

THE MEASURE OF MAN

An Epic by Gil Gamesh

As for you, Gilgamesh, fill your belly with good things; day and night, night and day, dance and be merry, feast and rejoice. Let your clothes be fresh, bathe yourself in water, cherish the little child that holds your hand, and make your wife happy in your embrace; for this too is the measure of man.

Chapter Sixty-One

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Arial Stuart, 16; Kerry Stuart, 12 3/4; Nicole Whittaker, 15

TELLING THE STORY

Kerry Stuart

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(KERRY)

“It’s called A Kiss from Your Lips by a group named the Flamingos. Want to hear it?”

“Yeah! Let’s go.”

I detoured on the way to the basement to pick up my backpack. Mrs. Whittaker always made us put all our stuff down there when we practiced. Down in the basement everything was just like it had been last time. There was an old couch against one wall and a bunch of worn-out chairs scattered around. I dropped my backpack near the couch and stood waiting, wondering what was going to happen. Nicole went to the little stereo on the table, searched through

some CDs, found one, and put it in. She fiddled with the controls until she found the right track and started the song.

“A kiss, from your lips, changed my whole life around...”

The lyrics weren’t much. If it was doo-wop music, I guess it was OK. If kids liked it back in the Fifties, maybe they’d like it in the musical. It was a lot better than the crap they call rap.

Nicole started dancing by herself, just slowly moving, with her eyes closed. I watched her and listened to the song. It wasn’t more than two or three minutes long. I could have watched her for hours. When it was finished, she hit the stop button and motioned for me to come to her.

“I put it on repeat. When it starts, I want you to dance with me and do just what I say. The next time, I want you to do everything without me telling you. The third time, you do it about the same, maybe little changes so it’s like you think it needs to be done, you know, like Peewee and his girl are getting lost in it.”

She held her hands and I moved close and held her like we were about to dance. She pushed me back a little, hit the play button, and the song started again.

“A kiss, from your lips, changed my whole life around...”

“We start out with our bodies not touching, like maybe six inches apart,” she said. “You’re looking in my eyes.”

I danced slowly with her, trying to keep my eyes locked on hers, to be serious about it, and to act like a kid from the Fifties, even if I didn’t know how they acted.

“A kiss from your lips, holds a story still untold...”

The second stanza started and she pulled me close up against her. I could feel her breasts against my chest and her

stomach and thighs against mine. She put her hand behind my head and pulled my head up beside hers.

“I've loved for many years...”

The third stanza started, she stopped moving, and so did I. We just stood there, against each other, swaying together. We were about as close as we could possibly be. I wasn't sure this would work, especially if I got a hard-on, and I didn't think I could keep from it.

The last stanza started and I figured this was where I was supposed to kiss her. I kissed her lightly on the lips and stopped. She looked at me and smiled.

“That was very good, Kerry. Can you do it now?”

I nodded and the music started again. I figured it would be better if we gradually got closer and closer together, not suddenly, and that's what I did.

When the second stanza started, I slowly moved my head closer and closer until it was beside hers. I thought of something else I wanted to do, something Peewee might do. I dropped both my hands down to her behind and cupped them under her buns. She dropped her hands down to my butt and we pressed against each other and gradually slowed down. When the song ended, she stopped moving, looked at me, and grinned. Then she reached over to the stereo and punched the pause button.

“This won't do, Kerry. Kids in the Fifties weren't like we are today. You've got to keep your hands off my butt.”

I didn't move my hands and she didn't either. Up top, she was leaned back away from me. Down below, she was pressed up against me. My dick knew it and tried to do something but it couldn't do much under my shorts and my briefs. She moved her hips around against me a little and I knew she felt how hard it was.

“Well, it was worth a try,” I said. “If I can’t put my hands on your butt, I think I ought to gradually slide them down close to it. That’s what Peewee would want to do. Could I slide my hands down the rest of the way just when the lights go out?”

“That might be OK on the stage,” she said, smiling at me. “While we’re practicing, maybe you’d better not let them get below my waist.”

I pulled her against me a little tighter so she could feel my dick and then moved my hands back up above her waist. She moved hers up too and pressed harder against me down below.

“You’re bad, Kerry,” she said. “You’ve got to keep your mind on the dance routine.”

“Damn, I’ll try,” I said with a loud sign. “But it’ll be hard.”

She giggled, shoved her pelvis against mine, and pushed me away.

“Well, you’d better learn to control it when you’re in front of maybe a thousand people.”

“OK, I’ll try to do it right. Start it up again.”

“A kiss, from your lips, changed my whole life around...”

This time I really did try to do it right. At first we were moving, gradually getting closer to each other, then we stopped moving and just began swaying, holding each other, and then I kissed her again. I tried to be good. I just kissed her lightly on the lips, not like I wanted to, and then put my head beside hers. My hands were just below her waist where I could feel the beginning of the soft curve of her buns. I was pressed up tight against her. My dick couldn’t be good, though. It was as hard as it could get when it was bent down in my shorts, and I knew she could feel it.

“That’s very good, Kerry,” she whispered. “I like that.”

“Yeah, me too.” I didn’t know what she liked but I knew what I liked.

The song started again but neither one of us moved. She slowly slid her hands down onto my butt and so I slid mine down around hers and tried to cup my fingers over her buns right in the center. I could hear her breathing in my ear and I knew she could hear me. My heart was thumping so hard I could feel it all over. I was hot and I felt sweat trickle down from one armpit.

“Could we try it one more time?” she whispered. “Then maybe you could kiss me like Peewee kisses his girlfriend.”

We held each other and waited for the song to begin again. When it did, we tried to dance, both of us with our hands still on each other’s butts, but it didn’t work very well. I just pulled her against me and moved in one place and so did she. When the third stanza started, I opened my eyes for a second and looked at her. Her eyes were closed and her face was tilted up just a little. I kissed her.

It wasn’t just a little touch of lips. I guess we both opened at the same time and I felt her tongue touch mine. I tried to catch her tongue with my lips but she wouldn’t let me. She tried to bite my tongue but I wouldn’t let her. We just stood there holding each other as closely as we could with our mouths open to each other while the song played all the way through again. I felt like I was about to explode. I couldn’t breathe deeply enough but I didn’t want to take my mouth off hers.

She backed up, sort of pushing me, and I felt the couch behind my legs. She pushed again, I fell on the couch, and she fell on top of me, straddling me, with her head next to mine. I didn’t know what she wanted but I knew what I

wanted and I hoped we wanted the same thing. I couldn't believe she wanted to do it with me but she was acting like it.

She lifted up over me and I looked at her face. She was staring at me, no smile on her face now, just serious, and I tried to guess what she wanted. She didn't say anything, just looked at me. When she shut her eyes, turned her head at a slight angle, and lowered her face to mine, I turned my head at an opposite angle and shut my eyes. She started kissing me again with her mouth open to mine and I decided to see how far I could get.

I slid my hands up between us, up under her knit shirt, until I found her breasts. They were just little soft mounds under my hands with hard little bumps in the center of my palms. She didn't stop me so I rubbed my hands over them while we kept kissing. After a minute or so, she stopped and rose up a little. Her shirt stayed pushed up and I saw what I had been touching – beautiful little breasts with hard little nipples sticking out.

She pushed my shirt up as far as it would go and I lifted and she pushed it up farther. She lay down on me again, her mouth open with mine, her breasts hot against my chest, and I moved my hands around to her butt again. I pulled against her so that she rubbed against me. My dick was hurting, bent down in my shorts, and I pushed it up against her.

“Kerry, I want to do it!” she whispered in my ear. “Do you?”

“Yeah!” I said. I couldn't think of anything else that needed saying. I knew what she meant.

She slid back until she was straddling my knees, undid my belt, unbuttoned my shorts, and tried to pull them down. I lifted up my butt and she pulled them down to the middle of my thighs. I caught the heels of my sneakers with my toes and kicked them off. She looked down at my crotch and I just waited. I had on some of the little briefs Arial had bought for

me and my dick was still bent downwards over my balls and trying to rip out.

She slid her hands up my legs, to my crotch, and cupped them over the front of my briefs. I tried to move my legs apart but I couldn't with her sitting on them. She moved her hands around to my hips and caught the waistband of my briefs. I lifted my butt again and she pulled them down so they turned inside out. We both watched as my dick straightened up all by itself, got hard, and stuck up over my stomach. As usual, my foreskin slowly retracted all by itself until about half of the head of my dick was uncovered.

“Damn, you’re no peewee, Kerry,” she whispered.

She stood up beside the couch, pulled my shorts off my feet, and then pulled my briefs down and off. She pulled her shorts and panties off together, and then looked at me. I pulled my shirt over my head and she did too. She smiled at me and then got back on top of me, all of it in just a few seconds. I got one quick glance at a little dark matt of hair and then I felt it pressed against my dick.

She sat there on top of me, with my dick pushed down against my stomach and her pubic hair against my balls and the base of my dick. Her head was bent down and I knew she was looking down between her legs. I looked down too at where she was sitting, and all I could see was the part of my dick sticking out from under her little tangle of hair.

I knew we were going to do it so I tried to remember what Dad had told me about never getting in a hurry and making sure she enjoyed what we did and some other stuff I couldn't think of just then.

I knew what I wanted to do but what she was doing was just fine with me so I waited for her to do something, whatever it was. She put both her hands on my chest and started wiggling around and sliding back and forth. At first, all I felt was just hair and then I felt something damp and hot and

wetter and slipperier as she moved around. I could tell she had my dick right under her pussy. I looked up at her and she had her eyes closed and a funny expression on her face. I put my hands on her thighs, shut my eyes, and let her play.

Suddenly she stopped and lifted up, reached down to my dick, held it, sat back down, and my dick slid inside her, buried to my balls, all in a second. I couldn't say anything. It felt so damn good and I wanted to feel it again and again, the way it felt on my dick as it slid in her. I tried to push up into her while she was trying to push herself down on me.

Suddenly, something popped up in my mind and I remembered something else Dad and everybody had told me – that I always had to be responsible and think about using a rubber. I panicked. I realized I was about to fuck up, royally fuck up. I wrapped my arms around her and tried to roll her off to one side. She resisted and I realized I was about to drop her on the floor beside the couch. I rolled the other way with her, against the back of the couch, and twisted my way out from under her. I stood up beside the couch, gulping and trying to swallow, trying to breathe, my heart pounding. I knew I had just about let myself do what Dad had warned me about more than once.

“What’s wrong, Kerry?” she asked, lying there on her back looking at me. Her breasts were just little mounds but her nipples were hard little points. Her belly was a little bowl. And down there between her legs, there were those little lips wet and glistening, separated, all pink and red. I’d never seen anything more beautiful in my life.

“Shit, we’re about to do something stupid,” I said. “Are you on the pill?”

“No! Oh, shit! We are stupid. Stupid! I’m stupid. Damn, I’m stupid.’

I knelt down beside the couch, held her by the arms, and kissed her lightly just on her nose. I pulled back and looked in her eyes.

“You’re beautiful, Nicole, so damn beautiful.” I leaned over and kissed her on the lips.

She lay there breathing heavily, looking up into my eyes. It was like we were even more connected than when we were dancing.

“Am I? You’re beautiful too, Kerry.”

“You’re not stupid, Nicole. I am. Dad’s talked to me lots about stuff like this and how you forget to think about what you need to do to be safe. I just couldn’t think about anything but how beautiful you are and how much I wanted you.”

She squeezed her eyes together tightly and then blinked rapidly a few times. I could see the moisture in her eyes shining. I wondered if she was about to cry.

“What are we going to do, Kerry?” she said, her voice kind of funny like a little girl’s. She pulled my head down beside hers and I kissed her on her ear.

“I’ve got something,” I whispered.

“What?” she said, directly in my ear.

“Some condoms, you know, rubbers. Dad gave me some.”

She pushed me up a little so she could look at me and then smiled.

“Really?”

I nodded.

“Where are they?”

“In my backpack.”

“Get them!”

I crawled on my hands and knees down to the end of the couch, found my backpack, and dragged it back toward where she was lying. Her legs were still slightly parted and I could see the little pink lips, wet and shiny, inside her bigger lips. I thought of something I wanted to do, something I had to do.

I found the little side pocket where I’d put the condoms, unzipped it, and reached inside it. They were still there - three of them. I pulled them out and held them up for her to see. She took them out of my hand and read.

“LifeStyles, Ultra Sensitive, Lubricated Condom. Are they good ones?”

“I don’t know. Dad says they are. I’ve never used one.”

She looked at me curiously.

“Never?”

“No, not with a girl.”

She frowned. “Did you use one with a guy?”

“Shit no, Nicole! I’ve never used one with anybody. Dad told me to practice putting one on and jacking off with it. He said I needed to know how it felt, said it wasn’t like doing it without one. That’s all I’ve done with them.”

“Can I put one on you?” she asked.

“Not yet. I want to do something else first.”

“What?”

I didn't answer her. I just leaned over and fastened my mouth on hers. She put one hand behind my head and the other on my back. I put my hand on her breast and we played tongue tag with each other for a while. It was good but it wasn't quite what I wanted.

After a minute or so, I moved my mouth down to her breast, slid my right hand down over her stomach and cupped my fingers down between her legs. I moved my left hand up to her face, feeling for her mouth, and found it already open. I stuck one finger in her mouth and she sucked on it. I tugged her legs a little further apart and put my hand back over her pussy. I wiggled my middle finger around between those slippery little lips and rubbed it side to side, then down into her vagina, wet and hot as hell, then back up to see if I could find her clit. I guess I did. She tried to bite my finger. All of it was good too but it still wasn't quite what I wanted.

I decided to try to be slow. For a minute or so, I finger-fucked her and sucked on her nipple while she sucked on my finger and held my head to her breast. Then I decided to see if she would let me do what I wanted to do.

Still on my knees beside the couch, I moved down toward her feet. She raised her head and looked at me. I smiled at her, pulled her left leg to one side until her foot was on the floor, then lifted her right leg, and put her foot up on the back of the couch. I looked down at her pussy. It was all open and pink and red and ready for me. I leaned over and put my face between her legs.

“What are you doing, Kerry?” she whispered.

I looked up at her. “You know fucking well what I’m doing, Nicole. Just shut up.”

“Kerry, nobody’s ever done that to me. Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I’m sure. Shut up and enjoy it. I’m going to.”

I put my head back down and took a couple of deep breaths, just so I could take my time doing what I wanted to do. I breathed in the woman smell of her, the scent of a woman's pussy when she's hot and wanting. I'd smelled it on different women and they were all the same but they were all different too. I guess my dick could smell it too. It was so hard it was almost aching.

I tried to be slow and gentle with her so she'd like it, especially if it was her first time. I just used the tip of my tongue against her little inner lips, especially where they spread out like two little wings. After a minute or so, I used my thumbs to spread her pussy open more and looked down at it. Hers looked a lot like Arial's, kind of small and neat and clean. I just licked it where Arial had told me she liked it, all of the bright pink area from her vagina up to her clitoris.

I felt her fingers on my temples, just holding me lightly, not trying to push me away. The smell of her was in my nose, the taste of her was in my mouth, and I was so damned hot I wanted to do something else and I tried to think of what. Finally I opened my mouth as wide as I could, fastened it over as much of her pussy as I could, and tried to suck her into me. I pulled back to breathe, looked at her cunt, not pussy, cunt now, and then did it again and again. Then I stiffened my tongue and stuck it down in her vagina, slid it up slowly to her clit, and then did that again and again.

I kept my eyes open so I could see what was happening to her clit, if it was creeping out from under its cover, like Arial's does. After a little, it did; the little red devil crept out so I could lick it. Hers stuck out more than any I'd ever seen, like the tip of my little finger. I just used my lips to suck on it as gently as I could.

Nicole pulled my hair hard so I looked up at her. I knew that scrunched up look on her face was because she liked what I was doing, not because I was hurting her. I liked what I was doing too; I wanted to keep doing it.

“Kerry, you’ll make me come if you keep doing that,” she whispered.

“Yeah, that’s the idea,” I said.

“Don’t, please, I want you inside me when I come.”

She held her hand out to me with one of the rubbers between her fingers. I took it and stood up. I saw her eyes shift down to my dick, pointed up toward the ceiling. I saw a shiny drop at the slit on the head and I knew it was starting to drool pecker tracks. Shit, it had been hard long enough to drool something.

I caught the foil wrapper between my teeth, tore it open, and started to unroll the rubber down my dick. I was standing beside the couch, just a couple of feet away from Nicole’s face. She was looking up at my dick as I tried to roll the rubber down it. My hands were shaking too much and I couldn’t get it started unrolling. I was looking down at her face, just beyond my dick, thinking about how much I wanted her. Then she started grinning.

“Kerry, turn it over,” she whispered. “You’re trying to unroll it the wrong way.”

I looked at my dick, at the condom I had been trying to unroll, then at her face. No wonder it wouldn’t roll down. I’d been trying to unroll it wrong.

“Oh, fuck,” I groaned. I knew she probably thought I was just a stupid kid and didn’t even know how to put a rubber on right. I was trying so fucking hard to be grown up about doing it with her and I couldn’t even put a fucking rubber on my own fucking dick. I felt sick with myself.

“It’s OK, Kerry,” Nicole whispered. “You weren’t watching what you were doing. I know you were looking at my face. I was looking at your dick and your hands and the rubber.”

I did it right the second time. I held my foreskin back, rolled the condom on part way, pinched the air out of the end, rolled it back the rest of the way, and then rubbed the head of my dick to spread the lube around. When I got through, I looked back at her face. She was grinning again.

“Shit, Nicole, don’t laugh at me,” I pleaded.

She reached up, cupped her fingers under my balls, and held them. I let her squeeze them and roll them around and feel them for a little while, just waiting. When she used her fingernails back behind my balls, I think my dick would have ratcheted up another notch if it could.

“Kerry, I’m not laughing at you,” she said. “I’m having fun with you. I’ve never seen a guy do that before. You’re beautiful without that thing. I just hate you have to put it on.”

“I guess I don’t have to,” I teased, “if you’re ready to have a baby.”

“Let’s wait a while on that,” she said, and then stood up.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Nothing,” she said. “You lie down. I want to get on top.”

I didn’t mind. I didn’t care which way we did it just as long as we did it. I lay down with my head on the arm of the couch, stretched out, with my ankles crossed. I held my dick straight up with my thumbs and curled my fingers down around over my balls. She straddled me, one foot on the floor, one knee on the couch, leaned over, and kissed me on the tip of my nose.

“You’re one sexy guy, Kerry. Did you know you could fuck half the girls in school if you tried?”

“What’s wrong with the other half?” I joked.

She reached back with one hand, held my dick, and settled down a little more. Even with the rubber, I could still feel how hot she was, how slippery too but maybe that was just the stuff in the rubber. I couldn’t really tell much difference. She positioned the head in the right place, pulled her hand out, and pushed down a little. I shut my eyes as my dick slid into her. It was good, just as good as it had been the first time, the best kind of feeling I’d ever felt.

I folded my arms back with my hands open and up and she settled her breasts into them. She moved up and down slowly a couple of more times and then stopped, with my dick mostly inside her. I opened my eyes and peeked at her. Her face was just over mine. She had her eyes shut and she looked like she liked it a much as I did. I put one hand behind her head, pulled her face down to mine, and opened my mouth to hers. I reached down and curled my fingers around so I could feel her pussy stretched around my dick. I liked that, using my fingers to feel the lips of her pussy while my dick was in it. She kept moving up and down slowly and I just lay there and enjoyed it.

After a little, she moved her head to the side of mine and I felt her open mouth on my shoulder. It felt like she was sort of licking and biting and sucking. While she was doing that she started moving up and down harder and faster, almost bouncing herself off me. I moved my other hand down to her butt and curled both of them around so I could feel my dick going in her pussy. I played with her lips with my fingertips while she moved her ass up and down. She started grunting just barely loud enough for me to hear her. I felt her mouth fasten on my shoulder harder and then I felt her little pussy throbbing and gripping on my dick.

She turned her face sideways, into the side of mine, and let out a big breath. She wasn’t moving any more, just breathing hard. I was thinking about doing something so I could come too.

“Let’s roll over. Can we?” she whispered.

I wrapped my arms around her, turned so she was against the side of the couch, moved back a little, and turned again until she was on her back with me over her. She spread her legs wider, wrapped them around mine, put her arms around me with her hands on my butt, and wiggled a little until my dick slid all the way in her again. I liked the way we did that, turning over with my dick in her and it never came out while we were flipping. I just lay there, still, with my dick inside her and my face in her hair and between her head and the back of the couch.

“Kerry, are you OK?” she whispered.

“Yeah, what do you mean?”

“Did you come?”

“Naah, not yet,” I whispered in her hair. “It’s just too good like this. I’m just a cunt hair away from coming and I don’t want it to end.”

She giggled. “A cunt hair?”

“Yeah, that means I’m real close.”

“How close?”

She dug her fingernails into me somewhere back behind my balls and I tried to shove another six inches into her. I didn’t have that much more so I backed off and gave her all of it again. That was so good I kept doing it. It didn’t take but a few times until I felt myself coming. I shoved it in one last time and came until I thought I’d pass out.

I just lay there on top of her until my heart stopped banging away and my breathing slowed down. Nicole had me all wrapped up. Her legs were around me somehow so that her

heels were on my ass. One arm was around my chest, holding me tight against her. One hand was behind my head, holding it down with my face still in her hair. I didn't want to move but I knew I was supposed to.

“Nicole, I’ve got to get up,” I whispered.

“Why?”

“A guy’s supposed to be careful after he comes with a rubber on,” I said. “If his dick gets soft his stuff can leak out of the rubber. He’s supposed to hold the rubber when he pulls out so it doesn’t spill.”

“Who taught you all this?”

“Mostly my Dad. Kavan some too. I read a lot. I’ve been looking up lots of stuff since I got my new computer.”

“But you’re not soft yet.”

“Well, it’s not all the way hard either.”

“Can we do it again?”

“Yeah, but I’m not supposed to do it twice with one rubber. That’s dangerous. We’ve got to use another one.”

“Maybe you’d better save them, Kerry,” she said. “I think we’d better stop. It’s not long until Mom’s due home.”

She turned me loose. I reached down, held the rubber against the base of my dick, and pulled it out of her pussy. I stood up and looked down at my dick. It looked all messy with white stuff in the little nipple at the end and around the head of my dick. I shifted my gaze to Nicole’s face. She was looking at it too. She reached up toward my dick and I pushed her hand to one side.

“It’s all messy,” I said, like she didn’t know it.

“Let me take it off,” she whispered.

“Shit, why?”

“I don’t know, Kerry. I just want to.”

“Oh fuck, OK.”

She caught my dick with one hand and the end of the rubber with the other. She slid one hand forward and tugged on the rubber. It didn’t slide so she reached back and rolled it down a little. When she tried again, it slid forward and off part way. Then something hurt like hell and I stuck my butt back and tried to get away from her.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“Fuck, I don’t know.”

She sat up on the couch and looked down at my dick with the rubber hanging half way off it. It had got a little soft after I came but now it was really drooping its head. I looked closer and saw what was wrong. Some strands of my pubic hair were rolled up in the rubber.

I rolled it back down the shaft of my dick until I saw the hair come out, then stretched it out on both sides, and pulled it part way off. It started to turn inside out so I grabbed the end and pulled. It slid off and I stood there, feeling like the world’s biggest dummy, with my slimy rubber in my hand. Nicole started laughing and I gave in and laughed too.

She stood up, grabbed my hand, and pulled me over to the deep sink next to the washing machine. She tore off a paper towel section and held it out toward me. I looked at her, at her big grin and the way her eyes were sparkling at me. I dropped the rubber on the paper towel; she folded it up into a neat little square and then handed it to me.

“What am I supposed to do with it?” I asked. Dummy!

“I don’t know, Kerry. You can keep it for a souvenir, throw it in the bushes on your way home, just don’t leave it around here for Mom to find.”

Nicole wet a towel, wiped me clean, and then wiped between her legs. I didn’t even care that it was a towel from their dirty laundry. Just her hand on my dick was enough to make it twitch and start swelling a little. I wished we did have time to do it again. She kissed me on the cheek and we went back to the couch and picked up our clothes.

I guess I shouldn’t have done it but I just did it anyway. I grabbed her, pulled her to me, and kissed her. I felt like I wanted to drown myself in her and I pushed against her while I pulled her against me. I got all wet and slobbery trying to suck on her lips and tongue but she didn’t push me off. Damn, I’d just fucked her and here I was wanting to do it again so bad it hurt. My dick jumped back up and I poked it against her wishing I could find where it went again.

She put one hand on my chest and pushed me back. I stood looking at her. I wanted her so damn bad and I think she wanted me the same way.

“Lay down on the couch,” she whispered.

I stretched out on the couch again, just like before, and she straddled me, just like before. I couldn’t say anything, even when she reached down between her legs, held my dick, and pushed until it was buried in her pussy.

“Don’t you dare move, you little fucker. I’ll kill you if you do,” she whispered through clenched teeth.

I just lay there, looking at her face, feeling her pussy all hot and wet around my dick. It was better than it was with the rubber. I wanted so much to fuck her again. Maybe she knew what I wanted.

She moved off me, scooted back until she was sitting on my thighs, grabbed my dick in one hand, and started jacking me. It probably didn't take more than a minute until I squirted out a few strings and puddles on my stomach.

She ran back to the laundry area, came back with a towel, and cleaned me up again. We got dressed, just looking at each other and grinning.

“Kerry, we are being stupid,” she said. “We shouldn’t have done this.”

“I know.”

“We can’t keep doing it with each other. Please don’t ask me to let you.”

“Yeah, I know. You’re right. We can’t do it no matter how much we want to. Your Mom will be pissed at me. She’ll probably never let me back in your house. It doesn’t make any sense but the way I want you doesn’t make any sense either.”

“Well, I wanted you just as much, maybe more. Were you surprised, that girls can want it just like guys?”

“Naah, my parents have taught me a lot about sex. I know we’re not really different. Boys like it. Girls like it. That’s why we do it, even if it’s stupid.”

“Yeah, so damn stupid. So fucking stupid. I want to do it again.”

“Me too.”

“Yeah, but we can’t. I mean it, Kerry. If you’re going to play Peewee, we can’t keep doing this with each other. I’m not ever going to say I love you. I like you a lot but I’m not going

to let myself go crazy over you. I've got too much I want to do to get serious over a guy. You've got to get some will power."

"Fuck that! I don't need will power; I need won't power."

She giggled. "You're bad. I'm bad too."

"Yeah, but it was good, wasn't it?"

"Yeah."

We went upstairs and she started toward the kitchen.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To the kitchen," she said. "Let's wait for Mom in there. I'll get her to drive you home."

"You don't need to do that, Nicole," I said. "It's not that far. I'll walk."

"Are you sure? It's a little far."

"Naah, about two miles. It won't take me long."

We went to the front door and she held it open for me.

"Just be careful, Kerry. You've got to cross Deer Creek Parkway. Traffic's bad there."

I took her hand and held it against my heart. She looked at me.

"What is it?"

"Just my heart. Can I give it to you? I'm not supposed to say I love you."

"I know, Kerry. We can't say that. You keep your heart. Just keep me in it, OK?"

“OK.”

I kissed her on the cheek and started to leave. She grabbed me and gave me a kiss on the lips. She took a couple of deep breaths, sighed, and smiled at me. I looked back a couple of times as I was going down the hill. Each time she was standing there looking at me. Each time I waved and she waved back.

When I got out of sight of her house, I started to run. I felt like jumping and screaming something but I was afraid somebody might see me and think I was crazy. My backpack almost slipped off and I stopped and stood still and tightened the straps. The song started running through my head – A kiss from your lips, turned my whole life around. A kiss like yours... I wanted to sing it. I looked all around and didn’t see anybody so I tried it.

“A kiss from your lips, turned my whole life around. A kiss like yours, no where can be found. Gee gee....”

That’s when my voice fucked up. I couldn’t do the “gee gee” like the guy from the Platters did it. I tried just the first two lines again. It sounded good to me, at least as good as in the song.

I started thinking about trying to sing in the musical, maybe even learning the song, and then springing it on Nicole and the group. But who could I get to help me? I thought of Dad’s connection with the opera and the chorus director I’d met once. Dad had asked me more than once to take a kid’s part where no singing was required. Maybe I could ask him how to get some help learning to sing a little. Shit, maybe I could even do a little part for the opera.

At the bottom of the hill, I started running again and jumped a couple of times. It felt good to let some of it out. I looked around and saw a man standing in his yard, watching me. I

waved at him and he waved back. I wanted to tell him what I'd done.

Going up the next hill, I started thinking about wanting to tell Nicole I loved her. It didn't make sense that I couldn't say it. I don't think love is like a light switch – on and you've got to be together the rest of your life, off and you're not supposed to fuck each other. I'd told Kathryn I loved her and I meant it and Kavan didn't seem to mind. I knew it was probably the last time I'd ever fuck her and I wanted her to know how much she meant to me. That's love, isn't it? I'm going to miss her.

Somebody's cocker spaniel came running out of a yard, barking at me, and then wagging its tail hard enough to break it off. I stopped to pet it and it turned over and let me scratch its stomach. When I looked up, a lady was standing near some bushes watching. She waved at me and I waved back. She called the dog and it ran to her. I guess dogs can love people too.

When I started down the next hill, somebody drove past in a little BMW like Mom's except that it was a darker color. I knew I loved Mom, probably loved her more than anybody else. All my life she's the one I've gone to when something was wrong and I couldn't make it right. All she had to do was hold me and I always knew it was OK, whatever it was. I could remember being little and she'd hold me against her naked breasts and rub my head. Dad never seemed to mind if I touched her breasts and I'm glad because that was part of what made it all OK. I guess I don't do that much anymore but now I like to bury my face in her hair while she holds me. That's love too. She loves me. She knows I love her. I know I'm not supposed to but I probably would make love to her if she'd let me. I probably never will but I'll always love her anyway.

Just before I got to Deer Creek Parkway, I pulled the paper towel with the rubber in it out of my pocket. I started to throw it down the steep hillside in an area thick with vines

but that didn't seem right. I put it back in my pocket and kept walking.

Who else have I loved, do I love, whatever? I love Ms. Lauren. She might be old enough to be my grandmother but it's not like that. With her, I didn't feel like a little kid making love with an old woman. It was just like I was a man loving a woman and that's all. She was so kind and sweet with me, treating me the way she did. She's a real lady. I guess Mr. Jack thought I was joking when I told him to make up his mind whether he wanted to marry her because, if he didn't, I did. I can't spend my life with her but I can always love her.

On the other side of Deer Creek Parkway, I passed over a small bridge with a little stream running underneath. I stopped, looked down in the clear water, and thought about what I'd done with Nicole. I looked inside myself and I knew I loved her and I couldn't have done it with her if I didn't love her.

I took the towel out of my pocket, dropped it, and watched it swirl away down the stream. I didn't need it for a souvenir. I thought about the way she'd looked, lying there on the couch, when I stood up after doing it with her, legs parted, pussy wet and shiny, breasts soft with nipples hardly sticking up, face so beautiful, eyes connecting with me. I didn't need the rubber. The image of her like that was all I wanted for a souvenir. Her eyes didn't lie about how she felt, no matter how much she refused to say it.

I cut through the church yard to get to the street leading uphill to our house. The rest of the way I knew I had to be careful because our neighborhood was so hilly we didn't have sidewalks. I had to walk in the road or on the side but the traffic was usually pretty light.

I thought about what I did with Joanne when I spent Saturday night with her and Stuart. I guess Stuart and I are getting pretty close. We're so much alike even if we don't have the same mother. I know he does a lot to encourage me

to use my brains, like trying to teach me about his research. I just didn't think he'd let me sleep with him and Joanne. It was fun fooling around with them, just like it is with Arial and Brad. I don't guess I've learned to love Joanne yet, like I love Rachael, but I haven't known her that long. She treated me sort of like Ms. Lauren does, like I could do stuff with her and she liked it just like she did with Stuart. Maybe I can. I probably know more about sex than kids my age usually do.

Just before I started up the hill to our house, Kurt Carlson drove past. He's about Kavan's age and lives further up our street. He stopped and pulled off the road and waited for me. When I got up to his car, he asked me if I wanted a ride up the hill. I told him I'd rather walk the rest of the way and we talked a little. He wanted me to tell him about my duel with Aaron so I did. I didn't tell him how we'd rigged it.

Going up the hill, I tried to sort out how I felt about Rachael and Joanne and why it was different. I've known Rachael since I was real little and she's become sort of like a sister, except I've never fucked my real sister. I guess we've done everything else except that. I know Rachael loves me because she's always said I was like her little brother. When we were at the cabin, she sure didn't treat me like a brother. We did stuff I'd really never thought of doing with a woman but that wasn't what I think about when I think of her. I think about the way she made me feel, the way I felt so close and loved by her when we were doing everything.

When I got closer to our house, I looked and saw Arial sitting on our front porch, reading a book. I guess love's the right word for the way I feel about her but sometimes it's more than just love. I feel like we're almost part of each other. When I walked up, she put her book down and smiled at me.

“Come sit with me,” she said.

“I can't. I've got to go pee.”

She stood up and put her hand on my arm.

“Just for a minute, Kerry?” she asked. “I’ve been waiting for you.”

“Why?”

“Why did you get off the bus at Nicole’s house? What have you been doing? It’s almost time for dinner.”

“Did Mom say anything about me not coming home with you? Where is she?”

“She’s in the kitchen. I told her you were going to practice again. She didn’t seem to mind. That is what you did with Nicole, isn’t it? Practice?”

I didn’t want to lie to her. I didn’t want to tell her the truth. I knew a man doesn’t talk about what he does with a woman. But she’s Arial, she’s my sister, and I’ve always told her most anything. I just smiled at her and maybe that told her.

“You didn’t?” she asked.

I nodded.

She pulled me up against her and hugged me tight. Then she pushed away from me and looked at me.

“Did you use something?” she asked.

I nodded. “I’ve got to pee.”

She linked her arm in mine and we went in the house together. She didn’t turn me loose when we went down the hall to the bathroom between our bedrooms. I slipped my backpack off and threw it on the bed in my room. When I went in the bathroom, she followed me. I didn’t care because we’d seen each other pee most of our lives.

I opened my shorts and let them drop, pulled my no-fly briefs down below my balls, and held my dick, just about to pee. Arial reached over hurriedly and lifted the seat, then watched while I foamed up the water in the bowl.

“You smell like sex, Kerry,” she said. “You’d better take a shower.”

“Shit, I’m hungry. I’ll just wipe up a little.”

“No. Mom will smell you. Dad’s not home yet. You’ve got time. You really do need to shower.”

I gave in. I was hot and sweaty and I could smell my sweat mixed in with something else that made me think of fucking. She was right. I pulled my shirt over my head, kicked my sneakers off, pulled my socks and shorts and briefs off, and started to step in the shower. Arial put her hand on my shoulder and stopped me.

“Kerry, you’ve got a hickey on your shoulder. You’d better keep a shirt on for the next few days unless you want somebody to know what you’ve been doing.”

I turned around and looked in the mirror. There was a little oval-shaped hickey just on my collar bone. I’d never had one before but I’d seen them on Kavan and teased him.

“Oh, shit!”

Arial grabbed me, hugged me again, and then kissed me on the mouth. She looked at me, shook her head, and grinned at me. I couldn’t help but grin back at her. Her eyes held mine sort of like Nicole’s did and I felt the same sort of connection. I wrapped my arms around her, picked her up off the floor, and then kissed her when I put her down.

“My little brother’s not so little anymore,” she said, when she caught her breath.

“Don’t tell anybody else, OK?” I said.

“I won’t, but you shouldn’t have done it, Kerry,” she said. “Mom and Dad have worried about you enough lately, after you and Kavan had to keep Jerome away from Kathryn when he went crazy. They didn’t even do anything to you when they heard about your duel.”

“Shit, Dad gave me a noogie and almost rubbed my head raw. I don’t call that nothing,”

We both knew it really was nothing. Dad had told me I’d better think twice before I did something like that again but he didn’t punish me.

“They trusted us last weekend when they went to pick up Joanne and the kids,” she said. “If they go to Oregon and California with Ms. Lauren and Mr. Jack this summer, they’re going to trust us not to get in trouble for a whole week. You shouldn’t cause any more problems.”

“I won’t, Arial. I told Mom and Dad I wouldn’t. I didn’t plan for anything to happen when I got off the bus with Nicole.”

I knew she was right. I didn’t want to cause Mom and Dad any more worry. I knew I couldn’t go back to see Nicole again, at least not right away, so she wouldn’t think sex was all I wanted. I knew I had to call her and talk to her. I knew I had to keep the call short so it didn’t cause her parents to get suspicious. But I wasn’t ashamed of what I’d done. I was proud of it.

“Would you tell me what you did?” she asked.

“Yeah, tonight, catch me just before you go to bed, OK?”

She gave me a quick hug, sniffed a couple of times like she smelled something, and looked in my eyes. I kept my eyes connected to hers until she went out and shut the door. Then I got in the shower and stood there under the spray, thinking

about Nicole and what I might do while we were out of school for the summer.

TO BE CONTINUED:

**A Kiss from Your Lips
By The Flamingos**

**A kiss, from your lips, changed my whole life around
A kiss like yours, no where can be found
Gee gee, how blest I am, to have a kiss from your lips**

**A kiss from your lips, holds a story still untold
A kiss from your lips, more precious oh than gold
Gee gee how blest I am to have a kiss from your lips**

**I've loved for many years
And kissed oh oh a thousand lips
But nothing went right, until that night
I slipped a kiss from your lips**

**A kiss from your lips, changed my whole life around
Gee gee how blest I am, to have a kiss, from your lips**

Chapter Sixty-Two

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

**Kieran Stuart, 44; Siobhan Stuart, 43; Kavan Stuart, 17;
Arial Stuart, 16; Kerry Stuart, 12 (Almost 13)**

Brad Weaver, 17; Kiki Daniels, 17; Nicole Whittaker, 15

TELLING THE STORY
Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart

(KIERAN)

Even though it was Saturday, I awakened at daybreak, slipped on shorts and sneakers, made a pot of coffee, and walked over to the new house. I wanted to check out the work that the construction crews had done during the week. I started with the basement or utility level, inspected the living level next, and finished with the bedroom level. Everything looked good.

The contractor's crew had left a couple of dilapidated folding chairs on the balcony off the big bedroom. I sat there, listening to the birds, thinking about my life, and sipping my mug of coffee. I could see through the trees down to the creek and I thought of another August day when I'd played there with three little kids. They'd grown up so fast. I knew they'd soon be leaving the nest. Arial's initial flight might be a short one and I wasn't sure how she'd feel if I suggested it. Siobhan thought it was a wonderful idea.

“Kieran, where are you?”

It was Siobhan, calling to me from somewhere downstairs in the new house. I glanced at my watch and saw that it was a little before seven. I left the balcony and went through the big bedroom to the stairwell.

“I’m up here,” I yelled.

“Stay there,” she answered. “I’ll come up.”

A momentary stab of panic hit me. I didn’t want her coming up the temporary stairs from the living level to the bedroom level by herself. They were well-made stairs and sturdy enough but they didn’t have any banisters on the sides yet

and there was nothing to hold on to. One side was open all the way.

“I told you to stay there,” I yelled. “I’m coming down.”

“I can do it,” she said, and I saw her start up the stairs. She had on another of her summer pregnancy outfits, a loose shift that closed with a tie and her now-routine socks and sneakers. The shift was a colorful Indonesian thing that she loved. It was perfect with her red hair. She’d brushed it but it was still a little disheveled.

“Damn it, Siobhan, stop! I said stay there,” I yelled even louder.

She looked up at me, frowning, but she stopped. I hurriedly went down the stairs to her.

“You don’t have to yell at me, Kieran,” she said. I could tell I’d hurt her feelings. Emotionally, she was a little uneven occasionally especially if she was tired.

I wrapped her up in my arms and held her tight. I buried my face in her wild red hair and waited for my heart to stop pounding.

“I’m not an invalid just because I’m pregnant, Kieran. It won’t hurt me to walk up a flight of stairs.”

I pulled back and looked at her. I didn’t want to tell her that I’d imagined her falling.

“I love you, Siobhan,” I said.

“I’m glad, but I can still walk up the steps.”

“I know. Just let me hold your hand.”

I made sure she was on the side of the stairs next to the wall. She had no trouble climbing the stairs.

“Where were you?” she asked.

“Sitting on the balcony. Just looking. There’s a beautiful view. You have to look hard to see through the trees and find any houses on the next ridge.”

“Is that safe? I thought you said you didn’t want any of us going out there.”

“It’s OK. The railings are up now. They installed them this week. They’re good. I tried to shake them but I couldn’t budge them.”

I led her out on the balcony and showed her the best places to stand to see through the trees. The first or ground level of the new house was higher than the main floor of our old house. Maybe the utility level, partially sunk into the hill, was on the level of the ranch-style house where we lived. So the second, living, and the third, sleeping, levels of the new house were higher up than all of our old house. From the balcony we were looking through the tops of the deciduous trees behind the house. I knew we’d have a wonderful view when the leaves fell.

“Are the kids up?” I asked.

“They’re getting up,” Siobhan answered. “They’ll be starting breakfast about now. I told them to make it a big one. You four guys will need it if you do what you want to today. Are you paying them to work today?”

“No. Kavan said they’d do it just for being part of our family. Kerry said he was fine with that and Brad did too.”

“Do you want me to give them their usual allowance?” she asked. “They’re going to a movie tonight.”

“Yeah, that’s part of being a family too. Maybe we should start giving Brad one too, since he’s been staying here all summer.”

“The way he eats, maybe we should start charging him room and board,” she said. I knew she was joking. He was about like family and we didn’t charge our own kids for room and board. He assumed as much responsibility for housework as our own kids. With Siobhan about six-months pregnant, they did most of the housework now.

“There is something Kavan wants to do that I’ll pay him for,” I said. **“It’s another landscaping job, for our yard.”**

“Why? What’s wrong with our yard now?”

“He wants to replace the front lawn with ground cover. We never really use it. That way, the only grass we’ll have to mow is around the pool area. He wants to take out some bushes that aren’t good ones or they’re in the wrong place. He wants to put in some good ones in the right places. He says we need to take down one tree.”

“And you think he’s right?”

“Yep. He and Kerry want to put together a proposal and submit it to us. They’re learning to use that landscaping CAD program Mr. Manchester gave them.”

“With school starting up soon, do you think they’ll have time to do it? It sounds like a lot of work.”

“Sure. He’ll do some of it this fall and some during the winter when everything’s dormant. Has he talked to you about what they’re doing tonight? Has Kerry?”

“No. I know they’re going to an early movie,” she answered. **“Brad and Arial are going. Kavan’s taking Kiki and Kerry’s taking Nicole. That’s all I know. Why?”**

“I think they’ve got plans for after the movie. Nobody’s talked to me about whatever it is. I just think they should.”

“Do you want me to ask Kavan and Kerry?”

“No. Just let it be. I’ll bet Kavan will talk to me today.”

“You’re probably right,” she said. “Come on. Let’s go to breakfast.”

I held her hand coming down the stairs and I didn’t see any reason to turn it loose when we walked back home. We headed for the front door of our house and saw Arial walking toward us. She saw us holding hands and smiled and went back in the house.

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Kavan and I were prying a large rock out of the path of the walkway we were creating. When it finally yielded and we moved it aside, he stopped and leaned on one of the pry bars he’d made for us. He’d found some junk pipes that were almost impossible to bend and had flattened one end. He’d made us four great pry bars.

“Dad, let’s stop and break for something cold,” he said. “Kerry and I need to talk to you.”

“Just you and Kerry, not Brad?”

“Nah, he knows about it but it’s just me and Kerry that need to talk to you.”

“About girls or sex or both?” I asked grinning at him.

“What else is there?” he grinned back.

“Let’s use the hose and wash off a little,” I said. “I think everybody’s ready for a little break.”

We walked back up the hill to the new house and Kerry and Brad followed us. Arial was using a yard broom and sweeping off the walkway. Siobhan was sitting in the lounge chair I'd brought over for her. We'd put the chair in a shady spot with the drink cooler. She had been alternately using another broom to clean the path and then sitting for a while.

We had water to the new house even though the baths and kitchen weren't operative. We'd hooked a hose up to an outside faucet and extended it to where we were working. Kavan had already taken his shirt off and had squirted his head a couple of times. I decided it was time for me to use the hose on my head.

“Have you got another of those headbands?” I asked him.

“Yeah. Mom made me some more. They're with the towels. When I get to sweating, I can go through a half dozen of them.”

He was sweating already and the morning was still cool. I think he was determined to tackle the hardest work and spare me. It was probably a good thing because his hands were hardened more than anyone else's and his chest and shoulders and biceps were hard muscle from working at Manchester's and from lifting weights. I'd stopped more than once and watched him and wondered where I'd got such a son.

He untied his headband, leaned over, and squirted down on the back of his head. After a minute or so, he shook his head something like a dog does and sprayed the water out of his long red hair. I decided I might as well do it too so I stripped off my shirt. There were some dry areas on it but not many. I followed his example with the hose and then used my hands to get the water out of my hair. Siobhan wanted me to let my hair grow long like the boys and I'd compromised and let it grow out a little. Arial threw us towels and we wiped off.

Brad and Kerry started horsing around and fighting over the hose. Brad won and then held it for Kerry to stick his head under it. They were already shirtless. Brad's khaki shorts were wet with sweat around the waist. When Arial took towels and headbands to them, I surprised her and took one too. I didn't really like to use them when I sweated. I suppose I took one so I'd look like the boys.

I got a bottle of cold water out of the cooler and found a spot in the shade to stand. Kavan and Kerry followed me and Brad stayed with Arial and Siobhan. I sort of assumed they wanted to talk about something and Brad already knew about it.

“OK, what’s it about?” I asked.

“About Kiki and Nicole,” Kavan answered.

“Yeah, and what we want to do tonight,” Kerry added.

“Your Mom told me the six of you were going out to an early movie.”

“We are,” Kerry said. “We’ll be in early. Nicole and Kiki both have to be home by midnight and we want to do something before then. Kavan said I ought to make sure it’s OK with you and Mom.”

“Sex with Nicole?”

“Yeah!”

“Well, what do you want to do? Is it just you or have you talked to Nicole about it.”

“Oh, come on, Dad, I’ve talked to her. She wants to do it as much as I do,” Kerry said. “I told her how you and Mom are about sex, how you want us to be honest with you and how you and Mom are honest with us. We want to spend an hour or two in my room before she has to be home. She knows I

want you to know what we're doing. I don't want to have to sneak around and hide it like most kids."

"How far have you gone with her, Son?" I asked, pretty sure I already knew the answer.

"A gentleman never talks about what he does in bed with a lady," he answered. "That's what you've taught me."

"I'm glad you've learned that, Son," I said. "But I need to know, just in general, not specifics. You understand why, don't you?"

He nodded, grinning at me.

"All the way, Dad," he said, proudly. "We've done it three times, a couple of times at her house and once in Kavan's room."

"Have you been responsible for protecting her, Son?" I asked. "Have you used a condom or is she using something?"

"I've used a condom, Dad. I even used two when we did it twice in Kavan's room. She's thinking about getting something she can use."

"Son, using a condom's not as good as going without one, but it's not just birth control you've got to worry about," I told him. "There's an epidemic of STDs among kids in high school and college. You can ruin your life if you start fucking around with girls you don't know."

"We've talked about that a lot, Dad," Kavan said. "I've had probably a dozen girls come on to me this summer. Some of them just come right out and ask me to hook-up with them."

"I know what you mean," Kerry said. "It's been like that with me all year. Sometimes I feel like a freak, like they want to fuck the little kid so they can brag about it around school."

“And if you’ve got any sense, you won’t touch any of them with a ten-foot pole,” I said.

“Shit, Dad, I’m not going to do it with an eight-inch pole,” Kavan said.

“Dad, do you know the difference between love and herpes?” Kerry asked.

I knew it was a joke but I didn’t know the answer.

“What?”

“Herpes is forever,” he said without smiling.

“And if it’s like AIDS, we may never find a cure,” I said. “Even with the new vaccine, viruses have a way of mutating into something new. It’s just no joking matter.”

“I know, Dad,” he said. “That’s what scares me so bad. If I got genital herpes, I could give it to a girl I loved and it might really mess her up.”

“Yeah, and it might keep her from having kids,” Kavan said. “That really scares me. I’d like to have a good marriage with a bunch of kids like you and Mom.”

“Me too,” Kerry said.

“Well, I know you’re not going to be celibate,” I said. “You’ve just got to be damned careful who you fuck around with.

“You’ve prepared us as well as anybody could, Dad,” Kerry said. “We’ll do our best to give you some good healthy grandkids.”

“Yeah, I know you will, boys,” I said. “Did you change the sheets on your beds this morning?”

**“Yeah, and I cleaned my room last night,” Kavan said.
“Kerry helped me and then I helped him.”**

“Well, it’s OK with me if you two want to entertain the ladies in your rooms. Anything else do you want to know?” I asked.

“Yeah, one more thing,” Kerry said. “When Kavan and Kathryn started getting it on with each other, you and Mom let them do it here at home. Same thing with Brad and Arial. I know I’m not as old as they were when they started but I’m old enough. Would you and Mom mind if Nicole and I do it in my room once in a while? We’re not going to be doing it all the time like Kavan and Kathryn did or like Arial and Brad are still doing, just once in a while.”

**“You’re not pushing her into this, are you, Son?” I asked.
“It’s her decision as much as it is yours?”**

“Yeah, and I’m being responsible when we do it. We do stuff without a rubber for a while but when we make love I use one.”

“I can’t tell you not to do it, Kerry,” I said. “You’ve started awfully young but you’re being sensible about it. Allison and I didn’t go as far as you and Nicole when I was thirteen but we wanted to. I’ll talk to your Mom and make sure she’s OK with it.”

“Sweet little tomboy Allison,” Kavan said. “I’m glad you told us about her. She was a real firecracker, wasn’t she, Dad?”

“Yeah, she was a cherry bomb,” I said, grinning at them.

“Shit, that’s a two pointer, Dad,” Kerry said.

Kavan and Kerry both raised a hand and waited. At first I didn’t understand why they did it. They looked at me until I held out my hand and got two slaps.

“Is that all you wanted to talk about?” I asked. “I thought you and Kavan both wanted to talk to me.”

“Yeah, we do,” Kavan said. “We’re not finished.”

“OK, what else?”

“You’ve told us you don’t want us sneaking around and having sex,” he said. “You said if we wanted to do it, we should do it at home where we’re safe, not out parked somewhere.”

“That’s right,” I said. “It’s your home too. And I don’t want you to be ashamed about what you do. You know your Mom and I do the same things and I’m proud of it.”

“Kerry and I talked about maybe skipping the movie and just staying home, Dad, just entertaining the ladies,” Kavan said. “We knew Kiki and Nicole had told their parents that’s where we were going. It just seemed like that would make them be lying to their parents. We didn’t feel right about it.”

“It’s the sneaking around part, Dad,” Kerry said. “Kavan and I feel like we can talk to you and Mom. Nicole hasn’t said anything to her mother or father. She doesn’t want them to know.”

“Same here, Dad,” Kavan said. “Kiki says her mother knows what we’re doing but she doesn’t think her father does. I told her I’d talk to her father and tell him. Kerry says he’ll talk to Nicole’s parents. The problem is they don’t want us to. We’re both trying to be responsible and honest and we don’t want them to think we’re sneaking around with their daughters. We don’t want their parents to get pissed at us.”

“Yeah, Dad, he’s right,” Kerry said. “I like Mrs. Whittaker. I’ve only met her husband a couple of times and he seems like a nice guy. I don’t want them to get mad at Nicole or me if they find out.”

I had to think about the ramifications of that for a minute or so. I didn't see any way I could give them a good answer.

"Boys, I don't think I can give you an answer to this one. When it comes to sex, I've told you that you should never do anything without the other person's consent."

"And never do anything to hurt them," Kerry interjected. "That's where the problem is."

"Yeah, that too," I said. "I guess it is a problem. You can't say anything unless the girls agree it's OK. If you don't say anything and the parents get mad, the girls might get hurt."

"Yeah, but we're not worried about physical hurt, Dad," Kavan said. "We don't think their parents are like that. We just don't want them to be ashamed of their daughters and maybe ground them until they're eighteen years old. They're not ashamed of what they're doing. They want to do it as much as we do."

"Well, I guess you'll have to handle it," I said. "You know their parents better than I do. Tell the girls you'll talk to their parents when they're ready. That might be difficult, especially for you Kerry, but you can't even do that unless the girls agree."

"But we can have a little private time with them in our rooms, can't we?" Kerry asked. "If it's what they want to do, we can do it here at home?"

"Yeah, but it gives me a little problem with Kiki's parents," I said. I hadn't told them what I was trying to do with Kiki's father. Kavan sobered up and gave me a puzzled look.

"Why, Dad?" he asked. "Is it because she's mixed race? Because her mother's Japanese?"

I sobered up too. I hadn't even thought of that.

“Kavan, you know me better than,” I said. “That’s got nothing to do with anything.”

“Well, what then?” he asked, with maybe a touch of anger. “She can’t do anything about it. She didn’t get to pick her parents.”

“Son, I told you that’s not the problem,” I said. “I just don’t want to talk about it until I know what to do.”

“Dad, you’ve always told us not to be prejudiced against people,” he said, not willing to let it go. “Are you afraid I’ll end up marrying her and you’ll have grandbabies who are part Japanese?”

That hurt. I didn’t want to let him get mad about something I had never even thought about.

“Kavan, you’re heading in the wrong direction,” I said, trying to think of what to do.

“Oh shit, I don’t know to think,” he said.

I could think of no way to give him answers unless I told him something that I’d promised not to tell to anyone.

“OK, Kavan, I’ll tell you what the problem is,” I decided. “Now, will you shut up and let me tell you the way I want to?”

He nodded.

“Look, I’m proud of being Irish. My grandparents were born there. My Mom and Dad are both Irish. Your mother’s Irish. I’m comfortable being Irish like I’m comfortable living close to the mountains. I couldn’t live in Florida or most of Texas. That doesn’t mean I hate people from Germany or Italy or even Japan or flatland country. I try my best to be just like I’ve taught you to be. I’m not perfect but I try.”

“He’s right, Kavan,” Kerry finally piped up. “I like being Irish but I like having Ken-chan for my best friend. Mom and Dad like him.”

I nodded. “Kavan, the problem is that I’m negotiating with Bob Daniels to come to work for Andersen Security. That’s all it is.”

He looked at me and I knew he was trying to think of the ramifications of that. I’d been trying to think of the same thing when I told him being involved with Kiki might present a problem.

“You keep your mouth shut about this,” I told him as sternly as I could. “I told Kiki’s father I wouldn’t talk to anybody about it. He’s ready to go back to work. You know he was a Navy captain working in the intelligence area until he retired, don’t you?”

He nodded.

“Well, he’s got a great resume in that area, more communication security than personnel security. I’m trying to get him as a point man in that area. I want to move Andersen Security more into it because that’s where the problems are. I want him but there are others who want him too. I’m trying to figure out how much I can offer him. He’s trying to decide whether he ever wants to be an employee for anyone again. He thinks he can do quite well as a consultant and I’d bet he can. I don’t want him as a consultant. I want him as a permanent employee and he’d probably be my number two man.”

“I’m sorry, Dad,” Kavan said.

“For what, Son?” I said.

“For thinking what I did. I guess I’m getting messed up because I’m still confused about how I feel about Kathryn and Kiki.”

“OK, that’s normal. Tell me more.”

“Well, I can’t help but feel like I messed up with Kathryn. I told her I wouldn’t get serious about anybody else over the summer. Then I kept seeing Kiki at the pool parties and I wanted to get involved with her. At first she didn’t want to have anything to do with me. I told her Kathryn and I had agreed we would date other people over the summer but we just wouldn’t fall in love with anybody. When Kiki and I started dating, I thought we could keep it on a friendly basis. That didn’t work. I was hot for her even before Kathryn called me and said she wasn’t coming back. Then after one of the pool parties, it was like we were two magnets coming together.”

“Shit, Kavan, that’s at least two points, maybe three,” Kerry said. **“Did you get that one, Dad?”**

We did the hand-slapping routine again. I held out my hand this time, palm up, and then noticed Kavan had his the same way. I slapped it and then Kerry did it too.

“Yeah, I got it, Son,” I said. **“But Kavan’s trying to be serious.”**

“Yeah, I am, Squirt,” Kavan said. **“I keep feeling like I’m not being faithful to Kathryn and I can’t stay away from Kiki. I think she’s attracted to me the same way.”**

“Son, you’re on the rebound from Kathryn,” I said. **“Give yourself some time. With Kathryn your paths converged but then they diverged. Life’s like that sometimes. Just be happy for what you had with her.”**

“Yeah, Dad, I know,” he said. **“It’s just that I’m so fascinated with Kiki. It’s like she draws me to her and I don’t know what to make of her and my feelings. I didn’t want to fall in love with her, not so quick anyway, but I guess I’m doing it.”**

“Do you think her father’s told her about me trying to hire him?”

“I don’t think so,” he said. “I think she’d have told me. I know she wants to stay here. She says she moved too much while he was in the Navy and she wants to stay put here, maybe for the rest of her life.”

“Well, I think we’d better get back to work,” I said. “Your Mother and Brad and Arial have been watching us. We’ll talk some more about this but, for right now, don’t either of you say anything about this to anyone else, OK?”

“I won’t, Dad,” Kavan said. “I am sorry, Dad.”

“No problem, Son,” I said. “Let’s make sure it’s not one between us, OK?”

“It won’t be, Dad,” he said.

I turned to go but Kerry piped up again.

“Dad,” he said. “Wait a minute.”

He nodded to Kavan and then walked up to me and put his hand on my shoulder. Kavan put his hand on my other shoulder. We walked back up to Siobhan and Brad and Arial.

“I don’t think I ever want to grow up, Dad,” Kerry said.

“I understand, Kerry,” I said. “What time do you boys think you’ll start your private time tonight?”

“The movie’s at six,” Kavan said. “We should be home by around eight-thirty. Maybe at nine we’ll retire to our quarters.”

“I want us all to re-assemble in the family room afterwards,” I said. “I want Kiki and Nicole to understand how we feel

about them being with you boys. I want them to know your Mother and I are doing the same thing. What time do you think?"

"How about eleven?" Kerry asked. "Is that OK?"

"That means you'll have to stop whatever you're doing about ten forty-five, Squirt," Kavan said. "Girls like to have a little time to freshen up after strenuous activities."

"Well, I think I'm going to be strenuous with Nicole," he said. "And I don't want to be called Squirt anymore. That's a kid's name. From now on, I want everybody to call me Kerry all the time."

"I think you're right, Kerry," I said. "I think it's time we retired that name until we can assign it to a little boy."

"Have you talked to Stuart lately, Dad?" Kavan asked. "He says he loves the project I did for him but maybe he was just being nice to me. I liked doing it, especially working with all the guys. I think I did a good job organizing everything and Kerry was a lot of help with that. Grizzly worked the hardest of anybody. I'd like to see if Mr. Manchester might hire him when he graduates. He's not going to college."

"Yeah, we talk at least two or three times a week, more if we don't see each other. He says you did professional-quality work in everything. He really liked the stone benches you guys made for the patio. He's got some more ideas and he might ask you to do some more for him when he gets it sorted out."

"Kerry was a lot of help to me, Dad," he said. "He couldn't do most of the heaviest stuff but he kept track of stuff for me. I don't know how he does it but you know how his memory is. Every night he'd type up everything I'd told him during the day and I'd have it for the next day."

"I'm an elephant," Kerry said. "I never forget."

“Yeah, and your dick looks like an elephant’s trunk,” Kavan said.

“Yours does too, Kavan,” I said. “Just be glad I didn’t have you boys circumcised. That extra foreskin is nice. Ask the girls.”

“I already have, Dad,” Kerry said. “Nicole thinks it’s cute. I told her I could pick up a peanut with it but she didn’t believe me.”

“We’re just like you, Dad,” Kavan said. “Does Mom think it’s cute?”

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(SIOBHAN)

For the first part of the morning, Arial helped the guys with the pathways they were building around the new house. She didn’t fuss when I reminded her to put on her work gloves. Her hands were like mine, too soft to work with tools without protection. Most of the time, I sat in a lounge chair in the shade with my big straw hat and watched them work.

When the guys stopped for a break about mid-morning, Brad joined her and they sat down in the shade with me. Kieran and the boys got drinks from the cooler and then walked a little distance down the hill. I could tell the boys wanted to talk to their father about something. I wondered what the hand slapping and laughing was about. When the guys went back to work, Arial stayed with me.

“Are you enjoying watching our four hunks working, Mom?” she asked.

“Yes, it’s even better now that they’ve got their shirts off,” I said. “I wonder why Kieran has a sweat-band on. He doesn’t like those things.”

“He wants to look like the boys, Mom; that’s why,” she said. “I wish they’d take their shorts off too. Now that would really be something to watch.”

“I agree,” I answered thinking about how they’d look. “Dicks all hot and heavy and swinging around.”

She grinned at me. “Yeah, and big balls hanging down and all those muscles in their butts.”

“Kavan and Kerry have worked like they are now, with just shorts on, at Stuart’s this summer,” I said. “It’s the first time I’ve ever seen them with enough of a tan so they’ve got a white stripe around the middle. I wish Brad could have worked with them.”

“Yeah, me too, but we’ve enjoyed working together this summer,” she said. “We make a good team. I’m a lot better at typing than he is but he’s better at keeping all the student data organized. There’s just so much of it, we’ll still be working most of the fall.”

“I know you’re planning on working part-time on his father’s research project after school starts,” I said. “You two mustn’t let it interfere with your school work, Princess. It’s Brad’s senior year; don’t let him get senior-itus and start loafing.”

“I won’t, Mom,” she said. “Kerry has changed a lot over the summer, hasn’t he?”

“Yes. He’s proud of the muscles he’s developed. He eats like a horse, just like Kavan, and he doesn’t put on an ounce of fat. It all goes into muscle. He’s grown an inch too. In his bare feet, he’s as tall as me now. He’s put on about ten pounds and he’s bigger around too. He’s already wearing Kavan’s old shorts. I’ve got him some bigger shorts and jeans for when he starts school.”

We sat and watched the guys for a while. They were all struggling with pry bars and digging with shovels to move a big boulder. They were glistening with sweat already.

“Would you take them some towels when they get that thing moved?” I asked. “Do you think they’d like dry ones or cold wet ones? I thought we might wet them in the drink cooler.”

“I’ll ask,” she said. “I was worried about Kerry trying to work like the older guys when they started with Stuart’s job. I had a talk with Kavan.”

“I had a talk with him too, about Kerry moving big rocks and lifting things. He told me he and Kieran had already talked to him about it. Then during the summer, whenever I brought up the subject, he told me what Kerry had been doing. It turned out the other guys watched out for him too. He said Grizzly kept an eye on him and always stepped in if he needed help. Kerry was the first one asked to use the bobcat after they found out how good he was handling it. He was Kavan’s right hand or maybe right brain-lobe about keeping records and notes. Kavan said he’d tell him constantly during the day to remember to do something or order something and Kerry would nod and then type it up neatly when he came home.

“I suppose we were all worrying about him too much,” she said. “He’s worked well with Kavan most of the summer and it seems like they’re a lot closer now. He’ll always be my little baby brother though.”

“Princess, in a few years he’s going to be as tall as Brad, maybe even taller,” I said. “Don’t call him your little brother then.”

Brad had finally got a pry bar under the rock and we watched as he put all his weight on it and made the rock move. Once it started moving, Kavan got another pry bar under it while Kieran and Kerry pushed. The rock went crashing down the hillside for a minute or so. I enjoyed all the display of

muscles on their arms and shoulders and backs. I suppose Arial did too. She didn't move or say anything until the rock went rolling. Then she yelled, asked them about the towels, and took then each one wet with ice water. She sat down by me again when she came back.

"I did something naughty one night this week, Mom," she said.

"With Brad?"

"Well, yes," she said, and then paused, thinking, "It wasn't really naughty, I guess, not what I did with Brad. It was what I did before with Kavan and Kerry."

"That sounds interesting," I said. "Are you going to tell me about it?"

She nodded. "I guess it was Tuesday. Tuesday afternoon? Was that when Kavan and Kerry went back over to Stuart's? After it rained so much on Sunday? Kavan said he needed to look over everything they'd done and see how it had handled the heavy rain."

"It was Tuesday," I remembered. They'd called home and said they would probably be there most of the afternoon. Kavan had tried to build a small stone wall without mortar and the rain had cut under it and it wasn't safe. He wanted to redo it with mortar. He and Kerry had done it by themselves and had come in late, dirty, tired, and starving. I made them go out on the deck and Arial and I had fixed their plates and drinks. When we took it out to them, they were both sitting there, long legs outstretched, already naked, sweaty and dirty, but smiling at us. After they'd stuffed themselves, they'd gone downstairs to shower and then to watch a baseball game. After they left, I didn't see them again until the next morning.

"You and Dad went to bed early and Brad and I did too," Arial said. "I don't guess we needed to make love since we'd

done it so much over the weekend. We showered together and then read a while and then curled up together and went to sleep.”

“That’s not very naughty, Princess,” I said. “Did you do something later?”

“Uh huh. I woke up a little after midnight and went to the bathroom to piddle. I could hear something like people talking on the TV. I went in the family room but that one was off. I opened the basement door and it was coming from there.”

“They had left the TV on again, hadn’t they?” I asked. “When they come in tired like that, they’ll watch it for a few minutes when they go to bed and then leave it on.”

“I guess that’s what they did,” she said. “They were both lying there naked, sleeping. The room was warm and they didn’t have anything over them. Mom, they were so beautiful!”

I nodded. I’d seen them like that a couple of times when I went down to turn off the TV. That was before Kieran asked me not to go down the stairs at night.

“Kavan was on his back and he had a hard-on,” she continued.” I mean it was really hard. It was standing up over his stomach and his balls were drooped way down between his legs. Maybe I shouldn’t have but I just stood there for a couple of minutes looking at him.”

“I would probably have done the same thing, Arial,” I said. “I know he’s my son but he’s also a sexy young man. What was Kerry doing?”

“Sleeping. Dead to the world. His back was to Kavan. He was on his side with one leg bent. From the foot of the bed, I could see his butt but that’s all. I wondered if he was like Kavan so I moved around to the side. His dick was big like it

was starting to get hard. The way he was laying, it was down on the mattress. His balls were hanging down about like Kavan's. I guess he's going to be like Dad and Kavan, isn't he?"

"Probably. Like Stuart too," I said. "Kieran seems to have passed on a certain gene to all his male offspring."

"Well, anyway, I couldn't take my eyes off them."

"It's a real turn-on, isn't it, to see them like that when they're sleeping and their faces look so innocent and beautiful?" I said. "I'll bet you want back upstairs and woke up Brad, didn't you."

"Uh, huh, I almost raped him," she said.

"Well, why do you think that's so naughty?" I asked. "He liked it, didn't he?"

"Yeah, he liked it. He always does. That's not what was naughty," she said. "When I was down there looking at Kavan and Kerry, I started thinking about what it would be like for one of them to wake up and pull me down in the bed and do it to me. Maybe both of them. I wanted them to do it. Do you ever think of doing stuff like that?"

"So you went back upstairs and took it out on poor Brad," I said. "I'll bet you were thinking about your brothers while you were doing it with him."

"Yeah. I knew it was Brad but it got all mixed up with Kavan and Kerry. I was so hot. I kept thinking about what it would be like if it was Kavan or Kerry or maybe both. I even imagined what it might be like if all three were doing something with me. Do you ever think crazy stuff like that?"

"Yes, Princess. We all think about having sex with other people, family members, schoolteachers, people we work with. I learned to masturbate thinking about a thirteen-year-

old boy I knew. We fooled around once but didn't really do anything. I've had sex with lots of different guys in my fantasies. It's safe and it doesn't hurt anything."

"But do you ever think about Kavan or Kerry like that?"

"Yes, I've even dreamed about them fucking me. When you see Kavan the way you described him, it's quite a turn-on, isn't it? If you dreamed about him later, would it surprise you?"

"How about Brad? Do you ever think about him that way?"

"Brad too, Princess. He's just as sexy as Kavan. You've got yourself a beautiful young man. I'll bet you ten to one that modeling agency will pick the two of you for their new advertising campaign. Maybe all four of you because if they don't want Kavan and Kerry too, they're crazy."

"Brad and I hope they do pick us," she said. "They pay big bucks. We could save a lot for college."

"Are you going to tell me what you did with Brad?" I asked. "You know you don't ever have to tell me anything if you don't want to. I hope you don't think I'm bad when I tell you what Kieran and I do. Most mothers wouldn't."

"Most kids don't have a relationship with their parents like we do, Mom. I like it when you're honest with me and tell me stuff, no matter what it is. I like knowing you and Dad do the same things Brad and I do."

"Well, tell me what you did with Brad after you saw Kavan and Kerry."

"Our room was a little warm too and he was sleeping naked. I woke him up with a little oral sex and he just lay there, not saying a word, just letting me suck him."

“Sleepy sex is great, isn’t it?” I interrupted. “I love it when Kieran and I do it like that.”

“Me too,” she said. “When he was ready, he rolled me over on my back and got on top. I showed his dick where to go and then wrapped my arms and legs around him. He held me like he does sometimes, slides his arms under me and holds me by the shoulders. He says it’s so I can’t get away, as if I’d want to. He started off slow and then got faster and then tried to ram it up to my heart. I could feel him every time he squirted.”

“Did he roll over and go to sleep?” I asked.

“I didn’t give him a chance. He’d sweated all over me so I went to the bathroom and wiped off. I started to put a hand towel between my legs but I decided I wanted to do it some more. I got a wet cloth and wiped him off, his face, then his chest and stomach, and then his dick and balls. He just lay there without saying a word and let me do it. Then I used my mouth and hands and got his dick hard again in a couple of minutes.”

“I’ve done that too, Arial,” I said.” If he doesn’t satisfy you, do what you have to do to get what you want. Don’t just go to sleep frustrated.”

“I didn’t,” she said. “When his dick was stiff, I straddled him and showed it where to go again. I rode him the way I like to do sometimes, you know, get it in as deep as it will go and then rock your pelvis back and forth.”

“I know,” I said. “I like that too. I can’t do that with Kieran now that I’m so far along.”

“He put his hands on my breasts and I took one and held it up to my mouth. I don’t think he knew what I wanted to do. I folded back his fingers except for the middle one and then I sucked on that one while I rode him and rode him until I

came. He says I'm going to break his dick off like that someday but I'm not worried.”

“What did he do when you came?” I asked.

“Nothing. Didn't say a word. He gave me a minute or so to calm down and then he lifted me up by my hips and started fucking me from below. It didn't take him a minute before he slammed me down against his belly and squirted again. I loved it.”

“Did he ever say anything?” I asked.

“Uh huh, I lay there on top of him until I felt his dick go soft in me. I was about to get up and get a towel when he whispered in my ear, 'Arial, I love you. Will you marry me?'”

“And?”

“I said, 'Yes, Brad. I'll marry you.'”

“He's a good man, Arial. I'd like to have him as a son-in-law.”

“Then he whispered, 'Wait here, sweetheart' and he went to the bathroom. I guess he peed and wiped up but he brought back a wet cloth and a little towel. He wiped me up the same way I'd done him. Then he stuck a towel between my legs and moved over to his side of the bed. I didn't mind that because we were both still hot. He held my hand while we went to sleep.”

We sat there for a while, not talking, watching four guys straining and sweating. Kieran didn't look as young as the other three but he certainly didn't look his age. I was afraid he'd develop executive butt spread when he became CEO of Andersen but he was still ran two or three times a week and he was just as slim as ever. Brad would probably never lose his little-boy face. He had biceps almost as big as Kavan's. His shoulders were wider and his arms were certainly longer than Kieran's or Kavan's. Kavan seemed to be more careful

of his appearance since Kathryn had encouraged him. He always dressed better now and his hair, his lion-man, as Kathryn called it, was almost always clean and shining. Kerry was having his first real growth spurt and losing some of his little boy looks as he put on muscle. He was still experimenting with the way he dressed and how he did his hair. Being in the sun a good part of the summer had lightened his hair until it was almost as golden as Arial's.

“What are you thinking, Mom?” Arial asked.

“About going home and fixing some sandwiches for them,” I said.

“Yeah, I’ll bet you were. I’ve been looking at your face for the last few minutes. You were looking at our guys, weren’t you?”

I couldn’t deny it. “Uh, huh, I like watching them. I was thinking about how beautiful they are.”

“And I’ll bet you were fantasizing a little, weren’t you?”

I didn’t answer. I just smiled and so did she.

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(KIERAN)

We ate lunch on the balcony – the cantilevered concrete slab - of the new house. Siobhan sat in the chair while the rest of us sat on the concrete. She and Arial had gone home, made two huge sandwiches, and brought them back. Brad and Kavan carried up the cooler. Kerry swept off the balcony. Kavan used the big knife to slice off sandwich pieces to order and Brad passed out the plates and drinks. I supervised.

I think Kerry ate three pieces before he let out a huge burp. Arial said “Gross,” and, of course, Kerry repeated it. Kavan and Brad ate just as much but without the burping. Even

Arial seemed to have a big appetite. Siobhan and I were slower eaters and it might have been because we were both watching the kids pack it away.

“I know we just ate but somebody needs to think of dinner,” Siobhan said. “Would Chinese take out be OK? We haven’t had that in a while. The one we usually order from says they don’t put msg in their food and I can eat it too.”

“If you kids want to go to the movie like you said, we’ll have to eat a little early,” I said. “If we quit about four, we can order, then go home and shower, and it should be delivered by, say, four forty-five. Is that too early?”

“Could I invite Kiki to eat with us, Dad?” Kavan asked. “She loves Chinese food. I could pick it up when I go get her.”

I looked at Kerry. He knew what I was waiting for.

“Yeah, and could I invite Nicole?” he asked. “Her house isn’t far from Kiki’s. We could squeeze eight in the kitchen and eat off paper plates.”

I looked at Siobhan. She nodded to me.

“I think that would be fine but you boys had better call them now and see if they want to come eat with us,” I said. “They may have other plans.”

“OK. Brad, may I borrow your cell phone?” Kerry asked.

“Sure, Squirt,” he said, and tossed it to Kerry.

“Who you calling Squirt, Boy?” Kerry said.

Brad looked at him and I knew he was confused.

“Brad, we’ve retired that name,” I said. “We’re not going to call anybody Squirt until somebody has another little boy.”

“Well, squeeze me, Kerry,” Brad said. “I didn’t know.”

“That’s OK. You is squeezed,” Kerry said. “Dad, when we go pick them up, could you let me have the keys to your Mercedes? I’d like to pick them up in style.”

He knew I didn’t like for anybody else to drive my car. Maybe it was selfish of me but it was just something I always wanted to do myself. I knew he could drive it but so far I’d been teaching him just at the Freeloft Center on the Andersen property. He had another year before he could even get his learner’s permit. I thought about what he’d said.

“Would it be OK if Kavan drove it, Kerry?” I asked. “You two can pick them up in it but that’s all. I don’t want the Chinese food in it and you’ll have to go to the movie in something else.”

Kavan looked at me. “Thanks, Dad. I’ll take good care of Black Beauty.”

“I know you will, Son,” I said.

“Don’t tell them about the car when you call,” Arial said. “Let it be a surprise.”

Kerry stood up. “Come on, Kavan. You too, Brad. I need to talk to you.”

They went through the sliding glass door to the bedroom and then closed it behind them. I sort of guessed Kerry was going put them up to something again. They stood there talking and, and from the way they were grinning, I knew it. Brad came back out on the balcony and left them to make their calls.

When Kavan and Kerry came out on the balcony again, I knew we had two more for dinner. I also knew from the way they were trying not to grin, that they were about to do something.

Both of them sat down on the floor and we waited. Kerry was so nonchalant when he did it. He took off his work boots, stood up, took off his shorts, took off his little briefs, held them out at arms-length and dropped them, reached down and pulled the wrinkles out of his dick, put his shorts back on, then sat down and put his boots on again. Everybody watched his performance. As soon as his show was over, Brad repeated it, and even gave his balls a good scratching while he was naked. Then Kavan did it too and made sure his dick and balls were flopping freely. Maybe they expected me to do it too but I was too content to move.

Then Kavan asked “Ready?” and Brad and Kerry both replied “Yeah.” They all picked up their briefs, shook them out, and put them on top of their heads. They sat there, not grinning, boots on their feet, shorts on their bodies, and briefs draped over their heads. Arial and Siobhan pretended there was nothing unusual. I didn’t know what to make of it. Then Kavan clued me in.

“Dad, would you like another headband?” he asked, “Sweaty shorts make a great one. The gnats and flies won’t bother you.”

“Yeah, Dad,” Brad said. “It’s an old boy scout trick. It works great.”

“Yeah, Dad,” Kerry said. “Then you can look like your boys.”

I tried not to smile. I took off my boots, my shorts, and my briefs, held my briefs out at arm’s length and dropped them, rubbed my dick and balls until they were relaxed, pulled my foreskin back until the head of my dick was uncovered, pushed it back down, caught the tip and pulled until I knew I had a elephant-trunk peanut-eating foreskin protruding, put both hands on my butt and scratched, pushed my pelvis out, stood there a minute showing off, then put my shorts on again, sat down, and put my boots on. I shook out my sweaty briefs and put them on my head. Somehow I managed to do

it all without smiling. I looked at them and waited to see who would crack up first.

“What’s for dessert, Siobhan?” I asked.

“Jockey shorts with whipped cream,” she replied without cracking a smile.

That was too much. Arial cracked. She snickered, choked, and erupted in giggles. The rest of us gave in too. I laughed so much my stomach hurt.

When we all subsided, Siobhan was sitting still, looking off over the valley, with one hand just under her navel area. I’d seen the look before, many times over the years. Arial noticed what she was doing.

“What’s the matter, Mom?” she asked. “Are you OK?”

“The baby’s moving around,” she said and then waited a few seconds. “I think she’s got the hiccups again.”

“She?” Arial squealed.

“You mean it’s going to be a girl?” Kerry asked.

“I thought you didn’t know,” Kavan said.

The cat was out of the bag.

“You might as well tell them, Honey,” I said.

She looked around at us and smiled. “Yes, we’re having another girl. We decided we’d find out the next time they did an ultrasound. I was scheduled for one last week so I asked Kieran to go with me. The doctor says he’s sure it’s a girl and everything looks perfect so far.”

“It should,” I said. “They’ve run every test in the world on her. The doctor said your Mother is as healthy as a woman

twenty years younger and she shouldn't worry. Do you kids want to find us a girl's name, an Irish girl's name?"

Siobhan was moving her hand around on her stomach and smiling. I knew what that meant.

"Would you like to say hello to mo cailín beag, Kerry?" Siobhan asked.

"Who?" he responded. "Is that what you're going to name her?"

"No, Kerry, that's just Irish for my little girl." she answered. "It's what my grandmother Kelly called me. We haven't picked a name yet."

"May I?" he asked, looking at me. I noticed that he had been asking properly. Surprise. Maybe there was hope for him.

"You may if you ask your mother," I said.

He moved over in front of Siobhan and knelt down.

"May I, Mom?"

She opened the sash on the dress and let it all hang out. She'd been wearing loose shifts or caftans or whatever for the last month or two. I couldn't remember the last time she'd let the kids see her naked. She had on nothing underneath except white panties. Her legs were crossed but I could see the tuft of red hair through her panties. Her belly was well rounded now that she was at the end of the second trimester. Her breasts were already swollen but not as large as I knew they would be when she started nursing the baby. They were still beautiful to me. Everything about her was.

"Give me your hand," Siobhan said.

She placed Kerry's hand just under her navel and moved it around and pressed it against her. Kerry was staring straight

ahead, maybe at her breasts, but I knew he was lost in what he was feeling – his little sister moving around and hiccupping inside his mother.

“There, did you feel her?” Siobhan asked.

Kerry nodded and grinned. “Yeah, that’s neat. I can really feel her hiccupping.”

He looked up at Siobhan’s face. “Can I...May I kiss her?”

Siobhan nodded and he bent down, kissed Siobhan’s stomach where his hand had been, and then looked around at the other kids.

“I felt her,” he exclaimed. “I could feel her moving. It was like she really has the hiccups.”

“She does, Kerry,” Siobhan said. “Babies can have hiccups before they’re born. This is the first time I’ve felt her do it.”

“Kerry, you probably just kissed her on the butt,” I said. “She’s already in a head-down position.”

“I don’t care,” he said. “Why is she like that?”

“So she can kick me better,” Siobhan said. “

I looked at Kavan and Arial and even Brad. They all looked like they were waiting their turn. I waited for her to invite them to say hello too.

She did. She let Arial go next and Arial was just as full of wonder as Kerry. She asked if Brad could feel her too. Siobhan nodded and the two of them knelt down and Arial showed Brad where to feel. I watched Brad looking at Siobhan’s breasts. I didn’t mind.

Kavan waited patiently until last and then tried to act like he wasn’t as impressed as the others. He kept looking at me and

smiling and then looking at Siobhan and smiling. He surprised me when he moved up closer to Siobhan and hugged her.

“I hope she’s red headed like you, Mom,” he said. When he pulled back, I think I saw his eyes glistening.

We sat around and talked for a few minutes more while I debated whether to spring something on Arial and Brad. I looked at Siobhan and nodded my head toward the big bedroom on the top floor of the new house and then nodded at Arial and Brad. She nodded at me and smiled. She knew what I was asking.

“Arial, when your little sister’s born, we’ve got a problem,” I asked. “Where are we going to put her?

“In with me,” she said eagerly, and then realized that wouldn’t work. She looked at Brad. He just smiled at her predicament. Kerry came to her rescue.

“Put her in my room, Dad,” he suggested. “It’s the closest to your bedroom. I can move back downstairs with Kavan.”

“That would work, Dad,” Kavan said. “We can store the king-size mattress and get out the old twin-size ones Kerry and I had before Kathryn came to stay with us. She can have a room of her own and it would be between your bedroom and Arial’s. She can get up at night and take care of her.”

I pretended to think about it for a minute or so.

“Well, I think I’ve got a better solution, I said. “You can keep your room and Kerry can keep his. I think Arial and Brad should move.”

Arial looked at me with her brows pulled together. I knew she was puzzled at that my suggestion.

“Move where, Dad?” she asked.

I nodded my head toward the big bedroom behind us. She was more puzzled.

“Where?”

“Over here, Princess,” I said. “You and Brad can move in here, in the bedroom behind us. We’ll get you a king-size bed for over here and you can leave your old queen-size one where it is. We can move your desk over here and put the new crib where it is. What do you think?”

Brad finally had something to say. “We can’t do that, Kieran.”

I looked at him and smiled. I knew what he was thinking about.

“Why not?”

“We can’t afford to rent this place from you,” he said. “We’re both saving some of what we’re earning at our part-time jobs but that’s not going to be much when we go back to school. I don’t know what this place would rent for but I know we can’t afford it.”

“Did I say anything about charging you rent, Brad?” I asked. “Siobhan and I have already discussed it. We’re not renting the house out to anybody. We’re just letting family stay in it.”

“We’ve been thinking about this for a long time,” Siobhan said. “I talked Kieran into forgetting about a bigger house for us and just staying here. We knew we were beginning to bust out at the seams. We wanted a place where all of you could stay close to us, at least until you’re ready to find a place of your own. We had hoped to have this place ready when Luke and Rachael moved back so they could stay here. This is going to be our house too, just with room for our overflow.”

“Does that mean we could stay here when we’re in college?”
Brad asked. **“Does Dad know about this?”**

I nodded. “He’s aware of it. He and I’ve talked about how to get you kids through college. You may need to keep a part-time job but that might not even be necessary. We’ll just work it out as we go.”

“We’ve talked about getting married when I finish high school, Dad,” Arial said. **“I’ll be eighteen and Brad will be nineteen. I think we’d be better students in college if we’re married and so does Brad.”**

“Don’t get too far ahead, Princess,” Siobhan said. **“Let’s take one step at a time. You two work on your dreams. We’ll help you with the everyday stuff.”**

Brad kept looking back and forth between me and Siobhan. He shut his eyes, took a couple of deep breaths, and then looked at me again.

“I can see why you love your parents, Arial,” he said.

“Can I move over here too, Dad?” Kerry asked. **“Could I have the little bedroom up here?”**

I noticed that he had slipped back into “Can I?” mode again. I didn’t care; I could see how excited he was.

“I don’t want to worry about that right now, Son,” I said. **“I think it’s time we got back to work.”**

“I’ve got a question,” Brad said, looking at Arial and grinning. **“If we move in here, do we have to share the Jacuzzi over here with Kerry?”**

“That will be up to you, won’t it?” I said. **“You’re all welcome to use the one in our bathroom now, anytime you want it. All you kids are. You can work out who you share it with. If you want to fool around with each other, just lock the door. It’s**

really OK with us. We're not using it now that Siobhan's pregnant anyway."

"Why not, Dad?" Kerry asked.

"It's not good for the baby for a pregnant woman to use a Jacuzzi," Siobhan said. **"It can cause a baby distress to get warmer than normal. I don't want that."**

"You and Nicole can have it tonight, Kerry," Brad said. **"Arial and I can reserve it for another night."**

I noticed that he didn't even ask Arial what she wanted to do.

"I'll wait," Kerry said. **"I had a hard enough time convincing Dad to let us use my bedroom for a tryst with Nicole. Maybe I can get her in the Jacuzzi next time."**

Chapter Sixty-Three

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

**Kieran Stuart, 44; Siobhan Stuart, 43; Kavan Stuart, 17;
Arial Stuart, 16; Kerry Stuart, 12 (Almost 13)**

Brad Weaver, 17; Kiki Daniels, 17; Nicole Whittaker, 15

TELLING THE STORY

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart

(SIOBHAN)

We called in our order for Chinese food a little before four o'clock and then the others worked for a little while longer. The guys were covered with trails of sweat and dirt on their chest and legs. They had all wet their headbands in the ice water in the chest more than once and all of the bottled water was gone. Arial had helped by leveling the dirt in the path with a yard broom and her shirt and shorts were wet

with sweat too. I was sticky and smelly with sweat and I hadn't done anything except lay in the chaise lounge and supervise.

When they quit, I was ready for a shower and they were too. We all went around to the back of the house to get into the basement. The hillside on this side of the house was a little steep and the one path through the shrubs had small loose rocks in it. We all knew to watch our footing if we went down it. Kerry led the way. I went next with Kieran holding my hand so I wouldn't fall. Kavan was close behind me and I knew he was ready to catch me if I fell. Brad was right there too. Arial was to one side, watching. I could see from their faces how protective of me they felt. Kerry held open the small gate in the fence and then made sure it was secured. Once inside the basement we all headed toward the shower and started to get undressed.

"Somebody's got to wait for our food to be delivered," I said. "It usually takes about forty minutes after we place an order and it's been almost that long now."

"I'll do it," Kerry said.

"OK," Kieran said. "You know where my billfold is. Tip the delivery guy twenty percent."

"No, Kerry, wait," Brad said. "Arial and I'll take care of it. You go ahead and shower."

Kerry looked at his father. I knew he would wait until Kieran settled it.

"OK," he said, looking at Kerry. "Go get my billfold."

"No, Kieran," Brad said, "Arial and I will wait and I'll pay for it."

Kieran looked at him. Brad had a serious expression on his face, contesting Kieran. Arial was looking at both of them. It

was easy to see she liked this side of Brad. Kieran knew when to give in. He nodded his agreement.

Brad and Arial went up the stairs to the kitchen, Brad behind her. I heard her squeal and I knew he'd goosed her again.

Kieran and I and the boys undressed and tossed our clothes in the basket that we kept near the steps. Kavan picked up the old bench and carried it in the shower. Kerry opened the cabinet where we kept towels and washcloths and put a stack on the shelf just outside the shower door. He went in and turned on both shower heads.

When Kieran and the boys had enclosed the shower with opaque glass blocks, they had laid one course on the floor all around with waterproof adhesive and then caulked that with silicone caulk. We were all used to stepping over the six-inch height under the door. Kieran held out his hand again. I put mine in it and stepped over the six-inch blocks carefully.

“Can’t do a damn thing without somebody holding my hand,” I said.

Kieran didn’t answer. The boys didn’t either but they both were grinning and swapping back and forth under one of the two shower heads. The floor of the shower was dark with the dirt coming off them. I made Kieran do the same thing for a minute or so and then took my turn. When I went to the old bench and sat down, he knew what I wanted. He found my shampoo on the shelf, squirted some on my head, and started doing one of my favorite things. I looked at Kavan and Kerry, each standing under a shower head, watching us, still grinning at us, and then shut my eyes.

When Kieran stopped, somebody, really two of them, each took one of my hands in theirs, pulled me up, and led me under a shower head. I stood there muttering, pretending to protest, while they lifted my hair and got the shampoo out. I had just opened my eyes when the door to the shower opened.

Brad and Arial were there, naked already. They stood watching and I decided to give Brad a little show, something I knew Kieran loved. I lifted my hands over my head and then slowly slid them down my neck a couple of times, pressing the water out of my hair. Kieran loved to watch what happened to my breasts when I lifted my arms like that. I quickly glanced at the boys' faces and then at Brad's. I think Brad liked looking at my uplifted breasts as much as Kieran did. Arial took his hand, stepped in the shower, and pulled him in. I started to tell him to close his mouth.

“Brad, shut the door,” Kerry said, and he did.

“Brad, shut your mouth,” Kavan said, and he did. Arial giggled.

We all got busy bathing. Kieran and Kavan swapped back scrubs. Brad saw them doing it and got Kerry to swap with him. Arial was helping me until I sat down on the bench again. When I lifted my feet and looked at Kieran, he knew what I wanted. He nudged Arial over toward Brad, got the fingernail brush, and squatted down at my feet. He gave my feet, especially my toes, a good scrubbing with the brush. It was another one of those little things he'd learned to do for me when I became heavy with children. I looked up at the kids and saw that Brad was washing Arial's back but looking at Kieran and me. Kieran motioned for me to come closer and I leaned over.

**“Brad can't take his eyes off you,” he whispered in my ear.
“Why don't you give him a big kiss?”**

“No, Kieran,” I whispered to him. “I'm not going to embarrass him in front of Arial.”

“After he felt the baby, did you notice the bulge in his shorts when he stood up?” he asked.

“Yes, but that doesn't mean I should hurt her feelings.”

“I’ll ask her if it’s OK for you to do it,” he said. “You know she likes to tease him.”

“Kieran, you are so bad,” I said. “When are you going to grow up?”

“Never!”

He was smiling at me; he knew I’d do it. He stood up, walked over to Arial, and whispered in her ear. Brad was looking at us with a puzzled look on his face. Arial grinned, walked over to me, helped me stand up, and then whispered in my ear.

“Put his hand on your breasts and give him just a little touch of tongue.”

I puckered up my lips in what Kieran calls a rabbit kiss and tossed it in Brad’s direction. Kieran put both hands on Brad’s back and pushed him over toward me.

“Kiss her, Brad,” Arial said.

“Yes, Brad, kiss her,” Kieran said.

Brad kissed me, just on the cheek, and started to turn away. Arial pushed him back toward me. This time he kissed me on the cheek, then on my mouth with closed lips, and started to turn away again. I caught his hand, pulled him back, and put his hand on my breast. He gave Arial and Kieran one quick glance, leaned over and kissed me again. This time, when I opened my mouth and probed his lips with my tongue, he opened to me and we played tongue tag for a few seconds. I put one hand on his butt, pulled him closer to my swollen belly, and pressed against him. When I turned him loose, I saw that he had the beginnings of a good boner. He looked around at all the others and started grinning too.

“I don’t care,” he said. “You can tease me all you want to. I think she’s a beautiful woman. I’ve never seen a pregnant woman naked. Don’t blame me for looking.”

He looked down at his dick and then back up at Arial.

“I’m not ashamed of that either, Arial Stuart,” he said.

Arial walked over to him and hugged up against him.

“I’m glad, Brad,” she said. “You can save it for me for later.”

Kieran patted him on the shoulder, took my hand, and we went out to dry off. The boys followed us, leaving Arial and Brad still holding each other. As they left, Kavan patted him on the shoulder and Kerry slapped him on the butt. Then Kavan pushed the shower door closed and all I could see through the glass-block was the blurred and distorted image of two bodies still close.

Kavan went in his room and Kerry led the way up the stairs to the kitchen. He took a quick peek at the Chinese food on the table and then almost ran toward his room.

“Where are the keys to Black Beauty, Dad?” he yelled back at Kieran.

“You get dressed,” Kieran yelled to him. “I’ll find them. You and Kavan need to get out of here and go pick up two girls.”

Kieran followed me down the hall to our room. He put on shorts and a shirt, found the keys to his Mercedes where they were supposed to be for once, and went back in the kitchen. I put on panties and another loose shift and followed him a minute of so later.

I sat at the kitchen table while Kieran opened kitchen cabinets one after other. I knew what he was looking for so I let him find it. The basement door opened and Arial and Brad came in. He still had an almost stiff boner swinging

around. He smiled at me and then followed Arial down the hall to their room.

(KIERAN)

I pulled the plastic plates, spoons, forks, and knives out of the cabinet and piled them in the center of the kitchen table. I put the paper towels in the center with them and decided that was enough effort at setting the table.

Kerry came back in the kitchen in sandals, shorts, and shirt, his usual summer wear when he left the house. He'd even combed his long hair back neatly on each side. He held out his hand and I gave him the keys.

“Thanks, Dad,” he said. “I’ll let Kavan drive if you think you can trust him.”

Without even a reply he was on his way down to the basement to get Kavan. Brad walked in while I was looking around thinking what else we’d need. He had on sandals, shorts, and shirt too. He was still parting his hair on the side like I was, not in the middle like Stuart, Kavan and Kerry. If he gave in and switched, I knew I’d have to part mine in the middle too. He found the plastic cups and started filling them with ice.

“Kieran, would you please not do me like that again?” he asked without looking at me. He was filling a cup with ice and the dispenser was grinding away noisily as usual. I wasn’t quite sure I heard what he was saying.

“What, Brad?”

He looked at me and Siobhan. He wasn’t smiling. He sat two cups with ice on the table and stood there.

“You know what I’m talking about. It’s what you and Arial and Siobhan did. Please don’t do it again.”

“Brad, we were just playing,” I said. “You know how we are.”

“Yeah, I know and I’m OK with playing, I guess. I’m not going to apologize for getting a hard-on when she kissed me and put my hand on her breast. You know how sexy she is. She’s still just as sexy even if she is pregnant.”

“Well, why are you asking me not to do it again? Ask Siobhan.”

“Look, I’m horny as hell all the time even with Arial,” he said. “I know you and Arial encouraged her to do it. Maybe I’d like to fuck her. I don’t know. But that’s not what I want her to do. Do you want to know what I really wish she would do?”

“What?”

“I wish she would love me like she loves Kerry and Arial and Kavan. I wish she was my mother too. Maybe I need love more than I need sex.”

I looked at him and he was totally serious. I didn’t know what to say.

“Kieran,” he continued, “my Dad’s a good man and he makes sure I know he loves me. He says it more now than he ever did before they divorced. He gives me lots of stuff but not enough of himself. Mom never made me feel she loved me when I was growing up. She was always too busy. I felt kind of empty when I was a kid, like I wasn’t good enough to be loved by her.”

I could see his eyes glistening. I did the same thing I do with Kavan and Kerry when I know they’re hurting. I walked over and hugged him. He was taller than me. I pushed his head down on my shoulder anyway and rubbed the back of his head.

“I’m sorry, Son,” I said. “I didn’t intend to hurt you. Siobhan didn’t either.”

“Yeah, and you just called me Son. Did you say that just to make me feel better or do you really think of me like a son?”

I saw Arial coming down the hall and motioned for her to go away. I pushed Brad away from me and looked directly at him.

“I did it without thinking, Brad. I do it with my three boys. I do it with Luke too. Maybe I do feel like you’re my son. I’d be proud if you really were, except I wouldn’t let you marry Arial.”

“Well, you and Siobhan need to think about what I said,” he said. “Sometimes I feel like there’s a hole in me, something missing, and maybe she could help fill it in.”

“You’re quite a kid, Brad,” I said. “Not a kid though, you’re a good man. I hope you and Arial have a long and happy life together.

“You can come in now, Arial,” Brad said. “Kieran and I are through hugging.”

She came in the kitchen. She had on the same uniform as the others. Even her golden halo of hair was parted in the middle.

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We ate squeezed together at the kitchen table. It was bedlam but I loved every minute of it. When we finished, I chased the kids off to the movie. I don’t suppose they were in Brad’s Jeep and Arial’s little Beamer before I was out of my clothes. I tossed my shorts and shirt in my recliner in the family room and went back in the kitchen. Siobhan was sitting there looking at the mess they’d left. They had offered to

clean up but I had chased them out so they'd make the movie on time.

I got a big plastic bag from under the sink, opened it and handed it to Siobhan. She held it while I dumped all the plastic and paper stuff in it. She sometimes insisted on washing and reusing the plastic but she didn't this time. I tied the bag and took it out to the garage and left it there until I could put it in the big garbage can before Monday morning pickup. When I came back, Siobhan had taken off her shift and was wiping off the table, just letting the remaining debris fall on the floor.

I grabbed the broom and dustpan and swept the floor while she watched. She didn't offer to bend over to hold the dustpan so I handed her the broom and squatted down to hold it. I looked up when she started sweeping the mess to one side. She wasn't looking where she was sweeping; she was looking between my legs. I looked down. My cock wasn't hard but it was engorged and almost full.

“Must have been that Kung Pow Chicken,” I said. “I think I got too many of those little chili peppers.”

She didn't say anything at first. I squatted there looking up at her from flaming red bush, over swollen stomach, over heavy breasts, and finally at her face. She had a little smile on her lips. She handed me the broom.

“Put those away and come here,” she said, as she sat down in a kitchen chair.

When I came back from the closet, she spread her legs wide and motioned for me to come closer. I stood still just between her knees and waited. She reached out, cupped my balls in one hand, lifted my dick with the other, slid my foreskin back, and sat there looking at it. She moved her hand slowly up and down until it was standing up by itself.

“What do you want?” I asked.

She looked up and me and gave me a really big smile.

She said, “I’m going to have some Kum! Pow! Cock! I’m still hungry. Damn Chinese food.”

The way she said that, with emphasis on each of the three words, would have given a eunuch a hard-on, and I most certainly wasn’t one of those.

“You’d better be careful,” I said. “You may get a big mouthful. I’m warning you.”

She picked up the damp dishtowel from the table, spread it on the floor between us, and then looked up again.

“I’m going to suck your balls dry,” she threatened. “When was the last time you had a good blow-job?”

I tried to remember. By the time I remembered that it was exactly three weeks ago, she had the head of my dick in her mouth. I took a couple of deep breaths, put my hands on her shoulders, and shut my eyes. She kept one hand on my balls, the other on the shaft of my dick, and her mouth on the head. With her stroking, sucking, and licking, I knew it wouldn’t be long before I gave her a mouthful.

She kept at me for a minute or so and I could feel it building. Then suddenly she put both hands on my hips, took her mouth off my cock, and looked up at me again.

“Fuck me in the mouth,” she whispered, then leaned forward, and captured the head of my dick again. We’d done it before and I knew to keep my strokes short so I didn’t gag her. I moved my hips back and forth just a couple of inches while she kept the head in her mouth with her tongue up against the most sensitive part just under the head.

“I’m going to come,” I whispered after a minute or so. She didn’t say anything at first so I fucked her mouth faster and

faster. Suddenly she leaned back, took a couple of deep breaths, looked up at me and said “Kum! Pow! Cock!” Then she had her hands and mouth back on me and was jacking me and sucking me at the same time. I held on to her shoulders and let my balls explode.

She kept her mouth on me until I’d squirted my last, not swallowing, holding the head of my dick just inside her lips. My balls felt empty. If she hadn’t sucked them dry she’d made a good start. Finally she decided I had squirted my last. She leaned over and spit again and again in the kitchen towel on the floor. When she stopped spitting, she looked back at my dick and milked it down a couple of times until another white globule oozed out. She took the head in her mouth again, licked, swallowed, squeezed, milked it down a couple of times, licked, swallowed, and then finally gently sucked on it. I felt like my knees were about to buckle.

When I could speak again, I said. “Damn, Siobhan, what’s got into you?”

She took her mouth off, looked up at me, and said, “It’s not what’s got into me, Kieran. It’s what hasn’t got into me – those four cocks I saw at lunch today.”

I looked down at her. Her eyes were blazing and she was breathing just as hard as me.

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(SIOBHAN)

Kieran sat down in a chair at the end of the kitchen table looking at me. I licked around in my mouth, trying to round up the last elusive globule of semen. When I found it under my tongue, I nudged it out of hiding and swallowed it.

“What do you want to do now?” I asked.

“I’d like to pick you up, carry you to our bed, and fuck the hell out of you,” he said. “I don’t dare. I think you turned my legs into rubber bands.”

“Well, anyway, you can’t fuck the hell out of me, Kieran,” I said. “You’ve tried often enough over the years. You’ve never succeeded yet.”

“Yeah, I know,” he said. “How about I go down on you and see what I can do that way?”

“Can we take a few minutes to catch our breath?” I asked. “I want to talk about Brad.”

“That’s fine with me,” he said. “Let’s talk in bed, OK?”

“OK, but would you pour me a glass of milk first?” I asked. “Baby needs her calcium.”

I sat and drank the milk while he finished tidying up the kitchen. He picked the kitchen towel up off the floor, tossed it in the laundry room, pushed the chairs up to the kitchen table, and held out his hand for the empty glass. He rinsed it and put it in the dishwasher. When he turned back to me, he held out his hand to me. I put my hand in his, stood up, he pushed my chair up too, and we went down the hallway to our room.

I let Kieran take the light-weight spread off our bed and went straight to the bathroom for a good pee. When I finished, I wet a washcloth in cool water and used it on my face first and then between my legs. I gave my hair a few strokes and then went back in our bedroom.

Kieran had turned out all the lights except the top one and he’d turned that one down until there was just enough light to see. He was stretched out on the bed waiting for me. His ankles were crossed, legs together, dick flopped over to one side, and hands together on his stomach. He patted the bed

beside him and I crawled up and lay down with my head on his shoulder and my belly up against his side.

“Well, what do you think?” he asked. “Can you change a little and treat him more like a son?”

“I think so,” I answered. “He’s easy to love, you know. I watch the way he is with Arial and I can see why she loves him. The more he’s around us, the more I care for him. He fits in with all of us so well that he’s almost part of the family now. I’ll just be more aware of the way I treat him and show him the same sort of love I show the others.”

“Yeah, I agree,” Kieran said. “He is easy to love. I’ve got a lot of respect for him too. He could be a spoiled young boy the way Dan and his mother throw money at him but he’s not. He’s already a man and a damn nice one at that. I think he’ll be a great husband for Arial, don’t you?”

“Yes, I think so too,” I said. “It’s up to them now. I don’t see but one thing which might cause them problems.”

“What?”

“He’ll graduate from high school next spring and he’s planning on working all summer and then starting college here after that. Arial will have another year in high school. They’ll be apart more and he’ll meet lots of other people, including girls.”

“Do you really think that will be a problem?” Kieran asked. “They’ll be able to move in together next door in a few months. It will be almost like they’re already married. Have you been OK with having him around here all summer?”

“Yes. He’s no trouble. Arial is good about dividing up the work that needs to be done. The four of them have about taken over all the household chores and he does his share of everything. He and Arial even do their ironing together one

night a week. She says he's learned to do his own shorts and pants."

"Well, that's more than I do," he said "Do you mind doing mine?"

"Kieran, most of your dress shirts go to the laundry and your suits and coats go to the dry cleaners. I just do your casual stuff like shorts and a few shirts. It's no big deal."

"How about cooking?" he asked. "I think you're still doing some of that, aren't you?"

"Yes, but you know how much I like to cook. It's something creative and I enjoy it. They do the shopping and help with cooking."

"Yeah, I enjoy it too, but I'm going to have to exercise more or enjoy it less. My pants are getting a little tight."

"You need to get back to running three times a week and pushing back at the table everyday. Did you and Dan really manipulate things a little to bring Brad and Arial together?"

(KIERAN)

Her ninety-degree turns always threw me. I wondered where that question came from. I slid down on the bed until her breasts were in front of my face, tucked my pillow behind her back, and pushed her back against it.

"Hell, no, Siobhan," I said, a little indignantly. "I'll admit we sort of got them together but everything else has been up to them."

"Arial said you and Dan might have conspired a little but she didn't care. What are you doing?"

"I'm just playing, that's all. Dan and I were talking about our kids one night after an opera board meeting, having a beer

and a sandwich together. He told me Brad had a big scare the first time he screwed around and he'd made sure he hadn't caught anything."

"What happened?" she asked. I stroked her breasts lightly and watched as her strawberry nipples gradually hardened. Her breasts were bigger but not as heavy as they would be in a few months when she started nursing our little girl.

I took my mouth off her nipple so I could answer. "He was on some sort of archaeology dig with a bunch of college kids and one of the girls got him in her tent and jumped his bones. He went home with his dick all red and irritated. Dan looked at it. It was just irritated from screwing the girl so much and not washing it afterwards. Dan treated him and then put him through every test he could think of. Then he repeated the tests a few months later. He hadn't caught anything."

"Poor kid," I said. "What did you tell Dan about Arial?"

I took my mouth off again and blew my breath on the wet nipple and areola before I answered. "I told him how Luke had lived with us for a year, about Rachael, that they had married and had a little girl and were expecting again, and how they were about like family with us. I told him how Arial thought she was in love with Luke. I didn't tell him about what she did with him, though. I just told Dan it would be good if she met a nice young man and gave her love to him."

"What did Dan say? How did he interpret that?"

"Damn, Siobhan, how can I get you aroused if you keep asking questions?" I said. "We were sitting there with Arial's picture in front of him and Brad's picture in front of me. Dan moved the pictures together and then looked up at me and smiled. I thought about it and nodded. We talked it about it some more and we decided I'd see if I could arrange for them to meet. You know everything else. Everything after that has been up to Arial and Brad."

“What were you and Kavan and Kerry talking about this morning?” she asked.

Another ninety-degree turn. I re-oriented and asked, “When?” This time I waited until she asked the next question. I just played with the hard little berry with my fingertips.

“When you were doing that hand-slapping with them. When we took a break at mid-morning.”

“They wanted to make sure I knew what they were planning to do tonight. I think they both wanted to skip the movie and take Kiki and Nicole straight to their bedrooms. The problem was the girls had told their parents they were going to the movie and Kavan and Kerry didn’t want them lying to their parents.” I put my mouth back on her nipple and started gently sucking again.

“They’re good boys, Kieran,” she said. “I’m glad we’re honest with them. I’ve never caught them lying to me. I like that. Do it some more.”

“I haven’t either,” I said, and then sucked hard and blew on her wet nipple again. “But in one sense, the girls are lying to their parents and both our boys were worried about that. Nicole’s parents don’t know she’s having sex with Kerry. Kiki’s mom knows but her father doesn’t. The boys know they can’t talk to the girls’ parents by themselves. Kavan would talk with Kiki’s father if she’d let him. I’m not sure how Kerry would handle talking to Nicole’s parents but he’s willing to try. Are your panties getting a little damp yet?”

“I don’t have any panties on, Kieran,” she answered. “Well, what do you think they should do?”

I took my mouth from her breast again, reached down with one finger, and slid it between the little lips of her pussy. I didn’t have to stick it in but an inch or so to feel her heat and

wetness. “They can’t do anything unless Kiki and Nicole agree. They know that and I agree. I don’t know if there’s any other answer.” I took her nipple in my mouth again and started moving my finger around between the little lips. She put her hand behind my head and pulled me against her breast.

“Kieran, I know you worry about whether we’ve raised our kids OK, especially being so open and honest about sex. Doesn’t this make you think we have?”

I licked upward on her breast a few times, put my finger in a little deeper and wiggled it around in her wetness before I answered. I had to push backward to say anything. “Yeah, I think I’ve screwed up in some things but, overall, I think we’ve done a pretty good job with them.”

“Where have you screwed up?” she asked. “Have I?”

I sucked and licked and explored her pussy for a minute or so before I answered. When would she shut up so I could get something going? “Well, take Luke and Rachael,” I said a minute or so later. “Luke was really messed up about love and sex. We both thought we could help him by loving him as much as possible and even showing him what good sex can be like. I think it changed him completely. Then we found out how Rachel had let herself be used for sex in hopes of getting a little love. We tried to help them start a good relationship based on love and let the sex come naturally. That worked fine.”

“I think so too, Kieran,” she said. “When Rachael said she wanted to make love with you at the cabin, that surprised me. Every time we fucked around with them after that, I wondered if we were wise to swap like that.”

I gave up sucking and licking so I could concentrate on what I was doing with my fingers in her pussy. “All four of us enjoyed that, Siobhan, and I don’t think it hurt them at all. It

hurt me more when Rachael tried to fuck me to death at the cabin. Anyway, I was thinking about Kavan and Kathryn.”

“Luke tried to fuck me to death too,” she said. “I just gave him back as much as he gave me. I think we checkmated each other. What about Kavan and Kathryn?”

“Well, I thought we’d succeeded with Luke and Rachael. When Kavan wanted Kathryn to move in with us, her Mom was all torn to pieces with her divorce and so was Kathryn. She didn’t want to go to New York and leave her high-school friends. The two of them were already having sex and I suppose I thought we could help her by letting her live with us and see what a happy family life was like.”

“We both agreed on that, Kieran,” she said. “Did we do something wrong with the two of them?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “I don’t think I hurt Luke and Rachael by screwing around with her but I think I made a mistake when I fucked Kathryn.”

“Kieran, the kids wanted to play around on the deck that night and they’re the ones who said Lauren just needed some loving sex. They thought it would be neat if Kerry could lose his virginity with Lauren like you did. Then they wanted you to make love with her too. Before it was over Kathryn said Kavan might as well take his turn too. They said it was like playing truth or dare and Kathryn said she wanted to dare you to make love to her too. When they talked to me about it, I couldn’t believe it.”

I moved around so that I was behind Siobhan with my head between her legs and with my cheek resting on her inner thigh. I put a pillow in front of her so her stomach was resting against it. At the same time I repositioned her so that her other leg was resting comfortably on my right shoulder. It blocked off what little light there was so that her red hair looked black and I couldn’t really see the lips of her pussy. That didn’t matter. I could smell her and I knew where it was

anyway. I moved forward a few inches until I felt her pubic hair against my forehead. Just right! I gave her a couple of tentative licks, took a couple of deep breaths filled with the scent of her, and pulled back.

“Yeah, that threw me too,” I said. “Maybe I thought it would be like making love with Rachael. Maybe it was just because I wanted to screw Kathryn because of the way she’d teased me. But now I wish I hadn’t done it with her. Are you comfortable?”

“Why? She loved it when you and Kerry were both getting at her. She told me that herself. And I’m very comfortable. Would you do that some more?”

I licked her for a minute or so, stopped to get a stray hair out of my mouth, and then licked some more. I put a hand on one soft rounded buttock and licked until I knew her little lips were wet and separated, then moved my hand from her butt to her pussy and slid a couple of fingers into her hot recesses. I rubbed them around inside her gently, licked some more, moved my fingers in and out and around and around. I heard her groan.

“Well, I just think it was different when I fucked around with Kathryn,” I finally said. “I don’t think Luke was jealous because he got to screw you. He knew I couldn’t take Rachael away from him. I don’t think Kavan was like that. Father’s are always in a different position with sons. I think Kavan was jealous when I did it with Kathryn. Probably not jealous of Kerry but I think he was of me. I think that little bit of jealousy might have made him distrust Kathryn when she wanted to go to New York for the summer. I think she picked up on that and resented it.”

“They’re still talking with each other every week or so and sometimes they talk for an hour or two,” she said. “He never tells me much about it, you know how he is, but I think they still love each other. I wouldn’t be surprised if they got back together.”

“But she’s not coming back until her school year’s over up there, is she?” I asked, and then went back to licking her.

“I’m pretty sure she’s not but that doesn’t mean she won’t,” Siobhan said. “I think Kavan wishes she would.”

I pulled back again. “How about Kiki?”

“I don’t think that will last,” she answered. “Right now, they can’t get enough of each other. I think it’s just sexual attraction. Kavan’s probably at the peak of his sexual attractiveness right now and he turns heads wherever he goes. I’ve seen grown women turn and keep looking at him until he’s out of sight. If I wasn’t his mother, I would let him in my panties in a heart beat.”

“You don’t have any panties on, Siobhan,” I said. “Besides, I’ve got my tongue in your pussy right now and there’s not room for two of us.”

“I know whose tongue it is, Kieran. I’m not imagining it’s Kavan. Do you ever fantasize about Kiki?”

“Not really. She’s beautiful and sexy too. She’s exotic and dark and different and I can understand why Kavan’s so attracted to her.”

“What was the other hand slapping about?”

“Shit, Siobhan, would you shut up?” I said, exasperated. “I’m trying to give you a good orgasm.”

“I know, Kieran,” she whispered. “I’m trying to slow you down. I’m close to coming but it’s too good to stop. Just answer my question.”

“We were talking about Kerry getting started with sex so young. A few years ago, I told them about Allison and about how far we went and it wasn’t far at all compared to Kerry.

Kavan said something about sweet little Allison being a real firecracker and I said, yeah, she was a cherry bomb. Kerry thought that deserved two points.”

“I don’t understand that, Kieran,” she whispered, “but I’ll shut up and you can have your wicked ways with me.”

I put my face back against her pussy, put both hands on her buttocks, and started licking and sucking again. She bumped her pelvis against me a couple of times and squirmed around and I thought she was finally about to come. Suddenly, she put both hands on the back of my head, pushed my face against her, said “Kum! Pow! Cock!” again, and started giggling. I put my mouth directly on her clit and sucked on it until I turned her giggles into groans. I thought I’d suffocate before she released my head and let me catch my breath.

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We went back to bed again just as soon as all six kids had disappeared for their private time. They had come back from the movie all excited and talking non-stop. After they had had a pit stop, we got them in the kitchen long enough to have a bowl of ice cream. They didn’t want to sit down in the family room with us so I didn’t push that. Kerry had a good anticipatory bulge in his shorts. Arial teased him about it and I think Nicole blushed. Kerry certainly didn’t. Kavan held Kiki’s hand and led her down the basement steps to his room. Kerry held Nicole’s hand and led her down the hallway to his. Brad and Arial grinned at us and followed behind them. I gave them a few minutes and then held Siobhan’s hand while we went down the same hallway to our bedroom.

We both stripped and she sat down in the chair so I could brush her hair. Siobhan didn’t say anything and I didn’t either. I suppose we were both thinking about what our three children would be doing for the next couple of hours. When I finished brushing, we both crawled in the center of our king-size bed and cuddled together. She liked for me to

lie flat on my back so she could be more comfortable with her belly against my side. She put her head on my shoulder, reached down and pulled my balls from between my thighs, and then straightened my dick so it was pointed toward my navel. I moved my thighs back together and crossed my ankles. I took a couple of deep breaths and relaxed.

“I suppose this is sort of a first for us,” Siobhan said. “We’re here in our bedroom making love and the kids are doing the same thing in their bedrooms. Four couples, four busy bedrooms, all at the same time.”

“That’s not quite right,” I said. “It’s six couples and at least five bedrooms, maybe six.”

“What do you mean?”

“I talked to Luke at work – we ate lunch together yesterday – and told him what I thought the kids had planned for tonight. He got a big kick out of it. He said he and Rachael were getting together with Stuart and Joanne for steaks tonight and he was pretty sure they’d be doing almost the same thing when they got the kids to bed.”

“Almost?”

“Yeah, I asked him what he meant by that and he said they might be messing up just one set of king-size sheets.”

“You mean the four of them are getting together, like they did at the cabin last year, don’t you? Do you think they’re swapping?”

“I think they’re very good friends,” I said. “The way Luke talks about Stuart and Joanne, I think the four of them have gotten together for fun and games a few times before tonight. I don’t know what they do.”

“Where are Lauren and Jack now?” she asked. “Have you heard anything about them lately?”

“Yeah, Stuart and I talked – I think it was Tuesday afternoon – and he said they had been in Spain, someplace near the Mediterranean, and they were going to Paris and would fly back before next weekend.”

“When are they getting married?”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if they came back married. I asked Jack about it and he said Lauren just wanted to sneak off to some romantic spot and get married as quietly as possible.”

“Well, if they’re on their honeymoon and making love tonight, that would be another couple doing the same thing, wouldn’t it?”

“Not quite,” I said. “I think it’s about 2 AM in Paris and that’s tomorrow morning.”

“Well, anyway, you know what I mean. Are we going to get up again when they take Nicole and Kiki home?” Siobhan asked.

“Are you tired?” I asked.

“Yes, but it’s a good kind of tired,” she said. “It seems like I just can’t get enough sleep lately. I don’t remember wanting to sleep so much with the other kids.”

She wrapped her hand around my dick and slowly stroked it a couple of times. I knew she was watching as my foreskin slid off the head of my dick and then covered it again. As usual, she cupped her hand under my balls and lifted them, felt first one and then the other, and then returned to my dick. She never seemed to tire of playing with me like that and watching as my dick filled out and got hard. I certainly had no complaints about it.

“Well, why don’t you go ahead and go to sleep?” I said. “I’ll go in the family room and read until they’re through with their private time.”

“No, not yet. There something I want you to do first.”

“What?”

“Make love to me. You know the way I like it when I’m getting big with the baby, from behind while I’m on my side. I like that. You can hold my breast with your hand and then use your fingers on my clit when I’m ready to come. You can go read after that.”

It was a good way to make love when her belly was heavy and swollen. We had used it with all three kids in the last couple of months of her previous pregnancies. She’d lie on left side, with a pillow against her stomach for support. I’d spoon up to her butt with a hard-on and she’d guide it in. I’d hold up her right leg with my hand or with my right leg. I couldn’t get more than half my dick in her that way but it was always enough. I could use a couple of fingers on her pussy the way she liked it – just sort of stroking and rolling her clitoral hood around without really touching her clit. She almost always had a good orgasm that way before I took my turn. She said she loved it when I put my hands on her hips and started thrusting faster and harder the second she came. She described it as something like a prolonged orgasm. On occasion, she even came again when I did.

“Are you sure?” I asked. “Do you want me to hold you until you go to sleep?”

“Can you stay awake after you come?” she asked. “The way you’ve worked today, you’re going to want to go to sleep too. Kavan and Kerry can take Kiki and Nicole home without you telling them good night.”

“I know but I’ll be OK,” I said. “I just want to see how they are with each other after they’ve had their fun. I’m going to let Kavan drive my car to take them home.”

I reached down to scratch behind my balls and she slapped my hand away. I spread my legs so she could scratch me instead. She didn’t even ask me where. She just used her fingernails all over that area. Damn, it felt good.

“Kieran, you don’t like anybody else driving your car. Why tonight? Arial will let him use the little BMW.”

“I know what I’m doing, Siobhan. It’s not just about driving my car. I’m trusting both the boys to do the right thing with those girls. Letting them use my car’s just another way of showing I trust them.”

She slid my foreskin back and left it like that. I knew what she’d do next. She’d milk my dick down to see if it was drooling yet. If it was, she’d rub the slippery stuff on my frenulum and then just rub back and forth on that with the tip of one finger. If it hadn’t started drooling, she’d wet her finger in her mouth and then rub me the same way. She must have squeezed out a drop or two because she didn’t put her fingers in her mouth.

“Do you think they’ll understand it like that? Are you ready?”

“I think so. Kavan will. He’ll probably tell Kerry why I’m letting them use it. Yeah, turn over.”

She turned over on her left side and I spooned up behind her. She lifted her right leg, I probed with my dick for the entrance into her, and she used her fingers to guide it into her pussy. She was wet and ready and I moved my dick in and out and finally got it in about half way. I always wanted to feel it buried to the depths in her but that was something we stopped doing about the time she felt the first movements of our baby. Half was enough for both of us anyway.

I cupped her right breast in my hand and played with her hard nipple while I pushed my dick gently into her and then slowly pulled it out. She wiggled her butt around once or twice, flexed her pelvis a couple of times, and then relaxed and left the rest up to me. I relaxed too and kept up the slow, gentle movement of my hips. I was in no hurry and I don't suppose she was either. I knew she'd let me know when she was ready for something faster.

After a few minutes, Siobhan held my wrist and moved my hand from her breast downward to her pussy. She didn't say anything but I knew what she wanted. She was close to coming and she wanted my help to give her that last little push into orgasm.

I reached down to where my dick was in her and rubbed two fingers in the lubrication that her vagina had exuded. I slid one on each side of my dick, pushing her lips further apart, and gently stroked that area at the same time that I gently slid my dick in and out of her. It was just another of the little things she liked that we'd discovered years ago.

I thrust gently into her at the same time that I stroked her pussy from where my dick was in her vagina up to where her little lips ended in the hood of her clitoris. Sometimes I found her little nubbin still covered and sometimes it was peeking out. I knew it didn't matter that much which way I found it. As I stroked upward with two fingers, it would gradually uncover her clit and I had to make sure my fingertips were wet and my touch was very light and gentle. Her clit was always so sensitive at this stage that she didn't want me to be rough with it. She liked just a light, well-lubricated touch there, and, at the same time, she liked for me to just use the head of my dick to stroke the entry into her vagina.

Once I had the stroking and thrusting pattern coordinated, it usually was only a minute or so before she came. This time she was slower and I began to worry that I might come before she did. I could always keep thrusting for a while

after I came but the head of my dick would gradually become so sensitive that I'd have to stop. But then she moved her right leg off mine and brought her thighs together. That usually added just enough tightness to tip her over into orgasm.

I kept my movements the same but just stoked and rubbed a little faster. It was enough. I heard her take a deep breath and hold it and at the same time I felt the contractions of her vagina around the head of my dick. I moved my hand from her vulva to her hip and thrust slowly into her until I felt her relax and heard her let her breath back out. I was about to go for my orgasm when I heard her start giggling. I stopped.

“What are you giggling about?” I asked.

“She’s moving round,” she answered. “I think we woke her up.”

“Do you want me to stop?” I asked.

“No, Kieran! Don’t you dare stop! I want to feel you come too,” she said. “Just be slow for a minute until she quiets down.”

I knew my question had been ridiculous. I didn’t want to stop and I probably wouldn’t stop even if she said yes. I started smiling, then snickered – men don’t giggle – and then laughing. She laughed with me until I got too loud.

“Hush, Kieran,” she said. “They’ll hear you.”

“I don’t care. I’ll just tell them what we were laughing about.”

“Don’t you dare,” she said.

“OK, I won’t,” I said out loud, and then whispered, “unless they ask.”

I kept sliding the head of my dick slowly in and out of her. Giggling wife and moving baby had reduced the urgency I felt but I was still too close to stop anyway. I shut my eyes and enjoyed what I was feeling.

“OK, she’s quiet now,” Siobhan said. “Go for it!”

I moved my left arm around with my wrist under her so I could hold her by both hips. She flexed her pelvis and wiggled her ass around so my dick could penetrate her just a little more. I let go of all control and started shoving my dick into her harder and faster. Within a minute or so I reached the point of no return and then started spurting into her. She squirmed around and pushed back at me as I tried to push deeper into her and it seemed like it would never stop. But, as always, it did and I did.

Siobhan lifted her leg, reached back between her thighs to my balls, pulled them as far forward as they would go, and held them. I didn’t want to leave the warmth and wetness of her cunt but I knew that tonight it was inevitable. There was no way I could keep a hard-on after coming twice within a few hours. On top of her, my cock would stay inside her as it went soft; behind her, both of us on our sides, my cock would slip out with any movement she made after it went soft.

Siobhan pulled my right hand from her hip up to her stomach. When she reached the right spot, she pressed my hand against her. I could feel our little girl moving around inside her. I shut my eyes, buried my face in her hair, and kept my hand on her stomach, marveling at the life moving inside her.

Chapter Sixty-Four

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

**Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48;
Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4**

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Arial Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

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FIVE YEARS HAVE ELAPSED SINCE THE LAST CHAPTER!

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TELLING THE STORY
Kieran Stuart; Siobhan Stuart

(KIERAN)

Shortly before six on Saturday morning, I went down to the basement, knocked on the door to Kerry's room, and then stuck my head in. He was sprawled out on the king-size bed, long arms and legs extended in random directions, naked except for a sheet over one leg, morning hard-on resting on his stomach, and eyes hidden under one forearm.

“I’m leaving in about ten minutes,” I said. “Are you going with me?”

He grunted and then said, “Yeah, Dad, I’ll be there.” He didn’t move. I went back up to the kitchen to put on a pot of coffee. I knew he’d run with me. He was almost obsessive about keeping his body in shape for his modeling jobs. I

ground more beans than usual and filled the pot. I wanted a cup before I ran and I guessed that he would too. I knew Siobhan would when she got up. I poured two big glasses of orange juice and then stood waiting for the coffee pot to perk enough for me to interrupt it for a cup.

I was grateful to have a quiet Saturday when nothing was planned. On the previous Saturday, we'd been busy with three college graduations and the last of the end-of-school-year parties and activities. Brad, Kavan, and Kathryn had all graduated at the same time. Arial and Kerry were the only ones still in college. She had finished her junior year and he had finished most of his sophomore year. She was taking off for the summer to have her baby. Kathryn was awaiting the birth of her twins. Kerry was taking off to work on another modeling engagement. Kavan and Brad were taking a few days off before starting work full time.

Kerry came up from the basement in about five minutes. He was already dressed in running shirt and shorts and carrying his shoes in his hand. He didn't say a word until he had downed his orange juice and poured his cup of coffee.

“Where do you want to run?” he asked.

“Let's run on the road this time,” I answered. “There won't be any traffic this time of morning. We had a little rain during the night and the creek trail might be wet. I'd rather not run into wet spider webs this morning.”

The creek trail was a good run on level ground but not on a damp morning. The road running along the ridge went up-and down-hill in places and it was more challenging. With no sidewalks in our neighborhood, we had to run in the road but there was little early-morning traffic.

We went out the door a few minutes before six. As usual we didn't have much to say when we were going for a run. We walked and stretched going up the first rise to where the road leveled off and then started running slowly. I waited for

Kerry to set the pace and, when he did, we ran side-by-side in the middle of the road for a couple of miles. At the intersection with Ridge Line Road, we stopped and rested for a few minutes and then ran back. As usual, we stopped at the picnic area near the crest above our house. We both liked to sit at the picnic table for a while and enjoy the early morning view over the valley. The trees already had their summer green and the sun was just beginning to penetrate down in the creek valley.

“Dad, could we get together some time this weekend to talk?” he asked. “I’ve been thinking about doing something and I need to discuss it with you.”

“Sure,” I said. “What’s it about?”

“I’ve been thinking about maybe changing to Stuart’s alma mater in California for my bachelor’s degree. The math and physics departments at the university here aren’t that good. Sometimes I’m bored in my classes. I even had one professor apologize to me.”

“Why? What would he apologize for?”

“He said he had to teach to the class and not to me. He said I needed to go where they’ve got a stronger program that will challenge me.”

“But why Stuart’s alma mater?”

“He told me they’d give me a real challenge so I looked into their programs. They’ve got some of the best profs in the world in math and physics. They’ve got great Ph.D. programs. Stuart said he’d talk to some people he knows for me. He said he’s sure I’d be admitted there but I had to talk to you before he did anything.”

I didn’t want him to go but I knew I couldn’t stand in his way. I didn’t know what Siobhan would say but I knew Alannah would be unhappy if he left home.

“We’ve got nothing planned for tomorrow,” I said. “We could take a long walk down at the creek. I’ll think of some reason why we don’t want your mother and Alannah to go with us. Is that OK?”

“Yeah, but don’t say anything to Mom about it. I want to change schools but I don’t want to leave home. I hate to think of leaving you and Mom and Alannah. I don’t know what to do. I need you to help me think about it.”

We sat without talking for a while. I’d wanted to talk to him about something else, not about him leaving home. I felt a little guilty for thinking about my own plans and not about his. I decided I’d go ahead and ask him.

“Kerry, do you have any plans for next weekend?” I asked.

“Nope,” he answered. “Do you have something you want me to do for you?”

“No, Son. Your Mom and I want to spend part of Saturday and Sunday with Luke and Rachael. I just wanted to know if you’d mind hanging around home with the rest of the kids.”

“Nah, I don’t mind. Kavan and Brad spend most of the time watching out for their wives. I think they wish they’d never got them pregnant. They’ll probably stay next door and be miserable with each other. I can hang out here by myself and enjoy the peace and quiet.”

“We’ll leave here after lunch on Saturday and then come back around mid-day on Sunday. You’ll have to cook for yourself or go next door and eat with the others.”

“That’s OK. You’re just visiting with Luke and Rachael?” he asked. “What about Ms. Lauren and Mr. Jack? Maybe I could go with you and spend the night with Stuart and Joanne and their kids.”

“None of them will be home. They’re all going to Oregon next Thursday and won’t be back until Monday. Stuart’s sister, Marie, and her family are coming down from Alaska. They’ll spend a few days together.”

He looked at me quizzically and I knew he was trying to figure out why we were spending the night with Luke and Rachael. They’d spent the previous Sunday with us and, since they lived so close, they seldom stayed overnight with us. We had not visited with them overnight since they moved into their new house.

Luke and Rachael were proud of the house they had built on the hilltop ridge not far from the Andersens. They had stayed with the Andersens for a few months when they first moved back. Then when Mr. and Mrs. Freeloft moved to a care facility, Luke and Rachael had moved into their little house. When Luke’s father died, Luke was his only heir. They had done as he requested by putting part of his estate into a new house and part into a college fund for their kids. Lauren had given them an acre of land and they’d built their dream house on it. From the outside front, it looked like another old two-story stone house but that was deceptive. Luke had worked with Stuart and Mr. Jack and me in designing an energy-efficient modern house. From the rear, facing south, four sets of French doors opened up on a big screened porch. On the first floor inside, there was just one huge open space except for the utility room and the bathroom. Upstairs the house had four bedrooms: a big one for Luke and Rachael, one for each of the kids, and one for guests. Maybe Kerry suspected we weren’t going to spend the night in the guest bedroom.

“Well, I suppose I could go with you and Mom,” he said, with a look that told me he knew what we planned to do. “I could look after Adrianna and James Connor and Alannah while you and Mom are busy with Luke and Rachael. Somebody needs to take care of the little kids while the big ones are playing.”

“I don’t think you need to worry about them, Kerry,” I said. “We’re going to get them in the Andersen’s pool for a couple of hours and wear them out. We hope we can get them in bed and asleep by about eight. Are you going to be ready to go to bed by then?”

“Depends, Dad,” he said, with a big grin. “Who would I get to sleep with? Little kids or big kids?”

I hadn’t really given any thought the possibility that he might want to play with the big kids. Siobhan and I had never tried to hide the fact that we slept with Luke and Rachael once or twice a year. We weren’t ashamed of what we did but somehow it had always just been the four of us when we got together. I didn’t know how he’d fit in with us and what he would expect to do.

“Kerry, your Mom and I have been getting together with Luke and Rachael occasionally since you were about three or four. The first time was one weekend at the cabin. I don’t suppose you remember that, do you?”

“I remember something about being painted white and having a red dick. I know that was at the cabin and Luke and Rachael were there,” he answered. “I don’t remember the first time I knew you and Mom were having sex with them. Seems like I’ve always known it was just something you four did occasionally.”

“When it started, it wasn’t just about having sex with them, Kerry. Luke and Rachael were both in bad shape as far as love and sex before we knew them. Your mother and I tried to help them learn what sex can be like if there’s real love involved.”

“Yeah, I know. I’ve heard Luke more than once talk about how you and Mom helped him and Rachael in all sorts of ways. I guess that’s why they seem like they’re almost part of our family.”

“They are part of it, Kerry,” I said. “I suppose our relationship with them is sort of mixed up. Luke’s not really my son but I love him like one anyway. He loves Siobhan like the mother he never really had. Rachael never knew her father and she says I’m as good a father as she could have ever wanted.”

“Oh, come on, Dad,” he said. “I know you and Mom swap with Luke and Rachael. That’s not like being parents, is it? That’s called swinging, isn’t it?”

I guess I’d never thought of our relationship with Luke and Rachael like that. Since we’d married, we had never been with anyone where it was nothing but sex. Siobhan and I didn’t do anything with other couples where it was just fucking for fun with no emotional connection whatever. There was always a lot of love and friendship before there was any sort of sex. I didn’t think it was just sex anyway. It was more like we were loving each other and the sex was just a part of that.

“Son, I think of swinging as just fucking for fun, with no emotional attachment,” I said. “It’s never been like that with us. I know Stuart and Joanne have let you play with them a few times. Do you think they’d have done that without caring a lot about you? I know they fool around with Luke and Rachael occasionally. You know how close they’ve become to Luke and Rachael, don’t you?”

“Yeah, I know,” he answered. “Stuart and Luke are like best friends and I guess Joanne and Rachael are too. I know what their relationship is like, Dad. Last summer I saw it up close and first hand.”

From the look on his face, I knew he meant more than his words were saying. I wasn’t surprised. He’d never told me about it but I felt sure he’d been a welcome addition to a foursome at least once.

I stood up and did a few stretching exercises, just easy ones to keep me loose while I cooled down. He stood up and stretched too, keeping his eyes on me and waiting for my response.

“Kerry, if they invited you to play with them, it’s because they love you,” I said. “They’d never think of just picking up some kid your age off the street to play with them.”

“Yeah, I know, Dad. I’ve stayed with Stuart and Joanne dozens of times and I could count on my hands the number of times they’ve let me play with them. Since Luke and Rachael moved back, Stuart and Joanne have been getting together with them once in a while. I’ve been invited to play with the four of them just one time. I don’t try to butt in on something like that.”

“Did you have fun?” I asked.

He flashed a big grin at me. “Yeah, we all did. They let me do everything with them.”

“And you think you’d like to have fun with us next weekend and do everything with us?”

“I don’t know, Dad. I’m just curious. You know me. I’ve never seen you and Mom doing stuff like that with another couple. Do you have fun when you do it?”

“Sure. We all do. That’s why we do it. But you’d better think twice about doing it with us. I don’t think it would be quite like it was when you played with Stuart and Joanne and Luke and Rachael. I’m not sure how you’d fit in.”

“Dad, when I was with them, I didn’t do anything unless I knew it was OK with them.”

He stepped up on the picnic bench and then on up on the table. He looked around at the creek valley and then at the next ridge over from ours. There were a few houses visible

on the ridge top but most were hidden by the big trees. He held his hand out to me. I took it and climbed up beside him. We both stood there for a minute or so enjoying the view.

“Kerry, when we shower together, do you like it when we swap back scrubs?” I asked.

He looked at me quizzically and I suppose he was wondering where I was going with my question.

“Yeah, Dad, I like it,” he answered. “Getting scrubbed feels good. It seems like it’s another way of showing we like each other.”

“Well, how would you like to swap blow jobs with me?” I asked. “We both like oral sex. Would you be OK with that?”

He looked at me with complete surprise. “Shit, Dad, I don’t know. You’ve taught me a lot about sex but we’ve never done anything like that with each other. You don’t want to, do you? Not really?”

“Has your mother ever made you think she wanted you to fuck her? I know we’ve done other stuff when we’ve played around with you kids but I don’t think she’s ever tried to get you or Kavan to fuck her, has she?”

“Nah, Dad, I guess we always thought we had to be like we are with Arial, you know, like it was OK to do some things but we weren’t supposed to try to get our dicks in her.”

“But would you really like to fuck...that’s not the way to put it...would you like to make love to your mother? Would you do it if you knew it was OK with her and with me? The truth, now.”

I stepped down off the table to the bench and then to the ground. He followed me and stood there looking at me with a frown on his face. I knew everybody had a rich fantasy life. I certainly did, even with a damn good real sex life. I didn’t

know whether he'd ever fantasized about sex with his mother.

“Dad, that’s...that’s not easy to answer,” he finally said.

“Well, try it. Take your time. Just tell the truth.”

“Well, you asked me if I’d like to do it. The answer to that is, yeah, fucking aye, I’d like to do it. She’s one damn sexy woman. She’s not like a girl. She’s like a real woman. I don’t think there’s a man alive who wouldn’t react to her that way. I’ve thought about it lots of times. Sometimes when I jack off, I think about doing it with her. Sometimes I think about doing it with Arial. Course, I think about lots of other girls and women too. ”

“That’s normal, Kerry,” I said. “Do you want me to ask your mother if she’ll let you do it with her?”

“I’m not finished answering, Dad,” he protested. “I know it’s normal to fantasize about it. But you didn’t ask me if I’d actually do it with her if I could. Maybe you should have asked me that.”

“Well, would you?”

He sat there looking at me for a while and then he slowly shook his head.

“I don’t know, Dad. I don’t want to cause problems between you and Mom. I like having you as a father. I like having her as a mother. I don’t think I’d do it with her even if I could but that’s my big head doing the thinking. When my little head’s doing the thinking, I’d probably fuck anybody.”

“Well, you’d better think hard about wanting to be with us next weekend. I don’t think you understand how it is when we’re with Luke and Rachael. It gets pretty wild sometimes.”

“Yeah, I know. It got pretty wild when I was with Stuart and Joanne and Luke and Rachael that one time. Boy, that was really something.”

We started walking down the hill toward our house. In the years we’d lived on the ridge, he’d grown from a small child to a man as tall as me. I knew he wasn’t a child anymore. For years, I’d tried to guide him in matters of love and sex and he’d always accepted my guidance. Still, I’d never thought of him as a sexually-mature young man who would want to play with Siobhan and me. I didn’t know what was the right thing to do this time. I put my hand on his shoulder and he turned and looked at me.

“Kerry, I’ve always told you that you shouldn’t talk about what you do with someone else when it comes to sex. Will you keep it to yourself if I tell you a little about what we do when we’re with Luke and Rachael?”

“Dad, you’ve told me lots of stuff you’ve done. I’ve never told anybody else about any of it.”

“Son, you know I like oral sex. Your mother does too. So do Luke and Rachael. Usually it’s me and Luke doing it with your mother and Rachael and swapping around. What would you say if I told you I’ve done it with Luke and Siobhan has done it with Rachael?”

He looked at me with a leering grin but he didn’t say anything.

“Yeah, that’s right,” I said. “The first time we played with them, at the cabin, Rachael and your Mom got me and Luke to play with each other while they watched. Then later, we watched them do it to each other. We’ve done that more than once.”

“You’re saying I might end up sucking somebody’s dick, aren’t you?” he asked. “Maybe even yours.”

“Maybe. I like to watch two women doing oral sex with each other,” I admitted. “I think they like to watch two men doing it too.”

“Damn, I guess I never thought of you doing something like that,” he said.

“That’s not all, Kerry. A couple of times, we’ve tied one person down and then the other three have tried to drive them crazy. Think about that one.”

He thought about it and his grin seemed to get even wider. “You mean, like they tie you down and then Rachael and Mom – and Luke - suck your dick?”

“Yes, like that. And sometimes somebody’s at the other end too, and I’m using my mouth on somebody else.”

“And you’re tied down while you’re doing this?”

“Yes, but it’s not just me that’s been tied down. We’ve all had a turn at it. Have you ever tried it?”

“Uh uh, but I’d like to. What else do you do? Is there anything that’s off limits?”

“Well, yeah, not off limits but there’s something nobody really wants to do. Anal sex. Nobody’s ever been fucked in the ass while the four of us were together.”

“Have you ever done that with Mom?” he asked.

“Yeah, just once, years ago. I talked her into letting me try it. I don’t think she really liked it. I’ve never really wanted to do it again. Have you ever done it?”

“Yeah, just once. It was OK but I like pussy better.”

“Me too.”

“But a guy did it to you once when you were in college, didn’t he? Did you like it?”

We turned in to the drive way to our house. I knew we weren’t finished with our talk so I stopped under the hickory tree beside the driveway.

“Yeah, I liked it. Maybe I liked it too much. I’ve never wanted to do it again.”

“Not even with Luke? Come on, Dad, the truth.”

What was the truth? I thought back to the first weekend Siobhan and I spent with Luke and Rachael. Luke and I had been teased or goaded or dared to try oral sex with each other and I had really gotten into it when Luke and I were kissing. I remembered being scared to death that I really wanted him to fuck me in the ass.

“Kerry, I don’t know what the truth is sometimes. Luke and I have never fucked each other. That’s the truth. Did I ever want him to fuck me? Not bad enough to try to get him to do it. How the hell did we ever get into this subject?”

“You were trying to tell me how wild it gets sometimes when you’re with Luke and Rachael.”

“Well, it’s not like Luke and I are hot to get at each other, Son. We’re not. We just don’t mind if we touch each other or stuff like that. Do you know what happens when you’re eating stuffed pussy?”

“Yeah!” he said. “I really like that.”

“I’ve done it when Rachael or Siobhan’s sitting on Luke’s dick more than once. He’s done it when one of them’s on mine. Both women love it. You can’t do something like that when you’re afraid to get your mouth on another guy’s dick.”

“Dad, don’t tell anybody I told you but we did that when I was with the four of them. I know what it’s like to eat stuffed pussy and I know what it’s like to be the stuffer.”

“Well, you’d better think hard about doing it with the four of us. We don’t get in a hurry about doing it and we don’t just swap partners. We’ll play with each other using our hands and mouths for a while before anybody sticks a dick in a pussy. Then when we start fucking, I do it with both women and so does Luke. Sometimes we fuck around for quite a while before anybody has an orgasm. We might swap three or four times, doing it in different positions, getting silly, having fun, before we get so hot we can’t hold back anymore. How would you fit into that? I usually come once in Rachael and once in Siobhan. So does Luke. Is that what you want to do with us? Do you want to fuck Rachael and your mother, taking turns with me and Luke?

“Dad, that’s what we did when I played with Luke and Rachael and Stuart and Joanne. They let me do everything that Luke and Stuart did. I came once in Joanne and once in Rachael.”

“Yeah, but neither of them is your mother,” I said. “I just don’t see how you can think of Siobhan as your mother one minute and then think of her as a sex partner the next. You need to think about how you feel about her and whether you want that to change. I’m not sure how I’d feel about you doing it with her and I don’t know how Siobhan would feel. Maybe she’d rather just be your mother and that’s all.”

“Dad, I don’t really want to change anything. I don’t think I’d want to keep on doing it with her. I’m just....shit...I don’t know. I guess I’m just curious to know what it would be like to do it with her, maybe just one time.”

“Kerry, I’ll talk to Siobhan and see what she thinks. If she thinks it would be OK, we’ll talk to Luke and Rachael and see what they say. If we do let you join the grownups, you probably ought to stop calling me Dad. Maybe you’d better

call me Kieran and call your mother Siobhan when we're playing."

He looked at me somberly at first and then let a little smile lift his lips. He punched me on the shoulder and then danced away when I tried to get him back.

"OK, Kieran," he said. "You talk to Siobhan. If she says no, I won't argue. I'll even be willing to go with you and take care of the little kids while you and Siobhan play with Luke and Rachael. Just let me know what you two decide."

I started to go in to the single garage on the front of the house where Siobhan parked her car. He started toward the part of the driveway that curved down behind the house to the basement area where he and I parked our cars. He grabbed my arm and pulled me in his direction.

"Let's go to my bachelor pad, Kieran," he said, grinning at me. "You can shower in the basement with me and we can swap blow jobs, I mean back scrubs."

I suppose it was his bachelor pad but Siobhan still insisted in knowing about any girls he brought to it. He and Kavan and Brad and I had walled off the garage area of the basement from the rest. Then I'd had a bathroom installed as well as a separate heating and cooling system. We even had a small home gym that we all used. I wanted to have the entire area tiled but Siobhan and Kerry wanted carpet in the bedroom. It really was a nice separate apartment now.

In the shower, while we swapped back scrubs, I kept thinking about the ramifications of what Kerry wanted to do. After Alannah was born, Siobhan and I had played around with the kids only a few times, a couple of times at the cabin with the Andersens, and a few more at home. I knew we'd done things with them that were close to incest but, as far as I knew, none of us had ever gone all the way.

Kerry slapped me on the butt and I knew that was his signal that he'd finished with my back scrub. I turned around and looked him up and down. His dick was swollen from the warm shower and it and his balls were both hanging down low. He was at that stage of youthful beauty when almost any woman would probably spread her legs for him. I wondered if Siobhan would want to if she knew it was OK with me.

He saw where I was looking and then gave my body the same deliberate look. I glanced down where he was looking. My dick and balls were hanging just as low as his. There was little difference in our equipment. His foreskin was longer and, when his dick was soft, it completely covered the head and protruded another half inch or so. He called it his little elephant trunk. My foreskin just barely covered the head of my dick. He'd teased me more than once that he could pick up a peanut with his and I couldn't.

He moved up closer in front of me, lifted his dick with his right hand, and then lifted mine with his left. We both looked down at what he was holding.

“Which is bigger, Kieran, mine or yours?” he asked.

I couldn't see much difference. Both our dicks were distended a little with warmth. They looked the same in length and girth. His would be longer if we counted foreskin.

“I don’t know,” I said. “Maybe your foreskin makes yours longer. I don’t think that should count.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” he said and pushed my foreskin back and pulled his back.

“They look the same now but I’ll bet mine’s bigger when it’s hard,” I said. I wondered what he was trying to prove – that his dick was bigger or that he didn’t mind touching mine.

“Shit, I’ll bet it’s not,” he said, and moved his hand back and forth on my dick. I looked down and watched as he started

stroking both our dicks. His stroking gradually became coordinated – back with the hand on his dick, forward with the hand on mine. Then forward on his and back on mine. It worked well enough that way. I put my hands on his shoulders, leaned over with my forehead against his, and we both watched. Maybe I shouldn't have responded to what he was doing but I did. In a minute or so, we both had good hard-ons. I decided I'd lend him a hand since he was lending me one. I reached down, wrapped my hand around his dick, and started stroking it.

He straightened his head up and I did too. We looked at each other and, as a smile crept up on his lips, I couldn't help but smile too. When he smiled more and then started laughing, I did the same. It took a minute or so for us both to quiet down.

“Do you remember the first time I did something like this, Kieran?” he asked. He pulled slowly on my dick and I did the same on his.

I thought back and remembered. “Yeah, you were about what? Twelve, maybe thirteen? I was about a head taller than you then.”

“Yeah, and now I’m a little taller than you even if I do weigh a lot less. Do you remember what you told me?”

“No.”

I didn’t remember any specific thing I’d said to him. We both pulled a couple of times. I didn’t really want to swap hand jobs with him. I took my hand off his dick, pushed his off mine, and then put my hand on my own dick.

“You told me I’d probably be the tallest man in the family and I’d probably have the biggest dick,” he said, grinning at me.

He was my son, I loved him, and I didn't mind conceding that to him.

"Looks like I was right about both of those things," I said.

"Yeah, I guess so, if foreskin counts," he said. "I think we're the same size if it doesn't."

"Do you think you're through growing?" I asked, teasing him.

"Shit, nah, I'm going to going to add another inch or so."

I knew he was teasing me by not specifying where he was going to grow another inch.

"Could we be serious for a minute?" I asked.

"I already am serious, Kieran," he said, still smiling.

"The best measure of a man is not the size of his dick, Kerry," I said.

His smile disappeared. "I know that," he said. "Am I about to get a little lecture?"

"Yeah, just a little one," I said. "The best measure of a man is how well he assumes responsibility for his actions. One big part of that is how well he protects and provides for those he loves, like his wife and children."

He stood looking at me and I guess he was thinking about what I was saying to him.

"I think you're right, Da...I mean Kieran," he said. "I hope I can be as good a man as you are."

I hit him gently on the shoulder. "Come on, let's get upstairs and fix a big breakfast. I'm hungry."

I reached over and started to turn off the shower heads. He caught my arm.

“Wait, Kieran. Do you remember what else we did in the shower that time?”

I remembered it well. I nodded and smiled again.

“Let’s do it again,” he said. He still had his hand on his dick and was stroking it.

I shook my head. “I’m not going to get into a jack-off contest with you, Kerry. I’m saving mine for tonight. Siobhan and I are going to be in bed about eight.”

“Aw, fuck, Kieran,” he said. “I’ll bet you could get it up again tonight for her even if you do jack off this morning. We’ll have a showdown like cowboys and see who gets shot. Brad and I did that once with Arial watching.”

I wasn’t sure what he was proposing. “What did you do? You might as well tell me all about it.”

He grinned at me and I stood waiting.

“You won’t tell anybody, not even Mo...I mean Siobhan, if I tell you?”

I nodded. “I won’t tell anybody what you tell me. I’m not going to talk about what somebody else does. If it’s something I do, I don’t keep any secrets from her.”

“Sometimes Arial and Brad let me play around with them. One time she wanted to see me and Brad jack off. She got us to stand facing each other a foot or so apart and then we did it while she watched.”

“Who won?” I asked.

“I guess it was a draw,” he said “We both got shot in the belly.”

I couldn’t help but break out in a big grin, picturing that in my mind. I knew I was a damn fool but I wanted to do it with him.

“Kerry, you and Brad are nothing but a couple of nasty little boys,” I said, smiling. “When are you going to grow up and start acting like adults?”

“Oh, fuck that shit, Kieran,” he said, smiling even broader. “You’re still a nasty little boy inside too. I’m never going to grow up inside. I’ll bet you won’t either.”

I don’t know what made me ask but I had a quick thought that he had done something else with Arial when he played with her and Brad. For years, I’d told Kavan and later Kerry when they were young that there was one thing that they shouldn’t do with her; they shouldn’t try to get their dicks in Arial’s pussy.

“Kerry, have you ever had your dick in Arial’s pussy?” I asked.

He just grinned at me.

“Come on now, the truth, have you?” I insisted.

He grinned wider and nodded his head. “First time was a couple of years ago,” he said.

“First time? How many times have you done it with her?”

“Just a couple of times.”

“Does Brad know about it? Is he OK with it?”

“Yeah and yeah. He was right beside us watching. Now are you going to jack off with me?”

I stood watching him for a minute or so. He was grinning at me and still moving his hand up and down on his dick. I knew he was right. I wanted to do it with him. The thought of him and Arial getting it on while Brad watched just made me hotter. I put my hand back around my dick. It had been drooping a little but it stood up quickly. I stroked it a few times and squinted my eyes at him.

“I’m Wild Bill Hitchcock, pardner. You’d better get out of town, Kid,” I said, menacingly. “If you don’t, I’ll shoot you down like a dog.”

He moved in front of me and stopped a foot or so away, facing me, his dick bumping mine. He tilted his pelvis until it was pointing upward toward my chest, and then started stoking faster.

“Shit, you couldn’t hit me with that derringer if you tried,” he said “I’m Dead-Eye Dick and I’m going to empty my Magnum on you.”

We stood there facing each other, jacking off, for a couple of minutes, watching each other. He came first, emptied his gun, and hit me three times, from my chest down to my groin. Maybe that helped me fire back. I hit him once right in the belly button, once just above his dick, and once on his leg. We stood looking at our semen running down our stomachs, trying not to laugh. We didn’t succeed. We started laughing at about the same time. I grabbed him and gave him a hug; he put his arms around my waist and held me close.

“Kieran, ask Siobhan if I can play with you two tonight,” he whispered in my ear. “You two can set the rules and I’ll do what you say.”

I leaned back and looked at his face. He was serious.

“Kerry, I can’t do that,” I protested. “I’ll tell her what you want to do but I can’t let you get your dick in her pussy

tonight. She's got to think about it for a while, maybe a few days, before she decides. You should too. It'll be a damn big change in the way we treat each other."

"I know, Kieran," he said. "I promise I won't try to do that tonight. Just tell her I'd like to play with both of you. The first time we jacked off with each other, you let me help you with her. You got your dick in her and I didn't even try. I just jacked off. It was a lot of fun."

He gave me his biggest Kerry grin. I gave in to him. It seems like I almost always did.

"OK, I'll talk to her," I said. "I'll tell her you want to play with us tonight. I'll let her decide whether it's OK. Don't you turn your charm on her. Let her make up her mind."

"I will, Kieran," he said. "You'll let me know what she decides?"

"Yeah, or she will. But no matter what she says, you can't get your dick in her tonight, OK?"

"OK."

"And if Luke and Rachael say you're welcome to come with us next weekend, you won't try it then unless she wants you to, OK?"

I held out my hand to him. He took it, shook it once, and then pulled me up against him and hugged me again.

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(SIOBHAN)

"Daddy, look at me," Alannah yelled for the fourth or fifth time.

She was on the diving board, a little naked red-headed cherub, ready to cannonball into the pool. Kerry was standing chest deep in the pool, waiting for her. She thought he was teaching her to do a cannonball and then to paddle to him. I knew he was really teaching her to swim well enough to be unafraid and safe in the pool. He had started by waiting, treading water, just beyond where she came up so she could paddle to him in a couple of strokes. He had gradually moved away from the diving board area until he was now standing at the edge of the deep area. Each time she cannon-balled, Kerry pretended that the splash she made was bigger than the previous time. I don't think he fooled her.

Kieran lowered his book, took off his reading glasses, and put both down on the ground next to his lounge chair. "OK, Angel," he said. "Give your brother a really big splash this time."

She jumped from the end of the diving board and barely managed to get her arms wrapped around her legs before she hit the water. "Good one, Alannah, best yet!" Kerry yelled as soon as her head popped up again. She immediately started paddling toward his waiting arms. She seemed to be struggling too much and Kerry must have thought so too. He swam to her, let her wrap her arms around his neck, brought her to the edge of the pool, and then let her hang on to the gutter while he got out.

He made it look so easy. He pulled himself up and then out in one quick effort, and then wiped the water and wet hair out of his face. He bent over, caught one of Alannah's hands and then the other, and pulled her up and out of the pool. He looked so tall now. He'd passed Kavan months ago and just recently had added a quarter inch over Kieran. But he was still so thin that he weighed quite a bit less than his brother or his father.

I loved to watch the two of them together. Alannah had long ago captured Kerry's heart as well as Kieran's and they both

succumbed too easily to her. She had my red hair and she loved to have Kerry brush it. She had my fair skin and freckles too. She couldn't understand why Kerry couldn't play with her in the pool until the sun was almost down.

Kerry tried to put her down but she held on to him. He pulled her up closer and she wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. He brushed the wet stringy hair out of her face and kissed her on the cheek.

When I held out a towel for her, he carried her over to me, pried her arms and legs off, and gave her to me. I wrapped her up in the towel, laid back down in the lounge chair, and cuddled her.

Kerry stretched his arms and legs, took a couple of deep breaths, and then collapsed on the grass between my chair and Kieran's, with his head toward my feet. He propped on one elbow and reached up and pulled Alana's big toe.

“She does a great cannon ball, Mom,” he said. “She makes a really big splash. And she’s learning to swim too. I’ll bet she’ll be like a fish before the summer is over.”

Alannah giggled and squirmed up closer to me. I knew she was tired and might fall asleep. She hadn’t taken a nap during the day and swimming always left her relaxed and sleepy. I wanted to get Kieran and Kerry to help me with one of my flower beds but I hated to put her down. After our usual Saturday night sandwiches, she had talked Kerry into taking her to the pool. Kieran and I decided to join them and to sit and enjoy the rest of the late-afternoon summer sun. I decided gardening could wait a few minutes.

“Is there anything else you need to do to be ready for your new modeling contract next week?” I asked.

“Nope,” he answered. “I’ve got my schedule already and I know which sessions I’ll be in. I’ll get my braces on Tuesday morning and get my hair styled that afternoon. We’ll start

Wednesday morning with everybody assembling at the high school. Mrs. Frazier is the coordinator there. It'll be nice to see her again.”

“What do you mean – braces?” Kieran asked, from behind his book. “Your teeth are perfect.”

I glanced over at him. He was leaned back in his lounge chair with his book in front of his face and his legs spread wide, both feet on the ground, letting it all hang out. I could see a sheen of sweat on his chest and stomach. In the warmth from the sun, his scrotum was relaxed with his balls hanging down on the chair seat and his dick full and heavy against them. I looked down at Kerry. The cool water in the pool had drawn up his scrotum and balls and his dick was almost like a kid’s again. It was cute with the little elephant-trunk protrusion of foreskin at the end.

He saw where I was looking and grinned at me. He held his hands about six inches apart and pointed at Kieran, then held his hands about a foot apart and pointed at himself. I shook my head and grinned back at him. He loved to tease Kieran that he was bigger in more ways than one.

I didn’t know which one had the biggest dick and I couldn’t see why it mattered that much. I hadn’t seen Kerry with a hard-on since the previous fall when we had all gone to the cabin to enjoy the fall leaves and Arial had suggested playing naked Twister. We all got to see six grown-up hard-ons, a good boner on a nine year old, and a couple of stiffies on two little boys.

“They won’t be real braces, Dad,” Kerry answered. “They’ll be cosmetic ones. I just clip them in place while they’re shooting. Mr. DeMaria did me a new portfolio showing me with braces in some shots and got me another good contract. He thinks it might be my last teen engagement. He says I’ve got to make up my mind whether I want to keep on modeling when I start filling out and looking more like a man. He says we’ll have to work on creating a new image if I do.”

“What do you mean?” Kieran asked, still behind his book. “Why do you need a new image? I thought you liked your old image. You work hard enough at it.”

“Kieran, his image has been the same for the last four years,” I answered for Kerry. “He’s always a clean-cut, innocent-looking kid, who loves classic clothes. He doesn’t have any tattoos or piercings except for the little diamond earring you gave him. Cruise Classic has been pushing a line of boy’s and young men’s clothing that looks like something from decades ago. They think lots of kids are tired of baggy jeans and sneakers and sweatshirts and want to look different. They’ve done very well with their retro look. Mr. DeMaria says Kerry has been their best model in selling the look.”

“I do like it, Dad,” Kerry said. “But if my body starts filling out like yours did now that I’m almost eighteen, I won’t have the look they want. I’m not sure I want to keep on doing it anyway. I’d like to concentrate on nothing but college for a few years.”

“He’s the lead model this time, Kieran,” I said. “Mr. DeMaria got him a contract paying twice last year’s. They’re going to portray him as a high-school senior. He and Tara Winegard will be two teens in love for the first time.”

“Tara Winegard?” Kieran asked. “Is she Jack Winegard’s daughter? Have I met her?”

“Yeah, Dad, that’s who she is,” Kerry answered. “I haven’t seen her since I started to college. She was a high school sophomore then, real skinny and mousy. I hear she’s changed a lot. Don’t worry. I’ll let you check her out before I take her downstairs.”

Now that Kerry had the basement apartment to himself, Kieran and I wanted to know all the girls that he brought

home. Kerry was always accusing his father of being an old lech.

“How much have you made from modeling over the last four years?” Kieran asked. “Are you OK letting your Mom manage it for you?”

“After taxes and the DeMaria’s commission, he’s made almost sixty thousand dollars,” I said. “The only really expensive thing he’s bought is his car. He’s been wearing Cruise Classic clothes that are given to him. I’ve got a little over forty thousand invested for him.”

“Damn, Young Man, I hope you appreciate that set of genes I gave you,” Kieran said, lowering his book.

“I do, Old Man,” Kerry answered. “I’ve got your looks and Mom’s brains and the world’s mine. I’m just glad it wasn’t the other way around.”

“Kerry, have I been insulted or complimented?” I asked.

He just grinned at me. “You should be glad Mom’s a financial analyst, Dad. I wanted to pay cash for my car and she said I shouldn’t. She got me a loan through your credit union and the interest rate they’re charging is about what I’m earning on my investments. They’ve been taking the car payments out of my account for two years and I don’t even have to worry about it. I think I’m going to keep her as my advisor even after I’m eighteen this fall.”

“Well, she’s been my financial advisor for almost twenty-five years,” Kieran said. “I just sign whatever she puts in front of me and I don’t worry about it either.”

Alannah started squirming around trying to get comfortable. She poked me with elbows in a couple of places and made me groan, Kieran came to my rescue and picked her up. She protested and wanted to come back to me. I leaned back in the lounge chair, spread the towel over my body, and held

out my arms to her again. Kieran put her back down with her arms on each side of me and her face between my breasts. I put one hand behind her head and the other on her smooth little butt and she sighed and relaxed against me.

When I looked at Kerry, he was leaned back on both elbows, watching what I was doing with Alannah. It was easy to see that he was warmer now. His testicles were hanging down in the shadows between his legs and his dick looked warm and relaxed against them.

I couldn't make up my mind whether Kerry's display was routine and innocent or unusual and maybe seductive. I'd seen him naked all his life. Before puberty, I loved to look at his beautiful body but I didn't pay any particular attention to his male equipment. After puberty, I liked to look at that part of his body and to imagine what he did with it.

Kieran had told me what he wanted to do tonight and next weekend. I'd fantasized about him often enough but I still wasn't quite sure whether I should let him. Maybe he was putting on a display to make me want to have sex with him.

I glanced at Kieran. He was leaned back in the lounge chair with his eyes closed, his book on his stomach, and both feet on the ground on each side. It was easy to see that Kerry had got another gene from his father.

Kerry started the stretching routine I'd seen him do so often, starting with his feet and moving upwards. I watched the muscles in his legs harden and relax, his pelvis move up and down a couple of times, the muscles in his stomach pop up in the six pack he was so proud of, his arms out to each side with biceps hard, his neck around and around a few times, and finally his arms outstretched above his head.

He looked eight feet long and I knew he was. When he did the routine standing up, he could easily touch the eight-foot ceiling in our family room. He played tennis and racquetball

with Brad, ran with his father, lifted weights with Kavan, and was over six feet of lean hard muscle.

Then he did something that might have been innocent but seemed deliberate to me. He reached down, pulled his balls up, brought his legs together with his ankles crossed, and then used the back of his fingers to flip his dick back over his balls. I knew all guys did it quickly to keep their balls from being scrunched when their legs were together. Kerry had done it slowly while looking at my face.

“Mom, do you remember the time we had a pool party for Kavan?” he asked, when he was finished. “It was when Kathryn found out we usually wore just our birthday suits in the pool.”

I remembered it. I also remembered what we’d done in our bed with our children that night. That was something I could never forget.

“I remember it,” I said. “It was just before Kavan’s sixteenth birthday. You were nine then, weren’t you? What about it?”

“You were holding me like you’re holding Alannah when Kathryn came back in the yard,” he said. “I guess you thought I was asleep but I wasn’t. I was tired and I didn’t want to move. I watched Kathryn get undressed and then go play in the pool with Kavan and Arial. I never was asleep; I just wanted to stay on top of you.”

“I knew you weren’t asleep, Kerry,” I said. “I saw your eyelashes moving and I knew you were just pretending. I think I remember something else too. Did seeing Kathryn give you a hard-on?”

Even with a towel between us, I had felt his erection pressing against me shortly after Kieran had laid him down on top of me. I’d had one hand on his butt and the other behind his head, just the way I was holding Alannah. He had kept squirming around, flexing his pelvis, rubbing against me,

until I felt his hard-on against my stomach. Even when he slid one hand under the towel to my breast, I hadn't said anything to stop him.

"No, Mom, you did," he answered. "I liked being on top of you like that. I wanted to do something with you and I was hoping the towel would slip out of the way. I guess I didn't really know what I wanted to do. Then when I saw you and Dad do it that night, I knew that was what I wanted to do with you."

"Kerry, you hadn't even started into puberty then," I said. "You were just a little boy. Did you really feel that way then?"

"Yeah, well, I may have been little but I knew what I wanted. Kavan and I jacked off before we went to bed that night. He started talking about Kathryn and playing with his dick. I watched him and played with mine but I wasn't thinking about Kathryn. I was thinking about how it felt to be on top of you. I couldn't squirt like Kavan did but I had a good orgasm anyway."

"I think you got a hard-on the first time you were on top of your Mom," Kieran said. "I was proud of you."

"When was that, Dad?"

"A few minutes after you were born," Kieran answered. "They cleaned you up and then took you to your Mom still naked. The nurse put you on top of her with your face right at her breast. You rooted around like a little puppy until you found her nipple and started sucking. When you put your little hand on the other breast, your Mom said 'Just like his father.' The nurses got a kick out of that."

"Kieran, I was talking about the way he looked, not about what he was doing," I protested.

Alannah sat up and looked around at her brother and her father. “I like being on top of Mom too,” she said. “What’s a hard-on? Can I have one too?”

“No, Angel, you can’t have one,” I said. “Only boys and men can have hard-ons. Girls and women can have something lots better.”

“What?”

I hugged her and kissed her on both cheeks. “We can have babies.”

“I’d rather have a hard-on,” Kerry whispered.

“Me too,” Kieran whispered.

“Well, what is a hard-on? Why can’t I have one?” Alannah insisted petulantly.

“That’s what you call a man’s penis when it gets big and stiff, Alannah. It gets hard so he can push it into a woman’s vagina,” I said. “I told you about that when I told you how babies are made.”

“Oh, yeah, I remember,” she said. “I don’t want any babies for a long time.”

“If you two can spare the time, would you give me a little help with the flower beds near the fence,” I asked, trying to change the subject. “They need to be weeded and mulched. Alannah can help too.”

A few weeks earlier, Kerry had helped me plant a variety of flowers in the bed near the south-facing fence where they would get sun all day long. Kavan had brought me some bales of pine straw to use as mulch. I’d waited for the plants to get established before mulching. Weeds had also got established.

We worked for a while chopping the weeds with a hoe or pulling them up and then spreading the pine straw around. Alannah was content to watch and we were through just as the sun was setting. We were all sweaty and covered with debris from the mulch.

When I suggested that we all shower in the big downstairs shower, Alannah was ready too. “I want Kerry to wash me,” she proclaimed. “I like to shower with him.”

Kerry followed the same routine with Alannah that I’d seen Kieran follow with Arial. He put the old bench in the shower area and sat down on it. Alannah got wet under the shower spray with me. When I sent her to him, he spread his knees wide and she backed up between them. He shampooed her hair and gave her back to me. I rinsed and sent her to him. He washed her back, slapped her butt, she turned around, and he washed her front. She even pretended to grab his penis and Kerry slapped her hand away, just like Arial and Kieran. Kieran just stood there under the shower, watching and grinning.

“Kieran, would you take Alannah upstairs and dry her hair,” I asked, when we were all through showering. “I want to talk to Kerry about something. Maybe you could put her to bed and read her a story.”

As soon as they were gone, I sat down on one end of the bench and patted the other end so Kerry would sit with me.

“Kieran told me what you want to do, Kerry,” I said. “He said he’d leave it up to me to decide. Are you sure? It will change everything between us.”

“Not everything,” he protested, “not the important things.”

“What do you mean?”

“This morning when I was talking to Dad, he said I could call him Kieran and call you Siobhan if you let me play with you two tonight. Is that OK with you?”

I nodded.

“Siobhan, I love you,” he said, looking at me.

I wasn’t sure what he meant or how to respond.

“I love you too, Kerry,” I said.

“Did that change anything important between us?” he asked.

“No, you may call me Mom or Siobhan,” I said. “It won’t change the way I love you. Letting you make love to me may.”

“Siobhan, I’ll always love you,” he said. “I’ll always be grateful that you gave me life, with a little help from Kieran, of course. I love you for nurturing me in your body and then feeding me from your breasts. Your breasts are so beautiful. Seems like I’ve always wanted to get my hands and mouth on them.”

He reached over with one hand and touched me on one of the nipples from which I’d fed him. It was like an electric shock and I felt it even down between my legs.

“Kerry, my breasts are too droopy now,” I protested. “I’ve fed four kids with them. My hips are too wide. I’m not a young woman anymore. I’m getting old and about to be a grandmother.”

“Siobhan, you’re still beautiful,” he said. “I know you’re not a girl. You’re a real woman. I think Brad’s right. He says you’re like some sort of earth mother or goddess. You’re the center that holds all of our family together. All of us know that.”

“Thank you, Kerry,” I said, a little surprised at the earnestness with which he said it.

“Siobhan, I’m beginning to want to leave home. I want to get out in the world on my own. I’m thinking about going to Stuart’s alma mater in California. I want do everything and see everything and be everything. I want to love everything and everybody. But you’ll always be at the center of my life. I want to make love to you at least once.”

I sat there beside him, my eyes moist and close to crying. I knew I was warm and moist somewhere else too. I didn’t know what to do.

“Are you sure you can think of me as a woman and not as your mother, Kerry?” I finally asked.

“Try me,” he said.

I stood up, moved in front of him, and pulled his face to my breasts. He did the same thing Kieran does sometimes – closed his eyes, rubbed his face back and forth between my breasts, breathed deeply a couple of times like he wanted to inhale my scent, and then put his mouth on one of my breasts and his hand on the other. I shut my eyes and let him do what we both wanted. I knew I wanted him; I still didn’t know whether I should let him do what he wanted to with me.

When he touched me at the juncture of my thighs, I spread my legs wider without even thinking. He cupped his hand over my vulva, rubbed my labia, and then slowly used his middle finger to separate my inner lips. He gently pushed that one long finger into my vagina and stirred up the juices it was already exuding.

I quit thinking and gave in to his mouth and finger. I wanted to stand there with him sucking and finger-fucking me until I came. I was surprised when he stopped, put his palm against my stomach, and pushed away from me. I looked down and

saw him looking up at me. He brought his middle finger to his mouth and sucked on it. I wanted his dick where his finger had been.

I held out my hand to him; he took it and stood up in front of me. I moved closer to him until my breasts were against his chest and his dick was against my stomach. It was warm and firm but not quite hard enough to stand up. He put his arms around me and looked down at me. I cupped my hands around his butt and pulled him tight up against me. I looked up at him. “Kiss me,” I whispered.

He started off slowly, just his lips lightly against mine, then I touched his lips with my tongue, and he opened his mouth to mine. Within seconds, he was kissing me hungrily, first open mouth to open mouth, then kissing my closed eyes, my cheeks, my throat, and then back to my mouth. It wasn’t a son to mother kiss; it was a hungry kiss, a man to woman kiss.

He dropped his hands to my butt, pulled me against him, and began to rub his dick against me, still kissing me. It was hard in seconds. He reached down, pointed it upwards, pressed it against me again, and then put his hands back on my butt. He started moving his dick against me and, at the same time, sliding his hands around and between my legs until I felt his fingertips touch my labia. I put my hand between our bodies and wrapped my hand around his dick. It was hot and stiff and hard, just like Kieran’s. I wanted him in the same way I’d always wanted Kieran. I could hardly breathe and I was drowning in wanting to be fucked.

He stopped kissing me and I opened my eyes and looked up at him. He was grinning at me, his Kerry grin that he used so often to get what he wanted.

“I want you like a man wants a woman, Siobhan,” he whispered.

I wrapped my arms around him, buried my face in the side of his neck, and held on to him. He waited. I decided to give him what he wanted. I pushed away from him, sat down on the bench, and spread my knees wide.

“Come here,” I said.

He moved in front of me. I bent his dick down, pushed the foreskin back, and took the head in my mouth. I used my hand on the shaft and my lips and tongue on the head and tried to suck him into me. He put his hands on the back of my head and let me do what I wanted to do. I wanted him to drown me in his semen.

“Don’t make me come this way, Siobhan,” he whispered after a minute or so. “Let’s go upstairs with Kieran. Let us both play with you, OK?”

I pulled back and looked up at him. I thought of one more thing I wanted to do before we went up to be with Kieran. It was the one thing from which there could be no return.

I straddled one end of the bench and patted the other end. “Sit down here like this,” I whispered.

He sat down astride the bench. I looked at his face, all serious now, and then at his up-pointed dick with a crystal-like drop oozing from the end. I knew I wanted it in me.

I stood up, moved closer until I was straddling his legs, and then slid down against his body. When I was close enough, I reached down, held his dick, and rubbed the head against my labia. I had just positioned it at the entry to my vagina when he put his big hands on my waist and stopped my downward descent.

“Don’t do that, Siobhan,” he whispered. “We can’t.”

I looked at his face. “I thought it was what you wanted.”

“It is,” he said. “But we can’t do it tonight. I promised Kieran I wouldn’t try to get my dick in you tonight. I’m supposed to give you until next weekend to think about it.”

“But I thought you wanted to be with me and Kieran tonight,” I whispered.

“I do,” he whispered. “But I promised Kieran. Let’s go upstairs with him. He’s the only one who gets his dick in you tonight. I’m going to do everything else with you except that.”

Chapter Sixty-Five

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Arial Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Kerry Stuart

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(KERRY)

Kieran was in bed, propped up on pillows, reading a book, when Siobhan and I went in their bedroom. His legs were together, ankles crossed, with his dick resting peacefully on his balls. He took off his reading glasses and put them and the book down on the nightstand. Siobhan turned loose of my hand and started toward their bathroom.

“Well?” he asked. It was clearly a question.

“You win,” Siobhan said, and went in their bathroom.

“Hot damn,” Kieran said. “I knew he wouldn’t.”

I didn’t know what they were talking about but it was clear that they’d been betting on something I would or wouldn’t do. Then it hit me and I knew.

“What are you two betting on?” I asked.

“Kieran bet me I wouldn’t be able to get your dick in my pussy,” Siobhan said in a loud voice from somewhere in the bathroom. “He said you’d promised him you wouldn’t do that tonight. You’re going to have to wait until next weekend when we go play with the Bridges.”

“I told you, Siobhan,” Kieran said. “I know what sort of character he’s developed. I trust him. When he says he will or won’t do something and shakes my hand, I can always trust him.”

I felt a little flash of anger and then something that hurt. Had she been faking everything with me just to win a bet? I walked over to the bathroom so I could see her. She was brushing her hair, her wild beautiful red hair. I took a few seconds to enjoy the view from her reflected front and from the rear. She turned and looked at me.

“Just tell me one thing, Siobhan. Were you faking it with me, just pretending you wanted me to fuck you?” I knew she

could tell from my face and my voice that I was serious and a little angry.

She put down her brush and walked up to me. I looked down at her, her blue-gray-green Irish eyes shining, the splattering of freckles across her forehead and cheeks and nose, her lips red without lipstick, her mouth puckered in the little rabbit kiss I'd seen all my life, all framed with a damp tangle of red hair. She pulled my head down and gave me a quick kiss on my lips.

“No, Kerry,” she said, softly and earnestly. “I wasn’t faking anything. Everything I did with you was real.”

I turned and looked at Kieran. I wanted to see how he reacted to that.

“Don’t be angry with us, Kerry,” he said. “You can play with us tonight and wait until next weekend to get your dick in Siobhan. I’ll even bet you’ll get it in two women that night.”

Siobhan went back in the bathroom and started brushing her hair again. “That’s no bet, Kieran. That’s a sure thing. I called Rachael this afternoon and told her we wanted to bring Kerry and what we wanted to do. She said she’d help me with him. Luke said bring him in case you couldn’t get it up.”

Kieran threw a pillow into the bathroom. She closed the door and I heard her laughing and then the lock being turned.

“I’ve got to pee and finish drying my hair,” she yelled through the closed door. “You two can start without me.”

Kieran jumped off the bed and started down the hallway. “Come on,” he said. I followed him down the hall and into the bathroom, the one Arial and I once shared, between Alannah’s bedroom and the guest bedroom. He shut the door, picked up something white on the counter, and handed

it to me. I looked and saw that he'd handed me briefs that I recognized as mine. He turned back to the counter and picked up something that looked identical.

"Well, put'em on," he urged, and stepped into his. His dick was swollen but soft. He reached down in his briefs and centered it, bent down over his balls.

I asked "What for?" and then did as he told me. My dick had been hard when I went in the bedroom with Siobhan. It had drooped when I'd gotten angry about their bet. It was soft enough so I could bend it down over my balls like his. I pulled my briefs up and then adjusted my dick and balls so they were comfortable.

He turned to face the mirror, appraised the way his package looked, tugged under his balls, sucked in his stomach, and pushed his pelvis out a little. I followed his example. He looked at my reflection, reached over, cupped his fingers between my legs, and tugged my balls upward. I pushed my pelvis forward like his, pulled in my stomach muscles, tightened them, and popped up my six-pack. He looked at his reflection and them at mine. So did I. He couldn't suck in his stomach like me but I knew he weighed thirty pounds more than me. He still looked damn good.

"Well, what do you think?" he asked, grinning at me.

"I think you're sexy as hell for an old man, Kieran," I answered, "but why the fuck are we doing this?"

"Just listen! Don't ask questions!" he said. "We're going to put on some white socks and then get in bed side by side. When she comes out, I want you to ask her if she wants to go shoot some hoops."

Shoot some hoops? I didn't ask any questions but I wondered what sort of game we were playing and I knew it wasn't shooting hoops.

We went back to their bedroom and he went in their walk-in closet. I could hear the blow dryer going in the bathroom. I crawled up on the bed and lay down. When he came back out, he threw me a pair of white socks, crawled up beside me, and we both put on white athletic socks.

“Now, listen,” he said, ‘your name is Jason, and you’re thirteen-years old! I’m your identical twin brother...er...Jerry! You’re gonna ask her if she wants to go shoot some hoops with us! Got it?”

I had it. I didn’t know what the fuck I had but I had it. He moved closer to me until we were side-by-side. He spread his legs a little, reached down between his legs, pulled upward again, and then crossed his ankles. He already had a basket as good as mine. I couldn’t tell he’d improved it. I followed his example again. He looked down at my briefs and then at his. He put his hands together on his stomach and I did too.

“You’re Jason; I’m Jerry,” he said. “We’re identical twins, thirteen-years old. We’re both virgins. Ask her to go shoot some hoops with us. After that, wing it any way you want to. I’ll help. Just don’t fuck up and call me Kieran, OK?”

“Yeah, I got it. Fuck you, bro,” I said, grinning like I really was thirteen-years old. “I’ve got enough sense not to fuck up whatever the fuck we’re doing.”

“Well, fuck you too, bro,” he said, grinning like another thirteen-year-old boy. “I don’t know what the fuck we’re doing. We’re just gonna have a little fucking fun.”

“What were my briefs doing in the bathroom?” I asked, changing into a little-older and more-serious voice.

“I got them out of your laundry basket that you were supposed to put away the first of the week,” he said. I had forgotten again.

The bathroom door opened and she came out, still naked. She stopped when she saw us and stood there smiling and looking from Kieran-Jerry to me. I'm Jason, I said to myself, Jason.

“Would you like to go shoot some hoops with us?” I asked her, trying to sound like a thirteen-year-old boy.

She grinned and looked at Kieran-Jerry and then at me.

“Who’re you?” she asked.

“I’m Jason,” I said. “He’s my identical-twin brother, Jerry. We’re thirteen-years old. Want to shoot some hoops with us?”

She walked around to the foot of the bed and stood looking at us, faces and crotches, back and forth. We both lay there with our hands together on our stomach.

“Basketball?” she asked.

“Yeah,” Kieran said.

“Where’s your basketball, Jerry?”

“Under the bed,” he said, trying to sound like another thirteen-year-old boy. “I’ll get it out if you want to play...with us”

“Are you good at shooting...hoops, Jason?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’m real good,” I said. I sucked in my stomach and pushed my pelvis up so she couldn’t help but look at my package.

“I’d love to play...with your...baskets...and balls...and bats,” Siobhan whispered, looking directly at my face and grinning at me.

I almost cracked but I struggled and managed to keep a straight face. She crawled up on the bed, pushed my legs apart, then Kieran's, and moved closer until she could reach both of our baskets. She sat down straddling my right leg and Kieran's left. I didn't understand everything but I understood enough.

She leaned over, put one hand on me and the other on Kieran, moved her hand around, cupped her fingers under my balls, and then traced the shape of my dick. I felt an instant surge as it began to stiffen. I glanced at Kieran and I could see he was responding the same way. He still had his hands together on his stomach. I looked down at the red patch of curls on her mound. The way she was sitting I couldn't see anything but hair.

“I like little boys in white briefs and socks,” she whispered, like a little girl. “I like to play with them.”

I clenched my teeth and struggled to stay still while she played. My dick was curved around against my balls, trying to get hard, and was getting uncomfortable at being restrained. I slid my hand down inside my briefs and straightened it up against my stomach. I deliberately left the tip of the head sticking out of the waistband. Kieran looked at me, grinned, followed my lead, and left the tip of his dick sticking out. Siobhan just watched and then put one palm down on my dick and the other on Kieran's.

“Are you two sure you’re only...like...thirteen?” she asked. “These things under my hands...they’re...like awfully big and hard. What do you want to do with them?”

She leaned back, put her hands behind her, one on my leg and the other on Kieran's, and tilted her pelvis. I could see the same thing I'd seen earlier at the pool, her vulva with its surround of flaming red hair. It had been casual then, just the same as I'd seen it as long as I could remember, sort of closed up and private. This time I knew she was deliberately showing it to me and it was already opened up a little. I could

see the darker red inside the little pink lips and the mound on each side. It looked good enough to eat. It looked good enough to fuck. Maybe both.

I cupped my right hand under her vulva and used my middle finger to find the opening to her vagina. I didn't have to search; I just pushed once and my finger slid into her. I slid it in as far as I could and wiggled it around and around in her hot juicy flesh. I looked at her face and then over at Kieran's. He was looking at where I had my hand.

I pulled my finger out, held it up in front of my face, and looked at it. It was all wet and glistening. I looked at Kieran and saw that he was watching me. I opened my mouth, started to put my finger in it, and then changed my mind. I held it over to Kieran. He smelled it and then took it in his mouth and sucked on it. I looked at Siobhan; she was watching us. I pulled my finger out of his mouth, stuck my hand between her legs and my finger back into her pussy. I pulled it out, brought it to mouth, smelled it, and sucked it clean.

“Damn, I didn't know a girl's pussy would smell and taste so good,” I whispered. “It makes my little dick ache.”

We both lay there, letting her play with us and taking turns finger-fucking her. My dick was hard as a ball bat and sticking its head all the way out of my briefs. I checked Kieran and his was the same. I was ready for some hands-on experience.

I lifted my hips off the bed and pushed my briefs down a little. She moved off my leg, leaned over, and pulled them down to my ankles. I lifted one leg and then the other and she pulled them off and dropped them between Kieran-Jerry and me. She moved off Jerry's leg, stripped off his briefs, and dropped them on top of mine. Finally she moved back in her original position, straddling one leg of each of us. She picked up our briefs and held them up to her face. I listened

as she took a few deep breaths. Finally she threw them to one side.

“Damn, I love the way a boy’s dick and balls smell,” she whispered. “It makes my pussy drool.”

She wrapped her hands around two dicks, pointed them both at the ceiling, and then slid her hands downward, pulling my foreskin down until it was stretched painfully tight. I felt another surge of blood into my dick and the head turned redder. I looked at Kieran’s dick and she’d done him the same way. Our dicks looked identical but I knew they weren’t. His was straight and mine had a little curve.

“What do you want me to do, Jason?” she whispered.

I decided to go for it. “Suck my dick!”

“And you, Jerry, what do you want?”

“What Jason wants,” Kieran-Jerry said. “Do me too!”

“Will you both lick my pussy if I do?” she whispered.

“Yeah!” We both said it at the same time.

She leaned over me, took the head of my dick in her mouth, and started sucking on it. She slid her lips and tongue up and down some, then sucked on the head, slowly and gently, and then jacked me some. Then she leaned over and gave Jerry some of the same treatment. I wanted her to keep jacking me but I guess she couldn’t coordinate it while she was sucking his dick. I put my hand over hers and slid it slowly up and down.

She stopped, pulled her hand away, straightened up, and looked from one of us to the other. I held my dick and waited for her to decide what she wanted to do. She did. She took my hand, pulled it over to Kieran-Jerry, and I curled my fingers around his dick. She took his hand, pulled it over to

me, and he wrapped his fingers around mine. She smiled and nodded like she was satisfied and then leaned over and started sucking on the head of my dick again. When she pulled her mouth off my dick and started sucking Jerry, he started jacking me. When she returned to me, I returned the favor and we settled into a pattern. She sucked each of us in turn while we jacked the dick that wasn't being sucked.

After a few minutes, she nudged us apart and flopped down on her back between us. She put one leg over mine and the other over Kieran's, and then put her hands down at her mound with her fingers on each side of her pussy.

“Lick my pussy,” she whispered. “Eat me!”

“Go ahead, Jason,” Kieran whispered. “I've never done it but I'll do it if you will.”

“Let's work our way down to it, Jerry,” I whispered. “I've never done it either but I want to try it.”

I leaned over and kissed her. I did it the way I like to do it with a woman, not the way I'd always kissed her as my mother. I opened my mouth, stuck my tongue between her lips, put my hand on her breast, and caught the nipple between my thumb and finger. We probed back and forth for a minute or so while I played with the nipple until it was almost as hard as my dick. When I pulled back, I saw that Kieran-Jerry had his mouth on her other breast. I slid my hand over her stomach and started finger fucking her while he kept sucking. Then he put his hand down to her pussy too, I put my mouth back on her other breast, and we both sucked and finger-fucked for a while. I decided it was time to go muff diving.

I licked and kissed my way down to her navel, paused a little, and then licked my way down further. She spread her legs wider and lifted them. I moved between them, caught them behind her knees, and pushed them back. Kieran-Jerry stopped sucking for a second, put his arm behind both legs,

and held her so that her knees were almost touching her breasts. I looked down and saw a pussy – no, a cunt - ready to be fucked. Damn, it did look good enough to eat first.

I tried to be slow and tentative, like I didn't know what I was doing. I licked up the smooth inside of her thighs, deliberately avoiding her pussy. After a minute or so, she put her hands behind my head and pulled my face against it. I licked the little lips until they spread open wider, wet and glistening. Then on one side, I sucked her labia between my lips, caught one between my teeth, and gently tugged on it. She squirmed. I did the same on the other side and she squirmed some more. I licked and nibbled and sucked for a minute or so and then decided it was time for some tongue fucking.

I stiffened my tongue, stuck it as far into her vagina as possible, and then licked upward to her clitoris. I pulled back and looked at it, just barely out from under its hood, dark red and shining.

“Is that the way I’m supposed to do it?” I whispered, looking up.

Kieran-Jerry was on his hands and knees beside her, leaned over her, with his face still at her breasts. She had one arm behind his head and the other underneath him, with her fingers wrapped around his dick, milking him down.

“Yeah, Jerry, that’s good,” she whispered. “Do it some more.”

“I’m Jason,” I answered.

Kieran took his mouth off her breast long enough to say, “I’m Jerry,” and then started sucking again.

I shut my eyes and started tongue fucking and licking her again. After a minute or so, I felt a hand on my shoulder.

“Come on, Jason,” Kieran said. “Let me do it too, OK, OK?”

I moved up beside her while he took my place. I cupped my hand under one breast and found the nipple with my thumb and fore-finger then leaned over and looked directly in her eyes.

“Did I do it good?” I asked. “Did you like it?”

“Yeah,” she whispered. “It was good, Jason. I liked it.”

“I’ve got pussy-juice on my lips and in my mouth,” I whispered. “Is it still OK for me to kiss you.”

She didn’t say anything. She put her hand behind my head and pulled my face down to hers. That was answer enough. For a minute or so, she lay there, letting me kiss her, both of us open-mouthed, tongues moving in and out, I was beginning to fade into it when she stopped and pushed me away from her.

“Kieran, you’ve got to stop,” she whispered. “You’re going to make me come if you keep doing that.”

I looked down to see what he was doing. It was the same thing I’d been doing. He was holding her legs up, splayed out, and his face was between them. His head was moving up and down as he tongue-fucked her and licked her pussy.

“I’m not Kieran,” he whispered back. “I’m Jerry. I like doing it.”

“Fuck the fantasy,” she said. “I know who you are. You’re Kieran. Kerry’s not Jason. You two are too fucking good at what you’re doing to me. If Jason had got me this hot, he’d have got his dick in me.”

“Who was Jason?” I asked. “Was he real, somebody you knew?”

“Yeah, he was real,” she whispered breathlessly “He was a boy I knew when I was thirteen. We were the same age. We were too scared to do it but we came damn close.”

“And you told Kieran about him?”

“Yeah, he told me about Allison and I told him about Jason. Down on his knees looking for his basketball...had on white briefs and socks, that’s all. That’s why I’ve always liked boys in white briefs.”

“But you want us to be Kieran and Kerry now, not Jason and Jerry?”

“Kieran, please stop,” she whispered. I looked down again and saw Kieran was still slowly and gently licking her.

He stopped, crawled up on the other side of her, gave her a quick kiss, and then flopped on his back. His dick slapped down against his stomach and bounced up at an angle. It looked like it was as hot and hard as mine felt. I thought of something I wanted them to do. I didn’t know whether they would or not but I decided to ask.

“There was no Jerry,” she continued. “Jason didn’t have a brother. I want Kieran and Kerry to play with me. Let me cool down for a minute and then you two can decide what you want to do with me. Just don’t get in a hurry.”

I leaned over her, gave her a quick kiss on the mouth with just a little touch of tongue, the way Arial had always teased me, then moved down and gave each of her big hard nipples a quick kiss with more tongue action. I rose up again and looked at her face. She was smiling at me.

“Would you and Kieran do something and just let me watch for a while?” I asked. “After that I know something I want to do with you while you’re busy with him.”

“What?”

“You get on top of him and ride him. I want to sit in a chair at the foot of the bed and watch you two fucking.”

“And then what?”

“You’ll like it,” I answered. “Trust me.”

“Yeah, trust him,” Kieran said, from the other side of her. “Sounds like fun to me. I don’t care if he watches.”

“OK,” she said. “Just don’t come from jacking off. I want to do something with you later.”

“What?”

“You’ll like it,” she answered. “Trust me.”

“Let’s give him a good show, Siobhan,” Kieran said. “Start off facing me and then turn around when you’re ready. Let him see how it looks both ways.”

She looked at me. “Is that what you want?” she asked.

I nodded.

Kieran moved down to the foot of the bed so his knees were bent and his feet were on the floor. He stuffed a pillow behind his head and held out his hand to Siobhan.

She crawled on top of him, held his dick up, rubbed the head between the lips of her pussy, notched it in place, and started working her way down on it. Kieran lay there with his eyes shut, hands behind his head, with a big grin on his face. I waited until I saw her red pubic hair meet his blond-brown hair and then got off the bed. I placed a chair a few feet from the end of the bed, sat down, leaned back, wrapped my hand around my cock, and watched the show.

I know all women are different but Siobhan was unique. Her skin was milky or creamy and sprinkled with freckles, especially across her shoulders. The freckles faded out about her waist and her butt was just creamy white. Between her cheeks, everything was pink or red. I haven't seen that many assholes but hers was sort of pink, not dark like most of the others. Arial's was the only other one I'd seen that was just as pink. The lips of her cunt, where they wrapped around Kieran's cock, were pink too. Every time she slid down, they got pulled inside her cunt and out of sight. When she lifted up, the lips came back out, wrapped tight around his cock, like they didn't want to let it go. She had a patch of curly red hair on her mound but that thinned out on the big lips around her slit. There wasn't much hair around her asshole.

Kieran's balls looked just like mine or maybe it is mine that looked just like his. His were pink, now, almost red, instead of the light brown they usually are. I pulled mine from between my legs and looked and mine were as pink as his. Neither of us had much hair on our balls but his was thicker than mine. I sat there, watching them, stroking my dick, thinking nobody would be able, just by looking, to know if it was my dick in her instead of his. She probably wouldn't be able to feel any difference either. I could have sat there all night and watched them fucking.

Siobhan was moving up and down very slowly on Kieran's dick, easing up until I could see the big red head of his dick just barely inside her, then down the slippery shining length until all of it was in her. I knew his dick was a little over seven inches long and about as big around as Siobhan's wrist, about the same size as mine, and I still found it hard to believe she could take all of it inside her. I knew a woman's vagina would stretch to accommodate dicks of all different sizes. I knew she'd had four babies, including me, and we all stretched her a lot in coming out. But her pussy still looked like it was as tight around Kieran's cock as if she'd never had been fucked much. I wanted to get my dick in her, instead of Kieran getting his, and find out for myself how tight her cunt felt. But, shit, stupid me, I'd promised!

Then I remembered I'd promised not to try to get my dick in her pussy. That was all I'd agreed with Kieran. I hadn't promised not to try to get my dick in her somewhere else. She'd already had it in her mouth. There was somewhere else I could stick it. There was her pink pucker an inch or so from where Kieran's dick was in her. He had told me he had fucked her there once. I'd done it with Rachael and a couple of other girls, one of whom really wanted me to do it. I guess it was OK but it wasn't really something I wanted to do. I'd heard about two guys and a girl making a sandwich. I'd seen it a few times in some porno shit I'd downloaded. I sort of wanted to try it but at the same time I didn't want to. I wanted to fuck her but I didn't want to hurt her.

I decided to tease her with it to see what she'd do. I moved Kieran's legs together and put a knee on each side. Siobhan was still moving slowly up and down. I put my hands on her hips, leaned over, and poked her on one hip with the head of my dick. She looked over her shoulder at me.

“What are you doing, Kerry?” she asked.

“Just seeing if we could make a fucking sandwich,” I said. “I wish you two could see what you look like when you’re fucking. I’m so fucking horny I’ll take the fucking back hole. Kieran can have the fucking front cunt.”

Kieran twisted to one side and saw where I was. I winked at him, hoping he'd understand I was just teasing her. He winked back.

“You can’t do it without her fucking permission, Kerry,” he said. “If she says yeah, go get the fucking Vaseline. It’s in the bottom right-hand drawer in the bathroom. Grease your fucking dick up good.”

“Do you really want to do it, Kerry?” she asked.

“Yeah, you’re fucking right I want to. I’ve never done it before. I mean, I’ve never been part of a fucking sandwich before. I’d like to try it.”

“Are you sure you don’t mind, Kieran?” she asked. “I’ve never done it before either. I’d love for you two to do it with me. I think it would be kind of nice to have both of you in me at once. I don’t think I’d want anybody else to do it but you two can if you want to.”

“It’s your decision, Honey,” he said. “Tell him what you want him to do.”

She looked back at me again. “When you get the Vaseline, you’ve got to grease me up first. Put a big glob on my asshole and start with one finger. When you feel my sphincter relax, use two fingers. When you feel it relax again, try the head of your dick.”

“What if it hurts?” I asked.

“I don’t know. If it hurts too much, I’ll tell you. Just don’t take it out. Be real gentle until I’m used to it.”

“Has Kieran ever fucked you in the ass?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“Once. Before you were born,” she said. “Now go get the fucking Vaseline.”

I couldn’t believe what she was saying. I’d expected her to tell me to fuck off. She sounded like she really wanted us to do it. I didn’t know what to do or say. I poked her a few more times, just barely touching her asshole with the head of my dick. I couldn’t decide whether I really wanted to do it or not. I stood there with my dick in my hand, not knowing what to do.

“Oh, fuck it!” I said. “Are you just teasing me?”

**“You’re the one who wants to do it, Kerry,” she whispered.
“Go get the Vaseline and fuck me in the ass.”**

I gave up. “I don’t really want to. I was just teasing you. I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Oh, who said it would hurt?” she whispered. “I can take two big dicks like yours and Kieran’s any day. When we’re with Luke and Rachael, he and Luke usually do it to either Rachael or me.”

I knew she was just fooling with me. Kieran had already told me a little bit about what they did with Luke and Rachael. He’d told me that nobody got fucked in the ass and I believed him.

“Well, let’s just save it for a rainy day,” I said. “I’ll just wait my turn to get my dick in the front door.”

She giggled. She knew she’d won whatever contest we were having.

“Well, at least come join us in bed,” she said. “Maybe you could give Kieran a hand if he needs one.”

“Yeah, come join us,” he said. “I don’t need any help yet but maybe you could think of something that Siobhan would like. You know, like what we were talking about this morning. You said you liked that.”

I knew what he was talking about – eating stuffed pussy. I wanted to do that but I’d been thinking about trying something else first. I didn’t even know if it could be done because I’d never heard of anybody else doing it. I decided to see if I could make it work.

I crawled on the bed, straddled Kieran’s chest, facing Siobhan, my butt toward his head. I put my hands under her breasts, lifted them, and bent over and sucked on her

strawberries. I'd heard Kieran call her nipples strawberries more than once and I could see why.

She wrapped one hand around my dick, pulled my head to hers with the other, and opened her mouth to me. For a minute or so, we tried to capture each other's tongue while she moved her pelvis around and around on Kieran's dick and slid her hand back and forth on my dick. I tried to slide a couple of fingers between their bodies but she was pressed down on him too tight at first. When she leaned back a little, I could get my middle finger into the juicy area at the top of her slit and touch the shaft of Kieran's dick. She started moving again and I could feel her pressing on the end of my finger.

Kieran put his hands on my hips and slid them around in front of me. He cupped one hand under my balls and wrapped the other around my dick.

"Hey, Jason," he whispered, "your dick's hard. Want me to jack you off?"

"Nah, Jerry, I've got something I want to do with it first," I answered. "I hope Siobhan likes it."

Kieran slid his hands up to my ribs, goosed me enough to make me squirm, and then slapped me on the butt with his hand.

"Well, I guess I'll just let you two play for a while," he said, pretending to yawn. "Wake me up if you need my help."

I had something in mind but I didn't even know if Siobhan and I could arrange our long legs so it could be done. I leaned over and whispered in her ear, trying to get her to understand what I wanted her to do without telling her why.

She lifted up until Kieran's dick came out and she was squatting over him instead of kneeling. I held his dick straight up while she slid down on it again, with her legs

spread as wide as she could. I kept my knees on each side of Kieran, pressed my dick down flat against his lower abdomen, and hunched forward a couple of times. I felt the head of my dick touch the base of his, just where I wanted it.

Siobhan wiggled around and up and down and I guess she understood what I had in mind. We both watched while she tried it. She lifted up off Kieran a few inches, slid back down, pushed her pelvis forward, and rubbed her clit against the head of my dick.

She looked up at me, grinned, put her hands on my shoulders, and then started riding. She rode for a minute or two, slowly at first, and then faster and faster. I didn't know what Kieran was feeling but the head of my dick was rubbed by her slippery little button and I loved it. I started wondering who was going to come first: her, me, or maybe Kieran. I was getting close but I didn't want to be first. I wanted it to be her. I was almost glad when she stopped and just sat there, breathing heavily.

“Kieran, I think Kerry’s made up a new game for us to play,” she whispered. “Next weekend, he can teach Luke and Rachael how to do this. I’ll bet she’ll love it. I do.”

“Fuck, I love it too,” Kieran groaned. “Why did you stop?”

“I was about to come,” she whispered. “It’s so good. I want to make it last longer.”

“Did you come, Kieran?” I asked.

“Uh uh, how about you?”

“No, but I’m about as fucking close as I’ve ever been,” I said.

“Let me catch my breath and I’ll help you,” Siobhan said.

“Nah, not yet,” I answered. “Turn around facing the other direction. I’m ready to see what I can do with a stuffed pussy.”

She lifted up off Kieran, turned around facing the foot of the bed, knelt over his hips, held his dick straight up, and slid down on it again.

“Go for it, Kerry,” Kieran said. “Next week, I’ll let you stuff her. Shit, you can probably stuff Rachael too. Luke and I both like to eat stuffed pussy.”

I moved down to the foot of the bed, pushed Kieran’s legs apart, knelt down between them, and took a little time just looking at where they were joined together. Kieran’s balls were drawn up close to the base of his dick and I knew he was close to coming too. Siobhan’s inner lips were stretched tight around his dick. Just where her little ridge or shaft divided into the two lips, her clit, shiny and red as blood, was uncovered.

I remembered the last time I’d eaten stuffed pussy, two of them about a year ago. I’d spent a Saturday night next door with Brad and Arial and Kavan and Kathryn. The five of us had started playing around in Brad and Arial’s big king-size bed. I’d eaten Arial’s pussy while Brad stuffed it and then had a second serving when Kavan stuffed Kathryn. I didn’t get to be a stuffer that time either but I got sucked off a couple of times and I thought it was a good swap.

I pushed Siobhan so that she leaned back over Kieran, exposing more of the shaft of his dick and making it easier to get my face between her legs. I wrapped one hand around my dick but I didn’t dare to do anything with it. I was too close to coming. I just held it while I ate stuffed pussy.

Arial and Kathryn had tried to tell us three guys how it felt to have the lips of her pussy licked when they were stretched around a hard dick. Kathryn had said it was almost like an electrical shock when my tongue slid over her clitoris every

time I licked up. Arial had said it felt like she'd been licked to death when she came.

I tried to make it good for Siobhan, as good as I could without knowing what she was feeling. I started out slowly and gently at first, avoiding her clit, and just licking on each side of Kieran's dick. Gradually I used more tongue pressure and made sure to give her clit a lick on each upstroke. After a minute or so, she put her hands on my shoulders and pressed me tighter against her and I concentrated my licking on her little nubbin. It was easy to tell when she came. She groaned and whimpered, squirmed around on Kieran's dick like she was trying to break it off, and her breath sounded like she'd been running a race.

She kept her hands on my back, holding me in place, so I kept licking, just as slowly and gently as I could. Finally she pushed me away and I leaned back and looked up at her. Her eyes were still closed and she was still, just sitting on Kieran. He had his hands on her breasts with her nipples between a thumb and finger on each side. Finally she opened her eyes and smiled at me.

"Jason, you and Jerry make quite a fucking pair," she whispered. "Are you sure you two have never done anything like this before?"

She moved off Kieran, crawled to the head of the bed, and collapsed. Kieran moved up on one side of her and I crawled up on the other side. Kieran's dick was still stiff and hard like mine and I could tell he hadn't come either.

"Would you two mind swapping blow-jobs?" Siobhan whispered, lying there with her eyes closed. "I'm too tired to do anything else. I'm going to sleep."

Kieran looked at me and shook his head.

“You can have a few minutes to relax,” he said. “Then you’re going to get fucked. Since Kerry won’t do it, I guess I’ll have to. If he gets a fucking blow-job, you’ll have to do it.”

We lay there, talking and kidding each other, until Siobhan decided she was ready for more. She got on her hands and knees, straddled my legs, with her head above my dick, and her ass up in the air. I put my hands behind my head and waited to see what she was going to do. Kieran moved around behind her, on his knees, put one hand in the middle of her back, and reached down behind her butt with the other. I couldn’t see what he was doing but I could tell by looking at her face when he got his dick all the way in her.

“Be slow and easy, Kieran,” Siobhan moaned. “I can’t give Kerry his blow-job if you’re trying to shove your big fucking dick up to my stomach.”

He grinned at me and nodded. “Well, you’d better make sure Kerry comes before I do,” he said. “You know my dick will start thinking for itself after a while. I don’t think he wants you sucking his dick when my fucking dick takes over.”

“Why the fuck not?” I asked, grinning back at him.

“She might bite your fucking dick off,” he said. “She goes wild when I fuck her from behind and shoot a big load in her fucking cunt.”

“Don’t listen to him, Kerry,” Siobhan said. “I don’t bite...well, not much anyway. And you two quit saying fuck so much. You’ve got me saying it too.”

She didn’t bite, not much anyway, and she did everything else. She sucked and licked and used her hand and played with my balls until I knew I wouldn’t last much longer. I wanted to see what they looked like when Kieran was fucking her from behind.

“Siobhan, would you turn around, you know, straddle my chest while you’re sucking my dick,” I asked.

She looked up at me. “What do you want Kieran to do?”

“The same thing he’s doing now,” I whispered. “I want him to straddle me while he’s fucking you. I want to watch. It’s so fucking hot when he’s fucking you like that. I want to see you two doing it.”

Siobhan reversed her position and straddled me with her butt up in the air and her head down at my dick. Her pussy, no her cunt, was all juicy looking and open and red. I knew I could come just looking at it while she sucked my cock.

Kieran straddled my chest too, almost my head, with his legs bent back under my arms, reached down, and guided his dick back into her. I didn’t know whether I’d be able to see them fucking when I suggested it. But it worked. Without a pillow under my head, I could look up and see Kieran’s big dick half buried in Siobhan’s cunt.

I tried to get my arms out of the way by bending them back but that was uncomfortable, even when I had my hands clasped under my head. I decided to see if I could help Siobhan to enjoy being fucked. I reached under her with my hand turned so that I could touch her clit with my thumb. She was so wet that my thumb slid all over her clit when Kieran started thrusting into her again.

“Damn, that’s good, Kerry,” she whispered.

“You don’t like what I’m doing?” Kieran asked.

“I love it, Kieran,” she whispered. “I love your big dick splitting me wide open. He’s got his thumb on my clit. He must be your son the way he’s thinking up new things to do.”

I reached up with my left hand and held Kieran’s balls back a little so I could see better. When I looked above my head, I

saw Kieran's dick sliding in and almost out of Siobhan's cunt. When I looked down toward my feet, I saw her sucking my cock.

It was too much and I'd been hot and hard for too long. I didn't give her a warning: I just let it happen. I don't know where the first squirt went but she swallowed once or maybe gagged, and then kept her head still and just used her hand until I'd squirted everything out of my balls and into her mouth. When I was finished, she took her mouth off my dick, spit a few times on my stomach, and then swallowed again.

"Damn, Kerry, you blew my fucking tonsils down my fucking throat," she groaned.

Kieran took that as his signal and started shoving his dick in hard. He held her by the hips so she couldn't move and slapped his thighs and stomach against her so hard that the shock waves made her breasts sway back and forth. I lay there and watched above my head while he reamed her out. Within a minute or so, he froze, pressed tight up against her ass. From the way he groaned, he was either dying or coming.

When Kieran turned her loose, Siobhan rolled off to one side, turned around, and then gave me a kiss with a little come-flavored tongue, Kieran crawled off me to the other side and flopped down so hard he shook the bed.

Nobody said a word for a few minutes. I lay there with my eyes closed, listening to Kieran and Siobhan breathing as loudly as me. I didn't feel like moving and I guess they didn't either. I felt something cool all across my lower abdomen and raised my head and looked. Siobhan had smeared my come and her spit all over me and it was drying. I smelled a mixture of sweat, semen, and cunt-juices.

After a few minutes more, I decided I'd do something to clean up our mess. I rolled off the bed, went in the

bathroom, and ran the water in the sink until it got hot. The water running made me have to pee so I lifted the seat on the commode and had a good piss. When I was finished, I wet a bunch of washcloths in the sink, grabbed some small towels, and took them to Siobhan and Kieran.

I stood at the foot of the bed and wiped off while they lay there side by side and did the same thing. Siobhan watched me doing it, then looked at my face, and spread her legs wide. She let me watch while she cleaned herself. I saw something I'd never seen before. Somehow she was squeezing her vagina so that Kieran's semen came out and drooled down the crack of her ass. She lay there grinning at me while she squeezed and wiped. Damn, that was hot, hot enough to make my dick think it wanted to be shoved in where Kieran's semen was coming back out...

“I’ve never seen that before,” I said.

“Well, you wanted me and Kieran to put on a show for you,” she answered. “I thought I’d let you see everything.”

“How do you do it?” I asked.

“Do what?”

“You know, squeeze Kieran’s come back out of your pussy. How do you do that?”

“Kegel exercises,” she said.

“What?”

“Kegel exercises. They help muscle tone and strength after childbirth. Having kids weakens the pelvic floor, the pubococcygeus muscles. The exercises strengthen them. I’ve always done them.”

“You could give me some credit,” Kieran said. “I always help you.”

She slapped him on the stomach with her hand. “Yeah, sure you do.”

“Well, come on, tell me,” I insisted.

“Sometimes I do the exercises with his dick in my vagina. It adds resistance when I’m doing the contractions. He gives me feedback by telling me when he feels them.”

“Yeah, Kerry,” Kieran said. “Get you a woman who can do what she does and you’ll never let her go. I’ll swear she could pinch my dick off with her pubococcygeus cunt muscles.”

“Hush, Kieran,” she said. “Don’t fill his head with your nonsense.”

“Will you show me?” I asked. “Next weekend? Are you really going to let me do it with you...you know...make love with you?”

“Yes, Kerry,” she said. “Kieran says he’s OK with it and I want to do it with you. I’ll show you how Kegels feel.”

“I thought you had surgery about a year after Alannah was born to fix some muscles down there. Arial said that’s what it was for.”

“It was. The exercises are good but having four kids caused problems and the exercises weren’t as much help after Alannah. The doctor used laparoscopic surgery to fix things.”

“Is it OK if I ask you both something that’s kind of personal? I don’t want you to get mad at me for asking.”

Kieran answered this time. “Kerry, we’ve always tried to give you honest answers, haven’t we? We’re not going to get mad at you.”

“I know you had a tubal ligation when the doctor did that surgery. Why did you decide that? Why didn’t Kieran have a vasectomy so you wouldn’t have any more kids?”

“He wanted to, Kerry,” Siobhan answered this time. “We argued about it for months. I just didn’t want him to do it. It may be silly but I like knowing he’s squirting all those live sperm in me. When we found out I needed a little repair work, I insisted and he gave in.”

“Well, I know women like knowing they can have babies,” Kieran said. “I still think I should have had my tubes cut instead of yours.”

“And I know men like knowing they can make babies,” she said. “Let’s not get into that argument again.”

“Could we take a break now?” Kieran asked. “I’m hot. I could go for a cold beer.”

Chapter Sixty-Six

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Arial Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Kerry Stuart

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(KERRY)

“Could we take a break now?” Kieran asked. “I’m hot. I could go for a cold beer.”

“I could go for anything cold,” Siobhan said. “What would you like, Kerry?”

“Just a diet soft drink,” I answered. I was beginning to like beer but I had to avoid empty calories as long as I had my modeling contract.

“Oh, come on, Kerry,” Kieran said. “I’ll get three of those mugs I keep in the freezer and you and Siobhan can split a beer. You can drink half an ice-cold beer. It’s really great like that when you’re hot and sweaty.”

“Kieran, don’t start that again,” Siobhan said. “He’s only got a couple of more months until he can forget about watching his weight.”

“OK, screw the diet,” I said. “Screw the modeling contract too. It’s been fun but I’d rather use my mind than my looks any day.”

“Well, anyway, let’s go in the kitchen,” Kieran said. “We need to let the bed cool off a little.”

“I need a pit stop first,” Siobhan said. “Wait on me.”

“Me too,” Kieran said. “Kerry, wait on us.”

I waited. They didn’t take long. Siobhan came out of the bathroom giggling. She had both hands behind her on her

butt. I didn't even ask what Kieran had done to make her laugh.

I led the way to the kitchen, with the two of them just behind me. I heard Kieran whispering and turned around briefly. He had his arm on Siobhan's shoulders and was whispering something to her. I guessed he was trying to get her to do something, probably with me. I didn't care what it was; I was ready for anything.

Kieran got three of the heavy glass mugs he kept in the freezer for beer. Siobhan got two bottles of the beer he liked, a German bock beer, from the refrigerator. It was a deep amber color, almost brown. I'd tasted it lots of times and was starting to like it too.

Siobhan sat down in a chair but Kieran and I remained standing. He poured half of a bottle into one of the mugs and pushed it to her, then poured the other half in a mug and motioned for me to take it. We waited until he poured his and then lifted our mugs to our mouths. I saw ice crystals around the inside of mine as I drank. The beer was good like that, probably nothing like the Germans drank it, but I liked it. I liked it so much I drained my mug and almost froze my throat.

I didn't know Kieran was behind me until he pushed me close to Siobhan. She grinned at me and grabbed my dick. It was still soft but swollen and maybe ready to stand up again. I had no idea what she was doing. She took another big swallow of beer, leaned over, pushed my foreskin back, and quickly took the head of my dick in her mouth. Her mouth, her lips, her tongue, the beer, whatever, was icy but the effect on me was hot. I felt the blood surge into my dick. She straightened up and grinned at me again.

“I told Jerry I'd cold-cock you,” she said.

I tried to hold back a big burp but it squeezed out anyway. “Damn!” I said because I couldn’t think of anything else to say. I sat down in a chair beside her.

I looked at Kieran, Jerry, whoever the fuck he was, leaning back against the kitchen counter, grinning. “Has she ever done that to you?” I asked.

He nodded. “Takes your breath away, doesn’t it, Jason?”

“Jerry put me up to it,” Siobhan said. “He’s a bad little boy.”

I decided to get even with him. I looked at her mug. It was empty, like mine. I went to the refrigerator for another beer, to the freezer for two fresh mugs, and then sat down beside her again. I poured half of the bottle in each of the two mugs.

“Let’s both cold-cock him, Allison,” I said to Siobhan.

“Are you sure, Jason?” she asked. “Why don’t you just let me do it?”

“I’m sure,” I said. “He’s been telling me I’d better be ready for anything if I go play with you two and Luke and Rachael next weekend. Let’s just see if he’s ready for anything.”

“You’d better not do it, Jason,” Kieran said. “It might make you queer.”

“Not a chance,” I said. “Gays like to do something that’s not a turn-on for me. I already know I’m not going to grow up to be gay.”

“What’s that?” Siobhan asked.

“They like to fuck each other in the ass,” I said. “I don’t want to fuck another guy and I sure as hell don’t want another guy fucking me.”

“Oh, I thought you wanted to do it with me,” she said.

“I was only teasing about it, just like you were,” I said. “I don’t see why any guy wants to do it to a woman, not when there’s a place that’s a zillion times better.”

“Bullshit,” Kieran said. “Paul and I did it to Lauren once. If a woman really wanted you to do it, I’ll bet you would. What do you think, Siobhan?”

She looked directly at me. “Oh, I think I could have convinced him.”

She picked up her mug, took a sip of beer, and then wiggled her finger at Kieran. “Come here, Jerry.”

I picked up my mug, took a swallow, and then wiggled my finger at him too. “Yeah, come here, Jerry. You’re chicken-shit, if you don’t.”

He shook his head, maybe no, but he walked over in front of us anyway. I took another big mouthful of beer and held it as long as I could. I slid off the chair, down on my knees, and cold-cocked him while I swallowed the beer. He groaned when I tried to suck the head off his dick.

Siobhan was on her knees waiting for him. As soon as I pulled back, she took a big mouthful of beer, held it for a few seconds, and then cold-cocked him again. He groaned again and even shivered as she was sucking him. I watched and sipped the rest of my beer.

Kieran – Jerry – went to the freezer for another cold mug and to the refrigerator for another beer. He poured most of it in his mug, a little bit in Siobhan’s, and the rest of it in mine. He took a swallow and let out a burp.

“Stand up, Jason!” he said. “I’m not chicken-shit! I’ll do anything you do and probably do it better.”

I let out a louder burp, a real belch, sort of saying “I don’t believe you,” and stood up. Siobhan giggled and let out a polite little burp. Jerry sat down in my chair, took a couple of big swallows, burped, and then cold-cocked me again. I shivered this time.

“Don’t worry, Jason,” Siobhan said. “I’ll thaw it out for you later,”

“Thaw mine out too,” Jerry whined like a little boy. “It’s frost-bitten.”

I didn’t need to have my dick thawed out. It had swelled to a hard-on within seconds of Siobhan cold-cocking me. Kieran’s wasn’t quite standing up when I cold-cocked him but it was close. I decided to taunt him a little. I sat down in a chair, leaned back, and stretched my legs out straight. I used the muscles around my dick to make it jump up and down a few times. “It’s alive!” I said in my best mad-scientist imitation. “It’s alive! Igor, it’s alive!”

I couldn’t remember whether I’d ever done that with them around. I guess Siobhan hadn’t seen me do it before. She almost fell out of her chair laughing. Kieran didn’t even try to duplicate my performance.

“You two are both bad little boys,” Siobhan said, when she had finally calmed down and could talk again. “I don’t know why I put up with you.”

“Cause we put it up you,” Kieran-Jerry, said.

“I’m ready for a fucking shower,” I said. “I think somebody spiked my fucking beer.”

“Yeah, let’s all three get in the fucking shower together,” Kieran suggested.

“We can’t all get in there at the same time,” Siobhan said. “It’s not big enough.”

“Get in the shower with me and it’ll get bigger,” Kieran said.

“Hush, Kieran,” Siobhan said, “I was talking about the shower, not your dick.”

“It’s big enough,” I said. “I got in there once with Brad and Arial. It was hard but we both got it in there...I mean we all got in there.”

“Kerry, are you drunk?” she asked.

“Nope but I feel a little buzz. I’ve never been drunk before and I’m not drunk now.”

“He’s just like me, Siobhan,” Kieran said. “I don’t like to get drunk because I can’t control what I do and say. He’s a control freak just like me.”

We were quiet when we went down the hall past Alannah’s bedroom. She was a sound sleeper and typically slept for about ten hours. She usually woke up about six in the morning. Sometimes she would come down to the basement and crawl in the bed with me if nobody was up.

The three of us were able to squeeze in the shower in their bathroom. We did some groping and a lot of rubbing against each other and a little bit of washing. I began to feel even more of a buzz, sort of dopey-headed, but it wasn’t bad. It just made me feel silly. Maybe it made Kieran and Siobhan silly too. I wrapped my arms around Siobhan from behind and poked her with my hard-on. She acted like she was trying to get it in her pussy but we couldn’t figure out how I could get down to it or she could get up to it. Kieran was in front of her and he tried to get his dick between her legs too. It just couldn’t be done with all of us standing up straight and Kieran and I didn’t have room to stoop down. Of course, it might have been possible if she had quit squirming and had held still long enough.

When we got out of the shower, we helped dry off each other. Kieran and I dried Siobhan and then she and I dried him. I tried to rub his dick off with a towel and he took it away from me and flipped me on my butt as I tried to get away. I raised my hands and surrendered and then they both rubbed me dry. Siobhan made Kieran let her dry my dick and balls.

“Are you two ready to go to sleep?” I asked. “I’ll go downstairs to my own bed if you want me to.”

“You can sleep with us, Kerry,” Kieran said. “You haven’t done that in a long time. It’s been a few years.”

“I’m not ready to go to sleep,” Siobhan said. “It’s just past ten o’clock. There’s something else I want to do with you two.”

“What?” Kieran asked.

“Just wait,” she said. “It’s something silly but I want us to do it.”

When we went back to their bedroom, I waited for Siobhan to get in the bed first, thinking that she’d want to be in the middle. She surprised me.

“Kieran, would you mind if Kerry got in the middle this time?” she asked. “When he was little, that’s where he loved to get. I can’t remember the last time he crawled in between us.”

“I remember,” I said. “I was twelve years old and you let me stay with you while you were making love. I even helped Kieran by sucking on your nipples while he was fucking you from behind. Boy, that was really hot!”

“I don’t mind if he’s in the middle for a while,” Kieran said, “but I’d rather have you in the middle when we go to sleep. If I’m going to spoon up to somebody’s butt, I want it to be yours.”

“Well, you used to spoon up against my butt,” I said. “Siobhan used to let me play with her breasts and you’d be behind me, propped up on one elbow, watching what I was doing. It made me feel loved to be there with both of you.”

“Could we do it like that for a few minutes, Kieran?” Siobhan asked. “I’ll get in the middle before we go to sleep.”

“Are we through playing for the night?” he asked. “I thought you wanted to do something else.”

“We’re not through,” she answered. “I hope you and Kerry have a little more ammunition in your guns, at least one more round.”

I looked at Kieran and frowned at him. “Did you tell her what we did this morning?”

“Yeah, sure, you know I don’t keep any secrets from her. I thought it was fun. She said she wished she could have seen us doing it.”

“Let’s get in the bed,” Siobhan suggested. “I’ll help you reload your guns and then I’ll tell you what I want you to do.”

“Do you want me to turn out the lights?” I asked, and walked over to the wall switch for the overhead light.

“Let’s leave the ones beside the bed on,” Kieran said. “I want to see what we’re doing.”

“OK, but turn them down so it’s not so bright,” Siobhan said. “Kerry, you can turn out the overhead light.”

I turned out the light, crawled in the bed, and stretched out in the middle. Kieran waited until I was settled and then looked at me while he dimmed the bedside lights. When Siobhan got in on my left side, I turned toward her. Kieran got in behind me and spooned up against me, just the way I remembered it from six years ago. She turned toward me,

her face a foot or so from mine and her knees against mine. I put my hand on her breast with my thumb and forefinger on the nipple. Kieran moved up closer to me, put his right leg over my left one, and I felt his hard-on pressed against my butt. Just like old times. He rose up on one elbow and I knew he was watching what Siobhan and I were doing.

Siobhan cupped her hand under one breast and lifted it up toward my mouth. I moved down a little, bent my neck, put my lips around the nipple, and started sucking gently. She reached down, took my dick in her hand, and started stroking, just as slowly and gently as I was sucking. Kieran rose up a little higher, I guess so he could see better, and then put his hand over hers. Together they jacked me some and then Siobhan slid her hand down over my balls and left Kieran's hand stroking me. I remembered they'd put their hands on me like that the last time, years ago.

They whispered back and forth while I sucked on her nipple. When I put my hand on her hip, slid it around onto her butt, then further until I felt the lips of her pussy, she told him what I was doing. When I moved the hand around in front, she lifted one leg, and I got my middle finger as deep in her furnace as I could. Again, she told him what I was doing and what it felt like. I sucked and finger-fucked and let them do the talking. I didn't have anything to say.

After a few minutes, Siobhan pushed me back away from her. I looked up at her face. Her eyes were almost closed and she was smiling.

“You’ve got me too hot, Kerry,” she whispered. “I’m close to coming and I want to do something else before I do.”

“What?”

“Just wait. I’ll tell you in a few minutes. I want to do something Kieran loves. I think you will too.”

“If it’s what I think it is, I know he will,” Kieran said. “Could you get in the middle now so I can watch?”

“I’m going to do it to both of you, Kieran,” she said. “Just remember I don’t want you to come while I’m doing it. Stop me if you get too close, OK?”

I had no idea what it was but I said OK anyway. She made me move up to the head of the bed and then crawled over me. She settled down with her head near my hip, and then tugged at me until I turned over on my side with my dick near her face. Kieran turned over on his side, facing me and grinned at me.

“Just relax, Kerry,” he whispered. “Don’t try to do anything. Just let her do it.”

I closed my eyes and let her. Maybe it was nothing special but I loved it. It was probably as erotic as anything I’d ever experienced. She put her nose on each side of my balls, took a few deep breaths, then started licking me and didn’t stop until she’d licked every bit of my dick and balls and all around. Then she started sucking. She started with my scrotum, sucked one testicle into her mouth, and then the other. Nobody had ever done that to me before. It didn’t feel that great but just the idea that she was doing it made me squirm. I opened my eyes and saw Kieran propped up on one arm, watching, and grinning at me.

She stopped, took a few more deep breaths, and then started sucking and licking my dick. I closed my eyes and relaxed again. She did it slowly and gently, not like she was trying to make me come, not so much like she was doing something that I liked, more like she was doing something she liked and enjoyed doing. I let everything else fade away until there was nothing but my dick and her mouth and my balls and her hands. I came back to reality when she stopped.

“I like doing that to you, Jason,” she whispered. “Is it OK if I do it to Jerry for a while? I’m a bad little girl. I want to do it to both of you.”

“You’re not a bad little girl,” I said. “You’re a gooood little girl. You can do that to me anytime.”

She did the same thing with Kieran. He kept his eyes closed and, from the look on his face, he was enjoying it as much as I did. I lay there, propped up on one elbow, slowly stroking my dick, and watched the show. She played with him for maybe five minutes and then stopped and got up on her knees between us.

“OK, now you two can finish up with each other and I get to watch,” she whispered. “I like to watch two guys doing a soixante-neuf.”

Kieran’s eyes popped open and he looked at me. I didn’t want to finish up with him. I didn’t know whether he’d be willing to finish with me. I didn’t know whether she was just teasing and daring us again. I thought it would be fun to tease Kieran about it.

“That’s fine with me but I’m not going to swallow,” I said. “How about you, Kieran?”

“I always swallow,” he said, grinning at me. “It’s as good as raw oysters.”

I looked at Siobhan. She wasn’t grinning, not with her mouth anyway, but her eyes said something else. I looked back at Kieran. He was still grinning. I didn’t know what the fuck was going on. I didn’t want to do anything with him, not a sixty-nine anyway.

“Well, come on, Kerry,” Kieran said. “Do you like it top and bottom or side by side?”

I looked back at Siobhan. She had a little bit of a grin on her face now. I still didn't know whether they really expected me to do it or whether they were just teasing me again. Kieran had told me that I'd better be ready for anything if I went to Luke and Rachael's with them. I thought I was. But I guess I was thinking of anything as something guys did with girls, not guys doing it with each other.

“You can relax, Kerry,” she said. “I don’t really want to watch you and Kieran sucking each other. We’re just teasing you.”

“Don’t listen to her, Kerry,” Kieran said. “She and Rachael got me and Luke to do it with each other. They watched us and kept at us to really get into it, to do it like we really wanted to suck each other.”

“Well, that was just because you and Luke kept teasing me and Rachael to do a soixante-neuf while you two watched,” she said. “We enjoyed doing it. I don’t see why you can’t admit you enjoyed doing it with Luke.”

“I thought I had admitted it,” he said. “I guess I enjoyed it too much. I was afraid I might learn to like it so much that I’d want to keep doing it.”

“You guys are all alike,” she said. “You love it when a woman sucks your dick. When I asked Jason what he wanted, that’s the first thing he asked for. ‘Suck my dick!’ Shit! It’s always OK if a woman does it. Just let a man do it and you panic.”

“That’s not true, Siobhan,” I said. “I didn’t panic when Jerry cold-cocked me. I’ve played with a few couples where I sucked the guy’s dick. I don’t mind doing it when we’re all playing around and having fun. I just know I’d rather have my mouth on a woman’s pussy than on a man’s dick any day.”

“You inherited my cunnilingus gene, Kerry.” Kieran said. “When I was a kid, I used to have fantasies about licking and

biting and sucking a girl all over and saving her pussy for dessert. The first time I really did it...boy, that was really something...doing it with Lauren was better than any fantasy.”

“And I’ll always be grateful that she got you off to such a good start,” Siobhan said. “Are you two ready to do something else? Have you got your derringers reloaded?”

“See what I have to put up with, Kerry,” Kieran said. “If I didn’t love her so much, I’d spank her butt for calling my bazooka a derringer.”

“I think you should spank her anyway,” I said. “I’d like to watch you do it. Get her butt all rosy red and then we’ll both bite it.”

“Don’t you dare, Kieran!” she said. “You two have got to do what I say now. Whatever your dick is, I helped you reload it. Now I want to watch you shoot it.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Just what I said,” she said. “I want to lay here in the middle of the bed and I want you two to get on your knees...straddle my legs...and jack off while I watch. It may be silly but it’s what I want.”

I looked at Kieran. He was grinning at me and I knew he’d do it. I guess he knew I’d do it too.

“What are you going to be doing while we’re doing that?” I asked.

“I’m going to use my fingers to do myself,” she said. “I’m going to see if I can come at the same time you do.”

She spread her legs wide apart and put both hands between them. I couldn’t see what she was doing but I wanted to

watch her doing herself while we jacked off on her. Maybe it was silly but I really wanted to do it too.

“Come on, Jason,” Kieran said. “Let’s do what Allison wants. I’m ready.”

He rolled over on his knees and straddled one leg. I straddled the other, looked down, and saw her fingers start to move. I looked at Kieran and saw that he was looking down at where her hand was. He started stroking his dick and I did too.

She had not only helped me reload but she’d also primed me. Within a minute or so, I felt the urge to shoot begin and I decided to see if I could give her a good one. I put my other hand between my legs, thumb over my dick against my stomach, fingers curled around my balls, fingertips pressed against the area between my balls and my asshole. I tightened the muscles in my stomach and hips and thighs, gave my dick a few more strokes, and started shooting.

The first one flew a few feet and hit on one side of her face. I bent my dick down a little and the next one got her on one of her breasts. I bent it a little more and drilled her in the stomach. I leaned back, bent it a little more, and squirted a little more down on her hand and her pubic hair.

I looked back at her face and saw her eyes almost closed and an expression that told me she was coming too.

I looked at Kieran and watched him. His hand was almost a blur. It didn’t stop moving until he’d laid down another trail of white blobs and strings on her breasts and stomach.

I waited, watching Siobhan’s hand moving around between her legs about as slowly as my hand was moving on my dick. I looked at Kieran, saw him squeeze out another glob of semen, and then shake his dick until it dropped down on her stomach. I milked my dick down and added a little more to the mess.

Siobhan moved both hands up through all the semen, rubbed it around on her breasts, especially the nipples, then cupped her hands underneath them and held them up.

“Strawberries and cream,” she whispered. “Anybody want some?”

I looked at Kieran to see what he was going to do. When he bent over, I joined him.

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The next morning, I woke up with a piss-hard and a bladder demanding to be emptied. I was groggy and half awake and, for a minute, I couldn’t remember where I was. I felt someone behind me and I knew from the breasts pressed against my back that it was a Siobhan. But there was somebody in front of me too, somebody little, spooned back against me, a little naked butt pressed back against my hard-on. I tried to sort it all out and then I knew. Siobhan was behind me and Alannah was in front of me. They were both still and breathing slowly. I tried to be still too but there was no way I could. I eased out as slowly and gently as I could and went in the bathroom.

When I came back out, Kieran and Siobhan were awake, hair all mussed, naked, and both turned toward Alannah. She was on her stomach between them, with her hands under her chin and the calves of her legs bent back toward her beautiful little butt and wiggling around and around. I stood and watched them talking to her and playing with her.

I didn’t feel that she was taking my place. I was happy that she could be there with them, sharing in their love, just like I had. It just made it easier for me to do what I wanted to do, what I had to do.

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On Wednesday morning, I caught Dad before he left for work. I wanted to talk to him about lots of stuff and I didn't want to do it with Mom or Alannah around. I asked him if he'd go fishing with me down in the creek that evening. He knew what I wanted.

“Sure,” he answered. “What do you want to talk about?”

“Lots of things,” I said. “They all get mixed up and I’m having a hard time deciding what I want to do and what’s the best way and stuff like that.”

“OK, I’ll be home a little after five. I want to have a little time with Alannah and Siobhan first. What time do you want to go?”

“We could go about seven and still have about an hour of daylight to fish. I’ll get us some crickets and worms and make sure the poles and lines are OK.”

We always used little cane poles with a light line and a cork and a small lead weight to fish in the creek. If we went down the creek toward the river a short distance, there were some deep holes in places. We would flick the line upstream and let it drift into the holes. Most of the fish we caught were bream but Dad and I liked them.

We were going down the hill to the creek when I asked my first question. I wanted to save a certain question for last.

“Dad, is Kavan’s plan to purchase Manchester Landscaping going to work?” I asked.

“Yeah, I think so,” he answered. “The Manchesters really want to sell the business to him. Siobhan has helped him put together a good financing package. He’ll have a bank loan and I’ll co-sign that. He’ll have a new mortgage on the property. And he’s going to sell two thousand shares of common stock.”

“Is it OK if I buy a hundred shares,” I asked. “If I wait a few months, I won’t have to ask your permission but I want to subscribe to the stock now.”

He looked at me and I suppose he was wondering if I knew what I was asking to do.

“Are you sure?” he asked. “The stock will be sold at \$100 per share. That’s a big chunk of the money Siobhan has invested for you.”

“I’m sure. I know what I’m doing.”

“Kerry, the stock won’t necessarily pay dividends any time soon and, if Kavan screws up, you could lose your investment. Why do you want to do it?”

“Do you remember the time I cut my foot bad at the creek and Kavan and Arial brought me home. I think I was eight then.”

“Yeah, the three of you were down there barefooted and you stepped on a piece of glass, didn’t you? You had to have some stitches and a tetanus shot.”

“We weren’t all barefooted, Dad. Kavan and Arial had their old sneakers on. I took mine off. Kavan told me to keep them on but I didn’t listen to him.”

“I don’t remember it that way.”

“Kavan lied about it when he told Mom. He told her a white lie so I wouldn’t get punished. I knew you and Mom wanted us to wear old sneakers in the creek but I wanted to get barefooted and wade. Please don’t tell Mom, OK?”

“Is that why you stopped arguing with him so much? Seems like that was about the time your relationship with him changed.”

“Yeah, that was part of it. I guess it was mainly the way he took care of me and didn’t fuss at me.”

“What did he do?”

“My foot was bleeding pretty bad and Arial wanted to run home and get Mom. Kavan told her not to. He said he didn’t want her running down the hill not knowing how bad I was hurt. He said they could take care of it.”

“And they did; didn’t they?”

“Yeah, Kavan sat me down on a rock and held the cut closed with his hand until the bleeding slowed down. He got Arial calmed down and she got me to stop crying. He got her to hold the cut closed, took off his shirt and cut some strips out of it, made a compress, and tied it over the cut. Then he carried me up the hill on his back.”

“If you were eight then, he was about thirteen, wasn’t he? He carried you all the way up the hill by himself?”

“Yeah, Mom saw us coming and I guess she saw my foot was bandaged but she didn’t panic. Arial was chattering away about what had happened. Kavan couldn’t say anything until he caught his breath and then he told Mom the white lie. He was looking at Arial when he told it like he was daring her to tell Mom the truth.”

“Did he ream you out later for being so stupid?”

“No. We talked for an hour that night but he never said a word about what I’d done. He still hasn’t said anything to me about it.”

“And that’s why you want to put your money in his company, huh?”

“Maybe. Maybe it’s because he was so calm and competent and assured that afternoon. Maybe it’s because he took care

of me and never fussed at me. Maybe it's because he's my brother and I love him and I trust him."

"That's not a good reason for a business decision, Kerry," he said.

"Yes it is," I protested. "I know Kavan. He's got his degree in landscape architecture. He knows how to do everything at Manchester Landscaping. He wants to buy the business and run it. I know he can do it. He'll never let us down. That's just the way he is. Anyway, how much of the common stock are you and Mom going to buy?"

"I'll leave that up to Siobhan," he said. "Lauren wants to buy some and Stuart and Luke do too. I think all of the common will be subscribed in the next week or two. If you can convince your Mom to let you subscribe to some shares, it's OK with me."

The first place we fished was at a big sycamore tree. The creek had washed a deep hole close to the tree and I almost always caught something in it. This time Dad was the one who got lucky. It was a nice catfish, the kind that's really good eating. He was putting it on the string when he asked me about Alexandra.

"I heard you were at lunch with an older woman, Kerry," he said. "Have you got a new conquest?"

"Nah, not yet. Do you know Alexandra Mishkoff? She's the Arts and Entertainment editor for the paper. We've had lunch together a couple of times. The first time, she took me to lunch at Mork and Mindy's Deli. She wanted to talk to me about writing a follow-up story on the high school production of Porky's. She saw it and also the production of Grease, the next year. That's the one in which Nicole Whittaker and I were the lead dancers. She loved both of them. Lunch was supposed to be about an hour but we ended up sitting and talking until after two o'clock. We hit it off in more ways than one. Damn, she's hot"

“I don’t know her but I know who she is. She’s twice your age, Kerry.”

“Yeah, more than that. She’s forty, but she’s a hot forty, Dad. She did me a favor so I took her to lunch the second time.”

“What did she do?”

“She got me a couple a couple of tickets to a concert that was sold out. I took her to lunch at The Gardens as a thank-you.”

“That’s a pricy upscale place, Kerry, Was she impressed?”

“Yeah, I dressed up some, thanks to Cruise Classics, and picked her up in my car. She wanted to know where I got the clothes and the car so I told her. I didn’t tell her where we were going and she was surprised when I pulled up at The Gardens. I’d made reservations and I just acted like I went there all the time. We talked about the article she wants to write and had another long lunch. I promised I’d help her.”

“You said ‘not yet’ when I asked you about her. Are you planning on seeing her again, maybe adding her to your harem?”

“Who knows? I asked her for a date, told her I’d bring her back to The Gardens for dinner and dancing. She said she wouldn’t date me until I was eighteen, told me to call her then. We both know what we want.”

“I have no idea what you two want with each other,” he lied.

“Well, she did. I asked her for a birthday present, a pair of her panties to make it clear what I wanted. She asked me what she’d get in return. I told her I’d eat her until she couldn’t talk and fuck her until she couldn’t walk. When I took her back to the newspaper, she kissed me on the cheek and told me to call her.”

Kieran just shook his head. “Kerry, you’d better be careful about messing around with older women.

“You didn’t tell me that when I was messing around with Lauren.”

“I knew Lauren wouldn’t hurt you. I don’t know anything about Alexandra. Just don’t get into something over your head.”

“That’s a good one, Dad. I’ll give you two points.”

“You know what I mean, Kerry.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“What have you got planned for the summer to keep you out of mischief?” he asked. “Sounds like you’ve already got plans to get into something.”

“Well, the modeling job is going to take a lot of time,” I answered. “The money’s too damn good to turn down but I’m getting tired of it.”

“I meant something where you’re going to use your brain, not your looks or your dick.”

“Stuart wants me to work my way through some math subjects where he thinks I’m a little weak. He wants me to pick one basic course and make sure I know it well enough to teach it, you know, develop an outline, make up some tests, and stuff like that. He wants me to teach a few classes with him as a student so he can rip my ass to shreds.”

“Kerry, you know what he’s doing,” he said. “The experience will be useful if you go to school at Stuart’s alma mater. They like to make grad students into low-paid slaves. You might end up teaching students older than you are. Would you mind if I sat in on the class when you’re teaching it? Maybe you could invite Luke too.”

“It’s OK with me,” I said. “I’ll let you know when I’m ready.”

“Maybe Luke would help you with some computer applications,” he said. “Why don’t you ask him?”

“I already did. He gave me some computer programs he says I should learn. He charged them to Andersen Security and told me I could repay the company by helping Andersen employees with them when they need it. Is it OK for him to give me something like that and charge it to the company? Did he tell you?”

“Well, I hadn’t heard about it but, sure, it’s OK. That’s Luke’s decision. He evidently thinks you can help our employees as payment. Luke doesn’t bother me with details like that. He’s a take-charge person. He may be the next CEO for Andersen Security.”

“Oh, when would that happen?”

“Not before I’m fifty-eight, Kerry. I told you about the golden handcuffs the company’s put on me. I can retire as a millionaire at fifty-eight if I want to.”

He’d told me about the golden handcuffs. He’d been contacted a few times by corporate headhunters who had heard of what he’d done at Andersen Security. The Board of Directors, mainly Ms. Lauren, had put the handcuffs on him to make sure he wouldn’t leave Andersen.

“Luke said he’ll help me with the computer programs anytime I want it and Stuart said he’ll help me brush up my math courses. They both said I could come over about five, play with the kids, have dinner with them, and work with them afterwards. They said I could spend the night anytime I want to.”

“What does that mean, spend the night?” Kieran asked, grinning at me.

“It just means I can sleep over, Dad,” I answered. “What do you think it means?”

“It sounds like they want you to play with the little kids before dinner and then play with the big kids when you go to bed. Is that what you think they mean?”

“Who knows, Dad?” I answered. “The flesh is willing and the spirit is weak.”

We walked down the creek a little farther and baited our hooks again. I found a likely spot and dropped in my line. He moved on a few feet and tried another spot.

“I saw Tara Winegard yesterday,” I said. “And again today. And I want to see her lots more.”

Tara was a friend when I was in high school. She had been to our house as part of a study group more than once. Dad knew her father and mother. I didn’t know if he’d remember her. He did.

“Oh? What’s she like now?”

“She’s really changed,” I said. “I couldn’t believe what she looks like now. We’re the same age but she was just a junior when I graduated. She just graduated last week. She was kind of mousy and shy and skinny when I graduated. Kind of cute and mischievous too. Now she’s...she’s tall and beautiful, really gorgeous. Legs like you wouldn’t believe.”

“Come on, Kerry,” he said. “What happened? Sounds like she made quite an impression on you.”

“Yeah, she sure did. You know they give us a big white robe to wear when we’re not busy. They were doing some swimsuit pictures first. I had on a Cruise Classic version of a Speedo and they were through with me so I put on my robe and started back to where the guys change. I didn’t have it

closed 'cause most of us don't worry about somebody looking at us. She came out of a room across the hall with her robe wrapped around her. I didn't know who she was but I looked 'cause she was so tall. When she saw me she smiled like she knew me and then flashed me and said, 'Hi, Kerry.'"

"Flashed you?" Dad asked. "You mean she was naked under her robe?"

"Nah, she had on a little two-piece outfit," I said. "The way she grinned and the way she did it – that's when I knew who she was. It was Tara. I saw her again later and asked her to have lunch with me. They furnish sandwiches and drinks when we're working and we eat when we're not busy. We ate lunch together today too."

"And you're smitten, huh?" Dad said.

"Whatever. Boy, she's really something. She's almost as tall as me; she says she's five eleven in her bare feet. She's not skinny anymore. She's filled out enough to make my tongue get hard. I want to ask her for a date."

"Well, go ahead," he said and paused for a second like he was thinking. "Is there a problem with asking her for a date?"

"No problem. I know my dick's interested in her. I jacked off twice last night thinking about how she looked when she held her robe open. I just don't want to get involved with her unless there's the possibility of a lot more than sex. I don't think that would be fair to her. She's always had a reputation as one of the nice girls in school. She told me to bug off if all I wanted was to hook up with her."

I saw his cork go under and he jerked his pole. He had a bream big enough to put up a little fight. It was a keeper so I put it on the string with the others.

“Are you holding back on your questions?” he asked. “You could have told me about Tara anytime.”

“I know. Meeting her is just one more example of what makes it so hard to make up my mind about going to college in California and leaving home and being away from my family. I want to go. I want it real bad. I want to be totally on my own and be responsible for my life. Kavan and Arial may be content to stay here but I just feel like I can’t. I want to see different places and meet different people and all sorts of stuff. Then I see Tara, after not having seen her in about two years, and I want to stay here and...I don’t even know what. I just have a feeling I might be stupid not to get to know her better. I haven’t felt like this about any other girl I’ve known.”

“Why don’t you just talk to her about it? If she graduated high school last week, I imagine she’ll start college somewhere this fall. She probably has a lot of the same concerns you do.”

“She’s going to college here. Maybe I ought to just stay here and get my undergraduate degree and then go to Stuart’s alma mater for my PhD. I just have a feeling about her, like maybe I could end up married to her. I wouldn’t mind seeing her face for the rest of my life.”

“What color are her eyes, Kerry?” he asked. I knew the answer.

“They’re a very light blue-gray. Did you really know you wanted to marry Mom the first time you saw her?” I asked. “I think I remember you said you did. How did you know?”

“Yeah, I don’t know how or why I felt that way but I really did feel like she was the woman I wanted to marry. I’d never felt like that before. She smiled at me – you know how her face and eyes light up when she smiles – and I knew I wanted to marry her.”

“Well, I’ll have this summer to see what happens with her,” I said. “But I want to get busy and make plans to transfer to Stuart’s alma mater this fall or maybe next January. Will you help me? I don’t mean with money. I mean with Mom and Alannah. Maybe you and Stuart and Luke could all help me decide on a major. I love studying math and physics but I need to point myself at a specific goal.”

“Yes, I’ll help you. We’ll all help you.”

“That’s one more thing I want to talk about, Dad, the most important thing,” I said. “About this weekend – I want to go play with you and Siobhan and Luke and Rachael. The only problem is, the way you and Siobhan make it sound, it’s a lot of playing and sex and fun. I like that but I wish I could make love to her sort of peaceful and quiet first.”

“You want some private time with her? Is that what you’re saying?”

“Uh, uh, not really, I just wish it could be like it was last Saturday night, with both of us loving her, just me and you. The only thing different would be that I get to go all the way with her.”

“You want me around while you’re doing it? You want me to stay and watch?”

“Yeah, I want you to stay. I want to watch you with her. I want you to watch me with her.”

“Both of us, huh, one after the other?” he asked.

“Yeah, I’ll even take sloppy seconds,” I answered, grinning at him

He punched me on the shoulder. “And I get third and you get fourth?”

I pretended I was going to hit him in the stomach. “Yeah, I guess so, if you can get it up again. I know I can.”

“I’ll talk to Siobhan tonight and see what she says,” he answered. “Are you going to be home tomorrow night and Friday night?”

“Yeah, I don’t have any plans until Saturday night.”

“What are you doing then?” he teased.

“Could we talk about that,” I asked. “I mean, be serious about it. I keep thinking about it. I want to do it but I keep thinking maybe it’s wrong for me to do it with Siobhan.”

“Kerry, you know what I’ve tried to teach you about sex,” he said. “Don’t ever do anything without the permission of the other person and don’t ever do anything to hurt her. She’s says it’s OK with her and you know you’re not going to hurt her.”

“Yeah, I hope it doesn’t. I’m not talking about physically. If your dick doesn’t hurt her, I know mine won’t. I’m talking about the relationship we have. Most people would say we shouldn’t do it because it’s incest and it’s a sin for us to do it.”

He stood and looked at me for a minute or so, grinning at me, and shaking his head.

“Kerry, we’ve had lots of talks about religion over the last few years. What’s a sin?”

“I know. I know. People say it’s a sin if you disobey god’s holy words. You say there’s no such thing as a sin. I suppose you’re an atheist and I guess I am too. You say there’s no supernatural entity like a god and all the so-called holy books are just a jumble of stuff written by men. They’re not a god’s words; they’re men’s words. I agree with that.”

“I don’t call myself an atheist, Son,” he said. “I don’t even feel like an agnostic. I’ve searched for years for something like religion to believe in. All I want is a little bit of objective, verifiable evidence that the core assertions are really believable. I’ve never found any. I don’t say there’s no god; I just say I’ve never found any evidence of one.”

“Why do you get so pissed off when somebody talks about the virgin birth and all that kind of stuff?”

“Because of the way they see a woman. They see her as pure and undefiled if she’s a virgin. If she’s had a man’s dick in her, she’s been defiled. That’s crap. I didn’t defile your mother when we had sex and conceived you four kids. It’s stupid to look at something as defiling a woman when it resulted in four of the best things that ever happened to me.”

“Even if one of those four kids wasn’t part of your plans?” I asked. He knew I was teasing about the fact that I was sort of an accident.

He stood looking at me for a minute or so. “I wish you could know how I feel about you, Son. I love all of you but sometimes I feel like I’m closer to you than the others. I don’t love you any less because you weren’t planned.”

“Well, I’m glad you and Mom didn’t try to teach us to stay pure until after we’re married. When I hear kids talk about abstinence, I feel sorry for them. I’m glad you let us do stuff and just tried to guide us.”

“Son, you know I believe all religious teachings about sex are pretty stupid. It hasn’t been that long since boys were taught that masturbation was a sin and they should be ashamed of doing it. Do you think I should have taught you that instead of teaching you that it’s the most natural thing a young man can do?”

“Shit no, Dad. I’d have gone crazy if you’d pushed that on me.”

“We’ve always tried to be honest with you kids when it comes to sex,” he said. “We never forced you into anything. We let you learn with each other and even with us. Did we do anything to hurt you?”

“Yeah, I know. But you’ve always set limits on what we do. You’ve never done it with Arial. Why not?”

“Because I think it would hurt her relationship with Brad. I screwed up when I did it with Kathryn. I think that almost wrecked her relationship with Kavan. I shouldn’t have done that.”

“Well, is it going to hurt my relationship with you if I do it with Siobhan? Or your relationship with her?”

“No, Kerry, it’s not. I surrendered to loving her a long time ago and I know she loves me the same way. We’ve both done everything we can to have a loving commitment to each other. It’s gotten stronger and stronger over the years. Just because one of us has sex with someone else occasionally doesn’t diminish that love.”

“Yeah, I know how you two love each other. I’ve watched you all my life and I really believe you when you say you can’t separate loving her and having sex with her. It wasn’t until a few years ago that I realized how unusual you two are in not hiding your love. I guess that’s why I worry about doing something to hurt your relationship.”

“Kerry, I know what you’re doing. Maybe you don’t but I think I do. You’re going to leave us. You love both of us. You want to love Siobhan completely before you go. That’s not going to hurt us.”

I felt a tug on my fishing pole and realized I’d forgotten that I was supposed to be fishing. I finally managed to get a big bream landed, probably one of the biggest I’d ever caught in the creek. I strung it up and looked at Kieran. He had wound

up his fishing line on the cane pole. I knew it was time for us to go back up the hill to home.

“It’s time for us to go home, Kerry,” he said. “And it’s time for you to go too.”

“Yeah, I know. I don’t know where I’m going in life but I’m ready for it.

“I’ve got to pee,” Kieran said. “You?”

I knew what he meant. “Yeah!”

We stood side by side on the creek bank, unzipped our jeans, and took out our dicks. I pointed mine upward, squeezed the muscles in my abdomen, and arched a stream out into the creek. Kieran glanced at me, followed my example, and we tried to see who could piss the farthest. It was probably a tie. We both shook and put away.

“It’s your turn,” he said.

Again, I knew what he meant.

I said it and added something to it. “It’s great to be a man on a warm spring evening like this and to take a good hot piss in the creek – with my father.”

Chapter Sixty-Seven

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Arial Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Siobhan Stuart; Kerry Stuart; Kieran Stuart

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(SIOBHAN)

On Thursday morning, I tried to keep my mind on preparing breakfast for Alannah, Kerry, and Kieran. Alannah was doing gymnastics in her chair at the kitchen table. All she had on was a nightgown and it didn't hide much. She couldn't sit still and she showed her backside one minute and her front the next. But she was easy to please at breakfast. I gave her a glass of milk and a slice of raisin bread spread with cream cheese and she was satisfied.

I had on my typical morning outfit - white cotton panties, white socks, and a loose robe that wouldn't stay closed. Kieran always said looking at me in the morning was lots better than reading the cereal box.

He came in the kitchen dressed in khaki pants and a knit shirt and I knew from his casual dress that he wouldn't be seeing anybody outside of the Andersen Security employees all day. As usual, he drank a glass of orange juice before anything else. While he teased Alannah, I poured him a cup of coffee, toasted a split bagel, and spread cream cheese on both sides. On Tuesday night we'd grilled pineapple for

dessert and had leftovers. I gave both of them some of that and let Kieran cut up Alannah's.

All I could think about was what Kieran and I had decided last night after he told me of his conversation with Kerry. We'd talked for over an hour about him, what he wanted to do, and what we should do.

Kieran wasn't troubled by what Kerry wanted to do. For all of his life, Kerry had wanted to be close to me, to put his hands and mouth on my breasts, and even to sleep with us sometimes. I'd always known his love for me was different from Kavan's or Arial's. After puberty, I'd seen that love develop a sexual attraction to me. I'd wondered for years how I'd respond if he wanted more than sexual play and wanted to consummate his love for me in the usual way.

Kieran wasn't surprised when I told him I wanted to let Kerry make love to me but I couldn't decide whether it was the right thing to do. The religious prohibition of incest meant no more to him than it did to me. I couldn't have any more children. Kerry was an adult at seventeen and more intelligent and wise about sex than most people years older. Neither of us could see any harm that would come from letting Kerry do what he wanted to do. It was something I wanted too.

We talked about all the reasons why we shouldn't let him do what he wanted to do and dismissed them. Kieran told me it was my decision, that he knew a woman's heart doesn't listen to her mind, and that he would always love me no matter what. So I decided to listen to my heart.

Kieran suggested we should ask Kerry to give Alannah a swimming lesson after dinner to wear her out so she'd go to bed early, then to bathe her and read to her, and finally to join us in our bedroom when she was asleep.

Kerry was late coming up from his basement bachelor pad. When I got up, a little after six, he'd been in the back yard

washing his car and that was unusual. He always washed and polished it on the weekend. I put a glass of OJ, another of milk, and some pineapple at his place and put another split bagel in the toaster. When he finally ran up the steps, he wasn't dressed. He had on white briefs and sandals – nothing else. The words Cruise Classic were on the front of the waistband, one word in sky blue, the other in aquamarine. He had a plastic bag in one hand.

“Where’s the ironing board, Mom?” he asked, in a hurry. “I need to get the wrinkles out of my shirt and shorts.”

He took a new shirt out of the bag, a Cruise Classic of course, in navy blue with sky blue and aquamarine stripes, shook it out, and inspected it.

“Yeah, it could use a little touching up,” he said. “Where’s the iron?”

“Slow down, Kerry,” I said, and took the shirt from him. “I’ll do it for you. Sit down and eat your breakfast.”

He pulled some khaki shorts out of the bag, inspected them, and then handed them to me.

“I can do it, Mom,” he said. “You take care of Dad and Alannah.”

“What’s going on, Kerry?” Kieran asked. “I heard you leave a little after nine last night and then come back about ten. You washed your car at the crack of dawn this morning. Now you’re in a hurry to get those things ironed. Whazzup?”

Kerry didn’t stop even while Kieran was talking. He unfolded the ironing board, plugged in the iron, and sat it up to get hot.

“I got a call from Mr. DeMaria about nine last night,” he finally said. “He thinks he’s talked Cruise Classic into something great. They may build their fall advertising

campaign around me and Tara. I've got to pick her up before I go to work. They're going to shoot a video, I guess you'd call it an audition, when we drive up and walk in the school this morning. If they like it, they'll do some videos and photos for their website and for ads and we'll get a big increase in our contracts."

He picked up his orange juice and drank it in a second or two.

"Well, did you have to go somewhere to talk to him?" I asked. "You know I've asked you not to go out at night without letting us know where you are."

"I came upstairs but you and Dad had already gone to bed," he answered. "I met Mr. and Mrs. DeMaria at school where they're storing all the clothes for the photo shoot. Tara got her brother to bring her. Her parents don't want her to go out by herself at night. Mr. DeMaria wanted us to pick out some new Cruise Classic stuff to wear. They helped us pick some things that would look good on us."

He picked up the glass of milk and made it disappear just as quickly.

"How did DeMaria swing this?" Kieran asked. "I thought you'd had your contract for months."

"He watched me and Tara when we were eating lunch on Tuesday and got the idea. I don't know what he saw but he got one of the Cruise execs to come to lunch on Wednesday. They both watched us and I guess the exec liked what he saw. Mr. DeMaria said we really held his attention the way we were with each other, something about our interaction, and the way we looked at each other. He said he couldn't take his eyes off us and that's what they want the ads to do."

Kieran poured himself a little more coffee and looked up at Kerry. "Do you want a cup?"

Kerry shook his head no. “I can’t drink coffee now. It makes me sweat and I don’t want dark circles showing in the clothes under my arms. Models don’t sweat. We’re always cool.”

“Well, sit down and eat something,” I said. “I’ll press your shirt and shorts.”

He sat down, poured himself another glass of milk, and put cream cheese and strawberry preserves on his bagel. His excitement was all too evident. I wondered if it was because he was thinking of the increase in his contract or because he’d have more “interaction” with Tara. I remembered her from her visits to our house. She’d been a tall thin quiet girl then, cute but not all that impressive.

I sprayed a mist of water on the shirt and shorts and then started ironing them, thinking about what Kieran had told me and what I’d learned this morning. Kieran and I had decided I should invite him to join us tonight after Alannah was asleep. Now I wasn’t sure what to say to him. I kept looking at him, watching him, seeing something more than excitement. He seemed uneasy or agitated by something else. Every time he looked at me, he quickly looked away as though he couldn’t....couldn’t what? Kieran must have seen it too.

“Kerry, are you upset about something?” he asked.

I kept my eyes on Kerry’s face. It was evident now that there was something other than excitement. His eyes almost closed and the muscles in his jaw looked clenched and hard.

“Oh, shit, I don’t know what to do,” he finally blurted out. “Why does it all have to be so god damn hard?”

He looked at Alannah and then at me. “I’m sorry,” he said. He knew I didn’t like him to use profanity around his little sister.

I walked over in front of him, lifted his chin, and made him look at me. "Tell me what's wrong, Kerry," I said.

"It's just...I don't know what to do. Kieran, I mean Dad, told me you two were going to Luke and Rachael's on Saturday night and I wanted to go with you. Maybe I shouldn't but I wanted to do the same things Dad and Luke do and you said OK. Then I didn't want to be with you, not for the first time I mean, with Luke and Rachael there, and Dad said he'd see if you'd let me..." He looked at Alannah. "...be with you tonight or tomorrow night."

He stopped to catch his breath. "Go on," I urged.

"Then this thing with Cruise...just right after I'd talked to Dad yesterday about you...it's just like somebody or something is pushing me into seeing more of Tara. I like her and maybe there's the possibility of something...I don't know what... between me and her but, shit, I don't know what to do. Why does it have to be so hard to know what to do and what's the right thing to do?"

Kieran stood up, scooped up Alannah, and started to the family room. "Alannah's finished. I'm going to put her in front of the cartoon channel. I'll be back in a jiffy."

I tried to understand what was causing Kerry to feel so unsure about what he wanted to do or should do. He was the one who had said he wanted to go with us to play with Luke and Rachael. He was the one who asked Kieran if it would be OK if he could be with me before he went to the Bridges. And he was the one who said he wanted Kieran to be there while he was with me. What was different? Tara! He sensed an opportunity, a possibility, to have some sort of relationship with her. I knew what was causing him to feel confused. He didn't want to hurt me. He wanted to make love to me but not if I might feel that he was really thinking of Tara and wanted to be with her. I suppose it all made sense, at least to him.

“Kerry, are you afraid you’ll hurt my feelings?” I asked. “Now that I know you’re thinking about what might happen with Tara, do you think you’ll make me unhappy if you make love with me?”

Kieran came back in the kitchen while I was talking to Kerry and sat down again at the kitchen table. “Sit down, Siobhan,” he said.” “Let’s see if we can help him sort this out.”

I sat down at the end of the table, Kerry on one side, Kieran on the other, and tried to think of what to say. Kieran started.

“Kerry, last night, when I talked to Siobhan, she was very happy for you, happy that you felt you and Tara might get to be more than friends. She was especially excited when I told her that you’d asked me how I knew I wanted to marry her as soon as I saw her. We both want you to find a girl like Tara, one that you will marry and love for the rest of your life. There’s nothing wrong with that. There’s everything right about it.”

“Yeah, but I shouldn’t...” he paused and looked at me. “I shouldn’t be thinking about making love with you if I’m thinking about something with Tara. That’s not right.”

“Kerry, this all started when you learned we were going to play with Luke and Rachael,” I said. “You’re an adult now. You’ll be one legally this fall. You want to play with the grownups now instead of with the little kids. Isn’t that right?”

“Yeah, I guess so,” he answered.

“Do you think you’re going to have some sort of permanent relationship with Rachael or Siobhan?” Kieran asked.

“No, of course not,” he answered.

I'd heard enough to understand why he was confused. He was just being Kerry: always concerned about others' feelings, always doing his best not to hurt anyone, and always a caring loving person. There was no need for his concern for me. He couldn't hurt me. He wanted to love me completely before he flew from our family. I wanted to be with him just as much, just once before he went wherever it was he had to go. Kieran had told me last night that he understood, that he'd seen it coming, and that he wouldn't be hurt if Kerry made love to me. I decided to take charge.

"Kerry, would you get up and come over here in front of me?" I asked.

He looked at me, puzzled I suppose, but he did what I asked. I opened my legs in a vee, took both his hands in mine, and pulled him up between my knees. I glanced at Kieran and saw him smiling. I looked up at Kerry; he wasn't smiling.

"Kerry, tonight after dinner, I want you to take Alannah to the pool and give her another swimming lesson. Then run her through the shower and shampoo her hair. Use the blow dryer set on low to dry it. Take her to bed and read to her until she falls asleep. Can you do that for me?" I asked.

He nodded. "Sure."

I turned loose of one of his hands and cupped my hand under the bulge in his briefs. I could feel his testicles under my fingertips and his penis under the palm of my hand. I held my hand against him until I felt a swelling response in his dick.

"When she's asleep, I want you to come to our bedroom," I continued. "Kieran and I will be waiting for you. I want to play with both of you just a little. I want you to make love to me first. Then I want Kieran to take his turn. Will that be OK with you?"

He nodded and then whispered, "Yes."

“Kerry, you’ve got to understand that there can be no turning back after tonight,” Kieran said. “You may not believe it but she’s always been restrained in sex with you kids. You’ve never seen her as a woman who wants to be fucked until she loses all her inhibitions. She can get really wild sometimes.”

I glanced at Kieran and saw him looking where I had my hand. I squeezed Kerry’s dick and balls very gently and then continued.

“Kieran tells me you want to be quiet and loving and gentle tonight. Is that right?”

He nodded. “I want to make love to you. I want you to know how much I love you. That’s all I want.”

“Kerry, do we have to be quiet and gentle tonight?” Kieran asked. “I think you’re making this too serious. Siobhan and I are like that sometimes but we love to play and get silly like kids and just have fun when we’re with each other. That’s a good way of loving each other too.”

“Whatever. As long as she knows I love her.”

“And you want Kieran to be there while you’re doing it?” I asked.

“Yeah, I want him to watch me with you. I don’t want to hide anything from him. Then I want him to do it with you and I’ll watch. You two have always taught us not to be ashamed of anything we do when it comes to sex. I’m not going to be ashamed of loving you.”

“When you come to our bedroom, will you tell me about Tara?” I asked. “I haven’t seen her in a couple of years. Will you tell me what she looks like and how you feel when you’re with her? Then we’ll very gently put her outside our bedroom and close the door. Do you understand?”

“Yeah, I understand,” he said. “I’ll bring her out in the open and then send her away.”

“And you want to go with us to Luke and Rachael’s this weekend?” Kieran asked. “We’ll all probably get really wild and crazy there. There’s no telling what we’ll do.”

“Yeah, that’s the way I hope it will be. I’ve played with them a few times, just like I’ve played with Stuart and Joanne. I even played with the four of them once. I really like it when we’re fucking around playing with each other and anything goes.”

“Well, if you go with us to Luke and Rachael’s, will you tell them about Tara, just like you’re going to tell me tonight?” I asked. “They will be happy for you, that you’ve met a girl who makes you think you might marry her. Tell them everything about her. Then we’ll send her away again, OK?”

“OK, but I want to warn you,” he said, with his big Kerry grin. “If I go with you to Luke and Rachael’s this weekend, I’m going to play with you and Rachael like Kieran and Luke do, probably even better. When they can’t get it up again, I’ll still have a hard-on. I’ll going to do my best to screw you and Rachael until you both beg for mercy.”

I couldn’t help but grin back at his threat. “We’ll see about that,” I said. “You might be the one begging. Now are there any questions?”

He pulled his briefs down with one hand, pulled his balls up with the other, and then tucked the waistband behind his balls. His dick was as close to a hard-on as it could get in his briefs. Freed, it swelled more and lifted up until it was pointing at my face. As it lifted, his foreskin crept back until about half the head was uncovered.

“Yeah, just one,” he said. “Would you help me get this fucking thing in my shorts so I can go to work?”

I leaned over, kissed it on its red head, and then looked up at him. “Did that help?”

Kieran had been sipping the last of his coffee and watching what I was doing. Now he stood up and walked around behind Kerry.

“Here, let me help,” he said. “What you need is...*a good wedgie!*”

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(KERRY)

Alannah was an angel as usual, a very sleepy little girl. I read to her for about ten minutes while she fought to keep her eyes open. When she finally surrendered, I kept reading for a couple of minutes and then eased off her bed and out the door, keeping my eyes on her. She didn’t move. I turned out the light and closed the door.

I looked down the hall toward Kieran’s and Siobhan’s bedroom and saw their door open and the lights on bright. I had a quick piss in the bathroom that had been mine and Arial’s and then went down the hall.

Siobhan had told me to come to their bedroom when Alannah was asleep. Kieran had invited me too, after he almost split me with a wedgie. But I was still apprehensive. I wasn’t afraid of not being able to get it up and use it. My dick was always ready. But I wanted making love with Siobhan to be perfect for her. I didn’t want her to let me do it to satisfy me. I wanted her to enjoy it at least as much as when Kieran did it, maybe even more. I took a couple of deep breaths, tapped on the door, and walked in.

They were already naked but they weren’t just waiting for me. Kieran was sitting at an angle at the foot of the bed, one leg bent and on the bed, the other with the foot on the floor.

Siobhan was lying on her back, two pillows under her shoulders and head, with one foot resting on Kieran's leg. He was bent over painting, polishing, whatever they call it, her toenails. He turned and looked at me.

"Damn, you caught me," he said.

"Yeah, I always thought you were a pervert," I teased. "Putting that red stuff on her toe nails – next thing you'll be sucking on her toes."

"He's just being sweet to me, Kerry," Siobhan said. "Every time I've been pregnant, he's kept my toe nails pretty for me. He does it because it's one way of showing he loves me. Brad and Kavan are doing it for Arial and Kathryn now. You should learn to do it too."

"Yeah, you need to learn," Kieran said. "Sit down here." He patted the bed on the other side of Siobhan's legs. "She's got two feet. You can do the other one. She's right, you know. I do it because I love her."

I stood watching for a while longer. Kieran was painting her fourth toe and only the little toe remained. I shifted my gaze upward to her mons and the thatch of red hair shining in the light. I could see the pink inner lips of her pussy framed within the red hair on each side. They were slightly open and I could see the darker-red glistening flesh inside. I wanted to tease them apart further with my tongue. My dick liked that idea. I felt the blood begin to flow into it and it started to engorge.

I glanced at her face and saw her smiling at me. She knew where I'd been looking and she knew the effect it had on me. I looked down at her breasts and then back and forth between her vulva and her breasts. On her back, her breasts were flattened and bulged off to each side a little but they were still beautiful. I wanted to get my mouth on the pink aureoles and strawberry-red nipples and then get my tongue down below in her pink and red and coral pussy.

Kieran slapped me on my stomach and I looked at him. He was holding the nail polish bottle toward me. I took it, sat down on the bed in a mirror image of him, and put Siobhan's other foot on my leg. My balls settled down resting on the bed and my dick hung down there too, swollen but almost ready to start getting hard.

Kieran moved up on the bed a little, turned on his side toward Siobhan, and put her right leg over his. He leaned over, looked down between her legs, moved back a little, and looked again. He nodded his head a couple of times and I suppose he was satisfied that her legs were far enough apart.

“Kerry, would you tell us about Tara, please?” Siobhan asked. “What does she look like now? What's she like?”

Kieran leaned over so that his face was about a foot above her pussy. I tried to concentrate on her toes and not to look between her legs at what he was doing. I took a deep breath and managed to paint her little toenail. When I glanced at Kieran, he was pulling her little lips apart with his finger.

I wrestled my eyes away and answered. “Well, she's taller than you, Siobhan. She's almost six feet tall. That's the first thing that grabbed me. I'd never seen a girl that tall up close. One of the first things she asked me was how tall I was. When I told her I was six three, she couldn't believe it. She said the last time she saw me, I was about five nine.”

“Is she cute?” Kieran asked.

I glanced in his direction again. He was using two fingers to separate the lips of her pussy. I could see the glistening coral-colored flesh inside. I forced myself to look down at her foot and to start putting polish on the toe next to the little one. My dick gradually lifted up under her heel and I moved it around so it could stand up straight and look at what Kieran was doing.

“Yeah, more than cute, she’s beautiful, really beautiful. Her hair is brown, about like Brad’s, with lighter streaks in it. She wears it almost down to her shoulders. It looks like it’s naturally curly, like Siobhan’s. Her face...shit, I don’t know how to describe it, it’s just beautiful, everything about it, especially her eyes. They just light up when she’s talking to me. Her lips...oh hell, they’re just lips but I wish I could kiss...I give up. One more thing – Kieran Conner Stuart, you’re a mean bastard.”

“Is she skinny and scrawny or does she have good boobs and a butt?” he asked. “A woman should have good breasts and a real woman’s butt, Kerry, not an ass like a skinny boy. Why do you think I’m mean?”

I looked again and Kieran had his hand cupped over her mons with his middle finger in her vagina. I looked back down at her foot and started with her middle toe.

“She’s slim but she’s not skinny. Her breasts are kind of small but they’re just right for her. She’s got a small waist and her butt’s big enough. It’s just right for her too. And, damn, those long legs are almost unbelievable. If she’s got anything wrong with her body, I don’t know what it is. You’re mean because you’re doing that just to distract me.”

“Kieran, I’m sure Kerry is attracted to her by more than her body,” Siobhan said. “Is she intelligent? What’s her personality like? What’s Kieran doing to distract you?”

“I’m not doing it to distract you, Kerry,” Kieran said. “I’m doing it because I like doing it. I’ve been married to her for almost twenty-five years and playing with her pussy still affects me the same way it did the first time. I still get a raging hard-on playing with her.”

I looked up at Kieran’s hand with two fingers in her vagina, then forced myself to look at her breasts, ivory with red nipples, and then at her red hair against the white pillow,

and finally at her face. She grinned at me. She knew damn well he was doing it, in part at least, to distract and tease me.

“I guess I always took your toe nails for granted,” I said, trying to act like what Kieran was doing wasn’t bothering me. “As long as I can remember, the color has coordinated perfectly with your hair. I like it, red from head to toes.”

“You didn’t answer my questions, Kerry,” she said.

“I’m not trying to avoid it,” I said. “I’ve seen her four times this week. I don’t really know her yet. I know she’s smart because she was the salutatorian when she graduated. I know she’s still full of mischief, she’s fun to be with, and she’s easy to talk to. What else? I like being with her. *And how the hell can I concentrate on polishing your toes when he’s playing with your pussy?*”

“When you finish with my toe nails, Kerry, you can play with me too,” she said. “Tonight, you can do anything you want to.”

“Yeah, Kerry, would you like me to finish her toenails?” Kieran asked. “You can play with her now if you want to. I want you to enjoy being with us tonight. Just make sure she enjoys it too.”

I looked at his face, then at his hand, still cupped between her legs, with two fingers inside her. Maybe I was being selfish and getting in a hurry wanting to do whatever with her. I took a couple of deep breaths, relaxed, and decided I’d finish the paint job.

“Nah, go ahead and play,” I said. “I’m going to finish my part of the paint job no matter what you do.”

I tried to tune him out, not to think about what he was doing, and not to look again. I heard Kieran sniff a couple of times, heard Siobhan giggle, heard him blowing his breath on

something, and heard her giggle again. I refused to look. I kept my eyes downward until I'd painted her big toe.

"How long does this stuff take to dry?" I asked, looking up. Kieran had his nose between her legs and I could hear him sniffing.

"It's quick drying," Siobhan said. "It should be dry by the time you shut the door and come back to bed."

I knew what she meant. It was time for me to take Tara outside of the bedroom and to put her out of my mind. I escorted her to the door, closed it, turned on the light on the chest opposite the bed, turned on the bedside lights, turned off the overhead light, and walked back to the foot of the bed. My dick was standing up at an angle and swinging around like it was looking for something to get into.

"Do you think we need all those lights, Kerry?" Siobhan asked.

Kieran answered for me. "Yeah, we do. We both want to watch each other while we're doing something with you."

"See, I told you he was a pervert," I teased. "He's a voyeur too."

She moved down on the bed, stiff-legged, trying to keep her toes from touching anything, and sat down on the foot of the bed in front of me with her feet on the floor. Kieran just lay there stroking his dick, grinning, waiting to see what she was about to do.

"Kerry, you're a pervert too, and you're mean too," she said. "You came in the kitchen this morning in those little white briefs. When I played with Jason and Jerry, I told you I had a thing for boys wearing white briefs. You were probably sexier with them on than you would have been naked. Then you pulled them down and let your dick free and it looked up at me like it was daring me. I think it said 'Suck me!' If you

hadn't been in a hurry, I'd have had a little protein for breakfast.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I guess I didn’t think...you’ve seen me naked all my life...I didn’t think ...I didn’t know it would be such a turn-on for you.”

“Kerry, I’m a woman first, last and always. Then I’m a wife and mother. I like looking at men, just like you guys like looking at women. When a beautiful, sexy young man is running around with nothing on but little white briefs, any woman would be turned on. I’ve been damp between my legs all day thinking about you and Kieran and what you two were going to do to me tonight.”

“Well, I’ve been turned on all day, thinking about tonight,” I said. “The photographer made me put on a jock strap so my dick wouldn’t be so noticeable.”

“Well, I’ve been turned on at work all day too. My dick tried to crawl down my pants leg and sneak back home,” Kieran said.

“I’m going to make it go stand in the corner if it can’t be good,” Siobhan said.

She held out her hand to me, and, when I put mine in hers, she pulled me up in front of her. She looked up at my face, smiled at me, then looked down at my dick, wrapped her hand around the shaft, leaned over, and kissed it on the head. She looked at it a little longer and then took it in her mouth so that her lips were wrapped around in the groove between the head and the shaft. Kieran moved down on the foot of the bed and sat beside her.

“You’ll have to wait your turn, Kieran,” I teased.

He grinned up at me. “I will if you want me to but I’d rather just watch. It turns me on. I’m a perverted voyeur...or maybe a voyeuristic pervert, whichever is worse.”

Siobhan took her mouth off long enough to say: “You stand up too, Kieran. We’ll let Kerry watch when I’m sucking your dick.”

He stood up beside me, sort of leaning against me, with one hand on my shoulder. I put my arm around his waist and we both watched what she was doing to me. She wasn’t trying to make me come. She was doing it too slowly and gently for that. She had one hand under my balls, the other around the shaft of my dick, and, every time she took her mouth off to catch her breath, she’d jack me slowly and gently. Then she’d lick the head of my dick, especially the sensitive place under the head, suck on it a little, pull my foreskin back tight, slide her lips up and down on the head, and then take another breathing break.

After a couple of minutes, she pushed me to one side and pulled Kieran in front of her. I leaned against him with my hand on his shoulder, he put his arm around my waist, and we watched as she gave him the same treatment. It was a turn on to watch but my dick was already so hard and I was so hot and ready that watching didn’t make me any harder or hotter.

She straightened up suddenly, reached over and grabbed my dick with one hand, held Kieran’s with the other, and pulled until we both shuffled together in front of her. She looked at my dick, at Kieran’s, then back at mine, and at Kieran’s again.

“You should be proud of your son, Kieran,” she said. “He’s got your dick.”

“Nah, this one’s mine,” I said. “He’s still got his own.”

“You know what I mean, Kerry,” she said. “You two are almost exactly alike. Kieran’s got more hair around his but yours looks just like his.”

She leaned over, took the head of my dick in her mouth, and sucked on it for a few seconds. Next she leaned over to Kieran and sucked on his dick for a while. She pulled back and looked at our dicks again.

“I think they taste the same too,” she said, looking up at me. “Do you think I could taste them a little more without getting a mouth full from one of you?”

“I’m not that close to coming,” I said. “I don’t want to come in your mouth anyway. When I come, I want the head of my dick up against your cervix, not your tonsils.”

“I’m with you, Kerry,” Kieran said. “I’m in no hurry. I want my sperm to be right up there with yours, trying to batter their way through her cervix.”

She put one hand under my balls, the other under Kieran’s, and alternated between us, sucking, licking, sliding her lips up and down on the head, all those tricks that women use on us. We stood there side by side, his arm around my back and his hand on my shoulder, my arm around his waist, hanging on, and let her have her way with us. I didn’t want her to ever stop but she did.

“That’s just a little appetizer,” she said. “Unless somebody knows something else they want to do, let’s all get in the bed for the main course, I mean courses.”

“You mean intercourses, don’t you? Inquiring dicks want to know,” Kieran said.

He crawled on the bed, flopped, turned over, and immediately started stroking his dick. Siobhan crawled in with him, laid down on her back, and spread her legs like an invitation to dine. I was ready. It was something I wanted to do before we started with anything else.

I stood there looking at the two of them, Siobhan with her legs spread apart, Kieran slowly stroking his dick, both of

them looking at me, grinning and waiting. I bent my dick downward until it was pointed at her pussy and then started stroking it about as slowly as Kieran was doing. I decided I'd do what I wanted to do without asking Siobhan if she would let me and without asking Kieran if it was OK with him.

I crawled up on the bed between her legs, flopped down on my stomach, moved up closer until my face was at her pussy, lifted my ass, reached under and pulled my foreskin over the head of my dick so it didn't rub on the sheet, put my hands under her thighs, bent her legs back, and licked her from her asshole, over her perineum, up through her pussy, up to her clitoris, and into her briar patch. I heard her gasp. I bent her legs back a little more and licked her a few more times and heard a hissed intake of breath each time. I used my thumb and finger on one hand to hold her inner lips apart, used the thumb on the other hand to push against her red rosebud, and licked her again and again until she started moaning. I decided it was time for a coup de main. I pushed two fingers into her cunt until they were coated with her lube, pulled them out and rubbed them against my thumb, then stuck my fingers back into her, and pushed against her asshole with my thumb until her sphincter yielded. At the same time I fastened my mouth on her clitoris and sucked and licked until she started moaning and whining and trying to pull my head into her and I felt her contractions on my fingers and on my thumb. When she finally turned loose of my head, I rose up on my knees. She had one arm across her eyes and her chest was heaving. Her legs were spread wide and her pussy was glistening wet and ready. I looked at Kieran, still slowly stroking his dick. He grinned at me and slowly shook his head.

“I think she’s warmed up, Kieran,” I said. “Do you want to take your turn now?”

Siobhan lowered her arm and looked at me. “Kerry, don’t you ever accuse him of being mean,” she whispered. “You’re worse than he is. Where did you learn to do stuff like that?”

“I’ve had some good teachers,” I said. “I was just trying to be a gentleman and make sure the lady came first.”

“Who taught you that that little trick with your thumb?” she asked. “I’m not sure whether I want to kill them or kiss them.”

“Somebody’s husband told me to do it with his wife,” I answered. “That’s all I’m going to tell you.”

“What did he do to you?” Kieran asked, looking at Siobhan.

“Nothing, Kieran, you don’t need to add that to your repertoire.”

“Well, come back up here with us, Kerry,” Kieran said. “Let’s cuddle with her until she recovers. You got her ready. You can go first.”

I moved up on the bed with them, turned her so that her butt was toward me, and spooned up against her with my face in her hair and my hand on her breast. Kieran moved up closer in front of her and pulled her leg over his hip. I reached down between their bodies to see what he was doing with his dick. I found it, hot and hard, but pressed against her stomach. I reached down to my dick and moved it between her legs from behind and against her vulva. If he wanted to yield the first turn to me, I was ready.

We lay there quietly talking for a while, waiting for Siobhan. With my hand on her breast, I could feel her heart pounding and gradually slowing. I rose up on one elbow so I could see Kieran’s face.

“Kieran, do you remember the time you let me help you make love to Siobhan?” I asked. “It was about the time Kieran Lee was born. I was twelve then.”

“Yeah, I remember,” he whispered. “I was behind her with my dick in her pussy and you were in front sucking on her

nipples. Now you're behind her and I'm in front. You finally got to take my place, didn't you?"

That hurt a little. I didn't want him to think that was what I wanted. I looked in his eyes because I wanted him to see in mine.

"I'm not taking your place, Kieran," I said, as earnestly as I could. "I've never wanted to take your place. You two belong to each other. The first time, that time when I was twelve, I just wanted to share in your love. That's all I want tonight. That's why I wanted you to be here with me, with both of us loving her. So you wouldn't think I had some sort of Oedipus complex and wanted to kill you so I could have her for myself. I don't feel that way. She's yours; not mine."

"I'm sorry, Kerry," he said. "I didn't mean it that way. If I really thought that's what you wanted, you wouldn't be here in bed with us now."

"That's OK," I said. "Do you remember what you two did to me? I was on my back between both of you and you were on your sides, looking over me at each other."

"I remember, Kerry," Siobhan said. "I jacked you off, didn't I?"

"It wasn't just you. It was both of you. Maybe that didn't mean much to you but it did to me."

"Why, Kerry?" Kieran asked. "Why did it mean so much?"

Chapter Sixty-Eight

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Arial Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Siobhan Stuart, Kerry Stuart, Kieran Stuart

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(KERRY)

“Why, Kerry?” Kieran asked. “Why did it mean so much?”

I got up, walked around the bed, sat down on his side, and nudged him. He nudged Siobhan and they both moved to the other side so that I could get back in bed beside Kieran. Maybe they understood what I wanted. Siobhan was on her right side propped up on one arm. Kieran was in the middle, flat on his back, dick waving around over his stomach. I was on my side, close to Kieran, propped up on my left arm.

“Do you remember?” I asked, looking at Kieran. “It was like this except that I was in the middle instead of you.”

“Yeah, I remember,” he said. “I don’t want either one of you to jack me off though. When I come, I know where I want my dick to be and it’s not in anybody’s hand.”

“Don’t worry,” I said. “I want the same thing you do.”

I put my hand on his dick and slid it up and down a couple of times.

“Siobhan had her hand on my dick and was sort of jacking me, not really doing it, just playing with it and sliding the skin up and down real easy,” I said and looked up at her. She understood. When I took my hand off his dick, she put hers on it and started doing him the same way she’d done me. I reached over and put my hand on hers and we both did it together. Then she slid her hand down and around his balls and I kept doing it real slow.

Kieran reached down, grabbed my wrist, and held my arm still.

“You’ve got to stop, Kerry,” he said. “I’m too close to coming already.”

I stopped and wrapped my fingers around my own dick. Siobhan kept her hand on him, not moving, just holding his dick.

“Why did that mean so much to you, Kerry?” she asked.

“Because of the way both of you did it,” I said. “I’d just started high school that year and the guys would act like they didn’t jack off and would ridicule anybody who might be doing it. It just didn’t make sense to me after they way I’d been raised.”

“How did we do it?” Kieran asked. “What do you mean?”

“Well, Mom...I mean Siobhan...shit, I forget sometimes...anyway, Mom...that’s what she was then...she had her hand on my dick and was jacking me. You put your hand on hers and you both did it. When I came, I squirted on

both your hands. Dad...Kieran got up and got a wash cloth and a towel and cleaned me up.”

“I enjoyed playing with you, Kerry,” Siobhan said. “Kieran did too. He talked to me for a long time after that about how proud he was of you and what sort of man you were going to be.”

“I guess it was just the dichotomy between what I heard from all the kids at school and what I was learning at home,” I said. “Puberty was kicking the shit of me about then - still is - and I wasn’t sure what to think. I’d watched Kavan do it and I knew he wasn’t ashamed to do it. I guess what you two did that night finally convinced me that I didn’t need to be ashamed of jacking off. I knew Dad was right and I couldn’t understand why all parents didn’t teach their kids what you two taught me.”

I put my hand back on Kieran’s dick, slid the skin up and down a couple of times, and then put my hand back on my own dick.

“Thanks, Dad, for teaching me,” I said. “Thanks, Mom, for loving me.”

“You’re welcome, Son,” Kieran said. “Now would you like to switch back to Kieran and Siobhan before we do anything else?”

“Yeah, but we’ve got to change positions again,” I said. “Siobhan’s got to be in the middle.”

I got up, walked around the bed again, and waited for them to get settled. They both moved so that Siobhan was in the center of the bed, on her side, and Kieran was on his side facing her. I crawled in behind her and spooned up to her.

She lifted her leg, reached down and arranged my dick so it was between her legs, up against her pussy. I waited to see if she would do me like she’d done Kieran. She did. She

reached back toward my balls, her thumb on the top of my shaft, a couple of fingers underneath, and milked my dick down a couple of times. I suppose it drooled out enough to satisfy her. She rubbed it around on the head, milked me down again, rubbed, stuck her finger in her pussy, rubbed that around, and stopped.

I was about to do what I wanted to do when she did it for me. She put a couple of fingers under the head of my dick, and pressed it against her, pushed her butt back against me and wiggled around, and the head of my dick suddenly slid into her pussy. I pushed once and it slid in about halfway. I pushed a few more times but I couldn't get it in any deeper from behind.

For the first time, I had my dick in her, where I had dreamed and fantasized and thought about putting it for years. I knew her pussy was about the same as all the others I had shoved my dick in but it was different because it was hers and I wasn't supposed to have my dick in her and I had wanted to have it in her since I had helped Kieran make love to her when I was twelve. I lay there unmoving for a while, enjoying the feeling of half my dick being in her. When my dick insisted and my hips began to move, I tried to be as slow and easy as could. I didn't want to be in a hurry doing it from behind. I knew the position I wanted to get her in before I came and it wasn't from behind.

“Kieran, would you like to help me?” I asked, after a couple of minutes.

“Sure, Kerry, whattaya want me to do?”

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

“Yeah, I’d like that,” he whispered.”

“I think I’ve heard those words once before, Kerry,” Siobhan whispered. “Isn’t that what Kieran said to you that night?”

“Yeah,” I managed to whisper in her hair.

“Damn, he is an elephant,” Kieran said. “Never forgets anything.”

He moved down on the bed and I suppose he had his mouth and hands on her breasts. I shut my eyes and let go of everything except what I felt with my dick slowly sliding in and out of her cunt. After a minute or so, I felt Kieran’s fingers moving around between her legs, rubbing the lips of her pussy where they encircled my dick, then moving toward her clit, back again until a couple of fingers were rubbing against the shaft of my dick, and then back toward her clit again. I knew he was getting his fingers wet with her secretions before he rubbed her clitoris.

“Be slow, both of you,” Siobhan whispered. “This is too good to stop. Don’t make me come yet.”

I slowed down until I was barely moving and I suppose Kieran did too. I didn’t want to come yet and I didn’t want her to come yet either. I wanted to be on top of her, all wrapped up in her arms and legs, when I came.

“Siobhan, is it OK if we try something?” Kieran asked. “Kerry can just keep on doing what he’s doing and I’ll see if I can help him with a tongue instead of a finger.”

“Yeah, it’s OK,” she whispered. “Just don’t stop.”

I followed his instructions and managed to keep my dick in her while we moved around. I propped up on my left arm, pulled Siobhan’s shoulder back and put her right arm around my neck, then lifted her right leg and pulled it back over my right leg. When he used the word tongue, I understood what he wanted to do. I was still on my side, behind Siobhan, and, with her arm around my neck and her leg thrown back over mine, Kieran could get his tongue to either her breasts or her pussy.

He started with her breasts and alternated between her nipples, while I slowly slid my dick back and forth in her pussy. After a few minutes, he moved down on the bed until I could see just the top of his head near her lower abdomen. He wiggled around, moved closer, and then I felt his tongue slide up the shaft of my dick. He licked up my dick a few more times and I knew he was really licking the lips of her pussy upward, around my dick, up toward her clit. It was a new position, on our sides, for eating stuffed pussy. I'd never thought of it but I liked it.

Siobhan pulled my head down toward hers and I looked into her eyes. She was looking at me with an intensity I'd never seen before. I stared into them for a minute or so, still slowly moving my dick in and out, while Kieran licked between her legs. I blinked first. She pulled my face down to hers and I found her lips with mine. Her lips were closed but every few seconds her tongue flicked out and was quickly retracted. I pushed my tongue into her mouth and coordinated what I was doing with my tongue with what I was doing with my dick. After a minute or so, she pulled back from me, her eyes shut, breathing through her mouth. My breathing was as labored as hers.

“This is just too good,” she whispered. “I’m going to come again if you two don’t stop.”

I stopped moving. I suppose Kieran heard what she said. He stopped licking. I slowly pulled my hips back, my dick slid out of her, and I positioned it between my stomach and her butt. My heart was about to pound out of my chest and I could hardly catch my breath. I had to stop before I squirted into her from behind and I didn’t want that.

“Kieran, would you like to fill in for me for a few minutes?” I asked. That is, if you’re up to it.”

Siobhan rolled over, facing me, with Kieran pressed up against her back. He pulled her arm back and around his

neck, pulled her leg back over his, and she reached down and guided his dick into her pussy, all in just a few seconds.

“Would you help him, Kerry?” she asked. “I liked what you two were doing.”

I helped him, even more than I had almost six years earlier. I slid down until my face was at her breasts and licked and sucked her strawberries while Kieran slowly fucked her from behind. After a couple of minutes, she put her hand on the top of my head, pushed me down, and I slid down until my face was between her legs. I squirmed around until I could get my mouth to her pussy and then started licking while Kieran kept slowly fucking her.

“This is so fucking good,” she whispered.

I pulled my head back and looked up. She was looking down at me. “Would you like to come?” I asked.

She nodded.

“When you do, I want to get on top of you so I can come too,” I whispered. “Is that OK?”

She nodded again.

“Is that OK with you, Kieran?” I whispered.

“Yeah, but as soon as you pull out, I’m going in,” he said. “My balls feel like they’re about to explode.”

I put my mouth back to her pussy and concentrated on the spot where her little lips came together. I licked her nubbin, sucked on it, licked it some more, and sucked it some more, all while Kieran kept slowly sliding his dick in and out of her. She put her hands on my head and I knew what I was about to get. She started wiggling back and forth and pulling my head against her. I fastened my mouth on her clitoris and sucked it and very quickly she started moaning and pulling

my hair. I kept sucking. Kieran kept fucking. She started moaning louder and pulled my head against her so tightly I couldn't breathe.

When I thought she was finished, I moved away from her, pulled and pushed her down on her back, straddled her, kneed her legs apart, leaned over supporting myself on one arm, held my dick with one hand, and pushed it against her vulva, all in about two seconds. She lifted her legs and spread them, held my dick with both hands, and guided the head to the right spot, all in a couple of seconds more. I pushed a couple of times and my dick slid in all the way to my balls. She wrapped her legs around mine, wrapped her arms around me with one hand on my ass and the other behind my head, and pulled my face down to hers. I shut my eyes, found her mouth, and pushed my tongue in. I pulled my hips back, gave her one full-length thrust, gave her another, felt her fingernails on my ass, gave her a third long thrust, then one more, and stopped, because everything in me was gushing out of me and into her, back where I came from.

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(KIERAN)

While Kerry and Siobhan were getting in the missionary position, I reversed my position so my head was at the foot of the bed. We'd agreed we were going to watch each other making love to her and I wanted a close-up view of the action. His legs were spread a little and hers were splayed out and locked around his thighs. The light from the lamp on the chest opposite the bed was enough to see between their bodies. I got in place just in time to see her hands guide the head of his dick to her vagina. He slid his dick into her in a couple of quick pushes until his balls blocked the view and then he stopped.

We'd kidded him all his life about having a beautiful little butt and I suppose it still was. Even while he was unmoving

on top of her, the muscles in it were tight and his buttocks pulled in on each side. Siobhan put one hand on his ass and I saw indentations form where her fingertips dug in.

Very quickly, Kerry pulled back until his dick was almost out of her. I could see the underside of his shaft and the head of his dick just inside the lips to her pussy. Just as quickly, he pushed his dick back in until his balls blocked the view again. He pulled almost all the way out, shoved it back in again, and I settled down to watch him get his rhythm established. He quickly pulled back out again, pushed it back in, and froze, unmoving, with the muscles in his ass taut and hard.

I waited and watched but they were both still. His face was beside hers, buried in her hair. She had her eyes closed and there was a little bit of a smile on her lips.

I didn't understand why he stopped thrusting. I didn't think he'd come because I hadn't heard him grunt or moan. I hadn't heard Siobhan either. He was breathing hard like he'd just come but we'd been doing that for a while. I watched and waited. I saw the muscles in his ass gradually relax and his butt got rounder and softer looking. Siobhan had both hands on it and she was just holding it, not digging in with her fingertips like she does me sometimes. After a minute or so, I heard Kerry make a noise. I couldn't tell whether it was a groan or a whinny or what. A few seconds later, he repeated it.

“Did you come, Kerry?” I asked.

“Yeah, but just wait a little bit,” he answered. “Then you can have your turn.”

He groaned again and then a few seconds later, I saw the muscles in his ass quickly harden and relax and Siobhan giggled.

“What the fuck are you two doing?” I asked.

“I’m showing him what Kegel exercises feel like, Kieran,” she whispered.

Kerry groaned again, or maybe whined, and then I saw his ass tighten and she giggled again.

“She’s trying to squeeze my dick off my body, Kieran,” Kerry said. “What should I do?”

“Well, what are you doing?” I asked. “Why the fuck is she giggling?”

“Every time I squeeze, he flexes his dick,” Siobhan answered for him. “We’re both just exercising our love muscles.”

“You mean he’s still got a hard-on?” I asked, incredulously. I suppose I was thinking from the perspective of what happened to my dick after I came. Then I remembered what it had been like when I was his age and how I would sometimes come and my dick would stay hard until I came a second time. I’d seen him flex his dick lots of times and it had to be rigid when he did it.

“Yeah, it’s still hard,” Kerry answered. “Just wait a little bit longer, Kieran. I’ll pull it out in a minute. Then you can have your turn.”

“Kieran, let him do what he wants to,” Siobhan said. “Don’t worry. I’ll let you do everything he does.”

I was ready, more than ready, to take my turn with her. But I knew he could be with her only this night and Saturday night. I could be with her for the rest of my life. I didn’t mind waiting a little longer.

Kerry probably hadn’t been on top of Siobhan for a minute before he came. Watching them coupling had been as erotic as anything I’d ever seen and I wanted to see more of them with each other. I wanted to see his dick plunging into her

pussy, with the lips to her pussy grasping it so closely, knowing that they probably looked little different from Siobhan and me when we were doing it. It was eerily almost like watching myself as a younger man having sex with her. I decided to encourage him to continue.

“Kerry, I don’t think you finished your turn,” I said. “If you’ve still got a hard-on, you’re not finished until it’s gone. Isn’t that right, Siobhan?”

She opened her eyes and looked at me and smiled. I smiled back at her and nodded. She nodded back at me in agreement.

“He’s right, Kerry,” she said. “You don’t have to stop now. You can do what you want to. If you can do it a little big longer, I can probably come too. I’d like that.”

He didn’t say anything. I watched as his ass rose up and he pulled his dick slowly out of her until just the head was still inside the lips to her pussy and then just as slowly slid it back in her. A few seconds later, he pulled it out and slid it back in again.

“I think it’s still working,” he whispered. “I don’t think you broke it.”

That was the last thing anybody said for a while. I moved a little closer so I could see better between their legs. For a while, Kerry kept up his slow movements, pulling out until the head of his dick was almost out of her, pulling the lips to her pussy back as dick slid out, and then pushing back in until his balls blocked the view. It was something I loved to do to her and I knew she liked it too, long slow strokes with the head of my dick rubbing the lips of her pussy.

After a couple of minutes, he caught one of her legs with his arm and pushed it back toward her shoulder, caught the other one, pushed it back, and bent her almost in half with his arms behind her knees. He brought his legs close

together and I couldn't see so I moved around to a side view. I knew he was getting ready for some serious action. Over the years, I'd done the same thing to her more times than I could count. I knew he wouldn't stop, probably couldn't stop, until he came. Sometimes she came with me when I did it to her in their position. I knew she'd probably want to come with him and I hoped she was able to.

Kerry's movements gradually got faster and faster until he was slamming into her. Siobhan had both hands on his ass cheeks and I could see her fingernails dig in. I knew she was pulling him forward harder each time he shoved his seven or so inches into her. I'd had fingernail scratches on my ass more than once when we got carried away doing it this way. He gradually lowered himself on her so that his chest was against her breasts and his face was beside hers, in her hair. I knew it wouldn't be long before he came again. I stopped stroking my dick so I wouldn't come until I got my turn with her.

He wasn't silent this time and neither was Siobhan. He grunted loudly each time he shoved his dick into her and she responded with an echoing grunt. She had her eyes shut and her mouth was fastened on his shoulder. I couldn't help but smile at the way she was marking him. After a minute or so longer, his grunts suddenly turned into louder groans and he seemed to be shuddering as he thrust.

"That's it, Kerry," Siobhan managed to say. "Give it to me. I'm coming with you, Baby."

I knew he was coming again and I hoped Siobhan was too. I was so damn close to coming I was afraid I would have a hands-off orgasm, a first if it happened. I didn't dare touch my dick. Kerry's thrusts slowed, turned into intermittent movements, and then stopped. For a couple of minutes, neither of them moved. Kerry's face was beside hers and I could see her lips moving as she whispered something to him. I knew he was saying something to her and I wondered what it was.

Finally he pulled out, rolled off her, and flopped on the other side of her. She let her legs fall forward and almost come together when he moved away. She laid there, arms at her sides, legs bent, chest heaving, and eyes closed. The way she was laying there made me believe she had orgasmed with him.

“She’s all yours, Kieran,” he whispered. “It’s your turn.”

I was ready but I had no idea what Siobhan wanted. I wanted to give her some time to recover from the pounding he had given her. She didn’t want to wait. She held out her hand to me and managed to smile.

“Come here, Kieran,” she whispered. “You must be in misery watching us. Let me love you.”

She held her open arms toward me and spread her legs wide. I glanced between them and saw that the lips to her cunt were frothed with the combination of her secretions and Kerry’s semen. I’d caused the same effect many times when I fucked her twice in a short period. The first time I ejaculated was usually deep within her, instinctively deposited at the mouth to her womb. The second time, when my dick was working away like a piston, it churned the previous load of semen into a froth that my dick brought out and smeared around.

I knew this time it was Kerry’s semen that was entangled in the red hair around her cunt. I didn’t care. It was his cream pie and I wanted to add another layer to it. I’d watched little Squirt grow into a young man taller than me. I’d always loved him. I’d always loved all of my children. I knew others would condemn us for letting him make love to Siobhan but I didn’t care. I didn’t think the love that held all of us together and made us family would be hurt by our actions. I thought it would make our love stronger. And it didn’t repel me to stick my dick into his cream pie. It made me want my turn with Siobhan even more.

As I mounted her, she enveloped me in her arms and legs and pulled me down on top of her with no attempt to guide my dick into her. It bumped somewhere, the wrong place, and I pulled back and let it come to rest on her stomach. I knew she'd let me know when she was ready or she'd put it in for me. She put one hand behind my head and pulled my face down into her wild red hair. She put the other hand on one of my buttocks and I mentally got ready to be marked with fingernails again. She locked her ankles together behind my butt, squeezed my waist with her thighs, and pulled me down onto her with her legs.

I pulled my face out of her hair and held my cheek against hers with my mouth at her ear. I wanted to talk to her before we started. My chest pressed down on the soft mounds of her breasts and I slid my hands under her and curled them around her shoulders, ready to hold her while I plowed her. I was ready and I knew she was too but I wanted to say something to her before I lost myself in her.

“I love you, Siobhan,” I whispered in her ear. “Was it good, making love with our son?”

“Yes, Kieran, it was good,” she whispered in my ear. “It was as good as making love with his father always is. I love you too.”

“No regrets?” I whispered.

“No, no regrets,” she whispered.

“Did you come with him, there at the last, the second time, when he came? You said you were coming with him. I think he wanted you to, so you’d enjoy it with him as much as you do with me. Did you?”

“Kieran, I came before he did. It was like waves, little ones, big ones, fading away, and then coming back. It felt like I was

coming for a long time before he did. You know my orgasms aren't like yours."

"What did he say to you, when you two were whispering to each other? What did you say to him?"

She didn't answer right away. She just held me tighter and I waited.

"Kieran, your Irish son kissed the blarney stone," she finally whispered. "I think his words were meant for me alone. Would you mind if I kept something a secret from you?"

"No, I don't mind. Someday, if you want to, tell me. We've never kept secrets from each other but you can have just this little one for yourself."

"Are you ready for your turn?"

"Yeah, I've been ready for too long. I'll try to last longer than he did the first time but I'm going to come pretty quickly."

"Well, you can do it twice, like he did. You've done it often enough. I've come so many times tonight I probably can't come anymore but I'll let you have a second time."

"What if Kerry wants a third time?"

"If he does, he'll get it. You both can fuck me until you can't get it up any more. I may not walk tomorrow but I don't care."

"I'm just going to do it once."

"Why? I know you're still good for two when you really want it."

"I don't want him to think I'm competing with him. Tonight was his night. Let him remember it as one of the best of his life. I've got every night for the rest of my life to be with you.

“OK. Lift up.”

I lifted my hips up. She took her hand off my ass, guided my dick to her pussy, rubbed the head up and down between her lips, and then set it in the right place. I pushed gently and my dick slid half way into her. I pushed again and it slid in all the way until my pelvis bumped hers and my balls came to rest between her ass cheeks. Inside, she was a boiling cauldron, as hot and as wet as I’d ever felt her. I held still and let myself start to slide away into our joining.

I tried to keep myself at least a little rational so I could last longer and I wouldn’t dissolve too quickly into the fucking of her. Perhaps I did for a brief period. But as quickly as I began to move within her, I knew that I was going to be lost in her. I stopped thinking, stopped being aware of anything else around us, feeling nothing but my body melting into hers and my dick plowing her furrow again. Time ceased and nothing had meaning except the wanting and the need for release inside her. I surrendered and let it happen and once again squirted out my life inside her

As soon as I stopped moving, Kerry left the bedroom, went in the bathroom, and I heard water running in the sink. He returned in a couple of minutes and I looked up at him. He had a bunch of washcloths and some small towels in a plastic pan.

He crawled back in the bed near us, picked up one of the small towels, and held it out to Siobhan. She didn’t take it. I rolled off her and she lay there with her legs parted. He didn’t hesitate. He tucked it between her legs and she closed them. We both watched him as he unfolded one of the washcloths, put it over her right breast, another on her left breast, and last one over her lower abdomen. He pointed at the last one and then at me. I understood. He wanted me to wipe up that area.

He handed me a washcloth – they were warm – and then used another on his dick. Siobhan and I watched as he pulled his foreskin back and wiped the head of his dick, then the shaft, and last his balls. His dick was red and still swollen, almost as big as when he had a hard-on, but it was finally hanging down. When he finished, Siobhan turned her head and looked at my dick. I followed Kerry's example and also wiped up the small puddle of semen that had drooled out on my stomach. When I looked up, Kerry was holding out his hand. I gave him the washcloth and he wadded it up with his and tossed both of them into the bathroom.

We both wiped the sweat and other stuff off Siobhan. He wiped her face as gently as he did Alannah's and then did her hands and arms. I left her breasts to him and wiped off everything below her naval. I left her pussy to last and, when I removed the towel, she grunted – maybe Kegels again – and squeezed out some of what we'd put in her. I wiped between each squeeze while she grunted and giggled.

I was ready to go to sleep but I was in no hurry and I don't suppose Kerry or Siobhan were either. She was on her back between the two of us. I was on my right side facing her, with one leg thrown over one of hers and my hand on her breast. Kerry was on the other side, with one of his legs over her other one. He was propped up on one elbow, looking at her. He leaned over her, kissed the nipple on her other breast, sucked on it for a few seconds, and then put his hand over it and looked at me with a big Kerry grin. I couldn't help it; I grinned back at him.

“Siobhan, may I sleep with you and Kieran tonight?” he asked.

“Yes, Kerry, if it's OK with Kieran,” she answered.

“If I wake up in the middle of the night and want to make love to you again, may I do that too?” he asked.

“How about me?” I asked before she could answer him. “If I wake up, may I do it with you again?”

“The answer for both of you is yes,” she said. “But if you do, I’m not going to get up at six o’clock and get you two off to work. You both can fend for yourselves and take care of Alannah too.”

“Do you want to take a quick shower before you go to sleep?” I asked her. “We can pee and shower by ourselves and be back in bed in a few minutes.”

“I was hoping somebody would bathe me,” she said.

“If somebody does, you might get fucked again,” Kerry said.

“Has she been fucked already?” I asked. “I thought we were both just making love to her.”

“I’m too sleepy to shower,” Siobhan said. “I need to pee but I don’t want to get up. Kerry, would you go pee and take mine with you.”

“Yeah,” I said, with a yawn that wasn’t faked. “Take mine too.”

Nobody moved and I suppose we were all waiting to see who would give in to the call of nature first.

“Kerry, when you get up to go pee, would you please turn out all the lights,” Siobhan whispered.

“Why is everybody always picking on me?” he tried to sing as he got up.

As soon as his turned out the first light, Siobhan jumped out of bed and ran to the bathroom. I jumped out too and ran after her. She sat down on the throne, closed her eyes, sighed, and let loose. Kerry came in and leaned back against

the bathroom counter with me and we both waited for her to finish. She stopped peeing but just sat there, eyes still closed.

“If you don’t hurry up, I’m going to pee in the sink,” I said.

“Yeah, me too,” Kerry said.

“Hush, both of you,” she said. “My pussy runneth over. You can just wait.”

She finally opened her eyes and smiled at us. I wet a washcloth and held it out to her. She wiped between her legs and went back to bed. Kerry and I peed – in the commode, not the sink - at the same time. Guys can do that, you know. We both shook and covered up. When Kerry turned to go back to the bedroom, I grabbed his arm.

“It’s great being a man; isn’t it, Kerry?” I asked him.

“Yes, Kieran, it is,” he said, and punched me lightly on the shoulder. “It’s great being a man and making love to a beautiful woman on a warm spring night like this.”

The nightlight in the bathroom was just enough to see where Siobhan was. She was on her back in the middle of the bed, eyes closed, and hands together on her stomach, legs slightly parted, a small towel between them. I lay down on my back on one side of her, on my back, and put my hands on my stomach and shut my eyes. I heard Kerry get in the bed and raised up just enough to see that he was on his back too, hands on his stomach. We all three lay there for a while, not talking, but my mind was jumping from one thing to another. I suppose Siobhan and Kerry were thinking about what we’d done, just as I was. After a few minutes, Kerry broke the silence.

“Do you ever think how improbable I am?” he whispered. “Here I am with both of you and the odds of it being me, Kerry Lee Stuart, are so remote, I should never have

happened. Not me, not Kerry Lee Stuart, maybe somebody else but why me?"

"What do you mean, Kerry Lee Stuart?" I asked. "You're going to have to expound on that before we know what you're talking about."

"Well, I guess we can start a little over eighteen years ago, the fall before I was born in September. Kavan and Arial had a cold that fall and both of you caught it from them. Right?"

"Who told you that, Kerry?" Siobhan asked. "I don't think I ever did."

"Grandma Stuart," he answered. "And you had a secondary bacterial infection after the viral one and the doctor prescribed an antibiotic for you, right?"

"Yes, that's right," Siobhan answered. "And I was on birth-control pills after Arial was weaned and we learned later that a rare side-effect of the antibiotic was that it could cause the pill to fail."

"And that's the way we think you were conceived," I said. "But you know we've never regretted it, don't you?"

"Yeah, but just think, one little improbable egg was released from her ovary and you just happened to have sex with her when she was most fertile. You put a few million sperm in her, about half carrying an X chromosome and the other half carrying a Y chromosome. And one of those sperm carrying a Y chromosome just happened to get to her egg first, and, wham, Kerry Lee Stuart. What's the odds of all that?"

"I don't know," I answered truthfully. "Do you?"

"No, but I'll bet it's about one quadzillion to one. Odds are I shouldn't even be here. Who is Kerry Lee Stuart? You could have hung lots of different names on me and I'd be somebody else. One of those other sperm could have got to

the egg first and I'd be another guy, maybe looking more like Kavan. Maybe I'd even be a girl, looking like Arial or Alannah. So who am I? I'm just improbable Kerry Lee Stuart.”

“OK, Kerry,” I answered. “You were an accident. You were the result of random chance. We love you anyway. What does it matter?”

“I don’t know,” he said pensively. “I just think about stuff like that sometimes, like who am I, and why I exist, and why am I me and not somebody else, and what I want to do with me.”

“We all think about that, Kerry,” Siobhan said. “I do. I know Kieran does. He’s always thinking about stuff like that. We try to shape ourselves to be what we want to be. We try to shape our children to be the best they can be. Sometimes we succeed. You’re just like we all are.”

“Kerry, do you remember the first book on cosmology I gave you,” I asked.

“Yeah, it was called A Kid’s Look at the Cosmos. You gave it to me when I was nine. I still have it.”

“Did it have any influence on your life?”

“Yeah, a lot. I’ve read lots of books on cosmology. I guess that’s why I’ve studied physics and math, to try to understand the cosmos. If you hadn’t given me that one book, I might have studied music or accounting or sociology or stuff like that. When I go to graduate school I might even major in that area and become a cosmologist.”

“Kerry, I can’t picture you working in a beauty saloon,” Siobhan said.

She wasn't that dumb. She knew what a cosmologist was. It was just a standing joke whenever Kerry talked to anybody in the family about cosmology.

"That's a cosmetician, Siobhan," Kerry said, for about the thousandth time.

"Whatever," she said. **"I don't care. I'm going to sleep. You two can ponder this if you want to."**

"Do you remember asking me why the big bang occurred and our universe was created?" I asked. **"I said I didn't know the answer and nobody else did and we never would know why."**

"Yeah, you told me scientists were just learning what happened and how it happened and none of them could tell me why it happened."

"Well, maybe you shouldn't try to understand why you were created and why you exist. There are no answers to questions like that. Religions pretend to have answers. Maybe you should be satisfied that you were created out of the love that Siobhan and I have for each other. Maybe that's why you're here with us tonight, because we love each other. Maybe that's answer enough. Maybe we need an answer to the biggest question we face right now."

"What's that?" he asked.

"Which way do you want to go to sleep?" I said. **"Do you want Siobhan to spoon up to you and then I'll spoon up to her? Or do you want her to hug up to my butt so you can hug up to hers?"**

"I want to spoon up to Kerry," Siobhan whispered. **"I want to hold his family jewels when I go to sleep."**

"OK," Kerry mumbled. **"Sounds good to me."**

“Kieran likes me to hold his family jewels when I spoon up to him,” she whispered sleepily.

I was just fading into sleep when I heard Kerry whisper, “I love you, Siobhan.”

I thought she was asleep but she wasn’t. I could barely hear her when she whispered back, “I love you too, Kerry.”

A minute or so later, he whispered again, “I love you, Kieran.”

“I love you too, Kerry,” I said, out loud. “Now go to sleep.”

A minute or so later, he whispered again, “I’m glad you’re my parents. I thank you for letting me to share in your love.”

“Hush, Kerry,” Siobhan whispered. “Go to sleep.”

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I slept through the night. I suppose Siobhan and Kerry did too, unless Kerry made love to her without making any noise or shaking the bed. Alannah came in our bedroom and woke us up a few minutes before the alarm went off at six. She didn’t seem concerned that Kerry was sleeping with us. When he got up, she saw his morning hard-on when he went to the bathroom, even though he tried to hide it from her. I didn’t even try to hide mine. I just let it wave around like a divining rod leading me to water. I wasn’t ashamed of it. I knew she would ask Siobhan why Kerry and I were like that. I was content to let Siobhan try to answer her. As far as I was concerned, it was just another why question for which there is no answer.

Chapter Sixty-Nine

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48; Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Arial Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart, Kerry Stuart, Luke Bridges, Rachael Bridges

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(SIOBHAN)

On Saturday, Kerry wanted to go to the Bridges in his little car. Kieran insisted that there wasn't room in the back for two people and wanted to go in his Mercedes. I volunteered to sit behind Kieran if he would slide his seat forward and Alannah said she'd sit behind Kerry. Even with the seat forward, I still had to turn my legs to the side to squeeze into the back. Alannah didn't have a problem. She sat behind Kerry with her legs folded Indian fashion. She giggled when I said something about boys and their toys.

On the ride to the Bridges, I kept thinking about what I had done with Kerry and Kieran on Thursday night. I didn't regret what we'd done. Perhaps the religious proscription against incest made sense in a different time and place but, like Kieran, I didn't care. Or as he usually put it: he didn't give a shit what any fucked-up religion said about sex. I knew

I couldn't get pregnant again and I certainly didn't see how letting Kerry make love with me could hurt him.

It had been a memorable experience, having both of them love me. It had been as erotic as anything I had ever done and I had come so many times I had lost count. As wonderful as the experience had been, I felt a little sad because of what it meant – that Kerry had done something with me that was irreversible, a clear demarcation between childhood and adulthood. I could never think of him as a child again; I had to accept that he was a man in every way. I knew it was Kerry's way of saying goodbye to his childhood but also goodbye to his family. I knew he wanted to go to CalTech where Stuart had earned his degrees. If he did, I knew I would be seeing him only a few times each year and I couldn't imagine what life would be like without him.

I thought of the twists and turns of fate that had shaped his life. During his sophomore year in high school, he and Nicole had starred in the Porky's musical and he had started modeling for Cruise Classic. For the rest of high school, he was active in drama events and continued to model for Cruise Classic. He always got rave reviews for his dancing and his singing was usually given passing marks. When his Cruise Classic contract was renewed, he had slowed down in school, eager to earn a paycheck, no longer so eager to graduate before he was fifteen. Still he'd graduated as Valedictorian just a few months before his sixteenth birthday.

In college, his Cruise Classic work had taken more of his time but he'd still finished his freshman and sophomore years before he was eighteen. He had become disillusioned with the quality of his math and physics classes at the local university and I knew he wanted to go to CalTech. But now fate had taken another turn in the form of a girl his age who had just graduated from high school. There had evidently been something about her that made him want her, not just for the moment but possibly for a lifetime. I knew he would have to make up his mind what he was going to do about her

and CalTech. Kieran and I would have to stay out of the decision.

Even though Rachael assured me that she and Luke were OK with Kerry playing with the four of us, I still harbored a little doubt. As a foursome, we had settled into a relaxed, playful arrangement where we never knew what would happen but we always had fun. I didn't care for anal sex so we'd ruled that out even though Rachael said she and Luke enjoyed it on rare occasions. Our play was almost always with the opposite sex but occasionally I got it on with Rachael and Kieran did the same with Luke. I wasn't at all sure how Kerry would react to seeing me with my tongue in Rachael's pussy or seeing Kieran sucking Luke's dick.

For the last few years, Luke and Rachael had been encouraging me and Kieran to expand our group to include Stuart and Joanne. I wasn't comfortable with it and I didn't know why. I remembered how Kieran had said it was a mistake for him to fuck Kathryn and how he thought it had caused Kavan a problem. I didn't want him to cause Stuart a problem by fucking his wife. I suppose I was also a little reluctant to let Kieran's son make love to me even though Stuart wasn't my son.

And now, Kerry has made love to me. That's the right way to describe it, making love, the way he licked and fucked me into orgasmic nirvana. I was looking forward to tonight, when he and Stuart and Kieran could all three make love to me and Rachael and fuck us into oblivion.

I suppose there's no real reason why we couldn't play with Stuart and Joanne too. I knew they already played with Luke and Rachael every few months. Rachael had told me about what they did and it was the same things we did with them. She said Stuart and Joanne had told her they'd love for me and Kieran to join with them. I suppose it would be fun. I think I'll tell Kieran I'm OK with it and see what he says. Shit, to use Kerry's favorite expletive, I know what he'll say. He'll just ask how soon we can get together with all of them.

“Siobhan, what are you thinking about?” someone asked and I realized it was Kieran. I looked out the window and saw we were turning off the main highway onto the road that split and led to the right and downhill to the Freeloft Center or to the left and uphill to the Andersen and Bridges homes. I had not even been conscious of the short drive until he spoke.

“Oh, nothing,” I answered, not truthfully, “just day-dreaming, I guess.”

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(KIERAN)

On the drive to the Bridges, I kept looking at Kerry, not directly at him because I didn’t want him to know I was looking but sort of out of the corner of my eye. He had on his usual Cruise Classic outfit, khaki shorts with a red-patterned shirt, and sneakers with white socks with the CC logo. He was probably the most beautiful, sexiest young man I’d ever seen and I would stick by that even if he were not my son.

All my kids were beautiful. I suppose all parents think that but I really thought of mine, all four, no five, as exceptionally beautiful.

Stuart might have carried a mixture of my genes and Lauren’s but somehow he and Kerry looked exactly like full brothers. Perhaps he got his genius level intelligence from Lauren. I know my IQ is well above average but I’m a dummy compared to him. I suppose I’m a dummy compared to Kerry but I don’t care.

Kavan was a handsome young man, a real head turner for women. He was squarer and more solidly built than Kerry. He kept his body in great shape. He ran with me and occasionally worked out at the gym at Andersen Securities. He lifted weights but he wasn’t muscle bound like weight

lifters sometimes get. His crowning glory was his lion mane of dark red hair. Since his marriage to Kathryn, he'd kept it long to please her and it was almost always neat and flowing.

Even pregnant, Arial was still my beautiful princess. She was letting her hair grow long again and her golden tresses were down to the middle of her back now. She still had the little-girl face that made me give in to her so easily. Her breasts were much fuller now. She had started kidding that she didn't need to wear a bra; she just let her boobs rest on her belly.

Alannah was her mother made over, the same unruly red hair, the same facial features, and the same sort of loving personality. Arial always knew how to work me to get what she wanted and Alannah was just as good at it. I was glad Siobhan had talked me into having another child even if it was a crazy thing to do at our ages.

But Kerry was exceptional in every way. He was tall and slim, at least a half-inch over my six two but twenty or so pounds lighter. He rode his ten-speed bike all over the hills around home, he ran with me, and he worked out in our little home gym and at Andersen Security occasionally. His hair was long too, parted in the middle and swept back into a curl on his neck. Like me, he had very little body hair. I couldn't see any on his arms or legs until the sun hit them the right way and I saw the golden hair shining on his forearms and calves. His broad shoulders sloped down to a small waist and hips. But the one thing that could capture and hold anybody's attention was his face, a beautiful young-man's face that almost always had a grin on it, his Kerry grin that he had used on me for most of his life.

“I had an interesting telephone call yesterday,” he said, speaking so low I almost missed it.

“I didn’t think you let your cell phone number get out,” I answered in almost a whisper. I knew he didn’t want Siobhan or Alannah to hear.

“I didn’t. They called me through the Cruise Classic offices. I don’t know how they talked somebody into putting the call through to me.”

“What was it about?”

“Another modeling engagement,” he answered.” It was a European company that’s trying to get American models. Their come-on was that it was different but it was high class and paid rather well.”

“Are you going to look into it?” I asked.

“I already did. You’d never guess what they wanted me to do.”

“What?”

“Jack off. And some other stuff. It was a European gay porno site. The guy hinted at it but he didn’t come right out and say it. He said he’d like to have me as a model as soon as I turned eighteen. That was enough to make me suspicious.”

“How do you know it was a gay porno site?”

“He gave me the URL with a password so I could see everything on the site. I looked at it last night. Supposedly all the guys that model for them are gay. I don’t know whether they really are but some don’t mind being portrayed that way. I saw more jacking and fucking and sucking...well, if they’re not queer, they were doing a damn good imitation.”

“I hope you’re not interested in it,” I said.

He looked at me and smiled. “Don’t worry. You raised me better than that. I’m not the least bit interested. I could do it but I’ve got no desire to become a jack-off model for old queers. I like what I’m doing for Cruise Classic but I’m going

to quit after this contract. I've got other stuff I want to do, like get a college degree and maybe a Ph.D., like Stuart."

As we turned off the main highway onto the road leading to the Freeloft Center and to Stuart's and Luke's homes, I spoke to Siobhan and brought her out of whatever reverie she was in. As usual the entrance wasn't manned on weekends so Kerry stopped at the gate.

"Kerry Stuart," he said, when Hal asked if he could help us.

"Thank you, Kerry," Hal answered but the arm of the gate didn't go up.

"Kerry Stuart," Kerry said. I knew the voice recognition program was supposed to know him by voice and to lift the arm.

"Just a minute, Kerry," Hal said. "Is that beautiful little girl in the backseat authorized to enter?"

I knew it wasn't Hal and that somebody was remotely monitoring the gate. Somebody was also doing a very good imitation of Hal's voice.

"Yes, Hal," Kerry answered. "You've scanned her. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes, now I remember," the voice answered. "She's so beautiful she blew my mind for a minute. Hello, Alannah. How are you today?"

"Hello, Hal," Alannah said, laughing and pleased with Hal's compliments. "I'm fine. How are you?"

"I'm fine too, Alannah. Please come in and let Kerry in with you."

The arm of the gate lifted and Kerry drove into the Freeloft property.

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(KERRY)

After lunch we all went for a walk around the crest of the hill. Stuart and Luke, with help from me and Brad and Kavan, had finally finished a walking or running trail that extended around the top of the hills of the Freeloft property. The trail was almost two miles long, through the woods, with a small parking area where the road came up the hill to the Andersen and Bridges houses. The Andersen Security people used it for running but they were unlikely to be there on Saturday.

James Connor held Alannah's hand and they led the way. Adrianna held mine and chattered away, trying to act older than she was. I knew she had a crush on me. I didn't encourage it but I didn't think it would hurt to be nice to her and let her think of me as her boyfriend. Kieran and Siobhan and Luke and Rachael meandered along behind us, both couples hand in hand.

“Uncle Kerry, are you going swimming with us when we get back home?” Adrianna asked.

“Are we going swimming?” I teased. “I didn't see a pool at your house. Have you got one hidden somewhere?”

“Don't be silly,” she replied. “You know we can use the Andersen's pool any time we want to. Now that the weather's warm, Little Paul and I go swimming every day. We're teaching Kieran Lee and James Connor to swim.”

“Why do you call him little Paul?” I asked. I knew the answer even though I had never known big Paul.

“That's so we don't confuse him with his grandfather. His grandfather was big Paul. Mom says big Paul was Uncle Stuart's dad but Granpaw Kieran is his father. She said big

Paul couldn't make babies so Granpaw Kieran helped Granma Lauren have Stuart."

I wasn't sure how much of that story she understood so I tried to change the subject. "I don't think I can go swimming with you, Adrianna. I didn't bring a bathing suit."

"You're being silly again, Uncle Kerry," she admonished. "You know we don't wear anything when we go swimming. Mom and Dad let me and James Connor go naked at home sometimes. They don't make me wear anything when I go swimming."

"You swim with three boys?" I teased some more. "Naked?"

"Oh, foo," she said. "You know we do. Uncle Stuart and Aunt Joanne and Mom and Dad and us kids, we're all naked. I like it when I don't have to wear clothes."

"I'll bet the boys like it when you don't wear any clothes," I said, not ready to give up. "Boys like to look at beautiful girls when they're naked."

"Well, I get to look at them too," she said, accepting my assertion that she was a beautiful girl. "I think they're funny. Their dicks aren't big like Dad's and Uncle Stuart's but Mom says they will be some day. She and Dad are teaching me about what boys and girls do to have babies. She says the boys can't make babies with me yet."

I wasn't sure we ought to pursue that topic either so I changed the subject again. "OK, I'll go swimming with you. Do you want to invite everybody else?"

"Mom said she's already invited them. She said we'd all go swimming later this afternoon and them come home and cook something on the back porch. She said Dad's got a surprise for us for dessert. She wouldn't tell me what it is."

Now that the weather was warm, I knew Luke and Rachael were using their big back porch more. That's what they called it even though the house didn't have a front porch. They almost lived outdoors on the big screened porch in the summer. I knew what the surprise was too. At our last baseball game, Luke had told me. He'd bought an old-fashioned ice cream maker at a garage sale and he was going to make fresh peach ice cream for us.

“Kerry, don’t tell her what it is,” Luke said. He and Joanne were just behind us and I hadn’t realized they were listening to our conversation.

“I can’t tell her,” I lied. “I don’t know what it is.”

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(LUKE)

Kerry was lying on his back in the sun on the side of the pool, hands behind his head, eyes shut, one knee raised. I could see the slow rise and fall of his chest. He straightened one leg, raised the other one, and his dick flopped off one thigh and onto the other. It was full and heavy looking, not hard, probably just engorged from the warmth of the sun like mine.

Adrianna was playing with James Connor and Alannah just a few feet away from Kerry. They were sprawled out in the shade of the patio umbrella, whispering back and forth. Every minute or so, I noticed Adrianna lift her head and look at Kerry. What was she looking at so intently? His dick? She’d seen him nude for all of her life. Why would she be looking at it? Could she be thinking of him and what he could do with it? To her? A sudden idea came to me.

Could I do it? Kieran and Siobhan had arranged for me to be the one who made Arial a woman, for me to take her virginity when she was just fourteen, almost fifteen years old. The night we spent together in the upstairs bedroom at

the cabin was so imbedded in my memory that it would stay there until the day I died. Someday in the future, could Rachel and I ask Kerry to be the one to make Adrianna a woman?

I was just eighteen when I went to live with the Stuarts. Arial had been seven the first time I saw her, a golden-haired Princess, flat-chested as a boy but with a girl's shape and a plump little hairless vulva, just a little crease between her legs to prove she was a female. I had watched her grow into a young woman with a woman's wider hips, breasts that two hands could easily cover, and a silken tangle of curls that barely hid that little crease. She'd said she loved me for years but I'd pushed her words aside. I'd promised Kieran and Siobhan I'd never hurt their kids. I couldn't believe it when Rachael told me what they wanted me to do with her.

Now Kerry was almost eighteen, would be in a few months. Adrianna was eight years old and was already proclaiming her love for him as well as for little Paul. What could she know of love at her age? We were already teaching her about sex and she knew what a man and woman did together. Still, she couldn't possibly understand what hormones would do to her in a few years. She would want a man to satisfy her yearning for completion. Could I, could Rachael and I, ask Kerry to be that man? If we did, when she was fifteen, Kerry would be about twenty-four, about the same age I was when I made love to Arial.

“Kerry, are you going to tell Luke and Rachael about Tara?” Siobhan asked.

“Sure, I was just thinking about her,” he answered.

I had already heard about her from Kieran. As usual, we had met for lunch on Friday in Andersen's small cafeteria. Because of Andersen Security's remoteness from any fast food places, Kieran had insisted on a place for all employees to have lunch. It provided good food, one meal a day, sort of healthy Southern cooking, if there is such a thing, and at a

subsidized price. Most employees ate in the cafeteria and Kieran and I were no exceptions. He and I met a few times every month to talk about any problems.

He had not only told me about Tara but also what he and Siobhan had done with Kerry the previous night. He didn't provide specifics but he made sure I knew that it wouldn't be Kerry's first time with Siobhan when we played tonight.

It wasn't really a surprise. If there was any surprise, it was that it hadn't happened before. I knew how unconventional Kieran's and Siobhan's attitudes toward sex and love were. Rachael and I were both well aware how their attitudes had changed our lives for the better. We had been enjoying sexual romps with them for years. We were also comfortable emulating them. We had been enjoying the same sort of sexual arrangement with Stuart and Joanne for years. Kerry had been with me and Rachael on a number of occasions. He also enjoyed playing with Stuart and Joanne sometimes. On a couple of occasions when Rachael and I were with Stuart and Joanne, we'd let Kerry play with all of us.

I kept my eyes on Adrianna while Kerry told us all about Tara. If she was concerned that Kerry had found another girl friend, she didn't show it. When James Connor offered to show Alannah an empty turtle shell that he and little Paul had found in the woods, she went with them, as if she was more interested in it than listening to Kerry. I felt relieved that she didn't learn how much Kerry was interested in Tara.

“There's something else that I haven't told anybody,” Kerry said. “I made up my mind about it last night.”

“What, Kerry” Siobhan asked.

“I'm going to CalTech this fall,” he said, dropping a bombshell and waiting for the explosion.

I looked at Kieran and Siobhan and I could tell they were both surprised. Kerry had been pondering his future for

some time and, with Kieran and Stuart's help and encouragement, had applied to CalTech and some other colleges and been accepted at all. Stuart had said CalTech would be glad to get him and would offer him financial assistance. In fact, all of them had offered Kerry an attractive package to get someone with his potential. The last I'd heard, he hadn't made up his mind.

"What made you make up your mind, Kerry?" Kieran asked.
"I thought you were trying to decide what to do about Tara."

"She's going with me," Kerry said, dropping another bombshell.

"Kerry, what...how do you know?" Siobhan asked. "The last I heard, you hadn't even kissed her."

"I have now," Kerry said, grinning proudly. "Yesterday, we took our lunch to the outdoor tables near the cafeteria at school. After we ate, we sat around and talked about what we wanted to do, you know, going to college and stuff. She's been accepted at two different colleges but she didn't know what she wanted to do. I told her I wanted to go to CalTech where Stuart got his degrees. She encouraged me to go and said she wished she could go too. So I asked her to go with me."

"And she decided to go with you, just like that?" Siobhan said.

"She did after I pulled her up and kissed her," Kerry said. "We've still got lots of details to work out but we can do it. With her grades, she probably won't have to pay out-of-state tuition and her parents were planning on helping her anyway."

"And after one kiss, she decided she wanted to go with you?" Kieran said.

“Well, it was a good kiss,” Kerry said, with a dreamy look on his face. **“The Cruise Classic photographers said they thought they’d have to throw a bucket of cold water on us. Kara knows how I feel about her and she feels the same way about me. We just haven’t had time to do much about it.”**

“The Cruise Classic photographers were taking pictures while you kissed her?” Siobhan asked.

“Yeah, the Cruise Classic execs and photographers were there all the time we were outdoors eating lunch together and talking and finally when I kissed her. They were filming us and photographing us. The whole thing was supposed to be like an audition and they wanted us to get used to being photographed together. We were supposed to fake the kiss but we didn’t. I felt like I was drowning in her and she said she felt the same way.”

“Would you let us see it?” Kieran asked. **“Can you get a copy?”**

“Maybe. The Cruise Classic execs were all excited about what we did. I don’t know what they’re going to do with it. Mr. DeMaria said they can’t use it without our permission and he’s going to try to get us a nice bonus if they want to use it. I know they can’t use some of it. You can see the boner in my shorts.”

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(RACHAEL)

“When are we going to get to meet her?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” Kerry answered. **“Maybe some weekend soon. We’re both pretty busy with the Cruise Classic job during the week.”**

“Why not next weekend, Kerry?” Luke asked. **“We’ve got a ball game with Guardian Credit Union next Saturday**

afternoon. Invite her to that. She could watch the game with Siobhan and Rachael and the kids. Maybe we could all do something for dinner afterwards.”

Andersen Security was part of a loose confederation of baseball teams that played on weekends during the summer. Kieran and Stuart played intermittently, usually in a field position, Luke was catcher and team captain, and Kerry played second base and occasionally pitched. Siobhan and I cheered them on and tried to watch the kids.

“I’ll think about it,” Kerry said. “You still want me to play second base?”

“Nope,” Luke said. “I want you to pitch. Andersen Security needs you.”

“I don’t want to pitch,” Kerry protested. “Ralph Samuels is a better pitcher than me. What’s wrong with him?”

“Nothing,” Luke said. “His wife’s supposed to have their first baby some time this week. He says we can’t count on him.”

“Haven’t you got anybody else?” Kerry asked.

“Nobody nearly as good as you and Ralph,” Luke said. “If you don’t do it, we’re going to lose again.”

“You can do it, Kerry,” Kieran said. “Invite Tara to the game. It’s a good way for her to meet us. I’ll treat everybody to dinner afterwards. We’ll all be on our best behavior.”

“No surprises?” Kerry asked. “I’ll tell her how we are about nudity and sex when I think she’s ready for it.”

“No surprises from me, Kerry,” Kieran said. “If the kids tell her we were swimming naked today, I can’t help that.”

“OK,” Kerry said. “I guess I can live with that. I’ll invite her.”

“I think it’s time for us to start supper,” I said. “We’re eating on the back porch. Do we need to get dressed or can we just stay as we are.”

Luke grilled steaks for dinner, or maybe it was supper, and we stayed nude, except for Luke’s apron. I never could understand why Southerners sometimes called the evening meal dinner and sometimes supper. I baked potatoes for the grown-ups and made fries for the kids. Luke put ice around the old ice cream maker he had bought at a garage sale and persuaded Kerry to turn it.

Luke had told me the ice cream was going to be peach but it wasn’t. It was vanilla with peaches spooned over it. I gave Siobhan a big bunch of over-ripe peaches and asked her to peel them and cut them up. Andersen Security had a contract with somebody who delivered a load of fresh fruit for the employees every Monday. On Friday, if there was any left over, somebody took it home. This time, Luke had brought home about a bushel of over-ripe peaches. Tossed with a little sugar and spooned on top, they made the ice cream a treat for all of us.

We sat and ate and talked until dark. Siobhan and I kept an eye on Adrianna and James Connor and Alannah. When the two younger ones showed signs of being sleepy, I knew it was time to ask Kerry to read to them until they fell asleep. He didn’t seem to mind, especially when I told him to come to our bedroom when they were asleep.

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(KERRY)

“Come in, Kerry,” Luke said. “Shut the door,”

I hesitated, standing in the doorway of Luke and Rachael’s bedroom, trying to understand what the scene portended. The king-size bed against the far wall was flanked by two bedside lamps, both dimmed. The two easy chairs had been

moved to each side of the bed. The four of them were naked and sitting or lying on the four corners of the bed - Kieran at the head of the bed on one side with Rachael at the foot, Luke at the head on the opposite side with Siobhan at the foot. The center of the bed was empty except for pillows. I knew that place was for me. My heart began to beat faster.

There was also something at the head of the bed that had not been there the last time I had played with Luke and Rachael. Their king-size bed had a headboard that was just high enough to prop pillows against it. Above that, there was now a large mirror that was about eight feet long and four high. The mirror was attached to the wall at a slight angle, top leaning out slightly. From where I was standing, I saw myself only from chest down. I knew why it was there.

Rachael moved her hand and I saw a red or burgundy cloth with a trailing end that extended back under the bed. I looked closer at the others and saw that they were holding the same thing. In the empty center of the bed, there was one pillow in the middle and a bigger one against the headboard with a strip of the same burgundy cloth spread across it. I thought I knew what it all meant but I wasn't sure.

“Come stand at the foot of the bed, Kerry,” Rachael said solemnly.

I swallowed hard and did as I was told.

“There are two important words tonight, Kerry: yes and no. Do you understand?” Siobhan added, just as solemnly.

I shook my head.

“I didn’t hear you, Kerry! Do you understand?” she said sternly.

“No.”

“Kerry, do you trust us, absolutely and completely trust us?”
Luke asked.

When I looked at his face, he was frowning slightly. I tried to put on a stern face too but it was hard to keep from grinning.

“Yes.”

“Stop grinning, Kerry!” Luke ordered. “For once, it won’t do you any good. You wanted to play with us. Well, we’re just going to play with you first.”

I took a couple of deep breaths and wiped the smile off my face. As I did, I glanced at myself in the mirror and struggled to make my countenance serious.

“Kerry, will you submit yourself to our pleasure?” Kieran asked. He was trying to put a scowl on his face.

“Yes.”

“Will you surrender your body to us, to use in any way that pleases us?” Rachael asked, totally serious.

“Yes.”

They were all unsmiling. I felt a stab of uncertainty. Maybe I was getting myself into something in which I didn’t really want to participate.

“Before we do anything with you, we will ask you to submit,” Siobhan said. “If you say the word ‘yes,’ we will continue. If you say the word ‘no,’ we will stop what we’re doing. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

“Will you trust us to use you as we please, no matter how pleasurable or painful it is to you, no matter how delightful or depraved it is?” Luke asked.

I hesitated before answering. What could Siobhan and Rachael do to me that was painful? I didn't see any evidence of whips or clips. What could Kieran and Luke do that was painful or depraved - fuck me in the ass? I'd believed Kieran when he said they weren't into that. He'd never lied to me. The most depraved thing I could think of was a rim job like gays do before they fuck somebody in the ass and there was no way I'd ever do that. Anything else would probably be OK, if it wasn't anything worse than making me suck their dicks.

“Yes,” I finally answered.

“Kerry, if you submit, then get in the middle of the bed, on your back, head on the big pillow, butt on the small pillow, with your arms and legs spread,” Kieran said.

My heart was pounding, my mouth was dry, and my dick and balls had crept up between my legs. I crawled up on the bed and lay down on my back.

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(LUKE)

I managed to keep a straight face while we were doing our best to intimidate Kerry. Judging from the flaccid state of his dick, maybe we succeeded. I looped one of the strips of cloth around his right wrist, tied it to the bedpost, and, when I looked up in the mirror, he was spread-eagled with four burgundy-colored restraints. When Kieran and I blindfolded him, his eyes flicked back and forth between our faces. I almost felt sorry for him but I wasn't worried about him. I'd already had my turn.

We didn't really have anything in mind that would be painful or depraved. We'd talked about what we could do to him and decided that just the belief that we might do something like that would be enough. The four of us sat there for a minute, grinning at each other.

Finally, Rachael leaned over and ran her fingernails up the inside of his left thigh, over his balls, and down his right thigh. Siobhan leaned over him and raked her fingernails from his throat down to his dick.

“Kerry, do you want somebody to kiss you,” Siobhan asked.

“Yes,” he whispered.

Luke and Kieran immediately leaned over and kissed him on his cheeks. We all waited to see what he would do. Even blindfolded, he must have known who was kissing him. He grinned his big Kerry grin and said, “Yes.”

This time Rachael moved up on the bed, pointed his soft dick upward, and straddled him. She leaned over, rubbed her breasts against his chest, kissed him lightly on the lips, and immediately pulled away. He lifted his head but she kept just a couple of inches away from him.

“Yes,” he said.

Rachael leaned over, gave him the breast treatment again, rubbed her pussy around on the underside of his dick, and gave him a real kiss with open mouth and tongue. When she pulled back, he lifted his head again, mouth open. She grabbed his long hair in her hands, jerked his head back down on the pillow, kissed him again, and rubbed her breasts and pussy against him again. After a minute or so, she came up for air and Kerry was gasping for breath.

I was ready to take his place. When I looked at Kieran, he looked like he was ready to swap places too.

“Kerry, do you like oral sex?” Rachael whispered.

“Yes.”

“Good, we want you to suck Luke’s dick,” she giggled. “Do you want to?”

We didn’t really want him to suck my dick. We’d decided to test him with it because many people think it’s depraved. I could almost see the conflict he was experiencing. Rachael moved out of the way and I straddled Kerry’s chest and leaned forward on one hand. I held my dick with the other and gently rubbed the head back and forth on his lips. I waited.

“Yes,” he finally said, and craned his neck up and opened his mouth.

I guided my dick to his mouth and, just when the head touched his tongue, I pulled away. I rolled over to the side and Rachael immediately pounced on him again.

She straddled his head this time, grabbed a handful of his hair, and pinned him against the pillow. She wiggled back and forth, settled down with her legs spread wide and her pussy just an inch or so above his mouth.

“Lick me,” she whispered.

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(SIOBHAN)

I gave Kerry a minute or so to use his tongue in Rachael’s pussy, keeping an eye on his dick and balls. They had been shrunken and drawn up when we started. Now his balls were relaxed, hanging down between his thighs, and his dick was engorged but still soft. I moved between his legs, held his dick up, and pulled his foreskin back.

I wanted to do for Kerry something Kieran loved and I enjoyed just as much. When Kieran’s dick was soft and relaxed, I liked to take it in my mouth, entirely in my mouth at first, all soft and curled up. I’d simply hold it in my mouth,

with just a little sucking and tongue action, until it began to harden. Gradually it would force me to pull back and back until I couldn't hold even half of it in my mouth.

I slid my lips down Kerry's dick until my nose was in his pubic hair and I felt the smooth head pressing against the back of my mouth. I pulled back and off, sucking on the head as I did, and then slid my lips down again, until I felt the head touch my the back of my mouth again. After a couple of times, my nose was a few inches from his pubic hair. I did it some more and my nose was four or five inches from his pubic hair. I wished I could deep-throat him but I knew I couldn't. I'd never been able to do it with Kieran. I concentrated on the couple of inches I could get in my mouth.

I looked up at Kieran and Luke, leaned back on each side of Kerry and Rachael, and almost laughed. They couldn't make up their mind whether they wanted to watch, in the mirror, Rachael trying to smother Kerry with her pussy or watch me trying to suck the head off Kerry's dick.

“Let’s swap, Siobhan,” I heard Rachael whisper. “I’m going to show you what to do with that big thing.”

We swapped places. I hung onto the headboard with both hands, spread my legs wide, and lowered myself until I was almost sitting on Kerry’s face. I stopped when my pussy was just an inch or so away from his mouth and waited for him to smell what was hovering over him. He sniffed, took a couple of deep breaths, and craned his neck up until his tongue found my clit. I watched in the mirror as he worked his magic with his tongue until I was weak in the knees and just short of coming.

“Damn, Kieran,” I heard Luke say, “I like that. Somebody sitting on your face while somebody else sucks your dick. That’s depraved. Do you think they’d do it to me?”

“I hope so,” Kieran said. “Right after they get through doing it to me.”

“I think they’re neglecting us, Kieran,” Luke said. “Look, I can’t even keep a hard-on.”

“Yeah, I know how you feel, Luke,” Kieran said. “I wish I could get mine hard again.

In the mirror, I looked to both sides. Kieran and Luke were leaned back on each side of the bed, over Kerry’s arms, both holding a rigid boner straight up. I moved away from Kerry and started to give Luke a little attention.

Rachael grabbed my arm, silently mouthed, “Wait!” and pointed first to Luke and then to Kerry’s dick. He shook his head no but he was grinning. She shook her head yes and she wasn’t grinning. He shrugged, knelt between Kerry’s legs, and started sucking his dick. He cupped Kerry’s balls in one hand, wrapped the other around his dick, held it straight up, and alternated between licking and sucking the big shiny head.

I moved up closer, just a foot or so away from where Luke was sucking Kerry’s dick, and craned my neck around so I could watch. He licked it like a lollipop, up the underside of the shaft and up to the sensitive strip where the foreskin was attached to the head. After a few licks, he opened his mouth wide and sucked on the head. Then licking again and sucking again. Not bad technique for a man.

After a minute or so, I pointed to Kieran and to Kerry’s dick. He shook his head no, I shook my head yes, and he shrugged and gave in. For a man, I suppose he did a respectable job of sucking dick too. He gave Kerry about as much hand action as mouth action. After a minute or so, he stopped, stuck his tongue out at me and then at Rachael, and moved off the bed to one of the chairs. Luke wiggled his tongue at me and Rachael and moved to the other chair.

I suppose we had been neglecting poor Luke and poor Kieran and had been having too much fun initiating Kerry. I decided to give Luke a little of what he'd just given Kerry. I followed him to the chair, grabbed a pillow off the bed and put it under my knees, knelt between his legs, and gave him the same treatment he'd been giving Kerry. His dick wasn't quite as long as Kieran's or Kerry's but it was about the same in girth and it was quite a mouthful. I gave him the same combination of hand and tongue and mouth action as I usually give Kieran. He held onto the arms of the chair while I tried to make him squirm with my mouth.

“Where did everybody go?” I heard Kerry ask behind me. “Now you’re neglecting me and I’m losing my fucking hard-on.”

I turned around to look. Kerry was lying. He wasn't losing it. He was still spread-eagled on the bed, bowed in the middle with the pillow under his hips, and his dick was suspended in the air inches above the concave bowl of his belly. Beyond him, I saw Rachael kneeling between Kieran's legs with her head bowed and bobbing up and down. As I watched, Kerry's dick started to bob up and down too. Nothing else was moving, just his dick. I couldn't help but grin as I crawled back on the bed next to him.

“Rachael, maybe you'd better help me with Kerry again. He's losing his hard-on,” I said,

She turned and looked. Kerry's dick kept up its slow up and down movement. Her face broke out in a big grin and she moved back on the bed on the other side of Kerry.

“Kerry, did you like it when Siobhan and I sucked your dick?” Rachael asked.

“Yes!”

“That wasn't me and Siobhan,” she giggled. “That was Luke and Kieran.”

“Oh, shit!”

That’s not a good word, Kerry,” I said. “Do you want to keep playing with us?”

He hesitated for a moment or so but he eventually said, “Yes.”

Rachael pointed at me and then at Kerry’s dick and I started sucking him again. After a minute or so, she took another turn. I straddled his stomach, offered him a breast or two, and watched in the mirror as he sucked on them. Kieran and Luke sat slouched in the chairs on opposite sides of the bed, long legs stretched out, grinning, stroking their dicks, and watching us play with Kerry.

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(RACHAEL)

I gave Kerry a minute or so of slow gentle sucking and then pulled back.

“Kerry, are Luke and Kieran good cock-suckers?” I asked.

Siobhan had her hands cupped under her breasts and was offering them, one after the other, to Kerry. She lifted up so Kerry could answer.

“Yes,” he said, “but the last couple of times, it wasn’t Luke and Kieran. It was Siobhan first and now it’s you.”

“How can you say that, Kerry?” I asked. “If somebody is sucking your dick, I thought you guys couldn’t tell and didn’t care whether it was a guy or a girl.”

“You both had your hands on my dick and balls,” Kerry answered. “I could tell the difference between a man’s hand and a woman’s. You’ve been sucking me while I was sucking

Siobhan's nipples. Besides, I heard them move off the bed to the chairs. I know it was Siobhan and you."

I decided it was almost time. We'd agreed to bring Kerry close to orgasm and then let Kieran or Luke do something. Kieran wouldn't tell me what it was. He just said he was going to teach Kerry something new. He wanted me or Siobhan to let him know when we thought Kerry was close to coming.

I knew what I wanted. I wanted to feel Kerry's big dick filling my pussy. Luke's dick was big and it was always enough for me. But Kieran's and Kerry's dicks were both a little longer than Luke's. Their dicks were almost identical except that Kieran's was straight and Kerry's had a slight curve. I knew I was going to have all three plumbing the depths of my pussy before we stopped playing. I was in no hurry; I decided to give Siobhan first choice.

I pointed first at Kerry's dick and then his face and raised my eyebrows. She understood. She pointed to his dick. I nodded and moved up to Kerry's head. I put my knees on each side, spread myself as wide as I could, and lowered my pussy down to his mouth. I stopped an inch or so away because I wanted him to have to work for it, to have to bend his neck upward to reach me. I watched in the mirror as he sniffed a couple of times, lifted his head off the pillow, and started licking me. I wondered if he could tell if it was me or Siobhan from the smell and the taste.

I leaned to one side so I could see Siobhan behind me in the mirror. She was watching me. I wasn't sure she was actually going to fuck Kerry. I raised my eyebrows in question. She smiled and nodded to me, then straddled Kerry's hips, held his dick upright, and started easing her way down on it. I alternated between watching her face and watching Kerry's dick disappear inside her. When I saw her red pubic hair mingle with his blond, I closed my eyes, and concentrated on what Kerry was doing to my pussy with his tongue.

(KIERAN)

Watching Siobhan and Rachael with Kerry was about as erotic as anything I've ever seen. I don't know what they were feeling but it was evident they loved it.

Rachael was hanging onto the headboard, her pussy over Kerry's face, and he had his head lifted slightly to get his tongue to her. I couldn't see him licking her so I stood up and moved beside the bed so I could get a better view in the mirror. When I looked up at her face, she had her eyes closed and the expression on her face told me Kerry's tongue was licking where she liked it.

Luke moved up on the other side of the bed, grinned at me, and shook his head. The two of us stood there, slowly stroking our dicks and watching Rachael getting her pussy licked and Siobhan getting hers filled.

Siobhan was sitting on Kerry's hips with his dick buried completely inside her. She wasn't sliding up and down on it. She was just rocking her pelvis slowly back and forth. From the expression on her face, I knew she was close to coming. I'd seen that facial expression, that grimace, often enough and there was no mistaking it. Suddenly she stuck one hand down between her legs, two fingers extended, and, in a few seconds, stopped moving and started groaning.

I hoped she would remember to cuddle up to Kerry the way I asked her to do. For a minute or so she sat there, breathing heavily, squirming occasionally, and smiling like a Cheshire cat. Finally, she rolled off Kerry, laid down beside him, put her head on his shoulder, and whispered something in his ear. He grinned and whispered something back to her.

As quickly as Siobhan moved off his dick, Rachael moved off his face, straddled his hips, and encunted his dick again. She started riding him, up and down, back and forth, and I was afraid she'd make him come inside her. Finally she stopped the ups and downs, started squirming around and around,

and it was evident from her groans that she was coming too. She sat there with his big dick buried out of sight in her cunt for a minute or so, just like Siobhan, moaning and breathing heavily.

When she finally opened her eyes and moved off Kerry, she cuddled up to him on the other side, kissing him and whispering to him. When she put her head on Kerry's other shoulder, I knew it was time to do it.

It was hard to believe that Kerry still hadn't come with either of them. I knew he had to be close and the time was right to put him out of his misery. His dick was suspended over his lower stomach, red and glistening, and his balls were drawn up, one on each side of the base of his dick. My balls did the same thing when I was on my back and about to come.

"Luke, are you ready?" I asked.

He understood and nodded. He untied one of Kerry's legs while I untied the other. He opened a drawer on the nightstand, took out the Vaseline I'd asked him to put there, and tossed it to me. He knelt between Kerry's legs and lifted and spread them, knees bent. I scooped up a big glob of Vaseline on two fingers of my left hand, applied it liberally to Kerry's asshole, and stuck my index finger into him. He stopped breathing and stiffened. Luke had to struggle to hold his legs suspended in the air.

We wanted him to think that he was about to get fucked by Luke. I waited but he didn't say "no" and I wondered what he'd do if Luke actually tried. I pushed my finger deeper into him, feeling for his prostate gland, and found the hard little walnut.

Luke passed one of Kerry's legs off to me and held the other one. With his freed hand, he reached down to Kerry's dick, pulled the foreskin back, slid his hand down his dick to stretch the skin tight, and held it there. We wanted to see if it

was possible to make him come with just what I was doing with my finger without actually stroking his dick.

I applied pressure on Kerry's prostate while Luke just held his dick with the foreskin tightly retracted. I tried to pulse hard pressure on the gland at the same eight-tenths of a second that happened when a man had an orgasm. I knew how intense it made it feel, like you were going to blow your balls out through your dick. With Siobhan's and Rachael's help, we'd both tried it, with mixed success. Kerry was young and he'd been well primed. It took less than a minute for the two of us to have him squirting like a fire hose.

When he came, he lofted the first white stream of come over his stomach and chest and directly into Rachael's face, just like Luke and I had planned it. Luke's aim wasn't quite as good with the second squirt of semen. It caught Siobhan on her cheek, throat, and breast. The other squirts landed mostly on Kerry's chest and stomach.

Rachael exploded angrily and Siobhan burst out laughing.

“Luke, you....you shit, you turd...you fucking asshole,” Rachael screamed, “You did that deliberately.”

She was blinking her eyes and shaking her head while she cussed Luke. Siobhan was giggling and laughing, almost hysterical. Kerry just lay there grinning. I don't suppose he knew what he'd done.

Finally he managed to say something. “What did you do, Luke?”

“He didn't do anything, Kerry,” I answered. “You did. You shot her eye out, kid.”

Chapter Seventy

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

**Kieran Connor Stuart, 49; Siobhan (Kelly) Stuart, 48;
Alannah Niamh Stuart, 4**

Kavan Kelly Stuart, 22; Kathryn (Jenssen) Stuart, 23

Brad Alan Weaver, 22; Arial Erin (Stuart) Weaver, 21

Kerry Lee Stuart, 17; Tara Wingard, 17

Stuart Andersen, 31; Joanne Andersen, 29; Paul Andersen, 9; Kieran Lee Andersen, 5

Luke Bridges, 30; Rachael Bridges, 31; Adrianna Bridges, 8; James Connor Bridges, 5

TELLING THE STORY

Kieran Stuart, Siobhan Stuart, Kerry Stuart, Luke Bridges, Rachael Bridges

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(KERRY)

Kieran removed my blindfold so I could see what I'd done. I looked to my right at Rachael and saw a splooge of my semen running down her face. She had one eye closed, with a white string slanted diagonally across it. She wiped my come off with a finger and then wiped her finger on my stomach. From the expression on her face, I couldn't tell whether she was mad as hell or was trying not to laugh. I decided I'd be wise not to laugh at her.

I looked to my left at Siobhan and saw my come running off her breast. She was smiling and didn't seem to mind. While I watched, she smeared my semen all over her breasts with one finger, winked at me, and then stuck her finger in her mouth.

“I’m sorry, Rachael,” I said. “Don’t be mad at me. I didn’t mean...I didn’t know...oh, shit!”

Rachael was still rapidly blinking her eye. “I’m not mad at you, Kerry. I’m mad at two fucking little boys who planned that dirty fucking little...little...trick...whatever it was. It burns, damn it!”

“Let Kerry lick your eye clean, Rachael,” Siobhan suggested. “Kieran gave me a facial once and got it in my eye. I made him lick it out.”

Rachael leaned over me with one eye closed and turned her head so I could reach her eye with my tongue. It was something I wouldn’t have thought of in my wildest imagination but I did it. I licked while she batted her eye. At first all I felt were her eyelashes moving rapidly. Then I felt the smoothness of her eye and her eyelashes gradually stayed open. I suppose there was something in her eye because I could taste my own semen mixed with something else, a little salty, maybe tears. Finally she pulled away from me and smiled down at me.

“Thanks, Kerry,” she said. “You’re sweet. You can give me a facial any time. Just let me know so I can put on my sunglasses.”

“You don’t mind, I mean, as long as it doesn’t get in your eyes?” I asked. “Do women like stuff like that?”

“Kerry, I’ll tell you a secret,” she said. “When I’m hot and horny and wanting to be fucked, I love for Luke to come on me. When he comes on my breasts and smears it all over them, and I feel it and smell it, it’s almost enough to make me come. All he’s got to do is touch my clit with his fingers and I go off like fireworks.”

I looked at Siobhan but didn’t even ask the question.

“Yes, Kerry, I like it too. I’m like Rachael. When Kieran’s got me aroused, I don’t mind getting a facial as long as I know it’s coming and can shut my eyes. I like it more when he comes all over my breasts and rubs it in. I’ve even made him lick it off my breasts a few times.”

“It’s the same way when I give Luke a blow-job,” Rachael said. “When I’m really aroused and needing a good fuck, I like for him to come in my mouth. I just don’t want him to push his dick down my throat and gag me. I like it when it’s just the head of his dick in my mouth and I can feel him shooting off.”

I looked at Siobhan again.

“She’s right, Kerry,” Siobhan said. “When Kieran gets me horny and keeps me that way for a while, his semen is almost an aphrodisiac. The taste of it, the feel of it in my mouth just makes me hotter.”

All I could do was shake my head in wonder. I was learning things about my parents and about Luke and Rachael that I’d never imagined.

“Rachael, I’ve got to pee,” Siobhan said. “Are you coming?”

They went to the bathroom together, like women do, and Kieran and Luke moved back up to the head of the bed beside me. It was evident that they were the only ones who hadn’t come. Both their dicks were still hard enough to crack a pecan.

“Did you think I was going to fuck you, Kerry?” Luke asked, grinning down at me.

“For a second, I guess,” I answered truthfully. “Kieran said you two weren’t into that. I believed him.”

“Well, I didn’t believe him when he said you would shoot off like that,” he said. “I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“I told you, Luke,” Kieran said. “He’s got unbelievable fire power.”

“Shit, you’d squirt too if you had a finger up your ass massaging your prostate,” I said.

“We’ve both had it, Kerry,” Luke said. “We didn’t squirt like you did, though. Kieran’s finger wasn’t enough to make me come. Siobhan had to give me a little stroking. Sure as hell makes for an intense orgasm, doesn’t it?”

Just then, Siobhan and Rachael came out of the bathroom, faces all wiped clean and hair brushed. One of Rachel’s eyes looked a little red but she wasn’t blinking as rapidly. They smiled at me when they crawled onto the foot of the bed on each side of me.

“What were you boys talking about?” Siobhan asked.

“Oh, nothing,” Luke said. “Just boy stuff. Do you think you could help me with my dick now? It’s been hard so long it’s aching.”

“Yeah, me too,” Kieran added. “Rachael, do you think you could help me with mine. My dick’s throbbing and painful and I’m getting a bad case of blue balls.”

“Oh, you poor things,” Rachael said, not at all sympathetic.

“Do you think I could have my arms untied now?” I begged. “My dick ain’t aching and it’s getting soft and my balls feel drained and my prostate’s empty and I’m prostrate and completely harmless.”

“Not yet, Kerry,” Kieran said. “Luke and I have something we want to do first. We want you to watch.”

“What?” I asked.

“Kerry, do you know what a housewife is?” Luke asked.

I knew it was a bad joke but I didn’t remember it. I started to say no but I remembered in time and just shook my head instead.”

“It’s something you screw on the bed and it does the housework for you,” Luke said with a straight face.

Rachel tried to reach over me, from the foot of the bed on my right side to the head on the left side, to hit Luke. He rolled off the bed laughing. She was on her hands and knees, over me, and suddenly pretended to discover something.

“Why, Kerry, you must have had an accident,” she said, looking down. “Your stomach is covered with semen and your dick’s still drooling it. Did you have a wet dream?”

She leaned over further, licked up some of the come on my stomach, held my dick up, licked the head clean, and then settled down on my right side again. She swallowed noisily and then stuck out her tongue and made a face at Luke. My dick had started to soften but it quickly reversed the blood flow.

“Shit, Luke, how many times do I have to tell you?” Kieran asked. “You can screw them anywhere and they do the housework for you.”

He rolled off the bed before Siobhan could even think about responding. She just shook her head in disgust, then leaned over me and looked at my stomach.

“Why, Rachael, you’re right,” she said. “He must have had a wet dream. He’s all covered with his own semen. It must be his because Luke and Kieran... haven’t... come... yet.”

She leaned over me, licked up a little more of the semen on my stomach, licked the head of my dick, sucked on it for a few seconds, swallowed just as noisily as Rachael, settled

down on the other side of the bed, then stuck out her tongue at Kieran.

“If you screw them outdoors, will they do the yard work for you?” I asked. “I could use some help with that.”

“Don’t you start, Kerry!” Rachael warned and slapped me on my stomach.

“Hey, Kieran,” Luke said. “There’s lots of housework that needs to be done around here. Do you think we could screw them now?”

“Yeah, sure,” Kieran responded. “You do mine and I’ll do yours.

“Oh, yeah?” Siobhan said. “You and what army? You two are going to have to beg for it now.”

She pulled her knees up, wrapped her arms around them, and sat there at the foot of the bed on my right side. She had a mean look on her face but when she looked at me she let it slip a little and I could see the laughter waiting to be turned loose. Luke just sat there playing with his dick and pretending he didn’t know why she was mad.

I looked at Rachael, on the foot of the bed to my left side, and she had adopted the same posture. She had her lower lip poked out and her eyes were squinted into mere slits looking at Luke. When I looked toward the head of the bed at Kieran, he was pretending to be looking at the ceiling where his dick was pointing.

Kieran and Luke gave in. Kieran apologized first. He apologized but it was evident from what he said that he was still just having fun.

“I’m sorry, Siobhan. I’m sorry, Rachael. If my poor attempt at levity offended you, I most sincerely beg you to forgive me.

My brain doesn't function well when my dick has drained it of blood.”

“I beg your forgiveness too,” Luke said. “Kieran and I are both much in need of sexual relief. Could you find it in your hearts to excuse our crudeness and to assist us in releasing all the blood that’s locked up our dicks? I promise we’ll be good the rest of the night.”

It was evident that Luke was just having fun too. When I looked at Siobhan and Rachael and saw how they were grinning, it was just as evident that they didn’t really want an apology.

“Oh, all right,” Rachael said. “I know you guys really can’t think when you’ve got a hard-on. I forgive you.”

“I forgive you, too,” Siobhan said. “After such sincere apologies, pathetic as they were, I have no choice. Would you throw me a pillow?”

Luke threw her a pillow from the head of the bed. She put it behind her, at the foot of the bed, laid down on her back, head on the pillow, bent her legs and spread them, and then held out her arms to Luke. Rachael followed Siobhan’s lead and held out her arms to Kieran.

“Well, come on, don’t forget about me,” I said. “Turn me loose. I promise I won’t interfere with you getting the housework done.”

“Not yet, Kerry,” Luke said. “We want you to watch. Kieran said you like to watch. We thought we’d put on a show for you.”

“I’ll watch. I promise. I’ll just sit quietly and watch. Just turn me loose,” I begged.

“Uh uh,” Kieran said. “We want you to watch without being able to put your hands on your dick. We don’t want you jacking off watching us. How’s that for depraved?”

“Oh, shit,” I said with a big sigh, “Maybe I can stand it. Well, on with the show.”

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(RACHAEL)

I don’t understand men sometimes. I couldn’t understand why Luke and Kieran wanted to fuck Siobhan and me while Kerry watched. They even wanted to do it before they turned him loose. When Luke asked me if I’d be OK with it, I asked him why they wanted to treat poor Kerry that way. He just smiled and said they just wanted to see when Kerry would do when they finally turned him loose, all hot and horny and ready to fuck somebody.

We proceeded to put on quite a show for Kerry. Kieran crawled on top of me, tugged my legs back so I was almost bent in half, spread his legs slightly so that Kerry could see, I suppose, and proceeded to slide his big dick into me. My cunt was so wet and dripping that his dick slid in to his balls in just one push. As soon as I felt it hit bottom, I turned and looked to the side to see what Luke and Siobhan were doing.

Luke had Siobhan in the same position and was already slowly moving his hips back and forth. I couldn’t see what his dick looked like in her cunt but I suppose Kerry could. I leaned to one side and looked at him. His long legs were close together between me and Siobhan and I could see his balls resting on his thighs and his dick hovering in the air over his belly. He had his head lifted from the pillow, looking to one side and then the other.

“Is he watching?” Kieran whispered in my ear.

“Yes, he’s watching,” I said. “Now fuck me.”

I locked my legs around his middle, put my hands on his butt, and let him feel my fingernails.

“Oh, shit,” he said, when I dug in, and then he proceeded to fuck me.

He slid one arm under me and curled his hand around to hold me by my shoulder. With the other he found my breast and started tweaking my nipple with his thumb and finger. I opened my mouth and fastened my teeth where his neck joins his shoulder. Then he started pistonning his dick in and out of me, making me grunt every time he hit bottom. Every time he pulled out, almost out, I gave him another touch of fingernails and then pulled his butt back toward me as hard as I could.

I expected him to come quickly since he’d been aroused so long but he surprised me. He didn’t; he just kept fucking me and fucking me. So maybe I surprised him because I started coming before he did. It started as just a series of faint pleasurable contractions, slowly built into much more intense pleasure, so intense I was nothing but cunt with a hard cock inside, and then, just when it was fading away, I felt Kieran’s cock start pulsing inside me and my orgasm peaked again and I faded into oblivion.

When I could think again, I looked to the side. Luke was still on top of Siobhan but they were both motionless except for the heaving of Luke’s chest. I couldn’t see his face, just Siobhan’s, and she had her eyes closed and had a smile on her face like she’d got hers too.

I let Kieran rest in place for a minute or so before I pushed him away. He rolled to one side, almost fell off the bed, and then sat up on the side of the bed. He looked at me with a big grin as though he’d proved something.

“Untie him,” I said. “Now, damn it!”

Siobhan must have heard me. She pushed Luke away and he rolled off her and sat on the side of the bed.

“You heard her,” she ordered. “Untie him!”

Luke and Kieran untied Kerry and then moved to the two chairs on each side of the bed. They sat there slouched down with their dicks swollen but limp, shining wetly and still oozing come. I suppose they wanted to see what Kerry would do.

He rubbed his wrists, one after the other, rolled his arms around and around, and then moved back until he was sitting upright against the head of the bed. I lay there flat on my back at the foot of the bed, pillow under my head, legs bent and spread. I took a quick glance to the side and saw Siobhan in the same position. I knew Kerry was getting his eyes full of two freshly-fucked pussies. I could feel Kieran’s come running down the crack of my ass and I would have liked him to lick up his cream pie. I knew he was very good at that. I wondered what Kerry would do now that he was free.

He stayed there, propped up against the head of the bed for a minute or so, looking at me and Siobhan, or rather, between our legs, and looking at Luke and Kieran. Kieran was sitting in the chair on my side, his big balls hanging down between his spread legs and his big dick drooped down over them. I lifted my head and looked at Luke on the other side of the bed. He was in the same position as Kieran, just watching me and Siobhan and Kerry.

Finally, Kerry shook his head, smiled his big Kerry grin, rolled forward and crawled on top of me. I held out my arms to him and smiled back at him. He propped on his hands and knees over me for a few seconds and then lowered his hips. I reached down with both hands, caught his dick, and guided the head to my vagina. He pushed gently and his dick slid in me until I felt his balls on my ass cheeks. He lowered his body until his face was directly over mine, gave me a quick kiss on my lips, and then dropped his head down beside

mine. I wrapped my legs around his hips and my arms around his chest and waited for him to start but he was not moving. I didn't know what to think.

“Are they watching?” he whispered in my ear.

I knew they were watching before Kerry crawled on top of me. I knew they still were but I didn't want to open my eyes.

“Wouldn't you be?” I asked him.

“I love you, Rachael,” he whispered. “I know you're Luke's but I've loved you as long as I can remember and I'm not going to stop if I start loving Tara. Can you understand that?”

“Yes, Kerry,” I whispered back. “I love you too, you know.”

“I know,” he whispered. “I'm a reflection of all the love I've had poured on me all my life. You've given me so much love I can't help but return it. I love you and I always will. If you or Luke ever need a friend, I hope you'll call on me.”

“Kerry, have you kissed the blarney stone?” I asked.

“It's not funny,” he said. “I mean it with all my heart. I'm never going to stop loving Siobhan and Arial and Kathryn and Lauren and Joanne and you and...and everybody who's loved me. I love all of you more than my poor words can ever tell.”

“Kerry, you're going to make me cry,” I whispered.

“I want to stay in you for a minute or so,” he whispered. “I'm not going to fuck you yet. That's what they expect me to do so I'm not going to do it. I'm going to let my dick marinate in Kieran's come for a minute and then I'm going to pull out without adding to it. I promise I'll give you a good fuck later. Is that OK with you?”

“Yes, Kerry, it’s OK,” I said, quite untruthfully. His dick felt so good in me I didn’t want him to pull out. I wanted him to fuck me, to fuck me even harder than Kieran had done.

“When I pull out, I’m going to see if Siobhan will let me have a minute or so with her,” he whispered. “I’m not going to fuck her either. I just want to be close to her, like I’m close to you. I want to tell her I love her too, especially her. I’m going to get my dick in her and let it soak in Luke’s come. I’m going to pull out without fucking her either. I’ll give her a good fuck later.”

I pulled him tighter with my arms and legs, kissed him on the side of his neck, and waited for him to go to Siobhan.

When he pulled away from me, he quickly moved over to Siobhan. She was turned on her side and he pushed her on her back, I could see she was puzzled at his behavior but she welcomed him the same way I had. He ducked his head down beside hers, whispered something, and she reached down and showed his dick the way to her cunt. Then she did the same thing I had done, wrapped her legs around his butt, pulled his head down beside hers, and wrapped her arms around his chest. They both wiggled a little until they were comfortable with each other and I heard him whisper something to her. I heard her whispering to him and I could understand the emotion even if I couldn’t catch all the words.

After a minute or so, he pulled away from Siobhan, rolled out of the bed, and started to the bathroom. His dick was wet and red and shining and pointing the way for him.

“Kieran, Luke, I’ve got to pee,” he said. “Are you coming or are you old voyeurs just breathing hard?”

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(LUKE)

I was right behind Kerry going to the bathroom. He didn't go to the commode. He grabbed a small towel, wet it in cold water, wrapped it around his dick and balls, and leaned back against the counter waiting for his dick to go down.

I went to the commode, lifted the seat, and was about to start pissing when Kieran walked in. He took one look at Kerry and started laughing. Kerry looked at the ceiling and started whistling. I turned back to the commode and was again about to start pissing when Siobhan walked in, followed immediately by Rachael.

Siobhan went to one side of me, Rachael went to the other side, and they both stood there bent over watching me trying to piss. Have you ever tried to piss with two women watching? I couldn't. I shut my eyes, held my dick with the fingers of both hands, grunted and squeezed, dribbled a little, and finally started. I foamed up the water in the bowl, flushed, put the seat back down, and swept my hand from Siobhan to the commode in an invitation to take the throne. She put the seat back up and pointed at Kieran. He stood in front of the commode, grunted a few times, finally pissed, shivered, flushed, and backed up. We all turned to look at Kerry.

He unwrapped his dick, walked over to the commode, and tried to start. It wasn't quite as stiff as it had been earlier but I could tell he was having trouble too. I reached over to the sink and turned the cold water on full force. That usually works for me. He gave a big sigh of relief and drilled a heavy stream down in the bowl. While we all watched, he pissed, slowed, took a deep breath, sighed, and pissed some more. I wondered how he'd managed to hold it all.

“You all three do it the same way, you know,” Rachael said, when he finally finished. “Uncover, aim, piss, shake, and cover up. All of you even had trouble starting with me and Siobhan watching.”

“Well, you didn't have to watch, did you?” Kerry asked.

“I like to watch, Kerry,” Rachael said. “I think it’s cute.”

“Good, you won’t mind me watching you then,” he said. “You sit down and spread your legs. I’ll kneel in front of the throne and watch.”

“Oh, no, you won’t,” Siobhan said. “You three can just get your butts out of here. I need to do more than just pee. You go back to bed. We’ll be there in a few minutes.”

“Can they wait a minute, Siobhan?” Rachael asked. “I think they all three need to wash up a little. I’d like to find three nice clean dicks all in a row at the head of the bed when I go back.”

All three of us washed our dicks and everything around them. We got our butts out and went back to the bed. We all propped up against the headboard: Kerry, Kieran, and me. We waited. Kerry hummed a melody from a song. I pulled my knees up and put my hands behind my head. Kieran and Kerry imitated me. Kieran started whistling. We waited. I didn’t know what we were waiting for but I knew I’d like it when I found out. I put my hands on my knees and twiddled my thumbs. Kieran and Kerry imitated me. We waited some more.

Rachael and Siobhan finally came back with their hair brushed and faces clean and refreshed looking. I assumed they were cleaned and refreshed somewhere else but I couldn’t tell by just looking. They both laid down on their stomachs at the foot of the bed and looked at us.

“Let’s just take a little breather and relax a little,” Siobhan said. “Rachael and I want to window shop a little.”

“Are you buying?” Kieran asked.

“Maybe,” she said. “If I see something I really want.”

“Kerry, you’re new to all this,” Rachael said. “It’s always about like this but it’s never the same. Is there anything you want to know, anything you want to ask?”

“Yeah, is if OK is I want to ask about something kind of personal?” Kerry asked. “I don’t know who to ask so I guess I’m just asking all of you.”

“Sure, Kerry,” I said. “Ask away.”

“Well, it’s about you four getting together like this. You’ve been doing it a few times every year as long as I can remember, haven’t you?”

“Yes, Kerry, we have,” Kieran said. “We haven’t tried to hide it from you.”

“Well, Rachael told me once – it was that weekend when we were all at the cabin and Luke was with Arial and I was filling in for him - that you four weren’t going to get together any more after that weekend. She said Kieran wanted to stop because Siobhan was the only woman he wanted.”

“I did say that,” Kieran said. “At that time, I meant it. Siobhan welcomed Lauren when she came back into my life and even shared me with her. Then Lauren said she wouldn’t do it anymore because she wanted to think about marrying Jack. I guess I was a little overwhelmed by all the things that were happening about then. I didn’t want to hurt Siobhan and I was afraid she wouldn’t want me to be with Rachael too.”

“But you didn’t stop,” Kerry said. “I think there was a long break when Rachael was pregnant with James Connor and when Siobhan was carrying Alannah. I don’t know when you started doing it again but I think it was before Alannah was a year old. What made you start doing it again?”

I looked at Rachael and Siobhan and then leaned over to look at Kieran. They all had big smiles on their faces, just

like mine. I didn't know how to answer Kerry's question. There wasn't a simple answer. I suppose the only answer was that we all enjoyed doing it but that didn't begin to explain the real reasons.

Rachael crawled up on the bed between Kieran and Kerry. She stuck her nose in Kerry's balls, rooted around and sniffed, licked his scrotum, and then gave Kieran the same treatment.

“I love the smell of a man’s balls,” she said, raising her head. “I can just smell the testosterone being produced.”

“Kerry, there’s no easy answer to that question,” I said, when I remembered the question. “I’ve asked myself why we do it more than once. If I tried to answer you, I’d start with the very first night I spent in your house. That’s where it all really began.”

Siobhan crawled up on the bed until her head was about even with my dick and with Kerry’s. She leaned over to me, lifted my dick up, retracted the foreskin, leaned it to the right and to the left, lifted my balls up and craned her neck to see underneath. She was inspecting it like she wanted to see if I’d washed properly. Finally, she kissed it on the head, licked it like a lollipop a few times, and then sucked on the head until it started getting erect. I suppose she was satisfied.

“I like the taste too,” Siobhan said. “I really like it when it’s nice and clean and just oozing that clear stuff. It tastes sweet.”

We watched while she turned to Kerry and gave him the same treatment. When his dick was standing proudly, he picked up the thread of our conversation. I was about to forget it.

“I don’t remember that,” Kerry said, looking at Siobhan examining his dick like she’d done mine. “I think I was about

two or three. I can't remember a time when you weren't close to our family, like you're a part of it."

"He is part of it, Kerry," Kieran said. "He and Rachael are family as far as I'm concerned. Damn, that's good, Rachael."

Rachael was giving her full attention to Kieran since Siobhan was occupied with Kerry. She was lazily stroking his dick and licking it on the frenulum every time her hand slid to the bottom of his shaft.

"He's right, Kerry," Siobhan said, taking her mouth off Kerry's dick. "It's a crazy mixed-up relationship but they're both family. I feel like Adrianna and James Connor are my grandkids."

She started sucking dick again but I didn't mind. It was mine she was sucking.

"What happened that first night?" Kerry persisted. **"All I've heard is that you didn't know we were nudists when you came to spend a weekend with us. Did something happen that makes you remember it so well?"**

"I suppose you'd think nothing much happened but it was a turning point in my life," I said. **"Did I ever tell you how my mother was about sex and love?"**

Rachael got on her knees between Kieran and Kerry. She lifted Kerry's dick, slid the foreskin back and forth a few times, and then did the same thing to Kieran's. She leaned over a little further and blew her breath at Kieran's dick, then Kerry's.

"Blow-job?" she asked. Kieran and Kerry both nodded.

"I don't remember," Kerry said. **"I know she got wrapped up in her religious stuff and that's why your father couldn't live with her any more."**

“Kerry, she wasn’t just wrapped up in it,” I said. “She was consumed by it. She believed sex was always something dirty and she couldn’t love me or my father because we were interested in it. She found semen in my bed sheets once and yelled and screamed at me for a week or so. She said I was going to burn in hell for doing it. She couldn’t even accuse me of masturbating because she couldn’t say that word. She just said doing it.”

“Is that why you wanted to come live with us?” Kerry asked

Rachael’s head was bobbing up and down on Kieran’s dick and Kerry was leaned over watching. And slowly stroking his dick.

“I used to think about killing myself to get away from her,” I said. “I think my father realized how depressed and unhappy I was. I think he and Kieran arranged it so I could stay with your family during my last year in high school. That’s the only thing that saved me, getting away from my mother and coming to live with all of you.”

Nobody said anything for a while and I suppose we were all thinking about what I had said. After a minute or so, I looked at Kieran. Rachael’s head was now bobbing up and down on Kerry’s dick and Kieran was watching and slowly stroking his dick.

“Kieran, did you know how bad off I was before you let me come to live with your family?” I asked. “Did you and my father arrange it so I wouldn’t have to stay with her?”

Siobhan quit watching Rachael sucking Kieran’s and Kerry’s dicks and started playing with my balls, trying to suck one of them into her mouth. When she did, I held my breath wondering if my family jewels were safe.

“Your father arranged it, Luke,” Kieran said. “He didn’t really want that job opening the new plant in Cincinnati. He took it so he could move there with your mother. He asked

me to take you in until you were eighteen. He knew how different our family was.”

“So you took a chance on me without knowing how messed up I was,” I said.

“No, Luke, you father told me a lot about you. We decided to give you a tough interview to see whether you could fit in with us. You passed the tests with flying colors.”

“What did they do to interview you,” Kerry asked.

Siobhan leaned over to Kerry, held his dick up, and took it in her mouth. She sucked and licked it while Kieran and I watched.

“I suppose it was like an interview, making me help bathe three naked little kids,” I said. “Then they made me sit there on the couch and read you and Kavan and Arial a good-night story. You three kids were naked as jaybirds and so was I. You were sitting in my lap while I read Dr. Seuss. Some interview.”

“Kerry, I gave Luke a really hard interview before he went to bed that night,” Siobhan said and then sort of giggled. “Make him tell you about that.”

She leaned over to my dick and blew on it. It wasn’t really the kind of blowjob I wanted. Then she moved up a little closer and took the head of my dick in her mouth. That was better.

“Yeah, it was a hard interview, all right.” I said, watching her suck my dick. “She hugged up against me until I got a hard-on and then gave my dick a yank and told me to take it to bed and jack off. I did it twice, once thinking about Arial and once thinking about her.”

“Thinking about Arial?” Kerry persisted. “Shit, she wasn’t but about seven or eight years old. What was sexy about her then?”

Rachael stopped sucking Kieran's dick and started sucking Kerry's. For a moment, we both watched Siobhan sucking and licking my dick and Rachael sucking and licking Kerry's. Kieran watched and slowly stroked his hard-on. Finally I remembered I was supposed to answer Kerry's question.

“Kerry, she was the first female I ever saw naked,” I said. “I was about eighteen years old and I’d never seen what a real live girl or woman looked like. Maybe she wasn’t sexy but she was beautiful. Siobhan was the one who was sexy. Was sexy, hell, she still is.”

“Thank you, Luke,” Siobhan said, taking her mouth off my dick for a moment. “That’s a nice compliment from a middle-aged woman who’s had four children. I love you too.”

“It’s the truth, Siobhan,” I said, to the top of her head. “I know you’re not a girl anymore but you’re still a beautiful woman. Brad told me once he’d like to have a nude painting of you lying on a red velvet couch. He said he’d just call it ‘Woman.’ I can understand why he thinks of you like that. I do too.”

“But why did you start having sex with each other,” Kerry asked. “There must have been something that...”

I looked at what Rachael was doing to Kerry that caused him to drop his thought in mid-sentence. Rachael was sucking on his balls and had one of them in her mouth. I didn’t think she could get both in her mouth at once. She couldn’t. She let one go and sucked the other in. When she started sucking Kerry’s dick again, I answered his question.

“It started just after Thanksgiving the year I came to live with you, I went to my parents for Thanksgiving and found out they were getting a divorce. I came back home, that’s what it was to me then, and went in my room and cried. I think that’s what made Siobhan and Kieran decide they’d let me learn what loving sex could be like. The next weekend,

Siobhan took my virginity and I was so fucking glad to give it up. I learned what love and sex can be like with a woman.”

“Kerry, the answer is really very simple,” Rachael said, looking up from his dick. “We enjoy what we do. In some ways, Kieran’s like a father to me but he’s a friend and a lover too. Siobhan’s my best friend in the whole world. Sometimes she’s like a mother to me. Sometimes she seems like a sister. But she’s always a friend. I think we do it because we love each other and trust each other and it’s lots of fun.”

She leaned over to Kieran, sucked the head of his dick for a few seconds, and then pulled back and started blowing little puffs of air at it. He put his hand behind her head and pulled it back down. She opened her mouth and started sucking again.

“Rachael’s right, Kerry,” I said. “Kieran’s like a father to me. After they divorced, my dad and I were a lot closer but Kieran’s always treated me like a son. He’s a mentor to me at work. He’s always my friend. Shit, I sound like I’m buttering him up and maybe I am. Maybe guys aren’t supposed to love other guys but I love him.”

“You didn’t tell him how you feel about Siobhan,” Rachael lifted up her head to say.

“There aren’t words good enough to say how I feel about her,” I said. I had to stop to swallow and to get my emotions under control. “She saved my life. She and Kieran, they made me want to live and find a love of my own and have kids. I wanted a family like theirs. Stop biting my dick, Siobhan. She...”

She had her teeth in the notch between the head and the shaft of my dick. I waited to see if she was going to bite me again. She took her mouth off to say something.

“You’re embarrassing me, Luke,” she said, and then took the head of my dick in her mouth again, this time without using her teeth.

“It’s true,” I said. “You’re the mother I never had but always wished I had. You’re one of the loves of my life. You’re my friend. I love you. I’m not ashamed to say it. I love you. Rachael and I both love you and Kieran.”

“Was there any ice cream left over?” Kieran asked. “I think a little bowl of real vanilla ice cream with some fresh peaches would hit the spot.”

Rachael took her mouth off Kerry’s dick. “Did we answer your questions, Kerry,” she asked, looking up at him. “I think there’s enough for five small bowls of ice cream. There are plenty of peaches if somebody wants to peel them.”

I had planned a special peaches and cream treat for Kerry and Kieran after we took our break tonight. Rachael and I had enjoyed it last weekend so I thought they might like it too. Rachael had talked to Siobhan and she had agreed to cooperate. If Kerry and Kieran don’t like it, I’ll eat it myself, both of them.

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(SIOBHAN)

All of us tiptoed down the hallway toward the stairs. Rachael and I took time to look in on the kids. We’d put the three of them in Adrianna’s room. Alannah was supposed to sleep with Adrianna in her queen-size bed. James Connor wanted to sleep in the same room so we’d put his twin-size mattress beside Adrianna’s bed. He wasn’t in it. He was in bed between the girls. The girls both had on nightgowns but no panties. James Connor had on the top to his pajamas and no bottom. I wondered what had gone on in the room after Kerry left them asleep.

When we got to the kitchen, Luke was sorting through the peaches, and Kieran and Kerry were already peeling the best ones. It was an interesting scene – three men with erections that still hadn't gone down doing a domestic task like peeling peaches.

We sat at the kitchen table, ate the last of the ice cream, topped with peaches, and talked, not about what we'd just been doing but about what we were going to do. Kerry put his ice cream bowl on his dick and it went down. Kieran's and Luke's subsided without being chilled.

"Are we all going to the cabin sometime this summer?" Kerry asked.

"I'd like to but what about Arial and Kathryn?" I answered. **"Arial is about a month from having her baby and Kathryn should have hers a week or so later. After the babies come, I think they'll want a month or so to get used to being parents. After that, maybe we could do something."**

"Why don't we go two weeks from now?" Rachael asked. **"There's no ball game and we're not doing anything. Kerry could invite Tara."**

"I'm not sure that's such a good idea," Kerry said. **"It may be a little too fast. I haven't told her we're nudists. I think she'll be OK with it but I'm not sure.**

"Well, we can all keep our clothes on for her, Kerry," Kieran said. **"I think it would be a great idea. Let's check with the others. I know Lauren and Jack will be home for a change. What about Stuart and Joanne?"**

"They'll be back on Monday and I can ask him then," Luke said. **"I think I can already tell you they don't have anything planned for that weekend. We were talking about the first time we went to the cabin just the other day."**

“Do you think Arial and Kathryn will be able to go?” Rachael asked.

“I don’t see why not,” I said. “It’s only about an hour’s drive and the road’s good except for the dirt road after we leave the highway. First babies usually take longer to deliver anyway. If one of them went into labor, we could have her to the hospital in plenty of time.”

“A few weeks ago, when Kavan and Kathryn came over, Stuart and Kavan and I went for a walk,” Luke said. “We got to talking about doing something like that first time at the cabin. Stuart said we should all spend the night in the haunted house again. What do you think?

“I think we’ve all got some little kids,” Kieran said. “I don’t think they’re ready to play grown-up games yet. It was a little awkward last August when we were all there.”

“Well, I think we could find some way to keep them in the dark,” Rachael said. “We usually do. If they’re bedded down in the big room at the cabin, they’re not going to know what goes on in the bedrooms.”

“I don’t think Arial and Kathryn will be ready for anything by August,” I said. “Why can’t we wait ‘til sometime in the fall, like Thanksgiving?”

“Let’s plan for two weeks, for Kerry inviting Tara, and for everybody keeping their clothes on,” Kieran said. “Of course, if some little kids start taking their clothes off to go to the creek, I’m not going to stop them.”

“Well, how about later in the fall? I like the idea of Thanksgiving at the cabin,” I said. “Kieran and I could keep the kids and you could all spend the night in the haunted house again.”

“Uh uh, that’s no good,” Luke said. “Stuart specifically said he’d like you and Kieran to commune with the ghosts with

the rest of us. Do you think Lauren and Jack would keep all the kids?"

"Are you sure you want to go to California this fall, Kerry?" I asked. "I hate for you to miss out on all this."

"Yeah, I hate to miss it too. I'd like to be ravished by all the women again," he said. "Who knows? Maybe Tara and I could fly home for Thanksgiving. We've already talked about coming home for Christmas."

"Have you already made love to her, Kerry? Luke asked.

"Not yet," Kerry answered, grinning. "Give me time."

"I think we should forget Thanksgiving and plan for Christmas" Kieran said. "We're all going to have some time off and it would be great to go to the cabin and get away from all the fucking Christmas carols and the commercial crap."

"Don't be that way, Kieran," I said. "Even atheists can enjoy Christmas."

"No they can't. It drives them crazy," he said. "They can enjoy being with their family. That's all that means anything to me."

"We would certainly be OK with Christmas," Luke said. "I'll check with the Andersens as soon as they get back. I know Stuart would love to go then."

"Well, I move we plan on a trip to the cabin in two weeks and another at Christmas," Kieran said. "Kerry can bring Tara and we'll know by then whether we have to keep our clothes on. When they come home Christmas, I assume Kerry and Tara will have made love and maybe she'll be OK spending at least part of the holiday at the cabin with us. We can work out all the details later. All in favor say 'aye'."

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(KIERAN)

When we went back upstairs to Luke's and Rachael's bedroom, Luke said he had something he needed to do and he'd be up in a few minutes. He asked Rachael if she knew what he wanted her to do and she said yes. I didn't know what he meant but I knew I'd soon learn. He was usually good about dreaming up some sort of fun, almost as inventive as me.

"Kieran, would you and Kerry sit in the chairs for a minute?" Rachael asked when we were back in the bedroom. "Siobhan and I need to get you ready."

"For what?" Kerry asked.

"For something you're going to love," Rachael said. "We need to blindfold both you and Kieran both this time."

"Huh?" I grunted. I hadn't heard anything about me being blindfolded.

"Yes, Kieran, you need to be blindfolded for a few minutes," Siobhan said. "Luke's got a surprise for you and Kerry."

"What?" I asked.

"If we told you, it wouldn't be a surprise, Kieran," Rachael said. "Did you get enough ice cream and peaches?"

I didn't have any idea why she would ask me that. I'd had one bowl of ice cream with peaches and one bowl with just peaches. It was hard to get enough of something so good.

I shrugged and sat down in one of the chairs. Kerry took the other one. The last thing I saw was Siobhan putting a burgundy-colored blindfold over Kerry's eyes. Rachael did a good job with the cloth over my eyes. I couldn't see a thing.

I heard the bedroom door open and shut and I figured Luke was with us again.

“You didn’t tie their hands yet?” he asked somebody.

“I was about to,” Rachael said behind me. “Kieran, lean forward and put your hands behind your back.”

“You too, Kerry,” I heard Siobhan say.

I didn’t resist. I had no idea what they were about to do with me and Kerry but I knew I’d enjoy it. Rachael did a good job of tying my wrists together behind my back. She used some of the same material we’d used in tying up Kerry. I knew he couldn’t get loose.

I heard somebody walking around and then somebody sitting or lying on the foot of the bed. Then I heard something that baffled me. It was a kind of wet squishy noise. I smelled peaches again. Somebody had done something with peaches.

I heard somebody moving around again and then Luke said, “I’m going to give you first choice, Kerry. Do you want the one on your right or the one on your left?”

“Shit, I don’t know,” Kerry said. “What is it?”

“Just choose,” Luke said.

“Oh, fuck,” Kerry said. “I’ll take left.”

“OK, get down on your knees,” Luke said.

Somebody touched me on the shoulder. It was Luke.

“Stand up, Kieran. It’s your turn,” he said, and led me around to the foot of the bed.

“Kerry’s already chosen the one on the left so you get the one on the right,” he said. “Is that OK?”

I had an idea that it was either Rachael or Siobhan but I had no idea which and I had no idea what I was supposed to do.

“Sure,” I said.

“Ok, get down on your knees,” Luke said.

It was a little awkward to get down on my knees blindfolded with my hands tied behind my back. I managed to do it.

“OK, have at it,” Luke said.

“At what?” Kerry asked.

“It’s up to you to find out,” Luke said. “If you want me to, I’ll take your blindfold off so you can see. I can’t free your hands though.”

“I’d like to see,” I said.

“Me, too,” Kerry said.

Luke pulled my blindfold up and off my head and got some hair with it. When I opened my eyes, I saw I Rachael in front of me and Siobhan in front of Kerry. They were both lying at the foot of the bed, legs bent and hanging down and spread apart, pillow under their head, doubled towel under their ass, hands on their stomach, and big smiles on their faces. Between Rachael’s legs, all around her vulva, I saw what looked like mashed peaches. In between her labia, I saw a vertical slice of yellow peach. I looked at Siobhan and saw the same thing. Damn, it looked good enough to eat.

Kerry must have thought the same thing, “Damn, that’s the prettiest peach of a pussy I’ve ever seen,” he said.

“Bon appitit, Kerry,” Siobhan.

“And bone appetite to you, Kieran,” Rachael said.

“Kerry, I think I’m going to have some more peaches,” I said.

“Me too, Kieran,” Kerry said. “And maybe just a little pussy too.”

I shuffled forward toward Rachael on my knees and looked closer. There was one slice of peach between her labia, small pieces of smashed-up peach around her pussy, even some in her pubic hair, and peach juice running down the crack of her ass. I leaned forward but I realized I was going to have trouble getting to her without using my hands.

“Can you lift your ass a little, Rachael?” I asked. “Put your feet on the bed.”

She put her feet on the bed, legs bent and spread and shifted her pelvis so her pussy was more accessible. I leaned over and started eating her peachy pussy. I started at the bottom at her brown pucker and licked up the peach juices that were running down. Next I licked up and to each side and, whenever I encountered a morsel of peach, I sucked it in and swallowed. I got pubic hair with some of the pieces but I swallowed that too. After a couple of minutes, I pulled back and looked to see if I’d got everything except the slice of peach in the middle. I had.

I thought of Kerry licking Siobhan so I straightened up to see how he was doing. He was doing the same thing I had done, cleaning up everything around her pussy before trying to get the slice in the middle. He looked up at me, smiled, little peach pieces all around his mouth, and took a few deep breaths.

“You ready for the main course?” he asked.

“Ready when you are,” I answered.

We leaned over again at the same time. I probed with my tongue as far back in Rachael's slit as I could, where the bottom end of the peach slice was tucked slightly in her vagina. I thought I could pry it out but all I did was push it in further. So I moved higher an inch or so, pursed my lips, and sucked. That worked. When I pulled back, I had the peach slice between my lips. I sucked it into my mouth, chewed a few times, and swallowed. There was a distinct taste of peach and pussy combined.

I straightened up again and took a swift glance at Kerry and Siobhan. He had cleared the peach obstruction and was already licking up Siobhan's labia. They were spread to each side and, until his head blocked my view, I could see her clitoris uncovered and blood red.

I leaned over again and licked and licked and then licked some more until I felt Rachael's hands on each side of my head. She was holding me lightly so that I was licking upward and over her clitoris. I assumed that meant she was getting close to coming so I concentrated on pushing her little button. When she started coming, she grabbed me by my hair, pulled me against her pussy, and rotated her hips around and around.

When she turned me loose, I came up for breath and looked to see how Kerry was doing with Siobhan. I suppose Luke felt I'd earned my freedom because he untied my hands. I put my arms on the foot of the bed and watched Kerry licking Siobhan's pussy. After a minute or so, Rachael leaned over, propped on one elbow, and watched too. Luke put his hand on my shoulder and I looked up at him stroking his hard-on and watching too. Kerry was a persistent little devil. He didn't give up until Siobhan had an orgasm and tried to pull his head into her pussy.

(KERRY)

We all took a mini-break while Rachael and Siobhan recuperated and Kieran and I caught our breath. Luke brought us four washcloths so we could wipe up all the sticky peach juice. Kieran and I wiped our faces clean while Rachael and Siobhan wiped other places clean.

We all sprawled or sat on the bed and talked for a while. I was about ready for some fucking and I suppose Luke and Kieran were too. Their dicks were pointing upward about as much as mine.

Finally Rachael asked the question. “Well, what now, little boys?”

“I know what I want to do,” Luke said. “I want to play Pile On for a few minutes and then I want a good fuck from somebody.”

“I can give you the fuck, Luke,” Siobhan said, “but I don’t think we should play Pile On. I’m not sure Kerry’s ready for that.”

“Oh, fuck, Siobhan,” Rachael said. “He’s the one who wanted to play with us. He might as well enjoy everything. I do.”

“What’s Pile On?” I asked.

“It’s just more oral sex, Kerry,” Kieran answered. “Somebody gets pinned to the bed and everybody else goes down on him or her, whichever it is, and I do mean everybody. You’d better think about how that’s going to work before you say you want to do it.”

I thought about it for a second or two and knew what it entailed.

“You mean if Luke’s pinned down, all the rest of us suck his dick, including me?” I asked. “If it’s Rachael, all the rest of us lick her pussy, including Siobhan?”

“That’s right, Kerry,” Kieran said. “Of course, there’s more to it than that. While one person is sucking his dick, somebody else might be offering him something to do with his mouth, like licking a pussy or sucking on breasts or sucking another dick. There are no rules; well maybe one – a Pile On can’t last more than about a minute and we’re all involved. We all just try to see what we can think up.”

“Shit, let’s play Pile On,” I said. “I’m ready!”

“I was hoping you’d say that!” Rachael yelled, and piled on me.

The next half hour or so was so damn tangled up that I didn’t know what I was doing half the time. I was so fucking hot after I got piled on I was close to coming. I guess they tried to hold it to about a minute because I didn’t see how any body could take more than that without coming. When Kieran yelled pile on Siobhan, we all got her next. I think Kieran was the next one and then we got Rachael or maybe it was Luke. I know I was piled on three different times and I suppose that’s about what everybody got. I didn’t want to stop but Kieran finally called a halt.

I crawled off the bed to one of the chairs and watched Siobhan crawl off too and go to the other one. Luke and Kieran were sprawled out against the headboard and Rachael was flat on stomach between them. Everybody was out of breath and sweaty and we just sat or lay there and looked at each other and grinned for a while.

After a while, Rachael raised her head and looked around for me.

“OK, Kerry, are you ready for the grand finale, the last inning, the coup de gras, whatever the fuck that is?” she asked.

“It depends,” I said. After what we’d already done, I didn’t know what we might do next. “What is it?”

“Some good old-fashioned, missionary-position fucking,” Luke said.

“Yeah, I’m ready,” I said, waving my dick around. “You and Kieran go ahead with Rachael and Siobhan and I’ll take sloppy seconds on both of them.”

“Uh uh, we want you to go first,” Luke said. “You’ve been good about playing with us tonight. We think you should go first.”

“OK, which one?” I asked.

“Both of us, Kerry,” Rachael said. “We want you to fuck me and Siobhan both. Then Luke and Kieran will take sloppy seconds.”

“How am I supposed to do that?” I protested. “I can’t do both of you at once.”

“No, but you can fuck one of us first and then the other,” Siobhan said. “Luke and Kieran have already agreed to wait until you’ve screwed both of us.”

“I’m supposed to come in both of you so they can have sloppy seconds?” I asked, incredulously. “Can I just do one of you for a while and then finish with the other.”

“No, Kerry,” Siobhan said. “You’ve got to come in both of us.”

“It may take a while,” I said.

“I don’t think so, Kerry,” Rachael said. “I’ll bet Siobhan and I can make you come twice in fifteen minutes.”

They did it in less than ten. I wanted Siobhan last so I started with Rachael. I crawled on top of her and she guided my dick to her pussy, locked her ankles behind my ass, put one arm

around my chest, a hand behind my head, sucked a hickey on the left side of my neck, and had me coming in her in just a couple of minutes. She didn't let me rest afterwards. She shoved me off,

I crawled on top of Siobhan and she had my dick in her cunt before I could even begin to lose my hard-on. I took a few seconds to rest, started moving, decided I wasn't going to lose my hard-on, and started fucking her. She wrapped me up in her legs and arms like Rachael had done, sucked another hickey on the right side of my throat, and had me coming again in a few minutes. She didn't let me rest afterwards either. She shoved me off so I crawled up to the head of the bed and propped up to watch.

Siobhan and Rachael immediately held out their arms and Luke and Kieran got up from the chairs and came back to bed. I don't know why but I expected them to swap partners again. They didn't. Kieran went to Siobhan and Luke went to Rachael. I lay there, completely dead, my dick limp as a noodle, and watched Luke and Kieran fuck their wives. I might have been exhausted but I had a smile on my face. I thought it was a good way to end the night.

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Afterwards the five of us lay in bed together, still and quiet, relaxing in the afterglow or maybe exhaustion. I was in the middle, propped up against the head of the bed. Siobhan and Rachael were next to me with Kieran and Luke behind them and dangerously close to falling out of bed.

“Are we all ready to go to sleep?” Kieran asked. “I sure as hell am.”

“Me too,” Rachael groaned. “I’ve been fucked so much I can’t move. I can’t even think.”

“Me too” Luke said. “I couldn’t get it up again with dynamite.”

“How ‘bout a blow-job?” Kieran asked. “Would that help?”

“Sure, if you want to give me one,” Luke said.

“Well, I’m not spreading my legs for anybody else tonight,” Siobhan said. “I’m completely fucked out.”

“I could go again,” I lied. “Maybe a couple of times. Who wants to accommodate me?”

Kieran and Luke both tried to hit me at the same time. Siobhan pinched my butt and Rachael grabbed my dick. It was limp.

“He’s lying,” she said. “His dick’s as dead as Kieran’s.”

“Just tell me where I’m going to sleep,” I said. “I’ll go to bed and jack off and let you old folks go to sleep.”

“You’re sleeping right here,” Siobhan said. “Kieran and I are going to sleep in the guest bedroom.”

“Don’t you all usually sleep together?” I asked.

“Yeah, but we’re not doing it tonight,” Kieran said. “You slept with us Thursday night. You can sleep with Luke and Rachael tonight. If you don’t like it, blame Rachael and Siobhan. They’re the ones who arranged....”

He yawned, rolled off the bed, and held out his hand to Siobhan. “Come on, Honey, let’s go to bed and leave the youngsters to finish up. I’m shot.”

Siobhan gave me a quick little kiss and scooted down to the foot of the bed.

“Good night, Kerry. Be good,” she said. “Good night, Luke. Good night, Rachael.”

They left with Siobhan holding onto Kieran's arm with one hand and holding a towel between her legs with the other.

Rachael rolled over on her back, removed the little towel, and spread her legs.

"OK, Kerry, you can fuck me one more time," she said. "But don't blame me if I go to sleep while you're doing it."

"I guess I can wait a while," I said. "Maybe later."

"Is it OK if I take your turn, Kerry?" Luke whispered. He didn't move.

"Yeah, go ahead," I said. "I'll shove a stick of dynamite up your ass. Maybe you can get off that way."

"You little boys shut up," Rachael said. "Which way are we sleeping? Who's going to spoon with who...whom...what...fuck it, whatever?"

"Let me spoon up to you," Luke yawned. "You can hug Kerry's butt."

We all turned on our right side at the same time. I moved back against Rachael and Luke moved forward. We had a little trouble figuring out an arrangement of arms and legs but we gradually got settled. I could feel one of Rachael's breasts against my back and Luke's hand over the other one. Rachael curled her hand around and played with my dick. It didn't respond. She moved her hand up to my waist and let it rest there. Nobody had anything to say.

I was more than ready for sleep but thoughts kept popping up in my brain. I thought about what I'd done with the four of them tonight and what I'd done with Siobhan and Kieran on Thursday night. I guess I knew it might be the last time I ever did anything like that with my parents. I'd wanted to do it with Siobhan for years and I had finally satisfied that yearning. I didn't think I'd be playing with Luke and Rachael

any more either. Maybe I would but I just had a feeling I wouldn't, at least not any time in the near future.

I kept thinking about going to California, driving all the way out there in my car, finding a place to live, getting started in college there, getting a real challenge in the science classes I wanted to take. I wanted so much to be out on my own, not dependent on anybody, not having to answer to anyone but myself, just being a man, I guess. I could not stay at home. I loved my family but I had to get out on my own.

Then I thought maybe not exactly out on my own. Tara had said she would go with me but I guess we both know we have to learn a lot about each other during the summer and she might not like me enough to go with me if she learned about me and the stuff I've done, like playing with Kieran and Siobhan and Luke and Rachael tonight. I wasn't ashamed of it. I was content and happy knowing that they loved me enough to share their love with me.

But still Tara was a big unknown. There was something between us that drew me to her and her to me. We were like two bodies in space being drawn to each other, something impossible to resist, at least from my side. I wanted to have sex with her but that was just part of what I wanted. I wanted her to be with me going to California, going to school out there, both of us juggling our classes and our lives to be with each other. I wanted her mainly just to be with me.

I didn't have any idea whether she was a virgin or not. When I kissed her, she was as hot for me as I was for her. She pressed her belly against mine like she wanted to feel me and I guess she felt my hard-on. My dick had gotten hard so quickly I thought it was going to rip its way out of my shorts. She just rubbed against it and groaned.

“Luke, turn over,” Rachael said and I remembered where I was. She turned over too and spooned up to Luke. I gave her a second to get comfortable and then I spooned up to her. My dick wasn't hard but it was kind of firm. She must have felt it

nosing around because she lifted one leg, pulled my dick up and put it against her vulva, then closed her leg on it. She gave a big sigh and was still.

I felt like a shit, thinking about Tara when I was in bed with another woman, lying there with my dick between her legs, and with her spooned up against her husband. I knew I shouldn't feel that way because Rachael was the same way my Mom was...Siobhan was...shit she is my mother. They both wanted me to find somebody for myself. They were both happy for me. Maybe I have found her.

I hope she likes them if she comes to the ball game next Saturday. I hope they like her. I know they will. She's sweet and beautiful and warm and loving and I want...I don't know...what do I want? I want her. I know that. I wonder what it would be like to have those long legs wrapped around me with my dick buried to the balls in her. Or maybe how it would be to get my mouth down there between her legs and my tongue teasing those little lips apart.

Shit, I've got to think of something else. I'm about to get a hard-on from thinking about Tara when my dick's between Rachael's legs. I tried thinking about playing baseball next Saturday and pitching and then going out to dinner with her and my family and I guess that worked because I felt myself jerk when I was about to fall sleep. I tried to relax and quit thinking and I guess it worked. Tara popped up one more time and I was thinking she eats my soul and I couldn't understand why I thought that.

TO BE CONTINUED:

