with my fingertip. She slipped her hand inside the back of my panties, caressing my bottom as I suckled her breast and played with her pussy. Mia began to move her hips, humping my busy fingers as I rubbed her little button. She lifted her head and kissed my forehead, her hips moving faster now, seeking her release. I felt her probing my bottom with her fingers, and I pushed back slightly, hoping she’d penetrate my cleft. Unfortunately, it was out of her reach. I concentrated on her nipple and her clit, sucking harder, rubbing faster.

Mia’s moaning suddenly dropped an octave, and she squeezed my bottom, arching her back over the bed. I released her nipple from my mouth and watched her come, feeling her sex get hotter and wetter as she climaxed. She relaxed and settled back against the mattress, reaching for my hand and pulling it away from her pussy, bringing my fingers to her lips and sucking her juices from them. Then she smiled and rolled on to her side, kissing me.

“You make me feel so good,” Mia whispered. “Thank you.”

“Mommy...,” I whispered, caressing her belly. She was only a few years older than me, but saying that word just felt right.

“Let me make you feel good, too,” she said.

“It’s okay,” I replied. “You don’t have to.” I was intensely horny even before I came into her room, having watched David and Dana make love. But Mia still looked tired. “Get some more rest,” I whispered. I watched her close her eyes and go back to sleep, a contented smile on her face. Gently, I kissed her cheek and climbed out of bed, slipping my bra and dress back on and tiptoeing out of the room.

Dana was sitting on her bed, reading an assignment for school. She’d changed into a short pink sundress, just like mine except for the color. She looked up from her book and smiled.

“Don’t let me disturb you,” I said, reaching into my backpack for my journal.

“It’s okay,” she said. “I don’t have much homework today. Is Mommy okay?”

“She’s fine, just taking a nap,” I said. “Daddy’s taking us out for dinner when he gets home.” Dana nodded and smiled, and I left her to her reading, carrying my journal into the living room and stretching out on the couch, writing down the events of the last few days. I had just finished when I heard my father’s car pull into the driveway.

“Hey, kitten,” he said, leaning down to kiss me on the cheek. “That’s a pretty dress. You just get that today?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said, closing my journal.

“Where’s Mia?” he asked.

“Taking a nap.”

“Oh. Is she okay?”

“She’s fine. Just tired from shopping.”

“That’s good,” my father said. “Can you get the kids ready for dinner?”

“Sure.” I got up from the couch and headed down the hall to the kids’ rooms while my father disappeared into his bedroom. David was just finishing his homework and he changed his shirt while I went to let Dana know that we were leaving.

Dinner was delicious, though the mariachi band started to get on my nerves. Fortunately, they took a long break by the time our food arrived. Like the Cubano food my stepfather’s sisters liked to make, it was heavy on rice and beans, but with beef instead of pork, seasoned with salsa and guacamole instead of lime and onions. Unlike our first dinner out, my father didn’t get plastered, barely making a dent in a glass of sangria. David and Dana wolfed down their food, and even Mia seemed to have a big appetite.

We went out for ice cream afterwards before heading back home, and I couldn't help but feel like I was part of this family. It felt nice, and I secretly hoped that it would never end.

Back at the house, Mia excused herself and put David and Dana to bed, heading off to sleep as well. My father and I sat in the living room, not saying anything for a while. Then he got up and went into the kitchen, returning with a plate of lime slices and a shaker of salt. He placed these on the coffee table and went to the bar, selecting a bottle of tequila and two shot glasses, showing me how to place the salt on my hand, lick it, swallow the shot, and chase it with a wedge of lime. I expected the golden liquor to be harsh, like bourbon, but it was surprisingly smooth. After that first shot, I felt a familiar feeling of warmth spreading through my body.

"Not too fast, princess," my father said as I poured myself another shot. "This stuff sneaks up on you, and you'll feel like shit in the morning."

"Okay, Daddy." I took a small sip of my second shot, no salt or lime.

"Listen, about last night..."

"What about it?" I asked.

"I just want to know...I mean..." He searched for the right words to say. "I mean, I don't want you to think I'm some kind of sicko or something."

"Daddy," I whispered, reaching for his hand. "Do you remember when I was younger, before you left me and Mommy, how you used to give me a bath sometimes?"

"Um..."

"You used to touch me," I said. "Down there. And sometimes you'd put my hands on your penis. Do you remember?"

My father looked off in the distance for a moment and then reached for the bottle, pouring another shot and downing it in one quick gulp.

"I didn't think you'd remember that," he said. "I'd nearly forgotten about it myself."

"I remember, Daddy. And I thought about you a lot." I scooted over on the couch next to him, and he put his arm around me.

"Annie, when you and Mia were in her office yesterday, what were you doing?"

"I can't tell you, Daddy."

“I understand. I could hear you, though,” he said. “Is she that frustrated?”

“She says you won’t touch her, Daddy.” I didn’t want to disabuse him of the notion that women loved women out of frustration, or the lack of a male partner, and not because of passion, because of love, or because sometimes a woman’s touch was the only thing that mattered.

“I...I’m afraid of doing something that hurts the baby.”

“What if you tried to be gentle?” I reached for my drink and downed it, picking up a wedge of lime and sucking it.

“I did. I mean I do try, but...”

“It won’t hurt the baby if she comes once in a while,” I said.

“You’re right,” he said, pouring two more shots. My head was starting to swim already, so I just sipped this one slowly. “Where did you learn that, anyway?” he asked me.

“Learn what?”

“Learn to eat pussy,” he said, licking the salt from the back of his hand and downing his shot.

“Daddy, I’ve done a lot of things,” I said. “Some things I can never tell anyone.”

“Why can’t you tell me?”

“Because you’ll never look at me the same way again,” I said. “I just want to be your little girl again.” I snuggled up against him and he gently stroked my hair.

“You’ll always be my little girl, Annie.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” He poured another shot and gulped it down, but I passed when he offered to pour me one.

“Hey, I want to take some more pictures of you,” my father said. “Is that okay?”

“Sure, Daddy.”

“Come to my office with me.” He stood up from the couch and held out his hand, helping me to my feet. I swayed for a second, feeling the effects of the tequila, a head rush that made the lights dim for a moment. My father grabbed the bottle and led me down the hall to his den. There were five fresh film packs on the desk, next to his Polaroid. He was about to load one into the camera, but I put my arms around him instead.

“Hold me, Daddy.” I wanted to feel his strong arms around me, hugging me. He was more than happy to oblige. We stood there for a few minutes, neither of us quite steady on our feet, sort of holding each other up. I felt his hands on the zipper of my dress, tugging it downward. As I let it fall from my shoulders and pool around my feet, I could feel his hardness begin to grow in his trousers as he caressed my back. He bent his head and kissed me, first on the cheek, then on my nose, finally on my lips.

“My sexy little kitten...,” he whispered.

“Daddy...” I pressed against him, grinding my thigh against his, rubbing his erection through his pants. He hugged me again and then released me from his embrace, reaching for the camera. As he loaded the film cartridge, I reached back and unclasped my bra.

“Perfect,” he said as I reclined on the couch, wearing only my panties. He snapped a few pictures, and then I got up and stood by his desk, turning around and arching my back. He shot a few more pictures, a goofy grin on his face, and then I began to pull down my underwear.

“Wait a sec,” he said, ejecting the empty film pack and loading another. My father took a few shots of me with my undies around my thighs. Then I stepped out of them and sat on the couch again, spreading my legs to show him my pussy. He went through two more film cartridges, ten or twelve pictures each, while I posed for him. The pictures were as explicit as anything Cecil had taken. I spread my labia for him, my ass cheeks, licked my lips and fondled my breasts, reached down and played with my pussy. I could see my father’s face get flushed, the sheen of perspiration forming on his forehead.

“I want to see you, Daddy,” I pleaded as he changed the film cartridge again. It had been dark in Dana’s bedroom the night before, and he’d been wearing a bathrobe, so I couldn’t see his whole body. I stood up from the couch and went over to him, unbuttoning his shirt while he fumbled with the film’s foil package. He put down the camera and unfastened his trousers, pulling them down along with his boxer shorts and stepping out of them.

“Like what you see, kitten?” my father asked as he took off his shirt, standing naked in front of me, his hardness jutting out from a thick nest of pubic hair. He was well-built, fit, just a hint of thickness around his waist. Mia had told me that he was an avid tennis player, golfer, swimmer. It showed.

“Yes, Daddy,” I said, running my hands over his broad chest. He kissed me again and then I slowly sank to my knees in front of him and leaned into his crotch. There was a tiny pearl of precum on the

tip of his penis and I extended my tongue, licking off the drop of seminal fluid before planting a tender kiss on his glans.

“You want to suck your father’s cock, baby?” he said.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Tell me,” he said. “Tell me you want to suck me.”

“I want to suck you, Daddy,” I said. “I want to suck your cock and make you come in my mouth.”

“Good girl,” he said. “Suck Daddy’s cock now, princess.”

“Yes, Daddy.” I kissed the tip of his penis again and parted my lips, taking my father’s hardness into my mouth. He groaned as I slowly sucked the length of his shaft, bathing it with my tongue. I heard a click and saw a flash and looked up; he’d taken a picture of me fellating him. What the hell, I didn’t care. I winked at him and pulled his cock from my mouth, licking it from tip to base as he took another couple of photographs.

“That’s it, baby,” he said, setting the camera aside. “Suck me. Suck your Daddy’s big dick, baby.”

I took him back in my mouth and gave him the best blowjob I’d ever given anyone, ever. I fondled and licked his balls, I stroked the base of his shaft, I bathed his glans and the underside of his shaft with my tongue, I even tried to deep throat him, though I could never do this without gagging and this night was no exception. He must have appreciated the effort, though, and he responded by rocking his hips back and forth, following the movement of my head.

When his cock began to twitch I knew he was close to coming. I placed my hands on his firm buttocks and began to suck him faster, pulling him towards me with each stroke. My father placed his hands on my shoulders and guided me back and forth, setting the pace of his pleasure. I could hear him start to moan, a low guttural note that I could feel all the way down to the tip of his penis. Suddenly he stopped his vocalizations, his hips froze, his penis tensed and twitched in my mouth, and he erupted in a torrent of hot, thick semen. I clamped my lips around his spasming member and began to swallow his sperm, not wanting to lose a single drop of daddycum, milking his cock with my lips. I scooped up the last few dribbles with my tongue and released him from my mouth when he began to soften, giving the tip one last kiss and looking up at him.

My father smiled down at me, a gleam in his eye. He looked so proud of me, just like Ramon had looked after I pitched my first winning game in Little League. My father reached down and took my hand, pulling me to my feet, holding me, kissing me.

“You liked that, baby, didn’t you?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said. “I loved sucking you.”

“You like the taste of my cum?”

“Yummy, Daddy,” I said, in my best “little girl” voice. “Yummy cummy in my tummy.” This made him laugh, and he reached for the tequila, unscrewing the cap and taking a big slug, straight from the bottle. He offered it to me and I took a small gulp.

“My little girl’s growing up to be a sexy woman,” he said, placing his hand on my breast. He led me over to the couch and sat down, pulling me on to his lap, his hands roaming over my back, my bottom, my thighs, my titties. I spread my legs for him, giving him access to my cunny, letting him feel how wet I was down there. He took another swig from the bottle.

“You want Daddy to lick your pussy, baby?” he asked me, his words starting to slur together, making the word “pussy” sound like “pushy”.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Beg me.”

“What?”

“Beg me to lick your pussy, Annie.”

“Okay, Daddy,” I said. “Please. Please lick my pussy, Daddy.”

“Again.”

“Please, Daddy. Lick my pussy.”

“Again.”

“Oh, please won’t you lick me, Daddy? It’s like I’m on fire down there.”

“That’s my girl,” he laughed. He put down the bottle and laid me down on the couch, hoisting one of my legs along the back and pushing the other one off of the cushions, so I was splayed open for him. He leaned over me and took one of my nipples in his mouth, sucking it hard, grazing it with his teeth.

“Ow, Daddy.” I felt particularly sensitive, and his teeth hurt.

“Sorry, baby,” he said. “Gentle. I’ll be gentle.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” I said, running my hands over his back. He began to kiss me lower, working down my body, heading right for my cleft. I could feel his warm breath on my sex, and he hesitated for a moment.

“Pretty pussy,” he said in a hoarse voice. “My baby’s pussy is so pretty.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“You shave your pussy, baby?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“I like it,” he said. And then he dived right in, licking my wet slit with his rough tongue. He was like an animal. Actually, he reminded me of the way Schultzie had licked my crotch, long broad strokes along the length of my slit, not even bothering to find my clitoris. I arched my back, trying to make him concentrate on that spot below my prepuce where my button was, but he just licked up and down, pausing every so often to curl his tongue up and penetrate my passage. After a few minutes of this, though, I felt that welcome feeling begin to mount between my legs, building up every time he managed to make contact with my clit. I could come after an hour or two of this, I thought.

Suddenly, he stopped and looked up at me, a hungry look on his face. I looked down at him and noticed that he was hard again. He moved up from between my legs and kissed me, taking one of my breasts in his hand and squeezing it.

“I want you, baby,” he said, his voice congested with lust and hunger. “I wanna fuck my little girl.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said. “Fuck me. Just don’t make me beg for it.” He laughed and kissed me again, rubbing his penis over my sex. I wanted him so badly that I would have begged for it. Gladly. I wanted to feel him inside me, to feel him open me, fill me.

“You got protection, baby?” he asked me. “I got a condom somewhere.”

“I’m wearing a diaphragm, Daddy.” I’d had it in since before dinner. After sucking him the night before I expected this to happen.

“You knew we’d do this?” he asked.

“I wanted to do this, Daddy.”

“My baby,” he murmured. I reached down and took hold of his hardness, guiding the tip between my nether lips. He pressed forward with his hips, pushing his cock inside me, gliding along a carpet of my moisture and his saliva, slowly pressing inward until he filled me. My father stretched out on top of me and kissed me. Our tongues met and melded together as he slowly began to thrust.

“You’re so fucking tight,” he whispered. I clenched myself around his thick shaft and he gasped, slowly pulling back until just the tip of his tool remained inside me. Then he pushed forward again, filling me once more. I wrapped my arms around his back and met his thrust with my hips, wanting to take him deeper.

“Fuck me, Daddy,” I urged him. “Fuck me hard.” It felt naughty and sexy to say these words, and they had the desired effect on my father. His thrusts grew faster and deeper, and I felt that kernel of delight begin to grow again, spreading outward from my belly, sending waves of pleasure through my whole body. I felt wonderfully helpless underneath my father’s pumping body, under his control, an instrument of his lust. That it was my Daddy’s cock inside me, the fat ridge of flesh on top of his glans dragging across my sensitive spot, only intensified my pleasure. I felt like crying out, even though my climax hadn’t arrived, and I pressed my mouth against his shoulder, trying to muffle myself. I couldn’t do this without biting my father, but this only seemed to spur him on, and he began to fuck me furiously.

“Daddy...Daddy...I’m...I’m...” I was breathless, unable to even complete a sentence, and then it hit me, a mindblowing orgasm, dimming my vision, making me quiver beneath him as this ecstatic sensation took control of my body. Stars, I saw stars, bright silver and gold lights against a deep red field. The stars began to fade, my vision returned, and I wrapped my arms and legs around his body, holding on tight, never wanting this to stop. And then it hit me again, and I felt like I was going to pass out cold.

I didn’t, though. I managed to remain conscious. I think I might have screamed. Maybe I didn’t, but my father clamped his lips on mine anyway, probing my mouth with his tongue as his cock probed my depths, pushing in and out with long, forceful strokes. I reached a third, lower peak, and I began to feel myself getting sore down there.

“Daddy...come for me...come...come in me...,” I rasped, finding my voice again. My father grunted an acknowledgment and kept fucking me with those long hard thrusts. I tightened myself around his veiny shaft, hearing him grunt again, and then I felt him come, hot spurts of cum erupting from his

cock, filling my tender cunny with a feeling of warmth. His thrusts began to slow and then stop. I released my hold on his body, letting my arms and legs go limp.

“Baby,” he whispered, nuzzling my neck and kissing me. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said.

“Was that okay?” His question struck me as odd. Couldn’t he tell that I came three times?

“That was the best, Daddy.”

“Good, good,” he said, kissing me on the cheek and climbing off of me. I felt a post-orgasmic shiver when his cock slipped out of me. As his sperm began to ooze from my tender little cunny, I reached for my panties, trying to slip them on. My legs felt like rubber, and I could barely pull them up my shins. As my father took a swig from the bottle of tequila, I managed to get them up my thighs and over my ass before I made a mess on the couch.

“What did we just do?” he said.

“You fucked me, Daddy,” I replied. “You fucked me really good.” I sat up on the couch and looked at him. He had a strange, distant expression on his face.

“What did we just do?” he repeated, returning to the couch and taking another swig. I took the bottle from his hand and took a drink.

“Daddy,” I said, snuggling against him and running my hand over his hairy chest. “I wanted this. You wanted this. What’s wrong with that?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “It feels so wrong now.”

“Post coitum omne animal triste est,” I said. It was something Julia had taught me, when she’d tried to introduce me to the classics.

“What the fuck does that mean?” my father asked.

“It means ‘you feel like shit after you fuck,’” I told him. He laughed and put his arm around me, hugging me. I handed him the bottle.

“Enough of this,” he said, placing the tequila on the floor. “We’ve got to get up early tomorrow morning.”

“I know what you meant,” I said.

“About what?”

“If you fucked Mia like this she ’d end up in the hospital.”

“What, you didn ’t like it?”

“I loved it, Daddy,” I said, kissing his bicep. “But I ’m not seven months pregnant.”

“I see your point.”

I wanted to talk to him about his cunnilingus technique, too, but I decided not to press the issue. There would be time for that. I cuddled with him for a few minutes and then got up, gathering my clothes from the floor. Then I went over to him and sat in his lap, kissing him.

“I love you, Daddy.”

“I love you, too, princess. Still want to come to the office to morrow?”

“Yes, I ’d like that,” I said.

“Okay, I ’ll wake you up tomorrow.”

“Thanks.”

I kissed him again and slipped my dress over my head, not bothering to do the zipper. When I left him, he was getting up from the couch, heading towards the desk, to the pile of photographs he ’d taken of me. He ’d just snapped away, and we hadn ’t bothered to watch them develop. There would be time for that, too. I walked across the hall to Dana ’s bedroom and took off my clothes, taking a quick shower before going to bed. Dana was sound asleep and I watched her for a while, wondering how old she ’d be before my father would take her, opening her little cunny with his hard cock. Then I laid back on the cot and fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

\* \* \*

## Chapter Six - Atomic Dog

My father woke me up early the next morning, before anyone else in the house was awake. I dressed quietly, trying not to wake Dana, and we left in his Cadillac, heading to a local diner for breakfast. My father looked tired, his eyes bloodshot behind his dark sunglasses.

“Are you okay, Daddy?” I asked him.

“Fucking hung over,” he muttered. “You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” I hadn’t had nearly as much to drink as he had, and before I went to sleep I took two aspirin and washed them down with a tall glass of cold water, something Julia had taught me.

The diner was part of a truck stop, the parking lot filled with big rigs and pickup trucks. We had a greasy breakfast of eggs, bacon, hash browns, and strong coffee. My father’s eyes began to clear, and he began to perk up, especially after his second cup of coffee and a couple of Tylenol. He even managed to flirt with the waitress, a buxom young woman with a name tag that read “MADGE”. They seemed to be on a first-name basis.

My father’s office was in the first floor of a building downtown, a nicely furnished space with a dozen desks and architectural models of the local communities his company developed. He was one of the more senior members of the sales staff, so he had his own office, a fairly large glass-walled room with a big desk, a couple of chairs, and a comfortable couch. While he made some phone calls and looked over some paperwork I sat on the couch and read magazines, watching his co-workers filter in as the work day began.

My father took pride in introducing me to everyone, the secretaries, the other sales people, and the executive vice president, a tall blonde woman named Krystal. I stood up from the couch to greet her and she smiled and shook my hand. She wore a pale blue skirt suit, the gold buttons bearing the logo of an exclusive designer label, and her hair was perfectly coiffed, not a single strand out of place.

“We still on for lunch, Frank?” she asked my father.

“Sure thing, Krys,” he said. “One o’clock?”

“Perfect,” she replied. “I want to swing by the model home at Corazon afterwards and make sure the contractors finished the landscaping.”

“Not a problem,” he said, checking his appointment book. “My afternoon’s free, anyway.”

“Great. I’ve got a meeting with Max, so I’ll come by and get you when I get out.”

“See you then,” my father said.

“Pleasure to meet you, Anne,” she said, taking my hand again.

“Thank you, Ma’am.” She winked at my father and left his office.

The morning went by pretty quickly. We drove out to a new development and met a young couple who was buying their first home. Unlike Rancho Paradiso, this place wasn’t built around a golf course, and the homes were smaller, “entry level” was the phrase my father used. I watched as he showed a new home to these people, taking them on a tour of the house, discussing financing options, and then driving them around the area, showing them the local schools, the shopping center, the nearest hospital. The woman was pregnant, and just starting to show. Her husband looked like some kind of scientist or engineer, white shirt, horn-rimmed glasses, closely cropped hair, trousers just a bit too short. What really impressed me was the way he held his wife’s hand the whole time; you could tell that they were deeply in love. I couldn’t help but smile the whole time we were with them.

After we drove them back to their car, my father and I headed back to his office. I amused myself by playing around with one of the office’s computers, a new IBM PC. Nobody in the office knew how to use it yet, but there was a stack of manuals next to it. The one on the top of the heap was a spiral-bound softcover with “DOS 1.0” printed on the front. I kept it open in my lap and started typing commands from the reference section.

“Whoa, how’d you do that?” someone behind me asked after I typed “DIR” and got a list of files to scroll up the screen.

“I just typed this,” I said, repeating the command. A couple more people got up from their desks and came over, and I saw Krystal walking into the office, her meeting finally finished.

“We should hire you,” Krystal said, standing behind my seat, her hand resting lightly on my shoulder. “We need a computer wiz around here.”

“I’ve never used one before,” I said. “Besides, I’m only fifteen.”

“I was waiting tables in Taos when I was your age,” she replied. “Come, let’s grab your father and get some lunch.” I closed the manual and followed her into my father’s office. He was on the phone, but he

cut the conversation short, grabbed his blazer, and we headed out to eat, driving off in my father's convertible.

We ended up at a steak house, dining among a lunchtime crowd of businessmen and businesswomen, with a few well-dressed tourists here and there. Krystle and my father ordered martinis first and a glass of white wine for me. They talked shop most of the time, though Krystle was interested to know whether I'd be moving from Boston to Phoenix soon. I still wasn't sure what I wanted to do, but I said I might do so. My father smiled and took another sip of his drink.

Conversation tapered off when the food arrived. My father had ordered a steak, bloody rare, with a baked potato on the side. Krystle and I just had salad, and she mentioned to me how hard it was to keep her figure once she reached her thirties.

"You've got a lovely figure," I said. She was tall and slender, almost my father's height, statuesque.

"That's so nice of you to say," Krystle said, taking my hand and squeezing it. Her nails were perfectly manicured, painted a shade of pale blue that matched her suit, and for the first time I noticed her wedding ring, an ornate gold band on her left ring finger. "Such a polite girl you have, Frank," she added. My father just smiled and nodded, and then he turned and raised his hand, trying to get the waiter's attention.

They had another round of drinks and some coffee before the check came. Krystle pulled a company credit card from her Louis Vuitton purse, paid for the meal, and we left the restaurant, heading to the Corazon development. It was a lovely day, not too warm, and we drove the car with the top down. Despite the wind, not a single hair on Krystle's head was out of place when we arrived. She checked herself in the vanity mirror as my father walked around the car to open her door.

"We're just going to be a few minutes, Annie," my father said. "Why don't you wait in the car."

"Sure," I said, and I watched them walk around the house, inspecting the sod, the shrubs, the lawn that abruptly turned to desert scrub about fifty feet behind the house. Then they disappeared behind the house.

A few minutes became a few more minutes, and a few minutes after that I was wondering where Krystle and my father had gone. The sun had been blocked by a fluffy bank of clouds, and the light breeze

that had felt so wonderful began to chill my skin. I looked around, wondering if they'd gone to check some other house's landscaping, but they were nowhere in sight.

I got out of the car and began to walk around the house. No one. I could see a light on in a second floor window and the sliding door that led inside from the patio was slightly ajar. I went inside, coming into a brand new kitchen, the refrigerator still bearing a manufacturer's sticker that advertised its features. There was furniture in the living room, leased by my father's company, but you could tell that no one was living here. The house lacked those personal touches, a photo on the wall, coats in the hall closet, keys on the table by the door.

I thought I heard a thump above the ceiling, on the second floor, so I slowly walked up the carpeted front stairs, hearing another thump and the distinctive sound of a woman in the throes of her climax. As I walked down the hallway I could hear the squeaking of bedsprings, too, as well as the woman's more unique cries and moans. It was coming from a room at the end of the hall. The door was slightly open, just a couple of inches, and I peeked through the gap.

"Oh, fuck, Frank...fuck me...fuck me..." It was Krystle, laying on her back on the bed, her legs in the air while my father laid over her, pounding her snatch with his hard tool. He said nothing; he just grunted as he pumped her pussy, the muscles in his back and legs flexing with each thrust, her big round tits jiggling with each movement of his hips. She started to come again, bucking and writhing on the bed beneath him, but he just kept pounding away with no sign that he was even close to his release. My eyes were glued to his flexing buttocks, and the swinging of his heavy balls with each thrust began to hypnotize me.

"For fuck's sake, Frank," Krystle gasped, "aren't you done yet?"

"Getting close...", he grunted.

"Hurry up," she said. "I'm starting to get dry down there."

"Getting...", my father repeated. "And...there." His back and legs tensed up, his hips shuddering as he gave one last thrust, burying his cock inside Krystle's snatch and filling it with his seed. Then he collapsed on top of her, exhausted. Krystle traced lazy circles on his back with her long fingernails. Then she turned her head towards the door.

“Shit, Frank! She saw us!” Krystle hissed, her eyes widening. “Get the fuck offa me!” My father turned his head in my direction, but he made no movement to climb off of Krystle’s nude body.

“Relax, relax,” he said. “Annie, get in here. Get in here.”

I slowly opened the door and stepped inside. My father rolled off of Krystle and laid down next to her, his cock now soft and glistening as it dangled across his thigh. Krystle grabbed a corner of the sheet and held it across her breasts, but the rest of her remained exposed. Her legs were still spread, and I could see my father’s cum starting to drip from her vagina.

“Sit down, Annie,” my father ordered, motioning towards the foot of the bed. I walked over and took a seat, directly across from Krystle’s leaky snatch. There was silence for a minute while my father and I looked at each other. I felt a complicated mix of emotions; fear that I had been caught watching them while they fucked, anger at my father for fucking this woman behind Mia’s back, and a bit of jealousy as well. That semen dripping from Krystle’s pussy should have been mine. I’d put my diaphragm in that morning hoping that my father and I could be together again, even if we had to do it on the hood of his car out in the desert. That sperm should have been oozing out of my pussy, not hers.

That I didn’t feel any guilt over fucking my father without his pregnant wife’s knowledge was due to my having slept with her, too. My father knew it as well, and besides, we were family. It wasn’t like fucking some helmet-haired woman who probably had breast implants. It was family, my family.

“Ask her what she saw, Frank,” Krystle said, finally breaking the silence. There was a brittle edge to her voice.

“She saw everything, Krys,” he said. “Isn’t that right, Annie?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said, looking down at my lap. I tried to concentrate on the pattern on my new sundress, but I couldn’t help but glance over at Krystle and the warm stream of semen that leaked from her sex.

“You’re not going to tell anyone, right?” he asked me.

“No, Daddy.”

“Krystle’s married, too, so you have to think of her as well.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“That’s it, Frank?” Krystle said. “That’s all you’re going to say?”

“What else do you want me to do?” he replied. “Bribe her?”

“I don’t know,” she said, drawing the sheets tight over her big boobs .

“Annie won’t tell,” my father said. “We’ve got our own secrets, right kitten?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I replied, surprised that he’d alluded to what we’d done in front of this woman. His mistress.

“Frank, no,” she said. “You didn’t...”

“We did,” he laughed. I felt myself begin to blush.

“Frank, that’s sick,” Krystle said.

“Oh, fer chrissake,” he replied. “You were fucking a farm hand when you were her age.”

“He wasn’t my father,” Krystle said, quietly.

“Yeah, but isn’t my little girl sexy?” he asked.

“Frank...”

“Come on, Krys. You swing both ways. What do you think of her?”

“Frank, you can’t be serious,” she said.

All this time I kept my eyes fixed on a spot between Krystle’s legs, her petals, the river of sperm, her neatly trimmed bush. She was reaching for the pack of cigarettes on the table next to the bed when I felt the strongest compulsion to start licking up the semen that leaked from her pussy. I couldn’t resist. That cum was mine. I wanted it.

She was about to light her cigarette when I turned and leaned over between her legs, extending my tongue and lapping up the cream that oozed from her slit, licking her with long, scooping strokes of my tongue, drinking the semen that should have been dripping from my cunny. She let out a startled little scream and the unlit cigarette fell from her lips, landing between her breasts.

“Oh...stop...stop it...,” she protested, pinning me between her thighs and rocking her hips back and forth, trying to escape my probing tongue. I held fast, gluing my lips to her pussy, relentlessly licking up my father’s cream from her cleft. I felt my father moving on the bed next to us, and then he was unzipping my dress, slipping his hand inside, stroking my back as I assaulted Krystle’s slit with my mouth. By the time I had liberated my father’s semen from her sex, she’d relaxed her thighs and stopped resisting, her hips now moving to bring her clit in contact with my tongue.

Krystle's little button wasn't so little; it was swollen to the size of the tip of my pinkie finger. I lashed it with my tongue, my anger at her channeled into hunger now. I wanted to make her come, to control her body with pleasure, to conquer her. I almost wished I had that strap-on Julia had bought for me. I wanted to fuck Krystle like my father had just done.

I felt his hands tugging at the straps of my dress, pulling them off of my shoulders, unhooking my bra, tugging my panties down over my legs. After he undressed me, he held me by the hips and lifted my lower body up so I was now kneeling between Krystle's legs as I sucked and licked her clit. Suddenly I felt his tongue on my cleft, licking me up and down like a dog again. He slobbered over my cunny, wetting it, probing my slit, my bottom. Krystle began to come again as I swirled my tongue over her pearl, her thighs quivering as she pressed them against my arms. I looked up and watched her knead her tits, pinching each nipple as her flat belly began to tense and ripple, her eyes closed, her mouth open, forming a silent "O". Then she let out a long, low scream and sat up, forcing my mouth away from her sex. She grabbed me by the arms and pulled me on top of her, away from my father's busy tongue.

"Kiss me," she whispered, pressing her lips against mine, pulling me against her breasts. Our tongues met, and she managed to reclaim the last traces of my father's cum that lingered in my mouth. She broke off the kiss and looked over my shoulder at something. I turned to look as well: my father was standing at the foot of the bed, hard again, slowly stroking his shaft. Krystle slipped her legs in between mine and opened them, exposing my wet sex to him. My father climbed on to the bed and kneeled behind me, hovering over me and Krystle, his hardness bobbing between his legs.

"Do it, Frank," she urged. She had a look of pure animal lust in her eyes, a look I'd seen on my father's face, too. Insatiable.

"Hold her, Krys," he said, pressing the tip of his cock against my labia. It was a difficult angle with my body flat against Krystle's, but he found the right spot on the second try and entered me, filling my sex with his hard meat. Krystle wrapped her arms around me, crushing me against her big breasts and holding me fast as my father hovered above the two of us, supporting himself on his hands and knees, pushing his veiny shaft inside my cunny. It felt so wonderful, and I wanted to cry out with delight, but Krystle silenced me with a kiss.

My father didn't bother to start out slowly. His thrusts were hard and deep from the first, and each stroke pressed my mons against Krystle's pubic bone and ground our nipples together. As he leaned down to kiss me between my shoulders, his thighs began to slap my bottom and I nearly bit Krystle's tongue. She broke off our kiss and held me tight as my father pounded my pussy, his wiry pubic hair brushing against my ass.

Despite my father's all-too-brief foreplay, I was wet down there, and my pussy made embarrassing squishing sounds as it engulfed and released his hard cock. I felt Krystle reaching down and squeezing my ass, pulling me closer to her as my father fucked me. I buried my face in her hair as I felt my pleasure rise with each thrust of my father's cock.

"Fuck her, Frank," Krystle urged him. "Fuck that wet little cunt." He stretched out on top of my back and kissed her, sandwiching me between their bodies, pressing my mound harder against her pubic bone. My father could only perform short, shallow strokes while he was flat against my back, and I pushed back with my hips, wanting to take him deeper. Suddenly he slipped out of me. I felt empty.

"Put it back in," I pleaded. "Put it in me."

"You like your daddy's big cock, don't you?" Krystle asked me. I nodded eagerly, wanting nothing more than to feel him inside me again. I felt my father reaching down between us, sliding his tool back into my hungry hole.

"My little baby loves it," my father said as he lifted himself back on to his hands and knees and resumed his hard, deep thrusts.

"I love it...I love it, Daddy," I said, breathlessly. My pleasure began to mount, and I held Krystle's hips as I ground myself against her, rubbing my mound against hers as my father pumped my little cunny. My whole body tingled as I felt the seed of my climax begin to grow inside me, but it wasn't until I felt my father's thumb against my bottom, probing my tight hole, that I began to come, finding my release between my father and his mistress. I reached up and clung to Krystle's breasts as I came, trying to muffle my ecstatic screams with the pillow, humping my hips back against my father's hard cock. He kept pounding my spasming snatch, even after I clenched myself around his veiny shaft, trying to make him come for me. This triggered a second, more intense orgasm, and I began to lose control, unable to move my limbs, let alone the muscles in my pussy.

“Come for me, Daddy,” I urged him. These words had no effect.

“She’s a little wildcat, Frank,” Krystle said. “You’re going to wear her out.”

“Not a chance of that,” he replied. I felt like a rag doll, limp, spent, with only Krystle’s body keeping me from melting in to the bed like a snowman on a sunny day. She ran her arms over my back and bottom, kissing my cheek, nibbling my earlobe. Suddenly I felt his cock slip out of me, and he removed the tip of his thumb from my bottom. I felt empty again.

“Spread her cheeks for me, Krys,” he said.

“Don’t hurt her, Frank,” she said. “She’s just a little girl.”

“She can take it,” he replied. I felt his breath on my crack and suddenly he was tonguing my bottom, probing my nether hole, moistening me for what was to come. I looked back over my shoulder and saw his face buried between my legs as he licked my tight little ass. Then he got back on his knees, his cock hard and red, still glistening with my juices, pressing the tip against my bottom. Despite my nectar on his shaft and the licking he’d done, I was still too dry, and I felt a burning pain as he tried to force himself inside my ass.

“Daddy, no,” I pleaded. “You’re too big.”

“Relax, baby,” he said. I tried, taking a deep breath and letting it out.

“She’s too dry, Frank,” Krystle said. “Get me my purse. I’ve got some lotion in there.” My father got up from between my legs and fetched her pocketbook. She rummaged around in it and pulled out a tube of hand lotion, not the best lubricant, but adequate for this purpose. She squeezed some out on my father’s penis and spread it over his shaft with her long, manicured fingers, squirting some more on his purplish glans.

He took his place again between my legs and pressed his cock inside me. It slipped off a couple of times, but then he found the right angle and popped the tip past the tight ring of muscle in my bottom. I took another deep breath and tried to relax myself as his shaft slowly sunk inside me. I could feel every bump and vein. Krystle saw my pained expression and kissed me, caressing my head and shoulders as my father filled my bottom with his hard meat.

It didn’t hurt so much, and it was over quickly, just as I was starting to like it. Each slow thrust pressed my clit against Krystle’s mound again, and I felt like I could have come once more, just from this

delicious friction. But it only took a few strokes before my father began to come, filling my bottom with his hot seed. He stretched out on top of me and kissed my cheek, caressing my shoulders as his cock slipped out of me. Then, without a word, he got up and went into the bathroom, closing the door and turning on the shower. I let out a deep sigh.

“Are you okay?” Krystle asked me, kissing my forehead.

“Yes,” I replied, rolling over and laying next to her. She sat up and fluffed out her hair with her fingers.

“Let me see you,” she said. “Turn over.” I rolled on to my stomach and felt her caress my bottom, gently spreading my cheeks to look at my well-used bottom. “Does it hurt?”

“Not really,” I said. I’d taken bigger men back there, like Ramon, but we’d always used lots of lubricant, something thicker and slicker than hand lotion. She leaned down and kissed my cheeks, and suddenly I felt her tongue probing between them, licking my asshole, scooping my father’s cum into her mouth. I wanted her to stop, to tell her that this was my cum, that she couldn’t have any, but I was too exhausted, too spent. Besides, it felt pretty good.

“Feel better?” Krystle asked, having finished cleaning my messy bottom.

“Mmmm...,” I murmured. She stretched out next to me and ran her long fingernails up my back, sending a delightful shiver up my spine.

“You’re not going to tell anyone about your father and I, are you?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Call me Krys, baby.” I turned my head and we kissed again, tasting semen and hand lotion and who knows what else on her tongue. As she caressed my back and bottom, I heard the shower shut off, and a couple of minutes later my father emerged from the foggy bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist. He began to gather his clothes and get dressed.

“You got meetings this afternoon?” he asked Krystle. She looked at the thin gold watch on her wrist.

“Just a four o’clock with the mortgage people,” she said. “Enough time to take a shower, I think.”

“Better make it quick,” my father said, slipping his boxers up his thighs.

“C’mon, Annie,” Krystle said, lighting a cigarette. “Let’s get wet.”

By this time my strength had returned, and I followed her into the steamy bathroom. She closed the door behind us and threw her cigarette into the toilet, putting down the lid and sitting. As she emptied her bladder, I looked around the bathroom. This was the only part of the house that looked as if someone had been living here, with towels, toothpaste, mouthwash, soap, and shampoo. I wondered if this was for the benefit of prospective buyers or whether Krystle and my father had bought these things for their clandestine little love nest.

I twisted the shower's single faucet, trying to find the right temperature. Krystle had finished pissing, and I felt my own urgency begin to build. She just sat there, though, not even getting up to wipe herself off.

"Gotta pee, baby?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, pressing my thighs together. If she didn't get up soon, I'd piss in the sink.

"Come here," she said, patting her thigh. "Spread your legs and sit down." I walked over to her and straddled her lap. She ran her hands up my bottom, over my back, and around to my breasts, which she gently cupped and fondled. "Let go for me, Annie," she urged. I closed my eyes and tried to relax my bladder, but I couldn't.

"Pee for me, Annie," Krystle whispered. She pulled my bottom closer and leaned her head down, taking one of my nipples in her mouth and suckling it. I took a deep breath and started to pee, though more of my urine flowed over her mons than hit the water in the toilet. She gasped as the warm liquid began to flow over her sex. "That's right, baby," she cooed, releasing my nipple from her lips and squeezing my bottom. It felt good to empty my bladder, and I let out a deep sigh.

"You like watersports, Annie?" she asked me.

"Not really," I replied. There had been that one time with Margaret, Shelly's daughter, during that weekend they came up to Maine to stay with Julia. It felt naughty, sexy, when I peed on her in the bathtub and then she returned the favor, but that had been the only time I'd done something like that, unless you count Mr. Antonelli, who lost control of his bladder when his heart failed in the middle of our coupling. It just seemed too messy.

"My husband loves it," Krystle said. "I didn't, at least at first." Though I'd finished peeing, she held me on her lap as the bathroom began to fill with steam from the shower.

“He doesn’t know about you and my father?”

“No, he doesn’t,” she said. “He’d rather I pick up some stranger in a bar than sleep with someone he knows. He and Frank used to sell cars for the same dealer.”

“So he doesn’t mind...?”

“We’re both allowed to have our little ‘flings,’” Krystle said. “And we’re always looking for someone to play with. But falling in love is out of the question.”

“You don’t love my father?” Krystle looked thoughtful for a moment and then smiled.

“I love the way his cock feels inside me but no, I’m not in love with him,” she said. “It’s just great sex. You understand, right?”

“I guess,” I said. I got up from her lap and we stepped into the shower, lathering each other with the bar of soap. I ran my slick fingers over her breasts, feeling her nipples stiffen and crinkle.

“Would you like titties like mine, Annie?” Krystle said.

“Are they real?” I asked, immediately regretting the question. “I’m sorry,” I said, sheepishly.

“It’s alright, baby,” she said. “Nature needed a little help.” She lifted one of her breasts and showed me the faint scar beneath.

“I like my breasts,” I said. I really did; I’d started to outgrow my A-cup bras and I hoped that I wouldn’t get much bigger than a B-cup, like my mother.

“Good for you, Annie,” Krystle said. “Turn around and let me do your back.” I pulled my hair out of the way as she soaped up my back and bottom, gently probing between my cheeks where my father’s cream was still oozing forth.

“I’d love to have you over for dinner some time,” she said, pressing her body against mine. “I’m sure Steve would love to meet you, too.”

“He’s your husband?”

“Yes,” she said, rubbing her slippery skin against mine. She cupped my breast with one hand and caressed my belly with the other, moving lower, dipping between my legs, grazing my cleft with a fingertip. “I’d love to watch him take you,” she whispered. “He’s a handsome man like your Daddy. Would you like that?” I shuddered as she found my clit.

“Yes,” I gasped. “Yes. I’d like that.” I wondered why she was with my father if she had a handsome man of her own.

“Well maybe your father will let you come over later this week,” Krystle said. “We’ve got a home in Paradiso, too. Just a few blocks away.” She punctuated her words by swirling her fingertip over my pearl, making me shudder in her arms. I wanted to stay in the shower, to feel her make me come again, but the hot water must have been running low and the shower began to turn tepid and then cold. We rinsed off quickly and shut off the water.

My father was sitting on the bed, already dressed, smoking one of Krystle’s cigarettes when we emerged from the steamy bathroom. He smiled and said nothing, just taking a drag as he imagined what we had been doing. I gathered my clothes from the bed and the floor and got dressed, sitting down on the bed and watching Krystle hunt for her pantyhose, which was apparently hiding under the bed. She managed to get dressed pretty quickly, spending more time arranging her hair.

“Let’s go,” she said, dropping her hairbrush in her pocketbook. My father finished the cigarette and stubbed it out, walking into the bathroom and emptying the ashtray in the toilet and flushing before we left. We headed back to the car and left the development, heading back downtown to their office. Krystle gave my father’s hand a quick squeeze and got out of the car. I climbed over the back of the seat and took her place in front. My father put the car in gear and pulled away from the curb.

“She wants to have me over for dinner,” I said to him as we headed back home.

“Really?” he said. “Just the two of you?”

“No. With Steve.”

“No shit,” he said. “Good ol’ Steve.”

“Is that okay, Daddy?”

“Do you want to do that, kitten?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said. He reached for my hand and squeezed it.

“Krys was right, baby,” he said. “You’re a little wildcat.”

“I’m your daughter, Daddy,” I said, making him laugh.

“I guess you are,” he replied. “I guess you are.” We drove the rest of the way in silence until we pulled into the driveway.

“Would you like to go camping this weekend?” he asked me as he pulled the key from the ignition. “Just you and me, up in the high country.”

“I’m leaving Sunday, Daddy,” I said.

“I can take off work on Friday,” he said. “We’ll take Mia’s old Jeep. I’ve got all the gear. How about it, kitten?”

“I’d like that, Daddy.” I’d never gone camping before, and it sounded like fun, just me and my father, all alone. We left the car and went inside. Mia greeted us at the door and gave my father a hug.

“Your hair’s wet,” she said. “Did you just take a shower?”

“We left the office early and I took Annie to the health club for a swim,” he said, heading to the bar and pouring himself a glass of scotch.

“Wonderful,” Mia said. “Did you like the place, Anne?”

“Yes,” I said, embroidering my father’s lie. “It was nice.”

“Good,” she said. “I hope you’ve worked up an appetite. Dinner should be ready within the hour.” I thanked her and headed down the hallway to Dana’s room. Her school books were on the bed, but she wasn’t there. I walked through the bathroom to David’s room. The door was open and his bedroom was empty as well, so I headed back to the kitchen.

“Where are the kids?” I asked Mia. She was pulling a pot roast from the oven, tasting the sauce, adding a bit of salt from an aluminum shaker.

“They’re playing in the back yard with Schultzie,” she said.

“Oh, thanks,” I said. I walked through the sliding doors that led out to the patio, looking for them. I scoured the whole back yard, walking over the boundary that separated the property from the golf course’s fifth hole, starting to get worried about David and Dana. Then I heard a rustling, a dry sound coming from within a stand of stunted pine trees. I ducked under the bristly boughs and saw them, Dana, David, and the dog.

She was on her hands and knees, using her brother’s jacket to protect her tender skin from the bed of dried pine needles beneath her. David knelt by her head, his hips rocking back and forth as his cock slid over her lips. The dog was behind her, his furry belly resting on her back while David held his forepaws. Dana’s dress was hiked up around her waist, her panties were pulled down around her thighs, and I could

see Schultzie's big red cock pistoning in and out between her legs. I moved closer, not sure if he was fucking her or not, and in the process I stepped on a twig.

"Annie!" David said, surprised to see me. Dana's tilted her head slightly, but she kept sucking her brother's penis. Even the dog looked over, his long tongue hanging limply from his jaw. I noticed that his cock wasn't actually in Dana's little babycunt, just gliding back and forth between Dana's creamy thighs. Every so often the dog would try to poke her labia, eager to feel the warm caress of her cunny, but his cock would just slide over the crack of her ass before returning to the gap between her thighs.

"What the fuck is going on here?" I said. "Dana, are you okay?" She nodded, still feasting on David's hard meat.

"It was her idea, Annie," he said. Just then Schultzie let out a low whine and began to come all over Dana's bottom and thighs, a torrent of thin, acrid smelling dog semen. Dana pushed back against his long red penis, a look of lust and desire in her eyes. Schultzie's gusher of jizz slowed to a trickle and he dismounted her, curling up beneath a pine tree and licking his crimson tool. Dana's ass and legs were soaked with his seed, and her panties were sopping wet.

"Unbelievable," I said, even though watching this had made my pussy start to tingle with need.

"Ready, Dana?" David said. She nodded. "You promised to swallow it this time, right?" Dana nodded again. "Here...here it comes..." He pushed his hips forward, burying his tan cock in his sister's little mouth, and then he came. I could see Dana's throat moving as she swallowed his meager offering, even though she was wrinkling her nose in disgust. She took everything he had to offer, and she even milked the last drops from his cock with her lips. Just like her big sister liked to do. David pulled his penis from her mouth; it glistened in the sunlight that filtered through the pine trees. I felt a compulsion to clean him off with my tongue, but instead I went over to Dana, who was still on her hands and knees, catching her breath. David pulled up his jeans and sat down next to us.

"You okay, baby?" I asked her.

"Yeah," she said, sitting down on the jacket that served as a temporary bed. "That was fun."

"You're a mess," I said. She was covered from the waist down in dog semen, and it soaked into the lining of the jacket on which she sat.

"Will you clean me off?" she asked.

“I’ll try,” I said. “Here, take off your panties.” Dana let me pull them down off her legs. I thought I might be able to use them to wipe the dog cum from her skin but they were too wet. Instead, I turned the sleeves of the jacket inside out and used the fleece lining to clean her creamy skin. While I did this, Dana had her hand between her legs, rubbing her puffy red lips, trying to find her little button. She shuddered when she found the right spot, and as I wiped the last of Schultzie’s semen from her skinny legs, I felt her start to tremble as she rubbed herself to completion. She let go of her cunny and leaned back on the jacket, propping herself up with her elbows. Just as I felt compelled to clean off David’s penis, I had the urge to dive between her legs and lick her to another climax, but the strangeness of the situation held me back.

“Where did you get the idea to do this?” I asked her.

“One of David’s magazines,” she said.

“I got some porno,” he said sheepishly. “My buddy Gary found them in his garage, in his father’s toolbox. Me and Dana were looking through some of them today.” David reached into the pocket of the jacket and produced a pack of cigarettes and a lighter, pulling a thin joint from the pack and lighting it. He took a hit and offered it to Dana, who shook her head. I took the joint from him and took a big drag. We passed it back and forth until it was just a stub.

“Are you going to tell on me?” Dana asked. I laid down next to her, trying to avoid the wet spot on the jacket’s lining.

“No, Dana,” I said, “but I want to tell you something.” David moved closer, straining to hear what I was about to say.

“I’ve licked my best friend’s pussy when I was ten, fucked both of my stepbrothers when I was eleven, climbed into bed with my stepfather when I was only twelve, and fell in love with a woman nearly forty years older than me. I’ve taken on two, even three men at once, letting them fill every hole in my body except for my nostrils. I let two dozen men use me for their pleasure at a party and then I drank a bowlful of their cum. I’ve slept with priests, a nun, a district attorney, my elderly landlord, even a shemale. I’ve posed for dirty pictures, and made a porn movie when I was just fourteen. I’ve sold myself on the street, sucking as many as a dozen men in one day. One man paid me hundreds of dollars to pretend that I was his daughter and, yes, I’ve slept with my father and I’ve made love to Mia.”

I paused for a moment to let my words sink in.

“But I’ve never, ever let a dog fuck me.”

Dana looked as if she was about to cry. I put my arm around her and held her as the shamefulness of what she’d done began to register.

“I’m sorry, Annie,” she said.

“Yeah, me too,” David added. “I shouldn’t have let her do this.”

“Sweetie, it’s okay,” I cooed. “We’re our father’s daughters.”

“What do you mean?” David asked.

“I mean he’s the sort of man who will nail anything that moves,” I said. David was old enough to notice how my father flirted with waitresses, co-workers, anyone in a skirt, and he nodded. I had no doubt that they’d visited my father’s office and probably knew Krystle, my father’s mistress. I wondered if they’d had to wait in the car like I had while my father took her to bed.

“Daddy sometimes comes into my room at night,” Dana said. “He thinks I’m asleep, but I can see him.”

“I know, baby,” I said. “He used to touch me when I was little, when he’d give me a bath, and he tried to get me to touch him, too. I guess I was too young to understand at the time.”

“Did he ever do anything to you?” Dana asked her brother. He shook his head vigorously and reached for his pack of cigarettes, lighting one.

“Tell us, Davy,” I said. “We’re family, remember?”

“Okay,” he said, taking a deep drag and tilting his head back, blowing the smoke upwards, into the trees. It swirled around, catching the shafts of light that filtered through the pine needles.

“It was right before our mother left us,” David said. “Daddy brought me into the bedroom. Mommy was there, lying on the bed. She didn’t have any clothes on. He took off his bathrobe and made me sit on the bed while she sucked him. Then he told me to take my clothes off and watch while they fucked.”

“Wow,” I said, reaching across Dana’s hips and taking his hand. “Go on.”

“Mom was fucked up on something, pills maybe,” he continued. “When they were done he wanted me to fuck her, too. He said it would make a man out of me.”

“Did you?” Dana asked.

“Mom didn’t like the idea,” he said. “But he made her play with me anyway. Then I ran out of the bedroom and hid in the basement. I could hear them fighting, yelling at each other. I was really scared.”

I squeezed his hand. David stubbed out his cigarette in the dirt and pulled another joint from the pack. The three of us just lay together quietly in our hiding place while he and I got stoned. Afterwards, we brushed the dirt and pine needles from our clothes and sneaked back into the house. My father was in his office and Mia was busy in the kitchen.

“Show me those magazines,” I said to David. The three of us went into his bedroom and he pulled them from beneath his mattress. They were pretty raunchy, filled with photo spreads of women taking two and three men at once, faces and breasts covered with cum, spurting cocks, oozing pussies. Another magazine was devoted to bondage, men and women wearing all sorts of leather restraints, tied and strapped to grotesque contraptions, gagged, blindfolded, whipped. In one photo series a very pregnant woman with enormous breasts was trussed to a bench while a Great Dane mounted her, filling her cunt with his enormous red dogcock. She was blindfolded, and it was hard to tell whether her expression was one of pain or one of ecstasy.

“This is what you wanted to do?” I asked Dana. She nodded. “It looks like it hurts, baby,” I said.

“It felt good when Schultzie was rubbing on me,” she said. I looked at the photos again; the dog’s cock was huge, swelling at the base, filling the woman’s sex. The last shot was one of her well-used snatch, filled to the brim with the dog’s semen.

“You did something like this?” David asked me, holding up a photo of a woman with three men’s cocks stuffed inside her, mouth, pussy, and ass.

“Yeah,” I said, remembering the times I’d taken my stepfather and stepbrothers, Ramon’s fat prick in my cunny, Del’s hard meat in my mouth, Paco’s slender dick in my bottom. I shifted on the bed, feeling an ache between my legs, not at all unpleasant despite the lingering soreness I felt from having my father pound my tender holes.

“What did it feel like?” Dana asked me.

“It was wonderful,” I said. I couldn’t lie. I loved it. I loved the feeling of pleasure, of pleasing the three cocks that sawed in and out of me, of being filled with their cream, the exhaustion afterwards, their hands on me, caressing me, loving me.

“Damn,” David said. He uncrossed his legs, and I could tell the thought of me taking three men at once was making him horny. I was pretty horny, too, not just from remembering the things I’d done with Ramon and the boys, but also from seeing Dana sucking her brother while the dog humped her little bottom.

“Quick,” I said. “Before Mia calls us for dinner.” I climbed off the bed and knelt on the floor next to it. “Get behind me, Davy. Dana? Scoot over here, okay?” While David climbed off of the bed and knelt behind me, Dana moved to the edge of the bed, letting her legs dangle over the side. I lifted the hem of her dress and parted her thighs, exposing her little cunny, her lips red from rubbing. I felt David lifting the back of my dress and pulling down my panties. There was the sound of a zipper and then I felt the tip of his cock, just barely touching my cleft.

I was wet and he entered me easily, and as he began to thrust I leaned into Dana’s crotch and kissed her sex, probing her puffy lips with my tongue. She sighed and laid back on the bed, letting me ravish her little pussy as David slowly pumped my hungry hole. I thought about the dog again. He was licking himself and then he stopped and sniffed the air, catching the unmistakable scent of sex. Part of me wanted to actually see him mount Dana’s slender body, pressing his crimson tool inside her, filling her with his canine cream. And part of me wanted to know what it felt like, his red rod poking my sex, his furry belly sliding over my back as he humped me. David was thrusting harder now, and I imagined that it was Schultzie instead, licking my face with his long pink tongue as he made me his bitch,

Dana must have been as horny as I was, moving her hips back and forth as I licked her hairless babycunt. I attacked her little button with my tongue, making her squirm on the bed, her thighs quivering and tensing in my hands. David held me by the hips as he fucked me, his legs slapping against my ass with every stroke. I felt my pleasure begin to rise, the delicious friction of his beautiful cock inside my slit stoking the smoldering fire in my belly. I pushed my hips back with every thrust, wanting to take him deeper, wanting him to fuck me hard, like my father had done that day in the model home.

Dana was coming now, pinning my head between her trembling thighs, a series of soft gasps and cries escaping her lips. Suddenly, she relaxed, backing away from my probing tongue. She scooted around on the bed so she was facing me, pressing her lips against mine, seeking out the taste of her own sex on my tongue. Then there was a knock on the door.

“Dinner’s ready soon,” Mia called out from behind the closed door.

“Coming!” David said, thrusting faster inside me, trying to find his release.

“Don’t forget to wash up first,” Mia said. I heard her footsteps recede down the hall.

“Coming...,” I gasped, to no one in particular. Dana was looking over my shoulder, watching her brother’s cock disappear between my ass cheeks, seeing how it glistened with my juices. I felt my climax approach and I buried my face in the blankets, trying to muffle my cries of pleasure. I looked over at the dog again. He was sitting on his haunches, watching us fuck, his penis long and red and wet. Once again I imagined that it was his cock pistoning in and out of my needy pussy instead of David’s, and I began to come convulsively. I clenched my muscles around his hardness, urging him to fill me with his boyncum. David grunted, almost like a canine growl, and I felt him begin to twitch inside me. He gave one last deep thrust and began to spurt his seed in my pussy, grinding his tool against the upper part of my vagina, bringing me off again as he hit that special spot.

My knees felt weak, and I would have collapsed on the carpet if I hadn’t been leaning on the edge of the bed. David held me from behind, kissing my neck, his breath forming a cloud of warmth against my skin. I tightened my muscles around his softening penis, trying to milk the last few drops of his semen, but he slipped out of me. I caught my breath for a moment and then pulled my panties back up before standing up. My legs were wobbly, but David held me up, his soft cock still dangling from his open fly.

We heard Mia knocking on the door to my father’s office while we were washing our hands for dinner. I let Dana’s wet panties soak in the bathroom sink, and she pulled on a fresh pair from her dresser. Before we headed towards the dining room, we checked each other for stains, straightening out our clothes, hoping that we didn’t smell like we’d been fucking all afternoon. Fortunately, Mia had lit scented candles, and the smell of sandalwood masked any evidence of our tryst.

Dana, David, and I all had second helpings of Mia’s wonderful pot roast. Maybe it was the weed, maybe it was the sex; either way I was ravenously hungry. I insisted on clearing the table and doing the dishes, despite Mia’s objections. The kids helped me, too, and I could see that she was secretly pleased for this chance to relax and enjoy the rest of her glass of wine. She and my father sat together on the living room couch, his arm around her shoulder, whispering something in her ear and making her blush and giggle

like a young girl. Then she stood up and led him by the hand back to their bedroom, closing and locking the door behind her.

We finished the dishes and headed back to David's room to look at the magazines again. David stopped in front of the master bedroom and put his ear to the door.

"Shhh...listen," he whispered. I could hear the sounds of lovemaking, sighs, moans, the squeak of a bed.

"We shouldn't eavesdrop on them," I said. "It's not nice."

"Fuck that," David said. "I wanna watch them."

"No, Davy," I protested. "It's not right."

"Come on," he said, taking me and Dana by the hand and leading us out to the back yard. There was a definite change in David's demeanor, and the look in his eyes reminded me of my father's lustful expression. While we laid under the pines, he'd spoke of how my father made him watch while he fucked Betsy, how uncomfortable that made him feel. Now he was willing to spy on my father and Mia while they made love.

There was a gap in the bushes outside the bedroom window. I could see just fine, but David had to stand on his toes and Dana had to step up on to an ornamental rock in order to see. We peeked under the window shade and saw my father and Mia in bed, illuminated by a single lamp next on the headboard.

They were laying on their sides, my father behind her, his cock slowly pumping in and out of her sex. He was caressing her belly, kissing her neck, nibbling on her earlobes. Mia reached back and stroked his cheek and then she reached down and began to rub her clit while his glistening shaft filled her pussy. She was moaning, but we couldn't hear a sound on this side of the window. My father was fucking her slowly, deliberately, but you could tell that he wanted to pound her mercilessly, the way he'd fucked Krystle that afternoon, the way he'd taken me afterwards.

"Let's go," I said.

"I wanna see Mommy come," Dana complained. As if on cue, Mia began to stiffen around my father's pole, rubbing her clit, then stopping, then starting again, her thighs coming together and trapping my father's hardness inside her. Then she relaxed and he pulled out, and after she rolled over on to her back he kneeled over her, stroking his shiny rod, quickly, frenetically. He closed his eyes and his cock erupted,

spurting his hot seed all over Mia's swollen breasts and belly. She looked happy, happier than I'd seen her over the last few days, and as they kissed she rubbed his semen into her skin as if it were an expensive moisturizer. My father got out of bed and left the room, returning with a towel, tenderly wiping the rest of his sperm from Mia's skin.

"Show's over," David said. As my father and Mia laid together, nestled like spoons, we quietly left the window, trying not to make a sound.

"Fuck, that was hot," David said.

"Yeah, it was," I agreed.

"Mommy's titties are so big now," Dana said.

"That's what happens when you get pregnant," I told her. We walked back into the house, past the closed bedroom door, and went into David's room. He pulled the magazines from his hiding place and sat on his bed, David on one side of me, Dana on the other, thumbing through the pages.

"Does that hurt?" Dana asked me, pointing to a picture of a woman kneeling on her hands and knees while a muscular man fucked her from behind, his huge greasy cock stuffed into her ass.

"A little, at first," I said. "But if he's gentle and uses a lot of lubricant it feels pretty good."

"Can you come that way?" David asked.

"No, not really," I replied. There was that one time with Mr. Sheffield, when I'd had my period, the night he took me out to dinner to celebrate my "birthday", though it was actually his real daughter's birthday. The pressure of his big tool inside my bottom pressed my tampon against the sensitive spot in my pussy, and I could have easily climaxed that way, if he hadn't come so quickly.

"Then why do it that way?" Dana asked.

"Lots of reasons," I explained. "Sometimes you have your period, or your pussy is too sore, or you just want to do it that way. A lot of guys like it. It's tight, it's warm, and it's really, really naughty. You have to clean him off afterwards if you do anything else, otherwise you get an infection."

"Yuk," she said.

"Yeah, that's something you won't hear about in these magazines," I said.

"You can't get pregnant that way, can you?" David asked.

“No,” I replied. “Not unless it drips out into your pussy, but that would be a one-in-a-million thing.”

“Ewww,” Dana said.

“You said something earlier,” David asked. “About two dozen men or something.”

“That was a couple of summers ago, at a party,” I explained. “It was sort of a club, swingers, people who enjoy having sex with each other. This was an initiation of sorts, a way of welcoming me into the club.”

“What, they lined up to fuck you?” he asked.

“Pretty much, yeah.”

“You must have been sore. After, I mean,” Dana said.

“Well, I did a lot of coke and had a few drinks, but the next day I could hardly walk. It took painkillers and an ice pack before I could even get out of bed.”

“Did you come a lot?” Dana asked.

“Yes,” I replied. “It was great.”

David and Dana were quiet after that, trying to imagine a line of men waiting to pound my little pussy. I put the magazine aside and picked up another one, the one with the bondage pictures. There was a picture of a woman on the cover, tied to a big wooden device that was the shape of an “X”, her arms and legs bound to each arm of the cross. She wore a leather hood, a red ball gag, a tight vinyl corset, fishnet stockings, and nothing else.

“I don’t get this,” David said. “Why are they hurting each other?”

“It’s hard to explain,” I replied, “and it’s not always about pain. Sure, some people find it pleasurable, but it’s really about control.”

“Control?” Dana asked.

“Having power over someone, or surrendering yourself to them, completely, totally, trusting them, giving yourself to them in a way that goes beyond love and sex.”

“Have you ever done something like this?” David asked.

I told David and Dana about the time when Julia had tied me to her bed, how she controlled my pleasure, let it build up gradually, backing off every time I got close to my release. When she did finally let me come, it was spectacular, mindblowing, and I passed out cold and had to be revived with smelling salts.

“Wow,” David said. He discreetly squeezed the bulge in his jeans, and I reached over and tugged at his zipper, reaching into his pants and fishing out his semi-hard cock. He sighed when I began stroking it. Next to me, Dana had her hand under her dress, and I could see it slowly moving as she played with her little cunny.

“Promise me you won’t grow up too fast,” I said to them. “You won’t have anything to look forward to when you’re an adult.” David and Dana agreed, and that was the last word on the subject. I’d had no idea how kinky people could be when I was their age, and I began to lament their loss of innocence. There was something to be said for keeping the mystery of sex alive, especially for someone so young.

“Could I try it?” Dana asked.

“Try what?”

“In my bottom,” she replied. “I want to try it that way.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” she said.

“It’ll hurt, baby.”

“I know,” she said. “I still want to try.”

“Davy?” Can you be really gentle?” He nodded, and I could tell he was eager to do this, too. “Okay, hang on a sec while I look for some lubricant.” The tube of KY we’d used when I took David in my ass was back in the master bedroom, and I couldn’t go in there and get it while my father and Mia were still in bed together. I looked around in Dana’s room, but there was nothing but moisturizer and sunscreen. In the bathroom medicine cabinet, however, was a small jar of Vaseline. It would be messy, but it would have to do. Before I returned to David’s bedroom, I fished my vibrator out of my backpack.

David and Dana already had their clothes off, laying head-to-toe on his bed, licking and sucking each other. When they heard me come in, they both looked up. David’s face was wet with saliva and her juices, and Dana had a hungry look on her face, eager to feel him inside her. I stepped out of my dress and

sat down on the bed next to them, caressing their smooth bodies, feeling hungry myself, realizing how much I loved watching them pleasure each other.

“Get on to your hands and knees, baby,” I cooed. Dana sat up and turned around, bending over and kneeling on the bed, presenting her little tush to me. I leaned over and kissed her soft pink bottom before uncapping the jar of Vaseline. David watched as I spread her cheeks and spread a scoop of jelly over her crack, gently penetrating her tight little hole.

“How’s that feel, baby?” I asked her.

“It’s cold,” she said.

“It’ll warm up in a minute.” I applied more Vaseline to her puckered sphincter, probing her with my pinkie, feeling the jelly begin to warm. I switched to my index finger and Dana began to push back against my hand. Reaching underneath her belly, I lightly teased her puffy lips with my other hand. She started to moan softly. I switched to my thumb, dipping it in the jar of Vaseline and pushing it into Dana’s ass. There was a bit more resistance this time.

“Relax, baby,” I cooed, taking my other hand from her cleft and caressing her belly. I felt her muscle begin to loosen, accepting my thumb, and I pressed it inward, spreading the grease deeper inside her. “How’s that feel?”

“Hurts a bit,” she said.

“Want me to stop?”

“No, don’t. Keep going.” David watched us from the foot of the bed, slowly stroking himself as I prepared his sister’s bottom for his penis. Dana sighed and began to relax some more, letting me penetrate her all the way to the knuckle of my thumb. I slowly pulled it out and wiped my fingers with a tissue.

“Want something in your cunny, too?” I asked Dana. She nodded, and I licked the vibrator, moistening it before pressing it against her labia. She gasped as it entered her, and I pushed it in a couple of inches, just enough to keep it from falling out. It was the little one I’d bought when I was living at the shelter, not much bigger than David’s penis.

“Okay, come here,” I said to David. I positioned him behind his sister and applied a thick coat of Vaseline to his bobbing cock, working it in to his coffee-colored skin with my fingers.

“Too cold?” I asked him.

“No, it’s fine,” he said.

“Ready, Dana?” I asked her.

“Yes.”

“Be gentle, David,” I said. “Nice and slow, okay?”

“Okay,” he said, smiling in anticipation of what was going to happen. I guided his cock up to his sister’s crack, rubbing the slippery tip over her hole.

“Take a deep breath and try to relax, baby,” I said to her. She did so, and David began to press forward with his hips. Dana let out a little gasp when the tip of his beautiful cock popped inside her.

“Slowly, David,” I urged him. “Take it slow.” He nodded and placed his hands on his sister’s slim hips, pulling her closer. His glistening shaft began to disappear between her rosy cheeks.

“You okay, baby?” I asked her, caressing her belly and chest.

“Yes...yes...,” she whispered.

“You like this, Davy?”

“So tight...,” he said, his teeth clenched. Little by little he pushed his tool into Dana’s tight little hole until he was buried to the hilt, the bit of pubic fuzz around the base of his cock rubbing against his sister’s bottom. I reached between her legs and twisted the base of the vibrator, making it softly purr inside her cunny. Dana gasped again and pressed her ass back against her brother’s hips. They stayed motionless for a moment and then he began to pull back, his shiny shaft reappearing, only the tip remaining inside.

“I can feel it,” he said. “That buzzing. Inside her.”

“How do you feel?” I asked her.

“Annie...so good...,” she murmured. I leaned over and kissed her as her brother began to fill her again. She turned her head and our lips met, tongue seeking tongue as I caressed her smooth back.

I could tell that David was having a hard time keeping control of his urge to thrust faster, to pound his sister’s little ass. I sat up and stroked his firm bottom, watching his cock sink into Dana’s tight hole, only to emerge again, slick with Vaseline.

“Easy, Davy,” I said. “Take it easy.”

“It’s hard...I feel like I’m gonna explode.”

“You’re doing fine, sweetie,” I said. “Right, Dana?”

“Yes...yes...,” she gasped. “Ah...ah...ah...Annie...”

“Come, baby,” I urged her. “Let yourself go.” I reached under her belly and turned the vibrator up to its highest setting, and Dana began to convulse, her arms trembling and then giving way. She grabbed one of David’s pillows and clutched it, moaning as she reached her climax. Her thighs and bottom quivered, and David readjusted his hold on her hips, trying to keep from slipping out of her bottom. He managed to stay inside her, despite her spasms, and he began to lose his control, thrusting faster, deeper, pounding his sister’s little bottom. I reached between his legs and gently squeezed his swinging balls. He gasped, muttered something under his breath, and buried his cock to the hilt. I felt his balls twitch as he unloaded his sperm inside Dana’s belly, and even after he came he kept thrusting, only slower and shallower than before. Finally, he stopped and pulled out. There was a soft “plop” sound as the tip of his penis popped out of Dana’s ass, like a wine bottle being uncorked.

“Wow,” he said, sitting down at the foot of the bed. “Wow. Fucking wow.”

“You okay, baby?” I asked Dana. Her ass was still sticking up in the air, and I kissed her bottom as I reached between her legs, turning off the vibrator and pulling it from her cunny. She let out another little gasp and then collapsed on her side, a big smile lighting up her face. I stretched out next to her and brushed the hair away from her face, kissing her lovely cheek as I hugged her.

“That was great,” she cooed, agreeing with her brother. He laid down on the other side of her, taking her hand and bringing it to his lips, kissing each of her fingers in turn before leaning down to kiss her on the lips. I got out of bed and fetched a wet washcloth, returning to bed and sitting next to them, cleaning Dana’s greasy bottom first before washing David’s messy cock. We laid on the bed together, Dana sandwiched between us.

“Sleepy, baby?” I asked her, after she yawned. She nodded. “Let get you into the bath and then I’ll tuck you into bed, okay?”

“Thank you, Annie,” she said, rolling over and kissing me. I led her into the bathroom and started filling the tub with warm water. David pulled on his pajamas and followed us, closing the doors and turning on the ventilation fan. He had another joint, and we smoked it as we waited for the bathtub to fill with warm water. I gave Dana a quick bath, scrubbing her bottom so she wouldn’t have to go to school smelling of Vaseline and semen. She sat there quietly, exhausted but happy, smiling as I washed her creamy skin.

After David went back into his room, I dried her off with a towel and helped her into her nightie, hanging up our clothes and putting on my new white satin chemise.

“Does your bottom hurt, baby?” I asked her as I tucked her into her bed.

“A little,” she said. “But it’s okay. It feels like I took a big poop.”

“Go to sleep then,” I said, kissing her ruby lips.

“Good night, Annie.”

“Good night, sweetheart,” I whispered. “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” she said, giving me a hug.

The pot should have made me drowsy, but I was still wide awake. It was still early, just past ten at night, so I grabbed my journal, intending to write about the day before I went to bed. As an afterthought, I grabbed my vibrator, too, and quietly left the room after watching Dana fall asleep.

I poured myself a glass of wine from one of the bottles in the refrigerator and went into Mia’s office. She and my father were still locked in their bedroom, but I wanted some privacy in case either of them got out of bed and went into the kitchen or the living room. I sat on the couch in her office and wrote about the events of the day, every so often taking a sip of wine.

Writing about watching my father and Krystle had sex, how she held me open for him, the shower we took afterwards, seeing Dana and the dog, and helping David fuck his sister’s ass left me horny, an empty feeling between my legs. I put my journal aside and took another sip of wine, picking up my vibrator and licking the tip. I could taste a trace of Dana’s nectar on the pink rubber phallus. Hiking up the hem of my chemise, I twisted the vibrator’s base, making it hum in my hand, and spread my thighs, bringing the purring vibe down to my cleft. I parted my lips with one hand and brought the tip of the vibrator to my clit with the other, feeling the oscillations spreading through my whole body.

In the privacy of Mia’s office, I brought myself to a quiet climax, barely making a sound as I came. I turned off the vibe, licking the moisture from its rubbery skin. It tasted like me now, not Dana. I put it down and took a sip of my wine, feeling the urge to crawl into bed with someone, anyone, and cuddle up against a warm body. I was wondering if David was still awake when the door to Mia’s office opened. Instinctively, I pulled down the hem of my chemise. The vibrator, however, was laying next to me on the couch.

“There you are,” my father said, walking into Mia’s office. His bathrobe was loosely tied, and he had a drink in his hand. “I looked for you in Dana’s room and the living room, but...” His eyes fell on the pink object laying on the cushion next to me.

“Daddy...”

“I see you’ve got a little friend,” he said, picking up the vibrator and sitting down next to me. I could tell he wanted to sniff it, but instead he just put it down on the arm of the couch, on top of my journal. He took a sip of his scotch and swirled the glass. The ice made a soft tinkling sound.

“It helps me relax, Daddy.”

“I’m sure it does,” he said. “I wish Mia would buy one.”

“Is she okay? I haven’t seen her since dinner.”

“She’s fine. Sleeping right now,” my father said. “I fucked her twice.”

“You did?” Of course, I sort of knew this, but I tried to sound surprised.

“Yeah. Nice and gentle, like you said.”

“That’s good, Daddy.” I reached for his hand and squeezed it.

“Wish I had something left for my little girl, but I’m all fucked out,” he said. “Sorry, kitten.”

“That’s okay, Daddy.” I scooted over on the couch, snuggling up next to him, laying my head on his shoulder as he put his arm around me. This was the warm body I craved.

“Is this your diary?” my father asked, tapping the cover of my journal.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Can I read it?”

“Please don’t. It’s private.”

“I understand,” he said. “I’ll respect your privacy. I wish we didn’t keep any secrets from each other, though.”

“I know. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” he said. “I guess a girl has to have some secrets, right?”

“Yes, Daddy.” My father kissed my cheek and stroked my hair.

“Last night you said that there were some things that you’d done, that if you ever told me I’d never be able to think of you as my little girl.” He took another sip of his drink. “I wish you would trust me enough to tell me.”

“I...I can’t, Daddy.”

“You know you’ll always be my little girl.”

“I know, but...”

“Are they any worse than what you saw today?”

“Yes,” I said. “They are.”

“I wish you could tell me,” he said.

“Maybe some day,” I said. I reached for my wine and took a sip and then another, feeling a welcome warmth spread through my body.

“Princess...”

“Daddy...”

“Tell me.”

“I can’t.”

“Please.” My father said this like a pleading child, entreating his parents to let him stay up late or something.

I took another sip of my wine and reached for my journal, holding it in my lap. The vibrator fell off of the cover and skittered along the floor, coming to rest at my feet. I reached down and picked it up, dropping it next to me on the couch.

I didn’t know what to do. I wanted to trust him, and I wanted him to trust me, but I felt like there was a barrier between us. Perhaps, in time, this rift would close. But if I told him about my life on the streets it might drive a permanent wedge between us. I decided to risk it by telling him everything.

“Daddy, you have to promise me something.”

“Anything, princess,” he said. “Anything at all.”

“Promise me that you’ll always love me.”

“Of course.”

“Say it. Please.”

“I’ll always love you, no matter what,” he said. “I promise.” He kissed me on the cheek and held me tight. I felt safe, loved, and I began to relax.

“After my stepfather died, they placed me in a foster home.”

“Who is ‘they’?” my father asked.

“This state agency. Child Services. Julia tried to get custody of me, but she had a stroke and died.”

“Julia?” he asked.

“Our neighbor in Maine. She was a really, really good friend.”

“Okay, go on,” my father said.

“This elderly couple ran the home. It was awful. The food was horrible and I had to share a room with this girl named Denise. She was a heroin addict.”

“Did you do...?”

“No, Daddy. I hate needles. Anyway, Mr. Hubbard, the guy who owned the home, he’d corner me in the bathroom and feel me up and try to kiss me and stuff.”

“Annie...” my father said, sounding mortified.

“One night he made me suck him. That’s when I ran away. I took a bus to Boston, but I didn’t have a place to stay. I ended up sleeping in the bathroom of this building, it was like a factory, but it was mostly artists and musicians living there. I met this cool guy named Michael and stayed with him a few days. Then his girlfriend came back from a trip and she kicked me out.”

“You were sleeping with him?”

“Yes. Then I spent the night in the back seat of a parked cab but the driver kicked me out the next morning. That’s how I ended up in that shelter. It was run by Father Ken, and it was all boys, except for me. I thought I was safe there, but then Father Ken started to touch me. Every night there would be priests eating dinner with us, then they’d spend some time with the kids there, alone, in their rooms.” I let the implications of this fact sink in.

“I see,” my father said. “He just touched you? Nothing more?”

“No, there was more, much more. I slept with him. Then he started introducing me to other priests, and I slept with them, too. They gave him money. Sometimes he’d give me some, telling me to buy some new clothes or something, but he mostly kept it for himself.” There was more to this story, like my

relationship with Manny, Billy, and Chris, and Sister Katherine, too. But I didn't want to spend all night telling him about the shelter.

"This priest pimped you to other priests?" my father said, incredulous.

"Pretty much," I said. "Then this girl arrived at the shelter. Megan. She was eight or nine years old, such pretty red hair, an angel. She was so scared, but I took care of her, like she was my own little girl. But then Father Ken started touching her, too. I tried to talk to him about this, to tell him that she was too young for the things he wanted to do, but he beat me up and forced himself on me. It hurt. It hurt so much. The next day I found Megan all bloody and bruised. She was torn up inside. I got her to the hospital just in time..." I felt my voice trail off and the tears began to flow. I missed her, and not knowing what happened to her after I left her at the hospital felt like a scar on my heart that would never go away.

"Annie," my father whispered. "Don't cry, kitten." He kissed me and brushed my tears away with the sleeve of his bathrobe.

"Sorry, Daddy."

"What's to be sorry about?" he said, kissing me again. "I'm sorry I wasn't there for you."

"It's okay, Daddy. You didn't know."

"I know, but I'm supposed to protect you from these things." He got up from the couch and grabbed a box of tissues from Mia's desk, returning to the couch and handing it to me, wrapping his arm around me while I dried my eyes. I'd finished my wine but I needed something to drink, so I reached for his scotch, taking a big gulp.

"Would you like a drink?" my father asked.

"Please."

"I'll be back in a minute." While he got me a scotch I composed myself, daubing the tears from my eyes again and blowing my nose. He returned with my drink and sat down next to me, putting his arm around my shoulder again.

"You don't have to go on if you don't want to," he said.

"I do. I want to tell you now," I said. "If you want me to live with you I think you should know these things."

"Fair enough," he said.

“At the hospital I was examined by a doctor, Dr. O’Hare. But he didn’t believe what I told him, about Father Ken hurting me and Megan. His father was a big contributor to the shelter, and he’d taken me while Father Ken watched. Even worse, this man was a DA.”

“A district attorney?”

“Yes. I left the hospital before the cops came. I thought they’d take me away, lock me up in juvi hall or something. So I called Trish.”

“Trish?”

“This woman I met when I was shopping. A reporter for the Herald. She was really nice to me. I called her at her office and she picked me up and took me to her place. She took care of me and got me to tell her everything.” I took a sip of the drink my father had given me. It braced me, gave me the courage to go on.

“This is where it gets weird,” I said. “She took the tapes into the office to be transcribed, and that’s the last time I saw her. I waited in her apartment for hours, and then she called, telling me to get out, to run, that they were coming for me.”

“Who was coming for you?”

“I don’t know. Police, maybe. Maybe men from the Archdiocese. I’d gone by the shelter that day and it was empty. Everyone was gone except for Katie, and she said that the Cardinal had sent men over to take all the boys away. They took Father Ken away, too.”

“Katie?” my father asked.

“Sister Katherine.”

“Okay, keep going.”

“So I ran. Trish told me where she had some money hidden, but there was only thirty dollars. I grabbed it and went to this abandoned building where me and some of the boys from the shelter went to smoke pot. I stayed there a few days. It was awful, just an old mattress on the floor. Rats and garbage everywhere. There were some work lights and there was running water, but no heat, no hot water, no toilets. Just a hole in the floor.”

“My God, Annie,” my father said. “That’s terrible.”

“I know. But I felt I had to hide. Anyway, I was walking back from the store one morning when this cab pulled over. I thought I recognized the driver, that he was the one who was driving when Trish picked me up, but he wasn't. I didn't realize that until I was in the cab already. He asked me if I was cold and said I could warm up for a while. He even gave me some hot coffee to sip.”

“Did he touch you?”

“No, not at first. He asked me how much I wanted.”

“How much you wanted?” my father asked. “Wanted for what?”

“How much I wanted for a blowjob.”

“You didn't...”

“I did, Daddy. He offered me \$30. I only had a few dollars left, so I did it. He even tipped me.”

“Annie,” he said. I could feel his body tense up, his arm turning to stone on my shoulder. Maybe he was angry, maybe it was revulsion.

“This is why I didn't want to tell you these things,” I said. “You think I'm a dirty whore.”

“Annie,” he said again, his voice softening. “So you sucked a guy for money one time. That doesn't mean...”

“He wasn't the only one, Daddy.”

“How many were there?”

“I never bothered to count.”

“You peddled your ass on the street?”

“It was mostly blowjobs or handjobs, but yes,” I said. My father put down his drink and held his head in his hands.

“I failed you,” he said, softly.

“No, Daddy.” I put my arm around him. “You had no way of knowing. You weren't there.”

“That's what I mean,” he said. “I wasn't there for my little girl.”

“It was only for a while, Daddy.”

“Christ,” he muttered. “Annie...”

“Daddy...”

“Did you like it?”

“What Daddy?”

“I said ‘Did you like it?’”

“It was just a job, but sometimes...”

“Tell me,” he said, taking a big sip of his scotch.

“Well, there was Cecil, who just wanted to take pictures.”

“Just pictures?”

“We did more, but that was sort of my idea. We made a movie too, but then he got busted.”

“Anyone else?”

“Mr. Sheffield,” I said. “He was a rich guy who lived on Beacon Street. He liked me to wear his daughter’s clothes and pretend that I was his little girl.”

“Really?” my father said, perking up. He took another sip of his drink and turned to face me, placing his hand on my thigh, gently caressing me. “Tell me about him.”

“He was about your age, but his daughter was a couple of years younger than me. He was really nice to me, and he’d pay me a lot of money to spend the whole night. For a while I didn’t have to see anyone but him.”

“What did you do together?” My father sounded curious now, and it sort of reminded me of the way Larry the cab driver liked to hear me tell him about some of the men I’d been with, jerking off while he listened to me talk about their cocks and what their semen tasted like.

“I’d dress up for him in a short pleated skirt and put my hair up in pigtails, then I’d sit on his lap and he’d ask me how school went. It was pretty much the same thing every time. I’d tell him I was having trouble in Sex Education class, and I’d ask to see his cock, and then he’d let me touch him and suck him. Are you sure you want to hear about this, Daddy?”

“Yes, I do. Go on.” He took another sip of his drink, and his face began to grow flushed.

“I’d suck him until he came and then he’d tell me to get ready for bed. I’d go to his daughter’s bedroom and get into her nightie and get under the covers. Then he’d come in to tuck me in but he’d touch me instead, he’d lick me down there, and then he’d get on top of me. I had to pretend like he was taking my cherry.”

“And you liked this?”

“I did. I know it sounds weird, but I did. He was gentle, affectionate, generous. He took me out for dinner on his daughter’s birthday and even gave me a gold locket, a heart.”

“Hooker with a heart of gold,” he said.

“What?”

“It’s an old saying,” my father said. “Anyone else?”

“Well, there was Larry. He was the cab driver, the first one. He was pretty protective of me, and he’d come by almost every day, just to bring me coffee or some pot. Larry was with me the first night I went to Cecil’s, to pose for pictures, just to keep an eye out for me. He was like an older brother, almost. Then there was Mr. Antonelli. He was my landlord. He didn’t want to rent a room to me, but I offered to suck him, and I did it every week. The funny thing was that we really grew close. Sometimes he’d take me out to the North End and buy me lunch, then we’d go shopping at Haymarket and he’d make me dinner. He taught me to dance, slow dance, and then we’d make love. He was a sweet old guy.”

“How old was he?”

“Late seventies, early eighties, I think. His wife passed away years ago and he was really lonely. I was the only bright spot in his life, I guess.” I didn’t want to tell my father how Mr. Antonelli died of a heart attack while we were making love. It was too painful to think about.

“Jesus, Annie,” my father said. “All these guys, didn’t you get the clap or something?”

“No. I lucked out. After Bradley and Helen found me and took me in, they took me to a doctor and I had a physical.” I really had been lucky.

“These are the people you’re living with in Boston?”

“Yes.”

“How do you know them?”

“They were friends of Julia’s.”

“This Julia,” my father asked, “how close were you?”

“She was my lover, Daddy,” I said. “I loved her dearly. I miss her so much.”

My father didn’t say anything. I could tell that he was blaming himself, something I hadn’t foreseen. I thought he’d think less of me, but he really thought less of himself, that he’d failed me, that somehow he could have prevented this all from happening.

“Daddy,” I said. “There was nothing you could do.”

“I guess not,” he said. “Seems like you’re more than able to take care of yourself.”

“Am I still your little girl?”

“Always and forever,” he said, pulling me on to his lap and wrapping his arms around me. We kissed, and I felt like a huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

“I love you, Daddy.”

“I love you, too, Annie.”

I kissed him again, letting his tongue part my lips and find mine. I could feel his hardness begin to grow inside his bathrobe, pressing up against my bottom. His kiss grew more passionate, and he began to nibble my lips, kissing my chin, my neck, suckling my nipples through the thin satin chemise I was wearing. I pulled it off over my head, giving my father access to my breasts, running my fingers through his hair as he ravished my little titties.

I opened his robe and caressed his hairy chest and firm stomach, reaching down between his legs and stroking his hardness. He was still a bit sticky from making love with Mia, and I caught a whiff of her scent, still lingering in his wiry pubes. I got up from his lap and straddled him, and he scooted forward on the couch so I could bring my cleft closer to his cock, the tip pressing against my labia, seeking the heat and moisture within. My father cupped my ass, pulling me closer as I guided him inside me.

“You feel so good,” my father whispered as I slowly sank down on his hardness, engulfing him completely.

“Daddy...,” I gasped. We didn’t move for a moment, just staring into each other’s eyes. He kissed me, his tongue seeking my own, and now we were connected in two places. I sucked his busy tongue as if it were a little penis, rising in his lap as I pulled myself up the length of his shaft. When I could feel the fleshy rim of my father’s glans near the entrance to my passage, I slowly sat down again, swiveling my hips slightly so he stirred my honey-pot with his throbbing prick.

“I’d pay for this,” my father gasped. He smiled and kissed my neck, letting me know that he meant this as a compliment.

“How much, Daddy?” I whispered. I moved my hips a bit faster, sliding up and down on my father’s hard meat. “A hundred?”

“More,” he said, cupping my breasts and lowering his head, flicking his tongue over my nipples, left and right, first one and then the other, sending an electric sensation straight to my hungry sex.

“A thousand?” I said.

“More.” He bit one of my nipples, not too hard, just grazing his teeth over my stiff little bud. I gasped, tightening my grip on his shoulder, moving faster now, almost bouncing up and down in his lap.

“A million?” I said, breathlessly.

“More,” my father said. “Much more.” He released my breasts and grabbed my bottom, squeezing my cheeks, urging me to move faster. I felt my climax begin to grow, quickly, even though I’d just pleased myself with the vibrator. I thought it would take longer. It always does the second time. But the hunger in me was strong; I’d just told my father the things I’d done and he still wanted me. It felt dirty telling him about Mr. Sheffield, it felt naughty, sexy. And this wasn’t pretend. This was real, this was my actual father’s cock inside me, plunging in and out of his daughter’s cunny.

I wrapped my arms around my father and hugged him tight when I came, muffling my cries on his shoulder, hoping no one could hear me. I slowed my movements, my hips shuddering as a massive wave of pleasure coursed through my body, making my rhythm irregular, spasmodic. My father guided my bottom up and down with his hands, probing between my cheeks with his fingers, finding my bottom hole and penetrating it, bringing me to a second peak, an intense orgasm that left me trembling in his arms.

My father grunted and pulled me back down on his cock, and I could feel him start to tense, to twitch, his glans flaring as he began to spurt his seed inside me. As he held me in a bear hug, I felt him keep pulsing in my sex, like a heartbeat, each throb bringing a flood of warmth within my passage.

We held each other for a while, motionless except for our breathing. I wanted to stay connected to him forever, but gravity took over and I felt my father’s softening cock begin to slip out of me. I let out a little shiver as the tip passed my lips, his flaccid shaft falling across his hairy balls. His semen began to drip from my cleft, falling between his thighs, dripping on his penis, and soaking into the back of his bathrobe. We looked at each other and kissed.

“What a mess,” he said, looking down at his crotch.

“Let me clean you off, Daddy,” I said, climbing off of his lap. I knelt between his legs and kissed his lovely cock, taking it into my mouth and cleaning it with my tongue. He gasped, sensitive after our coupling, and then he leaned back on the couch and closed his eyes.

“That feels great,” my father murmured. I finished cleaning him off, licking my lips and kissing his cock again, and then I got up from between his knees and sat next to him on the couch. He put his arm around me and kissed the top of my head as I laid it on his shoulder, snuggling up to him, running my hand over his broad chest. I pressed my thighs together, trying to stem the flow of semen that oozed from my pussy. We sat together in silence, sipping our drinks.

“I’m sorry I left you and your mother back then,” my father said.

“It was years ago, Daddy.”

“Do you forgive me?”

“Oh, Daddy...”

“Do you?” he said.

“Yes, Daddy,” I sighed. “I forgive you.”

“Thank you, sweetheart.” He kissed me again. “I should get to bed,” he said, draining the rest of his drink.

“Good night, Daddy.”

“Good night, Annie. Sweet dreams.” We kissed once more and he got up from the couch, tying his robe, giving me one last look before he left Mia’s office, heading back to their bedroom. I took a few more sips of scotch and thought about writing about this in my journal, but the alcohol made me too drowsy. Before I got up, I daubed at my pussy with some tissues, trying to soak up some of my father’s cum. Then I slipped my chemise back on, grabbed my journal and my vibrator and headed off to bed.

\* \* \*

## Chapter Seven - Love In Vain

“Sweet dreams,” he’d said, my father’s words echoing in my mind. Sweet indeed, though my dreams were as bizarre as always. I was in the dining room of this house, lying naked on the table, atop a delicate lace tablecloth. Someone was holding my wrists and ankles, not a tight grip, a gentle one, just enough to keep me open for someone. I looked around, left and right, up and down, trying to see who was restraining me.

And there was Julia, and Helen, and Mia. And my mother. Each one had a wrist or an ankle, all of them beaming down at me, smiling as if this was a special occasion, a special day. There were candles lit on the side board, and a cake, and tall flutes of champagne. Then I saw my father.

He was wearing a long red silk robe, edged in black, tied with a black sash, some strange embroidered crest on the breast in gold thread, a dragon or snake. He opened the robe and stood between my open legs. I looked down and saw his cock begin to rise.

My father’s penis was huge, enormous, like the idealized members in a Japanese woodcut, as thick as his thigh and bulging with veins and folds of skin, the head flaring to an almost sharp edge. I wondered how I would be able to take him, and I began to panic. He was too big; he’d tear me in half with his hardness. He pressed his massive organ against my cleft, and I tried to cry out, to tell him to stop, but I couldn’t utter a sound.

“Don’t worry, baby,” my mother cooed, tenderly caressing my cheek. “It won’t hurt. Trust me.”

My father began to enter me, and I tried to cry “Mommy...”, but the pain I expected to feel was absent, replaced by an intense wave of pleasure as his giant cock began to fill me. I looked down and saw my tummy begin to bulge, swelling up as my father plunged his member into my cleft. As he started to pull back, I saw that the swelling in my belly wasn’t going down. Instead, it began to fill, taking on the shape of an egg.

I’m going to have a baby, I thought. This is the reason for my special day. My Daddy’s going to put a baby in me. That’s why everyone is here, to watch, to help.

“You look beautiful, darling,” Julia said, stroking my arm as she held my wrist. I wanted to thank her, to tell her how much I loved her, but I still couldn’t speak. Then I wondered how I could be pregnant in the first place. My father hadn’t put his seed into me yet. Could it be someone else’s? Perhaps Ramon, or

Bradley, Mr. Sheffield, Mr. Antonelli, or even Father Ken. I looked around for them, but there was just the six of us here, six seats at the table, six glasses of champagne, six plates of angel food cake.

And then my father came, a tremendous gusher, filling me, his hot fluid oozing out of me. Mia let go of my ankle and collected the semen that dripped from my pussy in a stainless steel bowl. I could hear each individual drip go “ping...ping...ping...” against the metal. My father pulled out of me and then a steady stream of cum began to pour out of my sex. Mia collected it all in the bowl and then held it in front of me. I felt my mother and Julia let go of my arms and help me sit up on the table. I took the bowl from Mia and sipped. It was thin, watery, like the fluid that had spurted from Schultzie’s cock when he was humping Dana. I sipped some more, swallowing the bitter liquid, and then I handed the bowl back to Mia. She took a sip and was handing it to Helen when I woke up.

\* \* \*

I sat up immediately, and it took a moment before I heard the knocking at the door. It opened and Mia walked in, holding a mug of coffee with both hands, just like she’d held the bowl in my dream. I stretched and rubbed my eyes, pushing the sheets aside. My chemise had ridden up over my hips while I was sleeping, and my sex was exposed. A sudden feeling of modesty made me tug my chemise down between my legs.

“Here,” Mia said, handing me the mug and sitting down on Dana’s bed. “Good morning.”

“Thanks,” I said, taking a sip.

“I’ve got to run some errands today, and Dana’s got dance class this afternoon,” Mia said, “so you’re on your own today. I hope that’s okay?”

“Sure,” I replied. “I’ll be fine.”

“You’ve got another tennis lesson at two,” she said.

“Oh, right.” I’d forgotten about that. An hour with Jean-Paul, sexy Jean-Paul, the tennis instructor. That was something to look forward to.

“I’ve laid those tennis clothes out on my bed, and there’s a spare key on the table in the front hall.”

“Thanks.”

“I need to ask a favor of you,” Mia said.

“Anything.”

“Could you walk Schultzie for me? About three or four should be fine. His leash is hanging up in the kitchen.”

“I’d be glad to,” I said.

“Thanks, Annie,” Mia said, leaning forward and kissing me on the cheek. “There’s pancake batter in the fridge, and ham and cheese if you want some lunch. I’ll be back by five.” She kissed me again and left. I drank some more coffee before getting out of bed and heading to the bathroom to shower.

After breakfast, I spent the morning in the backyard, practicing my swing with the tennis racket, hitting imaginary balls back to Jean-Paul. I pictured him returning my volleys, his muscular legs flexing as he covered the base line, his bronze skin shining with perspiration. I lost my concentration a few times, and lost my grip on the racket, sending it flying into the grass. Even though there was no one to see me, I felt embarrassed anyway, blushing as I went to retrieve the racket.

Two o’clock couldn’t come fast enough. I was so eager to take this lesson that I got dressed an hour in advance, heading into Mia’s bedroom and donning the tennis outfit she’d laid out for me. I put on the short white pleated skirt and the sleeveless sweater, drawing the ruffled tennis panties up my legs. I still thought they looked ridiculous, like something a little girl would wear, but Mia had insisted I wear them that first time. I still didn’t see the difference between someone seeing these and seeing my plain cotton underwear. I thought about grabbing a pair of David’s gym shorts to wear, but I liked the skirt; it showed off my legs even though I still had that New England winter pallor.

Screw it, I thought as I laced up my sneakers. I had this feeling that Jean-Paul had the hots for me, just from the way he flirted, the way he held me as he showed me how to swing the racket. I figured I could wear sweatpants and we’d still end up in the shower together after the lesson. That’s what I was thinking as I counted the minutes before I walked over to the courts.

I got there early, fifteen minutes before my lesson was scheduled to take place. Jean-Paul was on the court, showing a woman in her thirties how to backhand the ball, standing behind her and holding her arm as he slowly moved it through an arc. She was wearing a short white tennis dress, and the hem was riding up over her bottom, exposing the curves of her cheeks. I wondered if she was even wearing underwear beneath her dress. Jean-Paul whispered something to her, and she giggled and pushed her ass against his groin. He laughed and they went through the backhand stroke a few more times before he

jumped over the net and served the ball to her. They volleyed back and forth a few times, and then the woman's lesson was over. She and Jean-Paul spoke for a while and then she collected her things from one of the courtside benches, slipping a vinyl cover over her racket.

"Anne," Jean-Paul said, walking over to where I was sitting. "So nice to see you again."

"Thank you," I said, standing up. His soft French accent was making my legs feel rubbery.

"Are you ready for me?"

"What?" I asked.

"Are you ready for your lesson?"

"Yes, I am."

"Fine, we will go over what I showed you last week." I followed him on to the court and he watched me swing the racket a few times, correcting my form, reminding me to follow through. He held me by the hips as I swung the racket, and I had a hard time keeping my mind on my grip, my form, the proper technique with his hands on me. I wanted him to take me right there.

It was all over too quickly. After the brief refresher, we hit the ball back and forth for a while. Jean-Paul lobbed the ball softly, hitting it right towards me instead of running me around the court. My serves were better than the week before, and I managed to get the ball over the net with some consistency. I could have stayed on the court all day, watching Jean-Paul as he chased my volleys around, but our hour was finally over. He bought me a soda and we sat on one of the benches, just talking about tennis while I got lost in his big brown eyes.

"So, I will see you next week?" Jean-Paul asked me.

"I'm going back to Boston on Sunday," I said. "I guess not."

"I am sorry to hear that," he said, draining the rest of his Coke. "You have been a pleasure to teach."

"Thank you."

"Well, I must shower now," he said, holding out his hand. I took it and gave it a little squeeze, and then he left, heading into the clubhouse. I sat on the bench for a while, staring at my feet, feeling depressed over the fact that there would be no more lessons. The hell with it, I thought, getting up and walking into the clubhouse through the back entrance, the one Jean-Paul had gone through.

The door led to a locker room, a men's locker room judging from the scent of perspiration and liniment. The room was empty, and I heard the sound of running water. I followed it, peeking around a tiled partition.

Jean-Paul was standing under the shower, his bronze skin slick with lather, rubbing a bar of soap over his thigh. My heart started to thunder in my chest. I stepped back, the image of his beautiful bronze skin burned into my mind's eye. I caught my breath and tried to think of something, anything, some way of having him, just once, just for a while.

I put down my racket and started to take off my clothes, stuffing them into an empty locker near the shower. Then I tip-toed into the tiled chamber, the running water masking my steps. Jean-Paul was lathering his back, and I glided behind him, taking the soap from his hand.

"Quelle? Anne!" he shouted, nearly jumping out of his skin. "What are you doing here? You shouldn't be in here!"

"Shhh..." I said, taking the bar of soap and running it over his chest. He grabbed my wrist, holding it tight, and I nearly dropped the soap.

"You mustn't," he said.

"I want to," I whispered, reaching down to touch his flaccid cock. Even soft, it was big, bigger than I expected, with a purplish head that peeked out of his foreskin. I circled it with my fingers and felt it stir as I began to stroke it.

"I cannot do this," Jean-Paul said. I looked at his left hand, the one that still gripped my wrist. There was no wedding band, not even a tan line from one.

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Because I am gay."

"You're what?"

"I have a boyfriend, Anne. We have lived together for five years."

"But the women...the way you flirt with them?" I cried. "The way you touched me."

"All part of the job, I am afraid," he said, releasing my hand.

"I don't believe you," I said, dropping to my knees and pouncing on his penis, taking it into my mouth, licking it, sucking it, ravishing it. He stirred again, but he didn't get hard.

“Anne,” he said, softly.

“Shit,” I said, under my breath, releasing his cock and letting him help me to my feet. He pulled me closer and held me as the water fell over our bodies. I felt so humiliated. I felt like crying.

“You must go before someone sees us,” he said. “I’m sorry.”

“Not your fault,” I said, looking up at him. “You are the way you are.”

“I am glad you understand,” Jean-Paul said. “You are a very beautiful girl. Perhaps if things were different...”

“Thank you,” I said. I gave him a quick kiss on the lips, surprising him, and then I left, grabbing a towel from the rack outside the shower and quickly drying off. I dressed fast and left the locker room before anyone could catch me there and walked back to the house.

It was a long, lonely walk. When I got back to the house, I changed into a sweatshirt and sweatpants. I should have taken a shower, as I hadn’t even had a chance to use the soap when I was with Jean-Paul, but I just didn’t care. I put Mia’s tennis clothes in with the laundry and picked up Schultzie’s leash, calling him in from the living room. He bounded off of the couch and came over, sticking his nose in my crotch and sniffing loudly.

“Cut it out,” I said, snapping the leash to his collar and pulling him away from my cleft. “Let’s go.” We walked for about an hour, through the meandering streets of Rancho Paradiso. I watched a construction crew for a while, as they nailed plywood sheathing to the bare beams of a house. A few of them had their shirts off, their skin tanned from the bright Arizona sunshine. For a second I thought about going over there and letting them have their way with me on the unfinished floor of the house, but the dog began to whine and strain on the leash, eager to continue his olfactory tour of the neighborhood’s fire hydrants.

We circled back to the house, and I let myself in with the spare key, detaching the leash from Schultzie’s collar and hanging it up in the kitchen. He followed me into Dana’s room, taking his usual spot next to her bed as I laid down on the cot.

I felt tired, disappointed, and most of all, horny. The sight of Jean-Paul lathering his bronzed back, the water coursing over his firm buns, his muscular legs, lingered with me like the remnants of a

dream. I pulled my sweatshirt off and wriggled out of the loose pants, lying on the cot in my panties and staring at the ceiling.

I closed my eyes and tried to picture us together, our soapy bodies coming together, slick skin gliding over slick skin, his cock hardening and pressing against my mons. Instead, I began to imagine Jean -Paul with another man, just as bronze and well -built as he, the two of them kissing under the running water, grinding their hardness against each other's muscular thighs. The other man began to kneel at Jean -Paul's feet, taking his hard cock in his mouth, squeezing the tennis instructor's buns as he sucked him. I couldn't see the other man's face, just the back of his head bobbing back and forth as Jean-Paul ran his hands through the man's dark, curly hair.

I opened my eyes and sat up. That should have been me sucking him. Despite how I felt at having my bold advances rejected, I was still extremely horny. I felt empty, unfulfilled. I'd been so sure that he liked me, that he thought I was sexy, that he wanted to make love to me, my disappointment was compounded. Fuck it, I thought. I'd just have to take matters into my own hands. I skinned off my panties and laid back on the cot.

With my mind's eye, I tried to interpose myself between Jean -Paul and his male lover, imagining myself kneeling at their feet and sucking both of their tools, trying to fit both of them in my mouth at once, cupping the two sets of testicles that dangled beneath, just as I was now cupping my breasts. As I reached between my legs, I tried to picture myself laying on a bench in the locker room, Jean -Paul between my legs, entering me as his lover squatted by my head, offering me his long, tanned penis to lick and suck. I swirled my finger over my clit, probing my passage with my other hand, imagining the two men taking me at the same time, two hard, veiny shafts sawing in and out of my mouth and pussy, making me come, filling me with their hot semen. Afterwards, Jean-Paul's lover knelt between my legs and licked his boyfriend's semen from my pussy with long, wet strokes of his tongue. I could almost feel it, and I started to quiver on the creaky old cot as I pictured him licking me clean.

I heard a sniffing sound and felt something cold and wet against my pussy. It was Schultzie, attracted by the scent of my sex. He licked me with his long pink tongue, over and over, and though I knew I should push him away, it felt good. Really good. I scratched his furry head as I let him taste me. If Jean-Paul didn't want me, at least the dog did.

Schultzie hopped on to the cot, sniffing my belly, licking between my breasts. I must have tasted salty from the traces of perspiration that hadn't been rinsed from my skin under the shower. His long cock poked out from between his legs, red and wet and hard. Schultzie put his paws on my shoulders, scratching me as he tried to stab me with his penis, his hips moving back and forth. But he couldn't reach my sex while I was still flat on my back.

"Ow, stop it," I said, pushing him away. His claws had hurt, and I felt a welt begin to rise on my skin. He was persistent, though, putting his front paws up on the mattress and repeatedly thrusting his cock into empty space.

I thought about Dana, seeing the dog hump her the day before, how his furry belly rubbed her back as he slipped his cock in and out of the gap between her thighs. Even though I'd just pleased myself, I felt horny again thinking about this. That first chapter of *The Happy Hooker* came to mind once more, how she'd let the dog fuck her out of boredom and frustration. I was frustrated, all right, but did I really want to do this? I had a vibrator, and I knew David would be home in a while, and then my father after that. I knew neither of them would reject me as Jean-Paul had.

But there was something in the back of my mind, something that made me reach out and take the dog's cock in my hand. He began to pant and hump faster, grateful to have something to rub against. A thin fluid began to seep from the pointy tip of his long red spear, lubricating my fingers as they glided over his smooth shaft.

"Okay, Schultzie," I said. He let out a little woof at the sound of his name. "We need to do something about those paws, though." I thought for a moment and then I took off my socks, terrycloth tennis peds with the fuzzy little pom-poms on the backs. I slipped them over Schultzie's front paws, and I was surprised that he didn't try to shake them off. I slid down to the end of the cot so my ass was right on the edge.

"C'mere, boy," I cooed, pulling him closer, putting his paws on my shoulders. I could feel him try to enter me, his thin semen dripping over my cunny. I spread my legs and guided the tip of his cock inside me, and he began to hump faster, harder, driving his long dogcock deeper into my hungry hole.

“Good boy, good boy,” I said, feeling his cock expand inside my passage. His furry belly rubbed against mine, and I stroked his back as he pumped my tender pussy. Schultzie began to lick my face as he fucked me, and I pulled him closer, eager to feel more of his penis inside me.

I felt like such a slut, a dirty little girl, letting a dog have his way with me, filling me with his hot meat and his warm semen. So much fluid dribbled from his cock that I could feel it squishing out of my cunny with each thrust of his long red pole, dripping down my ass cheeks and soaking into the sheets. He began to feel even bigger, fatter than a human penis, filling me completely even though his cock seemed smaller than a man's. I began to sense my pleasure rising, spurred on by the knowledge that I was giving myself to an animal, not a man, not a woman, but a hydrant-sniffing crotch-nuzzling dog, a dog who was making me his bitch.

Schultzie was humping faster now, panting as his loins moved back and forth, his tail curled over his back. I wrapped my arms around his furry body and held him close as I began to come, shuddering beneath him, rocking my hips as fast as I could, not nearly in time with his rapid pace. I squeezed my cunny muscles around his cock and I heard him whine, a low guttural note as semen began to pour out of his penis, flooding me with warmth. He stopped humping and laid on top of me, licking my face as I stroked the fur on his back.

“Okay, that's enough,” I said, turning my face away from his wet tongue. “Time to get off of me and go lick yourself or something.” I pushed him away, thinking that he'd just slip out of me, but we stayed connected. It was like he was stuck inside me, and he didn't seem to be getting soft. I pushed harder, but he started whining pitifully. Reaching down between us, I tried to pull his cock from my pussy, but it wouldn't budge. I felt around it, forcing my fingers between his dogcock and my labia. There was a bulge in his cock, just past the entrance to my passage, and it felt as big as a baseball. I tried getting my fingers around it, but Schultzie just whined. I stopped trying to pry his penis out of me, not wanting to hurt his tender part.

I tried wriggling around beneath him, hoping to dislodge his member, but we ended up slipping off of the cot together, still joined at the crotch as we fell to the floor. Panic started to set in, and I wondered how long it would take for him to get soft. Maybe there was something so totally incompatible about our parts that we'd have to be taken to a hospital or a veterinarian to be surgically separated. As if my

day hadn't been humiliating enough, it was about to get worse. I heard the front door open and slam shut, followed by footsteps in the hall.

"Please don't be Dana and Mia," I said to myself. "Please don't be them." Another door opened and closed, and then I heard someone in the bathroom, running the shower.

"Davy! David!" I called out. "Help me!" The bathroom door slid open.

"Annie! What th'...?" he blurted.

"Please help me get him out of me," I said, a pleading expression on my face.

"What did you do?"

"Just help me," I said. "I'll tell you afterwards." He kneeled next to me, staring at my cleft, fascinated at the sight of a dog's cock plugging my pussy.

"What do I do?" he said.

"Just hold the dog," I replied. He wrapped his arms around Schultzie and I dug my heels into the floor, pulling myself back. The dog whimpered as his cock stretched, but then it gave way, the bulge in his cock slipping out of me, then the rest of his pointy penis, followed by a gush of semen. I collapsed on the carpet as David let go of the dog. Schultzie got up from the floor and sat in the corner, licking his softening member.

"Are you okay?" David asked me, helping me to my feet.

"Yeah, thanks," I said, putting my arm around him to steady myself. "Can you help me into the bath?"

"Yeah, but..."

"What?"

"I was going to take a shower," he said. "It can wait."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah," David said. He half carried me into the bathroom and helped me sit down on the toilet. I'd been holding my thighs together as I limped into the bathroom, but now I could spread them, letting the rest of Schultzie's thin semen pour out of my cunny. As David set the stopper in the tub and twisted the faucets, I leaned against the sink, my head in my hands. I was glad that it was David, not Mia or Dana or my father who found me, but I still felt humiliated, ashamed at being caught with a dog's cock stuck inside me.

“David?”

“Yes?”

“Will you promise me something?” I asked him.

“Yes.”

“Promise me you won’t tell anyone about this,” I said. “Especially Dana.”

“I promise,” he said.

The tub was nearly filled, and David helped me off of the toilet and into the bath. The water was a bit hot, but it felt nice, soothing, and I settled back against the tiled wall, letting out a deep sigh and relaxing.

“Would you hand me the soap?” I asked David. He put the bar in my hands and I started to lather myself, but I still felt as weak as a newborn kitten, my hands trembling as I tried to wash Schultzie’s slobber from my breasts.

“Could I do that for you?” David asked.

“Would you?”

“Sure,” he said, taking the soap from my hand and gently lathering my skin. He knelt next to the bathtub as he washed me, and I could smell his scent, a boy’s sweet sweat, the aroma of a young athlete.

“You played soccer after school?” I asked him.

“Basketball.”

“You need a shower.”

“I know,” he said. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be,” I replied. “I sort of like it, the way you smell right now.” It was true; it reminded me of my stepbrothers, the way they smelled after playing ball under the hot Florida sun. I thought of the salty taste of Del’s skin, the musky but not altogether unpleasant aroma that would waft up from between his legs as I sucked him.

“I’ll have time to shower before dinner,” David said, rubbing the soap over my back.

“Why don’t you get in the tub with me?” I said. “It would save you some time.” David looked down at the sudsy water, wondering if he really wanted to sit in a bath that was tainted with the canine semen that seeped from my cleft. Then he stood up and stripped off his gym shorts and t-shirt, kicking off

his sneakers, pulling his jock strap over his legs and removing his socks. He tested the water with his toe, decided it wasn't too hot, and settled into the water, sitting in the tub opposite from me. There wasn't much room in the tub, and we had to sit with his thighs on top of mine.

"Let me do you now," I said, picking up the soap and scrubbing his smooth hairless chest. I felt my strength begin to return, and it made me happy to see David smile as I lathered his coffee-colored skin. I worked my way down his body, soaping up his belly, his thighs, slowly heading towards that spot between his legs where his half-hard cock bobbed in the warm bath water. I felt him begin to stiffen between my slick fingers.

"Feels good...," David murmured.

"I should have waited for you to get home," I said. "You know I love your beautiful cock." David laughed, his mocha cheeks blushing slightly.

"You really like it?"

"I love it," I said, leaning forward, kissing his full lips.

"Wow," he said. "Why didn't you wait?"

"I don't know," I said. "I guess I was in a weird mood, you know? I thought I could get Jean-Paul to make love to me, but he didn't."

"Jean-Paul? The tennis pro?"

"Yes," I replied, stroking David's young penis, feeling it twitch in my hand.

"He didn't...?"

"He's gay," I said.

"No shit."

"Yeah."

"So you were horny and...?"

"It was more than horniness," I said. "I felt like doing something really nasty, and, well, there was the dog, sniffing my pussy."

"I wish I could have seen that," David said. I could feel his thighs on top of mine, tensing and relaxing with each stroke of his boycock.

"Well, you did see part of it."

“Yeah, but not the good part,” he laughed. “Was it good? Did you like it?”

“To tell you the truth, I did,” I said. It was my turn to blush now. “Except for that last part, when he got stuck inside me.” I reached down and cupped my sex. I was sore down there, and it was starting to itch as well.

“Well, if you do it again I want to watch,” David said. “I’ll make sure he doesn’t get stuck inside you.”

“No way I’m doing that again,” I said, gently squeezing his hardness. “Not when I can have this inside me.” David smiled and blushed again, reaching for my soapy breasts and fondling them with his slippery fingers.

“Hey, would you do me another favor, Davy?” I asked him.

“Sure.”

“I need you to clean me down there.”

“Okay,” he said, letting go of my little tits and reaching between my legs.

“No, not with your hands,” I said.

“Then how?”

“With this,” I replied, tugging at David’s hard cock. “Stand up for a second.” He disentangled his legs from mine and stood up in the tub, the soapy water dripping from his skin. I took the soap and lathered his erection until it was covered with a foamy coat of soap suds, and then I got up and turned around, kneeling in the tub with my hands on the rim, presenting my ass to him. David knelt behind me and I guided his soapy prick into my cleft.

“Go easy,” I said. “I’m a little sore.”

“Okay,” he murmured, slowly easing his cock into me. As he began to thrust, it felt good at first, scratching the itch inside me, but then it began to sting and burn as the soap rubbed into my tender spots.

“Ow, ow, stop, pull out,” I cried. He withdrew immediately.

“Sorry,” he said. “Too hard?”

“No, no, it’s the soap,” I said, rubbing my sore cunny. “It’s burning me.”

“Shit,” David said. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault, Davy,” I said. “Can you hand me the shower head?”

“Sure,” he said, detaching the massage head from its bracket and handing it to me. He turned on the faucet and I set the head on a gently setting, spraying cool water on my burning pussy. The stinging began to subside, and I handed the shower head back to him. I noticed his cock was softening, so I took it in my hands and began to revive it, feeling it stiffen once again.

“Let me finish you,” I whispered.

“You don’t have to,” David said.

“I want to,” I replied, stroking him. He’d been so sweet, so gentle, and I wanted to make him feel good. “Can you get that?” I asked, pointing to the bottle of baby oil on the sink.

“Yeah,” David said, stepping out of the tub for a moment and handing me the bottle. I began to oil his lovely cock, making it glisten and throb, and then I knelt down again, jutting out my bottom and pouring the oil down my crack, feeling it drip between my cheeks and over my cleft. David kneeled behind me and I reached back, rubbing the tip of his penis over my ass, guiding him into my bottom. He held me by the waist, drawing me closer to him as he pushed his hips forward, entering me, filling me back there.

“You like my ass, don’t you?” I whispered.

“I do,” David replied.

“Fuck me, Davy,” I cooed. “Fuck me like a dog.”

“Woof,” he said, laughing, and he began to thrust. My ass made a soft sucking sound as his greasy pole sawed in and out of my tight little hole. He tightened his grip on my waist and began to pump my bottom faster, his movements making the bath water swish around our thighs. I cupped my breasts with my oily hands, fingering my nipples, feeling them stiffen and crinkle.

“Fuck me, Davy,” I urged him. “Make me your bitch.”

“I’m gonna come,” he said through clenched teeth. “Fuck...”

I felt his cock twitch inside my bottom, tensing up as he began to spurt his hot semen. He collapsed on my back, wrapping me in his arms as his thrusts began to slow to a halt. I pushed my ass back into his groin, wanting to keep his beautiful cock inside me, but he began to soften and slip out.

David unstopped the tub, and as the tepid water drained we stood together and lathered each other’s body again, washing off the baby oil and rinsing off the soap with the shower massage. Then we

stepped out of the tub and took turns drying each other. David was about to return to his bedroom, but I stopped him, hugging him, kissing him. He smiled and held me in his arm.

“Thanks,” I said.

“For what?”

“For everything.” I kissed him again and squeezed his hand before heading back into Dana’s bedroom. There, I put on a fresh pair of panties and a t-shirt and laid down on the cot. Schultzie got up from his corner and came over to me, nuzzling me with his snout. He’d managed to pull my socks off of his paws.

“I’m sorry if I hurt you,” I whispered, scratching his head behind his ear. He turned and licked my fingers, climbing on to the cot and laying down next to me and letting out a deep breath. I closed my eyes and stroked his furry flank, drifting off to sleep.

I woke up from my nap about an hour later, when Dana and Mia came home. Dana was wearing a pink leotard and white tights, a skimpy pink skirt wrapped around her waist. She quietly undressed, and I realized that she thought I was still asleep. I laid there quietly, listening to her softly humming a melody from “Swan Lake”.

I heard Dana fishing through my backpack, and then there was a soft buzzing which stopped a second later. Through half-closed eyes I watched her lay down on her bed, my vibrator in her little hand. She licked the tip, something she’d seen me do, and placed it at the entrance to her cunny, twisting the base again and making it purr softly. Dana arched her back as she pressed the vibrator inside her, the melody she’d been humming becoming a song of pleasure, soft moans of delight floating from her lips. I watched her, transfixed, as her busy hands moved between her legs, rubbing her little button as she plunged the vibe in and out of her cleft. Suddenly she stiffened on her bed, arching her back again as she came, her thighs quivering, her lower lip trembling. Then she relaxed and turned off the vibrator, shuddering as she slowly pulled it from her sex. Dana laid there for a minute before wiping the vibrator off on the sheets and returning it to my backpack. She got back in bed and laid on her side, watching me as I “napped” on the cot.

“Have fun, baby?” I said, startling her.

“Annie! How long have you been awake?”

“A few minutes,” I said, sitting up on the cot.

“I...I’m sorry,” Dana said. “I shouldn’t have gone through your stuff.”

“It’s okay, Dana,” I said, reaching for her hand. “I wish you’d ask first.”

“You’re right,” she said. “I’m sorry.”

“You can have it if you want,” I said, squeezing her hand.

“Really?”

“Yes. I’ve got other ones.”

“Wow, thanks,” Dana said.

Schultzie got up from the cot and stretched his limbs, padding over to the door and sitting next to it. Dana got up from her bed and let him out, and then she went over to her dresser and picked out a pair of panties and a t-shirt, slipping them on before coming over to the cot where I was sitting. She climbed in next to me and we laid down together. I still felt drowsy, and I closed my eyes as she laid her arm across my breasts, snuggling up against my body and kissing me on the cheek as I fell asleep again.

I woke up to see Mia sitting on Dana’s bed, watching us as we napped, a glass of white wine in her hand. She smiled and took a sip.

“You looked so sweet lying together like that,” she said. “I couldn’t bear to wake you.” Dana began to stir when she heard her stepmother’s voice, stretching and rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

“What time is it?” I asked.

“Almost six,” Mia said. “Dinner should be ready in an hour.”

“I’m hungry,” I said.

“There’s cheese and crackers if you’d like,” she replied. “How did the lesson go?”

“Okay, I guess.”

“Just okay?”

“Did you know he’s gay?” I asked Mia.

“I thought he might be, but I wasn’t sure.” She handed me her glass of wine and I took a sip.

“Well he is,” I said, still feeling the afternoon’s disappointment.

“Poor baby,” Mia said, leaning forward and caressing my cheek.

“I’ll get over it,” I said, swinging my legs off of the cot and stretching.

“Come, I’ll get you a glass of wine and some hors d ’oeuvres.” She stood up and headed for the door.

“Thanks,” I said. “You up, Dana?”

“Yes,” she said, climbing off of the creaky old cot. I reached into the closet and found my long peasant skirt, one I’d bought a few weeks before to replace the skirt that I’d worn when I rushed Megan to the hospital, the skirt I’d left on the trauma room floor, soaked with her blood. Dana rummaged through her closet and picked out an almost identical skirt, differing only in color, slipping it over her long skinny legs.

“We really look like sisters, now,” she said. I gave her an hug and an affectionate pat on her bottom, and we headed to the kitchen for a snack before dinner. David was there, too, spreading soft cheese on a cracker and wolfing it down. Mia poured me a glass of wine and I ate a couple of crackers to keep my stomach from growling.

“Anne, your father and I would like to go out again tonight,” she said, corking the bottle of wine. “Could you watch the kids again?”

“I’d be happy to,” I said. David and Dana had gone back in their rooms, doing their homework, and she put her hand on my waist, drawing me close and kissing me.

“Thank you,” she said. “I was hoping we could spend some more time together, but Frank says you’re having dinner with Krystle tomorrow night.”

“Yes, she invited me the other day,” I said.

“He said she wants to hire you to work in the office.”

“She does? I’m sure she was just kidding or something.”

“I think you should take it if she offers you a job,” Mia said. “Maybe you can keep an eye on your father for me.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean I think he’s been having an affair.” she said, still holding me. I kissed her cheek and laid my head on her shoulder. Just a few days before Mia had said to me that she was sure my father was faithful to her. I wondered what had made her change her mind.

“He wouldn’t,” I said. “Not while you’re carrying his baby.” I stroked the swell of her belly, feeling a gentle kick inside of her womb, ashamed at myself for covering up for my father’s dalliances.

“Maybe I’m just being paranoid,” Mia said. “But he was so horny all the time, up until I started to show.” She patted her swollen belly. “Four, five, six times a day, he’d wear me out and then I’d have to suck him or jerk him off. But it’s different now. Except for the other night he hardly ever wants it anymore.”

“Maybe he’s just getting older,” I said. My father was in his mid - forties, almost twice as old as Mia.

“Perhaps you’re right. Maybe things will change after the baby comes. ”

“I hope so,” I said, kissing her again. I wanted to press my lips against hers, to seek out her tongue, but the sound of the front door opening made us break off our embrace. Despite everything that had happened that day, my horniness was back, making my aching pussy tingle with desire. I wanted nothing more than to lie in bed with Mia and make love with her.

“I’m home,” my father called out, his briefcase in hand, blazer draped over his arm. He kissed Mia and then me before heading back to the bedroom to shower and change. A little while later we all sat down to dinner, baked filet of sole almondine, green beans with tiny slivers of almond, and baked potatoes with sour cream and chives. The way my father wolfed down his food, I could tell that he’d had another afternoon tryst with Krystle, probably in their little love nest at the model home at Corazon.

The kids and I cleared the table and did the dishes afterwards, while my father and Mia got dressed to go out, spending over an hour behind their closed bedroom door before emerging. Mia gave me the number of the nightclub and told me that they’d be returning after midnight. I gave her a quick kiss and watched them drive off in my father’s Cadillac.

“What do you want to do?” I asked David and Dana after my father and Mia left.

“I want to dance again,” Dana said. “That was fun.”

“No way,” David protested.

“Well what do you want to do?” I asked him.

“I dunno, get stoned and look at some dirty magazines. ”

“You do that every night,” Dana said.

“So?” he replied.

“We can do both,” I said. “You can read while Dana and I dance, okay? ”

“I guess,” David said. He got up from the couch and went to his room, returning with a lit joint and his stash of porn. We smoked the joint while he leafed through the magazines, and then I put on some soft music and led Dana by the hand to the middle of the room. David thumbed through the pages, looking up at us every so often, watching Dana and I sway slowly to the music. After a few minutes of this, he threw the magazine aside.

“What’s wrong, Davy?” I asked him.

“I wish I had new ones to read,” he said. “I’m tired of these already.”

“Wait here,” I said. I let go of Dana’s hand and waist and went into my father’s office, opening the bottom drawer of his desk. His magazines were still there, along with the cotton panties I’d given him, stained with my father’s semen. I took the stack of magazines and the panties and headed back to the living room.

“I found these in Daddy’s desk,” I said, handing the magazines to David. He browsed through them eagerly, poring over each cover. Then he reached the bottom of the pile, those small magazines, the ones that featured children, and his eyes bugged out.

“Holy shit,” he muttered.

“Annie, are these yours?” Dana asked, holding the semen-stained panties.

“Yes,” I said. “I gave them to him.”

“What’s this stuff?” she asked, fingering the stiff yellow stains that covered the crotch and front.

“That’s Daddy’s cum, baby,” I said. “I guess he likes to jerk off in them.”

“Ewww,” she said, wrinkling her nose and dropping the panties on the couch. She picked up one of the magazines and her eyes went wide, just like her brother’s.

“I never knew Dad was so weird,” David said. “You think he gets off on this stuff?” He held up a page that showed a young girl straddling an older man’s lap, his hard cock wedged between her legs, splaying her open.

“I don’t know,” I said, even though I knew the truth.

“Do you think Daddy wants to fuck me?” Dana asked, a magazine open in her lap.

“Maybe when you’re a little older,” I said, putting my arm around her.

“He’s really big, isn’t he?” she said.

“Big?”

“I mean his penis. It’s big, right?”

“Yeah, it is,” I said.

“Would it hurt?”

“Probably.”

Dana sighed, and from the dreamy expression on her face I could tell that she was imagining what it would be like to be with her father, picturing a grown man’s big cock pressing inside her little cunny.

“Damn,” David said, holding up another picture, one of a boy his age on top of an older woman, his face nestled between her ample breasts as he fucked her. “Lucky kid.” David had his hand between his legs, squeezing the bulge in his sweatpants.

“Scoot up for a second,” I said, tugging at his pants, pulling them down his thighs. His erection popped out, unencumbered by any underwear, and I picked up the sperm-stained panties, finding a clean spot on the back, wrapping them around David’s sweet boycock and stroking him. He smiled and thumbed through the rest of the magazine as I played with his hard cock and fuzzy balls.

“That feels nice,” he said. “Soft...” Dana scooted off of the couch and sat on the floor, dividing her attention between the magazine in her lap and her brother’s penis. She lifted her bottom off of the floor and pulled down her long skirt, rubbing her little pussy through her panties. Suddenly, she sprang to her feet and ran down the hall, returning a minute later with my vibrator, skinning off her panties, and sitting back down on the rug. Dana twisted the base of the vibrator, turning it on, and she was about to touch it to her cleft when she changed her mind, getting up and kneeling next to me and pressing the humming vibrator against the base of David’s cock.

“Holy shit!” he said, nearly jumping off the couch. I stroked just the tip of his penis, still wrapped in the cotton panties, while Dana ran the vibrator up and down over his smooth shaft. Reaching between his legs, I gently cupped and squeezed his fuzzy balls, feeling them twitch between my fingers. All of a sudden he gasped and a stain began to appear on the thin white cotton that covered his glans, spreading as he spurting his seed into my underwear. I wiped off the tip of his penis, leaned over, and gave his softening cock a tender kiss. Laying across his legs, I caressed his smooth thighs as he stroked my back, letting out a sigh and settling back against the arm of the couch.

Dana sat down on the floor again and began to run the vibrator over her labia, then she licked the tip and pressed it into her cleft, laying back on the rug and arching her back as it disappeared inside her sex.

“Let me help you with that,” I said, laying down on the rug next to her and caressing her belly. I leaned over and kissed her, taking hold of the vibrator and twisting it as I slid it inside her sex.

“Ah...ah...Annie...,” she gasped, writhing on the carpet as I filled her cunny with the pink rubber phallus. “So...good...”

“I know, baby, I know,” I cooed, moving around so I was facing her creamy thighs and the vibrator that plugged her tight little passage. I leaned in and kissed her hairless mound, flicking my tongue over her cleft as I slid the toy in and out of her with short, shallow movements. Dana slipped her hand under my skirt, caressing my legs, my thighs, pressing her fingers into the crotch of my panties, wanting to make me feel as good as she did. I spread my legs slightly, giving her better access to my sex, and I could feel her fingers dipping under the waistband of my panties, seeking out the entrance to my passage.

I heard movement on the couch and looked up from Dana’s pussy to see David pulling his sweatpants off from around his ankles. He put his magazine aside and got down on the floor with us, his hands reaching under my long skirt, lifting it up, pulling down my panties. I went back to licking Dana’s pussy and sliding the vibrator in and out of her cleft as David spread my legs and curled up between them, his breath caressing my sex. He kissed me down there, lightly, tenderly, and then I felt his tongue begin to probe me, tasting my nectar, seeking my hidden pearl.

David had learned fast; he was better than Mia at teasing my clit, much better than my father when it came to pleasuring me with his lips and tongue, sucking and lashing my buttocks, making it hard to concentrate on Dana’s little cleft. I felt a tension building between my legs, a delightful sensation building up, ready to spill over. He cupped my bottom in his hands and drew me closer to his mouth, lashing me with his busy tongue.

Despite my distraction, I could tell that Dana was getting close to her release. I redoubled my efforts, swirling my tongue over her tiny clit and plunging the vibrator in and out of her passage, making her squirm and squeal with delight. She cried out, a breathless moan, her chest heaving as she trembled on the scratchy rug. I felt her body tense up, stiffening, her thighs quivering as she came.

“Ah...ah...ah...Annie...ah...ah...,” Dana gasped, finally sitting up and pushing my face away from her sex. I slowly pulled the vibrator from her cunny, and she shuddered again, letting out another gasp. Dana leaned over and kissed me, tasting her own juices on her lips, her eyes gleaming, a smile spreading from ear to ear.

“You look so beautiful when you come,” I whispered. She smiled even wider and stroked my hair as she cradled my head in her lap.

“Thank you, Annie,” she murmured. Then she turned her head to watch David, his head buried between my thighs, his tongue busily working over my slit. Now that Dana had come, I could lose myself in the feeling of David’s loving mouth, ravishing my sex, his hands squeezing my bottom.

I lifted my head off of Dana’s lap and rolled over on my back, hiking my long skirt up over my hips. David rolled with me, his mouth never leaving my needy sex, licking me, sucking me, making my pleasure grow from a tiny kernel, spreading through my whole body. I could see Dana crawling behind him, curling between his legs, her curly black hair bobbing as she sucked him back to life. I pulled my t-shirt over my head and cupped my breasts, flicking my nipples with my fingers, making them stiffen and stand at attention.

David made me shudder on the carpet when he grazed my clit with his teeth, ever so lightly, just a bit of pain to add spice to my pleasure. I heard a soft slurp and saw Dana lift her head up from between his legs and smile.

“He’s hard again,” she said, proudly.

“What a good girl you are,” I whispered, reaching for her hand and squeezing it. I sat up, gently pushing David’s face from my cleft. He looked up at me with a surprised expression on his face, his lips and chin wet with my nectar.

“What’s wrong?” he asked. “Didn’t I do that right?”

“You did fine,” I said, kissing his wet lips. “I want you in me now.” He smiled and got up on to his knees, and I pushed my bunched-up skirt down my legs. Dana helped me, freeing my ankles and carefully folding the peasant skirt as I reached out and stroked David’s beautiful cock, still glistening with Dana’s saliva. Laying back on the rug, I guided his pole to my sex, rubbing the tip along my wet slit. He

slid in easily and laid down on top of me, seeking my lips with his own. I stroked his smooth back as he began to thrust, long slow strokes that stoked the fire inside me.

Dana sat behind her brother, watching his penis disappear inside me, fascinated at the way his buns tensed and relaxed, the way his balls swayed with every thrust. I rocked my hips in time with his, urging him to fill me with his wonderful boycock, to bring me to my peak and push me over the edge. David craned his neck down and took one of my nipples in his mouth, sucking it, grazing it lightly with his teeth, sending a wave of pleasure through my body. I felt my climax approaching and tightened myself around his shaft, making him gasp with surprise and delight. He began to thrust faster, churning my hungry pussy with his pole, and I rocked my hips quicker, trying to keep up with his frenetic pace.

“That’s right...fuck me...fuck me hard, Davy,” I urged him, encouraging him to pound me mercilessly. His hips moved quickly now, his cock jackhammering my sex, beads of perspiration breaking out on his brow. When he squeezed my breasts I felt my dam breaking, a lake of pleasure spilling over, making me quiver and squirm on the scratchy rug. I wrapped my arms and legs around him and dug my heels into his buns, spurring him on like a rider on a horse. David began to swivel his hips, pressing his hardness against the sides of my passage, his pubic bone grinding into my clit, and I came, loud and hard, letting out a shrill cry of delight. David never stopped, though. He kept pumping my tender pussy like he’d never ever stop.

“Come for me, baby,” I cooed, craving the feeling of his cream in my cunny.

“Might...take...a while...,” he gasped, nearly out of breath. I clenched myself around his shaft, trying to squeeze his orgasm out of him, but he kept pounding away at my snatch. I started to feel a soreness coming on, and it felt like Schultzie might have bruised me inside.

The vibrator was sitting on the rug next to us, and I reached for it, twisting the base and making it hum in my hand. I brought it down to David’s crack, running the tip along the length, from his tailbone to the base of his balls. He gasped when he felt this new sensation, and his thrusting slowed slightly as I pressed it against his anus.

“What are you doing?” he asked me.

“Relax,” I said. “You’ll love this.” I gently pushed the tip into his bottom, just barely penetrating his ass. There was a bit of resistance at first, but then he relaxed and yielded to my pressure, his hips still rocking against mine, oscillating between the vibrator in his ass and the pussy wrapped around his dick.

“Annie, no...,” he gasped, but his body had a different opinion on the matter, and I felt his cock begin to twitch inside me, spurting his hot seed, a feeling of warmth filling my cleft. I pulled the vibrator away and dropped it on the floor, caressing his smooth buns as his thrusts began to slow and stop. He collapsed on top of me, spent, and I kissed his sweaty brow and stroked his back, holding him close, savoring the feeling of his mocha skin against mine. Dana, who had been watching us the whole time, stretched out next to us, snuggling against our bodies. I turned my head and kissed her.

David got up off of me, his softening cock slipping from my messy slit, and without a word he grabbed his clothes and magazines and left the room, walking down the hall and slamming his bedroom door. Dana looked at me, a confused expression on her face.

“What’s the matter with him?” she asked me.

“I think I know,” I said. “Let’s clean up this place first.” I wiped myself with the semen-stained panties from my father’s desk drawer and then we gathered the magazines and our clothes, straightening up the cushions on the couch and checking the rug for any telltale stains. While I returned the magazines and the pair of panties to my father’s office, Dana dropped our clothes off in her room. We stood outside David’s door and knocked. There was no answer. I opened the door.

David was lying on his bed, his back to us. I went over and sat on the edge, reaching out to touch him, to caress his smooth skin. He made no effort to stop me.

“Davy, what’s wrong?” I asked him.

“That was weird, what you did,” he said, still facing away from us.

“David. Look at me,” I said.

“It was gay,” he said.

“No, it’s not,” I replied. “I don’t know how you could say that. You were fucking me like a porn star. That’s not gay and you know it.”

“But my ass...you put that thing in there.”

“Didn’t it feel good?”

“I don’t...I...” His words trailed off and he rolled on to his back. I climbed on to his bed and laid next to him, caressing his smooth cheek, bringing my lips to his. Dana watched for a second and then she, too, climbed into bed, laying on the other side of him, laying her head on his chest and stroking his flat stomach.

“Lots of men like that feeling,” I cooed. “That doesn’t make them gay.”

“It doesn’t?”

“No. It’s part of your body, and you’re allowed to enjoy it. Didn’t it feel good?”

“It felt like my whole body was vibrating,” he admitted. I reached down for his cock, but Dana was already there, her little hand wrapped around her brother’s member, slowly stroking it.

“Would you like to try it again?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “Maybe.” I kissed him on the lips and he smiled.

“Whatever you want to do, Davy,” I said. “I just want to make you feel good.” He put his arms around me and Dana, hugging us, caressing our backs as we sandwiched him between our bodies, running our hands over his coffee-colored skin, cherishing our handsome brother.

“You should try it, Davy,” Dana said. “It feels good when it’s inside you.”

“Okay, lemme smoke another joint and think about it,” he said. We laid together for a few more minutes and then he got up and reached into his jacket for his pack of cigarettes, pulling out a joint and lighting it. The three of us sat cross-legged on his bed, and even Dana tried smoking some weed, though she coughed when she tried to inhale the smoke. She must have caught a little buzz, though, because she started to get giddy and giggly, trying to tickle me and her brother after we finished smoking.

“Okay, I’ll try it,” David said. “It’s not going to hurt, is it?”

“I’ll be gentle,” I said, “but you have to let me know if it does, okay?”

“Yeah,” he replied, stretching out on the bed next to his sister. She wrapped her arms around his body and pulled him on top of her, kissing him. I walked through the bathroom to Dana’s bedroom and got the vibrator. I needed lubricant, though, so I went into the master bedroom, stepping over Schultzie, who was asleep on the floor, and found the tube of KY in the bedside table, returning to David’s room. He was curled up between Dana’s legs, licking her puffy little lips, probing her cleft with his tongue. She was laying there with an ecstatic expression on her face, circling her nipples with her fingertips.

“Can Davy fuck me while you do that?” she asked me.

“Of course,” I said. “Turn over, baby, and get up on your knees.” Dana rolled over on to her belly and lifted her little ass as David knelt behind her. His cock was hard again, ready for his sister’s tight little hole. I squirted some KY jelly into my palm and stroked his hardness, making it glisten in the dim light of his bedroom. He pushed forward with his hips, parting her reddened labia with the tip, sliding into his sister’s sweet cunny. Dana sighed and pushed back, grinding her ass into his groin as he filled her with his hard meat.

“Ready, Davy?” I asked him.

“I guess,” he said, rocking his hips slowly, his cock gliding in and out of Dana’s pussy with short, shallow strokes. I squeezed some more KY from the tube, covering the vibrator’s pink rubber skin and spreading it over the stiff shaft. Then I put some lubricant on my finger and rubbed it into David’s crack, pressing into his ass, feeling his resistance.

“Relax, baby,” I cooed. “Let me in.” David took a deep breath and I felt the ring of muscle in his bottom open for me, letting me spread the lubricant inside him. He held his sister by the hips, pushing her back and forth on his shaft, closing his eyes as he got used to this new feeling.

“That feels good,” he admitted.

“I knew it would,” I said. “Ready for more?” David nodded. I pulled my finger from his bottom and replaced it with the tip of the vibrator, turning it on to its lowest setting. He gasped and flinched, burying his cock in Dana’s cunny, but then he pushed back against the vibrator, letting me slowly slide it inside his tight bottom. I turned it up to a higher setting as I eased it into his ass.

“I can feel it,” Dana gasped. “It’s like his cock is buzzing.”

“How’s that feel,” I asked David, planting a kiss on the small of his back, then another on his tailbone and another on his cheek.

“Annie...,” he murmured. “So good...”

“I knew you’d like it,” I whispered, kissing his bottom again. He began to thrust now, sliding his beautiful cock in and out of Dana’s cleft, his eyes closed tightly as he rocked his hips back and forth. I held the vibrator steady, letting him set the pace, making sure no more than a couple of inches penetrated his bottom as he fucked Dana from behind.

She was enjoying it, too, savoring the feeling of her brother's smooth penis as it buzzed in and out of her sex. Dana clutched his pillow and moaned softly, feeling her pleasure build, well on her way to another climax. I reached under her belly and toyed with her puffy slit with a slick finger, feeling the progress of David's slippery shaft as it slid in and out of her hungry hole.

The twin sensations of her brother's tool and my busy finger quickly brought her to her release, and she fell forward, slipping off of his cock. He quickly entered her again and buried his hardness inside her spasming cunny, falling on top of her back, the vibrator still sticking out of his bottom. I turned it up to its highest setting and he began to tremble, his hips moving quickly now, fucking his sister with hard and fast strokes. I held the vibe with both hands, sliding it in and out of his pumping bottom. Suddenly he stiffened and groaned, his entire body tensing and vibrating as he filled Dana's tight little twat with his hot boycum. She let out a little shriek when she felt him come inside her, reaching a second peak of pleasure.

David had stopped thrusting at this point, and he looked exhausted as he laid on top of Dana, covering his sister's body with his own. I turned off the vibrator and slowly pulled it from his bottom, feeling him shudder as the tip popped out of his anus. I wiped off the messy toy with a tissue and laid it on the bed, stretching out next to the two young lovers and caressing them, kissing each set of lips in turn.

David soon recovered from his intense orgasm and climbed off of Dana's back. We took a shower together, soaping up and teasing each other with the shower massage wand. Then we dried off and I put Dana to bed, tucking her in and giving her a loving kiss. She was tired from the pot and the sex, falling asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow. I kissed her again and turned out the light.

David was sitting naked on his bed, his electric guitar in his lap, an unlit joint dangling from his lips. The guitar wasn't plugged in, but I could hear the chords he was strumming, a Pink Floyd song, "Wish You Were Here". He stopped playing and lit the joint when he saw me standing at the door.

"That sounded good," I said, sitting down on his bed.

"Thanks," he said, taking a hit off of the joint and handing it to me.

"Have you been playing long?"

"A couple of years," David said. "I had a few lessons, but I don't have time to practice much."

"Could you show me how to play?"

“Sure,” he said. “It’s easy.” He handed me the guitar and I held it in my lap, the lacquered wood feeling cool against my skin. David put the joint aside and showed me how to hold the pick in my right hand and grip the neck with my left.

“I’m left handed,” I said. “Does that make a difference?”

“Jimi Hendrix was, too,” David said. “He played the guitar upside down.”

I tried that, but it didn’t feel right. I switched back and David began to show me how to place my fingers on the fretboard, teaching me a simple E minor chord, the first notes of “Wish You Were Here”. I strummed the strings, feeling the body of the guitar vibrate against my ribs.

“Wow,” I said. “This feels cool.”

“Want me to plug it in?”

“No, Dana’s sleeping,” I said. “We shouldn’t wake her.”

“Okay, maybe some other time,” David said, picking up the joint and relighting it. He showed me a few more chords, teaching me how to press my index finger across the neck, forming a barre, moving it up and down the frets. My hand began to feel tired, and the thinner strings pressed into my fingertips, leaving deep red indentations.

“Starting to hurt,” I said.

“Yeah, you need calluses,” he replied, showing me his fingertips. There were pads of hard flesh beneath the skin. I held his hand in mine, examining it, kissing his palm, taking his index finger and sucking it. David smiled and laughed, and I handed the guitar back to him as he passed me the joint. He began to play some more, and I sat next to him, laying my head on his shoulder as I listened to him play, puffing on the joint and holding it to his lips so he could toke without having to stop playing. He strummed a few songs and then yawned and put the guitar aside, leaning it up against his night table.

“Tired, baby?” I asked him.

“Yeah, a little.”

“I’ll let you get to sleep then,” I said, kissing his cheek and climbing out of bed.

“Annie, wait.”

“What is it, Davy?”

“Come here.” I sat down on his bed again and he kissed me, pressing his lips against mine, his tongue swirling over my own.

“I love you, Annie,” he whispered.

“I love you, too, Davy.” We kissed again, our hands roaming over each other’s body.

“Go to sleep, sweetie,” I said, after we broke off our kiss.

“Good night, Annie.”

“Good night, Davy,” I said, gently kissing his forehead. He laid his head on his pillow and smiled. I got up and blew him another kiss, turning out his light and closing his door.

Dana was sound asleep, so I quietly put on my little pink nightie and kimono and grabbed my journal, heading to the living room to write. On the way, I stopped in the kitchen and poured a glass of wine, bringing it out to the couch with me. I heard the clicking of Schultzie’s paws in the hallway, and he jumped up on the couch with me, laying his head in my lap. I laid my journal on the arm of the couch so I could write with one hand and stroke Schultzie’s fur with the other, hearing him yawn and fall asleep to the sound of my pen scratching on the paper.

Schultzie woke up and jumped off of the couch when he heard a key in the front door lock, wagging his tail as my father and Mia came inside. I could tell that they were both a little tipsy, unsteady on their feet as they hung up their coats.

“That’s such a pretty nightie, Anne,” Mia said, sitting down on the couch next to me.

“Thank you,” I said. She reached for my wineglass and took a sip while my father poured himself a drink from the bar.

“Her mother used to wear one just like that,” he said, taking a drink of his scotch. He sat down on the arm of the couch next to me and stroked my hair.

“I know, Daddy,” I said. “That’s why I bought it.”

“Such a pretty girl,” Mia murmured, her words slurring together. I felt her hand on my thigh and I turned my head to face her, to tell her not to be so bold in front of my father, but she pressed her lips against mine, slipping her tongue between them, seeking my own. I could feel my father behind me, pulling my kimono off of my shoulders, kissing my neck. I caressed Mia’s swollen belly as we kissed, bringing my

hand up to her breasts, cupping them, squeezing them through her dress. She moaned softly and broke off our kiss.

“Come to bed with us,” she whispered.

“You want me to...?” I was floored.

“Yes, princess,” my father said, fondling my breasts through the bodice of the sheer nightie. “We want to show you how much we love you.”

Mia stood up, still wobbling on her feet slightly, and led me by the hand, down the hall to their bedroom. We stood facing each other, my father behind her, unzipping her new black maternity dress, pulling it from her shoulders, letting it fall around her feet. He unhooked her lacy black bra, letting her breasts spill free, and pulled down her big black panties. Mia and I kissed again as my father held her from behind, squeezing her milky breasts as he watched us. Mia’s hands were on my bottom, cupping my cheeks, holding me against her belly. I could hear my father unbuckling his belt, unzipping his fly, taking his shirt off so fast that I could hear buttons popping off and rolling under the bed.

“Lay back, Annie,” Mia whispered, gently guiding me to the bed. I shrugged off my kimono and laid on my back, feeling her tug at the sheer pink panties I was wearing. She began to kiss my legs, starting at my feet and working up my thighs, gently kissing my sex, probing my cleft with her tongue.

My father was naked now, kneeling on the bed, next to my head, his cock hard and throbbing. He leaned over me and I took it in my mouth, swirling my tongue over the tip, bathing his shaft as it sunk into my mouth. Mia had found my clit, teasing it from under its hood, lashing it with her tongue. I wondered if she could taste the traces of David’s semen inside me, and the thought of this made my belly start to tingle with naughty pleasure. I closed my eyes and surrendered to the feeling of her lips and tongue as my father began to rock his hips, sliding his cock in and out of my mouth.

“She’s wet for you, Frank,” Mia said, looking up from between my legs. “Take her. I want to see you take her.” My father chuckled and pulled his cock from between my lips, taking his wife’s place between my legs. Mia laid down next to me and watched as he pressed his hardness against my cunny.

“She really is wet,” he said, slowly entering me with one long stroke. David’s lovely cock had felt wonderful inside me, but it still couldn’t compare to my father’s big tool, stretching me, filling me.

“Oh, Daddy...,” I moaned. I loved this feeling, but I couldn’t help but wonder what had happened tonight between my father and Mia, whether he’d confronted her about our encounter in her office or whether she’d suspected that I’d been letting him have his way with me. Either way, she didn’t seem upset about this. Quite the contrary, she had a hungry expression on her face as she watched her husband’s cock disappear inside his daughter’s pussy.

My father began to thrust, long hard strokes that pushed me back and forth over the duvet. Mia leaned down and kissed me, fondling my breasts as our tongues met and melted together. I felt her hand moving lower, over my belly, between my legs, feeling my father’s shaft as it pistoned in and out, finding my clit and rubbing it. I almost bit her tongue as a wave of pleasure surged through my body, and I had to break off my kiss lest I draw blood.

“Will you lick me?” Mia asked. I nodded, and she drew herself up on her knees and straddled my face, leaning forward so my father had room to fuck me. Her pussy was barely an inch from my mouth, and I cupped her bottom, drawing her closer to me. She was wet, soaking wet, her nectar dripping on my chin as I probed her cleft with my tongue, seeking out her little pearl and teasing it. Mia put her hands on the headboard and began to rock her pelvis over my mouth, and I stuck out my tongue and licked the length of her slit.

My father was thrusting fast and hard now, the way he’d done me that first time in his office, the way I’d seen him with Krystle. No wonder he wanted me instead of Mia tonight, I thought. He was too drunk to be gentle. I began to moan, happy to be able to give voice to my pleasure instead of muffle it. This seemed to inflame Mia’s passions, and she pressed her pussy down on my mouth, humping my lips. I sucked her swollen clit, making her gasp and press down even harder. I could barely see over her belly, but I knew she was kneading her breasts as she straddled my face.

I felt it building gradually, a tidal wave of pleasure that grew from between my legs, where my father’s veiny shaft was sawing in and out. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pressing my heels against the small of his back, encouraging him to pound my messy twat, hard, fast, deep. He began to slam me relentlessly, his groin banging against my sex, bashing my clit with each stroke. The tidal wave broke on my shores, washing over my whole body, and I tightened my grip on Mia’s humping bottom, screaming

into her sex as I came beneath her. She ran her fingers through my hair and pressed my face against her wet snatch.

I came again and again, and still my father kept thrusting, pounding my spasming pussy, his fleshy glans dragging over that sensitive spot inside me. Burying my face in Mia's folds, I sucked her clit as hard as I could, feeling her begin to quiver and shake on top of me, moaning as she humped back and forth. I felt my father's hand on her bottom, probing her crack with his fingers, seeking her nether hole as I cupped her cheeks and lashed her clit. As the tidal wave receded, I could concentrate on her sex again, assaulting her with my tongue, trying to push her over the edge.

Mia let out a low moan and began to quiver on top of me, a gush of moisture pouring from her slit. I drank it down and kept ravishing her sex, squeezing her quivering bottom. Her whole body shook with the force of her orgasm, and there was another flow of nectar, her juices dripping down my face and soaking into the duvet. She shook again, not as hard this time. I could see her breasts heaving over her belly and then she fell to the bed, laying on her side, breathing heavily, a contented smile on her face.

"Anne...", she whispered leaning over me and kissing my wet lips, tasting her own juices on my tongue.

"That's so hot," my father said, still pounding my pussy, though not as fast now. "Watching you two kiss..." Mia smiled at him and kissed me again, and I could feel my father's cock grow even bigger inside me, hard as steel, his glans flaring like a cobra's hood. He grunted once, a low guttural sound, and then he began to come, spurting his hot thick semen in my passage, filling me with his sweet daddycum.

"So good, Daddy..."

"Baby..."

"Stay in me, Daddy..."

"Annie..."

My father's thrusts began to slow, his softening cock gliding over a carpet of his sperm, and then he collapsed on top of me, his skin shining with perspiration. Mia snuggled up against us, stroking her husband's back, her breasts pressed against my arm, her belly against my side. I turned and kissed her again, feeling my father's lips on my neck and shoulders. He began to slip out of me, and I let out a sigh as I suddenly felt empty.

My father rolled off of my body, laying next to me, caressing me just as Mia was doing. I slipped my arms around their shoulders, savoring the wonderful feeling of their flesh against mine. The day had started with a disappointment, with Jean -Paul rejecting my advances, and an encounter with the dog that left me frightened and panicky, but now everything was perfect. I'd had so much fun with David and Dana, and now my father and my stepmother had invited me into their marriage bed and let me pleasure them. My world was perfect now. I started to get up, thinking that I should spent the night in my own bed, but my father stopped me.

“Stay with us,” he said. I looked at Mia and she nodded. I laid back down between them and smiled to myself. Maybe I should move here, I thought. Mia excused herself and went to use the bathroom, returning a minute later, and then it was my father's turn. By the time he came back to bed I was half asleep, wondering if this had all been a dream, that I'd wake up on the cot in Dana's room. I began to fall asleep between them, remembering how I'd climb into my parents' bed when I was just a little girl every time there was a thunderstorm.

\* \* \*

## Chapter Eight - Big Time

If it had been all a dream, then I was having a dream inside a dream now. I was in the clubhouse locker room again, wearing just the ruffled tennis panties that Mia had lent me. There was the sound of running water coming from the shower, and steam drifted out of there, wafting over the rows of lockers. I stepped into the tiled room, seeing a couple of figures in the fog, one standing, one on his knees. I quietly approached, trying to make out their faces.

It was Jean-Paul, standing under the rushing water while David knelt at his feet, sucking the tennis pro's glistening cock. I watched, unable to speak at first, but somehow I found my voice, unlike most of my dreams where I was rendered mute.

"No, you mustn't," I cried out. "David, no!" He looked at me and smiled, Jean-Paul's hard meat stuffed in his mouth, making his cheek bulge.

"He is mine, Anne," Jean-Paul said.

"No, David," I said, rushing to his side, pulling him back from the man's groin. I took Jean-Paul in my mouth instead, licking and sucking his long veiny shaft, but he began to wilt.

Then we were in the locker room, David lying on one of the benches, his legs spread, his hard cock bobbing above his crotch. Jean-Paul was behind me, pulling down the tennis panties. I looked down and saw that I had a penis, thick like my father's and fully erect. I squatted over the bench and pressed it against David's ass, entering him as he reached up for my breasts.

"Now you are complete," Jean-Paul whispered in my ear. I could feel the tip of his cock pushing against my bottom, filling me as I slid into my stepbrother's tight hole. He began to thrust, each stroke pushing me deeper inside of David, as if Jean-Paul was using me, my body, my cock, to fuck my stepbrother. I could feel my pleasure rising, but it was different, not the gradual approach I was used to, but a quick sensation, not as intense but pleasant all the same. And then I was coming inside David's bottom, feeling my semen flow through my cock, the strangest sensation of all.

And then I woke up.

\* \* \*

"What are you doing here?" Mia asked me, shaking me awake.

“What? Where...?” I wasn’t so sure myself. It had taken a couple of days to get used to waking up on the cot in Dana’s room, and now I was in a strange bed again. Then I remembered last night, how Mia and my father had come home drunk, how they brought me into their bed, how they made love to me.

“Why are you in our bed?” Mia said.

“You don’t remember?” I looked over at the clock. It was early but my father was already gone.

“No, I don’t,” she said. “Have you been here all night?”

“Mia, we made love last night,” I said. “My father watched.” I couldn’t tell her the whole truth, that he’d fucked me while she sat on my face, and she’d encouraged him to do it.

“We did?” she said. “My God, I don’t remember a thing. Was I that drunk?”

“You were sort of tipsy, yes.”

“I hope I didn’t hurt the baby,” she said, rubbing her belly. “I’m only allowed to have one glass of wine.”

“I’m sure just one night won’t hurt,” I said.

“I hope you’re right,” Mia said, sitting up in bed. “Ow, shit...”

“What’s wrong?”

“My back. Shit.”

“Lie down,” I said. I sat up next to her and caressed her belly.

“Could you get me an aspirin and water?” she asked.

“Sure,” I said, getting out of bed. I scooped my panties up from the floor and slipped them on when I got to the bathroom, hoping that Mia wouldn’t see the traces of my father’s semen that had dried on my cleft. I found the aspirin and poured a glass of water, bringing these back to Mia. She sat up with some difficulty and swallowed two of the pills, washing them down with the tap water. Then she laid down again, a pained expression on her face.

“Anne, could you do me a favor?”

“Sure,” I said. “Anything.”

“Would you get the kids ready for school? I just can’t move right now.”

“Of course,” I said, kissing her on the forehead. I left her in the bedroom and went to Dana’s room, waking her up with a kiss.

“Where were you?” she asked me. “I wanted to cuddle with you. ”

“I’m sorry, baby,” I said, brushing her curly hair away from her face. “I guess I fell asleep on the couch.” She knew I’d slept with both my father and Mia, but for some reason I didn’t want her to know that I’d been in bed with both of them at the same time.

“Annie...,” she said, wrapping her arms around me.

“Time to get up for school, baby. ”

“Where’s Mommy?”

“Her back is bothering her, so I ’m going to cook breakfast for you and Davy, okay?”

“Okay,” she said. She stretched and swung her legs off the bed, rubbing her eyes and slipping her little feet into her slippers. I walked through the bathroom to David’s room and slid open the door. He was lying on his back, the blankets around his thighs, his beautiful penis slumbering along his thigh. If only there was more time. I would have loved to wake him up in that special way. I leaned over and kissed him, caressing his smooth chest until he awoke.

As the kids washed up, I made breakfast, putting on some coffee for myself, whipping up pancakes and sausages for David and Dana. A few minutes later, they entered the kitchen, dressed for school. I served their breakfast and sipped my coffee as I watched them wolf down their food. Afterwards, they put their dishes in the sink and I saw them to the door, getting a kiss and a hug from both of them, watching as they walked down the street to the bus stop.

I felt like a housewife, puttering around the kitchen in my little nightie, cleaning up after the kids, stacking their plates in the dishwasher, and I liked it. Cooking and cleaning for Ramon and my stepbrothers sometimes got tiresome, but today felt different, almost as if David and Dana were my own children. I made breakfast for Mia, a cup of decaf instead of the coffee I’d been drinking, and brought it in to her bedroom on a tray.

“Anne, thank you,” she said, slowly sitting up on the bed.

“How’s your back?”

“A bit better,” she said, pouring syrup on her pan cakes.

“Is there anything else I can do for you? ”

“That’s so sweet of you,” she said, taking my hand and squeezing it. “Could you draw a bath for me, please? I think some warm water would help.”

“I’d be glad to,” I said, heading to the bathroom and turning on the faucets. The tub was huge, and would take a while to fill, so I headed back to the kitchen and had a couple of pancakes and the last sausage for breakfast. Afterwards, I looked in on Mia again and checked the tub. It was only half full. Mia was done with breakfast, so I took the tray back to the kitchen and did the dishes. By the time I was done, the tub was nearly full. I helped her from the bed to the bathroom, seeing her wince as she lowered herself into the tub. She picked up the soap and began washing herself.

“Let me do that for you,” I said, taking the bar from her hands and lathering her creamy skin.

“Thank you, sweetie,” she said. “I remember what we did last night.”

“You do?” I froze, soap in hand.

“Yes,” she said.

“You’re angry, aren’t you.”

“No, Anne,” she said. “I’m not. I think it was my idea.”

“It was?”

“I’d rather share him with you than with some stranger he picked up at a bar.”

“Mia...,” I said. She’d surprised me with this attitude of acceptance. I had expected jealousy at the very least.

“I’ve seen the way you look at each other,” she said. “I know what you did in his den. You’re a very loud girl, Anne.”

“He knew about us, too,” I said. “Lean forward so I can do your back.”

“Thanks. He mentioned that last night, after he got a couple of drinks in him. He said he wanted to watch us make love.”

“Well, he got his wish,” I said.

“That he did,” Mia said. “Why don’t you join me? There’s plenty of room.”

“Okay,” I said, putting down the soap. I pulled my nightie off over my head and slipped off the sheer panties, gingerly dipping my toe in the water, testing the temperature. It was nice and warm, not too hot, and I settled in across from Mia.

“Kiss me,” she said, leaning forward, pressing her lips against mine. She picked up the bar of soap and lathered my breasts. I reached for hers, running my fingers over her slippery nipples. She moaned as we kissed, and I felt her hands moving lower, down my body, resting between my legs.

“I need to shave again,” I said.

“Let me do that for you, sweetie,” she said. Mia had me sit on the edge of the tub, spraying shaving cream on my cleft, carefully removing the light stubble on my mons and labia with a disposable razor. She did it slowly, gently, careful not to nick my most delicate parts. Mia splashed water on my sex, rinsing off the remnants of shaving cream from my pussy.

“Thank you,” I said.

“Would you do me?” she asked. “I want to surprise Frank.”

“I’d love to,” I said. I helped her up on the edge of the big black marble tub and spread shaving cream over her mound and cleft, shaving her as carefully as she’d done for me, rinsing the hair off when I was done. She looked beautiful, naked, clean. I leaned forward and kissed her bare mons, making her gasp with delight. Mia had trouble seeing over her swollen belly, so I held up a shaving mirror so she could look at the reflection of her newly shorn sex.

“This is going to itch, isn’t it?” she asked me.

“Not if you moisturize,” I said. “That’s the fun part.” We laughed, rinsed off our soapy skin, and emerged from the tub, gently drying off each other. Then we climbed into her bed with a bottle of skin lotion, rubbing the moisturizer into each other’s newly shaven parts. It turned into more than just the application of lotion, though, much more. Our busy fingers sought out each other’s secret pearl, soft voices singing a duet of pleasure.

“I’m going to love having you around, Annie,” Mia whispered as I rubbed lotion into her big round belly and swollen breasts. “Especially when the baby is born.”

“I don’t know if I’ll be here for that,” I said.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean I’ve decided to stay in Boston, at least until this summer.”

“Why? You know we’d love to have you move in right away.”

“I know, and I appreciate that, but I ’m going to go to a very good school up in Boston, one that will help me get into a good college. I missed a whole year of classes and I think I should make up for it. ”

“This school is that good?” Mia asked.

“It is,” I replied. “Forty percent of its graduates go on to the Ivy League.”

“That is good,” Mia said. “The schools here are okay, but I would love to have the kids to go to a private school. I wish we could afford that.”

“So you understand?”

“I do,” Mia said, kissing me on the forehead. “You’re a bright young girl and it’s good that you’re thinking of your future. You can spend the summer with us. We’ll have fun. By then we should be in a bigger house with a swimming pool. ”

“Thanks,” I said, kissing her on the lips.

“Does your father know?”

“I haven’t told him what I’ve decided yet.”

“He’s going to be upset,” Mia said.

“I’ll break it to him gently,” I said. “We’re going camping tomorrow, and I think I’ll tell him then.”

“Right, camping,” she said. “I hope you have fun. I never cared for sleeping in the open.”

“I’ve never been camping,” I said, “except for one night in the backyard in Maine with my stepbrothers.”

“That must have been fun, the three of you in a tent, right? ”

“It was,” I said.

“Tell me, did you sleep with your stepfather, too?” I’d told Mia about making love with my stepbrothers, so I guess she drew her own conclusions.

“Yes, I did. After my mother died, he was so sad...”

“Poor baby,” Mia said, putting her arm around me and drawing me close to her warm body.

“Annie, I have to ask you something. ”

“Anything,” I said. I felt so close to her then.

“Have you done anything with David? ”

“Yes,” I replied. I couldn’t lie to her.

“And Dana?”

“Yes,” I said. “You must think I’m horrible.”

“No, Anne. I don’t.” Mia held me tight, her lips on my neck, my cheek, nibbling my ear. “You’re just like your father, insatiable. Before we were married we lived in an awful little apartment in Tempe, near the university. He couldn’t keep his hands off of me, all day, every day, from the moment he woke up until just before we went to sleep. Five, six times a day, easily. Sometimes I’d catch him in the bathroom, jerking off on the toilet with a magazine in his lap. He couldn’t help himself. It was like he was wired that way, always horny, always erect. We couldn’t drive an hour without him having to pull over so I could suck him. I was almost happy when he got me pregnant, at least at first. I could get some work done without having him come into my office and take me on the couch.”

“And I’m my father’s daughter,” I said.

“You are your father’s daughter,” Mia said. We kissed again, our tongues meeting, sparring, tip swirling over tip. I heard footsteps in the hall and suddenly the door opened. A young woman in a plain light blue uniform dress with a white apron stood in the doorway, fresh linen in her hand.

“Excuse me,” she said. “Sorry Senora Mercer, sorry, sorry.” The housekeeper blushed and backed out of the room as we burst out laughing.

“I guess I should get up,” Mia said, reaching for her robe. “In five minutes every housekeeper in the neighborhood will know what she saw.” Mia moved slowly, carefully, but I could tell her back was better; she wasn’t wincing from the pain.

I climbed out of bed and grabbed my nightie from the bathroom, not bothering to put it on again. The housekeeper had already seen me naked in bed with Mia. There was no point. I walked into Dana’s room to get dressed and there she was, the housekeeper, changing the sheets on Dana’s bed. She turned and looked me up and down, smiling.

“Como se llama?” I asked her.

“Maria,” she replied. She was young, barely past eighteen, short and slightly plump, but pretty, very pretty, with big brown eyes, high cheekbones, and long dark hair braided into a single thick pigtail.

“Maria, me llamo Anne,” I said, extending my hand. She took it and gently squeezed it.

“Anita,” she said.

“Maria, no hable de este, por favor,” I said in my broken Spanish, tilting my head in the direction of Mia’s bedroom.

“I will not talk of that to anyone,” she said. “I promise you.”

“Thank you,” I said, gently squeezing her arm.

“De nada,” she replied, heading into David’s room to change his sheets.

I got dressed, sweatshirt and sweatpants, and headed into the kitchen for another cup of coffee. Mia had a meeting with a client that day, and had to take Dana to dance class, so I was on my own until the afternoon, nothing to do except walk the dog. I decided to spend the morning at the clubhouse, swimming in the pool, so I put on my string bikini, wearing my denim miniskirt and a white peasant blouse over that.

The pool was empty, as I’d expected on a weekday morning. I tied my hair back into a ponytail, swam a few laps, took a dive off the high board, and then settled down on one of the lounge chairs to read. It was cool outside, mid-sixties, but much warmer inside the pool house with the bright Arizona sun shining through the glass walls and ceiling.

I heard footsteps and looked up from my book, seeing an older man in a short yellow terrycloth robe and flip-flops enter the pool house. He doffed his robe, placing it on a chair on the other side of the pool from where I was lying, and dove into the water, swimming the length of the pool, back and forth, touching the edge and kicking off from the side, reversing his direction. I returned to my reading — I was half way through *Fear of Flying* — and a few minutes later he emerged, water dripping from his skin, matting his graying body hair. He picked up a towel and dried himself, sitting down when he was done.

I glanced at him over my paperback. He was reading a magazine, licking his thumb to turn the pages. Late fifties, maybe early sixties, a thick head of graying hair, broad barrel-shaped chest, a bit of thickness at the waist, deeply tanned skin. I figured him for one of the retirees who owned about half of the homes here. Every so often he’d glance over the top of his magazine at me and smile.

“Water’s nice today,” he called out across the pool.

“Yes, it is.”

“Aren’t you going in?”

“I just got out,” I said, swinging my head so he could see my wet ponytail.

“I’ll bet you’re a good swimmer,” he said.

“I’m okay, I guess.”

“I’ll bet I could beat you.”

“Beat me?”

“In a race,” he chuckled.

“Oh, a race,” I said. “I thought you meant with your fists.”

“Heh, no. How about it? Loser buys lunch?”

I thought about it for a moment; I was hungry, and I hadn’t had time to eat a proper meal after getting the kids ready for school and making breakfast in bed for Mia. He was a good swimmer, but not as fast as me. What the hell, all I had to lose was a few bucks for a sandwich at the clubhouse cafe.

“You’re on,” I said, putting my book aside. We walked to the end of the pool, opposite the side with the diving boards.

“Jack,” he said, extending his hand.

“Anne,” I said, taking his hand and shaking it.

“Four laps, back and forth.”

“Sounds good,” I said. I stretched my arms and legs and took a deep breath, standing at the edge of the pool, my toes curled over the side.

“Ready?”

“Ready,” I replied.

“Set...go!” He dived into the pool, and I followed him a split-second later. Jack had a two yard lead on me, but I closed the gap after the first lap. I was a faster swimmer, but he had a powerful kick, and we were neck-and-neck for the first two laps. By the end of the third, though, I’d pulled away, and I finished the final lap a good six or seven seconds before he did. We clung to the side of the pool, catching our breath, and he held out his hand again.

“Congratulations,” he said. “You’re an excellent swimmer.”

“Thank you,” I said, climbing out of the pool. He followed me up the steel ladder.

“Guess I owe you lunch.”

“That’s okay,” I said. “You don’t have to.”

“Please, I always keep my word,” Jack said. “Besides, I think dining with a gorgeous girl like you should be my consolation prize.”

“Well, okay,” I said, blushing. “You can buy me a burger at the cafe.”

“Deal,” he said. We dried off and headed for the snack bar, but it was closed, a sign on the door saying that it was only open Friday through Sunday. The thought of a nice juicy hamburger made my stomach growl.

“Tell you what,” Jack said. “Let’s go back to my place and I’ll whip something up, okay?”

“Sure,” I said. Jack wrapped his robe around my shoulders and we walked a few blocks to his house, one of the newer ones. It was sparsely furnished, as if he’d just moved in. There was a backhoe and other construction equipment in the back yard, and a deep gash in the lawn.

“I’m having a pool installed,” Jack said, opening the refrigerator and peering inside, pulling out a plastic container. “Hope you don’t mind potato soup. I’m on a bland diet because of my ulcers.”

“No, that’s fine,” I said. “Would you mind if I used your shower? They put too much chlorine in that pool.”

“Not at all, not at all,” he said. “Bathroom’s upstairs, there should be fresh towels in the hall closet. Make yourself at home, Anne.”

“Thanks,” I said, heading upstairs. The bathroom was a room off of his bedroom, also barely furnished, not much more than a bed, a dresser, and a small night stand. I was surprised to see that he had a waterbed. Carrie, Bradley and Helen’s daughter, had one as well, but after she moved in with her boyfriend in New York, Helen had it dismantled and replaced with a queen-sized mattress and box spring. It leaked, and was just too much trouble to maintain. I sat on Jack’s bed, feeling it undulate beneath my bottom.

After a quick shower, I put on my blouse and skirt, though I’d forgotten to bring panties to wear. Guess I’ll just have to keep my legs crossed, I thought to myself. I headed back downstairs to the kitchen. Jack was stirring the soup with a wooden spoon.

“Where can I put my wet suit?” I asked him.

“There’s a chair on the patio,” he replied. “Just put it next to mine.”

“Thanks,” I said, heading out to the back yard. I laid my wet bikini on a painted wooden deck chair, next to his wet swim trunks and went back inside.

“Just about ready,” he said. There were two places set at the kitchen table, hand-painted ceramic bowls, a loaf of black bread, and a tub of margarine. I sat down and Jack ladled the soup into my bowl.

“Smells good,” I said.

“Thanks,” Jack replied. “Made it myself. Help yourself to some bread.”

The soup was good, though just a bit bland. Jack talked about how he loved spicy food, and how hard it had been to give it up, even harder than it had been to stop smoking. He offered me a glass of white wine, something he wasn't supposed to have himself, but a half glass a day was his only transgression.

“So, you're retired?” I asked him.

“Semi-retired.”

“What do you do?”

“I'm a producer,” Jack said. “Movies. I own a production company in LA, Jalapeno Films.”

“What kind of movies?” I asked him.

“You don't want to know.”

“Tell me,” I said.

“Adult movies,” Jack said, sounding slightly embarrassed. “You know, porno.”

“Wow, cool,” I said. “I made a movie once.”

“You did?”

“Yeah, last year,” I replied. “But the guy got busted.”

“You made a...?” I thought Jack was going to choke on his bread.

“It was supposed to be called ‘Punk Rock Hookers’.”

“No shit,” Jack said, looking at me with a different expression. “What was it, soft core?”

“Soft core?”

“You know, simulated sex, no hard cocks, no close-up beaver shots.”

“No, this was real,” I said. “Me and two boys. They played in a punk band and I was sort of a groupie type. That's why it was called ‘Punk Rock Hookers’.” I finished my soup and took a sip of wine.

“And this guy who made it, he got busted?”

“Yeah, Cecil his name was,” I said. “He tried to edit it at school. He was a grad student.”

“Dumbass,” Jack muttered. “How old were you?”

“Fourteen.”

“No wonder,” he said. “When was this?”

“Last year.”

“You’re only fifteen?”

“Yes,” I said. “How old did you think I was?”

“I don’t know, seventeen? Eighteen?”

“Nope,” I said. “How old are you?”

“Fifty-nine,” Jack said.

“Married?”

“Divorced.”

“Sorry,” I said.

“Yeah, it was pretty tough,” he replied. “She caught me in my office with one of my actresses, Amber O’Toole. Not her real name, of course.”

“That’s a shame,” I said.

“Eh, what can you do, right?”

“So, do you have any of your movies here?” I said. “I’d love to see one.”

“You’re a bit young for that sort of thing, don’t you think?”

“I did star in one,” I said.

“I wouldn’t feel right...”

“Please?” I said, giving him my best pleading look, eyes wide, lips set in a pout, head tilted just so.

“Okay, fine,” he relented. “Let me clean up the dishes first.”

“I’ll do that,” I said. “You can set up the projector or whatever it is.”

“Video,” Jack said, getting up from the table. “It’s all going on video these days. Used to be we’d run through forty, fifty thousand dollars worth of film stock, and spend just as much at the lab, getting it developed, color corrected, printed. Now we spend a fraction of that amount on tape.” He left the kitchen, heading for the living room. I heard the sound of a television being turned on, the high-pitched whine of the picture tube warming up, white noise as he tuned to an unused channel, the clunk of a video cassette

slipping into the player. I washed our lunch dishes and joined him on the couch, handing him his wine glass.

“Ready?” Jack said.

“Yes.”

“Here we go,” he said, pressing a button on a small device that was connected to the videotape recorder by a long black cable. The tape deck was just like the one Cecil had bought, with the word “U-MATIC” in silver letters on the door that covered the tape slot. The player whirred to life, and multi-colored bars appeared on the screen, a high-pitched tone coming from the two speakers that flanked the large-screen television. Jack hit another button and fast-forwarded to the beginning of the movie.

“What are those things on the bottom of the picture?” I asked him. There was a series of numbers superimposed on the bottom of the screen, separated by colons, the last couple of digits moving so fast that I couldn’t read them.

“Time code,” Jack replied. “Hours, minutes, seconds, frames. It’s how we catalog the footage and mark the edit points.”

“Oh, I see.”

“Here it comes,” he said, pressing the play button on the remote. There was a shot of a woman on a couch, reading a paperback, with the words “HORNY HOUSEWIFE XII” splashed across the screen in big yellow letters. The woman was gorgeous, with long platinum blonde hair, and enormous breasts that spilled out of her skimpy dress. “Here’s my name,” Jack said, as the title changed to “PRODUCED BY JACK HOFF”.

“That’s your name?,” I asked him. “Jack Hoff?”

“It’s really ‘Hoffman’,” he said. “I changed it.”

“That’s really funny.” His name faded out, replaced by “STARRING AMBER O’TOOLE”. “So that’s her?” I asked him.

“Yep.”

“She’s beautiful. Why isn’t she a star?”

“She is a star, Anne.”

“You know what I mean,” I said.

“Why isn’t she starring in a non-adult film?” Jack said. “Keep watching and you’ll find out.” The credits ended and the wah-wah guitar soundtrack faded into the background. There was the soft chime of a doorbell and Amber put her book down to answer the door. A tall young man in a grimy pair of overalls stood in the doorway, holding a toolbox.

“Did you call for a plumber, ma’am?” he said, sounding like he was reading his lines from a card offstage.

“Yeah, come on in,” she replied. As soon as she opened her mouth and spoke, I knew why she’d never do anything but porn movies. Amber had a squeaky, high-pitched voice and a thick Boston accent, pronouncing the word “on” like “ahwn”, and adding an “W” to the end of “Yeah, stretching it into two syllables: “Ye-ahw”.

“I see what you mean,” I said to Jack.

“It’s not like she didn’t try,” he said. “She had a voice coach and everything.”

We sat and sipped our wine as the movie rolled on, watching as the man, played by Billy Long, followed Amber into the kitchen, stuck his head under the sink, taking no longer than ten seconds to fix her pipes. Then it was her turn to fix his pipe. She wasted no time in stripping off his uniform and sinking to her knees, taking his huge cock in her mouth, moaning as she hungrily sucked his member. He reached down and freed her ample bosom from her dress, kneading her tits with his hands.

Soon she was draped across the kitchen table while he pounded her snatch, making her breasts jiggle like Jello brand gelatin dessert. I’d seen a few porn movies before, grainy 8mm films that Cecil had shown me, as well as some better produced 16mm films that Bradley had brought home to watch with Helen and me in their bedroom. They all had a certain sameness to them, bad acting, cheesy dialogue, and the sex, which was the whole point of these movies, had a mechanical quality to it, as if the whole film could be reduced to a close-up of a cock inside a cunt and it wouldn’t make much of a difference.

Still, seeing Amber get pumped by Billy on the table had an effect on me, and I crossed and re-crossed my legs as I sat on the couch next to Jack, unable to keep from pressing my thighs together, feeling a hunger growing in my belly. I could tell that Jack was sort of getting off, too, not so much from the movie, which he no doubt had seen many times, from shooting to editing, but from the fact that he was watching this in the presence of a teenage girl, one who might have seemed innocent on the surface but had

actually made a film like this once. He kept glancing over at me as I watched the movie, his arm draped across the back of the couch, barely inches from my shoulder.

I reached back and took Jack's hand, placing it on my shoulder and moving closer to him. He gently caressed my arm, moving his hand up to the cap sleeve of my peasant blouse and tugging it off of my shoulder, his fingers lightly grazing my neck. I looked over at him and smiled, placing my hand on his bare thigh, running my fingers under the hem of his short terrycloth robe.

"You like the movie?" he asked me.

"Yes, I do," I said, slowly moving my hand higher until I felt the tip of his semi-erect penis laying along his hairy thigh. My fingers danced over his shaft and he began to stiffen. Jack reached down and untied his robe.

"Damn, you're huge," I said, seeing his cock for the first time. And he wasn't even fully erect. Jack's cock was long, thick, circumcised, with a fat mushroom head.

"That's how I broke into this business," Jack said.

"You starred in these movies?"

"Years ago," he replied. "Got out of the Navy in '46, couldn't find work. I answered an ad in the paper and that was that. Would you like to see one of my old movies?"

"Yes, please."

"Be back in a second," he said, getting up from the couch and rummaging through a hall closet. He brought out a box of tapes, stopping Amber and Billy in mid-thrust and ejecting their tape. He slotted a new one, and hit the play button.

"I had some of my old loops transferred to tape," Jack said, shrugging off his robe. His huge cock bobbed in front of him as he walked back to the couch and sat down. I took off my top and slipped out of my skirt, sitting next to him again and stroking his thick, veiny shaft while I watched the film begin. Jack put his arm around me again, his hand resting on my breast.

They were old films, grainy black and white, with streaks and spots that zipped up the screen. No credits, no soundtrack, no dialog, just a young Jack and a woman with a bobbed hairdo on a bed. Her breasts looked pointy, as if they'd been molded in that shape by one of those old bullet-shaped bras. Jack played with her breasts for a minute and then she leaned into his crotch and began to suck his cock.

“Margaret Del Rio,” Jack said, a distant look on his face. “Used to date President Reagan, she did.”

“Wow,” I said, trying to picture her with the pompadoured ex-actor. Her bobbed head bobbed up and down in Jack’s lap, and then he pushed her on her back and mounted her. It was hard to see what was going on, and the camera didn’t zoom in for a genital close-up, but I could see she was having a good time as Jack pounded her hairy snatch. At least she was acting like she was enjoying it.

“Damn, she was a vixen,” Jack said wistfully. “She must be seventy years old now.” I gently squeezed his cock and leaned over, kissing the tip of his fat glans, keeping one eye on the television screen. Jack gasped as I tried to engulf his penis with my mouth, caressing my back as I began to suck him.

I began to moan like Amber had, just because I thought it was something Jack expected. He must have liked it, because I could feel him start to twitch in my mouth, his big hairy balls contracting in my hand as I cupped and fondled them. His breathing grew heavier and I heard him groan as he began to erupt in my mouth. Expecting a huge amount of semen, I clamped my lips around his throbbing organ, swirling my tongue over his fat cockhead, but after a couple of hot spurts of cum there were just a few dribbles. He began to soften almost immediately, and after I cleaned him with my tongue I released him from my lips, letting his softening penis fall to his thigh.

“I wish I was forty years younger,” Jack said, holding me close.

“I like you the way you are,” I said, running my hand over the grey hair that covered his chest.

“Sweet of you to say that,” he said, kissing me on the cheek. “You like older men?”

“Older, younger, I don’t care,” I said. “You were handsome back then, and I think you’re really handsome now.” I watched his younger self on the video, pounding Miss Del Rio from behind, pulling out of her pussy so she could suck him to completion, jerking his cock until he spurted his seed all over her pointy knockers.

“Would you like to go upstairs?” Jack said.

“I’d really like that.” He stood up and led me by the hand, up to his bedroom.

“Let me look at you, sweetheart,” he said, sitting on the edge of the bed. I stood before him, letting him touch me, his hands roaming over my breasts and belly, my bottom and thighs, his fingers grazing my

freshly shaved cunny. Finally, Jack leaned forward and kissed my tummy, cupping my bottom in his hands. I ran my fingers through his thick grey hair, enjoying the way he touched me.

“Lay down for me, Anne,” he whispered. I climbed into bed next to him, laying my head on his pillow. He hovered over me, kissing me on the lips for the first time. I expected him to be aggressive with his tongue, but he wasn't, and I had to seek it out with my own. He broke off our kiss and brushed my blonde hair away from my neck, kissing me there, nibbling my earlobe, planting more kisses on my shoulder and my collarbone before lingering on my breasts, teasing my nipples with his lips, sending an electric sensation through me that shot straight to my sex.

Jack's lips began to shift lower on my body, over my ribs and belly, passing over my cleft to my knees and thighs. I spread my legs for him, eager to feel him kiss me between my legs, but he teased me, kissing my belly and hip bones, then my thighs again, purposely avoiding my hungry slit.

“I hope you don't have to be somewhere else,” Jack said. “It takes me a while to get hard again.”

“That's alright,” I said. “This is where I want to be right now.”

“Just what I wanted to hear,” he said, smiling. Then he ducked his head between my legs, kissing my nether lips, his tongue parting them, probing my cleft, seeking my moisture and teasing my pearl from its hooded lair. I squeezed his freckled shoulders as he began to lick me, and his tongue felt as long as his cock, filling me, pleasuring me, making me squirm on the rippling bed. I rocked my hips, feeling the waves move up my back and then down, reflecting off of the side of the waterbed.

“Jack...yes...yes...,” I moaned, for real this time, not the simulated cries of an actress. He cupped my bottom and drew me closer, drinking from my chalice, his long, pointy tongue lashing my clit. A girl could get used to this, I thought, closing my eyes and picturing myself on the set of one of his movies, being taken by him on Amber's kitchen table, with real lights, real cameras, professionals watching and filming our every move instead of an amateur like Cecil.

Jack began to lick me faster, squeezing my ass, his tongue curling into a cylinder and pressing into my passage. I felt the tip rubbing the top wall of my cunny, my special spot, that sensitive area that only fingers or cocks could reach. It was as if he knew about this, knew exactly what I wanted to feel, and I began to come, my whole body shaking, sending more ripples through the bed. He began to ravish my button again, pushing me off another peak, a second climax, and I rocked my hips back and forth, humping

his expert tongue. I tugged at his shoulder, letting him know that I wanted to feel him inside me. Jack released his hold on my bottom, crawling up the bed and laying next to me.

“That was wonderful,” I whispered, running my hand over his chest, moving lower, down his belly, taking his flaccid cock in my hand and gently squeezing it.

“I could tell you liked it,” Jack said, smiling and sticking out his tongue. I lunged for it, sucking it into my mouth, swirling my tongue over it as if it was a penis. He pulled me on top of him, his hands stroking my back and bottom as we kissed.

“Let me make you hard again,” I cooed. “I want to feel you inside me.”

“Give it a try,” he said. “It might take a while. I’m not a spring chicken anymore.”

I slithered down his body like a snake, planting a trail of kisses every couple of inches, curling up between his legs. First I gave the tip of his cock a tender kiss, gently lifting it and licking the muscular ridge on the underside, nuzzling his hairy balls, sucking them into my mouth. Then I engulfed his soft penis in my mouth, all the way to the base, something I wouldn’t have been able to do if he was hard. I felt him begin to stir and engorge, his blood flowing into his member, making it beat in my mouth as if it had a heart. I swirled my tongue over his shaft, tracing every vein and bump, up to his fleshy glans. Jack let out a soft moan as he began to harden between my lips.

I started stroking his shaft, bathing the tip of his cock with my tongue, cradling his heavy nuts in my fingers. When I probed his crack with my fingertip, his hips began to move, sending slow ripples through the bed. He was halfway there, and I started to moan for him, letting him know how much I loved his cock, how much I desired him, wanted to please him, to feel him inside me.

“That’s it, sweetheart,” Jack murmured. “We’re getting there.” He was almost fully erect but I didn’t stop sucking him, even though he was hard enough to enter me. I wanted to worship his thick pole some more, to moan as I swirled my tongue over his fat cockhead, to be his little porn star, not stopping until he was throbbing. Finally, I released him from my mouth, giving his glans another kiss, moving up from between his legs to straddle his hips, rubbing the tip of his cock over my wet labia.

“Shit,” I said, just as I was about to guide him inside me.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m not wearing my diaphragm,” I said. I was going to put it in after I went swimming, and I hadn’t expected to meet someone at the pool.

“Don’t worry,” he said, pressing upwards with his hips. “Vasectomy.”

“Really?”

“Yup, got snipped years ago,” he said.

“That’s the best news I’ve heard in all day,” I said, slowly lowering myself on to his hard meat, feeling him enter me, open me, fill me. Jack reached up and cupped my breasts, flicking his thumbs over my stiff nipples. As I began to slide up and down on his pole, he held my bottom, guiding my rhythm, setting the pace of our coupling. He felt huge inside me, and even though I never really cared about the size of a man’s penis, Jack’s mighty cock satisfied me in ways I’d never felt before. Almost immediately I felt that tingling in my belly, that heat between my legs, as his thick veiny shaft wormed in and out of my hungry cunny.

I collapsed to his chest and swiveled my hips, stirring my honeypot with his big stick, savoring the feeling of his fleshy cockhead dragging over my secret spot, the way the base of his shaft opened me at the bottom of every stroke. Jack caressed my back, moving his hips in time with mine. The waterbed didn’t allow him much in the way of leverage, so it was up to me to thrust for both of us. I didn’t mind this at all. I wanted to keep it nice and slow, savoring the feeling of his wonderful tool inside me, wanting it to last forever.

Even so, as I felt my pleasure begin to rise, I began to hump him faster, with shorter strokes, quicker movements, seeking just the right combination of speed and depth that would push me over the edge. Jack put his hands on my bottom again, squeezing my cheeks, urging me to speed up slightly. I began to move even faster, making our thighs slap together with every stroke. He began to twitch inside me, and I knew he was getting close, so I closed my eyes and imagined a camera crew around us, hot lights, the bedroom merely a set on a sound stage. That was just what I needed to reach my climax, and I began to come, nearly screaming as his cock pumped my needy hole. Jack smiled as he heard my cries, guiding me up and down on his hardn ess, rocking his hips with each thrust, his fingers digging into my flesh.

I thought he was close, but he wasn’t, and as I reached a second, higher peak of pleasure I clenched myself around his thick shaft, hoping to feel him spurt his seed inside me while I was still in the

throes of my orgasm, something I loved to feel. Jack gasped when he felt my muscles contract, and I felt his cock begin to spasm in my passage, a feeling of warmth spreading through my sex as his semen gushed into my cleft. I felt him begin to soften as soon as he came, and I slowed my movements, hoping he wouldn't slip out of me right away. I laid my head on his chest and let out a sigh, listening to his breathing and the beating of his heart.

"Where'd you learn to do things like that?" Jack asked me, gently caressing my hair.

"Things like what?"

"That thing you did with your pussy, the squeezing thing," he said. "And that blow-job you gave me. I never get hard that fast."

"I guess I've had some good teachers," I said. "That squeezing thing I learned from a magazine, Cosmopolitan, I think. I used to practice it with a dildo." Jack chuckled at that and kissed me on the cheek. His laughter made his cock slip out of me, so I rolled off of him and snuggled up against his warm body.

"Some boy must be very lucky to have a sexy girlfriend like you," Jack said.

"I don't have a boyfriend right now," I said. "I did, but now he won't talk to me." I realized that I still felt bitter over Brad's silent treatment.

"Sounds like a cad to me," he said. "A bounder." Now it was my turn to laugh.

"Tell me, Jack," I said, "do you think I could be in one of your movies someday?"

"You don't want to do that, Annie."

"Why not?"

"It's not that you're not sexy. You are," Jack said. "And it's not that you're not pretty. You're very pretty. A beautiful young woman. But starring in one of my movies isn't something you want to do. It's not a choice you want to make. The girls I work with didn't come to Hollywood to fuck for the camera in a rented house in the Valley. They all came to become starlets, singers, dancers, and not the exotic kind of dancing, either. Take Amber, for example. She couldn't even get a spot on a feminine hygiene deodorant commercial, and it wasn't for lack of trying. When I met her she was waiting tables at a chop house, down to her last fifty dollars, just about to take the bus back to Cape Cod."

"Really?"

“Yeah, and that’s not all. It’s hard work, demanding work, three hours under the lights to shoot enough footage for a ten minute segment, and that’s if nothing goes wrong. And Amber looks like she’s having fun, but she’s miserable, on camera and off. You know where she is right now?”

“Where?”

“She’s in detox, Anne, a private place in Palm Springs, her third thirty-day program in the last two years. Amber likes her pills, and she drinks like a fucking fish. Right before she ended up back in detox she got drunk on the set and threw up all over Tony Thicke’s schlong. Now his agent won’t even return my calls, which really screws me over because I wanted to feature him with Amber, with Dani Lamour, with Tina Martin. The kid’s a real fucking machine and now his agent wouldn’t piss on me if I was on fire.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” I said, kissing him on the cheek.

“Hey, you and me both, kid.” Jack put his arm around me, giving me a gentle hug. “I know it sounds trite, but you should stay in school, go to a good college, get a decent job so you won’t have to earn a living on your back.”

“That’s what I hope to do,” I said.

“Good, that’s great,” he said. “How come I never saw you around before? Did you just move here?”

“I’m just visiting,” I replied. “I live in Boston, but my father’s here with his family.”

“I see, I see,” Jack said. “How long are you here for? I’d love to see you again.”

“I’d like that, but I go back on Sunday.”

“Too bad,” Jack said, kissing my forehead. “I’m flying out to Palm Springs tomorrow to see Amber. She’s going to be released on Saturday.”

“Well, I’ll be back, maybe for spring break, maybe this summer, too.”

“Great,” Jack said, hugging me again. “Something to look forward to.”

“Me, too,” I said, reaching for his flaccid penis and giving it a gentle squeeze. “I’ve got to get back to the house.”

“Yeah, just fuck me and run,” Jack laughed. I gave his cock another playful squeeze and kissed him on the lips before getting out of bed. My clothes were downstairs, on the floor by the living room couch. As I stood up, I could feel Jack’s semen start to drip down my leg.

“Damn,” I said, running to the bathroom for some toilet paper.

“What’s the matter, sweetheart?”

“I forgot to wear panties when I left the house. ”

“You sound like a porn star already, ” Jack said. “Here, I’ve got some for you.” I wiped his cum from my thigh and returned to the bedroom. Jack had opened a dresser drawer; it was filled with lingerie.

“You wear these?” I said, pulling a tiny red heart -shaped g-string trimmed with white marabou from the drawer. I tried not to laugh as I pictured Jack in this frilly confection, his hairy balls hanging out of the tiny panties.

“Jeez, Annie. You think that would fit me? No, this is Amber’s stuff. She stays out here with me sometimes.”

“Wouldn’t she mind someone else wearing her undies? ” I asked him.

“Take what you want,” Jack said. “Hell, I bought it all for her. She won’t even notice what’s missing.”

“Thanks,” I said. “I just need a pair of panties. I can bring them back later.”

“Don’t worry about that, ” he said. “Think of it as a souvenir. ”

I rummaged through the drawer, trying to find something that wasn’t a g-string or crotchless, neither of which would keep Jack’s semen from dripping down my leg as I walked home. I thought about putting my wet bikini bottoms on when I found something made of cotton at the bottom of the drawer. I pulled it out, and it wasn’t much more than a g-string, but the back was wider and there was enough coverage over the crotch to suffice for my immediate needs. While Jack disappeared into the bathroom to empty his bladder, I stepped into the tiny panties and pulled them up my thighs. The front covered about as much as a string bikini would, but the back was tiny, exposing my cheeks. I turned around and looked in the mirror on the closet door.

“It’s a good look for you, ” Jack said, patting my nearly bare bottom. “Amber called it a ‘thing’ or a ‘thong’ or something. Big in Brazil, she says.”

“Feels weird, ” I said.

“She also calls it ‘butt floss’.”

“I can see why.” There was a thin strip of material running between my cheeks, though not as thin as a g-string’s ribbon. Jack and I shared another kiss in front of the mirror and then we headed back downstairs. I got dressed, finished my wine, and grabbed my wet swim suit from the patio, giving Jack one more kiss before I left. He pulled on his robe and saw me to the door, reaching into his pocket for his wallet and pulling out a card.

“Listen, if you’re ever in L.A., give me a call,” he said. “We’ll have dinner or something, and I’ll take you on the set of one of my movies. You can see for yourself what a pain in the ass they are to shoot.”

“Thanks, Jack,” I said, taking the card. “I hope everything goes well with Amber.”

“Sweet of you to say that,” he said, leaning over to kiss me on the cheek, a fatherly kiss, not the kiss of a lover. “Stay in school, Annie. Promise me that, willya?”

“I promise.” I took his hand and squeezed it, heading down the walkway, waving when I got to the sidewalk.

I arrived home a few minutes later. Mia still wasn’t home, neither was Dana, but the door to David’s bedroom was closed. I headed into Dana’s bedroom, intending to change out of Amber’s thong, but by now I was getting used to the feeling of the thin strip of cotton between my cheeks, and there was something naughty about wearing tiny panties that belonged to a porn star. I kept them on and took my bathing suit into the bathroom, hanging it over the shower curtain pole.

That’s when I heard it, a woman’s voice coming from David’s room. She was moaning, almost crying, repeating something over and over. Quietly, I slid open the door that led from the bathroom to his bedroom and peered through the gap.

“Dios mio...Dios mio...Dios mio...” It was Maria, the housekeeper. She was tied to the David’s bed, spread-eagle, face down, a pillow under her hips, her big round bottom jutting into the air. David was on top of her, pounding away at her pussy, his hard cock wrapped in a latex condom. I wondered if this was consensual, whether David was really raping her, but she turned her head and I saw her expression. Her smile was unmistakable.

“Si...David...si...chinga...chinga me...” Maria pronounced his name like “Da-veed”, and I knew enough Spanish to know what “chinga me” meant: “fuck me”. Sex, the universal language.

“Take it, bitch,” David muttered, slamming into the housekeeper’s sex. She cried out, writhing underneath him, straining at the bonds that held her as she came. I could see this had a galvanic effect on David, and his thrusts got even harder, faster, until he buried himself inside her, his whole body stiffening as he filled the condom with his semen. He fell on to her back, kissing her neck as he caught his breath. They laid like this for a while and then he climbed off of her, untying her arms and legs. She rubbed the raw spots on her wrists where the ropes had dug into her skin.

Maria leaned forward and kissed David, and then he did something that surprised me. He peeled the condom from his softening penis and gave it to her.

“Drink it,” he said. Maria smiled and emptied the contents of the rubber into her mouth, swishing his semen around before swallowing it. Then David leaned in and kissed her again, hard this time, locking lips with her, squeezing her full breasts, his tongue making her cheek bulge. They broke off their kiss and she laughed, reaching down to the carpet to collect her clothing. David laid on the bed and watched as the housekeeper put on her underwear, tattered cotton panties and an old worn bra, her pantyhose and slip, her light blue uniform dress and starched white apron, and finally her white shoes. She gave David another kiss, on the cheek this time, and left his bedroom, humming to herself.

I watched as David untied the ropes from his bed post and coiled them up, placing them in the bottom of one of his desk drawers. Then he pulled a magazine from under one of his pillows, the one that was all bondage pictures, and sat down on his bed, lighting a joint. I knocked on his door and opened it.

“Wanna hit?” he said, offering the joint to me.

“Sure, thanks,” I said, taking it from him as I sat down on his bed.

“Where’d you go?” David asked. “I looked for you when I got home from school.”

“I went swimming,” I said. “David, I have to tell you something.”

“What is it?”

“I saw what you were doing with Maria.”

“You were spying on me?”

“Sort of, yes,” I said, handing the joint back to him. “I thought you were, well...”

“What?”

“I thought you were raping her,” I confessed. “I had to make sure.”

“Me? Raping her?” David said, indignant. “That’s bullshit. Don’t you know me better than that?”

“Davy, I’ve only known you for a week,” I said, reaching for his hand. “I’m sorry.”

“No, you don’t have to apologize,” he said, intertwining his fingers with mine. “I could see how you would think that.”

“I’m glad you understand,” I said. “You liked tying her up, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” David said, smiling sheepishly. “She came in with the laundry and caught me jerking off, and then one thing led to another...”

“And she didn’t mind it when you tied her up?”

“It was more her idea than mine,” David said. “She saw the magazine and...”

“I see. Did you have a safe word?”

“A what?”

“A safe word,” I said. “A way for her to let you know that you’re hurting her or that she wants you to stop.”

“No,” David replied. “I just figured she’d tell me.”

“Okay, but promise me you’ll agree on one next time. Something other than ‘no’ or ‘stop’.”

“Like what?” David asked. “What would be a good word?”

“Something that has nothing at all to do with sex, like ‘chicken’ or ‘raspberry’.”

“Chicken,” he laughed. “That’s a good one.”

“It’s the word I used with Julia.”

“Julia?”

“A woman I knew in Maine,” I said. “We were lovers.”

“Chicken,” he said again. We passed the joint back and forth and looked at the magazine together. After we finished the weed, I gave him a kiss and went to take the dog for a walk. When I returned, Maria was mopping the kitchen floor, still humming to herself. As I hung up the dog’s leash, I imagined her on all fours, naked, the dog’s black leather collar around her neck. I pictured myself holding the leash, pulling her head between my legs and making her lick me while David took her from behind. Maria saw me enter the kitchen, smiled, and went back to her mopping.

I thought about showing David how to torture her with pleasure, to bind her and keep her on the edge of her climax until she begged for her release, to make her come so hard she would pass out, just as Julia had done for me. There wasn't time, though. I had to get ready for my dinner with Krystle and her husband. As I headed back to Dana's bedroom, I heard her and Mia coming through the front door. Mia greeted me with a kiss on the cheek, and I got a big hug from Dana. She was wearing her black velvet leotard, white tights, and pink legwarmers, her hair tied into two thick, curly pigtails. She looked cute enough to eat.

While Dana changed out of her dance clothes and sat down to do her homework, I took a shower and shampooed my hair. I'd already taken a bath with Mia after breakfast, spent the morning at the pool, had another shower at Jack's place, and now I was in the shower again. Considering that I was visiting a city in the middle of a desert, I was spending a lot of time under water. I wanted to look good for dinner, though, and there was the matter of Jack's cum, still oozing from my cunny. I finished my shower quickly, dried my hair, and wrapped myself in a towel.

Dana was seated at her desk, a textbook open before her, writing notes on a spiral-bound pad. She looked up and smiled, and I gave her a quick kiss on the cheek before getting ready. I had an hour before I had to be at Krystle's house, so I had to hurry. Dana closed her books and watched as I dressed, helping me hook my lacy black bra and attach the garter belt's tabs to my stockings. I took my time with my makeup, wanting to look perfect for dinner with Krystle and her husband, knowing that they might have me for dessert.

I slipped on the black sheath dress I'd worn to dinner the week before. Dana zipped up the dress and clasped the pearl necklace Helen had given me, looking on as I put on my earrings, a gift from Julia, one of the few things I'd managed to keep my room mate at the foster home from stealing. I put on a pair of black pumps and stood in front of the mirror, straightening the hem and straps of my dress.

"You look beautiful," Dana said.

"Thank you, sweetie." I gave her an air kiss, not wanting to smear my lipstick. Dana followed me out to the kitchen, where Mia was cooking dinner.

"Stunning," Mia said, "Absolutely stunning."

"Thanks," I said. "How's your back?"

“Better, thank you.” Mia sat down at the table, and I could tell from her deliberate, slow movements that her back was still bothering her.

“Maybe you should see a doctor or something.”

“I’ll be fine,” she said, taking a sip of wine. “If it still bothers me tomorrow, I’ll see if I can get an appointment with my chiropractor.”

“Is there anything I can do for you before I leave?” I asked her.

“No, but thanks,” Mia said. “I’m going to lie down for a bit while the bouillabaise simmers. And Dana’s here to help me, right sweetie?”

“Yes, Mommy,” Dana said, holding on to her stepmother’s hand and nodding eagerly.

“Do you need a ride, Annie?” Mia said. “I can drive you to Krystle’s place.”

“No, thanks,” I said. “It’s not far. I can walk.”

“Call us if you need a ride back,” she said. “And have fun.”

“I’m sure I will,” I said, leaning over to give Mia a light kiss on the cheek. I checked my makeup one last time in the mirror in the front hall, checking my purse to make sure I had my lipstick and keys, and left the house, stepping into the twilight.

\* \* \*

Krystle greeted me at the door, welcoming me with a hug and a kiss, inviting me inside. Her hair was freshly styled, and she wore a lovely blue silk cocktail dress, low cut, showing plenty of cleavage. She took my hand and ushered me into the living room. Her house was much larger than my father’s, and the furniture more expensive. She earned more than twice as much as my father, and it showed.

“You look gorgeous, Anne,” Krystle said.

“Thank you,” I replied. “So do you. That’s a beautiful dress.”

“Thanks, hon. Steve should be down in a minute,” she said. “Would you like a drink?”

“Please.”

“We have soda, wine, whatever you like.”

“What are you having?” I asked her.

“Steve and I like a martini or two before dinner,” she said. “Would you like one?”

“I’ve never had a martini.”

“Then you’re in for a treat,” Krystle said. “Miguel mixes the best martinis on the planet.”

“Miguel?”

“One of our servants,” she explained. “We employ a housekeeper and a cook, but I hire extra people when we have friends for dinner. I just don’t have the time to entertain, what with work and all.” Krystle went to fetch Miguel, and I sat on the black leather couch, looking around the room. Everything looked new and shiny, but there was a glitzy quality to the furniture and knick-knacks, as if one was meant to know how expensive these things were. Helen’s house was also luxurious, but it was a subtle luxury, not gaudy like Krystle’s chrome and glass furnishings.

“Here we go,” Krystle said, returning with Miguel, a tall, handsome young man in a short black waistcoat and perfectly pressed trousers. He set about the task of mixing a pitcher of martinis, adding gin and just a hint of vermouth to a shaker filled with ice. He capped the decanter and shook it vigorously, pouring the clear mixture into three martini glasses, adding an olive to each. Just then Steve appeared, entering through the living-room’s double doors, dressed in a sharp blue suit. He was taller than my father, with closely-cropped red hair that was starting to thin on top. Despite that, he was handsome, with clear hazel eyes and a cleft chin.

“Anne, this is my husband, Steve,” Krystle said.

“A pleasure to meet you,” he said, extending his hand for a shake.

“The pleasure is mine,” I said.

“Krys tells me that you’re quite good with computers,” Steve said, accepting a martini from Miguel.

“I guess,” I replied. “I’d never touched one until the other day.”

“Steve’s company makes those,” Krystle said.

“Just the chips,” he said. “The parts inside, processor, memory, controllers. Here...” Steve picked up a lucite cube from the coffee table and handed it to me. Embedded within was a square black wafer. One side was covered with little gold pins. The other bore a white stencil with the name of Steve’s company and a series of tiny numbers.

“That’s the brain of a computer,” he said. Steve took a seat in one of the leather arm chairs, across from the couch.

“Cool.” It was pretty neat, and I wanted to hear more. My curiosity had been piqued.

“Don’t get him started, Annie,” Krystle said. “He can go on all night about these things. Try your martini, let me know if you like it.” She sat down on the couch next to me.

I took a sip of my drink. It was strong but smooth, with an interesting aftertaste, ever so slightly fruity.

“It’s very good,” I said. I would have liked a glass of wine instead, but sipping this martini made me feel grown-up, sophisticated.

“Don’t drink too fast,” Krystle said. “These go right to your head.” I took her advice and paced myself, taking small sips, one for every two of hers. Miguel mixed another round and then excused himself, bowing slightly before leaving us. Steve poured the second round, and we made small talk while we waited for dinner to be served.

In between listening to Krystle talk about the latest Paris fashions, Steve talking about the new plant his company was building in Malaysia, and answering their questions about Boston and the school I was going to attend, I felt a distinct sexual tension in the room. Maybe it was the way Steve was looking at me, or perhaps the way Krystle placed her hand on my knee, squeezing it to punctuate what she was saying. I was just about to put my hand on hers when a maid entered the room.

“Dinner is served, ma’am,” she said. She wore a formal maids’ uniform, not the skimpy, frothy French kind, like the servants who attended Bradley and Helen’s swing parties wore, rather a long, charcoal grey dress that came down above the knees, with a starched white apron tied around her neck and waist. The maid was buxom, slightly chubby, like Mia’s housekeeper, but her high cheekbones and copper-colored skin betrayed more than a hint of Native-American blood somewhere in her ancestry.

“Thank you, Pilar,” Steve said. She bowed and left the room.

“Shall we?” Krystle said. She stood up and held out her hand, leading me into the dining room.

The table was the one piece of furniture I actually liked. A thick glass oval sat upon a curved pedestal carved from green-tinted granite, a welcome change from the chrome furniture in the living room. As I took my seat, a second maid emerged from the kitchen with a soup tureen, ladling gazpacho into my bowl. I’d never had that before, and I took a small taste first. It was pretty good.

After the soup there was a salad course, and then roast game hen. Miguel stood at attention while we ate and conversed, ready to refill a water glass or pour more wine. Dessert was served afterwards, chocolate mousse with freshly whipped cream, and coffee. As the maids cleared the table, we returned to the living room, where Miguel poured snifters of brandy, lighting Steve's cigar with a gold lighter.

"Bring me the tray Miguel," Steve said to the servant. Miguel snapped to attention and left the room, returning with a silver tray which he placed on the coffee table. It held six even lines of white powder and a long chrome cylinder.

"Would you like some coke, Annie?" Krystle asked.

"Yes, please," I said. Krystle held my hair back as I leaned over the coffee table and snorted one of the lines. I sat up and tilted my head back, feeling the rush spread through my whole body.

"Oh my," I said, passing the chrome straw to Krystle, my heart beating faster, a feeling of exhilaration coursing through my veins. "Oh my."

"Good stuff," Steve said. "Peruvian flake."

Krystle did a line and handed the straw to Steve. He snorted one and passed it to me. As I did the second line, I could feel the first one start to drip down the back of my throat, numbing it. After we finished the coke, Steve pulled a gold cigarette case from his jacket, pulling out a joint and lighting it. As good as the coke was, the pot was even better, sweet tasting, with an almost skunky odor. I took a sip of brandy and felt a sheen of perspiration on my forehead.

"You look hot, dear," Krystle said. "We can turn up the air conditioning if you'd like."

"Don't bother," I said, reaching back and tugging at the zipper of my dress. "I hope you don't mind." I stepped out of my black sheath and sat down on the couch in my lace bra and panties. My inhibitions had left with that first line of coke. Besides, I knew why I was here.

"That's a good idea," Krystle said. "Would you unzip me, Anne?" She wore an expensive pale blue lace bra and matching panty underneath her dress, no stockings or hose. As we passed the joint around, I felt her hand on the small of my back, gently caressing me with a slow circular motion.

Some people get very talkative when they do cocaine. I wasn't one of those people, but Steve and Krystle were. Over the next half hour I heard more than I needed to know about them, where they grew up, where they went to school, just about everything. Krystle had been born and raised in New Mexico, on a

cattle ranch, one of eight children. She'd dropped out of high school to wait tables in a diner, but she managed to get an equivalency certificate and get accepted into a community college. From there she transferred to New Mexico State and got a degree in business management, moving to Tucson first before coming to Phoenix, picking up her real estate license along the way. It was here that she met Steve.

He'd grown up outside of Seattle, and studied electrical engineering at Cal Tech, getting a position with Boeing right before the first energy crisis in the early Seventies. Being a new employee, he was the first to go when the layoffs began. For a while, the only work he could find was on a used car lot, cleaning automobiles. When a sales position opened, he took it, figuring that business would pick up soon, and he'd be re-hired by Boeing.

After two years it looked like that would never happen, so Steve headed south. If he was going to sell cars, he might as well do it where it didn't rain three hundred days each year. He worked in San Jose, then Las Vegas, before finding a sales position at a new car dealership in Phoenix, where he worked with my father. And just as my father had met Mia when her parents flew down from Montreal to buy her a Jeep, Steve met Krystle when she came in to the showroom to price a new car. They dated, got engaged, and right before the wedding the company Steve now works for began to hire engineers. It was only a couple of years before he was made a manager, on the fast track for a vice presidency.

Then it was my turn. As Krystle sat next to me, stroking my hair and caressing my thighs, Steve asked me whether I'd decided on a college.

"I have a couple of years before I have to decide," I said.

"Wait, I thought you're at least seventeen," Steve said. "How old are you?"

"I just turned fifteen."

"I told you how old she is," Krystle said.

"No you didn't," he complained.

"Yes I did," she said. "Last night. Don't you remember?"

"What, when we were in bed?"

"Right after Johnny's monologue," Krystle said. "Weren't you listening?"

"Sorry, Krys," he said. "I must've been half asleep. What's the age of consent here?"

"Eighteen, I think," she said. "Not that they ever enforce that, especially on the reservations."

“Shit,” Steve said. “Get dressed, Anne. I’ll drive you home.”

“No,” I said.

“What?” Steve looked as if he’d just been slapped in the back of the head.

“I said ‘no’. I came here to get laid, and that’s what I want to do.” Krystle squeezed my thigh and laughed.

“I told you she was a wild one,” she said. “Let’s do some more lines.”

“Okay, if you say so,” Steve said, somewhat reluctantly. He summoned Miguel, who had been waiting in the dining room. The servant took the tray and left, returning a minute later with six more lines of cocaine. While he was gone, Krystle had reached behind my back and unhooked my bra. I shrugged the straps off of my shoulders and lay back on the couch while she cupped and fondled my breasts. Eighteen or not, I could tell Steve was getting aroused as he watched his wife play with my little titties. I unclasped her bra and caressed her full breasts, teasing her nipples, feeling them stiffen between my fingers.

We snorted the cocaine and smoked another joint. Miguel poured more brandy, and I could see his hardness pressing against the leg of his trousers. He managed to keep a deadpan expression, though there was a stiffness to his gait. I suppose it’s not easy to walk with an erection.

Steve took off his jacket and loosened his tie, undoing the top button of his shirt. By this time Krystle and I were making out on the couch, our lips locked together, our hands roaming over each other, caressing, squeezing, pinching. Steve got up from his armchair and sat down on the couch next to me, gently exploring my body. I felt him pull my hair away from my neck and start to kiss me there, working up to my earlobe, nibbling it as he squeezed my breasts. I leaned against the back of the couch and let Steve and Krystle have their way with me.

“Let’s go upstairs,” Krystle whispered. She stood up from the couch and helped me to my feet, taking my hand and leading me upstairs. Steve was right behind me, his hand on my bottom, cupping my cheeks through my black lace panties. We walked down a carpeted hallway, framed prints on the walls, past their big bedroom and through a doorway.

“This is our playroom,” Krystle said. “It’s supposed to be our guest bedroom, but our guests usually don’t get much sleep.”

The room was large, as big as my father's bedroom. There was a king-sized bed with straps attached to the bedposts at each corner. Next to it was an armoire, the drawers partially open, revealing an assortment of toys: dildos, vibrators, massage oils, lubricants, handcuffs, whips and paddles. Another drawer contained lingerie, feather boas, some leather items that I couldn't identify. Opposite the bed was a door that led to a bathroom, and I could see a large plastic sheet covering the tile floor.

"Who are your guests?" I asked.

"Just people we meet in bars," Steve said. "Men, women, couples."

"Sometimes we place a personal ad in the paper," Krystle added. "Variety is the spice of life."

There was a knock on the door and Miguel entered, carrying the tray of cocaine in one hand, and a bottle of champagne in the other. Behind him was one of the maids, carrying a tray with three champagne flutes and a silver bucket filled with ice. Miguel placed the cocaine on the bedside table and opened the bottle. The cork made a loud popping sound and a bit of foam bubbled out of the neck. Then he poured it into the three glasses, put the bottle in the ice bucket, bowed slightly, and left with the maid.

"To Anne," Krystle said, clinking her glass against mine. "A lovely, sexy young woman."

"I'll drink to that," Steve said. I took a sip of champagne and put down the glass. My head was starting to spin from all the alcohol and drugs, and I didn't want to insult my hosts by throwing up and passing out.

"You should see her pretty little pussy, Steve," Krystle said. As he started to undress, Krystle knelt behind me and tugged at my panties, pulling them down over my thighs, exposing my shaved cunny to her husband. He smiled as he stepped out of his trousers and took off his shirt. I could see his hardness poking at the front of his red silk boxer shorts, making a tent in the shiny fabric.

"You've seen it before?" Steve asked.

"Tuesday, when I was with her and Frank in the model home at Corazon," she replied.

"Wait a second, you and Frank?" Steve said, frowning. "I thought we agreed..."

"We agreed not to fall in love with anyone else," Krystle said. "You don't think I'd fall for one of my salesmen, do you?"

"No, but..."

“Steve, honey, he’s just a swinging dick to me,” she said. “Nothing more. Besides, you’re going to fuck his little girl. I think it’s a fair deal for everyone.”

“I guess,” Steve said. He didn’t sound convinced, but that didn’t stop him from coming up to me and kissing me on the lips, his tongue seeking mine, his hands squeezing my bottom as his wife caressed my back and cupped my breasts.

“Taste her, Steve,” Krystle said. “Stick your tongue in that lovely little pussy of hers. Lay down, baby.” I laid down across the bed and Krystle stretched out next to me, pressing her lips against mine, her hands busy with my breasts, kneading them, pinching my nipples.

Steve went straight for my sex. No teasing, no kisses on the thighs or the backs of my knees. He started lashing my clit almost immediately with his tongue, sucking it with his lips, his fingers probing my passage. I could feel his knuckle pressing against my sensitive inner spot, and as Krystle began to suckle my breasts, I felt my pleasure build, spurred on by the coke we’d snorted, the pot we smoked, the martinis, the wine, the brandy, the champagne. It made it easy to let myself go. I closed my eyes and felt like I was reduced to a clit and a pair of nipples, that this was all that was left of my body, the rest having melted away like an ice cube in the Arizona sun.

And then I felt it, a cold, wet sensation on my breasts. Krystle had taken a piece of ice from the bucket and held it between her lips, using it to circle my nipples. I almost jumped out of my skin when I felt it, not because of the cold, but from surprise, the unexpected sensation that drew me back into the moment. But then I let go of myself again, savoring this new feeling as the ice stiffened my nipples and sent chills through my whole body. Steve was still ravishing my sex, licking and sucking my pearl, his fingers busily sawing in and out of my slit. Krystle swallowed what was left of the ice cube and lightly grazed my nipples with her teeth, and that was what sent me over the edge, trembling in her arms and pinning Steve between my quivering thighs. He looked up from between my legs and smiled, and then he stood up and stepped out of his silk boxers.

I now understood what Krystle saw in my father. Steve’s hard cock was no bigger than David’s, and it wasn’t very thick, either, though his purplish glans was nice and fat. His balls, though, were enormous, the biggest pair I’d ever seen. They wouldn’t have been out of place between the legs of a horse, although they made his penis look even smaller by comparison. I sat up on the bed and reached for him,

stroking his cock, cupping his huge sack. He had almost no body hair, just sparse red patches on his chest and groin, and almost none on his scrotum. I thought he'd shaved himself, but I could feel a fine, almost invisible fur. I leaned forward and began to lick and suck his big nuts. Steve sighed and stroked my hair, his hips rocking slowly as I started to fellate him.

"Take her, Steve," Krystle said, climbing off of the bed and selecting a vibrator from the armoire. "I want to see you fuck Frank's little girl."

"Please," I said, pulling his cock from my mouth and looking up at him. "Fuck me. Please."

Steve and Krystle's horniness was rubbing off on me, and the thought of her watching me as I took her husband's cock in my hungry cunny made me ache inside. He gently pushed me back on the bed and mounted me, reaching down to guide his hardness into my passage. I wrapped my arms and legs around his body and held him as he began to thrust with short, shallow strokes. Krystle returned to the bed and turned on the vibrator, a long pink phallus with a fat head and prominent veins molded into the latex skin. She touched it to my nipples, my belly, her husband's swaying balls, and between his buttocks before using it on herself, rubbing it up and down her cleft as she laid next to us, watching us fuck.

Steve may not have had the biggest cock in the world, but he did have stamina, probably a by-product of the cocaine. As his wife squirmed and writhed on the bed next to us, the big vibe buried in her snatch, he pumped me for what seemed like an hour, alternating between those short strokes and hard thrusts that nearly knocked the wind out of me. After Krystle came she turned the vibrator on me again, pushing me towards another climax as she rubbed it over my nipples. I could feel her juices on the vibrator, drying on my areolae, feeling almost as cold as the ice. I clamped my muscles down on Steve's throbbing cock when I came, and he gasped, his glans flaring inside me as he began to spurt, a flow of hot, thick semen that I thought would never end. It seemed like he'd never stop coming, and I could feel his cream start to seep out of my messy snatch even before he stopped thrusting and pulled out. There were clots of sperm all over his softening cock, and Krystle leaned over to clean him with her tongue, scooping the cum from his shaft and swallowing it.

Steve wasn't one for cuddling afterwards, but Krystle was, snuggling up against my body and holding me while he sipped his champagne and watched us coo and kiss. Her hair was uncharacteristically

messy, but she didn't seem to care. She just wanted to rock me in her arms and kiss me on the cheek and neck.

"Such a sexy little girl," she whispered. "I hope I have a girl like you someday."

"Thank you, Krys," I said, kissing her on the lips. We laid together for a while and then sat up to drink some champagne. My mouth was dry from all the moaning I'd done, and it felt good to wet my lips with the bubbly wine.

"Another line?" Steve asked, passing me the tray. We did a line each and chased it with another joint and more champagne. I began to feel the urgent need to use the bathroom, so I started to get up from the bed.

"Gotta go, honey?" Krystle asked.

"Yes, please."

"Let's not let it go to waste," Steve said. "Mind if we join you?"

"You want to...?" I said, suddenly remembering what Krystle had said in the bathroom that day when we were about to take a shower together. She'd made me sit on her lap and pee on her, and I remembered her saying that her husband was into this sort of thing.

"If you'd rather not," Steve said, starting to look disappointed.

"No, I don't mind," I said. When in Rome...

"Wonderful," Krystle said, reaching into the armoire and pulling out a dog collar and leash. "Let's take our pretty little doggy for a walk."

"Outside? No way," I said.

"No, dear. Just to the bathroom," she said, slipping the leather collar around my neck and buckling it, just tight enough to keep it from slipping down to my collarbone. She unhooked my garter belt and rolled down my stockings, attaching the leash to the collar, and I got down on my hands and knees as she gently tugged on the tether. She and Steve walked me into the bathroom, and the plastic sheeting made a crinkling noise as I crawled over it.

"Would you like to go first, Krys?" Steve said.

“Thank you, honey. Don’t mind if I do.” She handed him the leash and laid down on the floor, lying on her back. Steve tugged at the leash and made me crawl on top of her. His cum was oozing from my slit, dripping over Krystle’s thighs and pooling on the clear plastic.

“I don’t know if I can...,” I said. I had to pee badly, but it was hard to do this in front of them, let alone on Krystle.

“Just close your eyes and relax, Annie,” Steve said, kneeling next to me and stroking my back. I took a deep breath and let go, just a trickle at first, and then a stream of hot urine began to pour from my cleft, all over Krystle’s neatly trimmed pubes, flowing down her sex. She began to sigh and moan, squeezing her big tits as she smiled at me. Right before my bladder emptied she shuddered, pinching her nipples as a mini-orgasm washed through her body.

“Let me clean you,” she said. Steve positioned me over her face and she began to lick my messy hole, swallowing her husband’s semen and licking the beads of piss from my labia. I let out just a bit more pee, the last drops from my bladder, and she greedily drank it all.

“Mmmm...that was good,” Krystle said. “Your turn, now.”

I didn’t know what she meant by that, but I found out soon enough. I felt a warm stream of piss flowing down my back, streaming over my bottom and the back of my thighs. As her husband peed on me, Krystle reached between my legs and played with my pussy, rubbing my clit, probing my bottom, making her husband’s urine splash against my nether lips. He must have had a gallon of piss saved up for me, almost a couple of minute’s worth. His flow finally waned to a trickle, and I felt him shaking off the last few drops.

“Did you like that, Annie?” Steve asked me, helping me to my feet and removing the leash from my collar.

“Sort of, yeah,” I said. Just like when I’d done this with Margaret, at Julia’s house in Maine, I felt nasty, dirty, like there wasn’t anything I wouldn’t do, short of something really gross or painful. Krystle seemed to love it, though, and I could tell Steve was really into it, from the way his cock was starting to get hard.

“Your turn, dear,” she said. Steve laid down on the plastic, not seeming to mind the pool of urine he was laying in, and Krystle squatted over him, letting out a steaming stream of piss, all over his cock and

balls. Before she was even finished he was hard again, and I watched as Krystle knelt on the floor and Steve mounted her, taking her from behind. As they fucked doggy-style, I squatted next to her and played with her swaying breasts, reaching between her legs to rub her big swollen clit, making her come as her husband pounded her with his stubby cock. He didn't last as long this time, digging his fingers into her ass cheeks as he filled her with his cum, almost as much as he'd spurted inside my cunny.

They must have done this often, because they had the clean-up down to a science. There was a stack of fresh towels next to the sink, and Krystle used half of them to blot up the urine that pooled on the plastic while Steve rolled the sheets up like a rug. Then we stepped into the shower, my third one that day, not counting what Steve had done on me, and we lathered each other, rinsing off the residue of our wet little game.

We dried each other off and Krystle took the dog collar off of my neck, returning to their playroom to snort some more cocaine. Steve looked as if he was done for the night, his soft cock looking tiny compared to his enormous balls. He sat on the bed and watched as his wife and I kissed and felt each other up, and then laying head to toe, our heads nestled between each other's thighs, kissing and licking each other's cleft, making each other quiver and writhe on the bed.

I could taste a lingering trace of urine on her labia, the bitter taste mixing with her husband's cream and her nectar, but I lapped up the mixture anyway, making her squirm and pin me between her thighs as she came. She returned the favor, her lips clamped to my sex as I felt my whole body tingle. Steve decided to join in, laying behind me and probing my nether hole with my tongue, his fingers manipulating my slit as his wife's tongue danced over my clit. I came so hard that I had to squirm away from them, shaking like a leaf and trying to catch my breath. Krystle held me in her arms, laying my head on her bosom until I could feel my strength begin to return.

"Let's go down to the hot tub," Krystle said.

"Hot tub?" I began to wonder if all this water would start to make my skin dry out, and I made a mental note to use some moisturizer when I got back home.

"I could use a good soak right now," Steve said. "Come, it's downstairs."

They led me downstairs, through a hallway, past the kitchen, stopping at the doorway. I could see Miguel, his trousers down around his ankles, while Pilar, the maid with the high cheekbones, knelt at his

feet, sucking his long, tanned cock. Steve and Krystle didn't seem to be self-conscious about letting the servants see them naked, but I stood behind her, peeking over her shoulder as I watched Miguel fuck the maid's mouth.

"Miguelito," Steve said. "Bring the champagne and the tray down to the tub when you get a chance, okay?"

"Si, Senor," Miguel replied. "I will do that right...now." He began to come in the maid's mouth, making her cheek bulge with his throbbing member. I could see her throat moving as she swallowed his semen, but she began to choke on it, coughing wetly and releasing his rod from her lips. Miguel spurted a couple of ropy jets of sperm all over her face and the bodice of her apron, but the maid seemed to like this, smiling as she extended her tongue and began to clean the head of his penis.

"What a stud that boy is," Steve said, leading me down the hall, past the kitchen and the servants' quarters, through a door that led to a glazed enclosure, like a small greenhouse. There was a redwood hot tub in the middle of the room, along with a couple of wooden benches. Krystle checked the temperature on the heating unit and dipped her hand in the steaming water.

"Could be a little warmer," she said.

"That's okay," Steve said, checking the gauge and testing the water with his toe. "I don't like it too hot." As they eased into the warm water, I followed them, slowly settling into the big wooden tub. I felt wonderful, soothing, almost like being back in the womb. Krystle sat next to me, her arm around my shoulder, her breasts bobbing just beneath the surface.

Miguel and the maid came in a few minutes later, bringing the ice bucket with the champagne bottle and the silver tray with six freshly cut lines of coke. He had a contented smile, almost a smirk. The maid had wiped his cum from her face, but her apron still had a telltale stain. He held the tray for us as we snorted the lines and then poured us some more champagne.

"We'd like some more lines, Miguel," Steve said. "And a joint would be nice."

"Si, Senor," he replied, leaving with Pilar. They returned a few minutes later with the silver tray and Steve's gold cigarette case. I was feeling pretty wired at that point, and I could only do one line.

"What's the matter, Annie?" Krystle asked.

“I’ll never get to sleep tonight,” I said. “I’m supposed to get up early tomorrow. We’re going camping.”

“I can give you something to help you get to sleep,” Steve said. “Knock you right out.”

“Thanks,” I said. “Would you mind if I gave this line to Miguel?”

“Not at all,” Krystle said. “He dips into our stash, anyway.” Miguel blushed and smiled sheepishly, and he took the tray, snorting half of the line and giving the other half to Pilar.

“Su esposa?” I asked him as he lit the joint and passed it to Krystle.

“Pilar es mi hermana,” he replied. The maid smiled and curtseyed.

“What did he say?” Krystle asked me.

“I asked him if she was his wife,” I said. “He said she’s his sister.”

“I could have told you that,” Steve said, taking a deep drag on the joint and passing it to me.

“Miguel worked for our landscaping contractor,” Krystle said. “I thought he was too handsome to be pulling weeds all day. We hired him and Pilar to be our live-in help. He’s a wonderful cook with a beautiful cock.” She accepted the joint from me and took a deep drag.

“Miguelito, show our guest your cock,” Steve said.

“Si, señor,” he said, unbuttoning his trousers and pulling down his zipper. Pilar helped him push his trousers and briefs down around his thighs.

“It’s glorious,” Krystle said. “You’ll love it.”

I’d only caught a glimpse of his member in the kitchen. Even flaccid, it was nice and thick, with a purplish head peeking out of the hood of his foreskin.

“Ven aqui,” I said. Miguel came closer, stepping up on the platform that surrounded the tub.

“May I?” I asked him, reaching out to touch his thick shaft.

“Si.”

As I began to stroke him back to life, Pilar came closer, watching as he hardened between my fingers. I turned around so I was leaning on the rim of the tub and ducked my head between his legs, taking him into my mouth. I could feel Krystle’s and Steve’s hands on me, cupping my breasts, dipping between my nether lips, teasing my clit. Pilar gently brushed my hair away from my cheek as I sucked her brother’s cock, caressing my neck and shoulder.

I heard movement behind me. It was Steve, his hands on my hips, his stubby prick pressing into me. Krystle reached under me and began to rub my clit, her full breasts pressing into my arm. As Steve began to slowly thrust inside me, Miguel rocked his hips to his rhythm, two hard cocks filling me, one in my mouth, the other pumping my tender hole.

The only thing better than two cocks was three, I thought. I felt a finger probing my bottom, maybe Steve's, maybe Krystle's, as if my wishes had been answered. I felt so nasty, so slutty, a husband fucking me while his wife watched and diddled my clit, and sucking a handsome young man's meat while his sister fondled his balls. Steve felt bigger than he had before, his cock fatter, his thrusts harder. Whoever was fingering my ass had their whole digit inside me, up to the knuckle, sawing in and out in time with Steve's stubby prick.

I bathed Miguel's cockhead with my tongue, stroking the portion of his shaft that my lips couldn't reach, feeling that kernel of pleasure growing within my belly, spreading outward, making me tremble in the warm water. There were hands all over me, caressing, kneading, squeezing, and I began to come, releasing Miguel's hardness from my mouth so I could give voice to my pleasure. Before I closed my eyes, I saw Pilar take over, turning him so she could continue what I had started, hungrily gobbling her brother's hard meat.

"She's a wild one," Krystle said, pinching my clit and making me gasp with surprise and delight.

"Fuck...yes...fuck me...fuck me...", I moaned, urging Steve to pound me harder, faster, to send me over another peak of pleasure. I opened my eyes again and saw Pilar hoist her dress and lay down on one of the benches. Her brother squatted over her, tugged the crotch of her panties aside, pushed his hardness into her hungry hole, and they began to fuck furiously as we watched from the hot tub. Suddenly, I felt Steve's cock twitching in my snatch, erupting in a gusher of his hot seed, making me cry out as he filled my passage with his thick cream. His thrusting slowed as Miguel's sped up, and soon the room echoed with Pilar's cries instead of my own.

Steve slipped out of my slit and sat down again, reaching for his champagne and taking a sip to quench his thirst. I settled back down on the seat that ran around the inside of the hot tub, nestling into Krystle's loving arms. She kissed me on the cheek and I turned my head, seeking her lips with my own. As Pilar moaned and cried in the throes of her climax, I reached between Krystle's legs and began to pet her

down there, seeking out her swollen pearl with my fingertips. She began to sigh, holding me close as I toyed with her sex, wanting her to feel the pleasure I had experienced at the end of her husband's cock. She came quickly for me, rocking her hips under the warm water, making little waves that splashed along the side of the tub.

I heard Miguel start to grunt behind me, and we turned to watch him come in his sister's snatch, his copious emission making her pussy emit soft sucking sounds as his thrusts began to slow. Then he pulled out of her and she sat up, licking his cum and her juices from his softening meat, kissing his purple glans when she was finished. Pilar helped him pull his boxers and trousers back up, and he held out his hand to help her to her feet.

"Thank you, Miguel, Pilar," Steve said. "That will be all."

"Si, Senor. Gracias." He and Pilar left, taking the tray with them. I heard Miguel say something that made his sister giggle as their footsteps receded down the hall.

We relaxed in the tub for a while, sipping the last of the champagne. Krystle asked if she could open another bottle for me, but I declined. The coke was wearing off, and the warm water had started to make me drowsy. Steve helped me out of the tub and his wife dried me off with a plush terrycloth towel, wrapping it around me and leading me back upstairs to help me get dressed. Steve had gone into the living room to pour himself a drink and light up a fresh cigar.

"Thank you," I said to her as I sat on the edge of their playroom bed while she rolled my stockings up my legs. I leaned forward and kissed her on the forehead.

"You're quite welcome, Anne," she said. "We loved having you for dinner."

"Can I ask you a question?" I said. "It's sort of personal."

"Sure," she said, attaching my garter belt's tabs to my stockings.

"You and Steve, do you love each other?"

"Of course we do, Annie?" she said. "Why would you think otherwise?"

"I don't," I replied. "I was just curious. I mean, you both see other people, right?"

"Yes, Annie," Krystle said. "We do."

"The people I live with in Boston, Bradley and Helen, sometimes they share their bed with other people. But they always do it together."

“Every marriage is different, Anne,” she said, leaning forward and planting a tender kiss between my breasts. “I guess Steve and I just have bigger appetites than most other people. But if we couldn’t see anyone else, I’d still be happy with him. He’s a sweet guy, a gentleman, and I do love him, Annie. I’m glad we have our ‘understanding’, that we can see other people, as long as it doesn’t jeopardize the love we have with each other. Does that answer your question?”

“Yes, thanks,” I said. I kissed her on the lips and then she helped me to my feet, holding me steady while I slipped on my panties and stepped into my heels. We stood together for a moment, just holding each other.

“Your father says that you might move in with him,” Krystle said. “I hope you do. We’d love to see more of you.”

“I’d like that,” I said. We kissed again, and she led me back downstairs to the living room, where I’d left my bra and my dress. Steve was sitting in one of the armchairs, a towel wrapped around his waist, drink in hand, puffing on a cigar. He watched as I got dressed and then stood up to give me a kiss as Krystle zipped up my dress.

“Can I give you a ride home?” he asked.

“No thanks,” I said. “I’d like to walk. It’s not far.”

“I hope we can see you again,” Steve said.

“I’m flying home on Sunday, but I might be back for spring vacation,” I said.

“I hope you can call this your home someday,” Krystle said. She and Steve gave me a hug and a kiss and then I left, stepping into the cool night air.

The route I took home brought me past Jack’s place, and I stood outside his house trying to see if there was a light on inside. I’d been well and truly fucked by Steve, and Krystle had gone to town on my cunny, but I still had a yen for the feeling of Jack’s huge cock stretching my tender little hole. I waited a few minutes, trying to see if the bedroom light was on, but he must have been asleep, even though it was just past ten o’clock. I let out a little sigh of disappointment and walked back to the house.

Schultzie was there to greet me at the door, wagging his tail, having heard my key in the lock. I gave him a friendly scratch behind the ear and a pat on his furry flank, heading down the hall to Dana’s bedroom. Her door was open and the light was on, but she wasn’t in bed. I could see a light on in David’s

room through the gap under his door, and I heard the sound of his unplugged guitar, a tortoise shell pick on steel strings, the squeak of fingers on the neck.

I heard a giggle and a hushed voice, Dana's voice, coming from inside my father's den. I stood by the door and listened, and then I knocked softly.

"Come in," my father said.

He was seated on the couch, wearing just a t-shirt and boxer shorts. Dana was on his lap, dressed only in her little pink cotton panties, her arm around his shoulder. There was a nearly-empty bottle of tequila on the floor in front of the couch, along with his instant camera and a couple of dozen photographs. I sat down next to them.

"I missed you, Annie," Dana said, reaching out for a hug.

"I missed you, too, baby," I said, kissing her button nose.

"How was dinner?" my father asked.

"It was fun," I replied. "Come on, Dana. It's time for bed."

"But Daddy said I could stay up a little longer."

"It's a school night, sweetie," I said. "Wash up and brush your teeth and I'll tuck you in, okay?"

"Okay," she said, and she left the room. As my father took a swig from the bottle, I leaned over and sifted through the pictures he'd taken, all of Dana in various stages of undress. In one shot, she'd pulled aside the crotch of her panties and exposed her bald little cunny.

"I'm going to put her to bed," I said to my father. "I'll be back in a minute."

"Fine," he said.

After I helped Dana into her nightie and tucked her into bed, giving her a kiss on the lips before turning out the light, I went back into my father's office. He was still on the couch, flipping through the photographs, his erection tenting his shorts.

"Where's Mia?" I asked him.

"She took something for her back and fell asleep."

"Dana's too young for this, Daddy," I said, looking at a picture of her sitting on the couch, her legs spread wide, her panties pulled tight over her labia.

"I know, Annie," he said. "I didn't touch her. I just took some pictures."

“Dana’s curious about you, Daddy. She saw me suck you in her room that night,” I said, snuggling up to him. “She asked me if it would hurt. ”

“What would hurt?”

“Your cock, Daddy.” I reached into his boxer shorts and fished out his erection. My father put his arm around my shoulder, caressing my arm.

“I wouldn’t do anything to hurt her,” he said. “I promise.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” I said, slowly stroking his thick shaft. I felt him reaching behind me, unzipping my dress, slipping his hand inside and rubbing my back.

“What did you do at Krystle’s?”

“We had cocktails, and then dinner, and then we went upstairs. ”

“Steve fucked you?”

“Twice.”

“Was he good?” my father asked.

“Not as good as you, Daddy,” I said, leaning my head against his shoulder.

“That’s my girl,” he said, kissing me on the cheek.

“Krystle told him.”

“Told him what?”

“About you and her,” I said.

“She did?” my father said, surprised. “How did he take it?”

“Okay, I guess. I think being with me sort of made up for it. ”

“I’ll bet,” he said. “Tell me about it. I want to hear.”

“They have a whole room they call a ‘playroom’. Big bed, a chest full of toys and stuff, plastic sheets on the bathroom floor...”

“Plastic sheets?”

“They like to pee on each other. Didn’t you know that?”

“I knew she was into some kinky stuff, but not this,” my father said. “So, she pissed on you?”

“Actually, I did it on her.” My father had the bottle to his lips and was taking a sip, but he choked when he heard me say this, spewing tequila all over the place.

“Let me get this straight,” he said. “You urinated on my boss. Is that right? You pissed on the person who signs my paychecks?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said. “Are you angry?”

“Angry? That’s the funniest fucking thing I’ve ever heard,” he said, hugging me, kissing me on the cheek, handing me the bottle. I took a small sip and passed it back to him. I’d had plenty to drink that night, even though the cocaine kept me from feeling too drunk and drowsy. “So then what happened?”

“We washed off and then Steve watched me and Krys for a while,” I said. “Then we went down to their hot tub.” I didn’t feel like getting into details, or telling him about Miguel and Pilar, or all the drugs we’d done. It just didn’t feel right, like I was betraying a confidence. I’d told him just enough to satisfy his curiosity.

“I wish I could have been there,” my father said. “Even as a fly on the wall.”

“Maybe some other time,” I said. “They want to have me back.”

“I’m sure they do,” he said. “Who wouldn’t want to be with a pretty girl like you?”

“Thank you, Daddy,” I said, gently squeezing his hard cock.

“Take off your dress for me, baby,” he said. “I want to see what you’re wearing underneath.” I stood up and shrugged my black sheath dress off of my shoulders and stepped out of it, standing in front of my father in my lacy black undies and stockings. He pulled me close, running his hands over my thighs and bottom, leaning forward to kiss my belly. I slowly got down on my knees, kneeling between his legs, taking his hardness in my hands again, stroking it, squeezing it, leaning forward and kissing the tip, parting my lips and engulfing him, swirling my tongue over his glans.

My father stroked my hair, my shoulders, my back as I slowly sucked him. I reached into his boxers and cupped his balls, fondling his testicles as I pleased him with my mouth. I knew he was close to his release as soon as my lips closed around his shaft. He must have been hard all evening, as he snapped pictures of a nearly naked Dana posing on the couch. My father’s cock began to twitch in my mouth, a steady drip of precum oozing from the tip. Suddenly he squeezed my shoulder and I felt him begin to throb, his glans flaring as he erupted in a big gusher of cum. It tasted sweeter than usual, and I knew he’d been hitting the bottle all night. I swallowed his thick cream, milking him with my lips until the last dribble of semen passed through his penis, keeping him in my mouth until he began to soften. Then he pulled me on

to his lap and kissed me on the lips, his tongue seeking out his own essence, his hands roaming over my skin.

He yawned after our kiss, looking sleepier by the second. I sat in his lap for a minute or two, my arm around his shoulder, hugging him. Then I kissed him on the lips again and got up, collecting my dress and Dana's clothes from the floor.

"Good night, Daddy," I said.

"Night, Annie," he replied. "I'll get you up early tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay, Daddy." I blew him a kiss and left him in his office, as he took another sip from the bottle.

Dana was sound asleep, so I undressed as quietly as I could and went into the bathroom, wrapped in a plush towel. I remembered that I needed to moisturize my skin, which felt dry and scratchy from being in water all day, three showers, a bath with Mia, the pool, the hot tub. There was a bottle of Jergen's in the medicine cabinet, and I started with my arms, rubbing the soothing lotion into my skin. I could hear David, still awake, still playing guitar. I knocked on the door that led to his room from the bathroom. David was sitting on his bed, the guitar in his lap, a book of sheet music open next to him.

"Hey," he said. "How'd it go tonight?"

"It was fun," I said. "Could you do me a big favor, Davy?"

"Sure, anything."

"Could you rub this into my skin?" I said, handing him the bottle of lotion.

"I'd love to," he said, putting the guitar aside. I dropped my towel and laid down on his bed, on my back. David knelt next to me, squeezing moisturizer into his palm and rubbing his hands together. "Like this?" he asked, starting at my shoulders, gently working the lotion into my dry skin.

"Perfect," I said. "That really feels nice."

David massaged my shoulders and arms, and then he squirted more lotion on his hand and gently rubbed it into my breasts, leaning down to kiss my nipples, making them stand at attention. I closed my eyes and savored the feeling of his hands on me, his fingers sculpting the curves and hollows of my body. He began to massage my belly, my hips, working down my thighs and calves, rubbing my feet, even my toes.

“Roll over,” he said. “Let me do your back.” I turned over and heard David squeeze the bottle of lotion. It made a flatulent sound, and we both laughed at that. He pulled my hair away from my neck and began to massage my shoulders.

“You have such wonderful hands,” I said. “Strong and gentle at the same time.”

“Thanks,” David replied, working the lotion into the concave dips between my shoulder blades. “If you move in with us I’d do this every night for you.”

“It’s a deal,” I murmured, feeling wonderfully relaxed as he rubbed my back. I heard another fart-like squirt of lotion and David began to knead my cheeks, giving me a tender kiss right on my tail bone. He stopped for a second and I heard the sound of clothes rustling, the vrrrrp of a zipper. I turned my head and saw him getting undressed, his lovely cock stirring between his legs.

“I don’t want to get this stuff on my jeans,” he said, pouring more lotion on his palm and massaging the backs of my thighs.

“Yeah, right,” I laughed. He worked his way down my legs, all the way to my ankles, and then I felt him straddle me, his hard penis nestled in my crack, his hands working up again, kneading the knots from my back and shoulders.

“How was that?” David asked.

“Heavenly,” I replied. He stretched out over my back and kissed me on the neck, nibbling my earlobe, kissing my cheek.

“I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you, too,” I said. “Put some lotion in my bottom, Davy.” He lifted himself off of my back and I heard another squirt from the bottle, feeling his slick fingers probing my crack, lubricating my nether hole. I didn’t have to tell him to be gentle this time; he knew exactly what to do, slipping one finger and then two inside me, moistening my tight hole, opening me, stretching me. I heard the sound of more lotion being applied, this time to his penis, that telltale slapping sound as he stroked himself. And then he was on top of me again, pressing the tip of his cock to my bottom, slowly pushing inside me. There was no resistance, no pain. All that coke and alcohol had deadened my senses, and his wonderful massage had left me in a state of complete relaxation. His slick shaft slowly slipped inside me, and he stretched out on my back again, kissing my cheek as he filled my bottom.

David reached for my hands, slipping his fingers between mine as he began to thrust, slowly pulling back and pushing forward, his sweet prick sliding in and out of my ass. I brought his hands down to my breasts, and he held on to them as he pumped my bottom, rubbing my nipples between his fingers. Reaching down under my belly, I slipped my hand between my legs, toying with my cleft, teasing my button from its hiding place. I was numb, though, from all the sex, from the drugs and booze, and I knew it would take ages to come, if at all. I slipped a fingertip between my lips, feeling the remnants of Steve's cream that oozed from my passage.

"I love you, Annie," David whispered in my ear. "I love you, I love you, I love you..." His words had a galvanic effect on me, and I felt some sensation returning, a tingling between my legs. I scooped some of Steve's semen from my slit and used it as a lubricant, rubbing it over my clit, frigging myself quickly as I pushed my ass back against David's hips.

"Davy...my baby...my beautiful boy..."

"Annie..."

"Davy..."

I felt my passion begin to rise, a tension in my belly that smoldered like an ember, a wave of heat that spread through my whole body. I rubbed myself furiously, trying to fan the flames, to spontaneously combust beneath David's beautiful boycock, to find my release. It arrived sooner than I thought, and I began to shudder beneath him, squeezing his shaft with my bottom, the tension in my body erupting in an explosion of pleasure. I could feel his cock begin to throb inside me, the muscular ridge along the underside of his smooth shaft pulsing like a heartbeat. He caught his breath, a sharp inhalation that whistled past his lips and then he began to come inside me, filling my bottom with the heat of his emission, his warm seed flowing from the tip of his stem. His thrusts began to slow and stop, and he kissed me on the lips, gently nibbling them with his own.

"Stay in me," I whispered, bearing down on his rigid shaft, clamping my thighs together to trap him inside me. We rolled over on our sides, and somehow he didn't slip out of my bottom. As he caressed my belly and kissed my neck, I felt my exhaustion catch up with me, and I drifted off to sleep, still connected to my beautiful stepbrother.

\* \* \*

## Chapter Nine - Desert Rose

It was rare for me to recall my dreams after smoking pot the night before, but this one I did remember, vividly. Maybe it was the cocaine, maybe it was everything that had happened that day.

I was with Krystle, and we were in a big, brightly lit room, like a gymnasium, a high ceiling above us, dozens of bright lights beaming down on us. I was lying on top of her, face up, and she had her hands on my breasts, her thighs between mine, holding me open the way she'd done during that afternoon tryst with my father, at the model home at Corazon. She was inside me, too, in my bottom, and it felt hard, like a strap-on, except I could feel her throbbing with every beat of her heart.

And then my field of vision expanded, the way it sometimes does when you're just waking up, just becoming aware of the world beyond your soft pillow and warm blankets. I could see the rest of the room, clear plastic sheets covering the whole floor, all the way to the white-painted cinder block walls.

We were surrounded by men, naked men, strange men, faces I'd never seen before, at least a hundred of them. Krystle released one of my breasts and reached down between my legs, spreading my lips, rolling my clit between her fingers, exposing me to all of these men. As if on cue, they began to urinate, aiming their steaming streams of piss at my slit, wetting me, making me moan and writhe on top of Krystle's soft breasts. When one man was done, another would take his place, and the urine began to pool around us, collecting in the folds of the plastic tarpaulins.

Then the piss became a thick white fluid, more like heavy cream than semen, great streams of liquid that clung to our skin, covering us. Krystle kept manipulating my button with her fingers, and I felt ashamed, that I didn't want these strange men to see me in the throes of an orgasm, but I couldn't help myself. She cooed in my ear, telling me to let myself go, and I did, feeling a tremendous climax take hold of my senses. The white fluid began to rise, a flood of milky liquid that rose past the men's ankles, and I began to worry that we might drown.

\* \* \*

I woke up, looking around for the men, feeling my skin, wondering why I wasn't wet. David had slipped out of me, and was laying on his back. Quietly, I climbed out of his bed and picked up my towel

from the floor, wrapping it around me. I grabbed the bottle of moisturizer from the bedside table and walked into the bathroom.

Dry skin or no dry skin, I needed another shower. However, I didn't want to wake up David and Dana, so I wet a washcloth under the sink and cleaned between my legs, washing away the residue of the night before. Then I spread more lotion to my arms and legs; my skin had soaked up David's loving application like a dry sponge. Afterwards, I tiptoed into Dana's room and slowly laid down on the cot, trying not to make a sound. Soon I was asleep again, lulled by Dana's slow breathing.

My father woke me with a kiss, kneeling next to the cot, his eyes bloodshot, a grayish pallor to his skin.

"Wake up, sweetheart," he whispered. "We're already running behind."

"Okay, Daddy," I said, sitting up on the cot. I'd gone to sleep naked, and as the sheets fell from my breasts he smiled.

"I brought you a pair of hiking boots," he said. "They're Mia's, she's hardly worn them. Let me know if they fit."

"Thanks," I said. He gave me a kiss on the forehead and left.

"Where are you going, Annie?" Dana sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes.

"We're going camping, Daddy and me," I said.

"Can I come, too?"

"Sorry, sweetie," I said, sitting on the edge of her bed and hugging her. "It's just me and Daddy this time. Besides, you've got school today."

"How long are you going to be gone?" she asked.

"Just overnight," I said. "We'll be back tomorrow."

"Okay," she said, disappointed. "I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you, too." I kissed her on the cheek and rubbed her back through her nightie. "Can I ask a favor, Dana?"

"What?"

"I'd like to borrow a skirt. Is that okay?"

"Yes," she said. "But won't it be small on you?"

“That’s sort of the idea,” I said. “I want to give Daddy a little treat and wear one of your school skirts for him.”

“Oh, I see,” she said, smiling. “My red plaid one has elastic on the waist.”

“Perfect,” I said. “Thanks.” We hugged again and I went to take a shower. The moisturizer had soothed my dry skin, and I knew that I wouldn’t have another chance to take a shower until we returned the next day. Even so, I kept it short, and used lukewarm water, reapplying more lotion after I dried myself. I returned to Dana’s room and packed some clothes, a pair of jeans, a couple of sweaters in case it got too cold, my white peasant blouse, and some underwear and socks.

I tried on Dana’s pleated skirt and Mia’s boots. The skirt was a little tight around my waist but not uncomfortable. The hem was tantalizingly short, too. Mia’s boots were just a little loose, so I changed into a thicker pair of socks. I folded the skirt and put it in my backpack, slipping on a pair of cutoff shorts and a sweatshirt, and hefting the bag on to my shoulders. Not too heavy, though I knew after a couple of miles it would feel like it was filled with bricks. I double checked the side compartment, making sure I had my diaphragm and jelly, as well as my toothbrush and hair brush.

My father was waiting in the front hallway, an assortment of camping gear on the floor at his feet. He had a large backpack and a couple of sleeping bags.

“Aren’t we going to bring a tent?” I asked him.

“We won’t need one,” he said. “There’s an old shack where we’ll be camping.”

My father strapped one of the sleeping bags to my pack, making it feel even heavier as it sagged on my shoulders, but he helped me tighten the padded straps, making the weight more manageable. He carried his pack and bag into the garage and we threw them into the back of Mia’s Jeep. This was the car my father had sold her when she was still in college, and it had just over 10,000 miles on the odometer, even though it was a few years old. Then he opened the garage door and backed his Cadillac into the street, parking it by the curb before easing the Jeep out of the garage. I waited in the passenger seat while he drove his Caddy back into the driveway, and then we were off, heading downtown.

“Where are we going?” I asked him.

“I’ve got to stop off at the office and pick something up, then we need to stop at the store for food and water,” he said. “No restaurants where we’re going.”

We parked in front of his office building and he went inside, returning with a bulging manila envelope that he stuffed into his backpack.

“What’s that?” I asked him.

“Just a little gift from Kryz,” he said, putting the car in gear. “Something to make our camp out special.”

We stopped off at a grocery store next, picking up cans of chili, pork and beans, bottles of water, instant coffee, some beef jerky, dried fruit, chocolate and granola bars, “camping food” my father called it. He put the heaviest stuff in his pack and let me carry the lighter items, like the jerky and the dried fruit. I noticed that he’d bought a couple of pints of Cuervo Gold, slipping them into the side compartment of his backpack.

On our way out of town, we ate a quick breakfast at that truck stop where we’d eaten the day my father brought me into his office for a visit. Madge, that buxom waitress who knew his name wasn’t working, but an equally stacked woman with a name tag that said “MARY LOU” on it served us.

After breakfast and coffee, we got back in the Jeep and drove out of town, an hour on the highway and another hour on back roads, some of them unpaved ruts in the dirt. It was just after noon when we reached the trailhead, a patch of asphalt crisscrossed by dusty tire prints at the entrance of a shallow canyon. We parked in the shade of a stunted tree and shouldered our packs, walking past a faded “NO TRESSPASSING” sign and heading into the wilderness.

The path we followed took us along the banks of a dry river, its bed a network of cracks and ruts. After about an hour of hiking, my pack began to feel like a boulder, so we stopped under a rocky ledge and took a breather.

“Drink,” my father said, handing me one of the water bottles.

“How far are we going?” I asked him, taking a big gulp from the plastic bottle.

“It’s about four or five more miles,” he said. “Couple more hours, with a bit of a climb at the end. You gonna make it?”

“I’m fine, Daddy,” I said.

“Let’s get going before our legs start cramping,” he said. “We’ll stop again at Shell Rock. That’s not far from here.”

“Not far from here” turned out to be about forty-five minutes, the half-way point according to my father. We climbed up the shallow sides of the canyon, slipping on rocks and gravel as we tried to get a foothold in the rocky soil. Finally, we reached an outcropping of stone near the rim. I looked around, seeing the rest of the terrain for the first time since we’d parked at the trailhead, a hilly wasteland scarred by sharp depressions, the paths of other ancient rivers. Ahead of us was a range of purple hills and orange mesas.

“Here it is,” my father said. “This is Shell Rock, Annie.”

“Wow.” It was a jagged boulder with a nearly flat surface on the side, upon which were the fossilized impressions of ancient shellfish, scallops and whorls and cones, preserved for millions of years in stone. I ran my fingers over the shallow indentations, tracing the edges with my fingers.

“You’ve been here before?” I asked him.

“My father used to take us here,” he said. “Me and my brother.”

“I didn’t know you had a brother, Daddy.”

“He died when we were still kids,” my father replied. “Leukemia.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, reaching for his hand.

“Let’s get going,” he said, squeezing my hand. “I want to get a fire going before it gets dark.”

We walked on for another hour, reaching a footpath that wound up the side of a low mesa. That was an excuse for another break, more water and a granola bar for energy, and then we started up the steep and narrow path. After about twenty minutes of walking, climbing, and crawling, we reached a plateau, about half as high as the nearest hill, maybe a couple of hundred feet in diameter. There was a tiny wooden shack among the boulders and dead trees, its windows broken, the front door hanging on one hinge.

“Here we are,” my father said, dropping his pack in the shade of the shack.

“What is this place?” I asked him.

“Don’t know,” he said. “My dad said it had been built some time in the Thirties. Never knew why.”

I looked inside the shack. There was a hole in the roof, the only illumination. A pair of wooden bunks was built into one wall, the only furnishing save for the splintered table and chair that sat in a corner, broken up for firewood. The floor was littered with dusty beer cans, the old kind that didn’t have a pull-tab, just the bent triangular holes of an opener. There was a straw broom leaning against the corner, half of the

handle missing. While I started gathering the cans and sweeping the floor, my father collected dead twigs and branches from the mesa for the fire. By the time I'd gotten the shack as clean as it was ever going to be, the sun had started to set. I stepped outside and watched as my father got the fire going with kindling and a cigarette lighter.

As the sun fell below the hills, the sky began to change from blue to a deep purple, the clouds in the western sky lighting up as if they were great tongues of fire, red and orange and yellow. It was the most spectacular sunset I'd ever seen in my life. I stood at the edge of the mesa and stared at the changing skyscape, and as the twilight faded into night time, the stars began to come out, more than I'd ever seen on the clearest night in Maine.

The hills changed color as well, a more subtle performance than the sky, a spectrum of rusty hues that ranged from the bright orange of a fresh streak on the hull of a boat to the color of dried blood. As a lone cricket began to chirp, I walked back to the shack, the fire, my father.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" he said, taking a swig from one of the pints of tequila and offering it to me.

"I've never seen anything like it," I said, taking a small sip.

"Hungry?"

"Yes, Daddy." Despite a quick snack of jerky and dried fruit after I'd cleaned the shack, I was starving.

"I'll get dinner going," he said. My father pulled some of the stones that surrounded the campfire with a stick, arranging them in a small circle. He pulled a couple of cans from his pack, opened them, and placed them between the hot stones. A half hour later we were eating warm chili and baked beans off of aluminum plates with plastic spoons. He opened another couple of cans and we had second helpings, my father showing me how to use sand to clean a plate after we'd finished.

We sat next to the fire and my father broke out the tequila again. He reached into the pack for the envelope that Krystle had given him, opening the metal clasp and fishing inside, pulling out a joint. He lit it with a twig he'd held in the fire, touching the glowing tip to the end of the joint.

"I didn't know you smoked, Daddy," I said, as he handed me the joint.

"Sometimes," he said. "Not so much since Mia got pregnant."

"Are you happy about the baby, Daddy?"

“Yes, yes I am,” he said. “Why would you think I wasn’t?”

“I don’t know, Daddy. I just have this feeling,” I said, moving closer to him. “You’ve been drinking a lot, I guess...”

“No more than usual...,” my father said, “...but maybe you’re right. I’ve been thinking about how hard it’s going to be to make ends meet. I’ve been short of my sales quota for the last three months. Sometimes I think that if Krystle didn’t like my cock so much I’d be back selling cars about now.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy.”

“Don’t be, kitten,” he said, putting his arm around me. “We really want this baby. I’m hoping business picks up this spring, when Mia’s due and the bills really start rolling in.”

“I hope so too, Daddy,” I said. He wrapped both of his arms around me and kissed me. We sat by the fire for a while, listening to the twigs and branches crackle as they burned, drinking tequila, smoking another joint. There was a chorus of crickets now, filling the night with their chirps and trills.

“I’ve got a treat for you,” I said. “Close your eyes.” I ran into the shack and changed from my shorts and sweatshirt into Dana’s plaid skirt and my loose white peasant blouse, slipping on knee socks and tying my hair into pigtails. The hiking boots looked a bit out of place, but I hadn’t brought any other shoes. I snuck up behind my father and plopped myself in his lap. He opened his eyes and smiled.

“Damn, you look so cute,” my father said. “Let me take some pictures.” I got up from his lap and he went to get his camera from the backpack, snapping photos of me, some with a flash, some by the light of the campfire. I pushed the cap sleeves of my blouse down, exposing my shoulders, lifted my skirt to flash my panties for the camera. I’d worn the undies that Jack had given me, the ones that belonged to Amber, even though the crotch was still stained with his semen. My father laughed when I hoisted the back of Dana’s little skirt, exposing my bare cheeks and the thin strip of cotton that ran between them. He went through a whole roll of film and then put the camera away for later.

“You look so pretty I could eat you up,” he said, taking me in his arms. As we kissed, I felt his hands slipping under the skirt, squeezing my bare bottom as I pressed against the hardness in his trousers. I led him into the shack and kneeled on one of the rolled-up sleeping bags, unbuckling his belt and tugging on the zipper of his jeans. He took off his windbreaker and unbuttoned his shirt, letting it hang open as I pulled his boxers down his thighs. His erection popped out, quivering just an inch from my face.

“You’re so hard, Daddy,” I cooed, wrapping my fingers around his thick shaft and kissing the tip of his cock, where a pearl of precum had formed. I didn’t take him in my mouth right away, preferring to lick the length of his penis, bathing the meaty ridge that ran along the underside with my tongue. I nuzzled the base of his tool, feeling his pubic hair tickle my nose. He gasped when I licked the fleshy rim of his glans and swirled my tongue over the tip, finding his most sensitive spot, along the bottom, just below his cockhead.

When I finally wrapped my lips around his cock, he sighed and stroked my hair, fingering my long pigtails as he began to rock his hips. My father’s penis began to slide back and forth over my lips, and I ravished his hard meat with my busy tongue.

“Fuck, yeah...suck it...suck that cock, kitten,” he murmured. I moaned like a porn star as I gobbled his tool, stroking his shaft and fondling his hairy balls as my head bobbed back and forth. My father grabbed my pigtails and began to move his hips faster, fucking my face with his penis. I put my hands on his butt and squeezed his cheeks with every stroke, tightening my lips around his throbbing cock.

“Here it comes, sweetheart,” my father said. Of course, I knew he was about to come from the way his cock twitched in my mouth and his buttocks began to tense. I felt him stiffen between my lips, seemingly growing even larger than before, and then he erupted, filling my mouth with a gush of cum. I swallowed twice before the flow began to wane, feeling a warm drip of semen escape down the corner of my mouth. As he softened, I used my tongue to clean him, swirling it over the tip of his cockhead. Then I released him from my mouth, pulling down my blouse and using his wet glans to paint circles on my nipples, feeling them stiffen as they cooled in the chilly night air.

“I gotta sit down,” he muttered, parking himself on one of the sleeping bags. He pulled me into his lap and kissed me on the lips, tasting the lingering traces of his sweet offering.

“I love to suck you, Daddy,” I whispered.

“You do it so well, princess,” he said, wrapping me in his arms and holding me close. I put my arms around his shoulders and hugged him, feeling closer to him than I’d ever been. “Just like your mother used to.”

“Tell me about her, Daddy,” I said. “Tell me about how you met her. Tell me about what it was like growing up here. I want to know. I want to know you.”

“Okay, kitten,” he said. “Let’s unroll the bags first and lay down together, okay?” We unfurled the bags and laid them on the floor of the shack. My father lit another of Krystle’s joints and broke out the tequila again, and we stretched out on the sleeping bags, passing the joint and the bottle back and forth. Illuminated by the glow of a battery-powered lamp, he began to speak

“My father sold feed and grain,” he said. “There were more farms here back then, more cattle, the city was a fraction of the size it is now. He did a pretty brisk business. We had a nice house, a nice car, took long motor trips to the Grand Canyon, to Los Angeles, to the Rocky Mountains. Then my brother died, and a year later my mother, too. Freddy’s death just broke her heart.”

“Freddy was your brother?”

“Yes. My kid brother. He was only twelve.” My father took another swig from the bottle, a sadness in his eyes. “After that it was as if my father just gave up. Like a light went out in his heart. His business went to hell, he was about to lose the house, and one day I came home from high school and found him in his bedroom, hanging from a noose he’d tied to the closet door.”

“Daddy...” I’d never heard about this, not even from my mother, and so far as I had known his parents were alive, living in California, though we never visited them, never heard from them, not a phone call, not even a card at Christmas. Now I knew why. He was ashamed about this, his father’s suicide, even his mother’s broken heart, a family torn apart by the death of their child.

“After that I quit school and joined the Air Force. The Korean War had been over for a couple of years, but they were still drafting people into the Army. I figured hanging around an air base with a wrench in my hand was better than a thirty mile march with a rifle and a pack.”

“Wow, Robby is in the Air Force,” I said.

“Robby?”

“A guy I met on the plane coming over.”

“Cute guy?”

“Very,” I said. “Go on, Daddy.” I was laying on my side next to him, my hand under his shirt, tracing lazy circles on his back with a fingertip.

“Where was I?” he said. “Oh, yeah. Air Force. They sent me all over the place, Missouri, California, Alaska, Guam, Maine...”

“Maine?”

“Middle of the fucking woods. Did I mention Alaska? Florida, too, probably the nicest place of all, and that wasn't saying much. I'll tell you, if you ever need to find a place that's a hundred miles from anything, go to an air base. Anyway, I got out three years later. I'd had enough. There was nothing keeping me here in Phoenix, so I took a bus to Florida. I liked the weather there, and I liked being near all that water. The ocean was a nice change of pace from the desert.”

“Is that when you met Mommy?”

“Yeah, right after I got a place in Miami. I had some money saved up, what I hadn't lost in card games while I was in the service. It took me a while to find a job I liked, so I lived off of my savings for about a year. I met your mom at the bank. She was a teller back then. I'd come in every Monday to withdraw some cash for the week and I kept ending up at her window. We got to talking, and I asked her out on a date. She introduced me to this man who had an account at the bank, who owned a used car lot, and I got a job there. He was ex-Air Force, too, took a liking to me. I think she dated him once, but she never would tell me.”

“And then you got married?”

“After we dated for a couple of years. Her parents didn't like the idea of her dating a high-school dropout, but they got to know me a little better. We drove all the way up to Chicago to see them for Christmas one year, and I proposed to her on New Year's Eve.”

“Daddy, that's so romantic.”

“It wasn't at the time. She was so surprised that she almost passed out. Then she started crying. Then she said ‘Yes’.”

“It still sounds romantic, Daddy.”

“I guess. I was pretty scared, scared she'd say no. But we were married that spring and a year later we bought our house. Then we had you, princess. I should never have left. I still miss her.”

“I miss her too, Daddy,” I said. “I dream about her a lot.”

“I dreamed about you, Annie,” my father said, kissing my nose. “All those years when we were apart.”

“We're together now,” I whispered.

“I know, and I never want to let you go.” He put his arm around me and held me against his chest, kissing my hair, nuzzling my neck.

“Daddy, I’ve decided what I want to do.”

“Tell me, sweetheart.”

“I’m going to go to school in Boston this semester,” I said. “I need to make up the year I lost, some of it, at least. But I want to come back here this summer, and spring vacation, too. I can decide if I want to move in with you then, okay?”

“Okay, baby. Whatever you want to do is fine with me.”

“You understand, right?”

“I do,” he said. “I’d rather you never get on that plane back to Boston, but you have to think about your future. That’s a good school you’re going to attend, right?”

“The best, Daddy.”

“And those people, Bradley and Helen, they’re good people?”

“They’re wonderful,” I said. “I love them, too.”

“Then that’s what you should do, Annie. We’ll be together about half the year, and that’s more than I ever hoped for before you found me, princess.”

“Thank you,” I whispered, kissing him on the lips. “Thank you for understanding.” My tears began to flow, and he held me while I quietly sobbed on his broad chest, wetting his t-shirt with my tears. Then we drank a toast with the bottle of tequila, celebrating the fact that we’d found each other again, after all these years and all those miles that separated us.

“Krystle gave me something for you,” my father said, fishing through the envelope she’d given him. “Here.” He pulled out a pair of panties, pink satin and white lace. They were crotchless, and tied on each side with white ribbons. I slipped off my dress and panties and put on the lacy undies, retying the ribbons to fit my slimmer hips.

“Lovely,” he said, kissing me, his fingers tickling my exposed cleft.

“What else did she put in there?” I asked him.

“This,” he said, spilling the contents of the envelope out on the floor next to our sleeping bags. There was a vial of white powder, a small square mirror, and three more joints. I watched my father pour

some cocaine on the mirror, reaching into his pants for his wallet, pulling out a credit card and a \$20 bill. He chopped the cocaine with the card, using the corner to lay out two long lines. Then he rolled the bill into a tight cylinder and handed it to me. I held my hair behind my head and snorted one of the lines, half in one nostril, half in the other. As I handed the bill to him, I felt the rush hit me. I'd been exhausted from the hike and the climb up the mesa, but now I felt wide awake, wired.

"We'll do the rest later," my father said, wiping his nose with his thumb and forefinger after doing his line. He lit a joint and we smoked half of it, just to take the edge off of the coke, and took another few sips from the bottle of Cuervo.

"Kiss me, Daddy," I said. He put down the bottle and rolled me on to my back, laying on top of me and pressing his lips to mine. I sucked his tongue into my mouth, swirling over it with my own, as if it was a wet little penis. I felt him begin to stiffen inside his boxers, his hardness pressing against my thigh, his hips slowly moving back and forth. My father began to kiss my neck, my chin, my collarbone, tugging at the neckline of my peasant blouse, freeing my breasts. As he kissed my nipples, cleaning the dried sperm from them with his tongue, I pressed my sex against his leg, slowly humping his thigh.

"Does my little girl want her pussy licked?" my father whispered.

"Yes, Daddy."

"Say it," he said. "Tell me how much you want it."

"Please, Daddy," I cooed. "Please lick me."

"Again."

"Please lick my pussy, Daddy. Please..."

"Okay, princess," he said, moving lower down my body, kissing my belly, his hands slipping underneath me to cup my bottom. He kissed my thighs and mons, and I felt his warm breath on my sex, getting closer, closer.

"Oh, Daddy," I moaned as his tongue began to probe my lips, pressing into my wet slit, entering me. He began to lick me up and down, just barely grazing my pearl with the tip of his tongue before returning to my passage and probing it. When his tongue hit my clit again I cried "There! Right there, Daddy. Lick me there..."

He lingered at that spot for what seemed like hours, licking and sucking my button as he squeezed my cheeks. I felt his finger take the place of his tongue at my entrance, slipping inside me, rubbing that secret spot on the top wall of my vagina. My body hadn't been numbed by the cocaine yet; quite the opposite. I felt ultra-sensitive, feeling every tastebud on his tongue, the whorls and lines on his fingertip. My pleasure churned inside me, and I pressed my sex hard against his lips, wanting to feel even more.

"Oh, Daddy...oh, yes...yes...yes...yes..." It was as if lightning was coursing through my veins, making me cry out for him, making my arms and legs tremble and shake. I felt my climax approach, bearing down on me like a tropical storm, winds of desire and passion blowing through me. When it arrived, I felt like a palm tree swaying in a gale, writhing back and forth on the sleeping bag, with only my two fistfuls of nylon and insulation keeping me from being swept away in the wind.

I was more than ready for him, and I sat up, pushing his face away from my cleft, kissing him, tasting my nectar on his lips. He knew what I wanted right then, no words, no begging, just a hunger in his eyes, a fire. He knew. I opened my thighs for him as he skinned off his boxers and stretched out on top of me. I reached down for his thick tool, guiding him to the entrance of my needy slit, feeling him press into me, opening me, filling me, laying on top of me as he began to thrust.

I wrapped my arms and legs around my father, savoring the feeling of his body against mine, pinning me to the sleeping bag with each long slow stroke. He felt bigger than ever inside me, stretching my hungry pussy, his fleshy glans dragging over my sweet inner spot. The cyclone within me began to howl again, as if the pause between his tongue and cock had been the calm eye of the storm. The winds were stronger this time, the passion more intense, and I trembled beneath him, barely able to hear my own moans and cries. He nuzzled my hair and began to pump me faster, harder, seeking his own release within my spasming cunny.

My father reached down and hoisted my legs up, over his shoulder as he began to pound my tender hole, his balls slapping against my upturned bottom. When he clamped his lips around one of my nipples and began to suckle, I came again, quivering beneath him, filling the shack with my cries of pleasure. I barely had enough control of my body to tighten myself around his pumping shaft, squeezing his beautiful daddycock, urging him to spill his seed inside me.

“I love that,” he rasped. “So tight...” My father gave one last thrust, burying his delicious tool inside my spasming cunny, and I felt him let go, his cock twitching and throbbing as he spurted his hot daddycum inside my cleft. My pussy made funny wet sucking sounds as he filled me with his semen, and I could feel it begin to drip down my crack and soak into the sleeping bag as his final thrusts slowed to a halt. He let go of my thighs, and I slid them off of his shoulders, pulling him against me, his broad, hairy chest pressing against my breasts. We kissed, nibbling each other’s lips, our tongues meeting and becoming one.

I wanted him to stay inside me, even sleep on top of me, but he had to take a leak. I wouldn’t have minded if he let go inside me, that’s how much I wanted him to keep his manhood nestled in my sex. The need to piss was too urgent to ignore, and he rolled off of me, leaving me with an empty feeling as his softening cock slipped out of my messy snatch. As he stepped outside to water the stunted shrubs next to the shack, I reached for Amber’s cotton panties and wiped up some of the sperm that leaked from my slit.

When he returned we laid together for a while, nestled like spoons, his sticky penis pressed against my bottom, his arm wrapped around my waist, caressing my belly, pressing his lips to my neck. I sighed and felt like I could melt into him, the boundary between my father and I becoming indistinct, as if we shared the same skin. We smoked the rest of the joint and finished the bottle of Cuervo, and though there was another pint in his backpack, we were both too tired to move.

My father suggested that we share a sleeping bag, placing it on top of the other, a cushion against the shack’s hard wooden floor. I found the strength to get up on my knees, helping him drag one bag on top of the other, unzipping it, getting inside. I could have fallen asleep on the floor, bag or no bag. My father slipped in behind me and pulled up the zipper, enclosing us in the flannel-lined bag. I pressed my bottom against his hips, feeling his penis nestle between my cheeks. He kissed my cheek and reached for the battery-powered lamp, switching it off, and then he wrapped his arms around my waist, holding me close.

As I began to relax and drift off to sleep I felt a rumbling in my tummy, not hunger but the need to pass gas. The chili and beans we’d had for dinner began to affect me, and as hard as I tried not to, I couldn’t help but let out a little fart, right on my father’s penis. Almost immediately, it began to smell like there was a skunk in the sleeping bag with us.

“Jeez, Annie,” my father whispered. “You could have warned me.”

“Sorry, Daddy,” I said. “It was your idea to have beans and chili.”

“Yeah, blame it on me,” he said, laughing and kissing the back of my head. Then he let out a fart of his own, so loud that I thought the sleeping bag would start rippling like a flag.

“Daddy!” I laughed. “That’s awful!” I thought my fart smelled bad, but it was nothing like his. There was no point in holding back, so I let another one loose, right on my father’s cock, and I felt him begin to stir.

“Do that again,” he said. I farted once more, and he began to harden between my cheeks.

“Daddy...,” I whispered as he slipped his thigh between my legs, pressing the tip of his cock against my nether lips, entering me, his cock gliding on a carpet of his own semen.

“Princess,” he murmured, his hands coming up to my breasts, cupping them, gently squeezing them, rolling my stiff nipples between his fingers. He fucked me slowly this time, gentle movements and short strokes as he took me from behind.

I reached between my legs and felt his slick shaft sliding in and out of my cleft, my father’s cock, his beautiful tool, his sweet stem. I didn’t care if it wasn’t the biggest penis I’d ever had inside me. It was my father’s, and he could touch me in ways that no other man could ever hope to do. As he nibbled my earlobes with his lips, his breath a warm cloud on my neck and shoulder, I felt my pleasure begin to rise again, a feeling that rose with each beat of my heart, each thrust of his hardness. I began to rub my little button, using his semen as a lubricant, swirling my slick fingertip around my slippery clit, feeling my climax approach.

It wasn’t intense as the last one I’d had, but it was strong enough to leave me limp, like a rag doll in my father’s arms. He felt my muscles contract around his cock and began to pump my cunny faster, seeking his own release. My father wrapped his arms around me, guiding my body back and forth on his thick shaft, using my flesh for his pleasure. I closed my eyes and surrendered myself to him; I’d gladly become a slave to his desire, to let him have his way with me, anytime, any place. I was his daughter. His blood ran through my veins, his semen filled my pussy. I was his, completely.

My father let out a soft grunt, a feral sound, an utterance that wouldn’t have been out of place in a cave a hundred thousand years before. I felt his cock begin to pulse, his glans swelling as he began to fill me with his cum, a hot gusher of cream that warmed my belly and seeped around his shaft to drip down my

thigh. He kissed me on the cheek and relaxed his hold on my body, his thrusts slowing to a halt as the last drops of sperm oozed from his penis.

“Stay in me, Daddy,” I said, clamping my thighs together, trapping his softening penis inside me.

“Forever, Annie,” he whispered, kissing me again. “Forever and ever.”

“Thank you,” I sighed, a contented smile on my face as I laid my head down on the sleeping bag, falling asleep as soon as I closed my eyes.

\* \* \*

I was riding a horse through the rust-colored wasteland, a stallion, a mottled palomino. No reins, no saddle, nothing between me and the horse's scratchy hide but a fringed red loincloth cut from some animal's tanned and dyed skin. The movement of my mount's muscles reminded me of something sexual, but I couldn't quite place what it was. As in most of my dreams, that feeling of uncertainty would stick to the back of my mind like a burr. I held on to the horse's neck as we galloped between boulders and brush, the hills a blur as we moved swiftly through the desert, the warm wind caressing my bare breasts.

We arrived at a place I'd never seen before, yet it seemed familiar all the same, a rock-strewn box canyon with steep sides. The horse slowed to a walk as we picked our way around the rubble, and then he stopped of his own accord, at a place where the canyon walls were dotted with caves and grottos. As he ducked his head to chew on some weedy grasses that grew on the canyon floor, I dismounted, patting his flanks, feeling the warmth that radiated from under his skin.

There was the smell of a cooking fire coming from somewhere nearby. I sniffed at the air and followed it, my stomach rumbling as if I hadn't eaten in days. Then I spotted the smoke, wafting from one of the caves, a black hole about thirty feet up from the canyon floor. There was no path up there, just a rocky outcropping below the cave mouth. I began to climb up the rocks, trying to find a foothold in the crumbling stone, sharp edges scratching my hands and feet. I felt a wetness between my toes, my own blood, but I kept climbing until I reached the cave.

He sat behind the fire, just beyond the reach of the shadows. His eyes were closed until he heard me approach, and then he looked up at me, holding his arm out and motioning for me to sit down on a woolen blanket across from him. We sat there, only the crackling of the fire breaking the silence. He had the high cheekbones of a Native-American, but his wrinkled skin and long hair were a delicate shade of

white, almost translucent. I thought he might be a ghost, but his eyes were as red as the glowing embers. An albino.

“Katsinme na’am hoomay aw hikwsut pu’aq,” he said in a low, droning voice. “Katsinme homna’angwu.” He reached into a pouch tied to his belt and poured a fistful of yellow cornmeal into the fire.

“Pay katsinam piw yep itawuy taawiy aq hikwsuntiwisa.”

As he uttered a language I’d never heard before, two figures emerged from the shadows, two women, their skin the color of the hills, dressed in dark blue woolen cloaks. They flanked the pale man, squatting next to him as he spoke.

“Pangso hak ahoy nimangwu,” he said. “I’hakiy qatungwu’ata.”

I felt this must be some sort of ritual, sacred words, and I bowed my head in reverence, seeing for the first time that my blonde hair was now black, thick, with bangs cut low on my forehead.

“Niqa apiynipa hik’wsi aniwtiqaa.”

One of the women stood up and came over to me, handing me an ear of corn, perfect, unblemished. She returned to the fire, stirring something in the pot that was suspended over the flames.

“Pam hapi sutsep qatungwu.” The old man threw another handful of cornmeal into the fire. It crackled, sending a cloud of smoke and orange sparks up to the roof of the cave.

Now the other woman stood up, tying a string of turquoise beads and animal teeth around my neck. I looked up at her and saw that she had the sharp features of a man. She smiled, revealing some missing teeth, reaching out to gently caress my cheek. Then she returned to the pale man’s side, sitting cross-legged on a folded blanket. There was silence again.

“You bring the rain,” he said. I heard drops begin to fall outside the cave, the sound of distant thunder.

“Yes, Makya,” I replied. I knew his name, and I didn’t know how I knew. I just did.

“I show you this, so you will know,” Makya said, reaching into another pouch tied around his waist, sprinkling a copper-colored powder into the fire. There was another gout of sparks, green and blue this time, and I saw a room in my mind’s eye, a bed, a carpeted floor, the body of a young man. I couldn’t

see his face, but there was something familiar about him, a memory of someone I'd known, though I couldn't remember exactly who it was.

"Who?" I pleaded. "Who is he?"

"He weighs on your heart," Makya said.

"Tell me who," I cried. "When? Where?"

"There is no when," he said. "There is only now." The woman who had handed me the ear of corn got up and stirred the cooking pot again, and then she ladled some of the contents into a gourd and handed it to me, along with a spoon carved from old silvery wood. Despite all the questions I'd had, the answers I needed, I was ravenously hungry, and I began to wolf down the food. It was a savory stew of beans, chunks of squash, kernels of corn, and some gamy, stringy meat. I used my fingers to scoop the last morsels from the gourd and looked up again, intending to ask for more. But there was no one there. They'd disappeared, leaving me alone with the fire.

And then I was riding again, clinging to the horse's wet hide, the rain falling in big drops that turned the sandy floor of the canyon into a muddy quagmire. There was a flash of lightning and a second later a booming peal of thunder, and then I heard it, a wall of water, a flash flood pouring through the box canyon, coming closer, gaining ground on us. I spurred the horse on with my heels, urging him to gallop faster, to outrun the deluge behind us.

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## Chapter Ten - Annie Get Your Gun

It was nearly dawn when I woke up. I slithered out of the sleeping bag like a snake shedding its skin. My father's cock had slipped out of me during the night, and he was softly snoring. I wrapped his jacket around me and walked out of the shack, into the cold air. The fire had faded to a pile of smoldering branches and embers, but it still gave off a bit of warmth, and I held my hands over it, rubbing them together.

I peed in the bushes behind the shack, and went back inside, slipping back into the sleeping bag behind my father, clinging to his warm body. He murmured something and stirred, but he didn't wake up. The dream was still etched in my mind, and I tried to make sense of it. But, as always, my dreams were impenetrable, their meaning eluding any rational analysis or explanation. I gave up trying to figure it all out and fell back to sleep, lulled by my father's gentle snoring.

\* \* \*

"Wake up, kitten," he said, squatting next to me, gently rubbing my shoulder.

"Daddy..." I said, still half-asleep.

"Sleep well?"

"Yes, Daddy," I said, sitting up and wrapping the sleeping bag around me. "I had a weird dream."

"That's funny," my father said. "I'd always have strange dreams when we'd come out here. What was yours?"

"I was riding a horse," I said, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. "And then there was this man, he was an Indian but his skin was so white..."

"Makya," my father said.

"That's his name! How did you know?"

"He worked for my father when I was younger," he said. "In the warehouse. Hopi, he was, and some of the other laborers said he was a medicine man. One day he didn't come to work. Rumor had it that he just walked into the hills. Never heard from again."

"He showed me something," I said, remembering the vision I'd seen, the young man on the carpet, lying perfectly still. The rest of the dream had started to fade from my memory, but that image was still vividly etched in my mind.

“You can tell me about it over breakfast,” my father said, leaning over to kiss me on the cheek.

I didn't want to leave the warm embrace of the sleeping bag, but I was hungry, too. I managed to get dressed without leaving the bag, struggling into my jeans within the warm nylon and flannel womb, and I stepped outside the shack. My father had built another fire and was heating up water in the bean cans by placing them on top of heated rocks. He poured some instant coffee into the water and stirred it with a spoon he'd pulled from his pack, handing me one of the hot cans. I pulled the sleeves of my sweater over my hands to keep from burning myself, inhaling the steam from the can before taking a tentative sip. Then my father picked up a small brown pouch and poured a coarse yellow powder into one of the chili cans, adding water and stirring the mixture with a stick. He poured the yellow slurry onto a heated stone and it began to bubble as it cooked.

“Where did that come from?” I asked my father. We hadn't bought it at the store on our way out here.

“It was in the shack, in that pile of broken furniture,” he said. “I guess I didn't notice it yesterday.”

“Weird,” I said. I sipped my coffee, feeling it chase the chill from my bones, and then we ate our improvised cornbread and some dried fruit. The bread could have used some salt, but it tasted pretty good all the same. As we ate breakfast, I told my father about my dream, the cave, the vision I'd had, the flood waters that chased me. He sat quietly and listened.

“You don't know who that boy is?” he asked me after I'd finished.

“I couldn't see his face,” I said. “But I felt like I knew him.”

“Could be just a weird dream, Annie. I'd dream about flying when we camped out here. Not in a plane or anything, but as a bird, a big bird, like an eagle or a buzzard.” He stirred the fire with a branch, making a shower of sparks rise into the cold morning air.

“It seemed so real,” I said. “I want to write it down before I forget.” I headed back into the shack and pulled my journal from my backpack, jotting down whatever I could remember before I lost these fragments forever. I had just closed my notebook and was holding it against my breasts when I heard a loud crack outside, followed a split-second later by a metallic “ping”. I put my journal away and stepped outside.

My father was standing next to the fire, pointing something at the trunk of a fallen tree, upon which he'd placed a row of six of the old beer cans I'd swept from the shack the day before. As I came closer, I could see that the object in his hand was a pistol. He pulled the trigger and one of the cans tumbled backwards off of the log.

"Daddy, I didn't know you had a..."

"It was my father's," he said, firing another shot, sending another can back into the dirt. "His old Ruger .22, the one I learned on. Come here, I'll teach you how to use it." He handed me the gun, showing me the safety catch, how to hold it, how to aim. He stood behind me as I held his gun at arm's length and pulled the trigger, instinctively closing my eyes when I heard the bark of the shot. The bullet whizzed off into the distance, missing the row of cans. I expected the recoil to be more forceful, like in the movies, but the gun just kicked a little when I fired it.

"Keep your eyes open, princess," my father said, correcting my grip. "Line up the sights, take a breath, and just squeeze the trigger. Don't pull so hard." I did as he said, re-wrapping my hands around the grip, and fired. One of the cans spun backwards off of the log and clattered against a rock.

"I did it! I did it, Daddy!"

"Good shot, baby," he said, hugging me, giving me a wet kiss on the cheek. I fired four more shots, hitting three of the cans before the gun clicked on an empty chamber. My father took the gun from me and ejected the empty clip, pulling another from his pocket and sliding it into the grip. He walked over to the fallen tree and set up the cans again, and we took turns knocking them over. I only missed one, prompting my father to call me "Annie Oakley".

We spent the rest of the morning talking, sipping coffee, smoking one of the joints Krystle had given us. I asked him about Betsy, his second wife, the one who had run off with that cult. He seemed reluctant to talk about her at first, the pain of her leaving still with him, like a wound that refused to heal. But he began to open up, telling me about their life together, Dana's birth, how happy he'd been. My father said that when she left, he could have sent David off to live with his grandparents, Becky's mother and father, but he didn't.

“As much as I love you and Dana, I always wanted a son,” he said. “Didn’t matter to me that he was another man’s child, or that he’s half black. I didn’t care. He’s a good kid, he makes me proud when I watch him play ball or he brings home an ‘A’ on his report card.”

“He’s a handsome young man,” I said, leaning my head on my father’s arm.

“He is,” my father said, putting his arm around me. “Mia said that you’ve been with him.”

“She did?” I’d told her, or rather I’d confirmed her suspicions, but I didn’t tell her any details of what we’d done together. “Don’t be angry, Daddy. Please...”

“I’m not, princess,” he said, kissing the top of my head and caressing my shoulder. “Make a man out of him.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” I said, snuggling against his body.

As noon approached, my father smothered the fire with some sand and dirt, and then he dug a notch in the ground with a stick and we buried our garbage. We returned to the shack and rolled up our sleeping bags, tying them to our packs. I took a last look at the shack before we headed down the steep trail that led to the dry river bed.

The hike back to the Jeep seemed shorter this time, and we only stopped to rest once, at the Shell Rock. Maybe it was because my pack was lighter, or perhaps it was due to the fact that I knew how far we had to walk this time. Either way, we reached the Jeep a few hours later and drove back up the dirt roads to the highway, arriving back at the house just as the sun was starting to set. I figured that this might be the last Arizona sunset I’d see for a while and I lingered outside for a few minutes before heading into the house.

“Annie, how was it?” Mia asked me, giving me a hug.

“It was wonderful,” I said. “A lot of fun.”

“You didn’t mind sleeping in the dirt?” she asked.

“There was an old shack there,” I replied. “It wasn’t as rough as I expected. I do need a bath, though.”

“Use the tub in our bathroom,” Mia said. “You can stretch out.”

“Thanks,” I said, heading towards Dana’s bedroom to unpack my bag. Neither she nor David were around, but Schultzie was there, curled up on the floor. He got up and started sniffing my backpack, curious

about the strange scents it had picked up on the mesa. I took off my jeans and sweater and wrapped myself in a towel, heading into my father's bedroom. He was sitting on the bed, inspecting a blister on his foot.

"Mia said I could take a bath here," I said.

"Oh, okay," he replied. "I was going to shower, but that can wait."

"You could use the one in Dana's bathroom."

"Yeah, maybe I will," he said, taking off his other sock and looking at the sole of his foot. "Go ahead, enjoy."

"Thanks, Daddy." I headed into the bathroom and began to fill the tub with warm water and bubble bath. It took a while to fill, but I slipped into the bath when it was about two thirds full. I had just leaned back against the side of the big tub when I heard the door open. It was my father, dressed only in his boxer shorts.

"I came to see if I could scrub your back for you," he said, kneeling next to the tub.

"Please," I said, leaning forward. My father took a soapy washcloth and began to gently rub my back.

"I remember it now," he said.

"Remember what?"

"The baths I used to give you when you were younger," he said. "I'd forgotten about them, but you reminded me the other night." He made me lean back against the tub again and he began to wash my breasts with the cloth, squeezing warm water over them, gently washing my nipples, making them stiffen.

"That feels good, Daddy."

He began to scrub lower, down my belly, reaching between my legs, the way he'd done when I was just three, his fingers grazing my cunny, parting my lips. I leaned back and smiled, closing my eyes, letting him play with my pussy. Then I felt him reach for my hand and place it on the front of his boxers, where his hardness was straining against the fabric. I slipped my hand inside his shorts and fished out his cock, stroking his shaft as his soapy fingers found my clit.

I'd wanted him to fuck me one last time before we left the mesa, but we'd had too much fun plinking cans with his gun. I'd really enjoyed shooting; it was much the same feeling as when I'd throw a strike when I pitched in Little League, seeing some kid in a baggy uniform and an oversized batting helmet

swing at the ball and miss. And there was something more, something almost sexual about shooting, a feeling of power, of control, the way the gun kicked in my hand as it ejaculated, spurting hot lead from the barrel, sending another empty beer can into the dust.

That's what I was thinking of, shooting, the way the gun felt in my hands, as my father rubbed my clit under the froth of bubbles that covered the bath water. I felt a tension in my belly as I began the ascent to my mesa of pleasure, and I let go of my father's cock, cupping my breasts with my soapy hands, flicking my fingers over my slippery nipples.

"Oh, Daddy," I moaned. "I'm gonna come..."

"Come for me, princess," he whispered, rubbing my pearl faster, urging me to my release.

"Daddy..." I gasped as that feeling surged up from my belly, spreading through my whole body, down my limbs, making my toes curl under the warm water. I stiffened, lifting my ass up from the bottom of the tub, riding my father's fingers as I came. Another wave of pleasure washed over me, and as it receded, I relaxed against the back of the bathtub, reaching for his hand and pulling it away from my cunny.

"You're beautiful when you come," he said, leaning over and kissing my lips.

"Thank you, Daddy," I said, reaching for his cock again, my fingers gliding over his veiny shaft.

"Why don't you get in the tub with me?"

"I thought you'd never ask," he said, skinning off his shorts and stepping into the bath. It was almost full at this point, and he shut off the faucet, letting just a trickle of hot water drip into the tub, keeping it warm.

"I'm not wearing my diaphragm, Daddy," I said. I had taken it out before stepping into the tub, and it sat drying next to the sink. "I'm sorry."

"That's okay," he said, leaning forward to kiss me again.

"I want to make you feel good," I said, wondering if I should just put it in anyway, even though the spermicidal jelly was back in Dana's room, in my backpack.

"We'll have time for that later," my father said.

"I know, but..." I wanted to give him pleasure anyway, to let him know the love I felt for him. Reaching for the soap, I got up on my knees and leaned over him, scrubbing his broad chest and strong

arms, his torso, his thighs, reaching between his legs to take his cock in my hand again. He smiled as my soapy fingers slid up and down over his hard shaft, and he brushed the hair away from my face with a wet finger.

“That feels so good, kitten.” My father began to rock his hips as I stroked his hard tool. It had been a couple of months since I’d given a man a complete hand job; the last time had been that night when Bradley and Helen had found me on the street, when a tow truck driver had paid me to jerk him off in the cab of his rig while parked on a side street. I’d done it quickly and efficiently while he squeezed my little tits through my sweater.

This was different, though. This was my father’s cock in my hands, and I wanted his pleasure to last. I stroked him slowly, methodically, reaching under his balls with my other hand and cupping them, hefting them, feeling the weight of his heavy testicles. His breathing grew heavy, sending little ripples in the water beneath the bubbles with every heave of his chest. I cleared some of the foam away with my hand so I could see him, his cock bobbing in the water with every stroke.

I could feel him stiffen slightly, a telltale twitch that let me know how close he was. I sped up my strokes, gently squeezing his balls, adding to his pleasure. His hips moved faster now, splashing water against the side of the tub as he fucked my fingers. I heard him gasp softly, and then he twitched again and let out a deep breath as he began to come, thick rosy jets of semen pouring from the tip of his cock, milky strands that drifted through the soapy water. My father relaxed, leaning back against the side of the tub as I milked his shaft with my fingers, squeezing out the last of his sperm. After I released his cock we shared a passionate kiss, his slick hands sliding over my skin as we sucked and nibbled each other’s lips.

“Please stay, Daddy,” I said, seeing him start to get out of the tub.

“I gotta help Mia, baby,” my father said, reaching for a towel. “She’s got a surprise for you.”

“Surprise?”

“Don’t ask me what,” he said, drying his chest and arms. “I promised not to tell.”

“Okay, Daddy,” I said, leaning back in the tub. The water was beginning to cool, but it still felt delicious, soothing my aching muscles and tired feet. My father wrapped the towel around his waist and knelt next to the tub, kissing me on the cheek.

“I love you, princess.”

“I love you, too, Daddy.” He kissed me again and left the bathroom to get dressed.

Despite the trickle of hot water, the tub began to cool after a while. Just as I was about to get out and dry myself off, there was a knock on the door and it opened. It was Mia, holding a fresh towel.

“Here, Annie,” she said, kneeling by the tub. She leaned in and kissed me on the lips.

“Thank you,” I whispered, pressing my lips against hers again. After spending the last day with my father, her mouth felt wonderfully soft, yielding, pliant, like the petals of a rose.

“I’ve got a surprise for you,” she said.

“Daddy told me,” I said. “He wouldn’t tell me what it was.”

“I’ve laid out some clothes for you,” Mia said. “Take your time getting dressed. We’ll be in the living room.” She gave me a quick kiss and stroked my hair before getting up and leaving the bathroom. I stood up and used the shower massage wand to rinse the remnants of the bubble bath from my skin, and then I dried myself with the towel and wrapped it around me, picking up my diaphragm from the sink and heading back to Dana’s bedroom.

There were new clothes laid out on the cot, a burgundy velvet mini-dress with a high empire waist, a wine-colored bra and panty set, and opaque black thigh-high stockings. Before getting dressed, I fished the tube of spermicidal jelly from my backpack and went into the bathroom, lifting one foot on to the side of the bathtub and slipping my diaphragm back inside my sex. I noticed two bathing suits hanging on the shower curtain rod, still wet and dripping chlorinated water. David and Dana must have just returned from the clubhouse pool while I was in the bath.

Mia must have remembered my size from our shopping trip earlier that week, because both the underwear and the dress fit perfectly. It was a lovely dress, the sort of sexy but formal frock one would wear to a Christmas party. Thinking that we might go out to a restaurant for my last night here, I sat at Dana’s desk and put on some makeup, just a bit of mascara, eye shadow, and lipstick. I thought about asking Mia for some burgundy nail polish to match the dress, knowing she’d surely have some, as it was her favorite color, but there probably wouldn’t be enough time for my nails to dry before dinner. I slipped into my black pumps and headed to the living room.

The room had been festooned with streamers and balloons, a banner with the words “HAPPY BIRTHDAY” on it hanging over the fireplace. On the coffee table was a birthday cake with fifteen unlit

candles. My father, Mia, David, and Dana were all seated on the couch, and when they heard my heels on the wood floor they all stood up and shouted “Surprise!!!”

“Daddy! What...what is...?” I stopped in my tracks, one hand on the bodice of my dress, over my heart, feeling it flutter.

“Happy birthday, Princess,” my father said, coming over to me and putting his arm around my shoulder, leading me to the couch.

“But...but my birthday was last month,” I said, sitting down between Mia and Dana.

“I know, Annie,” my father said. “And I’m sorry I wasn’t there to celebrate with you. We wanted to make it up to you.”

“Daddy, that’s so sweet...”

“Actually, it was Dana’s idea,” he said.

“Is that true?” I asked her. She nodded and smiled, and I hugged her, kissing her rosy cheeks.

“You’re the best sister a girl could have.”

“I love you, Annie,” she said, her eyes sparkling.

“I love you, too,” I whispered, hugging her again.

“Let’s have some dinner first,” Mia said. “Then we can open your presents and have some cake.”

“Presents?” I would have been happy with just a slice of cake.

“We all got you something,” David said, reaching around his sister’s shoulders to take my hand.

“You shouldn’t have,” I said. I felt such deep love for my family, wanting to make my last night there something special.

“Let’s eat,” my father said. “I’m starving.”

We adjourned to the dining room, where the table had been set with Mia’s good china and silverware. There was a floral centerpiece and two flickering candles. My father sat me at the head of the table, taking a seat at the opposite end, with Mia on one side and David and Dana on the other. Mia disappeared into the kitchen and returned with the first course, her amazing onion soup. My father poured wine for everyone, and after the soup Mia and Dana served the main course, roast rack of lamb with new potatoes and steamed baby carrots. I already knew what a great cook Mia was, but that night she outdid herself.

After dinner, my father and the kids cleared the table and did the dishes while Mia and I sat in the living room, sipping our wine and chatting. She promised to show me how to make that wonderful onion soup, and asked about my father's reaction when I told him of my plans to return to Boston and attend school there that spring.

"He took it well," I said. "He told me that having me half the year was better than none."

"I'm glad," Mia said. "He's been so much sweeter this past week. I think it's because you're here with us." She reached for my hand, slipping her fingers between mine as she sipped her wine.

"Maybe," I said. "He still drinks too much. I worry about him."

"I know," she said. "He said he would see someone about that, a therapist or something."

"That's good," I said. "I'm sure everything will work out."

"I hope so," Mia whispered, squeezing my hand. Just then my father and the kids came into the living room, carrying the birthday cake, which they'd brought into the kitchen in order to light the candles. David and Dana started singing "Happy Birthday", and my father and Mia joined in.

"Make a wish, Annie!" Dana said, her big beautiful eyes reflecting the flickering candles.

"Okay, here goes." I closed my eyes and thought of the one thing I most wanted in the world, to be with my family again, people I'd hardly know nine days earlier who were now close to me, who had given me their love, who were now sharing a piece of my heart. I opened my eyes and took a deep breath, blowing out all of the candles. David had brought plates and forks, and handed a long knife to Mia so she could slice the cake.

After cake and coffee, my father went into his den and returned with a stack of gaily wrapped presents, placing them on the coffee table in front of me. As he began to snap some pictures, Dana urged me to open my gifts.

"This one's from me," she said, handing me a small square box.

"Thank you, sweetie," I said, leaning over to kiss her on the cheek. I unwrapped the box, slipping the pink ribbon over the sides and sliding my fingertips under the seam of the brightly colored paper. Inside the package was a lovely little wooden jewelry box, hand carved and painted, and lined with dark blue velvet. It played a tune when I opened it, delicate little notes from a clockwork mechanism inside.

“It’s lovely,” I said, hugging my little stepsister. “I love it. Thank you.” Dana looked so pleased when I said that, and she snuggled up to me on the couch while I opened the next present, an oblong box that looked hastily wrapped. Inside was a necklace, turquoise stones set in silver.

“That’s from me,” David said, smiling sheepishly as I held it against my throat.

“It’s beautiful,” I said, reaching for his hand. “Help me put it on.” He walked around to the back of the couch and fastened the clasp. The stones felt smooth, the silver cold against my skin. He leaned over and gave me a quick peck on the cheek as my father snapped a photograph.

I opened the rest of the presents while everyone watched and had more cake and ice cream. Mia had bought me my own tennis racket, along with an outfit like the one she’d lent me, a short white pleated skirt, sleeveless knit sweater, and even a pair of those ridiculous ruffled tennis panties. I blushed when I held them up for everyone to see, but I appreciated the gift anyway and gave her a kiss and a big hug. My father’s gifts were even more personal, a sheer yellow babydoll nightie and a pair of matching boudoir slippers with 3” heels and a fluff of marabou on the uppers.

“Daddy, they’re lovely,” I said.

“Just like your mother used to wear,” he said. He was smiling, but there was a wistful look in his eyes, as if he wanted to turn back the years and return to a time when we’d been together, with my mother and I, before he left us.

“I know,” I said, feeling my eyes begin to water, tears of happiness flowing down my cheeks. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“Wear it with someone you love,” he said, kneeling by the couch, drying my tears with a napkin. Mia put her arm around my shoulder and Dana took my hand in hers, and they held me while I wept joyful tears. I felt a tug at my heart, knowing I’d be leaving my family the next day. I began to wonder if I’d made the right decision.

I managed to compose myself after a while, though I had to make a quick trip to the bathroom to fix my streaking mascara. My father took more photos, setting the timer on the camera so we could all pose together on the couch. He sent David into his den for the Polaroid, taking some instant snaps so I’d have something to take back to Boston with me, though he promised to mail copies of the shots he’d taken with his 35mm camera.

We'd just about finished the cake when it was time for David and Dana to go off to bed. They put up a bit of a fuss, complaining that it was a Saturday night and that my father and Mia usually allowed them to stay up late, but my father was adamant, and they headed off to their rooms. Mia followed, promising to tuck them into bed, leaving my father and I alone on the living room couch.

"Thank you for the wonderful evening, Daddy," I said, reaching for his hand.

"I'm glad you liked it, kitten," he said, moving closer and putting his arm around my shoulder. "It's not quite over yet, though." He reached into his suit jacket and pulled out the vial of cocaine that Krystle had given us for our camping trip. He leaned over the coffee table and spilled some out on the glass, using a business card to form the pile of powder into four short lines. We snorted them, and I leaned back against the couch, closing my eyes as I felt the rush chase my weariness away. He lit a joint just as Mia returned from putting the kids to bed. Though she couldn't do any cocaine while she was pregnant, she did have a hit off of the joint and poured herself a half glass of wine, even though she was just past her daily limit of one glass. I sat between the two of them, my father's arm around my shoulder, Mia's hand on my thigh, gently caressing me as we smoked the rest of the joint.

"The kids should be asleep by now," Mia said. "Let's go to the bedroom."

"I'll meet you there in a minute," I said. She and my father gave me a kiss and headed down the hall. I took a last sip of wine, picked up the box with the nightie and slippers my father had given me, and went into Dana's bedroom to change. The lights were out, but she was still awake, and she sat up in bed and turned on the lamp on her night table.

"Could we cuddle for a while?" Dana asked me, blinking her eyes against the light.

"I'm going to sleep with Daddy and Mia tonight," I said, stepping out of my dress and sitting down on the edge of her bed. "We can cuddle later, okay?"

"Okay, Annie," she said, holding out her arms for a hug and a kiss.

"It was so nice of you to think of this," I said. "It was the best birthday I've ever had."

"I'm so happy you liked it, Annie."

"When's your birthday, Dana?"

"In March," she said. "I'm turning eleven."

“Eleven,” I said. “That’s a wonderful age. I hope I can be here for that. We can do something really, really special for your birthday. ”

“Thank you, Annie,” she said. “I love you.”

“I love you, too, sweetheart. Now get some sleep, okay?”

“Okay,” she said, laying her head down on her pillow. She watched as I took off my bra, panties, and stockings, donning the nightie my father had given me, slipping the sheer yellow panties up my legs and stepping into the marabou trimmed mules. Before I turned out the light, I gave Dana a tender kiss on the lips. Her eyes were half-closed, as if she was fighting to stay awake.

“You look so pretty,” she said.

“Thank you, baby,” I whispered, kissing the tip of her nose and turning out the light. “Good night, Dana.”

“Good night, Annie.”

I took a last look at her, smiling as she pulled the blanket up to her chest, and closed the door, heading for my father’s bedroom. The door was slightly ajar, but I knocked anyway and heard Mia say “Come in”. She was sitting on the bed, wearing a white lace chemise that stretched a bit in front to accommodate the swell of her belly. My father was in his boxers, leaning over the bedside table, snorting a line of cocaine. He wiped his nose, looked up, and smiled.

“She’s beautiful, isn’t she?” he said.

“Lovely,” Mia added. “Come here, Annie.” I climbed into their bed, laying between my father and his pregnant wife. Mia gently pulled me on top of her, pressing her lips against mine, her hands roaming under my nightie. As we kissed, I felt my father’s gentle caress as well, and I closed my eyes, savoring the feeling of two pairs of hands sculpting the curves and hollows of my body, cupping my cheeks, fondling my breasts through the nightie’s sheer fabric. My father pulled me off of Mia, laying behind me, softly stroking my skin as he nuzzled my hair and kissed my neck. Mia turned to face me, and we kissed again, my lips yielding to her soft tongue as I ran my hands over her round belly and swollen breasts.

I felt someone’s hands tugging at my panties, and I lifted my hips off of the bed so they could pull them down my thighs and off my legs. It must have been my father, because Mia’s hands were cupping and squeezing my tits. I felt his hardness, nestling between my cheeks, as if we were made to fit together like

this. I wanted him so much, and I began pressing my bottom against his manhood, rubbing my cheeks up and down against his cock. Mia slipped one of the nightie's thin straps off of my shoulder, exposing my stiff nipple, which she began to lick and suckle, making soft mewling sounds as I reached under her chemise and found her cleft. She must have shaved again, because I expected stubble and felt none, just the smooth feeling of skin lotion on her bare labia. As I probed her nether lips, feeling the warmth between her legs, she reached for my sex, teasing it with her fingertip, gently probing me, feeling the moisture within.

"She's ready for you, Frank," Mia said, lifting my thigh. I felt the tip of my father's cock pressing against my slit. He put his hands on my waist and moved his hips, trying to find the right angle that would allow him entrance to my passage. Mia gave my clit one last rub with her finger and grasped her husband's penis, guiding it into my sex. He began to slide inside me, slowly, carefully, and I could feel every vein and ridge on his shaft as he filled me, until his hairy balls pressing against my thigh.

As my father began to move his hips, Mia pulled the top of her chemise down over her shoulders, baring her swollen breasts and large brown areolae. I leaned forward and began to suckle her, feeling them harden between my lips, tasting the thin, sweet fluid that oozed from her nipples. She moaned and stroked my hair, her hips moving in time with my father's as she humped my fingers.

"Annie...yes...right there..." Mia gasped as I rubbed her clitoris, making her move her hips faster as I lashed it with my fingertip. As my father's beautiful cock slid in and out of my hungry hole, she teased my little button, swirling her fingers around it, rolling my pearl between them. The bed began to make a rhythmic squeaking sound as the three of us writhed as one, seeking our pleasure together, riding the bed towards our release.

Mia gently lifted my head from her breasts, seeking my lips for a kiss, her tongue probing, searching for mine, eager for a taste of her own milk. I could feel my father start to thrust faster, watching over my shoulder as his wife and I kissed, a sight that spurred him on even more. As I sucked on Mia's busy tongue, he began to pound me faster, harder, his thighs slapping against my bottom with every stroke, pushing me against Mia's fingers, pressing my belly against hers. I could feel my pleasure begin to mount with every thrust, pinned between his thick shaft and her hand, sandwiched between husband and wife, an instrument of their desire.

I began to imagine what life would be like with them, servicing Mia in the mornings, sucking my father's cock when he arrived home from work, watching the progress of David's growing penis as he reached adulthood, seeing Dana blossom into a beautiful young lady, the swell of her hips beginning to form, her budding breasts blooming like mine.

And then there was the baby, the real guest of honor here. I could feel him stirring within Mia's belly, and I suddenly had the desire to have one of my own. I felt a tingling within my womb, a longing, the urge to feel my father's seed planted inside me, to feel my father's baby grow inside my body. The tingling began to spread, pushing away these unfamiliar thoughts, and I lost myself in my climax, releasing Mia's tongue from my mouth so I could give voice to my joy.

"Daddy...Mommy...yes...oh, yes..." I clung to Mia's belly as she pressed her sex against my hand, tears of joy filling my eyes. My father pumped my spasming slit, tightening his grip on my waist, pulling me back and forth on his twitching shaft. I could feel him getting close, so familiar I'd become to his reflexes and responses, but it was Mia's turn to find her pleasure as her hips bucked, rubbing her sex back and forth over my trembling hand.

"Annie...baby...my sweet...oh..." Mia buried her face in my hair as her words turned to moans, moans to stifled cries, cries to a near-scream muffled by the pillow. Her hips began to rock irregularly and I felt the tension building in her body suddenly relax as she let out a long, low moan. Seeing his wife and daughter come together must have had an effect on my father, because his thrusts began to get erratic, as if he was trying not to come just then. But he lost whatever control he had, letting out a deep sigh as his twitching cock began to erupt inside me, filling me with his seed.

If only I wasn't wearing my diaphragm, I thought. I might have a baby, a pretty little girl or a handsome boy of my own, to love and care for, to cherish. I knew in my heart that this was an irrational feeling, impractical, almost whimsical were it not for the long-term implications. At the very least I'd miss more classes, probably never even go to college. And that's not to mention pregnancy, childbirth, nursing, years of constant care before school starts, and years of responsibility after that. Still, there was this allure to the idea, and every kick of the baby in Mia's belly tugged at my heart.

I tried not to think about this, preferring to lose myself in their caresses. I told myself that it was the cocaine talking. It always made my thoughts go a mile a minute, especially whenever I smoked pot

afterwards. I snuggled up against Mia, feeling her warmth, her gentle touch as my father stroked my back and nuzzled my neck. Mia rolled over on her back, trying to find a comfortable position, and I laid my head on her shoulder, opening my eyes for just a second.

That's when I saw them, two pairs of eyes at the window, watching as the three of us lay quietly together. I didn't think it could be David and Dana, at least not at first. They were asleep, I thought. These must be prowlers or something.

"Someone's watching us," I said quietly.

"Where?" my father said.

"At the window."

"Wait here," he said, slipping out of my sloppy sex and rolling out of bed. He put on his bathrobe and reached for something on the top shelf of his closet, something silver that he slipped into the pocket of his robe. As my father put on his slippers and left the bedroom, Mia drew the sheets over her breasts and backed against the headboard, shaking like a leaf, and I cuddled up to her, holding her in my arms.

"It's okay," I whispered. "Daddy will take care of this."

"I hope you're right," she said.

"You're not freaked out about this?" I asked her.

"What, prowlers? Of course I'm freaked out."

"No, not that," I said. "This. Us. You and me and Daddy."

"No, I'm not freaked out about that," she said, her fear abating for a moment. "Not at all. I think it's beautiful. We love you so much."

"I love you, too."

"I have a confession to make," Mia whispered.

"Tell me."

"When I was younger, eleven, twelve years old, I had these feelings for my father."

"Mia...," I whispered, kissing her soft lips. "Did you...?"

"No, never, not even once," she said. "But I thought about him all the time, and I would touch myself..."

“Tell me about him. What was he like?” I wanted to keep her mind off of what might be happening outside the bedroom window.

“He’s older now, almost sixty, but when he was in his forties he was handsome, tall...” Mia paused for a moment and swallowed. “...like your father.”

“Sounds dreamy,” I said.

“I still think of him, and I regret not taking a chance,” she said. “You know, your father’s been gone a long time.”

“I’m sure he’s okay,” I said, though I wasn’t so sure myself.

“We should call the police,” she said in a trembling voice. “Hand me the phone. We’ll call 911.” I reached over her to the bedside table. The phone was next to the coke, and I thought that we’d have to get rid of that before the cops came. Just as I handed the receiver to Mia, we heard footsteps in the hall, coming closer. The door opened and the ceiling light flicked on.

David and Dana stood in front of my father, their coats zipped up over their pajamas, Dana’s cheeks turned rosy red from the chilly night air. My father walked to the closet and put the silver object he’d had in his pocket back on the top shelf. It was only then that I saw what it was: a small nickel-plated revolver.

“Frank, you could have shot them,” Mia said, drawing the sheets over the rest of her body. She’d seen it, too.

“I knew it was them,” he said, sitting down on the bed. “They weren’t in their rooms. The gun never left my pocket.”

I hadn’t bothered to cover myself, and I just laid there on my side, the nightie half off of my body, snuggled against Mia. David and Dana looked sheepishly down at their feet, knowing that they’d been caught doing something very bad. David, however, kept stealing glances at the bed, and I could see a lump forming in his pajama bottoms.

“Well, that’s awful, spying on us,” Mia said. “Go back to bed and we’ll talk about it in the morning.”

“No,” David said. “We want to sleep with you.”

“What?” my father said, incredulous. “You want to what?”

“We want to sleep in your bed,” Dana said, an almost defiant look on her face. “With you. I want to cuddle with Annie before she goes.”

My father’s face softened, and he burst out laughing, leaving David and Dana looking bewildered, having expected an angry outburst. He reached out for Dana, pulling her into his arms, hugging her, kissing her crimson cheeks. She put her arms around him and smiled for the first time, a twinkle in her eyes.

“Okay, just for a little while, and then it’s bedtime,” he said, kissing her nose. “Let’s get this off first.” He tugged at the zipper of her coat.

“Frank, I don’t think...” Mia said, as Dana bounded on to the bed and into my arms, holding on to me for dear life.

“You too, sport,” he said to David. The boy eagerly pulled off his jacket and got into bed between me and Mia, snuggling up against me, kissing me on the shoulder. I put my arm around him and his sister and pulled them closer, feeling like I never wanted to let them go. “Isn’t that sweet?” my father asked Mia. “Look at them.”

“It is,” Mia said, wistfully, rolling over and placing her hand on David’s shoulder. “Our beautiful children...”

My father turned out the light and climbed into bed behind Dana, wrapping his arms around us, still wearing his robe. Dana nuzzled my neck and David rested his head on my shoulder, holding me just below my breast, gently caressing me. Despite the size of the king size bed, it was a bit small for five people. Mia began to get a bit too close to the edge of the mattress, so she moved closer to David, snuggling up against him. I could feel the hardness in his pajamas, pressing against my thigh.

I could say that we all ended up together in an ecstatic orgy of sexual delight, but I would be lying. David did press his erection against my leg, but he soon stopped and fell asleep. So did Dana, out like a light even before her brother. Mia straightened her chemise and laid her head on the pillow next to David, laying her arm across his chest and closing her eyes. Only my father and I were awake. He was snuggled up to Dana, his hand on her hip, his eyes open. I could tell that he wanted to touch her more than anything else in the world, and I wondered what would happen after I left. No doubt he would at least take more pictures, like the ones he’d taken of me. I pictured her tiny hands wrapped around his thick shaft, just the tip of his cock between her rosy lips, his seed spilling from her little mouth.

“Be good to her, Daddy,” I whispered.

“You know I will, angel,” he said. “I promise.”

“Thank you.”

“Good night, princess.”

“Good night. I love you, Daddy.”

“I love you, too, Annie.”

With that, I closed my eyes. The cocaine had all but worn off, and I was left with a deep fatigue, total exhaustion. It had been a long day, a long hike, a big dinner, and all that excitement afterwards. By this time tomorrow I'd be in Boston, in Carrie's bed, or perhaps with Bradley and Helen. As much as I felt at home here, I missed them, and I looked forward to seeing them again. I missed their warmth, their affection, their love, even though I knew I'd miss my father and his family as soon as I got on the plane in the morning. The frantic pace of my thoughts slowed to a crawl, and sleep finally descended, a deep, dreamless sleep.

\* \* \*

It was Mia who woke me up the next morning, sitting on the bed in her bathrobe, gently caressing my cheek. I opened my eyes, stretched, and smiled at her.

“Good morning.”

“Good morning, Annie,” she said. “Breakfast's ready.”

“Thanks,” I said, sitting up and pulling the bodice of my nightie up over my breasts. Mia found my panties on the floor and handed them to me, giving me one of her robes to wear over the sheer nightie. I followed her into the kitchen, where my father, David, and Dana were already seated, waiting until I arrived before they could dig into their pancakes.

Dana and David didn't say much during breakfast. I could see on their faces that they weren't too pleased that I was going to get on that plane in a few hours, and that I wouldn't see them for weeks or months. After breakfast and coffee, David disappeared into his room and Dana followed me to her bedroom to watch me pack. I needed a shower first, so I took off Mia's robe and my nightie and headed to the bathroom.

David was in there, brushing his teeth, just rinsing out his mouth as I twisted the shower's faucets. He was about to return to his room when I grabbed him by the arm and pulled him into the bathtub with me.

"Not so fast, Davy," I whispered. "One last shower, one for the road."

"I was hoping we'd have some time before you left," he said, reaching for the soap and lathering my breasts and belly. I scooped up some of the suds with my hands and started running my slick hands over his chest, circling his small brown nipples with my fingertips. I could feel his wonderful cock start to harden, rising between his legs and pressing against my cleft. I reached down and stroked it, making it slippery with lather from my belly, and he eased it between my thighs.

"We can't," I said. "Not like that."

"Why not?"

"I'm going to be seated on a plane for five hours," I told him. "I don't want to be sticking to my panties the whole way."

"Too bad," he said.

"Don't worry, Davy. I'll make you feel good." I pressed my thighs together, trapping his slippery cock between them, and started moving my hips. He put his hands on my bottom and pulled me closer, his hardness sawing back and forth between my legs, pressing up against my cunny, where he really wanted to be just then.

"Annie..." he murmured, squeezing my cheeks as he moved his hips against mine. Our slick skin slid together, my nipples gliding over his chest, his soapy torso slipping over my belly. We kissed, our tongues melding into one, our bodies pressed against each other, the warm water caressing our skin.

It was over all too quick, and a moment later I felt his hot semen spurting against my nether lips, his cock twitching and throbbing between my thighs. We broke off our kiss and rinsed each other off. David took a long last look at my naked body, as if he was storing up memories until we could be together again. We dried each other off and kissed once more, and then he disappeared into his room. I returned to Dana's bedroom to get dressed and pack.

"I wish you could stay," Dana said. She was sitting on her bed, watching as I folded my clothes and packed them in my suitcase.

“I wish I could, too,” I said. “But I start school in a few days.”

“I know, but...” Dana’s eyes began to turn misty, and she sniffled, trying to hold back her tears.

“Angel,” I said, sitting down on the bed next to her. “I’ll be back before you even know it.”

“Annie...” she whispered, pressing her face against my soft sweater.

“I know, baby,” I said, caressing her back. “I know. It’s hard when people go away, someone you love. But we can talk on the phone and write each other, okay?”

“Okay,” she said. “But I’ll miss cuddling with you.”

“I will, too.” We held each other for a while, until Dana’s tears stopped. I kissed her on the lips, softly, tenderly, wishing that I could take her with me back to Boston so I wouldn’t have to be away from my beautiful little sister.

“Let me give you something to remember me,” I said. I’d already given Dana my little vibrator, and now I gave her something almost as intimate, the sheer pink nightie I’d bought a year before, the one that reminded me of the babydoll negligees my mother used to wear. I pulled the nightie and panties from my suitcase and handed them to Dana. She smiled and pressed the nightgown to her face, inhaling the traces of my scent that lingered in the sheer fabric.

“Thank you, Annie,” she said. “I love you.”

“I love you, too, sweetheart.”

Dana put the nightie aside and helped me pack. We’d just finished stripping the sheets from the cot and folding it up when my father came into the room, car keys in hand.

“Ready, Annie?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I said. I put on Del’s old Miami Dolphins jacket and shouldered my pack while my father picked up my suitcase. Dana followed us out to the front hall where Mia and David were waiting to say goodbye.

“I’m gonna miss you, sis,” David said, hugging me.

“I’ll miss you, too, Davy,” I said, giving him a kiss on the cheek and then another on his full lips. “Be good, okay?”

“I will.” He gave me a squeeze and kissed me on the neck. Dana was next, holding out her arms for a hug. We’d already said our goodbyes, back in her room, but hugs and kisses are things a girl can never get enough of, not Dana, not me. I gave her one last squeeze and a kiss on the forehead.

“Here,” Mia said, handing me a brown paper bag. “A sandwich and some grapes, just in case you get hungry on the plane.”

“Thank you,” I said, taking the bag and giving her a hug, too. “Thank you for everything.”

“It was so nice having you here,” she said.

“I love you,” I whispered in her ear. She tightened her hold on me, and I could feel the baby again, pushing against the inside of her womb, as if he was eager to come into the world and be a part of this family. When she released me from her embrace I could see her eyes were beginning to water.

“We should go, Annie,” my father said. “We’re running late.”

“Okay, let’s go before I start to cry” I said. “I’ll call as soon as I get back to Boston.”

I picked up my backpack again and followed my father out to the car. It was a sunny, mild day and the Cadillac’s top was down. I climbed into the passenger seat and smoothed my flouncy skirt over my thighs, the same comfortable skirt I’d worn on the flight over. Mia and the kids stepped out on to the front porch, waving as my father backed the car out of the driveway. I turned in my seat and waved back at my family as we slowly drove down the street, heading for Sky Harbor Airport.

We rode in silence, my father looking sullen as he drove. I didn’t feel like talking either, and I felt like I’d start crying any second. I kept wondering if I was making the right decision. Soon we were entering the airport, wheeling into a short-term parking lot. My father parked the car and shut off the engine.

“There’s still time to change your mind,” he said.

“I know, Daddy, but...” I was torn, and he wasn’t making it any easier.

“You’re right, princess,” he said. “I shouldn’t do this to you. It’s selfish of me. You’re doing the right thing.”

“Thank you, Daddy,” I said, reaching for his hand. “Could I ask a favor?”

“Sure,” he said. “Anything at all.”

“Kiss me.” We turned towards each other and our lips met, pressing together, my father’s tongue finding mine, his hand on my thigh. I didn’t care who saw us or what they thought. I wanted to feel his

hands on me one more time before I left. After a moment of passion we broke off our kiss. My father looked flushed, and I knew he'd need a moment before he could get out of the car and walk without letting the whole airport know he had an erection.

"I'm going to miss you so much," he said. "Every second of every day."

"I love you, Daddy," I said, squeezing his hand.

"I love you, too, Annie," he replied. "Let's go before I start getting choked up, okay?"

He carried my suitcase into the terminal, standing with me while I checked it in and got my boarding pass. Then he walked me to the security checkpoint. He kissed me again, a fatherly kiss on the cheek, but I could feel the passion surging through him nonetheless. We said a last goodbye and then I put my backpack on the x-ray machine's conveyer and walked through the metal detector. At the other end of the machine I picked up my bag and took a last look at my father, my tall handsome father, waving to him and blowing him a kiss. He waved back to me and watched as I walked down the long concourse to the gate.

I waited at the gate for a half hour before they called my flight, trying to hold back my tears. I wanted to write in my journal, but my vision was too blurry, so I just closed my eyes and listened for the flight announcement, waiting to board the plane that would take me back to Boston.

The flight was just about full, and unlike the sparse weekday morning crowd that I'd flown over with ten days earlier, the plane was filled with mostly tourists instead of business travelers. I had a window seat again, but there was someone seated next to me, an elderly woman and her husband, dressed in casual clothes, the sort of people we'd call "snowbirds" in Florida. As the plane backed away from the gate, the woman reached into her bag and pulled out a Bible, opening it to a bookmarked page and reading it to herself. I glanced over and noticed her lips moving as she read.

The flight over with Robby had eased some of my fears of air travel, now that I knew that the bumps and whines under the floor were normal, routine, the sounds of the landing gear retracting and some gentle buffeting as we passed over the hills east of the city. As we leveled off, I reached into my bag and pulled out my journal, jotting down the events of the last couple of days and my thoughts and feelings about leaving my father and his family. The flight attendants came by with the beverage cart and I closed my book, ordering coffee while my seat mates had soda and plastic packaged peanuts.

“You’re from Boston, dear?” the woman next to me asked.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I’m Jeanette, and this is my husband Harry,” she said. I shook her hand and Harry’s, noticing his gaze falling on my short skirt and bare thighs.

“Anne,” I said. “Pleasure to meet you.”

“We’re from New Hampshire,” she said. “Nashua. Have you ever been there?”

“No, ma’am,” I said. “But I lived in Maine for a while.”

“Have you heard the good news, Anne?” she asked me.

“Excuse me?”

“Have you heard the good news.”

“What news is that?”

“The Lord Jesus Christ died for your sins,” she said.

“Yes, I have heard something about that,” I replied.

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,” Jeanette said, “that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“Yes, I know,” I said, wondering if there were any empty seats back here in the coach section. I sipped my coffee and smiled at Jeanette, wondering if I was in for a five hour Bible Studies class.

“You should accept the Lord Jesus into your heart, Anne,” she said. “Perhaps you wouldn’t feel as if you had to expose your body to the lustful gaze of men.”

I wanted to say “Like Harry over here?”, but I couldn’t, though his eyes were still fixed on my thighs. I tugged at the hem of my skirt, trying to cover another half inch of skin. Jeanette began to quote chapter and verse, talking of fallen women and sinners, the Whore of Babylon and the fate that would befall nonbelievers when the Rapture came to pass. I listened politely, nodding every so often, but my blood began to boil, and when she used the word “harlot”, I lost it.

“Harlot? Harlot?” I hissed through clenched teeth. “That’s what Father Ken called me when he raped me on the floor of his office. Where was your Lord Jesus Christ then, Jeanette? I’ll tell you where. He was staring down at me from the cross on the wall above the bed, watching as Father Ken pimped me out to his buddies. Where was He when Megan got hurt? She almost bled to death because a so-called ‘man

of God' shoved his cock into her. Where was God, Jeanette? Where in His plan does it say a nine-year-old girl has to suffer? Fuck you, Jeanette. Fuck you and your 'good news'".

The whole plane was silent, and people were turning around in their seats, trying to see what the commotion was. Two flight attendants started walking down the aisle towards us. Jeanette was speechless, her mouth open, her eyes wide. Finally, she summoned the nerve to speak.

"Satan," she croaked. "Devil child..."

"Fuck you," I spat. I swept my cup off of the little table in front of me, splashing coffee all over the window as I slammed the tray into its upright and locked position, grabbing my backpack and stepping over Jeanette's legs and then Harry's.

"Is this what you wanted to see, Harry?" I said, lifting the front of my skirt and flashing my red lace panties. "You've been staring at my legs since you sat down. What's wrong, Jeanette here won't give it up for you anymore? Take a good fucking look, Harry. It's the last pussy you'll ever fucking see." Harry just stared at my crotch, bug-eyed, like a frog that had been run over by a truck. I stepped into the aisle.

"Miss..." one of the flight attendants said, an auburn-haired woman in a tailored blue uniform.

"Could you please find another seat for me?" I said, trying to control my anger. "I need to use the bathroom." I stormed to the back of the plane and entered one of the lavatories, locking it behind me and sitting down on the toilet seat, bursting into tears of shame and rage. I felt ashamed for causing such a scene, but my anger hadn't abated even though it felt cathartic to vent my spleen. After about ten minutes I dried my tears and composed myself, unlocking the lavatory door and stepping into the aisle. The flight attendant was waiting for me.

"Are you okay, honey?" she asked me, putting her hand on my arm.

"I'm fine," I said. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do that. It's just..."

"It's okay," she said. "Stay here. I'll try to find you another seat."

"Thanks." I stood in the galley so I wouldn't block the aisle. The other flight attendants were really nice to me, letting me sit down on one of their jump seats, bringing me a fresh cup of coffee, asking me how I was feeling. The auburn-haired flight attendant returned, shaking her head.

"Sorry, hon. No more seats in coach, and I can't bump you up to first class."

"That's okay," I said, steeling myself for a return to my original seat.

“It’s against FAA regs, but you can stay here until we make the stopover in St. Louis,” she said.  
“A seat should open up for you then. ”

“Thanks,” I said. “Really, thank you.”

“Don’t worry about it,” she said, smiling and squeezing my arm. “It could have been worse. She could have tried to sell you Amway products or something. ”

When we landed in St. Louis about a third of the passengers left the plane for their connecting flights, and only a handful of travelers replaced them. The flight attendant ushered me to a seat near the front of the coach section, next to an emergency exit. There was a woman sitting in the aisle seat, but because of the exit there was plenty of room for me to slide past her to the window seat. I shoved my backpack under the seat in front of me and settled back into the cushions. The jump seat had been padded, but it was anything but comfortable, especially after two hours.

The woman in the aisle seat turned and smiled. She was in her late twenties or early thirties, with short black hair and fair skin, very pretty but just a bit on the chubby side. “Zaftig,” Helen would say, which I had guessed from context meant “fleshy”, but a soft fleshiness, not at all unattractive.

“My name’s Alice,” she said, extending her hand.

“Annie,” I said, taking her hand and shaking it. She gave my hand a little squeeze.

“Pleased to meet you, Annie,” Alice said. “I’d like to tell you about the wonders and the majesty of the Lord Buddha. ”

“Oh, no,” I gasped, feeling my heart sink towards my stomach. We hadn’t even pulled away from the gate yet.

“I’m just kidding, Annie,” she said, laughing.

“Thank God,” I sighed. “Thank Buddha. ”

“I heard some of what you said to her,” Alice whispered. “Would you like to talk about it?”

“No, thanks,” I said. “I mean, I appreciate your concern, but... ”

“Annie, I work for a rape crisis center,” Alice said. “Nothing you can tell me will faze me. Everything will be held in the strictest confidence, no one has to know, not your parents, not anyone. ”

“Thank you, Alice,” I said, taking her hand in mine. “But it was almost a year ago. I think I’m over it.”

“You didn’t sound over it back there,” she said. “Have you seen anyone? A counselor? Therapist?”

“I was in therapy late last year, just for a few weeks. I’d been having these nightmares...”

“Sounds like post-traumatic stress,” she said. “Still having nightmares?”

“No, not really,” I said. “I have some strange dreams, but they’re not what I’d call nightmares.”

“Good, good,” she said, leaning over to pull her pocketbook from under the seat in front of her. “Let me give you my card. If you ever want to talk, please call me and we can set up an appointment. We’re in Boston, near the Fenway.” She handed me a business card with her name and number, and the address of the center.

“Thanks,” I said, slipping it between the pages of my journal.

The plane began its roll down the runway. By now, I felt like an experienced flyer, no sweaty palms, no white knuckles. We flew east, heading into the twilight. I looked out the window for a while, watching the plains become hills, the hills turn to mountains. As soon as we passed over the Appalachians, clouds began to obscure the ground, thickening, and every so often I’d see a flash of lightning down below, a bright circle flashing inside the dark grey blanket.

Dinner was served, a barely edible meat patty with glue-like gravy and mashed potatoes with a synthetic aftertaste. After ten days of fine restaurants and Mia’s wonderful cooking, I could hardly choke it down. Alice didn’t like it much, either, taking one bite and pushing it away. I reached into my backpack for the sandwich and grapes Mia had packed for me, sharing them with her.

We got to talking, not about Father Ken or anything like that, just small talk, chatting about my visit to my family and the school I was about to attend. Alice had been in New Mexico, visiting an old friend from college who was expecting her first child in the spring. Her friend was living with another woman, her lover, and she’d undergone artificial insemination in order to have this child.

This leg of the trip went by quickly, two and a half hours passing just like that. I enjoyed talking with Alice, and she was a good listener, something to do with her job, I supposed. She was attentive, smiling and nodding, touching my hand or arm when she wanted to make a point. I had a feeling that she was attracted to me, just a bit, and only my age or her uncertainty about my sexuality was holding her back.

As the plane descended through the clouds, making its approach to Logan Airport, buffeted by some turbulent weather, I held her hand.

“Nervous, Annie?” she asked me.

“A bit,” I said. “I don’t fly often.” The rain was coming down hard as we flew over the harbor, lining up to the runway, heavy drops and streaks of water blurring the view from the window.

“I am, too,” she said, squeezing my hand. We held hands until the plane landed, tires squealing on the runway as we slowed to a crawl, taxiing between rows of blue lights to the gate.

“I liked talking to you,” I said. “Could I call you this week?”

“Please do,” Alice said. “We can just chat over coffee if you want.”

“Thanks.” I leaned over the empty seat and gave her a kiss on the cheek. She blushed, surprised, and gave me a knowing smile, as if some secret password had passed between us. As the passengers began to stand up and stretch their legs, reaching into the overhead compartments for their bags, I pulled my backpack from under the seat and held it in my lap, waiting for the aisle to clear before disembarking. I saw Harry and Jeanette pass by; she refused to look me in the eye, but Harry gave me a wink and a smile. I began to feel sorry for him.

When the crowd had cleared, Alice and I stood up and headed for the exit, passing the line of flight attendants who were bidding everyone goodbye. We walked up the ramp together, towards the gate. A woman about Alice’s age, blonde and thin and pretty, waved at her.

“That’s Sherry,” Alice said. “I’ll talk to you this week, okay?”

“That would be nice,” I said, giving her hand one last squeeze. She walked over to her friend, hugging and kissing her in a way that let me know that they were lovers. They left together, arm in arm, heading towards the baggage claim area. I looked around and saw Bradley, standing by the gate in a wet raincoat, a folded umbrella tucked under his arm. He looked tired, pale, like he hadn’t slept in days. Shouldering my pack, I ran to him, holding out my arms and hugging him.

“Annie,” he said. “Nice tan. You look great.”

“Thank you,” I said. “I missed...what’s wrong?” There was a sadness in his eyes despite his smile.

“Let’s get your bag,” he said. “I’ll tell you in the car.”

“Tell me now,” I demanded. “Is Helen...?” I expected her to meet me at the gate, too.

“No, she’s fine, considering,” Bradley said. “I can’t tell you now. Not here.”

“Okay,” I said, taking his arm. We walked to the baggage carousels and waited for the luggage to come off of the plane. The conveyer belt began to roll after a few minutes and bags started appearing through the square little hole in the wall. My suitcase had been one of the last on the plane, so it was one of the first to come off. Bradley scooped it up by the handle and we headed out of the terminal, into the rainy night. The car was parked not too far from the terminal, and Bradley opened the passenger side door for me, placing my suitcase and backpack in the trunk. I got into the car and unlocked his door, watching as he folded the umbrella and placed it on the back seat.

“Bradley, tell me,” I said. “What happened?”

“It’s Brad,” he said, closing his eyes and leaning his head on the steering wheel. “He overdosed on something at school.”

“When?” I asked him, reaching for his hand, my heart pounding in my chest. “Where is he? Is he okay?”

“He’s in a coma,” Bradley said. “It happened last week, Tuesday. We had him brought to Newton - Wellsley Hospital so we could be closer to him.”

“Will he wake up?”

“They don’t know,” Bradley said, his voice breaking, his tears beginning to fall like the rain on the windshield. “But the doctors don’t think he will. His heart had stopped and it was a while before someone found him. We’ve been praying for a miracle.”

“How is Helen?”

“She’s holding up,” he said. “She’s devastated, but she’s been my rock. We have to swing by the hospital to pick her up on our way home.”

“Are you okay?” I said.

“I’ll make it,” he replied. “It’s just so hard. My son, my only son...”

I scooted next to him and held him as he sobbed, trying to choke back the tears but unable to rein in his grief. I embraced him for a while, listening to him weep, trying to comfort him as best as I could. Then I reached into the glove compartment and pulled out a plastic package of tissues.

“Thanks,” Bradley said, drying his eyes.

“Why didn’t you call me?” I said. “I would have flown home right away.”

“We didn’t want to spoil your trip,” he said, turning the key in the ignition and backing out of the parking space. “How was it?”

“It was great, but...” I said. “I want to see him.”

“Annie,” he said. “You don’t need to see him like that, all the tubes...”

“I don’t care, Bradley,” I said. “I love him,” I added, in a softer voice.

“He loved you, too,” Bradley said. “It killed me to see how he treated you during winter break.”

Now it all made sense, his bad grades, his sullen demeanor, the way he’d lock himself in his room and turn up his music, blocking me out of his life. I remembered what Denise, my room mate at the foster home had said about heroin: “Better than sex”. Better than sex. Better than my love. My heart sank as I thought about this, wondering if there was anything I could have done. I could have tried harder to get through to him, I could have broken down that wall he’d placed between us. Even though he’d only been home for two days before he went off skiing with friends, I felt like I could have done something to get through to him.

It took us over an hour to get to the hospital, driving over the highway in the heavy rains. Bradley parked the car and unfurled the umbrella, coming around to my side of the car and shielding me from the rain. We hustled into the hospital and that smell hit me again like a slap in the face, antiseptics and salves, reminding me of that day when I carried Megan into the emergency room, her blood soaking into my clothing and coating my hands. I choked back my nausea and tried to suppress the sudden feeling of panic, following Bradley to the elevators and heading up to the ward.

Brad was laying on his back, his eyes open but seemingly lifeless, attached to a machine that breathed for him through a long tube that connected to a blue plastic mouthpiece. There were wires coming from the neck of his gown, more tubes in his arm and between his legs, and a bag of clear fluid hanging from a stand next to his bed.

Helen was seated in a chair next to her son, her eyes rimmed with red, deep lines on her face that hadn’t been there when I’d left for Phoenix ten days before. She held a balled-up tissue in her hands as she watched Brad for some sign of awareness, waiting for a miracle to happen. Only when she heard us enter the room did she interrupt her vigil.

“Annie...” she said, standing up to greet me. I put my arms around her and hugged her, and our tears began to flow. Bradley stood next to us, his arms around both of us, holding us as we wept.

“I’m so sorry,” I whispered.

“You made him happy, Anne,” she said. “You brought him joy.”

“It wasn’t enough,” I said. “If only I’d tried harder...”

“Don’t say that, Annie,” Bradley said. “There’s no reason to blame yourself. It’s my fault for sending him there, to that school. He should have been closer to home.”

“It was a good school,” Helen said. “He liked it. You know that. It’s not your fault. Not your fault...” The tears started again and I held her close, caressing her back, kissing her cheek. Just then a nurse came in to check on one of the tubes sticking out of Brad’s arm.

“Visiting hours are over in a few minutes,” she said.

“We were just leaving,” Bradley replied.

“Take a few more minutes if you’d like,” the nurse said softly.

“Thank you,” Helen said, her voice breaking. The nurse left us and Helen sat down in the chair again, Bradley standing behind her, rubbing her shoulders. I stood at the foot of the bed, looking at Brad, and then I fell to my knees and prayed, something I hadn’t done since Megan got hurt, praying to Julia, my goddess, my guardian angel, praying for her to bring Brad back to us, just as I had prayed for Megan to be delivered from her suffering. My prayer trailed off into sobs, and Bradley came over to help me to my feet, holding me in his arms as I cried, his strength and poise the only things keeping me from hysterical weeping.

The nurse came in to let us know that visiting hours had ended ten minutes ago. We thanked her and took a last look at Brad before we left. Maybe Bradley had been right; I shouldn’t have seen him like this. I should have remembered him as I first met him, at that party, a young blond Adonis in a white dinner jacket. We headed down to the car and sat for a while before leaving, listening to the sound of the rain on the metal roof.

“The doctor wants to do an apnea test tomorrow,” Helen said, breaking the silence.

“What’s that?” I asked her.

“They take him off the resuscitator to see if he can breathe without the machine,” Bradley said.

“And if he can’t?” I asked him.

“Then that’s it,” he replied. “There’s no chance he’ll ever wake up again.”

“You can’t...,” I said. I didn’t understand this. “There must be a chance he could...”

“He can’t, Annie,” Helen said, reaching over the front seat for my hand. “We’ve been trying to reconcile ourselves to the fact that we’ve lost our son. Now we have to keep him from suffering.”

“But...but...” There would be no miracle this time. Bradley started the car and we drove home in silence.

It was Sunday night and the housekeeper was off. Bradley and Helen had missed dinner, so after we brought my bags up to Carrie’s room, I went down to the kitchen and opened a couple of cans of vegetable soup and toasted some bagels, glad to have something to do to take my mind off of Brad. We sat down at the table and ate in silence.

“So, how was your trip?” Helen asked me after we’d finished eating.

“Wonderful,” I said. “It seems like it was a year ago now.”

“Have you decided what you’re going to do?” Bradley asked.

“Yes,” I replied. “I want to stay here, at least for the semester. I’m going to visit them during spring vacation and maybe for the summer, but I want to stay with you for now.”

“Are you sure?” Helen said. “Don’t do this just because Brad...”

“I made up my mind a few days ago,” I said. “And even if I was going to live with them right now, I’d still want to stay here. I want to help you get through this.”

“You’re an angel,” Helen said, taking my hand and bringing it up to her lips, kissing my fingers. We sat at the table, holding hands while Bradley put on some tea. Afterwards, I went upstairs to unpack and call my father, letting him know I’d arrived safely. He was saddened to hear about Brad.

“You liked him a lot, didn’t you?” my father said.

“I loved him, Daddy.”

“I’m sorry I can’t be there with you.”

“It’s okay,” I said. “Bradley and Helen need me right now.”

“Send them my condolences. Here, Dana wants to talk to you.”

I spoke with her for a few minutes, trying to mask my sadness and grief. She'd already started writing a letter to me, and she said she was wearing the nightie I'd given her, even though it was a bit big for her slender body. We said goodbye and after I hung up the phone, I realized how much I missed her, wishing I could be with her right then, cuddling with her, kissing her ruby lips.

After the phone call, I went back downstairs and sat with Helen and Bradley in the library. I poured three snifters of brandy from the crystal decanter on the sideboard and sat and listened to them talk about Brad, reminiscing about the good things in his life, the highlights, the happy memories.

"He was so scared of the water," Bradley said, his arm resting on his wife's shoulders. "When we had the pool put in he wouldn't even go into the backyard."

"When he did finally go into the pool, he had to wear those floatie things," Helen said.

"Water wings," Bradley added. He got up from the couch and went over to one of the bookshelves, where there was a row of trophies. He picked one up and handed it to me. It was Brad's, a varsity swimming team award.

"Water wings, a life preserver, and an inflatable cushion," Helen said, laughing for the first time in almost a week. "He looked like the son of the Michelin Man."

"What do you remember, Annie?" Bradley asked me. "What's your best memory?"

"I really can't say," I said, blushing. I had a vision of his smile, his muscular body, his beautiful cock.

"Tell us," Helen said, reaching for my hand.

"It was that weekend we spent at Julia's house," I said. "We made love in her garden..."

"Annie...", Helen said, her eyes filling with tears even though she was smiling. As we held each other's hands, I remembered something, that dream I'd had on the mesa, the cave, the old man, the vision.

"Where did they find him?" I asked Bradley.

"What do you mean?"

"Where was Brad when they found him?"

"He was in his dorm room, on the floor," he said.

"Was it carpeted?"

"Why?"

“Tell me, was there a carpet on the floor?”

“All of the rooms had carpets,” Helen said. “I remember this from that time we visited him in October, for Parents’ Weekend.”

“Why do you want to know this?” Bradley asked.

I told them about the dream, how I’d seen a young man on the floor of a room, describing it as best as I could. I couldn’t see his face, but I had the feeling that I knew him. And there were the words of old Makya, his reply when I’d asked him who the boy was: “He tugs at your heart”.

“I saw him,” I said. “I saw him.”

“Come here,” Helen said. I got up from the leather armchair and sat next to her on the couch, and she held me as my tears began anew.

“You loved him,” she whispered. “You were connected. That’s how you could see him. There was a bond.”

“I loved him,” I said as she rocked me in her arms. I didn’t want to cry, I didn’t want to fall apart like this. I needed to be strong, for myself, for Bradley and Helen, and for Brad. Helen dried my tears and handed me the snifter of brandy. I took a sip and choked back my tears, trying to put on a brave face. As bad as it was now, I knew it would get worse after Brad was taken off of the breathing machine.

We sat and talked for a while, until we couldn’t fight our exhaustion, our weariness. I went upstairs with Bradley and Helen and kissed them good night before they went into their bedroom and closed the door. I sat in Carrie’s bed for a while, wearing one of her comfortable old flannel nightgowns, alone with my thoughts, afraid of what my dreams might hold. Then I tiptoed into Brad’s room and turned on the light.

It was as if he’d never left, everything in its place, books on the shelves, guitar leaning up against the corner of the room, the bed made, ready for him to come home from the hospital and convalesce. I sat on his bed and clutched his pillow, hoping to catch a scent of him, but the linen had been freshly washed. I opened his closet and looked around, finding an old varsity jacket of his, pulling it out, holding it to my face. It smelled of stale sweat, that locker room aroma, but it was his sweat, his scent. I laid down on his bed, holding the jacket in my arms as I fell asleep.

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