Allison and the Primdales

by Daddycums

(inc, MF+mf+)

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Part 1

Growing Up

Chapter 1

A Mysterious and Gorgeous Woman

It was Allison that transformed the Primdale family. Had their secrets ever gotten out, some might say that she ruined their lives. Others might say she saved them. But not a single member of the family had any regrets.

When Gregory Primdale's wife left him, he took it really hard. There had been no warning signs, no fights or coldness or anything to indicate trouble in their marriage; she just one day announced that she was leaving him for another man.

Apparently the affair had been going on for almost two years behind Greg's back, until she had finally made her decision. Suddenly he found himself a thirty-seven year old divorcee raising three children by himself, and the laughingstock of all of his friends.

It was as much a blow to the family name as to his ego; the Primdales had been a highly respected, wealthy family for five generations without even the hint of a scandal to mar their reputation. Now, suddenly, rumors spread like wildfire, people gossiped behind their backs, and the incident even made the newspaper. The press loved a good scandal, and the fact that it happened to one of the wealthiest families in town made it all the more delicious.

He had at least had his way in divorce court, though that was small consolation. His ex-wife didn't even want custody of the children, which was a great relief, since he would rather die than see them in the hands of "that rotten bitch," as he had called her so often that it became a nickname for her in the Primdale household. The only matter that needed to be settled, then, was how much of the family fortune she would get. Out of spite, he hired a private investigator to dig up all the dirt he could on her, especially her marital indiscretions, and by the time he was through the whole town knew what a slut she was, and her reputation had sunk so low that even the judge was against her. She ended up with nothing; not the mansion, not the car, not even alimony payments. Out of common courtesy he let her keep her clothes, but other than that, she didn't get a dime. No, that was not entirely true; in front of half a dozen television cameras as he was walking out of the courtroom, he had a spontaneous impulse to exact one last bit of revenge on her. And so with a wide grin on his face, as he passed her he tossed a quarter in her direction. "That's for fifteen years of sex," he said. "I figure this is about the going rate for a cheap whore like you."

It wasn't like him to do things like that. He was normally sweet-natured and kind. But she had hurt him deeply, and worse, she had hurt the children. If it were just for his own sake, he could forgive her. But to tear apart the family, causing the kids unknown anguish, was something he could never forget.

He never saw her again after that, and good riddance. She had burned him, but in the end he had triumphed. The truth was that all that really mattered to him were the children, but there was nothing wrong with making

sure she didn't get her hands on his nest egg. From the time she announced she was leaving to the time she disappeared for the last time was only two months, but it was two months too long.

The children took it surprisingly well. Melissa was fifteen at the time, old enough to understand the situation, and she helped to ease the burden for the other children, Geoffrey and Britney, who were thirteen and ten, respectively. She explained the situation to them in plain, almost childlike simplicity. In fact, it was due in no small part to Melissa that the others were able to cope with it at all, let alone so well. Still, he caught Britney, his "little angel" as he called her, crying several times, and tried to comfort her the best he could. But for some reason only her big sister could get her to stop crying, maybe because she could act as a surrogate mother to Britney. After that, Greg always had a special place in his heart for his oldest daughter.

Three weeks after the divorce was finalized, things had started to settle down and get back to normal again. The students at school had stopped asking the children questions, which was a relief, because he had been tempted to pull them out and send them to a private school to give them a clean start. His fellow board members at the corporation where he worked also stopped asking about the divorce; over half of them had gone through the same thing once or twice. He was able to get on with his job without distractions, though he continued to nurse a bitterness toward his ex-wife.

That was when Allison walked into his life and changed everything.

His first contact with her came in the form of a phone call. They were sitting down to eat dinner when the phone rang. He answered it, and was greeted by the voice of a young woman on the other end.

"Is this Greg Primdale?" she asked.

"Speaking."

"Mr. Primdale, my name is Allison Craven, and I have... well, you might call it a business proposition."

"We're not interested," he said almost automatically, and turned to hang up the phone.

"Just wait a minute," she hurriedly insisted, and he returned the receiver to his ear.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I'm not a telemarketer. This is a proposition that I believe will benefit both of us. It has to do with your ex-wife."

"I will thank you to refer to her as 'that rotten bitch' when speaking to me," he scowled.

"All right, it has to do with that rotten bitch," she replied. "More importantly, getting your revenge on that rotten bitch."

Greg was intrigued, so he allowed her to continue.

"Just to put your mind at ease, it's nothing illegal," she said. "It's not even really unethical. But I'd really prefer not to go into details over the phone. I'd rather meet to discuss it with you in person. Is there a time when I can come to your house? I want to talk to you in private."

Something seemed very fishy about the whole situation, but the woman on the other end of the line sounded sincere and affable enough. Still a little wary, he said, "Why don't you drop by tomorrow at 7:30 pm?"

"Perfect," she said. "Thank you for your time. I'll be there."

The next day, she arrived just as she said she would, at 7:30 exactly. It was Jeff who answered the door. What he saw astonished him. She was a gorgeous beauty, with long brunette hair and the most beautiful bright blue eyes he had ever seen. She wore a casual blouse and skirt that emphasized her amazing figure wonderfully. But her most striking feature was her smile, the kind of smile that could melt hearts instantly. As the sun had long since set, the light from the interior of the house bathed her in illumination and caused her to almost look like she was glowing against the darkness.

He caught a whiff of her perfume, a sweet floral fragrance carried into the house on the chill evening breeze. The mansion had been built on a hillside, away from the lights and noises and smells of the city, and her perfume seemed to blend nicely with the natural odors of a mid-autumn evening. It was actually quite subtle; he thought that if this had been spring when the flowers were in bloom, he might not have even noticed it.

He stood there gaping at her, unable to pull his eyes away or even to speak. If there was ever such thing as a perfect woman, this was her, standing on his doorstep.

Despite the fact that she looked like some kind of fashion model, she drove a modest car. It was a simple gray sedan that looked almost pathetic next to his dad's Jaguar in the driveway. Of course, the Primdales also had a minivan, which helped at least to soften the contrast.

Jeff felt a little intimidated by her presence, even awed. He himself was a scraggly thirteen-year-old boy with unkempt, brown hair and a little too many freckles for his liking. He was a little on the thin side, despite having a healthy appetite and rarely getting much exercise. While he was far from ugly, standing in this woman's presence made him think of every last imperfection in his appearance.

"You must be Geoffrey," she greeted amiably. "I'm Allison Craven. I'm here to see your father."

"Hey dad!" he yelled into the background. "There's a mysterious and gorgeous woman to see you!" He didn't know why he said it like that; he was usually quiet and reserved. But there was something about this woman that made it seem like he could get away with saying things like that.

Allison laughed. "A mysterious and gorgeous woman. I like that. I can see we're going to get along fine. And I hope to change your impression of me very soon. At least the mysterious part. I'd like to remain gorgeous for as long as I can," she said with a wink.

Greg appeared and approached the door. From the look on his face, he was as taken with her beauty as his son was. He was a tall, handsome man with a quite muscular physique. For a man only a few years from forty, he looked rather young. He had straight, dark brown hair without even the tiniest trace of gray in it. Perhaps one day age would catch up to him, but for now he seemed to be still in the prime of his life.

"You're Allison Craven?" he asked, with a little more astonishment in the tone of his voice than he had hoped.

"I hope so," she replied. "I'm wearing her clothes."

Greg chuckled a little uncertainly, not entirely sure how to take this woman. "So what can I do for you, Allison? May I call you Allison?"

"Only if I can call you Greg," she grinned.

"Fair enough. So what can I do for you?"

"Is there some place where we can talk in private?" she asked.

"Certainly. Jeff, I'm taking Allison to my office. See that we're not disturbed." He turned and led her into the great hall. The house was fairly moderate for a mansion; they could afford better but they had bought it early in Greg's career when they didn't have quite so much money, and the children all loved it because it was the only home they had ever known. Besides, if it were any bigger they would need to hire a maid, a gardener, and probably a butler as well. Greg had always been frugal with his money, especially since he wanted his children to grow up as normal, healthy kids instead of the snobs and brats that too many of his coworkers had raised.

The mansion itself was a combination of classic Fifth Avenue style and modern touches to bring it into the twenty-first century. The ground floor was taken up mainly by the great hall, which opened to a large living room on the left and the kitchen and dining room on the right, with a couple of other rooms further down. A large staircase led up to the second floor, where balconies overlooked the hall below and half a dozen doors led to other rooms. He led her up the stairs to one of these doors, which opened into a large, comfortable study that he had converted into a home office for when he had to bring his work home with him. He closed the door, then sat down in his chair behind a large, oak desk, then indicated a comfortable chair in front of the desk.

Allison nodded toward a couple of couches against the wall in the corner. "If you don't mind, I'd rather be a little more informal. I'm a little nervous, and that desk reminds me of an interview. I'd rather make this a nice, friendly chat."

Greg shrugged. In truth, he preferred the more informal atmosphere as well; he had only chosen his usual seat because she had said that this was a business proposition. He got up and plopped down on one of the couches. She took the other one.

"All right," she began. "Before we get to why I'm here, you need to know a little about me. This is going to sound a little awkward, a little personal even, but please don't interrupt me until I'm finished, okay?"

Greg nodded.

"My name, as I've already mentioned, is Allison Craven. I'm twenty-three years old and an ex high school teacher. I graduated with a degree in Math Education, taught a couple of years, and am currently unemployed. Though I may not look it, I'm a bit of a computer geek and a bookworm, but my favorite hobbies are camping, cooking, and photography.

"You're obviously wondering where this is going. No doubt you're thinking I'm looking for a job and wondering why I'm coming to you instead of putting in an application at one of the schools in the area. Well, first, I'm not looking for a job, and second, there's not a school in this country that would hire me.

"I'm going to be perfectly frank, Greg. I was fired for having sex with one of my students. Needless to say the school board wasn't too happy. I still believe I did nothing wrong; the affair had no bearing on his grades and he was eighteen and therefore a consenting adult. I still could have gone to prison if it was a public school, but since it was private, all they could do was fire me. I'm not in any legal trouble. But I'm not going to be able to go back to work in a school again, ever. Especially since he had a hidden camera and put the video up on the Internet for everyone to see. There's no way I'm going to live this down.

"Now, I'm not ashamed of what I did. I could sue him to have the video taken down because it was posted without my consent, but the fact of the matter is, now that the cat is out of the bag, I don't have any problem with it being out there. Hell, I'll even give you the address to the web site if you want.

"I tell you this because I don't want to have any secrets from you. Judge me as you will. The point I'm trying to make is that my career is over. The end, adios, sayonara, goodbye. I have no prospects left. One stupid mistake, and I'm going to pay for it for the rest of my life.

"Now, I don't want you to feel sorry for me. I refuse to let this get me down. But I have to look at things realistically. I'm a damn good math teacher, but that's it. I work well with children, especially teenagers. Unfortunately, that limits my options. There's no work for someone with my skills outside of school, and of course, there's no school that will take me. I moved out here to California both because I needed to get away from the scandal back home, and because I hoped to find a more liberal attitude that might allow me to go back into teaching somewhere. But none of the schools I applied at are *that* liberal.

"So I have three choices. Number one. I throw out my degree and my experience, and I get some job waiting tables or bagging groceries, and I spend the rest of my life working as hard as I can just to pay the bills. Not a pleasant thought.

"Number two. My only other asset is my good looks. I put it to work for me. Maybe modeling, maybe something a little less respectable. I've ruled out Hollywood because I can't act and because the movies are filled with girls that look as good or better than me."

Greg could have argued with her; he had never seen an actress that looked as good as Allison. But she had told him to wait until she was finished, so he didn't want to interrupt.

"I could go to modeling school," she continued, "but fashion models have a short life span, and I've got a late start. By the time I finished school, I would work a couple of years and then end up right back where I started. I might make enough to pay off the loans for modeling school, but not much more than that.

"And so we come to option number three. And this is where you come in. I forget all about a career, I marry a nice millionaire, and live in luxury for the rest of my life."

"You what?" Greg asked, astonished.

"You heard me. And yes, it's exactly what it sounds like. When I said this was a proposition, I suppose it would be more appropriate to call it a proposal."

Greg stood up. This was something he had certainly not expected!

"I rushed it a little, didn't I?" she asked. "Just for the record, I'm not in love with you, and I don't expect you to be in love with me. Let's not call this anything but what it is. A marriage of convenience. Look. You've just been burned by a woman you used to love. You're a little vulnerable right now. You're not ready for a serious relationship. On the other hand, you're a man, and that means that you're interested in cars, sports, and sex. Well, I can't help you with the cars and sports part, but I'm more than happy to give you all the sex you want. I'm not even the jealous type; if you want a mistress or two, you go right ahead. And I'd be happy to sign a prenuptial agreement so that you don't think I'm trying to scam you. So that's the deal. I get to live the good life, and you get a purely physical relationship with a beautiful woman. In the mean time, you get to show off your new trophy bride, and hopefully word gets back to that rotten bitch that you're doing just as well, if not better, without her. So what do you say?"

"I... I don't..." Greg stammered.

"Okay, look. You want to take some time to make up your mind. That's only natural; I did kind of spring this on you all of a sudden. Tell you what. You take twenty-four hours to think of all the reasons why you shouldn't do this, and I'll come back tomorrow and help you cross out everything on the list."

"Look, I don't think I can do this to my children. I mean, what would they think? Here it is only three weeks after the divorce, and I suddenly want to get married again?"

"Okay, that's item #1 on your list, and I can help you cross that one off right now. If you want, we can have a reasonable courtship. Say, six months? We can pretend we're just dating, and then announce the engagement at the end. Another three months or so after that, and we're married. No awkward questions, no scandal, and that will give the children time to get to know me. Tell you what. If at the end of the six months any of them object, we'll just call the whole thing off. We're talking no risk here."

"Well... I don't know."

"You drive a hard bargain, Greg," she said, then grinned seductively. "I think what you need is to sample the goods." With that, she stood up in front of him and started unbuckling her blouse.

"What? Stop that!" he exclaimed.

"Why?" she asked, removing her shirt and throwing it to the ground. Greg stared for a moment at her partially revealed body, starting to grow aroused at the sight. His ex-wife hadn't looked that good in ten years. Actually, she hadn't *ever* looked that good!

As Allison reached behind to unhook her black bra, Greg made one last futile attempt to put an end to it. "Look, there's no need..."

"Until you agree to marry me, there's every need," she smiled, and suddenly her bra came loose and she dropped it on the floor next to her shirt. God, she was beautiful! At least from the waist up, she had the most perfect body he had ever seen, even compared to the ones in the *Lecher* magazines that his ex-wife didn't like him looking at. Her breasts were large enough to be enticing, but not too large to hold up under their own weight. She had about average-sized nipples, very dark and well-defined. He felt his resistance weakening. With such an offer from such a woman, what man would be able to refuse?

She then went to work on her skirt, tossing it on the floor with the rest of her clothes. That left only her panties, her high-heeled shoes, and her long, black stockings.

He found his breaths coming in gasps now, and chills ran down his spine. What a gorgeous, absolutely perfect woman! He watched her in fascination as she slipped out of her shoes, then sat back down in the chair and lifted one of her legs to slowly, seductively remove one of her stockings.

"Enjoying the show so far?" she asked, and Greg nodded dumbly. He couldn't tear her eyes off of her!

After finishing with the other stocking, she stood up in front of him again. Then she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and slid them down partway, revealing her beautiful, shaved pussy. A little seductive wiggle sent the garment the rest of the way to the floor, and she stepped out of them, completely naked in front of him.

"And now for the fun part," she grinned, leaning over and pressing her lips up against his. From the first touch, Greg knew he was lost. Her lips were sweet and breathtaking, and she knew how to use them. Her tongue probed his mouth and he allowed himself to reciprocate with his own. Without breaking the kiss, she knelt down between his legs. Her hands went to his, drawing them up to place them on her breasts. It felt wonderful! Without thinking, he found himself massaging and fondling them, enjoying the feeling immensely. As he did so, she unfastened his belt and unzipped his pants. That relieved some of the pressure down there, but his cock was still somewhat restrained by his shorts. She drew her lips away from his and smiled at him as she slipped her fingers in the waistband. "Let's see just what I'm getting out of this," she said with a wink, then slipped his shorts down to let his member spring free. She glanced down at it, licking her lips. "Very nice," she grinned. "I'm going to enjoy this more than I thought." As she lowered her head, he realized what she was about to do.

"Oh my god!" he exclaimed through a haze of lust. His ex-wife had never pleasured him like that; she had always thought it was too disgusting. But he had fantasized about it numerous times. And now it appeared that his fantasy was about to come true!

Her tongue came out, and she flicked it against the head, sending a wave of pleasure through him. Then she ran her tongue all over it, and he thought he was going to die of ecstasy. She gazed up at him with a smile as she continued to tease him with her tongue. This was heaven! He had never felt so good!

But it got even better. "This is your house, and I don't want to make a mess," she commented. "So I guess I'm going to have to swallow it."

The anticipation almost made him reach an orgasm right there. She was going to give him the ultimate pleasure!

When her lips wrapped around his cock and she began to suck, he thought he was going to pass out. She started out slow, taking it deep in her mouth then sliding her lips back up until only the head remained. Then she went deep again and repeated the process, over and over again, sending him to ever greater heights of passion.

"Oh, god, Allison!" he moaned. Hearing how much he enjoyed it made her work all the harder. She attacked his cock with wild abandon, driving him into a frenzy. He realized that all he had to do was agree to marry her, and he would get this same treatment as often as he wanted. She would belong to him. His Allison.

As he reached his peak, he knew he would not be able to refuse. He stuck a hand over his mouth to muffle his cry of pleasure; it wouldn't do to have the children hear what was going on up here.

Somehow, Allison managed to swallow every bit of his semen as his hips bucked and he shot load after load into her hungry mouth. He didn't even try to hold back, giving her everything he had. It was her idea after all, so he was going to enjoy it to the fullest.

Then the pleasure began to wane, and he collapsed in exhaustion back onto the couch. She continued to suck, coaxing every last drop out of his softening member.

A couple of minutes later, she let it slip out of her mouth, and she glanced up at him with a smile. "Looks like that's the last of it," she said as she stood back up and began to get dressed. He continued to stare at her beautiful body. The thought of this woman being willing to do *that* to him whenever he wanted was almost too much to handle. At that moment he felt that there was not a man alive who would refuse such an offer, himself included.

"All right, I'll see you again tomorrow to help you start crossing things off your list," she said once she finished dressing.

"What list?" he smiled.

She glanced at him, a smile forming on her face. "So you accept?"

"I'd be stupid not to!"

Allison laughed. "Yes you would, but I wasn't going to be the one to say it."

Then he thought of something. "What about the kids? What am I going to tell them?"

"Do you want me to tell them for you?"

"I don't know... maybe I should be the one."

"That is, of course, your decision, but I need to get to know them anyway, and this would be a perfect opportunity to meet them. Besides, if any of them have any objections, I want to hear it straight, so I can call this whole thing off if I need to. I won't do it unless everyone involved agrees."

"All right, go ahead and tell them."

"Good. You just wait right here. I'll be back in a few minutes. Oh, if I recall correctly, their names are Melissa, Geoffrey, and Britney?"

"Yes, but they go by Lissa, Jeff, and Brit."

"Got it. See you in a few minutes."

"So who's this Allison woman?" asked Lissa. She and Jeff sat on the couch, staring at the TV. Lissa took after her mother in looks, with light brown hair and hazel eyes. Her skin was fair and unblemished, which led to the family joke that Jeff had stolen all of her freckles. She had the tiniest trace of an overbite, or at the very least her front teeth were a little larger than average. But surprisingly enough, rather than detracting from her pretty face, it enhanced it. She had a very good figure for a fifteen-year-old, though it was usually hard to tell because of her fondness for baggy clothes. Their little sister, Brit, lay on her stomach on the floor in front of them, lazily kicking her legs in the air above her. If anything, she was skinnier than Jeff, which wasn't surprising considering her age. She was the beauty of the family, with long blond hair that she liked to wear in pigtails, and large, bright blue eyes. She was still a child, but in a few years she was bound to grow up into a gorgeous woman.

"I don't know," Jeff replied truthfully to Lissa's question.

"So what did she want?"

"She wanted to talk to Dad."

"About what?"

Jeff shrugged. "Work stuff, I think. A business proposition, I think Dad said yesterday when he got off the phone with her."

"So why not go to his office downtown?"

"How should I know? I just answered the door."

"Will you two be quiet?" interrupted Brit. "I'm trying to watch the show."

Jeff kicked her lightly on the side of the leg, for no other reason than that she happened to be where he could reach her. While her request had been reasonable this time, she was usually so bratty that he had just gotten into the habit of thinking she was whining every time she asked for something.

"Hey!" she said, and kicked him back. Lissa sighed. It appeared that this was going to degenerate into another fight between the two.

But the fight never happened, because they were interrupted by Allison, who descended the stairs and entered the living room where the three children sat.

"Do you mind if I turn this off for a minute?" she asked, picking up the remote and switching off the TV. Fortunately it had been on a commercial, or Brit probably would have complained about it.

"I have something to tell you three," Allison said. "My name is Allison Craven, and your father and I are getting married."

"What?" asked Lissa and Jeff, but Brit, in her childlike innocence, came up with the direct question that neither of them had thought to ask: "Why?"

"That's a good question," Allison responded, "and it's complicated. Let's call it therapy. I'm going to help your father forget that rotten bitch."

"So you're going to be our new mother?"

"In a way, yes I am. But let's not have any nonsense about calling me Mom. I'm more interested in being your friend than in being your mom. So call me Allison. Think of me as a permanent babysitter. But not the kind of babysitter you hate; I'm sure you know the ones I'm talking about."

"Brenda," said Jeff under his breath, and Lissa elbowed him in the ribs.

"I want to be the best babysitter you've ever had," continued Allison. "I need your help, though. I can't claim to be perfect, so feel free at any time to let me know what I can do better. Of course we'll have rules--" All three children groaned at this, but Allison wasn't finished. "--because if we didn't, where would be the fun in breaking them?" she grinned. "So what do you say? Will you give me a chance?"

Jeff was more than happy to agree, and he nodded enthusiastically. She was absolutely stunning to look at,

and for some reason he felt completely comfortable with her. She had that quality of making people want to be around her.

Lissa was a little more hesitant. For her father's sake, she wanted to like this woman, but she was not as persuaded by her charm as her younger brother was. True, the woman seemed friendly enough. But this was happening too fast.

Allison noticed her hesitation. "Melissa, what is it?" she asked.

"It's just that... it's so soon after our mother left. And you only met our father half an hour ago. Don't you think maybe you're rushing things a little?"

"Probably," the woman replied. "And I'm very glad you brought that up. You know, you're pretty wise for a girl your age. I know I was pretty stupid when I was fifteen, but you seem to have a good head on your shoulders. Would you do me a favor? Would you help me learn how everything works around here, you know, give me advice and things? I would be happy to put you in charge of the other two children, but I know little brothers hate having to take orders from big sisters." At this she winked at Jeff.

Melissa was flattered, but that made her all the more cautious. Was Allison just complimenting her to get in her good graces?

Britney tugged on her shirt. "I like her," she said meekly.

Allison noted the way the other children seemed to defer to Melissa. That was only natural; the girl had brains after all, and since their mother had left, Melissa had probably had to take on some of the family responsibilities. No doubt she had been forced to grow up very quickly over these past months.

"So we've got two in favor, and one against," said Allison.

"I'm not against," Lissa replied. "I'm just not in favor. Not yet. You haven't convinced me one way or the other."

"Okay, two in favor, and one maybe. But I'm not going to do this unless it's unanimous, because I want to start out right. If there's anyone opposed to me marrying your father, it's going to cause problems down the line."

"Come on, Lissa," Jeff said. "Just say yes."

"Jeff, would you and Britney do me a favor? Promise me you won't put any pressure on your sister about this. And if she decides against me, you won't get after her about it, or even mention it. I want her to like me for who I am, not because she feels obligated to. Would you do that for me, dear? Thanks."

"Well then, if Lissa's not convinced one way or the other, what do we do?"

"It sounds like we need time to get to know each other. I'll go tell your father to put the plans on hold until

Lissa says yes or no." She left the room and headed back up the stairs.

The three kids stared at each other, wondering what to think.

They were still sitting silently when their father and Allison came back downstairs five minutes later. The two of them came in and sat down in two of the empty chairs.

"I know this is kind of sudden," said Greg. "Allison explained the situation to me, and said that she wanted to spend some time with each of you individually. So here's what we're going to do. First, I've invited Allison over for Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday. I had planned to have it just with our family, but as she's likely to become part of our family soon, I think it's appropriate. Friday, I'm going to take Brit and Jeff with me out of the house. Maybe we'll go on a picnic or something, up in the mountains."

"Do I have to go with Jeff?" Brit whined.

"Yes you do, honey," he told her. "I want to leave Allison and Lissa here alone together all day. That way they'll have a chance to get to know each other better. Besides, that's just the first day. On Saturday, we'll do the same thing again, this time leaving Jeff with Allison."

Jeff liked that idea. He was more than happy to spend a day alone with her.

"And then on Sunday, it will be your turn, Brit. What do you think?"

"Oh, all right," she agreed.

"Good. Then it's all settled. Now I'm going to show Allison around the house, and then she has to get back home, but we can talk about it more after she leaves."

The two of them got up and headed out of the room.

"Can I come too?" asked Jeff, climbing up off of the couch.

"That's fine with me," said Allison. "Maybe Jeff can show me what he likes to do around here so we can make some plans for Sunday."

They first headed up the stairs so that she could see where all the children slept. The staircase led to a large balcony over the great hall, which led to the left and right to other smaller balconies along the wall. That much at least was somewhat traditional. In this house, however, the balconies continued further down, where they disappeared behind a wall and met around in the back. A glass door opened up to a small balcony overlooking the large patio and pool below.

Jeff's and Brit's bedrooms were on one side of the great hall, and Lissa's on the other. Jeff groaned inwardly when his father showed Allison his room; he wasn't the neatest person in the world. In fact, it was downright messy. "Don't worry, Jeff," Allison said. "One thing I'm good at is organization. I'll help you tidy it up some time." Not surprisingly, Jeff found himself motivated for the first time in his life to clean his room.

Brit's room was much neater, though Jeff preferred the chaos of his room to hers, with its pink paint, hope chest full of ceramic figurines, and walls covered in posters of kittens and the latest teen heartthrobs. Lissa's room was at least a little better. It was similar in motif to Brit's but toned down quite a bit.

The other rooms on the second floor were Lissa's bathroom, Greg's den, and another room that had been converted to storage space. One of these years, Greg promised himself, he would clean out the garage and the storage room, getting rid of probably ninety percent of their possessions.

They headed downstairs again, where he showed her the rest of the house. Further down the hall was the library with its impressive collection of books (one of Jeff's favorite rooms). Across from it was the master bedroom, which Allison said with a wink that she was particularly interested in. The bathroom just off to the master bedroom also had a door opening in the hall, and was used as a changing room for the swimming pool in the back yard. Jeff turned on the patio lights to show her the pool. Unfortunately they had already covered it for the winter; nobody but members of the Polar Bear Club would want to swim in it in the middle of November. Allison said that she liked to swim, and Jeff was secretly glad; it meant that he would have plenty of opportunity to see her out here in a swimsuit. Since the house was on a hill, the deck just outside of the sliding glass door in the back of the house was elevated above the pool, and large enough for the occasional barbecue party. Because the Primdales owned pretty much the whole hillside, they also had room for a sandy volleyball court and a basketball half-court, each enclosed by a chain link fence. The rest of the yard was grassy, with some shade trees in one corner surrounding a large guest house.

Then they headed down to the basement. One door led to the laundry room, but most of the basement had been converted into a rec room. There were couches and other chairs in the middle of the floor, including a bean bag chair that Jeff mentioned was his favorite. Off to the side, a pool table stood in one corner, a ping-pong table in another, and a wall-size TV and entertainment center against one wall.

After that, the three of them headed back upstairs. Jeff returned to the living room, and Greg walked Allison to the door. "See you Saturday," he told her. She smiled and disappeared outside.

The children had all kinds of questions after that, but their father was just as cryptic as she had been about why they were getting married. They somehow got him to admit that she was marrying him for his money, but that he didn't have any issues with that at all. The rest of the questions were about her personally. Yes, she liked kids. No, she wasn't like the wicked stepmothers in the fairy tales (that was Brit's question). No, she wasn't going to send them all off to boarding school (also Brit's question). Other than that, he really didn't know much more about her than the children did. But they all agreed that she seemed nice enough. Even Lissa had to concede that.

After they exhausted all of their questions and received surprisingly few answers, Greg scooted them all off to bed. Tomorrow was Monday, and they had school after all. The children reluctantly climbed the stairs and headed down the hall to their respective rooms.

It was no surprise that Jeff dreamed about her all night.

Chapter 2

Allison Makes a Friend

In the morning, he woke up still thinking about her. He was so engrossed in his thoughts that he didn't even yell at Brit for taking the bathroom before him. Their bathroom separated their two bedrooms, and was not otherwise accessible from the hall. Lissa, being the oldest, had one to herself. Brit had never quite gotten it into her bratty head that since she took at least three times as long in there as Jeff did, that he should be allowed to take his shower first. She almost treated it like a contest, to see who could get in it first. And since both doors locked from the inside, he had no choice but to wait for her.

He headed instead downstairs for breakfast, though he wasn't particularly hungry. He ate in silence, still thinking about Allison.

His father watched him, wondering about his thoughts. Jeff had taken the loss of his mother surprisingly well. Lissa had adopted a mature attitude about it, Brit had cried several times, but Jeff seemed to just shrug it off. He rarely spoke about it, but then, he rarely spoke about anything. The boy liked to read, play computer games, and watch TV. He wasn't much of a social person.

Still, there was nothing unusual about that. He just seemed particularly quiet this morning.

Lissa joined them a few minutes later, then Brit, with a cheerful smile on her face. It was the type of smile that was just meant to annoy Jeff, knowing that he was probably mad at her for taking the bathroom first. But he just ignored her and continued to eat in silence. Brit seemed almost taken aback that he wasn't trying to yell at her. One could always tell what Brit was feeling; she rarely tried to hide her emotions. When she had a good day, she beamed from ear to ear, and when she didn't, she scowled or cried. Today she just looked a little confused that Jeff wasn't trying to pick on her.

After breakfast he went back upstairs, took a shower, and got dressed. He finished just in time; the others were waiting for him so that their Dad could drive them to school. That used to be their mother's job, until she had left. Now Dad had taken over. It worked out fine; that left him plenty of time to head downtown to his office.

All through school, Jeff continued his pensive mood. He didn't listen to the lectures, he didn't look embarrassed about being chosen last again for teams in P.E. class and he didn't even try to sneak glasses at Kari Williams when he thought she wasn't looking. People observing him might have thought he was depressed, but in fact it was just the opposite. He was actually happier than he had been since his mother had left.

He boarded the bus after school, so lost in thought that he actually sat down next to Brit, who had gotten on earlier when the bus made its stop at the elementary school. Despite the fact that she was his sister, he never

sat by her, mainly because he didn't enjoy her company. "Ew, get away from me!" she complained teasingly, making it clear that she didn't enjoy his company either. But he made no move to change seats.

They had only started riding the bus home this year; their mother had faithfully picked them up from school every single day since they had started going to school. Jeff didn't particularly like riding the bus, but there was nothing to do about it now. Unless Allison...

Once again his thoughts returned to her, not that they had every really left. She was going to take the place of their mother now. That was both exciting and a little strange. He wondered if she would start picking them up from school. Wouldn't that be fun, to see the looks on his friends' faces when he got into the car with that gorgeous woman! He couldn't help smiling a little at that.

The bus then headed to the high school, which was just down the street. Lissa joined them, though she had to sit across the aisle from them this time. Normally she sat with either Jeff or Brit, depending on her mood that day. Since Jeff was not talking and Lissa was too far away from Brit to make any kind of conversation, the girls remained as silent as him.

Tuesday he was a little better, and by Wednesday he was back to his usual self, talking again with Lissa and his dad, picking fights with Brit, and actually advancing the pages in the current book that he was reading. There were only so many things one could think about a particular subject, even when that subject was a beautiful woman. And Jeff had just about exhausted all of the possible thoughts.

When his father came home that night, he had Jeff help him carry in the bags of groceries, which were mostly the food for their picnic and some last-minute things for Thanksgiving. Greg had decided that they would make submarine sandwiches with the works, so he had bought half a dozen different types of deli meats, four different kinds of cheeses, and of course, sourdough French bread, which was Brit's favorite. He then sat down with the three of them and made plans for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Even if it hadn't been Thanksgiving weekend, he still would have spent his days with them. Greg had made a decision since his wife had left that he would never work another weekend, since the kids were now seeing their parents less than before. Saturday and Sunday he reserved for his family.

On all three days, the plan was to leave at 9:00 in the morning and drive up into the mountains. Fortunately, in northern California where they lived, the weather was mild enough even in November to picnic in the mountains, and furthermore, the weather report said that it was going to be unusually warm this weekend, with no chance of snow. There was a nice picnic spot that they used to go to all the time with their mother, but it was at least a three hour drive away. Since the whole point was to give Allison time to be together with one of the kids, it worked out perfectly. Jeff, of course, didn't relish spending that much time in the car with Brit, but then, spending the next day alone with Allison would be more than enough reward for the ordeal.

That night, Greg had the children help him cut up vegetables, chop lettuce, slice the bread, and put it all in plastic bags to be assembled on-site. They also prepared a few things for Thanksgiving dinner in advance. It was actually kind of fun, especially with the anticipation to keep their excitement level high. For about half an hour, Jeff even completely forgot all about Allison.

Then they had dinner, finished their homework, watched TV, and finally went to bed. Allison returned to his dreams again that night, and he slept happily.

When he woke up the next morning, he could hear voices talking downstairs. It sounded like Allison! Trying not to seem too eager, he forced himself to shower and dress like he usually did, fighting back the urge to run down the stairs right away. Only after he finished making himself look as presentable as possible did he slowly and, at least outwardly, calmly make his way downstairs.

Greg, Allison, and Lissa were in the kitchen, about to put the turkey in the oven. As before, Allison looked absolutely stunning, though this time somewhat less formal than before. She wore a plain green tee-shirt and jeans that made her look a lot younger than she was, especially with her hair tied back in a ponytail. Of course, the apron that she had borrowed while working with the food made her look five years older, so in the end it all evened out. When Allison saw him, she came over and gave him a hug, which thrilled him so much that he couldn't help but grin.

"Looks like someone enjoys Thanksgiving," she said upon seeing that grin.

"Oh, Jeff likes anything to do with food," said his Dad, but Lissa flashed Jeff a knowing glance.

"As it turns out," said Allison, "your father doesn't have the faintest idea how to cook a turkey. That happens to be a specialty of mine, so I figured I could help out there. And Lissa's got to learn too, to carry on the tradition some day. It's just too bad you weren't up a little earlier or you could have learned as well."

Right now, Jeff was happy to learn absolutely *anything* from her, as long as it meant spending time with her.

When Brit joined them a little later, they all set to work on the various dishes that they would eat that afternoon. Thanksgiving in the Primdale household was no small affair, even when it was kept in the family. Candied yams, three different kinds of pickles, squash, salad, mashed potatoes, stuffing, corn, green beans in cheese sauce, cranberries, and some of the cheeses that they had bought for the picnic all complemented the meal. Instead of the usual packaged stuffing, Allison had prepared a real stuffing inside the turkey using her not-so-secret recipe. Seasoned with rosemary, thyme, sage, and several other herbs, it soon filled the house with a wonderful aroma.

"So do you like to cook then?" Lissa asked her as they were cutting up some more vegetables for a salad.

"I love it. It's nice to go out to a restaurant, of course, but there's always a little worry that I may never taste that particular food again. What if the restaurant shuts down, for instance? Or what if they change their menu? It's not enough to spoil the meal, but the thought just makes me a little sad. If I cook it myself, though, I know that I can have it again any time I want. I don't know if I'm making sense or not--"

"Oh, you're making perfect sense," Lissa agreed. She was liking Allison more and more with every minute she spent with her. The Primdales' mother had been a decent cook, but she never really enjoyed it. Lissa was taking a Home-Ec class in school and learning to cook because her mother had never really had the motivation to teach her. If Allison could teach her, that was a big point in her favor.

Soon there was nothing left to do but wait for the turkey to finish, so they all retired to the living room to talk. This was really the first time the kids had the chance to learn about her, so she was happy to tell them about herself. She mentioned how she used to teach math in high school, and would be happy to give them private tutoring if necessary (Jeff wondered for a moment whether anyone would catch on if his math grades suddenly began to slip and he needed the tutoring). Her father was an ex-Army officer, a real outdoors type, and would often take them on camping trips while they were growing up. She learned to enjoy the outdoors, and offered to take them all camping the next summer. She also liked photography; in fact, she had considered majoring in it in college and becoming a professional. But she decided she was too much of a nerd (Jeff laughed out loud when she said this) and decided on Math instead. Greg was interested to hear that she liked photography, as it was one of his own hobbies. His children had all posed for him at one time or another, and he had their portraits on some of the walls. Allison had taught high school for a couple of years, then lost her job. When the children asked her why, she merely said that she did something she shouldn't have, but she would not elucidate further. She also had a little sister named Rachael who had just graduated high school and was starting her first year of college. Greg suggested she come to visit some time, and Allison replied that she thought Rachael would love it.

The question came up again as to why she and their father were getting married, but she gave the same answer as before: to help him get over his ex-wife. Greg added that she had been very clear from the beginning that the two of them weren't in love, that it was simply a way for them both to get what they wanted.

"But now that I've met all of you," she smiled, "I'm happy that I'm going to go through with it. I'll admit that I was nervous at first, but now I almost feel like a part of this family already. You've all made me feel so welcome."

"Except me," mumbled Lissa with a frown.

"You too," Allison insisted. "You said yourself that you're just cautious, but actually I'm glad. Because you're willing to state your true feelings, I feel I can trust you. And because you're so smart for your age, you're a person I can talk to."

Lissa couldn't help smiling at the compliment.

She talked to the kids to find out what kinds of activities they enjoyed doing, making a mental list of the ideas for the next few days. Even though she knew she was under the microscope, she figured she might as well make it fun.

Once again, Allison reiterated what she wanted her role in the house to be. "Even though I'm marrying your father, I don't want you to think of me as his wife, or your mother. What I want is just to be a part of the family, like any of you. If it helps to think of me as a big sister, that's fine. I know that sometimes I'm going to have to take on motherly responsibilities, but I don't want you to think of me as some kind of authority figure. You've already got your dad for that. I'd rather just be your friend. And I want you to be open and honest with me. I'm bound to make mistakes, but I hope you'll be willing to help me correct them, okay?"

"Okay!" said Brit and Jeff enthusiastically, and Lissa nodded.

"So, since you're just a friend," said Jeff, "do you want to go downstairs and shoot some pool?"

"I'm afraid I'm not very good at it," she replied.

"That's okay, Jeff isn't either," Brit giggled.

"Shut up!" he told her.

"Kids, let's not act up when Allison's here," Greg said firmly.

"Why not?" asked Brit. "She's part of the family, so she might as well know what we're like."

"That's enough, Brit."

"So do you like playing pool, Brit?" asked Allison.

"Sure."

"What about you, Lissa?"

"I suppose."

"Okay, so why don't we do teams? That way I won't feel so self-conscious."

"Can I be on your team?" asked Brit. Jeff was about to say something, but held his tongue. In truth, he was going to ask the same thing, but unfortunately he couldn't afford to sound as enthusiastic as his little sister. Well, it really didn't matter.

"That's fine, dear," Allison replied. "What do you say, Lissa?"

"Okay."

The five of them headed downstairs to the rec room. Greg sat in one of the couches, just watching. Jeff explained the rules of the game and demonstrated how to shoot. He helped her take a few practice shots, adjusting her hands and posture (and she was *very* nice to touch) until she got the hang of it. Then they racked up the balls and started the game.

Jeff and Lissa won, of course. With Allison's inexperience and Brit's lack of skill, it wasn't even a contest. Then Allison suggested they switch teams, asking Jeff if he would mind a beginner like her on his team. He agreed immediately.

This game was much closer. Allison was learning well; she even sank a few balls, though she also scratched a couple of times. Lissa and Jeff were about evenly matched, so in the end it came down to whoever sank the

8-ball first. Miraculously, it was Allison. It took everyone by surprise, herself included. She was so excited that she grabbed Jeff and gave him a big hug. He seemed more startled by that than he had been by her winning shot, and spent the next few minutes in an apparent daze.

Then they switched teams again, and this time it was a disaster. With Jeff and Brit on the same team, it was only a matter of time before the whole thing blew up in their faces. They were only five minutes in when Brit missed an easy shot, Jeff called her an idiot, and she burst into tears and ran upstairs crying.

"I'll handle this," said Allison, and followed her.

The three remaining people stood in silence. Jeff was mad; his bratty little sister shouldn't have been so sensitive in the first place. And it really was a dumb shot. But everyone else was probably blaming him for it when it was her fault.

Ten minutes later, Brit and Allison returned. Though Brit's eyes were still a little red and puffy, she wore a smile on her face.

"How did you...?" Greg asked, astounded.

"Simple," Allison replied. "I just asked her to tell me all of the things Jeff does that show that he loves her."

"And she actually had an answer?" asked Lissa.

"You'd be surprised at how long the list was," Allison said. "It brought back a lot of happy memories for her. Believe it or not, Jeff does love Brit, and she loves him. And a little argument like this isn't going to change that. Now Jeff, I want you to do something for me."

"What?"

"I want you to tell Brit why it wasn't her fault for missing that shot."

"But--"

"Don't argue. Just tell her."

"Fine. Brit, it wasn't your fault for missing the shot because you didn't do it on purpose. Sometimes it just happens, even to the best pool players in the world. Okay?"

Brit nodded. Then she came over and threw her arms around him. "Thank you, Jeff," she said.

Jeff just rolled his eyes. "You're welcome," he mumbled.

After that they were all friends again. They decided not to play any more pool, which was just as well, because the two younger kids were likely to get into another fight. Fortunately, the turkey was getting close to being finished by this point, so the family headed back upstairs.

Allison insisted on changing her clothes; since it was a formal meal she wanted to look a little more formal. Greg agreed, and told the children to dress up as well. Grudgingly, they headed upstairs to change.

The dinner was excellent. Allison had done a wonderful job with the turkey; it was moist and flaky, slicing easily and almost melting in the mouth. The rest of the food was delicious as well. Surprisingly, Jeff and Brit didn't fight at all, but were very polite to each other. Maybe it was the formal attire. Perhaps it had a subconscious effect on their manners. Or maybe it was just that they were both embarrassed about fighting in front of Allison and didn't want to do it again.

After dinner they headed back out to the living room, but after such a big meal nobody was in the mood to talk. They just wanted to sit there and rest.

Allison was the first one to fall asleep. As she was sitting next to Greg, she lay her head down on his shoulder and closed her eyes. Five minutes later they could hear her heavy breathing.

It was contagious, almost hypnotic, and one by one the rest of them drifted off to sleep as well.

Later that evening they went over the plans for tomorrow. Allison would go home tonight and come back at 8:30. Greg and the children would leave at 9:00 and return some time before dinner. They would repeat it Saturday and Sunday as well.

It was getting late, so Allison kissed Greg goodnight, gave each of the children a hug, and drove home. Greg insisted that the children go to bed early so as to be able to get up on time, so they all went upstairs to their rooms, excited for the days ahead of them.

Lissa was the first to wake the next morning. She went through her morning ritual of showering, dressing, and doing her hair, all the time thinking about everything that had happened in the last week. Despite her misgivings, she did like Allison. She thought the woman was intelligent and charming, exactly the type of person she would want for a mother. In fact, the reason she hadn't immediately jumped at the chance was that she thought it was too good to be true. Why did this family deserve someone as perfect as that? Was there some higher force at work? Was it luck? Or was she just reading too much into it? Her dad had admitted she was marrying him for his money, which explained her motivation, and one needed only to look at Allison to see his motivation, so maybe that was all there was to it. The only question left was how she would treat the three of them, and today she would have her answer.

She was the first one downstairs for breakfast, so she just poured herself a bowl of cold cereal. Sometimes her Dad liked to make pancakes and eggs on the weekends, but there wouldn't be time today. She knew him too well; even if she offered to do the cleanup, he would insist that today was her day and that she shouldn't have to do any of that kind of work.

The others joined her a little later, and they talked about the upcoming trip. Surprisingly, Jeff and Brit hardly argued. Maybe they were learning to get along after all. Or maybe they were just too excited to fall into their

usual roles. Their dad opened the fridge and loaded the goods from last night into a large cooler.

Allison showed up at 8:30. Jeff, of course, rushed to answer the door. Lissa was not surprised; it was obvious he was smitten with her. Last weekend and all Thursday she had caught him staring at Allison, especially from behind. Well, Allison did have a little swing to her step that boys might find sexy. In fact, there really wasn't a single thing about her that boys wouldn't find sexy.

Of course, that was another reason why Lissa was a little wary. If it was a phase that he would get over, fine, but it wasn't the healthiest thing for a boy to have a crush on his stepmother.

That couldn't be helped, however. It wasn't Allison's fault for looking the way she did. Lissa decided that she would ignore that point when making her decision; she would decide solely on the basis of Allison's merits, not on the reactions of people that she couldn't control.

As usual, the woman looked absolutely perfect this morning. She wore a pastel blue button-down blouse, a navy blue jacket, a pair of denim jeans, and white tennis shoes. She wore her hair down like she had before, which suited her well.

"Hi, Jeff," she greeted cheerfully. "Are you guys all ready for your picnic?"

"Sure. It's just too bad you're not coming along."

"Oh, I'm sure I'll have plenty of opportunities. Maybe I can convince your dad to take us all camping next summer."

"That sounds like fun."

"Well, may I come in?"

"Oh, sorry. Of course."

She stepped into the house. Upon spotting the others in the dining room, she came over and sat down next to them.

"You look lovely, Allison," said Greg with a smile.

"Thanks," she beamed. "You're all ready for your picnic, I see," she said, indicating the open cooler.

"We're going to have a lot of fun, aren't we, kids?"

"Yes we are, even if Brit's coming along," said Jeff. Brit slapped him on the shoulder, a pouty look on her face.

"Okay, let's not start that just yet," Greg told them. "No fighting until we leave the house."

"Fine, but then we get to make up for it," Brit said, and Greg rolled his eyes.

"You see what I have to put up with around here?" Greg asked.

"Well, maybe I can do something about that," Allison replied.

"If you can get Brit and Jeff to stop fighting, it will be a miracle."

Eventually 9:00 came around, and Greg had Jeff help him carry the cooler out to the van, then they came back inside to say their goodbyes. Allison kissed Greg, then hugged Jeff and Brit. Jeff was ecstatic, Lissa noticed, not that that was surprising. Then the three of them climbed into the van.

As soon as her Dad drove off with Jeff and Brit, Lissa turned to Allison. "Okay, so what are we going to do now?"

"That's up to you," said Allison. "What are your favorite things to do?"

"Well, I like to go shopping," she said. "Mom always used to take me shopping."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Allison said. "I didn't mean to bring up any painful memories."

"Never mind that. Those days are over, and it's time to put it behind me and start making new memories."

"Sounds like you're facing this with the right attitude. Good for you. So let's see... Do you think you could accept a rain check on the shopping for a while? At least until you've decided whether to keep me. I like to shop too, sometimes too much. I'd probably end up spending a lot of money on you, and I don't want to seem like I'm buying your vote."

Lissa nodded. "That makes sense," she said. Allison was actually pretty smart. Once again Lissa wondered why she and Greg were getting married.

"So what's your favorite thing to do around the house?" asked Allison.

"Um, the hot tub?"

"You have a hot tub?" Allison exclaimed with delight. "Perfect! Where is it?"

"Downstairs in the rec room."

"Oh, your father showed me the rec room, but I didn't see the hot tub."

"He had it installed a couple of years ago. It's in an alcove to the side."

"Show me."

"Come on, then."

Lissa led Allison down to the rec room and pointed out the accordion-fold plastic screen in the wall opposite the entertainment center, hiding a separate section of the room. Lissa unlatched it and drew it to the side, revealing a room with a hot tub. The tiled floor was lowered about six inches to keep any accidental spills from seeping into the carpet. In one side of the alcove, a door opened up to a small bathroom with a shower. It actually had a second door leading out to the main section of the rec room so that people wouldn't need to open the screen in order to use it. In the other side of the alcove were cupboards full of towels, and a broom closet with a mop. Lissa's Mom had one rule about using the hot tub-- that the people who used it had to mop up any water that got on the floor.

Allison took off her jacket and tossed it on one of the nearby chairs. Then she began to unbutton her blouse.

"Er... what are you doing?" asked Lissa.

"I'm taking my clothes off," Allison explained casually. "You wouldn't want me to get in fully clothed, would you?"

"We... usually use the bathroom to change," she said, pointing to it.

Allison glanced at the door, then back at Lissa. "Oh. Well, it would be kind of pointless since I don't have a swimsuit."

"What?" Lissa asked. Then she remembered that Allison hadn't brought anything with her when she came over.

"Let me guess," said Allison. "You were going to put your swimsuit on, right?"

"Well, yeah."

"Well that won't do at all. My family had a hot tub too. My sister Rachael and I would always go naked in it when it was just us girls, ever since we were kids. It's no big deal, really."

"I don't know..."

"Come on, Lissa. It feels so much better that way. Tell you what. You try it, just this once. If you don't like it, you can go put your swimsuit on, then I'll never bug you about it again."

"Oh, all right," she agreed.

Still a little self-conscious, she began to undress as well. She tried not to look at Allison, but couldn't help stealing at least one glance once the woman was fully nude. Allison's body seemed every bit as perfect as her face. Her boobs were fully developed, but quite firm. She had a slender waist that gave her a graceful curve. It was that curve, perhaps, that added that bit to her walk that Jeff found so sexy, though Lissa didn't really understand her brother's fascination with staring at a woman's rear end. Then she noticed something else that

surprised her. Allison had no hair between her legs.

Lissa didn't think it polite to mention it, so she kept silent as she finished undressing herself. She felt all-too exposed in front of this strange woman.

It didn't help that Allison seemed not the least bit bashful. "Come on, then," she said, "let's have a look at you."

"What?" Lissa demanded, throwing her arms around herself.

"Oh, don't be shy," said Allison. "Here. You can look at me first if you want." She faced Lissa directly and put her hands on her hips.

"Why would I want to look at you?" asked Lissa, starting to grow red.

"Because you're way too uncomfortable. Let's just look at each other's bodies, get it over with, and then you can focus on more important things, like enjoying the bath."

Still hesitantly, Lissa turned her head and gazed at Allison's nude body. As she looked, she realized that it really was just silly on her part to feel that embarrassed about it. If Allison was all right about it, Lissa might as well be too. She dropped her hands to her sides and let the woman see her.

"There, now, that wasn't so bad, was it?" asked Allison.

"I suppose not."

"Good. There's no need to be ashamed of your body. Especially when you have a body like yours. I'll bet all the boys at school are dying to see it."

"Allison!" said Lissa, growing red again.

"What? For a girl your age, you've got a great body, and you're really pretty, too. If I know teenage boys, I'm sure they all have their fantasies about you."

"Come on, Allison. You're embarrassing me."

"Oh, all right. If you don't want to talk about boys, we don't have to. So let's get in the tub."

As it turned out, Lissa's apprehensions turned out to be unfounded. It really did feel nice to soak there in the water, completely unrestrained by any kind of clothing.

The two of them sat and talked about nothing in particular. Later Lissa couldn't even recall the topic of conversation; she just remembered that Allison was really easygoing and nice to talk to. She was intelligent, but so was Lissa, so they seemed to get on very well together.

"So what's the story with Jeff and Brit?" Allison asked her at one point.

Lissa shrugged. "They've been teasing each other and fighting since they were kids. Brit can really be a brat sometimes, and Jeff just encourages her. Mom and Dad have been trying to get them to stop for years, and it hasn't worked yet."

"Sounds like they just need to learn to have fun together," Allison commented.

"Good luck on that."

"So what about you, Lissa? You seem to be the peacemaker of this family. Both Jeff and Brit like you."

"I just... I just suppose it's up to me to be the mature one. Especially now that they don't have a mother any more. I can't afford to play those childish games."

"I'm sorry, Lissa. This whole thing must have been particularly hard on you. You've had to grow up too fast. Jeff and Brit could always come to you when they needed someone, but you had no one you could go to with your problems."

"I have Dad."

"I know, but there are some things that parents can't do for you. You need someone like a big brother or sister. I hope that even if you decide you don't want me in this family, you can still think of me as a friend, and come to me whenever you need to talk to someone."

"You would still be willing to do that even if I decided against you?"

"If you decided against me, I wouldn't be mad. A little sad, maybe, but I would respect your decision, and I would still want to be your friend. Whatever your decision, I don't think I could ever let you guys go completely, now that I know what you're like."

"But I *do* want you in this family," said Lissa. "That's just it. I think you're perfect."

"Me? Perfect? Hardly."

"Well then at least you're very good at hiding your flaws. But that's the problem. We've just gone through a tough time. Why should things suddenly turn around just like this? It sounds too good to be true."

"But it *is* true, Lissa. I promise you that. I think I'm falling in love with this family. I would never do anything to hurt any of you."

Lissa just stared at her for a moment. "No, I don't think you would," she said. "It's not about that. I just think... things just don't get this good so suddenly."

"I'm not sure I understand."

"I'm not sure I do either. What if... what if in three months you get hit by a car and die? What if Dad decides after all that he doesn't want to marry you? A lot of things can go wrong, and I would hate to get my hopes up just to have it all fall apart."

"And you think that because everything seems to be perfect right now, something has to come along and spoil it. You're just afraid of what that might be. Right?"

"Well, sort of."

"Lissa, first of all, I don't believe in any sort of cosmic justice. Things just happen when they happen. Bad and good. Besides, even if there is some kind of justice, maybe my showing up is to counterbalance your mother leaving. I think you've learned to accept the bad things in life, and that's a sign of maturity. You've had to, for the sake of your siblings. But do you think, just maybe, you haven't learned yet to accept the good?"

Lissa thought about that for a minute. It did make some kind of sense. She had just been through a traumatic experience with her mother leaving, and she had learned to deal with it. But maybe she had dealt with it by becoming a bit of a pessimist, by not recognizing good things when they literally walked up to her front door.

But there was still something nagging her, something she had to know. "Tell me one thing," said Lissa. "You're smart, you're friendly and kind, you've got everything you need to have a good career. So why choose this other path?"

Allison nodded. "I can see there's no fooling you, Lissa. You're right, there's something in my past that I'm not proud of. I'm perfectly willing to tell you, but I never got the chance until now because I didn't want to mention it in front of the other kids. Jeff may be old enough to understand, but certainly not Brit. I believe you're mature enough to hear this, but do you really want to know? Even if it tarnishes your image of me?"

"Yes. I think it's important if I'm going to make the right decision."

"All right. In short, I was fired from my teaching job for having sex with one of my students."

"What?"

"I know. It's not the sort of thing you want to hear. But you wanted the truth. So because of that one little indiscretion, I'll never be able to teach again, at least formally. So I decided to do something a little different, and marry a rich man. I looked for a recently divorced man and happened to hear about your father. When I did a little research, I found out that he had two teenagers and one preteen, and I decided this was perfect. After all, I like to be with kids your age. That's one of the reasons I started teaching in the first place, and that was the hardest thing for me to get over when I realized I wouldn't be able to teach again. Anyway, I was prepared to go through with my plan even if I hated the family, but it's turned out just the opposite of all my fears. You've all been so kind to me, I decided that this is what I really wanted. This is like a dream come true for me. So what do you think? Do you think I'm a terrible person?"

"Oh, Allison, of course I don't think you're terrible! I'm glad you were willing to share that with me, as painful as it is. Now I understand everything, and I know I can trust you."

"Thank you, Lissa. It means so much to me to hear you say that."

Lissa smiled. So there it was. She realized she had been looking for some kind of flaw, some imperfection in Allison. People were just not that perfect, and Lissa was afraid of discovering Allison's weaknesses later on down the road when it was too late. Ironic as it seemed, a lack of weakness was the only weakness Allison had. In Lissa's eyes it was all that the woman was missing. She needed to be human, to make mistakes. Without that, she wasn't real; she was just a fantasy. And that fantasy could end at any time. Now that she knew of Allison's past, Lissa could finally accept her.

Later, after they had gotten out of the hot tub and sat together on the couch continuing their conversation, Lissa knew there was something she had to tell her.

"Allison, I'm changing my vote from maybe to yes."

The woman's eyes lit up, and began to grow misty with tears. She threw her arms around Lissa and hugged her. "Oh, thank you!" she said, choking back the tears. "That means so much to me. I'll try my hardest to live up to your expectations."

"No, don't do that," said Lissa. "I just want you to be yourself. You're going to be with us for the rest of your life, after all, and I don't want you to have a nervous breakdown from trying to be perfect all the time. It's okay if you're not everything you seem. Nobody is."

"That's why I like you so much, Lissa. I'm the one marrying your father, and yet you've got more motherly wisdom than I do. Do you mind if I come to you for advice sometimes?"

"Only if I can come to you for advice too."

"It's a deal," Allison grinned. "And now, I have a great idea. Now that I already have your vote, you won't be able to accuse me of trying to buy it if we go shopping. What do you say?"

"Let's go," said Lissa enthusiastically.

They spent the rest of the day at the mall, visiting a multitude of stores. They had lunch at the new salad bar that had just opened up, and then got down to the serious task of shopping. Allison seemed to enjoy spending money on Lissa, but to keep it under control, she said she would match whatever Lissa spent on herself, which worked out well because when Lissa couldn't decide between two different blouses that she wanted to buy, she just bought one and Allison bought the other for her. In the end, Allison paid slightly more than Lissa did, but she said, "I won't tell anyone if you don't."

When they returned home, Greg and the other kids were already there. They had had plenty of fun themselves, although admittedly Jeff and Brit had fought a good portion of the time.

"I have an announcement to make," said Lissa. "I've decided I want Allison to join our family. So unless any of you have changed your minds, it looks like it's unanimous."

"Yay!" shouted Brit, running over and hugging her big sister.

"Remember, Lissa wasn't the only one who voted for me," said Allison. "I think your dad and brother deserve hugs too."

Brit immediately hugged Greg, then turned and looked at Jeff.

"Do I have to?" she asked.

"No," said Jeff. "You can settle for this instead." He immediately grabbed her and began to tickle her. She laughed and slapped him, then managed to get free and bolted out of the room.

The atmosphere was jovial as they all ate dinner together. They talked about their day, Lissa mentioning that they spent the morning in the hot tub but conveniently leaving out that they had been naked. Jeff and Brit talked about the picnic, and how nice the weather was, even in the middle of November. The weather was expected to stay that way all weekend, so they made no change to their plans. They would do exactly the same thing again the next day.

After dinner, Allison said she had to go home, to their disappointment. She gave them all hugs again and headed out the door. Jeff went to bed early, deciding that the sooner he fell asleep, the sooner his day with Allison would come.

Chapter 3

Christmas with the Primdales

He woke up before anyone else, of course, and hurried to take a shower then head downstairs for breakfast. It felt like waking up on Christmas morning.

The others joined him not long after. Brit, of course, teased him incessantly, but he was so excited that he forgot to fight with her, so the morning went relatively peacefully.

At 8:30, just as before, Allison arrived. He was thrilled to see her again, especially knowing that he would get to spend the day alone with her. She seemed to be in good spirits, just like before, and talked and joked with the family until it was time for them to leave.

As soon as they drove away, Allison turned to Jeff. "I was looking forward to spending this time with you," she said.

"Really?" he asked.

"Yes. I used to play multi-player computer games with my students in the computer lab all the time before I lost my teaching job, but since then I haven't had a chance," she explained. That was when he noticed that she had brought over her laptop computer.

They went up to his room and she set to work networking it with his. He was amazed at how technically minded she was; in his experience, most women were at best uninterested in computers, and at worst, afraid of them.

"You don't graduate college with a math-related degree without knowing your way around computers," she explained. "Our knowledge of math has progressed to the point that it's impossible to prove, and in most cases even research, new mathematical theorems without computers these days; they're that complex."

He had no idea what she was talking about; math had never been his strong subject, but computers were perfectly understandable to him. He could write papers for school, look up stuff on-line, and play games on them. There was probably math involved in programming them, but he wasn't interested in programming. Mainly just games.

Surprisingly, she had a dozen games installed, most with some form of multi-player capability. They spent the rest of that day brutally punishing each other, figuratively speaking. He was surprised at her skill; he could hold his own with some of the other boys in the school, but he didn't think anyone over twenty was interested enough to spend the time needed to get good at it, especially a girl. Allison, however, managed to keep right up with him, and even won a few games.

After that, any misgivings he might have had about her simply vanished. All it took was a simple common interest in computer games, and suddenly he felt comfortable with her.

They shot a little pool that afternoon, and Jeff gave her a few more pointers, helping her with her aim, how to hold the cue, and how to pick the best shots. She was a quick learner, soon getting into the hang of things although certainly not competing at professional skill level by any means. She didn't win a single game against him, but she didn't seem to mind a bit. In fact, she looked like she was just happy to be spending the time with him. Of course, he felt exactly the same way.

When they decided to play a game of ping-pong, though, she beat him almost without effort. She explained that her parents had a table just like this one at home, and she would sometimes spend hours practicing with her friends or her sister. Jeff wasn't exactly thrilled with losing every single game, but with Allison laughing every time she made a mistake, or deliberately and sometimes comically missing shots just to give him a running chance, she actually made losing fun. Until that point, Jeff hadn't really understood the concept of "it's just a game," but now he realized that the score really didn't matter in the end; it was more important to enjoy himself than to win.

It was a shame when Greg and the girls returned that night; Jeff could have gone another day with her. But he had to be fair and let Brit take a turn.

The next day Allison arrived again at the appointed time, and soon Brit found herself alone with the woman. As soon as the van was out of sight, Allison immediately turned to her.

"Your father told me you like to draw," Allison commented.

"Yeah," said Brit.

"What kinds of things do you draw?"

"Fantasy stuff, mostly."

"Fantasy? I assume you're not talking about big-breasted barbarian princesses in chain mail bikinis," Allison smiled.

Brit gave an embarrassed laugh. "No, of course not," she said. "I mostly draw fairies and unicorns."

"Really? Would you mind if I saw some of your drawings?"

"I don't know..." Brit mumbled. "I'm not very good."

"I've never been a big fan of false modesty. Besides, nobody starts out good, so what does it matter if you're still learning?"

"Okay fine, but you have to promise not to laugh."

"I only laugh at things that are intentionally funny."

Brit headed to her room, where she pulled her sketchbook from her desk. Then she headed downstairs, where Allison was sitting on the couch. Brit plopped herself down beside her and opened it up.

They flipped through the drawings slowly, and Allison made comments about each of them. As she had said, Brit drew mostly fairies and unicorns, with the occasional dragon, castle, princess, or knight. There were pages of figure studies, of fantastical creatures in various poses, and one or two full drawings. Actually, now that she had the chance to look at them with a critical eye, she realized that they weren't all that bad after all. She had her weaknesses, but they were nothing that couldn't be overcome.

"May I give you a word of constructive criticism?" asked Allison.

"What?"

"You do marvelous work on the subjects of the drawings themselves. I don't see much effort put into the backgrounds, though."

"I know. I'm really not that good with landscapes."

"Any particular reason?"

"Part of it is the perspective. I can never get things the right sizes. And then, just visualizing things. Horizons, especially, like with mountains and things. It always ends up looking flat, like those mountains are just a cardboard cutout behind the subjects."

"Then it seems to me that you just need to develop an eye for landscapes."

"I suppose so. But how would I go about doing that?"

"I noticed there's a park down at the bottom of the hill, about a mile away."

"Yeah, we like to go there to play sometimes during the summer."

"Do you have a camera?"

"No."

"Then you can borrow mine. Let's go down to the park and have you take some reference pictures. Start building up a photography portfolio. When you get stuck on visualizing things, you can refer to those pictures."

Brit smiled. "That sounds like a great idea!" she said.

Allison gave Brit a five-minute lesson on how to use her camera, then the two of them climbed into her car and headed down to the park. The weather was cool but not cold, and the most of the trees had lost their leaves. There were still enough bright autumn colors, however, that Brit was able to take a lot of good pictures. There were places where Brit could take shots of the mountains in the distance, but mostly she just photographed the scenery around the park.

"There are a lot of flowering bushes," Allison commented. "It's too bad none of them are in season. I would love to come here during the spring; it must be beautiful."

"Oh, it is!" Brit smiled. "It's absolutely wonderful. There's something magical about this place when the flowers are all in bloom."

"Then we'll have to come back next year so you can take some more pictures. I can imagine a bunch of fairies flying around here, or sitting on the petals of some of those flowers. And right over there would be a great spot for a unicorn to pose."

Brit made sure to snap off a picture in the direction that Allison pointed. It was great to have someone with her who could visualize things the way she could. A lot of people said that Brit had an overactive imagination, and maybe it was true. She often saw magical beings or fantastic settings in the world around her, all in her mind of course. But they were there nonetheless. When she closed her eyes her mind was always whisked away to worlds of fantasy.

Apparently Allison could see some of the same things. The two girls talked about the images in their minds, sometimes joking but sometimes serious, and bit by bit their two imaginative worlds drew together and became one. While Brit had plenty of friends, this was the first time she had met someone she could talk to about all these wonderful visions.

Allison explained that most people lost the ability to see such things as they got older, but she herself had always refused to grow up. Although her perception of the fantastic had dimmed with time, she had never lost it entirely.

"Sometimes I need a little help, though," she said. "It takes someone like you to awaken it within me."

Brit blushed at the compliment, but she was certainly pleased. Now more than ever she was glad that Allison was going to become part of their family.

They continued to take pictures all morning, then went and picked up some hamburgers at the nearest fast food place and brought them back to the park to eat. Allison said that her favorite time to take pictures was in the late afternoon as the setting sun brought out the warm colors, so they continued for several more hours. The time passed surprisingly quickly, and before they knew it, the sun was slipping below the mountains in the west.

"Time to head home," Allison told Brit, and the two of them climbed back into her car and drove back up the hill to the house.

Greg and the others hadn't quite arrived home yet, so Allison asked Brit if she had a computer to download the pictures to. Unfortunately Brit didn't because she had never really been interested in computers before, but now she wished she had one. Instead, Allison brought out her laptop and downloaded the pictures there.

They didn't have time to go through the pictures together, because the others arrived a few minutes later. Greg insisted on hearing about what they had done all day, so they talked about their excursion.

After dinner, Lissa went to her room and Greg and Allison went to theirs. That left Jeff and Brit alone in the front room together, which meant it was only a matter of time before they got in a fight.

"What's this?" asked Jeff, picking up the sketch book that Brit had dropped there that morning. Brit tried to take it away from him, but he pushed her away, then dashed up the stairs. Brit chased him to his room, where he wasn't quite fast enough to close and lock the door before she entered. So he simply sat down on his bed and opened up the sketch book.

"Give that back, Jeff. It's mine!" she complained.

"Yeah, I can tell," he said, flipping through the pages.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean it obviously doesn't belong to a professional artist," he teased.

"You're just jealous because you can't draw!" she snapped.

That was true, but he wasn't going to let her win the argument that way.

"Apparently, neither can you, but at least I don't pretend I can."

To his distress, Brit suddenly burst into tears. "I hate you!" she shouted, then dashed into her bedroom.

Once more he had crossed over the line and made her cry. He always felt guilty when he did that, even though he knew she shouldn't be that sensitive. Feeling quite ashamed of what he had done to her, he followed her into her room, carrying the sketch book with him. He set it down on her desk and came over to sit on the bed by his sister, who had tears running down her cheeks.

"Brit..." he began, more softly this time.

"Get out of my room!" she shouted at him.

"Okay, what's going on here?" Lissa suddenly demanded, bursting through the door. Spying the two of them sitting there with Brit sobbing, she closed the door behind her and strode over to them. "Jeff, did you make your sister cry again?"

He had been just about to apologize, but now with Lissa butting in where she wasn't wanted, he had his honor to protect.

"No," he denied. "It's up to her whether she wants to cry or not."

"Jeff's being mean to me!" Brit blurted out.

"I thought you were supposed to be nice to her," Lissa said.

"It's her fault!" complained Jeff. "Why do you always have to take her side?"

"Because it's so much fun to punish you," Lissa replied, then pounced on him. Caught off his guard, he fell off the bed, with his big sister on top.

"Get his hands!" Lissa shouted at Brit, laughing and forcing Jeff's hands against the floor above his head. Brit's sad look instantly changed to a grin, and she knelt down on top of his wrists to pin them to the floor.

"No fair!" exclaimed Jeff. "Two against one!"

"Exactly," said Lissa. "Maybe this will teach you not to pick on your little sister." She suddenly puckered her lips and leaned in.

"No!" he shouted in playful horror, then turned his head away. This was something Lissa used to do to torture him when they were younger, but only when he was being a brat. Since their mother had left and she had suddenly gotten more mature, she had stopped doing it, until now.

She pressed her lips up against his cheek and made a loud smacking sound.

"Ew, gross!" he said.

"Just for that, I'm going to do it again," Lissa said.

"Don't you dare!"

But she ignored his pleas and kissed him again.

"Tell Brit you're sorry," she commanded.

"No way! It was her fault!"

"Okay, then we'll have to do this the hard way," she grinned, then grabbed his head and turned it face up. Once more she puckered up and very slowly leaned down. Jeff tried to turn his head away, but she held him tightly. This time she planted a big, loud kiss right on his lips.

"Blech!" he shouted, turning his head and pretending to spit. "I'm going to get rabies!"

Brit, meanwhile, was giggling hysterically. She seemed to be enjoying this every bit as much as Lissa. Perhaps that had been Lissa's plan all along, to put her in a better mood. Of course, it was at Jeff's expense, so he couldn't approve too much of what she was doing.

"Tell her you're sorry," Lissa demanded again.

"Brit, I'm not sorry," he said stubbornly.

Lissa forced his head up again and pressed her lips against his for the second time. This time she kept them there. Jeff felt humiliated and degraded, but another feeling had begun to grow inside of him. If he were anyone else, he would probably enjoy being kissed by Lissa. She was, after all, a beautiful girl. This game of Lissa's had worked well when he was younger and not interested in girls, but in the last year or so, most of his revulsion had disappeared. Now it was only the fact that she was his sister that turned him off, and even that was starting to lose its horror as his hormones reacted to being kissed by someone as pretty as her.

He had his eyes shut tight, but he stopped struggling and even relaxed his lips a little instead of keeping his mouth closed tight. The kiss suddenly became much less innocent.

Apparently Lissa noticed the change too, because she pulled away. For a moment she stared at him in surprise.

"I think he likes it," Brit teased.

"Shut up," Jeff snapped, although in fact, she was absolutely right.

"Widdle Jeffy's in wuv with big Lissa," Brit laughed.

Jeff pushed both girls off of him, something he admittedly could have done at any time. He sat up and wrapped one of his arms around Brit's neck and pulled her in to a headlock.

"Ow!" she complained.

"Take it back!" he told her.

Then he felt Lissa's hand on his arm. "Jeff, let her go," she said softly. He glanced at her. She didn't have an angry or haughty look on her face, and her tone of voice was anything but commanding. But somehow, it worked. He released Brit, who punched him in the ribs, although she wasn't strong enough to cause him anything more than the lightest discomfort.

"Brit, that's enough," said Lissa. "This game's over." She glanced once more at Jeff, then suddenly shuddered, though she had the tiniest trace of a smile on her lips. She looked a little flushed as she stood up and hurried out of the room. Jeff wondered what that was all about.

Jeff picked himself up off the floor, then headed for his own room. At the doorway he stopped and turned around.

"Brit," he said. She glanced up at him.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You really are a good artist."

Her only response was a frown. He sighed, then turned back around and headed through the bathroom into his own room, closing the door behind him.

After that weekend, Allison's presence around the house just became natural. She seemed to come and go as she pleased, sometimes coming for dinner, sometimes for special purposes, and sometimes just stopping by to say hi to everyone. She even came by a couple of times just to help the kids with their homework, especially math. She spent the next few weekends with everyone as November faded into December. Then one day, their father gathered the children together into the living room.

"I've invited Allison to live here," he announced. "The plan is to have her move in during Christmas break. That way we can all help her. It's not going to be pleasant trying to move everything during the middle of winter, but I think with us all working together, we can make it fun. But I want to know if there are any objections first?"

"Is she going to sleep in the guest house?" Brit asked.

"No, dear. She's going to sleep in my room."

"Why?"

Lissa and Jeff both couldn't control their laughter. It was a simple question, but it had a difficult answer, especially for a ten-year-old.

Greg handled it beautifully. "Because husbands and wives always sleep in the same room, and I want her to get used to it before we get married."

"Okay," said Brit, accepting the answer.

"So are we all agreed?"

The kids all nodded their acceptance enthusiastically.

So that was that. In just a couple of weeks, Allison became just like one of the family. She accompanied them when they went out to a Christmas tree farm that happened to be only a few miles away and picked out a nice, tall tree to set up in the great hall. Then she spent the rest of the day helping them decorate it (and Jeff had never been so enthusiastic about decorating a Christmas tree since he had been a child).

The semester came to a close and Christmas vacation started. On the last day of school, Allison came to pick them up. It was just the way Jeff had imagined. He left his friends standing around gawking as he climbed

into the car with the most gorgeous woman that any of them had ever seen. Unfortunately he had to sit in the back seat, as Brit had claimed the front, but that was fine. They made a stop at the high school to pick up Lissa, then they all drove home.

Over the next few days they made a dozen trips into town with the van to help haul Allison's things from her apartment. She had a surprising amount of stuff for such a small apartment, and most of it ended up in the garage. Then they all helped clean her apartment, which was surprisingly pain-free considering Jeff usually made it a habit not to clean anything if he could avoid it. Of course, Jeff could enjoy standing in a pit full of rattlesnakes if Allison were there with him.

For the first few days, she made it a point to be fully (and immaculately) dressed every morning before the children got up. Then on the fifth day, as if her self-consciousness had suddenly switched itself off, she started wearing a bathrobe in the morning as she fixed breakfast for everyone. With her hair uncombed and her face free of makeup, she still looked stunning, but then, she would probably look stunning wearing a burlap sack. In fact, Jeff liked her most like this, strange as it was. For one thing, she was the type of woman who looked extremely sexy in a bathrobe. For another, there was something about her not being all dressed up that made her seem less like a goddess and more like a real person. That made her more approachable, and he found he was most comfortable talking with her like that, not that she had ever been really uncomfortable to talk with in the first place. In fact, she was beginning to take on the role of a member of the family now, and his impression of her had changed from a mysterious and gorgeous woman to a familiar and gorgeous woman.

As soon as she moved in, she insisted on doing the cooking, since none of the others except for Lissa had shown the slightest interest in it. She had Lissa help her in the kitchen as much as possible, partly to give the girl some experience cooking, and partly just to talk with her. Whatever had happened that weekend when they had spent the day together, the two oldest women of the Primdale household were quickly becoming good friends. To Brit and Lissa, she seemed more like a big sister than a mother. To Jeff, though, she was still an object of fantasy, and it looked like it would remain that way for a long time. Greg, of course, looked happier than he had in months, if not years.

A couple of days before Christmas, Jeff woke up before everyone except Allison. He showered and headed downstairs, where he found her in the kitchen scrambling eggs. She greeted him with a cheerful "Good morning" and turned back to her task. He sat down at the table and just watched her. That had become one of his favorite pastimes lately.

A few minutes later, he remembered something she had mentioned the day they had spent alone together. She had said that she liked to play computer games with her students. That brought up an interesting question, which he decided to ask her. "Allison, when you taught high school, were you like you are now?"

"What do you mean?" she asked without turning around.

"I mean, you're not like a mom at all."

"Thank you, dear. I'm hoping not to be."

"So when you taught high school, did you act... well, did you act more like a student than a teacher?"

She remained quiet for a moment, and Jeff wondered if he had said something to upset her. He hoped she wasn't mad; he hadn't ever seen her lose her temper and he didn't want to be the one who caused it.

"I suppose that's one way of looking at it," she finally replied, still facing away from him. "I guess I never learned to grow up. I've never really thought of myself as an adult. So when I taught, yes, I really was more like a student than a teacher. At least I felt that way, and maybe my students did too. I suppose you could say I've never been comfortable being an authority figure because I don't like to get in the way of people's fun."

"So is that why you lost your job? Because you couldn't handle being an authority figure?"

"In a way. Some day I'll explain it to you, but not today. I'm just not ready to tell you."

"Why not?"

She sighed. "Because I'm afraid of what you'll think of me."

"I think you're perfect!"

"Exactly. I wouldn't want to spoil that, because even though I know I'm far from perfect, I'd like you to keep thinking of me that way for a while. It does wonders for the self-esteem."

"I can't believe you have any self-esteem problems."

"You'd be surprised. So do you mind if I hold off on telling you why I lost my job?"

"Not really. But you have to promise to tell me some day."

"Okay, I promise."

"And just for the record, you would have been my favorite teacher."

She turned around, a broad smile on her face. "Thank you, Jeff. That's just what I needed to hear right now." She came over and hugged him, and Jeff's grin was, if it were possible, twice as broad as Allison's.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Greg and Allison decided to set a date for the wedding. Allison wanted a spring wedding, when all the flowers were in bloom, which would give them about five months to plan. Upon consulting the calendar, they realized that May 19th was the six-month anniversary of when they had first met, and furthermore, since it was a Saturday, the kids would be out of school that day. It seemed like the perfect day for the wedding.

They announced the plans to the children, with mixed results. Lissa and Brit were ecstatic; just the thought of the wedding filled them with glee. Jeff just smiled and shrugged. It sounded boring, but it was necessary after all, just something to get over with.

Allison called her parents to tell them the good news. She had made no secret to them of her plans, and though they weren't exactly happy with the idea of her marrying someone for money, they gave her a cautious congratulations. Greg spent an hour talking with them on the phone, assuring them that he would take good care of their daughter, and that everyone in the family was happy with the arrangement. He even joked that he was nervous about eventually meeting them because it had been over fifteen years since had last gone through the ordeal of meeting his girlfriend's parents for the first time. By the time he was finished, they seemed to be much more at ease with the situation. Allison then talked with her sister Rachael, who was home from college for the break, and that conversation was a lot more cheerful. Jeff couldn't help but overhear half of it, and from the sound of it, Rachael was just as much a tease as Brit, despite being eight years older. The interesting thing, though, was that Allison didn't seem to mind. Until that point, Jeff had thought that teasing was something mean, but listening in on Allison, he realized that it didn't have to be that way.

Dinner on Christmas Eve was always a feast at the Primdale house, and this was no exception. It consisted of honey-glazed ham, fresh-baked rolls, fruit salad, and gingerbread cookies for dessert. Greg and Allison opened a bottle of champagne, while the kids had sparkling cider. Afterward, they all sat around talking and laughing and joking and teasing and generally having fun until bed time.

On most nights Jeff and Brit at least tried to stall before bed, but this time they wanted to get to sleep as soon as possible so that they could wake up early the next day.

Brit was, of course, the first one awake on Christmas morning. Though she was old enough that she didn't really believe in Santa any more, she liked to jokingly pretend that she did. The rest of the family enjoyed her jokes because it really helped to put them in the Christmas spirit.

The first thing she did was scamper through the bathroom into Jeff's bedroom and jump on him, waking him up instantly. While he would have normally gotten mad at her for that, he was in too much of a good mood. He merely reached up and tickled her, causing her to squeal and dash out of the room.

By the time he got out of bed, stretched, and used the bathroom, Brit had also similarly roused Lissa, so the three of them made their way to the top of the stairs, where they gazed on the multitude of presents under the tree. They scurried down the stairs to go knock on their father's and Allison's bedroom door.

Ten minutes later, they all sat around the tree, eagerly anticipating the opening of the presents.

"So how do you normally do the presents around here?" asked Allison.

Greg laughed. "It's really a sight to behold. Lissa, what's the record so far?"

"Twelve minutes," she replied, "Set three years ago."

"You're not serious?" asked Allison with a grin.

"All right, kids. The target is twelve minutes," Greg announced, staring down at his watch. The children crowded around the tree, hands ready and itching to start tearing into the presents. "Ready..." said Greg, "Set... Go!"

Suddenly the air was filled with torn wrapping paper as the kids dived in. They at least read the names on the tags and passed them around to the right people, but in some cases the wrapping paper was still literally falling to the ground from one present as the next was being stripped. The occasional present for Greg or Allison of course went to the adults and were opened slowly and carefully, but by agreement those presents didn't count in the race. Also, any presents with a tag that showed they were from relatives or friends went into a pile to be opened separately, so that they could remember who sent what. All of the gifts marked "From Santa" or without a giver's name, of course, didn't last three seconds once they got into the right hands.

They missed their target by about two minutes. The clock showed fourteen minutes before the last of the presents had been opened. Allison applauded for their valiant effort anyway.

At that point they had three different piles of opened presents and another stack of gifts from real people that Greg insisted that they write down so that they could send off thank-you notes. That was one thing that the former Mrs. Primdale had done every year, and Allison was happy to take up the duty. She got out a pad of paper and wrote down which present came from whom.

The gifts from Allison were, not surprisingly, perfect. To Lissa she gave a large cookbook, with notes on every ingredient in every recipe explaining why it was included, as well as cooking tips and discussions on why certain flavors complimented each other. To Jeff she gave a computer game that had just come out and that he had mentioned in passing that he wanted. To Brit she gave an instruction book on drawing landscapes, complete with examples and step-by-step illustrated directions on how to draw them.

"But didn't you get a present for Dad?" asked Lissa.

"I'll give it to him later," Allison answered with a sly grin.

Jeff and Lissa flashed each other knowing glances, but Brit just shrugged, not understanding but too distracted by all of her gifts.

The kids played with their new toys the rest of the day while Greg and Allison relaxed in the front room. Jeff, of course, spent most of his time in his bedroom playing his new game on the computer, except when he had to come down to eat. It was that, more than anything else, that kept him from fighting with Brit, and somehow they made it through the entire day without even the slightest argument between them, a new record for the two of them.

Later, Allison insisted that they write thank-you notes to everyone who had sent them presents. Jeff wasn't particularly enthused about that, but he managed to survive, especially when she said that when it came time for her turn, instead of a note she would accept a hug from each of them instead. He was more than happy to comply.

All good things must come to an end, and Christmas day was no exception. Eventually bedtime came around, and despite their grumbling and complaining, the children headed upstairs.

For Greg and Allison, however, Christmas wasn't over. Allison suggested that they too go to bed, but the look on her face implied that it wasn't to sleep. He was happy to take her up on that offer, so he kissed her, took her hand, and led her into their bedroom.

While he undressed, Allison disappeared into the bathroom. Greg climbed into bed, eager to see what she had in mind.

He wasn't disappointed. When the bathroom door opened, his eyes grew wide with delight. She stood there in a red, see-through baby-doll nightie with white fur strategically placed to cover her breasts and thigh, and a cute little Santa Claus hat.

"I hope you don't mind," she said. "This is actually *your* present, but it seems to fit me better than you," she giggled.

"I don't mind you wearing it for a few minutes," he grinned, "but you'd better take it off pretty soon."

"Oh, I plan to," she replied. "Merry Christmas."

She strode over, climbed up onto the bed, and attacked him.

The outfit didn't last long. Between the kissing, rubbing, fondling, and groping, their clothes didn't stand a chance. Quickly the garments lay in a pile on the floor. Somehow Allison managed to keep the Santa hat on, to his amusement, as she straddled his waist and rode him. She looked so cute like that, with the white tassel spilling down over one of her ears and her mussed hair peeking out from under the brim. He groped her gorgeous tits as she fucked him passionately, deeply, almost violently. Fortunately the walls in the house were thick and nearly soundproof, because otherwise the children would have surely heard the raw, animalistic sounds that they both were making.

He hit his orgasm first, but she wouldn't let him stop until she also climaxed. Only then did she lie down on top of him and let the hat fall off her head. Exhausted and happy, they both fell asleep.

Chapter 4

Mrs. Allison Primdale

After the holidays, plans for the wedding seemed to dominate their activities. Greg let Allison take the lead; he had never been big on weddings, so he simply did what she told him and gave input whenever she asked. It was just as well, because she seemed to enjoy planning everything.

The first day of school after the break, all of Jeff's friends asked about the beautiful woman who had picked him up at school. At first he joked that she was his girlfriend, which of course they didn't believe, then after having his fun he admitted that she was going to marry his dad. Then they teased him about having a hot stepmom, their comments ranging from playful jabbing from Rick to obscene suggestions from Jesse. Jeff wasn't embarrassed; he was too happy about the situation to let it bother him, and he had long ago grown used to hearing Jesse's perverted fantasies. Instead, Jeff told them, "You should see her in a bathrobe. It's too bad you'll never get the chance." That shut them up fast. Jesse and Mike grinned stupidly, and Rick looked like he was about to pass out from the mental image.

Brit's friends were too young to understand all of the implications of the change in the family, so for the most part it was just one more item to bring up during their unending prattering. Lissa's friends, however, were all excited that she was going to have a new mother. They had been very supportive during the divorce, and now once they realized that Lissa liked Allison, they were all happy for her.

Things began to settle down into a routine at the Primdale house. While the novelty of Allison's presence wore off after a few weeks, the cheerful atmosphere that she seemed to emit remained. Greg just grew happier and happier as time went on and the pain and anguish of his divorce to his first wife faded, to be replaced by Allison's fun and energetic spirit.

Jeff also seemed much happier than he had been in years, possibly forever. Part of it was simply that Allison was easy to talk to, so he found himself spending more time being social than ever before. It was quite obvious that he really liked her.

In March, Mr. and Mrs. Craven flew in to meet their future son-in-law and his family. They turned out not to be much older than Greg, which was a little awkward, but after joking about it for a bit, they seemed to accept the idea. It turned out that they were very nice and although still a little cautious about the whole situation, they were surprisingly tolerant. Greg had been nervous about meeting Mr. Craven ever since Allison had mentioned he had been an officer in the Army, but the man turned out to be nowhere near as intimidating as the mental image Greg had in his head.

"I want you to know," said Mr. Craven as they sat together in the dining room the day after they arrived, "that we're both opposed to what Allison's doing. Not because of anything to do with you personally, just that we don't agree with her decision. But we've also decided to support her in it. I hope I'm wrong in my

apprehensions and everything turns out well."

"I can give you my assurance that Allison's going to be all right," Greg told them. "I'll let her tell you how she feels, but as for me, I feel twenty years younger. She's really the best thing that's happened to me in a long time."

Allison beamed at the compliment.

"Thank you, dear," she smiled. "And I'm so happy about this whole thing. I was scared at first about what I was doing, but Greg's been great. He's made me feel so welcome here that I can't imagine what I was so nervous about in the first place."

"So... are you two in love?" asked Mrs. Craven, a little hesitantly.

"No," Allison replied immediately. "We've talked it over, and we're both fine with that. There's no telling what the future may bring, but for now, we're satisfied just to like each other. It's not like we're mortal enemies or anything; we're friends. With benefits," she added with a grin.

"And what about the kids?" asked Mr. Craven. "I like the idea of being a grandpa, but suddenly having three grandkids, especially since the oldest is already fifteen, is a little disconcerting."

"I absolutely adore the children," Allison said. "Lissa was hesitant at first, but ever since she decided to like me, she's been wonderful. Jeff's been very nice to me right from the beginning, and Brit's the cutest little girl you've ever seen. Sometimes I just want to grab them all and hug them."

"And the kids all love her too," Greg added. "So don't worry about this relationship not working out. Allison's felt like a part of this family ever since we met her."

The Cravens stayed for Brit's eleventh birthday party on the twenty-second. Jeff had never been a fan of other people's birthdays, especially since Brit invited over several of her bratty little friends. But he promised himself he would be nice to her because it was her big day after all. He even bought her a present, which he and Allison had picked out for her (he even found *shopping* tolerable with Allison). It was a shirt with the words "I wear my emotions on my sleeves" on the front, and all over the long sleeves were words like "happy," "angry," "competitive," "moody," and "flirtatious." It described Brit perfectly, and it was even more appropriate coming from Jeff, being a subtle joke about her personality. Despite the teasing nature of the gift, she seemed to really like it, and gave him a hug. He didn't particularly like hugs from her, but then, he really didn't like hugs from anyone except Allison. Of course, there were a couple of girls at school that he wouldn't mind hugging, Kari Williams for instance, not that he would ever have the chance with a popular girl like her.

A week or two later, they began sending out invitations for the wedding. Allison and Greg went through their lists, and the kids all helped stuff, seal, address, and stamp envelopes.

It was during that time that Greg made his last bitter comment about his ex-wife.

"Do you mind if we send an invitation to that rotten bitch?" he asked Allison. "I'm sure she won't come. I just want to taunt her."

Allison laughed. "Your ex-wife is your concern. You do whatever you want."

Greg grabbed an envelope, stuck an invitation in, then sealed and stamped it. The others watched in amusement as he proved that it was possible for a person to address an envelope in a malicious fashion.

Later that month Greg had his lawyer draw up the prenuptial agreement. It was pretty simple, since Allison only had her car and a few belongings, and she didn't care to take anything away from Greg if later on down the line they decided it wasn't working out. They did, however, add the unusual clause stating that an affair on Greg's part did not constitute grounds for divorce, since Allison had already told him he could have a mistress on the side if he wanted.

April came and went in a flurry of wedding preparations, and before they knew it, May had arrived with only a couple of weeks before the big event. Greg and Allison met often with the wedding planner that they had hired, with increasing frequency as the days counted down. There were very few snags; the biggest one was that the professional photographer that they had hired had to cancel, but she gave them the name of one of her colleagues, who agreed to fill in for her at the last minute. Other than that, things seemed to go smoothly.

The weather turned out to be perfect for the wedding. Just as Brit had told Allison, the park was extremely beautiful in the spring with the flowers in bloom. The family went down a couple of days early to look it over. Brit of course wanted to go so that she could take some more pictures of the park, this time in the spring. Lissa always enjoyed Allison's company so that she didn't want to be left behind. Greg felt it more a duty than anything else, although he admittedly was getting excited with the wedding only a couple of days away. And of course, Jeff liked to do anything when Allison was around.

There was a covered shelter that they could use in case of rain, but it didn't look like it would be needed, since the weatherman predicted blue skies all weekend. So they picked a large open area in the park where they could hold the ceremony. Allison took Greg's arm and led him all over, jabbering away about where everything would go and how they would set things up. The two of them looked very happy together.

Jeff's feelings were surprisingly simple. Considering that the most gorgeous woman he had ever met was about to marry another man, it would probably have been natural for him to feel jealous. But there were two reasons why he felt only joy. First, he had never really expected for a moment that a romantic relationship between Allison and himself was remotely possible, so he was content to let it remain in his fantasies, where it could do no harm. Second, the very act of her marriage to his father meant that she would become a part of the family, to be with them for the rest of their lives. So he was more than willing to let things continue on their course.

The day before the wedding, Allison's family flew in to town, and Greg and Allison went to pick them up at the airport while the kids were in school. When Jeff arrived home that day, he was in for a delightful shock. Allison's parents had brought their other daughter Rachael with them. She was nearly as lovely as Allison

herself. She had the same long, brown hair and big, bright eyes as her sister. Even her smile was the same. It was unfortunate that they would only be staying until after the wedding, when they would fly back home again. Jeff certainly wouldn't have minded spending extra time with Rachael. But she was a freshman in college, and had to get back to school to take her exams. It was only by luck that she was able to take Friday off to fly in with her parents.

Being Allison's sister, that technically made her his aunt, but she was way too young for him to think of her like that. Maybe a cousin, perhaps. Yes, that would do. He would think of her as a cousin.

His grandparents arrived later that afternoon; they had flown in from Nebraska. He liked his grandparents, even though his grandma insisted on hugging him. She was one of the people he *didn't* like to hug.

The grandparents got the spare room, and Allison's family got the guesthouse out back. After eating dinner and spending a couple of hours talking, they all decided to go to bed to get a good night's sleep in preparation for the big day.

The children went upstairs to their respective rooms. Jeff had stripped down to his boxer shorts and was just climbing into bed when he heard a knock at the door. Allison stepped into the room, closing the door behind her. Jeff suddenly felt a little self-conscious; he was, after all, almost naked in front of her.

If it bothered her, she didn't show it. She merely pulled up a chair and sat down by his bed.

"Jeff," she said, "I wanted to talk to each of you one last time before I marry your father."

"Sure," he said. He always enjoyed talking with her.

"You've been great these last couple of months," she continued. "Always helpful and kind and full of compliments."

"It's easy to give you compliments," he smiled, "because you're so deserving of them."

"Thank you, Jeff. I just wanted you to know that I appreciate how well you've treated me, making me feel right at home. I've never had a son or brother before. And although I've spent a lot of time with teenagers, it's a new experience for me to have a teenage boy as part of my family. I have no problem with Lissa and Brit, because I grew up with a little sister so I just think of them like I think of Rachael. But with you, it's different."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that it's not something I have much experience with. Oh, I could take on the role of a teacher and feel right at home, but I don't want that kind of relationship with you. I'd rather be a lot less formal and a lot more friendly."

"So far I think you're doing a wonderful job."

"Thanks. I just want you to know that although you might think I'm perfect, I'm far from it. So in the future I might make mistakes. Not big ones, hopefully. I mean, I'm not going to turn into a wicked stepmother like in the fairy tales, or try to bump off your dad and claim his fortune. On the other hand, I can't offer any proof of that, so you'll just have to take my word for it."

Jeff laughed at that.

"And I can't guarantee that I'll do everything right," she continued. "The only promise I can give you is that I'll try. Knowing that, I want to ask you one more time, is it okay with you if I marry your father?"

"Absolutely!" he exclaimed without hesitation. "I really want you to be part of this family."

"Me too," she smiled, then drew him in and hugged him tightly. It felt a little awkward; he was wearing only his shorts, after all. But it felt very nice. Her hands on his back and the feel of her body next to his with only a single layer of clothing between them, and especially her cheek against his own gave him a wonderful thrill.

Then she turned her head and kissed him on the cheek.

"It's all right if I do that, isn't it?" she asked. "I mean, tomorrow I'll officially be your mother, and it's perfectly natural for mothers to kiss their sons."

"Of course it's all right," he replied with a smile. "Why shouldn't it be?"

She drew back and looked into his eyes, as if searching for any clue to his feelings.

"I suppose if you have to ask that question, then there's no need for me to worry about it."

"What?"

"Never mind, dear. Thank you for accepting me."

She released him, then stood up. "Can I ask you a favor, Jeff?" she said.

"Anything."

"I don't want anything to spoil my big day tomorrow. Promise me you'll try not to fight with Brit. I'll get the same promise from her so it shouldn't be a problem."

"Okay, I promise not to fight with Brit," he smiled. "I'll fight with Lissa instead."

Allison laughed.

"Sorry, I couldn't resist," he told her. "How about I just promise to be on my best behavior? That should take care of everything."

"Good enough," she replied, then disappeared out the door.

The next morning, they were all up at the crack of dawn to get ready for the event. They all piled into the van and drove down to the park one last time for a rehearsal. Everyone involved was there, the chairs and tables were all set up, and the wedding planner had them go over everything twice to make sure they knew what they were doing. Then they returned home to get dressed and groomed for the big event.

An hour before the wedding, Greg took Jeff and his sisters in the car down to the park again, leaving Allison in her mother's and sister's hands.

"I'm not supposed to see the bride in her wedding dress beforehand, after all," he explained. That meant that Jeff had to stand there as his father greeted the arriving guests.

Jeff wasn't particularly thrilled about the ceremony; he wasn't big on formal events like this. At least he had a part; his dad had asked him to be best man. So he didn't have to just sit there bored the whole time.

In contrast, Lissa and Brit were ecstatic the whole day. Allison had asked them to be her bridesmaids, with Rachael as the maid of honor.

Over all, the experience was relatively painless. Jeff had to wear a penguin suit (or "tuxedo," as his father called it) and he had to stand up front with his dad, but soon enough the music started and he realized it would all be over soon. Allison began to walk down the aisle accompanied by her father and followed by his sisters. She looked absolutely stunning in her white dress, but that was nothing unusual for her. Jeff just smiled with everyone else as she approached. Surprisingly, she gave him a wink as she neared. He didn't know what she meant by that, but it was probably just innocent fun. Then she turned her full attention to Greg.

Jeff just watched her as the priest said a few words, then one by one Greg and Allison said "I do," then they kissed. Rachael, Lissa, and Brit were almost in tears by this time, which Jeff just figured was a girl thing. Then the audience got up out of their seats and Greg and Allison began to hug everyone.

That was it. He was surprised by how short the wedding was, and how pain-free. Granted, he had to stand in line and shake the hands of a number of people equal to the population of a small country after that, and then he had to sit by while his dad and new stepmom opened a bunch of presents, all of which seemed pretty boring. He had to pose for a bunch of pointless pictures with the rest of his family, but he found that he really didn't mind so much.

Some time during the event they had cake and other refreshments. Jeff sat at a table between his sisters. They talked and joked, and because of their promise, Jeff and Brit somehow managed to keep from fighting.

Rachael asked if she could join them, so they made it a foursome. Normally Jeff would have hated having to spend time with three girls, but Rachael seemed pretty fun to be around.

"So Lissa," she asked, "how does it feel to have an aunt who's only three years older than you?"

"About the same as it does to have a stepmother who's only eight years older than me," she laughed.

"Good point. I have to hand it to Allison, she sure knows how to pick a husband."

"You mean my dad?" asked Brit. "What's so special about him?"

"He's rich," replied Rachael.

They all broke out laughing at that. "So that's the most important qualification?" asked Jeff.

"No, the most important qualification is the size of his... um..."

"Rachael!" Lissa exclaimed, growing red.

"House!" Rachael grinned. "That's the word I'm looking for. But seriously, they seem really happy, and that's all that matters in the end, isn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"So Jeff, what do you think of my sister?" asked Rachael.

"She's amazing," he replied. "I can't think of a better person I'd like to have as a stepmother."

"Yeah, sometimes I'm jealous of her."

"Why, because she's so perfect?" asked Lissa.

"No, because she gets to spend a lot of time with Jeff," she said with a wink. Jeff felt himself growing red.

"Ew!" Brit giggled. "Auntie Rachael has the hots for her little nephew Geoffrey!" she teased.

"I'm just kidding," Rachael laughed. "I didn't mean to embarrass you, Jeff. But seriously, it looks like my sister has found the perfect family to settle down with. I've talked to her a lot on the phone and this weekend, and I can tell she adores all of you. I'm just jealous that she's found someone who can make her truly happy, that's all."

"You will too someday," Lissa insisted.

"I know," Rachael smiled. "Don't get the wrong impression; it's not putting me in a bad mood at all. I'm happy for her, really. And I'm having a great time."

"Me too," said Lissa. "What about you, Jeff?"

"What?" he asked. "Oh, sure."

Rachael laughed. "Typical boy," she said with a smile. "About as emotional as a rock."

"It's not that," he said. "It's just that weddings aren't my thing."

"And how many weddings have you been to?"

"Including this one? One," he replied.

Just then the live band started playing a romantic tune, and Greg and Allison stepped out into the middle of the field and began to dance. Jeff looked on with awe; he had never seen his dad dance before, even with his mom. But together with his new bride they looked surprisingly confident and graceful.

A few minutes later, Allison leaned in and whispered something in Greg's ear, and he smiled and nodded. They left the floor and approached the table where the kids sat.

"May I have the honor of this dance, young lady?" Greg asked Lissa, who giggled.

"Sure, Daddy," she said, taking his hand and walking with him back out to the floor.

To Jeff's delight and horror, Allison came over to him and asked him to dance with her.

"Uh..." he said. "I don't know how to dance."

"Don't worry, it's easy. I'll show you." She took his hand and led him over to the dance floor. She showed him where to put his hands, and then they began to dance.

It really wasn't all that difficult, although admittedly his technique left much to be desired. But really they just turned in slow circles, which was easy enough.

A few other couples joined in then so he didn't feel so self-conscious. In fact, it was rather pleasant to hold Allison like this, even with about a billion people watching.

"So how does it feel to be Mrs. Allison Primdale?" he asked her.

"Wonderful," she smiled. "You can't imagine how happy I am."

"Well if you're happy, I'm happy," he said.

"Thanks, Jeff. You're so sweet."

When the music stopped, Allison thanked him and let him go sit back down as her father took his place. Greg escorted Lissa back to the table where he exchanged her for Brit, and then the music and dancing started up again.

Before he had a chance to catch his breath, Rachael grabbed his hand.

"But I--" he started to protest.

"Don't you know it's rude to refuse to dance with a girl if she asks you?" Rachael told him with a grin.

"Sorry."

"That's okay. Just dance with me and we'll call it even."

So once more he had to go through with it. Actually, he didn't really mind. Holding Allison like that had actually been fun, and it was the same with her little sister Rachael, especially since Rachael was closer to his own age and therefore it didn't feel quite so awkward. Granted, she was still five years older than him, but they were both teenagers, so it was all right.

That seemed to set off a chain reaction among his sisters. He had to dance with Lissa next, and then even little Brit, to his annoyance. No doubt the three girls had schemed this between them to maximize his discomfort. Allison had probably even been part of the conspiracy. But he had promised to be on his best behavior, and to his credit, he kept his word, even when he had to dance with his bratty little sister.

Actually, seeing the smile on her face as she danced with him touched his heart, although he hated to admit it. She had a nice smile, though he rarely got to see it. It felt surprisingly good to know that he was helping her to enjoy herself.

Finally, after a couple of hours of surprisingly little torment, it was over. The family drove back up the hill to the mansion, where Greg and Allison changed into clothes more appropriate for traveling. They had a plane to catch to take them on their honeymoon to Hawaii. Allison insisted on kissing everyone goodbye, then she and her new husband climbed into the car and drove off to the airport.

Jeff went up to his room and collapsed on his bed, exhausted from the events of the day. So it was official now. Allison was here to stay. He couldn't remember ever being so happy.

Chapter 5

Photogenic

That night, Greg and Allison stayed in the bridal suite of a luxury hotel in the city before their flight to Hawaii in the morning. They could have booked a later flight that same day, but with the hassle of the airport and the length of the flight, they would arrive late at night and exhausted from the trip. Most times he wouldn't have minded, but he wanted to be able to relax and enjoy his wedding night. There would be plenty of time to lie out on the beach or go swimming or have fun in a tropical paradise later.

After checking in, they took a cab downtown to a five star restaurant for dinner. Normally Greg didn't like to eat in places this fancy. Despite being quite wealthy, he was also a practical man, and would often be just as happy running down to the nearest fast food joint to pick up some hamburgers. But today he had an excuse to go all out, and he planned to enjoy himself.

It was hard not to with Allison there with him. Especially now that they had tied the knot and they belonged to each other. It hardly seemed fair that he should get to live the rest of his life with the most perfect woman in the world. The sting of his recent divorce had immediately dulled upon his first meeting with Allison, and now it had just about disappeared completely.

As he thought about it, he realized he hadn't even been this happy the first time he had gotten married. Admittedly some of that was due to the fact that he was older and wiser, and some of it was because he had already gone through it once and didn't feel so nervous this time around. But most of it, he concluded, was because Allison made him feel so comfortable. Ironically, that was partly because he didn't love her, so he didn't feel such a need to impress her, so he could just relax and be himself. Still, he enjoyed her company more than almost anyone else's, and now he was going to have all the opportunities he ever wanted to spend time with her.

She looked very beautiful sitting there in front of him, in a silk dress that really emphasized her charms. It looked almost oriental, perhaps a bit like a kimono. Greg had always thought silk dresses looked especially sexy. He hadn't recalled mentioning that to Allison, but maybe he had, and she was doing this to please him. Either way, he couldn't believe how gorgeous she appeared in it.

"You look happy," she commented over dinner.

"I *am* happy," he replied. "Tell me something. Why would a gorgeous, confident, graceful and charming woman like you ever want to marry a crotchety old geezer like me?"

"You're no geezer," she laughed. "Minimum age for that is fifty, and that's only in rare circumstances. You're not even forty yet."

"Good point."

"And I already told you why I married you," she joked. "For your money, of course."

"Yes, there is that," he admitted. "So is that the only reason? I mean, I was kind of hoping that... well..."

"I really like you, Greg, if that's what you're getting at. We have fun together."

"You can't be talking about *me*," he grinned. "I'm a boring old fuddy-duddy, a strict and boring man who's too wrapped up in maintaining an illusion of dignity to really enjoy myself. I think the only reason we have so much fun is because of you."

"You're solid, Greg. I mean, you're well-grounded. And sometimes I'm not strict or dignified enough, so you help to keep me from going too wild. And I don't care if I'm the only reason we have fun; the point is that we do. We're good for each other."

"Well, you're certainly good for me, and I hope I'm good for you too."

"You are."

"I just sometimes can't believe how lucky I am to be married to a woman like you. Is there anything wrong with you at all? Because if there is, I can't find it."

"Oh, believe me, I have my share of secrets," Allison admitted. "Maybe some day I'll share them with you. But let's not go into those right now. I want to keep living this fantasy for as long as I can."

"Me too," he smiled.

"Look, if you want, I'd love to help you learn to relax and enjoy yourself. Maybe you just need a taste of the wild side."

"Maybe I do. Do you have anything in mind?"

"Nothing in particular, but I'm sure I can come up with some ideas. Do you want me to start doing some research? I'll bet I could find some pretty interesting activities for a couple like us."

"I don't know. It sounds a little scary."

Allison laughed. "Well, maybe I'll take it slow. We can gradually work our way up."

Greg nodded. She was probably right. Maybe he needed to try something new, maybe even something a little wild and crazy. Allison seemed to have no problem with that sort of thing, so he would let her come up with the ideas.

After dinner, they returned to their suite, where Allison immediately threw her arms around his neck and

kissed him. He kissed her back passionately. As soon as she broke away, she began to slip out of that slinky little silk dress. Greg liked a lot of things about Allison, but her enthusiasm for sex was at the top of the list. Pretty soon they were both naked and kissing again.

"I know this isn't the first time we've done this," Allison told him, "but since this is our wedding night, I'd like it to be special."

"What did you have in mind?" he grinned.

Allison opened her suitcase and pulled out four sets of handcuffs.

"Oh my god!" he breathed. "You're serious?" This was certainly something he hadn't ever done with his first wife. She would have never gone for anything the least bit kinky. The fact that it was so new to him excited him tremendously. He had a little reservation about it, but he realized that because Allison was his wife, there was nothing wrong with a little bondage play with her.

"Four sets of handcuffs, four limbs, four bedposts," she told him. "Get the picture?" She grabbed a scarf, then unzipped a pouch in the inner lining of the suitcase and brought out a feather.

"So what are those for?" he asked.

"The scarf is to use as a blindfold. And the feather is for a little extra fun. Tonight I want to be the one chained to the bed. Maybe we'll let you try it out later. Put the blindfold on so that I don't know where you're going to touch me with the feather. It's all the better that way because I can't anticipate it so it comes as a shock each time."

"You know this from experience?" he asked.

"Remember those secrets I told you about earlier?"

"Say no more," he grinned.

Allison lay down on the bed and spread her arms and legs out toward the bedposts. It was such a vulnerable yet inviting position that Greg couldn't help but grin with excitement. He first made sure that Allison had brought the key for the handcuffs (wouldn't it be awkward to have to call a locksmith!), then locked her in to the bedposts. He slipped the blindfold over her eyes and fastened it in back.

"Now all you have to do," Allison told him, "is run that feather over my body. Use short strokes, and touch me in different places. Don't follow any pattern or I'll be able to anticipate it, which will spoil the fun."

"Are you ticklish?" he asked.

"A little, but that's all a part of what makes it feel so good."

Greg lifted the feather, then experimentally ran it lightly over Allison's ribs. She gasped at the contact, her

mouth opening into a wide grin.

"Perfect!" she exclaimed. "Just like that."

With those words of encouragement, Greg continued. He touched the tip of the feather to her hip, with a similar reaction. There was something exciting and erotic about the whole thing, and not just because she was naked and bound in front of him. It was a little playful; in one sense little more than a children's game. More than once when the kids were growing up, he had caught Jeff tormenting Brit in a similar way by tying her up and tickling her, though always with their clothes on of course.

On the other hand, seeing Allison's body squirm under his ministrations and watching her gasp every breath had a powerfully arousing effect on him. He had never been into sexual games like this, especially bondage play. Maybe that was because his ex-wife was just as boring as he was, so neither of them were creative enough to come up with ideas like this. Allison, though, made it fun. He had a suspicion that sex would never get dull with her.

When he touched the tip of the feather against one of her nipples, she squealed in delight. He loved the sight and sound of her lying there crying out with excitement, made all the more intense by the fact that she couldn't see what was coming up so each stroke with the feather came as a surprise to her. He enjoyed seeing her breasts jiggle as she laughed from the ticklish sensation, and the nipples swelling in her arousal.

If he got this much of a reaction out of her just from touching her nipples, he was interested in seeing what would happen if he touched a certain other place. He took the feather and ran it lightly over her exposed pussy lips.

She shrieked this time, and her hips raised right up off of the bed. Afterward, she laughed at her own reaction.

"Oh god, Greg!" she breathed. "That was intense! Do it again."

He did. Allison gritted her teeth and tried to suppress the groan that built up inside her, but it escaped anyway. As he worked all over her body, she moaned and squealed and panted and wriggled and squirmed. More than once he suspected she had an orgasm, though she was laughing and moaning and wiggling around so much the rest of the time that he couldn't be sure. He nearly climaxed a couple of times himself just from watching her. More than once he was tempted just to climb right on top of her and make love to her. She would probably have been willing, but he wanted to draw this out as long as possible. He was just having too much fun.

After about twenty minutes of their little game, he set the feather down. Instead, he reached out with his own hands and slipped them onto her breasts. She moaned with pleasure as he massaged them firmly but gently. It wasn't the first time he had touched her there, but he never grew tired of the feeling of her gorgeous, soft breasts in his hands. He had never seen a more perfect pair, even on the rare occasions when he snuck peeks at dirty magazines when he was growing up.

He let one of his hands slide down her body, coming to rest between her legs. His middle finger pressed into the groove, lubricated by her dampness. She seemed to like that feeling even more than she had liked it on her chest.

This much, at least, was familiar territory. He knew his way around a woman's pussy, and unless Allison was completely different from his ex-wife, he knew a few tricks to really make her feel good.

He needed to stop thinking about that rotten bitch, he decided. Allison was his wife now, and there was no point comparing the two women; Allison would come out on top every time.

"Greg," she breathed. "Take me. Take me now."

He wasn't about to pass up an invitation like that. He leaned over and kissed her on the lips, then, still holding that kiss, he mounted her. He felt the wonderful warmth and softness of her body as he lay down on top of her. He pressed his thighs against hers and enjoyed the slick dampness as he slid inside. Allison cried out again, and this time he felt like joining her. It was such a wonderful feeling to make love to her like this, to see her face so close to his, to kiss her luscious lips, to press his body against her own. She belonged to him tonight, and he to her. She had once told him that she wouldn't mind him having a mistress on the side, but why would he ever want that when he had such a woman as her to take care of his needs?

He let himself go, thrusting into her hard and deep. She seemed to enjoy it, so he didn't hold back. He heard his own grunting mixed with her moans, loving the chorus that they made. No doubt people in the nearby rooms could hear them, but right now he didn't care. Allison was his wife, and he was going to take advantage of that privilege, damn it!

She struggled at her bonds as he pounded into her, but from the smile on her face he could tell that she didn't really want to get free. He wondered if those very restraints added something to the pleasure. Could the straining at the handcuffs actually enhance the sensation? Perhaps it was like stretching when tired or sore; there was a kind of euphoria that came from working those muscles. Plus there was the excitement of being completely at the mercy of someone else. Maybe there was something to this whole bondage idea after all. He ought to give it a try himself some time.

He felt the end approaching, so he thrust even harder and deeper, faster and faster in a violent frenzy. Then suddenly his cock jerked inside of Allison's body, emptying its satisfying load deep within her. He continued to thrust as he shot over and over again as his orgasm overtook him. He loved the intense pleasure, especially with a woman as beautiful as Allison. It was almost unfair just how lucky he was to have her.

As the pleasure dropped off, he collapsed on top of her body. He lay there exhausted for a minute or two, then rolled over off of her. The two of them rested in post-orgasmic bliss for a while, both with broad grins on their faces.

Eventually he managed to work up the willpower to sit up. He grabbed the key to the handcuffs from the nightstand where he had placed it, then unfastened Allison. She immediately took off the blindfold and gazed at him affectionately.

"Wow, Greg!" she breathed. "That was the best sex I've had with you yet! We should do this more often."

He laughed. "Yes we should. Just don't think this gets you off the hook though. You're still going to have to come up with some more wild and crazy ideas to help me get over my inhibitions."

"Don't worry," she said. "This is nothing compared to some of the ideas I have."

"I can't wait."

They got up early the next morning and drove to the airport to catch their plane. Greg normally didn't enjoy aiports or long flights, though he had seen his fair share of both with frequent business trips. He didn't like the hassle of security and checking baggage, the long wait before the flight, or sitting in a too-small seat inside a tin can packed full of other sardines like him. True, he usually flew first class when the company paid for it and on special occasions like this, but he tended to be grouchy and irritable all the same.

With Allison it was different. She made him feel relaxed and comfortable. Her friendly and cheerful manner had a contagious effect on him; he found it impossible to be ill-tempered while talking with her. The wait in the airport seemed like the blink of an eye, and even the flight was just another chance for them to talk and joke and generally enjoy themselves. Before he knew it, the plane was landing in Maui, and the usually annoying flight was just a happy memory.

They collected their luggage, then headed to the rental car counter to retrieve the vehicle they would be using during the vacation. They climbed in and headed toward their lodgings. Greg had rented a quaint yet elegant villa outside of town, a little off the beaten track in fact. The back side had a balcony looking out to the west down to the shore and across the sea. Being a relatively unknown haven, there were few people around, which suited him fine. He understandably wanted a little privacy with his new bride during this vacation. There might be the occasional person or two wandering down the beach, but for the most part, it was like their own private little world.

Allison looked delighted when she saw it. She spoke aloud the words he had been thinking, commenting about how they wouldn't have anything to distract him from the "essential task of making love," as she put it. They unpacked their clothes, then changed into shorts and tee shirts and made their way down to the beach.

It was relatively unoccupied. Across the bay they could see the more crowded beach downtown, and in the opposite direction they noticed some kids playing frisbee about a mile away, but this stretch was theirs alone. They clasped hands and stood there for a while, letting the waves wash over their feet and relaxing in the afternoon sun. It was a very romantic setting, soothing and peaceful and especially pleasant with Allison there by his side. For now he could just forget all of his cares and be at peace.

Of course, they couldn't stay like that forever, and eventually Allison suggested they go for a walk. So they walked along the surf line toward the playing kids. He enjoyed a good walk along the beach, though he usually didn't like crowds. Most of the beaches in northern California where he lived were too cold, and in

southern California they were too full of people. This was a good chance for him to have fun his own way.

When they reached the kids, Allison asked them if they could join the game. Since they were all boys between about nine and fourteen, they were all to happy to let such a gorgeous woman play with them. Greg could see the same look in their eyes that he had had in his own the first time he had met her. Allison didn't seem to mind, and he wondered if she really was aware of the effect she had on men. Or boys for that matter.

They played frisbee for a while, having lots of fun. He hadn't realized just how athletic she was, but she ran for the frisbee and made diving catches, one time even ending up in the water. Fortunately the heat of the sun dried her off quickly. Allison certainly knew how to have fun.

Greg found himself spurred on by her example, trying to impress her just like the boys were. Somehow she brought out the inner child in him, a part of him that hadn't shown itself since he was, well, a child. It brought back fond memories of hanging out with his friends, tossing a football around, and showing off for any girls who passed their way.

All too soon it had to end. The mother of one of the boys called them home, so Allison and Greg made their way back up the beach to their villa. They drove into town and found a nice restaurant to eat dinner at, then returned home to relax and enjoy themselves.

After the airport, the flight, and the playing, Allison wanted to soak in a nice, hot bath. She asked Greg if he would join her there, so the two of them stripped off their clothes and climbed into the tub. They took turns washing each other's backs, then they changed positions so that they faced each other. Allison slipped her legs over his so that she was basically straddling his lap, and they made out like teenagers in the back seat of a car. Eventually they got so excited that they made love right there in the bath.

They didn't bother putting on their clothes; there was really no point after all. Instead, they slipped into bed and snuggled with each other until they drifted off to sleep.

When Greg awoke the next morning, he saw Allison standing out on the balcony, resting against the marble railing. Dressed in just her robe with her head turned to the side and her body outlined against a backdrop of palm trees, sea, and early morning sky, he thought she looked more beautiful right then than he had ever seen her. He had a sudden idea. Despite his sleepiness, he couldn't let this opportunity go to waste. He hopped out of bed and reached for his camera.

Allison saw that he was awake and started to come in. "Wait just a minute," he told her, so she returned to the balcony. He pulled the camera out of his case, removed the lens cap, and turned it on.

"Now lean up against the balcony again, just like you were just a minute ago," he told her, and she was happy to comply. "Now turn your head to the side again. Yes. Just like that. Perfect!" He tested the lighting and realized he needed a flash, so he took a few steps back to diffuse the lighting so it wouldn't result in a washed-out image. Then he snapped the picture.

Allison turned and grinned at him. "You know," she said, "If we're going to do this, we might as well go all out. Get your tripod."

Greg was thrilled by her enthusiasm. Any thought of returning to the warm bed immediately fled from his mind. He slipped on his robe and slippers, then fetched the tripod from his suitcase. Having once been quite interested in photography, he was still always on the lookout for photographic opportunities. He had invested in a compact tripod that he took with him on every vacation, just in case he needed it. He set it up in the bedroom and mounted the camera on it, taking a couple of minutes to move it and adjust the zoom for the perfect composition. Then he had Allison resume the same position as before so that he could get another shot just in case the spontaneous nature of the first one caused it not to turn out. He hit the shutter button and took the picture.

"Now face the camera and flash me that gorgeous smile of yours," he told her. She cheerfully obeyed, and he took another picture.

Allison turned out to be an excellent model. He had never doubted that she was photogenic, but her cheerful and enthusiastic attitude, along with her natural grace and comfort in front of the camera gave him plenty of material to work with. As she tried out various poses, he occasionally gave her suggestions, but for the most part she took over. All he had to do was press the button on the camera. She posed standing, sitting in one of the chairs on the balcony, leaning against the railing, and even sitting on it. Sometimes she smiled, sometimes she wore a sultry expression on her face, and sometimes she flashed him looks that were downright sexy.

Then he caught a wicked gleam in her eye, and he realized she had just come up with a naughty idea. A moment later he discovered its nature as she took hold of the drawstring of her robe and began to pull on it.

His heart raced as he realized what she was doing. Would she actually go through with it? Would she let him take nude photographs of her?

In one sense it seemed so wrong; his parents had always been strict about pornography, and he had adopted something of the same attitude. Sure he had looked at a few magazines when he was a teenager; what boy hadn't? But he had never told his parents, and as he matured he had tended to avoid it, especially since his first wife was even more strict than he was. If either of them had ever caught Jeff looking at dirty magazines, for instance, they would have grounded him until he turned eighteen. His wife would have tried for thirty if she could legally get away with it.

On the other hand, these pictures were for his eyes only. Allison was his wife, after all. What seemed sinful and dirty was actually perfectly acceptable under the circumstances. As long as she was willing (which was pretty obvious by the expression on her face), he could enjoy himself without guilt.

He took a couple of pictures as she pulled on the string of her robe, then suddenly the knot came undone. She adjusted the robe so that it didn't show anything but a thin line of her body running from her neck down between her cleavage until it disappeared as the folds of the robe met just below her navel. It was clear that

she wore nothing underneath it.

She tried out a few demure poses like that, almost but not quite revealing her naughty bits. In some she faced directly forward, while in others she turned to the side. In these cases, the curvature of one of her breasts became quite obvious and pronounced; only the nipple remained covered. She put one of her feet on the chair, displaying her long and shapely leg with only the hem of the robe strategically covering her between the legs. For the next pose she slipped the top of the robe off her shoulders, unfortunately keeping it closed with one hand clutching the inner edges together just above her breasts.

Then she got a little more daring and sat down on the chair facing the camera, her legs up and her feet on the edge of the chair with her knees spread and the robe completely open below her breasts. It showed a great deal of her cleavage but again no nipples, and only her hands folded in her lap hid her most intimate spot from view.

Greg felt himself growing a little warm (and a bit tight in the pants) as the pictures progressed, but he wasn't going to let the discomfort stop him. As long as Allison was willing, he wanted to continue this photoshoot.

"Okay, enough of this teasing," she said finally. She stood up and took her original position at the railing, but this time she opened her robe completely to his view. She turned her head to the side just like in the original pose, and Greg snapped the picture.

Damn, she had a gorgeous body! He was certainly going to get quite a collection of pictures here. He had once envied the life of a fashion photographer, and occasionally fantasized about being a photographer of a less reputable sort, but right now he didn't care for those professions in the least. He had his own absolutely gorgeous nude model right here!

Allison seemed to be just as excited as he was about these pictures. She enthusiastically posed in various positions ranging from innocent (or as innocent as possible without her clothes on) to extremely sexy. She used the robe to her advantage, sometimes holding it open, sometimes letting one or both of the sleeves fall off the shoulder, and eventually discarding it completely. She also used the chair and railing. In one picture she stood leaning up against the railing with her arms spread to the side on top of it as she lowered her head and stared into the camera with just a hint of a smile on her face. It gave her a somewhat hungry look, as if she knew what she wanted and she planned to take it. In another picture she lay with her back on the chair, her feet up on the railing, and her head upside down looking into the camera with her hair dangling on the floor. She clutched her breasts with her hand, making sure not to cover the nipples. In a couple of pictures she climbed right up on top of the marble railing and lay down on it, either on her back or on her side facing into the bedroom, her hand either resting on her hip or her elbow raised and a hand behind her head. This position was a little precarious, so he only took a few pictures like this.

She even did some more hardcore poses sitting in the chair with her knees spread and her hand between her legs, a look of pleasure on her face as if she were making herself feel really good. These ones really got Greg excited, and it took all of his effort not to just grab her right there, carry her inside to the bed and ravish her body.

He was having so much fun taking the pictures that he didn't even realize that several people had gathered on the beach and were watching the goings-on. When he finally noticed them, he turned beet red, especially seeing that one of the men employed a pair of binoculars. Allison noticed his mortification and glanced out to the beach and saw the people standing there. She laughed, obviously nowhere near as embarrassed as he was. Instead, she waved and blew a kiss to the voyeurs, then stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

The photoshoot had had its effect on both of them, so before showering and dressing they hopped back into bed for another lovemaking session.

They spent most of the day on the crowded beach in town, and frolicking in the ocean. Yes, Greg actually frolicked. Being with Allison sometimes felt a lot like being a kid again. She splashed him and jumped on his back and tried to dunk him. He soon got into the spirit of things, and the two of them played childish and immature games. He soon realized that he hadn't had this much fun swimming since he was a kid.

Of course, it was even better with a gorgeous woman in a tiny little bikini that she had bought that morning specifically for this vacation. It was bright pink, a vibrant color that stood out and tended to catch people's attention, not that she needed it much. Every man on the beach turned his head when she strolled out onto the sand, and Greg had a feeling that the color of the swimsuit had very little to do with their reactions. She ignored the unsuccessfully hidden lecherous looks (probably used to it, Greg figured) and held his hand. It was the strangest feeling in the world, to have men look at him with jealousy like that. Sure, people had been envious of his wealth or position before, but this was more of a raw, primal, and even spontaneous jealousy.

It didn't bother him; So far Allison had seemed completely uninterested in other men ever since he met her. She didn't give the young surfers and bodybuilders so much as a glance. True to her word, she was completely devoted to him and him alone. Once again he wondered what a young and beautiful woman like her could possibly see in an older man like himself. Still, it really felt nice.

For his part, he didn't look at any other women, but he couldn't claim any moral strength of character there. It had more to do with the fact that Allison provided him all the visual treat he needed. He loved seeing her body, especially damp and glistening in the sunlight. Her hair looked just as good wet as dry, perhaps even more so. And of course her playful smile as they wrestled around in the water multiplied her beauty by a factor of ten.

That night they dined on roasted pork and poi at a luau. That was Allison's idea. He would have been just fine finding a nearby restaurant, but she claimed that it was a crime to visit Hawaii without going to a luau at least once. He joked that he wasn't aware of any such statute, but since he was a law-abiding citizen, he felt it was his duty to go, on the off chance that it was true.

Afterward, they returned home to their villa. The sun was just beginning to set, throwing bright reds, oranges, and purples across the sky. It was absolutely gorgeous, a breathtaking sight from their balcony.

Allison and Greg glanced at each other. At the same time they both broke out in grins, and Greg reached for

his camera.

Chapter 6

Secret Paradise

Allison had an idea for an activity the next day. She had been to Maui before; the summer after her graduation from high school her family had taken a vacation there, and Allison and Rachael had borrowed the car one day to find a certain swimming hole that they had read about. It had a spectacular waterfall, and although the water was cold, the beach surrounding it was sunlit and warm. The two girls had liked it so much that they had gone three more times during their vacation. Only once had they encountered someone else there.

She wanted to share the secret with Greg now. Because it was relatively unknown, there was a good chance that they would have it all to themselves, which would give them an opportunity to take some more of "that kind" of photo in a beautiful setting. It was about an hour's drive plus a hike of about a mile in to the waterfall, but she promised it would be worth it.

Greg was all for trying something new, especially something involving Allison without her clothes on. So they ate a good breakfast and then immediately hopped in the car to head for the secret paradise.

The last few miles of the trip, the road was just gravel, and there was just a small parking lot. They found three cars already there, but Allison mentioned that there was an even more beautiful waterfall at the end of a different trail nearby, and almost everyone went to see that one. There was still a good chance that the two of them would be alone.

Greg retrieved his camera and tripod, and Allison carried the sack lunches that they had made up that morning. They headed out along a small dirt trail through the lush, tropical jungle. In any other situation, Greg would have insisted they stop periodically so that he could take some photographs along the way. But considering what lay in store for them, he wanted to reach their destination as quickly as possible. If he wnted pictures of the trail, he could always take them on the way back.

Half an hour later, the forest opened up to reveal the wonderland that Allison had been so eager to show him. The swimming hole was just the way she had described. It was essentially a small pool fed by a waterfall, surrounded on all sides by tropical forest and only the dirt trail connecting it with civilization. A sandy beach surrounded it on one side, and a moss-covered hill sloped down into the water on the other. In the heat of the afternoon, the cold water looked nice and inviting.

Despite Allison's claim that it was a secret, the two of them were not the only ones there, to his disappointment. A couple of women swam in the pool near the waterfall. Upon spying the newcomers, they waved. Allison waved back.

"Do you know them?" asked Greg.

"Nope," Allison smiled. "But people are really friendly here."

One of the women swam closer. When she neared the shore, she stood up, lifting her torso out of the water. Greg gasped. She was naked.

Allison noticed his reaction and laughed. "I forgot to tell you," she said. "This swimming hole is popular with nudists. You don't mind, do you dear?"

"Uh... no..." he said, unable to take his eyes off of the woman. She was young, maybe slightly older than Allison, with a nice body and a pretty face under her dark brown hair that hung limply and wetly about her shoulders. As he watched, she reached back and pulled her hair together at the back of her neck to gather all the strands away from her shoulders and face.

She approached Greg and Allison with a friendly smile on her face. "Hi," she greeted. "I'm Roberta Corrigan."

"We're the Primdales," Allison replied, seeing that Greg had a hard time speaking right now. "I'm Allison, and this is my husband Greg."

"Nice to meet you."

Allison glanced at Greg, then turned her attention back to Roberta. "You'll have to excuse him," she said.

"First time at a nudist swimming hole, no doubt," Roberta said affably.

Greg nodded. "Yeah," he said. "Sorry. I didn't know until you stepped out of the water. Kind of caught me off my guard, I'm afraid."

"That's okay. It's not the first time it's happened, and probably not the last."

The other woman had swum over, and was now wading toward the shore. She was every bit as lovely as her friend. Her hair was much lighter, almost but not quite blond. Her body was just a little more developed around the chest and hips, quite attractive in fact.

As soon as she reached them, Roberta made the introductions. "Kristen, this is Greg and Allison Primdale. Greg and Allison, this is my partner Kristen Millwood."

"Oh, so you two are lesbians," Allison smiled.

"That's right," Kristen grinned, then leaned in and gave Roberta a kiss on the cheek. The two women clasped hands, smiling.

Greg tried not to stare. He had a difficult time dealing with women who loved other women. He had been brought up in a very conservative household, so he was taught that only traditional relationships were acceptable. On the other hand, something fascinated him about such forbidden love. He had browsed a few

websites with images of women engaged in sex with other women, and despite everything he had been taught, he had found himself getting aroused by the pictures. He was no fool; he understood that it was quite common for men to be turned on by lesbians. He just had a hard time reconciling his feelings with what he thought he knew.

That didn't mean he had to be rude or mean to these women. It really was none of his business after all. He could be friendly and sociable with them, regardless of their sexual orientation.

"Allison and I are here on our honeymoon," he said.

"Congratulations," Kristen smiled.

"Thanks. Anyway, she's been to this swimming hole before, and wanted to show me. She didn't mention it was a popular destination for nudists." He said the last part in a playful, self-deprecating way so as to put the joke squarely on himself. The three women laughed.

"I hope you don't mind," said Roberta. "But if it does, Kristen and I brought a couple of bikinis that we can put on."

"Oh, you don't mind, do you, Greg?" asked Allison.

He shrugged. Part of him did mind, but most of him was more than happy to have the girls leave their clothes off. He felt kind of strange and just a little guilty staring at naked women while on his honeymoon with his gorgeous new wife, but then, Allison claimed she wasn't the jealous type, and so far her actions seemed to support that claim.

"It's all right," Greg told them. "I'm still getting over my initial shock, but I'll be fine in just a minute."

"Well then, everything's settled," said Allison. "Greg, you can leave your swimming trunks on if you want, but I'm going to take everything off."

He grinned. This much, at least, gave him absolutely no moral qualms. "Okay!" he exclaimed delightedly.

As Allison stripped down, Kristen and Roberta headed over to a couple of beach blankets that they had spread on the ground near the shore. As it was just outside the radius of the spray of the waterfall, it was a warm and sunny spot, perfect for sunbathing. They lay down on the blankets to soak up the rays.

Greg figured he could at least take off most of his clothes; he had come here to swim after all, and despite the presence of three gorgeous and naked women, he wasn't going to change his plans. He shed his shirt and pants, leaving only his swimming suit on.

Once Allison had taken all of her clothes off, she led him over to the beach, where she spread her blanket down near those of Roberta and Kristen. Greg thought it was perhaps a little too close for his liking, but the other women didn't seem to mind. In fact, he caught them sneaking admiring peeks at Allison's body. He

wasn't surprised; she had the most perfect figure he had ever seen, and it was bound to be appealing to men and lesbians alike. If it bothered her, she didn't show it. She simply sat down on the blanket and pulled out the bottle of sunscreen.

"Greg dear, would you mind?" she asked.

He didn't mind at all, so he took the bottle from her and began to apply it to her back.

"I have a favor to ask you," Allison asked the women. "Greg's brought his camera and his tripod, and he's planning to take some pictures."

"Of you or the waterfall?" asked Roberta.

"Both," Allison smiled. "Anyway, if you wouldn't mind staying out of the shots, we would appreciate it. We don't want to be too obtrusive; we'll work around you as much as possible."

"Oh, that's fine," Roberta told her. "Kristen here is a model herself."

"Really?" asked Allison delightedly. "Nude?"

"Sometimes," Kristen smiled. "You won't find me in many gentlemen's magazines though. Mostly I do fashion, with the occasional *artistic* nude photoshoot."

"I considered going into modeling," said Allison. "I've been told I have the face and body for it."

"You certainly do!" Roberta replied, perhaps just a little too enthusiastically.

"In fact, I did a little bit in college," Allison continued.

"I didn't know that," Greg commented.

"It was when I was in my photography phase," she explained. "I had my roommates pose for me. At first we kept it professional, then we started having too much fun with it, so we took a lot of silly pictures. They insisted that I do my share of the modeling, which I did. One of them commented that I had the looks for it, and I could probably do it professionally. I gave it a shot, and had some fun with it for a few months. Made a decent amount of money too."

"So did you do any nude modeling yourself?" asked Kristen.

Allison grinned. "Actually, you *will* find me in gentlemen's magazines."

"Are you serious?" asked Greg. "You mean you..."

"I didn't do anything hardcore, if that's what you're wondering," Allison replied. "Although I did do some posing with other girls. A couple of softcore lesbian shoots. It was actually pretty fun."

Greg nearly gasped. Allison had done *lesbian* photoshoots? That was something she hadn't mentioned to him before. He wasn't sure how he felt about that. It didn't really surprise him; she was the most uninhibited woman he had ever met. The revelation had caught him off his guard, however.

"Oh my god," Roberta breathed, a grin on her face and excitement in her eyes.

"But those days are behind me now. I was never really serious about it anyway."

"So Greg," asked Kristen, "does that mean you're professional photographer?"

"I wish," he smiled. "No, I'm afraid my job isn't so glamorous. I'm on the board of a real estate company. Photography's a hobby of mine though. I even won some awards back in the day, although I haven't really done much in the past five years."

"Well, now that you've got someone like Allison to model for you, I'll bet you pick it up again."

"I already have," he grinned.

"He took a bunch of nude photos of me yesterday," Allison commented.

Greg did gasp this time, surprised at how casually she talked about it.

"What?" she asked. "No, I'm not going to go blabbing about it to everyone we meet, but I don't think we need to worry too much in this company what they think of us. Besides, you were planning on taking more pictures of me today, weren't you?"

"Okay, good point," he chuckled. "Sorry. Just my old fuddy-duddy ways popping up."

"I hope you don't mind an audience for this photoshoot," said Kristen.

"It doesn't bother me," Allison shrugged. "What about you, Greg?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well, shall we get to it?" she asked eagerly.

Greg laughed. "As long as you're willing, I'm all for it."

The two of them rose to their feet, and Greg set the camera on the tripod. As he did so, Allison went exploring, looking for some good spots for posing. Being an amateur photographer herself, she had an eye for scenic views, so together they found a few good places.

First they set up on the beach, with her standing on the shore with the waterfall in the background. She looked stunning there, framed against the cascading torrent, especially nude. She first stood facing him with her hands on her hips and that smile he loved so much on her face. After he snapped the picture, she turned

one leg to the side, lifted the knee so that only her toes touched the ground, and put most of her weight on the other leg. Her hand rested on her thigh just above the knee. He found that pose to be even sexier for some reason.

She tried out various poses, some with her hands behind her head, some with her arms demurely covering her breasts and thing with a playfully surprised look on her face as if she had been caught unexpectedly. He took a few pictures as a closeup of her head and torso, with her face turned to the side and the waterfall blurred behind her, giving it a romantic look.

Then she got down and posed on her knees for a few shots, and even once with her hands on the ground and her head up facing the camera like an animal on the prowl.

As she continued to pose, sometimes sitting and sometimes reclining, he noticed Kristen and Roberta watching with interest. It didn't surprise him any more than it would have if they had been a couple of men instead of women. Nor did it bother him; Allison had already confessed that she had taken some naughty pictures with other women before, so at the very least she wasn't particularly homophobic. And as long as she was comfortable with it, he refused to let it worry him.

When she lay down on the ground, he moved the tripod to a different spot so that he could catch the glow of the sun on her skin just the way he wanted. She closed her eyes and let one of her hands slip between her legs. He watched with fascination as she slowly rubbed herself there, obviously not shy at all about doing this in front of an audience.

However, she didn't step over the line into pornography, keeping it tasteful. After a few minutes she sat back up. Greg didn't know how he felt about that. He wasn't into raunchy stuff, but he wouldn't have minded a little more of her self-stimulation.

"Do you want to do some in the water now?" he asked.

"Sounds fun," said Allison. She rose to her feet and brushed off the sand, then waded out into the pool. Greg took a few snaps of her back as she did so.

"That's good," he told her when the water was up to just above her knees. Allison turned around and smiled again. She put her hands behind her head and stood there as he took some more pictures. As on the beach, she took over, moving herself around in various poses as he snapped away. He loved the sight of her in the water like that, with the waterfall in the background and the waves lapping at her thighs. She let her face run the range of expressions, from demure and shy, to playful, to happy, to sultry, to aroused. She was certainly not shy in front of the camera.

Allison flaunted her body, posing in the most provocative ways. Sometimes she dangled her fingers in the water, sometimes she placed her hands on her hips, and sometimes she fondled her breasts. She lowered her head and stared straight forward with a lusty expression and her tongue sticking out to touch her upper lip. Then for the next shot she chewed on the tip of her finger with a shy look in her eyes.

She waded out further until the water rose to her hips. For some reason, Greg found the sight of her half hidden like that even sexier. It was the lure of the unseen, the center of her femininity lurking beneath the water where he could almost, but not quite see it. Of course, the part of her out of the water was plenty. Her body almost glowed in the sunlight, especially with the shady area under the waterfall behind her. He spent plenty of time taking photos and just admiring her gorgeous figure. He couldn't decide what her best feature was; her hair, her eyes, her smile, or her breasts. She was simply perfect.

"I'm going under," she announced, and he nodded. Allison turned and dove under the water, swimming gracefully out to the deeper part of the pond. She rose to the surface halfway to the waterfall, then waved to him, covered up to her shoulders. From her movements he could tell that she couldn't touch the bottom there.

He zoomed in and took a few pictures like that, but there was only so much the lure of the unseen could do, so these shots weren't anywhere near as interesting. He did manage to get a great one of her face with the sunlight shining on it, her hair over her shoulder, the brightness of her deep blue eyes as she gazed right into the camera, and a radiant smile on her lips. It just seemed to catch the essence of her face perfectly and beautifully.

She yelled something to him, but he couldn't hear her over the roar of the waterfall in the background. He cupped his hand over his ears to signal his deafness, so she pointed to the mossy rocks on the opposite bank. He nodded, and she swam over to them.

He followed her in the viewfinder of the camera, zooming out to better keep track of her, then back in when she reached the rocks. Fortunately, they were covered only in moss, not algae, or she might not have been so willing to climb up on them. The water was shallower there so she could stand up to scramble up onto the moss-covered rocky hillside. Greg had to wade out into the stream this time to keep the waterfall in the frame, but fortunately the tripod was waterproof. He set it down and adjusted it to get her in the shot, then gave her the thumbs up signal to start posing. She reclined against the hillside, lifting one of her arms to rest it on the slope above her head. She breathed in deeply to push her chest forward and emphasize her curves, and Greg snapped off one of the sexiest photographs he had taken yet today.

There were only a limited number of poses she could do on her perch, but she managed to get in several. She first lay on her back with her eyes closed, then turned to the side and smiled into the camera with her hand resting on her hip. She even blew him a kiss.

After a few more pictures, she stood up and dove into the water. Greg snapped a couple of rapid shots as she did so, photographing her in the air. There was something incredibly graceful about his wife, and the shot of her at the top of her arc managed to capture that grace perfectly. She came up near the center of the swimming hole, then glanced around. She pointed to the waterfall, and he nodded.

Allison swam over to it and found herself a nice spot where the water wasn't too deep and she could stand there up to her waist with the cascading torrent splashing all around her. As she bathed under the stream, she ignored the camera completely and simply ran her hands through her hair and over her body. Greg preferred it that way anyway; he liked the more spontaneous shots. He was happy to just stand back here and take the

pictures, letting her do whatever she wanted.

After a while, she glanced up again and waved at him. Then she once more dove into the water and swam toward him. Greg waited as she swam the length of the pool, standing up and wading the last twenty feet.

"How was that?" she asked as she came out of the water.

"Sexy," he grinned. "You know, I'm glad Rachael and you found this spot. It's perfect for taking pictures."

"Yes, well, unfortunately we didn't have a camera when we were here before. On the other hand, considering that Rachael was only thirteen at the time, we could get arrested for taking that kind of picture."

Greg laughed. He had a sudden image of a thirteen-year-old Rachael running through those same poses, and for some reason that excited him even more than seeing Allison like that. He had never been the type of man that liked young girls, but on the other hand, Rachael was absolutely gorgeous. He wouldn't mind seeing her naked, no matter her age.

What was he thinking? This was no time to be fantasizing about his wife's sister, especially when his wife looked as good as Allison did.

"You know, you're a natural," commented Kristen, approaching Allison. "You should have stuck with modeling."

Allison smiled. "If I had done that, I never would have met Greg," she replied.

"Well, it's not too late to go back to it. I've got some connections, and I'd be happy to make a few calls..."

"You're just trying to get your hands on copies of these pictures," laughed Allison.

"No, I'm serious. If you're interested, I could set something up."

"I appreciate the offer, but right now the only person I'm interested in showing my body to is Greg. But I'll tell you what. Let's exchange email addresses. Maybe we can get together some time."

"I'd like that."

Now Roberta approached them. "You know," she said, "I have an interesting idea. Go ahead and say no if it bothers you."

"I like it already," Allison grinned.

Roberta laughed. "Okay. Why don't we take some pictures together? You, me, and Kristen."

"You mean... all three of you? Naked?" asked Greg.

"Why not?" said Kristen. "I'm not shy in front of the camera, and apparently neither is Allison."

Allison glanced at Greg. "It's up to you, dear," she told him.

The thought of seeing these three beauties posing together, and recording it so he could see those pictures again any time he wanted, was almost more than he could bear. He was so excited he thought he might have a heart attack.

"Okay!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. The girls all laughed at his reaction.

He spent a moment finding a good spot to set up the camera so that the waterfall would be in the background. He planted the tripod as firmly as he could in the sand, adjusted the camera, then told them to begin. Since he had never done any photography of this sort, he suggested that they come up with the poses themselves, to which they happily agreed.

They started by standing together facing the camera, their arms around each other's waists, and smiling cheerfully. Allison stood in the middle, which emphasized her role in the shoot. It was for her husband after all. It wasn't a particularly provocative pose, but with the three women all nude, he found it quite arousing. He thought of Allison's words earlier that day talking about her modeling sessions with other girls. She had even done a few softcore lesbian scenes. He didn't know how he felt about that; on the one hand, he had grown up thinking that that was wrong. On the other hand, the very forbidden nature of it gave it a certain mysterious, tempting quality. The thought of seeing her with another woman excited him.

He wondered if he would get to see something similar today. After all, the other girls were openly lesbian. Probably not; just because they preferred the company of women over men didn't mean they would jump into bed with any beautiful woman they came across any more than he would.

He did notice, however, that with them like that, the sides of Allison's breasts touched those of the other girls. That gave him a bit of a shock, but not an unwelcome one. Did she even notice it the same way he did? Probably not, but he found that to be exciting in itself. It meant she wasn't opposed to touching another woman's body like that.

The second pose was even steamier than the first. This time, the two girls on the outside turned in to face Allison, pressing their bodies up against her side. They reached up and put their hands on her shoulders, and she let her own hands slip around their waists to hold them to her. It seemed that he was going to get a nice show after all.

When the two women leaned in and kissed Allison on the cheeks for the third shot, Greg thought he had died and gone to heaven. Allison flashed him that gorgeous smile of hers, and he felt his heart pounding in his chest and his breathing growing heavier. He even started to shiver, something he hadn't done since he was Jeff's age and snuck peeks at naughty pictures in magazines. That had been partly due to the fear of getting caught, but this time he trembled out of pure excitement. He shook so hard he almost couldn't even press the shutter button on the camera.

Then Allison turned to face Roberta and put her arms around the woman's waist. Roberta leaned in, her breasts mashing up against Allison's. Kristen pressed her body against Allison's back, and the three woman turned their heads toward the camera. Now the final barrier had been breached; if they were willing to touch each other like that, then there was no limit to what he might see today.

After he took the picture, Roberta whispered something in Allison's ear. It wasn't supposed to be a pose, but when Allison's face brightened at whatever the woman told her, Greg found it too alluring not to snap a photo.

Then the girls broke apart, but this time they got down on the ground. Allison knelt facing him, then Kristen lay down on her back, her head resting in Allison's lap and her body spread out to the side. Roberta knelt down on the opposite side, then leaned down, held Kristin's head in her hands, and kissed her fully on the lips. Greg hurried and took the picture, just in case he fainted from excitement. That didn't quite happen, though he was certainly feeling light-headed. He had to force himself to calm his breathing so that he wouldn't hyperventilate.

Roberta then scooted forward, kissing down her girlfriend's body as Greg watched in fascination and snapped the pictures. When Roberta reached Kristen's breasts and sucked her nipple into her mouth, Greg suddenly left the camera and dashed over to the water, where he splashed in up to his waist. The girls laughed in amusement as he stood there letting the cold water calm him down. It worked, and a minute later he returned to the shore, dripping wet but more composed.

"Sorry," he grinned sheepishly. "I was about to faint, so I had to do something to wake myself up."

"By 'faint' he means 'climax' of course," Allison explained, and the others giggled.

They continued the photoshoot, this time more spontaneously. The three women put their hands all over each other, sometimes kneeling, sometimes sitting up, and sometimes reclining. Allison didn't seem to mind when Roberta and Kristen ran their hands over her breasts, and Greg was surprised to discover that rather than being jealous or angry, he enjoyed seeing it. He probably would have had an entirely different reaction if it had been a man fondling his wife, but he didn't mind so much when it was a couple of gorgeous women.

As before, they kept the shots tasteful. Though they seemed completely uninhibited, the most they did was kissing each other's boobs, and that was limited to Roberta and Kristen. Allison didn't seem to mind putting her hands on the women's bodies, and she kissed each of them on the lips a couple of times, but she didn't use her mouth on any other part of their bodies, nor did she let them use their mouths on hers. Greg didn't know how to interpret that; perhaps she wasn't really a lesbian herself, but just didn't mind touching other women's bodies. Or maybe it was just because Kristen and Roberta were lovers, so taking things too far with Allison would be like having an affair with her. Either way, he was almost disappointed that she didn't go further with them.

After a couple dozen shots, Kristen suggest they get back into the water, so the three women stood up and waded into the pool. Greg followed them with the camera, letting them pose as they wished. These shots

were similar to the others, with them groping and fondling and kissing and licking each other. He couldn't keep the grin off his face as they played around for the camera.

After a while, they gave up all pretense of posing for the camera, and just splashed around instead like children. Greg was happy to take this kind of picture as well; there was something particularly sexy about beautiful women just playing like that. He continued to snap the photos for another twenty minutes until Kristen announced that Roberta and she had to leave. It was too bad, but they couldn't keep it up forever after all.

The three women left the water and dried themselves off. Before their newfound friends left, however, they exchanged phone numbers and email addresses with Allison. Roberta and Kristen dressed, then headed back up the path, leaving Greg and Allison alone.

He had already taken plenty of pictures, so for the rest of the time they just swam together in the water. Allison insisted that Greg remove his swimming trunks, and he grudgingly agreed. Actually, once he had them off he found it quite enjoyable. There was something liberating about skinny dipping, and doing it with a beautiful woman made it all the better.

They swam and sunbathed for another hour, but eventually they too had to leave. They put their clothes back on, then gathered up their things and returned up the trail to the parking lot and the car.

As they drove back to the villa, Allison reached out and took her hand in his own, giving him a smile. "Greg," she said. "Did you have a good time?"

"Let's put it this way. I think you need be taken out and shot."

"Shot?" asked Allison, surprised.

"Yes. By 'taken out,' I mean on a date, and by 'shot' I mean with a camera. I just hope this isn't the last time I get to shoot you," he grinned.

"Was that a joke?" Allison laughed. "Greg Primdale actually told a joke?"

"Hey, I'm not *that* boring," he complained facetiously.

"Of course you aren't," she smiled. "I was just kidding about that. But seriously, it didn't bother you when I posed with the girls? It looked like you were having fun, or I would never have done it. If you had asked me to stop at any time--"

"It's all right," he reassured her. "You wanted to help me to loosen up a little. Well, this sure helped. I can't deny that I enjoyed myself today."

"So did I. It was fun, wasn't it?"

He nodded. There was something else he knew he had to ask her, and now was a good a time as any. "So

Allison, does that mean...?"

"It means I don't see what the big deal is about touching another woman's body. It's just skin after all. It's not like I'm going to catch some fatal disease if my hand happens to touch her boobs, any more than I would if I touched her arm. The only difference is that a lot of men seem to get excited at seeing the one, but not the other. And I like to get you excited."

"It worked."

"So it doesn't bother you?"

"Well, it does just a little. My conservative upbringing and all that. Before today, I would probably have been angry to find out that you had done some nude modeling with other women. I would have thought it was a horrible thing. You have to understand that I was always raised to believe that it was wrong for two women to touch each other like that. I just... oh, I suppose it's all right. Allison, you've been absolutely wonderful these past few months, and I can't remember ever being so happy. So I have a choice to make. I can either staunchly hold onto the things I was taught and let this drive a wedge between us, or I can reject those things and accept you for who you are. I want to stay happy like this forever, so I guess my choice is obvious."

"I'm sorry, Greg. I wish I didn't have to make you choose between me and your upbringing."

"It's okay. I feel better about it already."

"Well then, I'm really grateful that you chose me. I won't say I love you, but I like you a whole lot, and ever since I met you I've been every bit as happy as you are."

"So I take it you didn't tell about your modeling before because you were afraid what my reaction would be?"

"Exactly. I guess I just hoped that if I waited until after the wedding, the commitment would be too strong for you to go back on it even after I told you of my extracurricular activities. I was just so afraid of losing you. I don't like the fact that I deceived you like that, but I did it for the best of reasons."

Greg sighed. "I don't blame you for waiting. But let me assure you that if you had told me early on, I still would have made the same choice."

"I guess you *really* liked that blowjob," she grinned.

Greg chuckled. "That's for sure!" he exclaimed. "But that's not all. Once I saw what you were really like, how good you are with the kids, heck, how good you are at everything you do, I realized I was the luckiest man in the world. You're the most perfect woman I've ever met, Allison. Even if I saw this as a flaw in your character, you would still be far beyond what I could have ever hoped for in a wife."

Allison beamed at the compliment. "Well, I know I'm far from perfect," she said, "but I like the fact that you think of me that way."

"But this brings up another issue. I don't know if it's a good idea to tell the kids about it. About today, and about your previous modeling experiences. Even if it's no big deal just like you say, I've always been a bit protective of them. 'Sheltered' is the word that comes to mind."

"You don't have to explain your actions," Allison told him. "I can tell that you love them very much, and you just want what's best for them. I won't necessarily bring it up, but if it happens to come up in the conversation, I'm not going to lie to them."

"How could that possibly come up in a conversation? 'Hey Allison, I was wondering something. Did you ever pose naked with other girls when you were in college?'"

Allison laughed. "I don't think it would be quite so blunt, but it's always possible. Look, Greg. I'm not ashamed of what I did. And from what it looked like today, neither are you."

"That's a good point. But I'm still not sure it's a good idea to tell them. I don't know if they're old enough to understand."

"I think Lissa's old enough by now. I don't have to tell you how mature she is, and I think she would accept it easily enough."

"I suppose so. And Jeff too, now that I think about it. I don't think there would be any harm done if you told him; in fact, he would probably get as excited as I was today."

They both laughed.

"I mostly worry about Brit though," Greg continued. "Maybe because she'll always be the baby of the family. It's going to be hard to think of her as anything but a child."

"Well, I'll hold off on mentioning anything to Brit for a few years. But like I said, if it happens to come up, I'll go ahead and tell them."

"Okay. But if any of my kids turn out gay, I'm blaming you," he laughed.

"Oh, so you're not quite over your moral dilemma after all," she teased.

"Not quite," he smiled. "I have to accept that this is part of who you are, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't be furious if, for instance, I found out that Lissa had a girlfriend."

Allison shrugged. "It's probably a moot point. From my conversations with her, it sounds like she doesn't have any lesbian leanings. Brit's too young for any kind of assessment, so we're just going to have to go by statistics and say that she's much more likely to turn out straight than gay. And I think it's pretty obvious from the fact that Jeff is madly in love with *me* that he likes women."

Greg laughed. "It doesn't surprise me that he likes you. Heck, if I were his age and my dad married a woman as gorgeous as you, I'd fall for her too."

"I could have a talk with him about it if you want, but really it's just a harmless crush. I'm sure he'll get over it on his own eventually."

"Oh, I'm not too worried about it, as long as I don't discover that you've made another one of those videos, this time with my son."

"Don't worry; I learned my lesson. I always check for hidden cameras before beginning a steamy love affair," she teased.

"Oh, very funny," he grinned.

"Just kidding. I would never jeopardize my relationship with you like that. You're just too good for me."

"You're good for me too. And I'm not just talking about sex. I'm talking about the little things. Like just sitting and talking at home, the romantic walks on the beach..."

"The lesbian photoshoots..." Allison interrupted.

"Yes, that too," he grinned. "To be perfectly frank, it got me *really* excited."

"Hence your quick dip in the pool."

He laughed. "Exactly. You realize of course that you're going to have to do something about that as soon as we arrive at the villa," he grinned.

"That was the whole point," she replied, and Greg suddenly couldn't wait to get back.

Chapter 7

Jeff's New Interest

Back home, things settled down a bit after the wedding. The first couple of weeks, while Greg and Allison were on their honeymoon in Hawaii, were a little difficult, because they had left Lissa to watch Jeff and Brit. She had the phone number of the Beauforts, a couple of empty-nesters who lived at the bottom of the hill, in case there was trouble, and Greg and Allison called in once a day to make sure everything was all right, that the kids were doing their homework and getting to bed on time. Before leaving they had made sure that there was plenty of food to last the two weeks, especially with the leftovers from the wedding.

More importantly, they had made Jeff and Brit promise to try to be nice to each other. That worked out reasonably well; only twice did they fight. It was the same pattern that often happened when Lissa babysat them. First Jeff teased Brit to the point of crying, then Lissa followed Brit to her room to comfort her, then Lissa returned to scold Jeff, then Jeff shouted at Lissa for taking Brit's side, then Lissa broke down crying, then Jeff felt guilty and apologized, then Lissa accepted his apology and hugged him, then she told him that Brit needed a hug too, then Jeff grudgingly went to Brit's room and apologized, then Brit hugged him, and then finally they were all friends again.

Jeff enjoyed the freedom of not having any adults around. Lissa was sometimes very mature, but she didn't seem to have the same issue with having fun that most adults had. The three of them played games together, or sat in the hot tub together, or now that the days were warm enough, swam in the pool together. Those were the times when Jeff enjoyed himself the most. Lissa liked to try to push him under, but although she was still a little bigger than him, he was always slippery enough that he managed to turn the tables on her and end up dunking her instead. Even Brit got in on the action, jumping on his back and wrapping her arms and legs around him to try to drag him down. He had to be a lot more careful with her because she was so small and fragile, so instead of fighting back, he would take a deep breath and go under, dragging her along with him. Since he could hold his breath longer than she could, she always ended up letting go of him to make her way back up to the surface. He never held her down; even though they fought and teased each other out of the water, he still loved her and wouldn't do anything to put her in danger.

It was during those pool parties that he began to notice Lissa's body. He had been interested in girls for a couple of years now, as attested by his infatuation with Kari Williams at school and Allison at home, but he had never really been exposed to the physiological differences between boys and girls. He had seen pictures in Sex-Ed class, of course, but those were just illustrations. Now, though, he found himself in the presence of a nearly sixteen-year-old girl with only a swimsuit covering her body.

Granted, her suit was a conservative one-piece that didn't actually reveal anything important, but it left her legs and arms bare, and showed the gentle curve of her waist and swell of her breasts, even displaying two bumps where her nipples poked against the fabric. When she bent over, he had a nice view of the valley

between her breasts, and he found that he liked it. Unfortunately, her swimsuit hid more than it showed, so he decided to do what any other thirteen-year-old boy would do in that situation. He would find some way to take it off.

That turned out to be surprisingly easy. One afternoon while they swam in the pool, he made his move. Ironically, it was Lissa that initiated it, though she could hardly be blamed; she didn't know what was going to happen, after all. Jeff deliberately turned his back on her to make himself an easy target for her to try to dunk him. He paid close attention to the sounds of her approaching him, though he tried not to let her know he was aware of her presence.

As soon as she jumped on him, he was ready. He squirmed in her grasp, managing to turn around and get a hold on her to try to wrestle her under. He put one of his hands on her shoulder, then deliberately lost his footing. His hand "slipped" and suddenly came away with the strap of her swimsuit.

It worked even better than he had planned. As he fell down into the water still holding onto it, it slipped the other strap off the shoulder as well, and suddenly the whole front of the garment fell away.

Before she could react, he released it and got his footing again. He took a moment to stare at her bare chest. Though he had not had much basis for comparison, he liked what he saw. Her breasts were not particularly big, but they seemed firm and perky. The small nipples in particular intrigued him; they were perfectly round and well defined, pointing straight forward.

It only took him an instant to decide that he wanted to feel them. And in that instant his mind hatched a plan. Though he had only had about half a second to view them, he immediately pounced on her. She half-shrieked and half-giggled, but she was still in too much shock to fight back. He managed to tip her over, and the two of them plunged under the water, arms wrapped around each other.

Her bare chest felt very nice against his own. He enjoyed the way her soft yet firm tits flattened against his body, and especially the way her nipples poked against him.

Then he felt another, less pleasant sensation. She was pounding him on the shoulder with one of her free hands. It was something she had never done before, and although it didn't hurt him, especially with the water to slow her fist, it alarmed him.

He quickly set his feet down and helped her gain her footing. She stood up, spluttering and coughing, and scrambling to pull up her swimsuit.

"Oh my god, Lissa!" he exclaimed in feigned shock. "I didn't realize--"

Brit stood nearby, laughing. For a moment, Lissa looked angry, but then she began to laugh too.

"That's okay," she said. "If I thought you had done it on purpose, I'd drag you to the bottom and sit on you until you drowned."

"Do it again, Jeff!" Brit giggled.

"Shut up!" Lissa snapped, but good-naturedly. "Anyway, I think it's time I got out."

That was really too bad, in Jeff's opinion, but he had no regrets. It had been worth it.

Since he didn't want to be left alone with his bratty little sister, he decided to get out too, and Brit followed. They dried themselves off, and Jeff deliberately avoided watching Lissa as she did so. No doubt she would be conscious of his eyes on her, so if he seemed too curious she might begin to suspect. There would be plenty of time later.

After changing one at a time in the bathroom, they divided up. Brit decided to sit in the front room watching TV, while Jeff and Lissa went to their respective rooms.

Jeff sat down on his bed, closed his eyes, and imagined her body again. It was the first time he had seen a real pair of boobs, at least that he could remember. Naturally he had breast-fed as a baby, but this was something different. This was a real girl. Granted, it was his sister, but that didn't change the fact that she was actually pretty, and in his opinion at least, she had a great body.

It still left him unsatisfied, however. That quick glimpse had been all too brief; he wanted to be able to sit and stare for as long as he wanted.

That was when he first came up with the idea of looking at internet porn. While not the same as a real live girl, at least he would be able to see as much as he wanted. All three of the children had computers in their rooms, and all were networked together and could access the Internet. His only hesitation was that he knew that his father would be mad if he found out. But that just meant that Jeff couldn't let him find out. He locked both the hall and bathroom doors, then sat down at the computer, his heart pounding in his chest.

A quick search led him to the *Lecher* Magazine homepage. Naturally, there was a warning not to go beyond that point if he wasn't over eighteen, but that didn't matter. There was no way they could trace him anyway. He clicked the "I agree" button and found himself staring at a list of article headlines with small pictures, mostly of naked women. But they were too small to get a good view.

There was a "Models" link, which sounded promising, so he clicked on that, which led to another page with a list of girl's names. Choosing one at random, he entered a page with a list of photo-shoots. He selected the first one, and suddenly he found himself staring at a page full of tiny images that seemed to be in a set. All of the images could be clicked on.

He started with the first one, which showed a good-looking woman with a dress on. He skipped forward a few pages until he found the first one where she was naked. It was a great view of the woman's body, with her standing there unashamedly and hiding nothing.

Her body was much more fully developed than Lissa's. She had great big boobs, but slender hips and a flat stomach. This time he actually got to see her pussy, which was completely hairless. For some reason she had

shaved it off. That just gave him a better view.

A few pictures later, she began to play with herself. She had her legs spread wide open, with one hand on her breast and one hand touching herself between her legs. Jeff felt a stirring between his own legs, and knew that he was getting an erection. And why not? Wasn't that supposed to happen when he looked at naked women? These past couple of years his erections had gotten more and more frequent, happening sometimes spontaneously and without any provocation. But according to his Sex Ed class, that was normal for boys his age. He decided just to let it happen.

A moment later there came a knock at his door.

"Go away," he said. "I'm busy."

"Jeff, I need to talk to you," came Lissa's voice.

A little angry, he closed the web browser on his computer. Then he got up, smoothed out his pants to make sure the bulge wasn't too noticeable, then unlocked and opened the door.

Lissa came over and sat down on his bed. He sat on the chair next to the computer desk.

"Look, if this is about what happened it the pool," he said, "I'm sorry."

"Oh, I'm not mad. Now that I've had a chance to think about it, I can look back and laugh. Although I'll admit, it's not exactly the kind of story that I'm going to tell my kids later on down the road."

Jeff chuckled. "Me neither. Can you imagine that? 'Look, that's Auntie Lissa. Did I ever tell you about the time I pulled her swimsuit off in the pool?'"

Lissa couldn't help but laugh at that. "So Jeff, tell me something. Did you do it on purpose?"

"What?" he asked, suddenly defensive. "No, of course not. I--"

"Tell the truth, Jeff. I promise I won't get mad."

Jeff stared at her for a second, as if unsure whether to confess.

"I'll take your silence as a yes," said Lissa.

"I... Oh, all right. I did it on purpose. Are you satisfied?"

"Why?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"You must have had a reason, or you wouldn't have done it."

"Well..." he said, growing red. "I just... I just have never seen a naked girl before, and so this just seemed like a perfect opportunity. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it."

"It's okay. I just want to know one more thing. Since you wanted to see my body so badly, does that mean you think I'm... well... sexy?"

"Er... I don't know."

"Oh, thanks so much for the compliment," she said sarcastically. "At least tell me whether you think I'm pretty."

"Okay. You're pretty."

"And sexy?"

"Why do you keep going on about that?"

"I'm just curious."

"Maybe we shouldn't be talking about that. You're my sister, after all."

"Come on, Jeff. Just tell me whether you think I'm sexy or not."

"Fine. I just started noticing how sexy you are this week, out in the pool."

"It was the swimsuit, wasn't it?" she grinned.

"Well, yeah."

"Okay. That's all I wanted to know." She got up to leave.

"Lissa," Jeff said.

"What is it?"

"You wouldn't really drag me to the bottom of the pool and sit on me until I drown, would you?"

She laughed. "Only if you try it again," she replied.

When Lissa returned to her own room, she immediately plopped down on the bed and shuddered. She felt both disgusted and excited at the same time. Somehow she had managed to conceal her feelings from her brother, but her heart had been pounding as she had sat on his bed next to him.

He had actually pulled her swimsuit off on purpose, and it was because he thought she was sexy! Her own

brother! She didn't know whether she should feel flattered or angry.

On the verge of turning fourteen, he had been developing in interesting ways in the past year. She couldn't ignore that his little-boy body was starting to develop a little muscle; she had noticed him in the pool the same way he had noticed her. And a few months ago he had begun to shave. There was something else about him too, a kind of smell perhaps, though so subtle that it wasn't even noticeable. But it sometimes made her shiver when he was around.

Despite his lack of self-confidence and his negative self-talk, he was far from the ugly kid that he claimed to be. His boyish face was losing some of its childlike innocence, and taking on more mature features. Even his freckles had started to clear up, revealing a surprisingly handsome face.

That low self-esteem had begun to peel away in the last few months, though. That was probably due to Allison. The woman was absolutely gorgeous, and yet very down-to-earth in her personality. There was no hiding that Jeff had a crush on her, but at the same time, he was able to talk to her, which did wonders for his confidence. In a few years, he might even work up the courage to ask out a girl.

For some reason, that thought gave Lissa a sharp pang of... something. She wasn't prepared to label it jealousy. Maybe since she was his big sister she just felt a little protective of him, and didn't want him to get into trouble.

She just couldn't get over the fact that he thought she was sexy. Despite her uneasiness, it did make her feel good. After all, if even her own brother thought of her like that, surely some of the guys at school did too. At the moment though, for some reason she didn't really care about their opinion. It was only Jeff's that mattered. Was he in his room right now thinking about her body? Imagining that sent a tingle down her spine.

She felt warm, perhaps even a little flushed. No doubt it was due to the heat of the day, and the fact that she had just put on her clothes after wearing a swimsuit for a couple of hours. Her clothes felt restricting and uncomfortable.

Since her door was closed and locked and there was no one to see her, there was no harm in taking off her shirt. She sat up for a moment and pulled it over her head, then dropped it on the floor and lay back. Yes, that felt much nicer. However, her jeans still felt too tight. She quickly stripped them off as well and lay down in just her underwear. She wondered what Jeff would think if he saw her now. The thought of him suddenly barging into the room and then staring in shock made her giggle. That would be awkward. On the other hand, he would probably enjoy the view of his sexy big sister. Not that she would ever allow such a thing. She wasn't about to pose half-naked for her little brother.

On the other hand, what if she wore a bikini out by the pool? It wouldn't cover up any more of her than her underwear, and it would be completely innocent. Okay, not *completely* innocent, but it wouldn't be anything that other girls didn't wear in public. Unfortunately, she didn't own a swimsuit like that; her dad would never approve of it. She wondered if Allison would take her shopping again some time?

She sighed. Knowing Allison, she would be in favor of the idea. But Lissa would feel too self-conscious about it, so she would never do it. Still, it was fun to fantasize about it. One look, and Jeff would probably lose all control of himself. He'd probably strip her out of it in no time flat, the pervert. Once again she giggled. If wearing a skimpy bikini in front of him would be fun, being naked with him would be even better!

She took a deep breath. Even though the hottest part of the day was over, for some reason she felt like the heat kept rising. Even her bra and panties were too stifling now. She shuddered as she thought about taking them off, feeling strangely guilty. That didn't make any sense to her; what was wrong with being naked alone in her room? It wasn't like she had never done it before. She took her clothes off every time she took a bath or shower, after all. But with her thoughts on her brother, it felt almost like he was in the room with her. Her little brother, staring at her as she stripped in front of him.

Before she knew it, she had her bra off and lay there with her breasts exposed to the eyes of the specter of her brother. It felt so naughty to lie here in front of him, even though she knew he was just in her imagination. But she had gone this far, and she might as well go the rest of the way. She slipped off her panties and let them fall to the floor, and lay naked, exposed, and vulnerable.

She closed her eyes and imagined him standing there beside her bed, staring at her. She trembled, feeling a little frightened but also excited. What would he do if she exposed herself to him like this? Would he blush and turn away? Would he dash out of the room? Or would he stay there with her, and perhaps see just what he could get away with?

She felt a hand between her legs and she almost yelped in fright. But it was just her own. Lately when she got into these moods it almost seemed to work independently, seeking out the most pleasurable spots of her body. She knew that what she was doing was dirty, or at least, she had always been raised to think that way, but she just couldn't help herself. She tried to be good, but sometimes she just needed to feel that kind of pleasure.

There were no men in her life right now other than her daddy and her brother, and she wasn't about to ask one of *them* to help her, so it was up to her to do what needed to be done. Maybe that was her own fault; she had unconsciously built a wall between her and all the boys at school because she was a little afraid of them. Ever since she had lost her virginity a couple of years ago to her first boyfriend, she had been turned off by sex. And since she knew that that was on the mind of every boy her age twenty-four hours a day, she really didn't want to have much to do with them. Her relationship with her boyfriend had lasted a grand total of three months. He had dumped her after she told him that she didn't want to have sex any more. And who could blame him? He probably sensed that she didn't think he was very good at it, and felt insulted. It was his awkwardness, his lack of emotion or romance that had spoiled it for her. Maybe some day she would find a man who could give her what she always dreamed of, but until that time she was a little hesitant about getting involved in a physical relationship. It was much more important to find someone who loved and cared for her.

Like her brother.

She gasped as a tingle ran up her spine. Her finger had just made contact with that sensitive bud. Or was that the real reason? Her train of thought had been derailed by that sudden sensation, but she remembered what she had been thinking about right before. She had thought about Jeff as a lover.

That felt weird, but at the same time a little thrilling. Oh, she would never go through with it of course, but here by herself, alone in her room, she could explore those deep, dark fantasies. It was wrong, horribly wrong, she knew, but that was what made it so exciting. The forbidden lust drove her deeper into the throes of passion.

She stuck her fingers of her free hand into her mouth, letting her teeth clamp down on them. It was a trick she had learned in those rare occasions when she pleasured herself, to keep her from crying out. It wouldn't do to have Jeff and Brit hear her and wonder what was wrong. That would be enjoyable, though. It was too bad she had locked the door, because otherwise he might burst into the room to see if she was in trouble, spy her lying there playing with herself...

"Oh Jeff!" she breathed, careful not to raise it above a whisper. Even that was enough to heighten her pleasure. She had actually vocalized her fantasy. Now it had left the confines of her mind and was out there in the real world, and she could never take it back.

Her hand was moving automatically still, rubbing and pinching at the center of her passion and sending electric thrills through her. She wouldn't be able to hold herself back much longer, and she didn't intend to. There was no telling when she would get another chance like this, and so she might as well make the most of it. A few more minutes and she would achieve that sweet release that she craved.

Jeff would make a great lover, she decided. Although he might be just as awkward as her boyfriend had been, at least she knew that he loved her. He would sense her own needs and involve her in his lovemaking as a partner rather than an object. He would take her slowly, gently, and lovingly as he entered her.

"Oh god!" she whispered as she imagined the act. She had almost forgotten what it felt like to be filled like that. But Jeff would do it for her. He would penetrate right into the very center of her being.

Her teeth tightened on her fingers so hard that she almost drew blood. She could feel the pleasure wracking her body as she reached a climax. Her entire body tensed, at the same time shuddering almost violently, and she had to use all of her willpower to keep from screaming right then. Somehow she managed to keep silent until her body finished its journey through that wall of ecstasy, and she collapsed back on the bed, completely exhausted.

Then the guilt hit her. She had actually masturbated to thoughts of her own brother! That was wicked and perverse, not something a good girl should do.

She got up and began to dress. From now on she wouldn't allow herself to lose control like that. It had been a moment of weakness, nothing more, and it wouldn't happen again. By the time she finished dressing, she felt fine.

After Lissa left his room, Jeff wasn't in the mood to look at naughty pictures any more. In fact, now that he had seen pretty much all there was to see (or so he thought), that was enough to tide him over for a couple of days. It wasn't until the day before Greg and Allison returned that he got another chance, especially since as the end of the school year was approaching, he had plenty of homework and studying to do. He wasn't too worried about the Math test he had coming up, since he had a simple, and admittedly pleasant, backup plan if he didn't get a good grade. But he had an essay to write for English class that he had been putting off for a month, and it was getting to the point where he couldn't procrastinate any longer. So when he finished it Saturday afternoon, he decided to reward himself with another look at that website.

This time he skipped the Models section, and went into "Couples." A moment later he found himself staring at a man and woman engaged in sex. Once again he felt that familiar stirring between his legs as he clicked through the pictures. He found it fascinating and exciting as he watched them progress. In some of the pictures the man had his penis in the woman's vagina, but there were others where it was in her mouth! That both shocked and delighted him. His friend Jesse had mentioned something about that before, but Jesse was such a pervert that Jeff never took anything he said seriously. He couldn't imagine that any woman would let a man do that to her. On the other hand, he imagined that it would feel extremely good. The thought of a girl's mouth wrapped around his own cock, using her tongue to stimulate it while she sucked on it, was terribly thrilling.

He spent about half an hour more looking at the pictures (for "educational" purposes, he told himself), then reluctantly turned off the computer. He still had a little more homework to do, and there would be plenty of time to continue later.

Greg and Allison returned home the next day. They spent all afternoon talking about their trip, and how wonderful and warm it was. Jeff felt a not-surprising stab of jealousy; what he wouldn't give to have been in his father's place! But he was becoming an expert at hiding his feelings around Allison.

All the next week, she seemed even happier and more cheerful than before. That wasn't surprising; she had just been married, after all. And although she had admitted that she wasn't in love with Greg, she was at least in love with the family as a whole.

Jeff spent the next week dividing his attention between lusting after Kari Williams at school, lusting after Allison at home, and fantasizing about the images he had seen. He was still pretty responsible about doing his homework; it was easy to set aside the time when he knew that in just a couple of weeks he wouldn't have to worry about it all summer. He was especially excited about this vacation because Greg and Allison announced that the family would go camping for a week in July. He hadn't ever camped out before, but Allison talked about it so enthusiastically that it sounded very fun. Of course, *anything* would be fun if it involved her.

He put off viewing naughty images for a few more days. He still thought it was wrong, so he rationalized that as long as he didn't do it too often, there was no harm. But Wednesday night he decided he couldn't wait any longer, and turned on the computer. This time he skipped the *Lecher* Magazine site and just ran a search for pornography. Two minutes later he was happily clicking through steamy images.

The door suddenly opened. Jeff hurriedly covered the screen. "You're supposed to knock!" he yelled. The door closed again, and he heard a knock. This time he had time to close the windows on the screen to hide what he was doing.

"Come in," he said, hoping that whoever was there hadn't seen what he had been doing.

Allison opened the door and walked in. "I'm sorry for not knocking," she said in a tone so sincere that he felt bad about yelling at her. She closed the door behind her. "I'm still learning the rules around here. I'll be more careful in the future about walking in on you while you're looking at porn."

"I wasn't--" he insisted, but she put a hand up to silence him.

"I saw everything," she said, and he began to grow red. The last person in the world he wanted to catch him was Allison!

"Oh, don't worry. I won't tell your father," she smiled. "I don't think he'd be quite as understanding as I am."

"So... you don't care?"

"Care? Of course I care. I want to know about the things you're interested in. But does it bother me? No."

As she spoke, she approached the desk, and before he could stop her, she took the mouse and brought up the window that he had just closed.

There was nothing he could do about it. There were the images, right in front of her. He wished he could crawl under a rock and die. He expected at any moment to hear her gasp at what she saw, or to hurriedly close the window in disgust, or to start lecturing him about how immoral he was.

"Is your homework done?" she asked.

That was certainly the last question he had expected from her. Was she blind or something? Could she not see what was on the screen?

"What?" he asked.

"I said, is your homework done? I told your father I would check on you to see if you finished your homework."

"Well... yes," he replied.

"All right then. Mind if I sit down?" Without waiting for a reply, she grabbed the chair from his other desk and rolled it over next to him. She sat in it and watched the screen.

He was too stunned to move. What was she doing? He didn't know what she expected of him. Was he supposed to turn off the computer, or close the web browser, or something like that? He had already said that he had finished his homework, so she wasn't expecting him to open up a word processor and start writing an essay, was she?

"Aren't you going to continue?" she asked.

"I... don't know. It's a little different with you here."

"I see. You're the kind of person who likes to look at porn alone."

"And... you're not?"

"I think it's much more enjoyable to do it with someone else. Kind of like sex. It's just not as fulfilling by yourself."

"I wouldn't know about that," he mumbled under his breath.

"Well, there's a first time for everyone. I'd be more than happy to be your first time."

"What?" he exclaimed.

"Looking at porn together," she explained, nodding toward the screen. Then she laughed. "I didn't exactly make myself clear there, did I?"

"No you didn't," Jeff chuckled, his embarrassment subsiding. Once again, Allison was showing her talent of making him feel perfectly comfortable in her presence.

"So I notice you're looking at pretty typical heterosexual stuff," she commented. "Is that your favorite? Man-woman, I mean."

"I don't really know. Is there any other kind?"

"Well, are you interested in lesbians, for instance?"

"What's a lesbian?"

She laughed again, then cut off when she realized it wasn't a joke. "You really don't know?" she asked.

"No."

"I can see your father has kept you sheltered," she said. "Already thirteen years old and you don't know what

a lesbian is. A lesbian is a girl who likes other girls."

"Don't all girls like other girls?"

"I mean, a girl who likes other girls sexually."

"Really?" he asked.

"Yes. It's quite common, in fact."

"That sounds... gross."

"Well, maybe you're not ready to see that just yet. But most men find it erotic. Some women, too."

"Well, they would have to, wouldn't they?" he said. "That's sort of the point."

"Yes, I guess it is. But anyway, maybe we could look at some lesbian stuff together some other time. Right now, if you want, we can just focus on the male-female stuff. Do you have any particular web sites that you go to regularly?"

"Um... no. This is really only my third time doing this."

"Oh, so you're just starting out. Well, I could--"

Just then, they head Greg calling for Allison from downstairs.

"Oops," she said. "I was just supposed to check on you, not look at naughty pictures with you. If your father asks, I was helping you finish up some math homework." She winked, then stood and turned to go. She hesitated for a second, then turned back around. Leaning in, she put her lips close to his ear. His eyes opened wide as he heard what she was whispering. It was a web address. She smiled and headed for the door.

"Enjoy," she said as she opened it and disappeared through.

He hurriedly typed the address into his browser, wondering what he would find there so intriguing that she would choose to tell him this particular address out of the millions of possibilities.

Even before the page finished loading, he gasped. There, in the center of the screen, was a picture of Allison herself, completely naked and having sex with a younger man! There was a "Play Video" link, which he eagerly clicked. His heart began to pound in his chest with anticipation for what he would see.

He was not disappointed. It was obviously a hidden camera showing a bedroom. The door at the far end of the room opened, and in walked the couple. She looked exactly the same as she did now; the video couldn't have been shot more than a year or so ago. The man was probably eighteen or nineteen.

They began to kiss, and the man started to fondle her breast over her shirt. A few seconds later, he turned her

toward the camera (she still didn't see it) and stepped behind her to kiss her neck. She lay her head back against him as he slid his hand down her torso and between her legs.

Jeff licked his lips; his mouth was starting to go dry. His cock, which had settled while Allison was in the room, now threatened to burst out of his pants as he watched her slowly being undressed on screen. Never had he expected to see someone he knew in a movie like this, and the fact that it was Allison, of all people, the most beautiful woman he had ever known... he thought he was going to pass out.

The man in the video started to unbutton her shirt from the top down, gradually revealing more and more of her chest. After the last button was finished, he pulled it open and ran his hands over her tits, which were now covered only in a black, silken bra. She began to turn around, but he stopped her motion by holding her tightly against his chest and firmly yet gently squeezing her breasts. Jeff felt extremely grateful to this unknown man, realizing that he probably did that so that the camera could get an excellent view.

About a minute later it paid off as he pulled the shirt off her shoulders and let it fall to the ground, then reached behind and unfastened the bra.

The instant her tits came into view, Jeff's heart literally skipped a beat. They were just as beautiful as he had imagined, large but firm with slightly undersized nipples, at least compared to those of the women he had seen on other web sites.

Jeff's heart was pounding so hard now that he could hardly breathe. There were two reasons for this. First, the fact that this was someone he knew, especially Allison, added to the thrill of it. Second, the thought that she had deliberately led him to this video! It was as if she wanted him to see her naked. It was almost too much to bear. And now, in just a few minutes, he was going to actually see her having sex!

Unfortunately, it was not to be, at least not that night. There came another knock at the door, and he hurriedly closed the window, cursing the interruption. Fortunately, he remembered the web address, so he knew he could return to it again later.

"Come in," he said. This time, it was his dad who appeared at the door.

"Hey, Jeff," Greg said. "We've got ice cream downstairs. You want some?"

"Um, sure," Jeff replied, trying not to sound as out-of-breath as he felt. Right now his heart was beating so loudly he thought his father would be certain to hear it, even from across the room. "I'll be down in a minute."

"Okay." His father closed the door. Jeff could hear him knocking on Brit's door down the hall to announce the treat.

Jeff closed his eyes and deliberately slowed his breathing to get his heart back under control. He felt the pressure subsiding in his pants, and a couple of minutes later he stood up to go down to ice cream. He would much rather have stayed in his room and finished the video, but thought it would be a little suspicious to

refuse the dessert.

Once downstairs, he scooped out a dish of rocky road and sat down between Lissa and Brit, who had dashed down the stairs as soon as their father had told them. He joined in the conversation half-heartedly, his mind still drifting back to that video. Allison sat across from him, and he couldn't help imagining her naked just like in the movie. What he wouldn't give to see that!

"So what did you think of that web site Allison showed you?" Greg asked him.

"Er... what?" he asked, surprised by the question. Had she actually told him?

"She said she showed you a new website. What did you think of it?"

He looked wildly at Allison for any sign of help from her, but she simply ate her ice cream as if there was nothing out of the ordinary.

"I..." Jeff stammered, trying to collect his thoughts. Obviously his father was neither surprised nor upset at what he thought Jeff had seen, so whatever the situation, the best solution was simply to treat it as casually as possible.

"I thought it was... it was..." he said.

"Educational?" Allison offered.

"Oh, it certainly was educational!" he blurted out, and Allison burst out laughing.

"What was that about?" Lissa asked.

"Never mind, dear," replied Allison. "It's an inside joke."

"So what was the name of the site?" Greg asked. "I might have to look it up myself some time. If it's as good as she claims, I could probably pick up a few pointers myself."

This time, Allison snorted so hard that she began to choke. Coughing and fighting back the laughter, she hurried to the sink to pour herself a glass of water. Everyone stared at her, trying to figure out exactly what she was thinking.

"I wish I knew what was going on around here," Lissa complained.

"Me too," Greg agreed.

Allison returned to the table, her laughter finally under control. "Yes, I'm sure it would be helpful for everyone in the family," she said.

"So what was the website?" Greg asked again.

Allison told him, and Jeff nearly sighed in relief. It wasn't the one with the video. In fact, this new site sounded like a perfectly legitimate educational site. But of course it would have been. Now that Jeff thought about it, it made sense that she wouldn't have told him the real site; he felt foolish for suspecting it even for a moment.

Later that evening as the children made their way upstairs for bed, Allison accompanied Jeff to his room. He wasn't sure if she was going to want to continue what they had started earlier in the evening, but just in case, he sat down in front of his computer desk.

Sensing the unasked question, she shook her head. "Not tonight," she said. "You've got school in the morning. But I promise, some other time."

Disappointed, he got up from his chair and then sat down on the bed.

"Allison, would you tell me something?"

"You want to know why I showed you that website earlier."

"Exactly."

"The scandal of your parents' divorce made the headlines in this town, but that video made a scandal in its own way. You see, that was one of my students, and I was fired because of it. Your father knows it; in fact, I told him the first day I met him because I didn't want to start out our relationship with any false pretenses. My 'mistake' is public knowledge, and now that the hubbub has died down about your parents' divorce, I figure it's only a matter of time before you stumble onto references to that little incident of mine. Naturally you'll be curious, and especially since you have a perfectly healthy interest in pornography, it's inevitable that you would find your way to that video anyway. Well, there's no getting around the fact that once you've seen that video you're going to start thinking of me in a different way. No doubt you were imagining me naked at the dinner table tonight while we were eating our ice cream."

Jeff began to grow red again, but Allison merely laughed.

"I was right, wasn't I? Oh, don't feel embarrassed. If you're going to have those thoughts about me, I'd rather know about it.

"Anyway, suppose you did find that video on your own. You would be torn by lust, feelings of guilt for what you would see as a form of invasion of my privacy, and of course, wondering whether to tell your father about it. You would probably think it your moral duty, if nothing else to protect him from another incident like what happened between your mother and him. On the other hand, you would also consider that it would be none of your business, as it was a private matter between that boy and me. Oh, and you wouldn't even know how to approach your father about it, plus you would be embarrassed to admit that you were looking at porn, especially involving me. In short, you would be fucked in the head. Do you get the picture?"

Jeff nodded. He was shocked to hear her use language like that; they had never been allowed to use even the mildest swear words in the house before. But she certainly got her point across.

"All right. So you might keep these feelings to yourself for months, or even years. That's not something you should have to go through. So now you don't have to. It's all really simple."

"Okay, that makes sense."

"Good. Oh, and by the way, I'm the one who suggested the ice cream. And yes, it was to take you away from the video."

"Why?"

"Because even as I left the room, I realized that I wanted to watch it with you."

"Really?"

"Of course. So do me a favor. Don't watch it until we have a chance to see it together, okay?"

"Okay!" he readily agreed. Of course, his heart had nearly exploded just seeing her naked on screen. He didn't know if he would survive having her there with him while he saw it. But at least he would die happy.

"And one more thing," Allison said as she turned to go. "That website that I mentioned to your father. You know, the legitimate one?"

"Yes."

"It really does exist. I would appreciate it if you would look it up some time so we won't be found out if Greg ever brings up the subject again."

Jeff nodded, and Allison smiled and left the room. He enjoyed sharing a secret with her, especially this one. He eagerly looked forward to when they could finish the business they had started.

Chapter 8

Jeff's Continuing Education

The school year ended with much excitement from the kids and much relief from the teachers and administrators. Jeff was of mixed emotions. On the one hand, he wouldn't see Kari Williams for another three months. On the other, he would see a lot more of Allison. He decided that all things considered, it was a net positive. At least Allison he could talk to, joke around with, and look at porn together with. Though he had been madly in love with Kari ever since he was old enough to like girls, he had never worked up the courage to actually talk to her. She was one of the more popular girls in the junior high, which meant a guy like him didn't have a chance. So he hid the torment of his tortured soul and pretended to ignore her.

Now that school was over, Jeff had much more free time with just his sisters and Allison, since Greg still had to work. Unfortunately, for some reason Lissa got it into her head that because she would be turning sixteen in a couple of months, she needed to find a job. Allison was more than happy to drive her around to the interviews, which meant that either she had to take Jeff and Brit along, or they had to have a babysitter, since Greg insisted that he was not old enough to stay by himself.

The times they went out with Allison weren't too bad. While Lissa was interviewing, Allsion took the other children around to the mall or other stores. It wasn't Jeff's favorite thing to do, but on the other hand, any activity with her couldn't be all bad.

When they hired a babysitter, however, Jeff usually just sat in his room playing computer games or browsing porn. It was getting frustrating not being allowed to view that video. He was known to bend the rules occasionally when he thoght he wouldn't get caught, but the promise that Allison would watch it with him did what rules could not.

Fortunately, less than two weeks after the last day of school, Lissa came home from one of her interviews ecstatic. It was with one of Greg's friends who needed a part-time receptionist in the afternoons, and he had seen first-hand how mature Lissa had become in the last year, so he offered her an after-school job starting in September.

Allison said she would have a talk with her later about finances and budgeting, but she didn't want to spoil her mood right now.

To celebrate, Lissa decided to go for a swim in the pool, which she hadn't had time to do since starting the interviews. Brit wanted to swim too, so the two of them changed into their swimsuits and headed out back.

Jeff had been in his room most of the day, so he hadn't heard the news. He had just finished reading one of his favorite novels and was sitting down to the computer for some porn browsing when he heard a knock at the door.

"Come in," he said.

Allison opened the door and stepped inside. "Good news," she smiled. "Lissa's found a job for next school year."

"That is good news," Jeff replied. "Now I won't get stuck with a babysitter any more."

Allison laughed. "Well, I was kind of hoping that you would be happy for your sister, but I guess that will have to do."

She closed the door behind her, then came over and sat down beside him. "So what are you working on?" she asked.

"Nothing yet. I was just about to... you know."

"Look at naughty pictures?"

"Yeah," he said with an embarrassed grin.

"Anything in particular you had in mind?"

"Well... now that you're here... I was thinking maybe we could look at that video together."

"I was hoping you would say that," she grinned. "Okay, go ahead and open up the website. I hope you haven't forgotten the address already, because if you have, I'll be offended."

"Oh, I haven't forgotten it!" he said, perhaps just a little too eagerly. He quickly typed in the address, and suddenly that image he had seen before appeared. Allison leaned in, putting an arm around his shoulder in the process. Jeff felt a tingle of excitement at the touch. Just being this close her was thrilling enough, and on top of that, he would be seeing her naked, in a sense.

Allison gave an embarrassed laugh. "That's not a very flattering picture of me," she said.

"What are you talking about?" asked Jeff. "I don't think it's possible to take a picture of you that's not flattering."

"Thank you, dear. You're very sweet."

"So are you ready?" he asked, indicating the "Play Video" button in front of them.

Allison sighed. "I guess so," she said.

Jeff clicked the link.

The movie came up again, starting with the empty room. Then the door opened and Allison came in with her

partner.

"I'm going to have to remember that hidden camera trick," Allison commented. "Speaking of which, you haven't planted any hidden cameras around the house, have you?"

"You mean like the one in your shower? I mean, no, of course not," he smiled, and she laughed.

"Now you're making me paranoid. I'm going to have to search the shower before I use it next."

By this time, the on-screen Allison was already being undressed. She had her blouse open and the man was fondling her tits through her bra. Then the blouse fell to the ground, and he reached behind her to unfasten her.

"Here it comes," said Allison with a grin.

"I saw this much last time," Jeff explained.

Then the bra came off, exposing her body to view.

"So what do you think?" asked Allison.

"Um... very nice."

"So do you think my boobs are too small?"

"What, compared to some of the other ones I've seen that look like they're so heavy they're about to fall off?"

Allison laughed. "I guess there is a limit to everything. I was just curious about what you thought."

"Well... I don't think they're too small at all." He couldn't believe he was actually having this conversation with her. She was discussing her breasts as if it were perfectly normal.

"So you like them?" she asked, in the same tone of voice that she would use to ask him if he liked her hair, or her dress, or her earrings.

"I think they're perfect," he told her.

"So what do like about them?"

"Um..." That was hard to answer. "Well, they're... um... the right size... and the right shape..."

"Come on, Jeff. That's just too generic. Tell me the truth."

"Okay. I like the nipples especially."

"I always thought my nipples were too small."

"Oh, no. I like them small. Especially when they're nice and clear like that. I've seen some pictures where the nipples are almost the same color as the rest of the girl's boobs, so you can hardly see them."

"Okay, so what about the color?"

"The color?"

"I like to sunbathe naked so that I don't get a tan line. Do you think it looks better that way?"

"Absolutely!" he said.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, since he's the one I'm trying to impress, I wonder if he likes a tan line or not."

"I have no idea."

"All right, then I'm going to go strictly by your own judgment. I'll have to do some naked sunbathing this summer. When you're not around, of course."

"Oh, I don't mind," he said before he could catch himself.

Allison laughed. "No, I don't think you would. But that's a line I don't think we should cross. I'm not ashamed of my body, but as long as I'm married to your father, I think I should limit who gets to see me naked."

Jeff felt a sudden stab of jealousy, but had to admit that she had a point. It was an unfortunate catch-22. The only reason he got to spend time with her was because she was married to his dad, but because she was married to his dad, he wouldn't be allowed to see her naked, at least in person. Well, at least there was the video.

By this time the man on the screen had taken off her skirt, and slid his hands down inside her panties. He began to rub her, and the Allison in the video looked like she was moaning in pleasure. It was too bad there was no sound. On the other hand, it wouldn't do to have *that* particular noise coming from his bedroom.

Then the man stopped and knelt down beside her. He kissed her hip, then reached around to grasp the waistband of her panties. Slowly he slid them down, revealing her beautiful, hairless pussy.

"So there you see it," the real Allison commented. "Now I'm completely naked. Do I measure up to your expectations?"

"Well, my expectations were very high..." he commented.

"Oh, thank you very much," Allison said sarcastically.

"But somehow you managed to exceed them."

She grinned. "I'll say this for you. You certainly know how to compliment a girl."

"Allison, can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"Promise you won't get mad?"

"I promise."

"Why don't you have any hair... you know... down there?"

"Because I shave it."

"Why?"

"Because I think it feels better during sex."

"Oh." She was certainly frank, but then again, so was his question.

By this time the man had stood back up, and the two of them were turned toward each other and were kissing passionately.

"One thing about that guy, he sure knew how to kiss," Allison said. "Let me give you a word of advice. How you kiss a girl will determine how your lovemaking will be."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"So what about you? How are you at kissing?"

"What?"

"Come on, Jeff. I'm being perfectly honest with you. The least you can do is do the same for me. How are you at kissing?"

"I think that's a little personal."

"Okay, I'll rephrase the question. How would you rate your experience with kissing on a scale of 1 to 10? For reference, the guy in the video is an 8. The only person I've ever met who's a 9 is my sister Rachael, and I figure somewhere out there there's someone who's a 10. So what are you?"

"Zero," Jeff mumbled. While that wasn't technically true, he didn't think kissing Lissa counted.

"Zero is reserved for people who have never kissed before," Allison said.

"Zero," Jeff repeated.

Allison just watched him for a moment, as if expecting him to explain himself. Well, there was nothing to explain.

"Hey, it's nothing to be ashamed of," she told him, sensing his uneasiness. "We were all zeroes at one point. We'll just have to work on that."

"Er..." he stammered, growing red.

Allison laughed. "I wasn't talking about myself, of course. So you can stop drooling. I just meant we're going to have to find you a girlfriend."

"Oh, um... yeah. But I'm too young for a girlfriend. I haven't even turned fourteen yet."

"My first boyfriend was in third grade."

"Yeah, but that's different."

"How?"

"Because that's just little kids playing around."

"Well, if you want to wait until you're a little older, there's nothing wrong with that. You're just missing out. Oh, here comes my favorite part of the video!" she suddenly grinned, turning back to the screen.

The couple in the movie had moved to the bed. The man had also undressed by this point, and lay down on his back. The Allison in the movie knelt on the bed by his legs, then grabbed his cock, lowered her head, and took it into her mouth.

"Oh my god!" Jeff exclaimed, thrilled at the sight.

"Don't tell me with all the porn you've been looking at, you've never seen a blowjob before."

"I... well... sure I have. It's just not the same to see someone you know doing it."

"Well, this one's pretty mild by blowjob standards. I didn't even make him come. It was just to warm him up. Make him plenty hard."

"So you don't mind doing that sort of thing?"

"Mind? I enjoy it. There's a certain feeling of satisfaction that I get when I make a man ejaculate in my mouth. I suppose it's just the thought that I have the power to give him that kind of pleasure. Besides, I like the taste."

"That's disgusting!"

"Wait till the first time a girl sucks you off. You'll change your mind instantly. Your father told me your mother never gave him oral sex; I was the first one that ever did."

"You mean you did that to Dad?"

"A number of times. I'm planning on doing it to him again tonight."

"Allison, I can't believe you're telling me these things."

"Why not?"

"Because... well... your sex life is personal. It's not the kind of things people talk about."

"See, I've never understood that. Why shouldn't people talk about it? Oh, I'm not going to go blabbing about it to strangers, but you're hardly a stranger, are you? Look, if it bothers you, I'll stop."

"Well, maybe it does just a little bit."

"You don't like to think about me that way?"

"That's not it at all!"

"Then you *do* like to think about me that way," she grinned.

"I didn't say that!"

"Oh, don't worry, I'm not embarrassed. It's my fault, really, for showing you this video. Unless you've been thinking about me that way since before I showed you."

"No!" he insisted.

"There's no need to get defensive, Jeff. Let me tell you what I think. I think you find me very attractive. Maybe you even get horny thinking about me. And you know what? I'm okay with that."

"Really?" he asked, stunned.

"Really. I think it's... well, I'll come right out and say it. It's a little exhilarating to catch you staring at me and imagine that you're undressing me with your eyes. I figure, what's the harm in a little fantasy? As long as we don't act it out, of course."

"Um, sure."

"All right, you don't have to tell me if it would make you uncomfortable. But just understand, I'm going to

believe that's how it is until you prove otherwise."

"Yeah, okay."

On the screen, the couple had changed position again, and this time Allison straddled him, positioning herself above his cock. Slowly she lowered herself onto it. They took a moment to make sure everything fit together correctly, then she began to move up and down on him.

"I always liked to be on top," the real Allison commented. "What about you? What's your favorite position?"

"Um, Allison, if I rated myself a zero on kissing, don't you think it's probable that I'm also a zero on... other things?"

"Oh, so you're a virgin?"

"I'm only thirteen!"

"Okay, I suppose at your age there's nothing wrong with that. I'll give it a year or two, but then I expect you to do something about it."

"Are you sure you're my stepmother, and not some evil being trying to corrupt me? Most parents, step- or otherwise, would encourage their children to wait as long as possible."

"I'm not an evil being as far as I know, though admittedly I haven't checked in a while," she laughed. "But seriously, most people start experimenting with sex when they're not much older than you. Sometimes younger. I figure if you're old enough to enjoy looking at porn, you're old enough to enjoy the real thing. So it's really rather pointless for parents to tell their kids to wait, because it's just not going to happen. I just want you to live a normal life, and that means losing your virginity in the next couple of years."

When she put it that way, it did make sense. It did seem a little strange talking to her about it, though. On the other hand, he found it much easier to discuss it with her than it would be with anyone else.

He returned his attention to the screen, where Allison was bouncing up and down in a frenzy. The boy rocked his hips up and down to match her motions. Jeff was getting very aroused by the sight, especially since the woman on the video was sitting right there with him. His breathing was growing deeper, his throat was dry, and he squirmed in his seat. Unconsciously, his hand went to her knee.

Immediately he knew he had made a mistake. He shouldn't be touching his stepmother like this, no matter how beautiful she was, no matter how much she excited him.

Allison could have handled it in several ways. She could have scolded him, or forcefully removed his hand, or turned off the video, never to watch it with him again. Instead, she took his hand from her knee and held it in her own hand in her lap. It was a simple gesture that both told him that he had crossed a line he shouldn't have, and at the same time let him know that she wasn't angry with him.

Her other hand went to his shoulder, where she began to rub him gently. He didn't know if it was an unconscious gesture like his hand on her knee had been, or if it was just to help relax him, but it did feel nice.

All too soon, the video ended. The on-screen Allison tensed up, throwing her head back in a silent scream. Her partner wasn't far behind. After they both climaxed, she lay down on top of him, and then the screen went dark.

"So that's it," the real Allison said. "What did you think?"

"Oh my god, that's the most erotic thing I've ever seen!" he told her.

Allison laughed. "It's always better when it's someone you know," she smiled. Then she changed to a more serious tone. "Jeff," she said, "I don't mind looking at naughty pictures and videos with you, but you need to be careful about what you do with your hands."

"I know, and I'm sorry. I just did it without thinking."

"It's all right, Jeff. Like I told you before, I'm flattered that you think of me like that. I just think we should be careful not to start down that road, because if we let it go too far, I doubt you would be able to control yourself. And I'm pretty sure I wouldn't."

"Really?" he asked, astonished.

"You've been nothing but honest with me, so I feel I should be honest with you. You're an attractive young man. You're sweet, gentle, and charming. Everything a girl like me could want in a man. If I were to lower my guard, I might wind up doing something I shouldn't. It's inappropriate not only because you're only thirteen, but also because you're my stepson."

"Wow. I guess I never really thought I could be attractive to someone like you."

"You'd be surprised at how many girls would find you attractive. You just need a little self-confidence, that's all. Anyway, the point I'm trying to make is I really like you, and I don't want to spoil that."

"Me neither."

"Good. Because there are plenty of other more appropriate activities we can do together. I think a good rule of thumb is that if you wouldn't do it with the rest of your family, then you shouldn't to do it with me, okay?"

"That works for me."

"I'm glad you understand. Speaking of activities involving the family, that reminds me that I have a promise to keep. I told you all I would take you camping this summer. What do you think of that?"

"That's a great idea," he smiled.

"Good. I'll talk to your father about it and we'll make a weekend of it some time."

That evening at the dinner table, Allison decided to bring up the subject of camping.

"Greg, do you remember last Thanksgiving I promised to take you all camping this summer?"

"So you did," he smiled. "I had forgotten about that. I haven't been camping since I was a boy."

"I've never been camping," said Brit with an enthusiastic grin. "Can we go, Dad?"

He laughed. "Lissa, Jeff, what do you think?"

"I'm all for it," Lissa replied.

"Me too," said Jeff.

"Well then it's settled. We just have to pick the day."

"Tomorrow!" Brit exclaimed with a grin.

"I'm afraid I have to work tomorrow," Greg told her.

"The next day then."

"These things take time to plan," Greg said. "We need to buy some tents and sleeping bags and things. Allison, do you mind being in charge? I'm afraid I won't be much help in that area."

"I don't mind a bit," she smiled. "As you said, the first step is to pick the day. Maybe next month some time."

"My birthday!" said Jeff.

"Now that's an idea," Greg said.

"Hey!" Brit complained. "How come we get to go camping on Jeff's birthday but not mine?"

"Because your birthday is in March," Jeff told her. "We're almost guaranteed to get rained on that time of the year."

"We'll just have to think of something special to do for your next birthday," Allison told her.

"Okay," she beamed.

They consulted the calendar and discovered that Jeff's birthday was on Monday. Greg said he would arrange to get off work that day, and they would go the whole weekend starting on Saturday. They put it to a vote and

it came up unanimous.

Over the next few weeks then began to buy the equipment for the trip. They visited a sporting goods store and bought a couple of tents: a three-man tent for Greg and Allison, and a four-man tent for the kids (Allison said that to be comfortable you should always use tents with room for an extra man). They also shopped for sleeping bags, a propane camp stove, and various other miscellaneous items. The shopping trips were fun family outings in and of themselves, especially with the anticipation of the upcoming camping trip.

During one of these trips to the sporting goods store at the mall, Jeff noticed that there was a movie playing in the cinema that he wanted to see, a sci-fi action flick with plenty of explosions. None of the girls were particularly interested, so Greg suggested that he and Jeff stay for the movie while Allison drove Brit and Lissa home. Greg had his cell phone, and would call after the movie finished so Allison could return and pick them up.

The girls had been home only a minute when the phone rang. It was one of Brit's friends, who wanted to know if she could come over for the rest of the day. Fortunately the girl only lived a couple of miles away, so Allison and Brit hopped back in the car. She dropped Brit off at her friend's house and drove back home. That left Lissa and Allison alone together in the house for a couple of hours.

With Brit and Jeff out of the house, Lissa decided to go for a swim. Ever since that incident in the pool, she had been self-conscious about swimming while Jeff was around, but now she decided to take advantage of his absence. As soon as she announced that she was going to go swimming, Allison asked if she would like some company. Since Lissa always liked spending time with Allison, she enthusiastically agreed.

Five minutes later the two women met out back by the pool. Lissa wore her conservative one-piece swimsuit and carried an inflated beach ball, but Allison showed up in a tiny little pink bikini.

"I bought this in Hawaii on my honeymoon," she explained. "Your father seems to like it."

"I can see why," Lissa grinned. It did very little to cover up her impressive figure.

"Of course, for obvious reasons I'm never going to wear it while Jeff's around," Allison commented. "Brit either, for that matter. I don't want her to get any ideas about the types of swimsuits she wears."

"Probably a good idea," Lissa replied.

Allison walked over to the side of the pool and slipped in. She went under for a moment and then came back up, letting the torrents of water run down her body. Lissa watched her in fascination. Allison's figure was absolutely perfect. With her body wet and glistening like that, she could be a swimsuit model. Lissa wished she had a figure like that. Of course, she was still developing, so she couldn't say what she would turn out like when she was Allison's age.

"Come on in," Allison smiled. Lissa headed to the steps in the corner of the pool. She slowly and gradually made her way down the steps until she stood on the bottom in the shallow end. Then she walked forward toward the deep end.

The two women relaxed in the water, floating on their backs or leisurely swimming from one end to the other. They tossed the beach ball back and forth, and even got competitive with a made-up game that had a vague resemblance to water polo. It ultimately broke down into a splashing match, and soon the two laughing, spluttering, and waterlogged girls climbed back out of the pool to dry off.

Lissa lay down in one of the beach chairs and started dabbing herself with her towel. Allison, however, hesitated.

"Lissa," she said, "would you mind if I took my swimsuit off?"

Lissa glanced at her in surprise. "Why?" she asked.

"Let's just say I have a hunch that your father likes a woman without a tan line," she explained.

Lissa nodded her agreement with an embarrassed smile. While Allison was always frank about sex, any mention of her father in a sexual way embarrassed Lissa. Allison didn't seem to notice, but removed her top and slipped out of her bottoms.

Lissa tried not to stare, but it was hard not to look at a woman with a body that perfect. She had the most beautiful breasts, and her hairless mound couldn't be any more ideal. Interestingly enough, Lissa felt completely comfortable with her. Her own body, though hardly measuring up to her stepmother's, was nice in its own right, and ever since that first day in the hot tub when Allison refused to judge her, Lissa didn't mind nudity with the woman.

"Why don't you take your swimsuit off too?" Allison asked. "The sun feels much nicer on bare skin."

Lissa didn't even hesitate, but quickly stripped off her garment and laid it neatly on the nearby patio table.

Allison reached for a bottle of suntan lotion that she had brought out with her. She squeezed a few drops onto her hand and then began to rub herself all over. Lissa watched her with the amusing thought that Allison had just graduated from swimsuit magazines to "gentlemen's" magazines.

Then Allison held out the bottle to Lissa. "Would you mind?" she asked.

"Mind what?"

"Putting lotion on my back. Just the parts I can't reach."

Lissa hesitated, nervous at the thought of touching a naked woman's body. But it was just her back after all. With any other girl she would have refused. But with Allison, it was different. That comfortable feeling she had with her stepmother included touching her as well. She took the bottle, and Allison turned around and sat

facing away from her.

Pouring some lotion on her hands, Lissa first rubbed them together and then began to spread it over Allison's back. Her skin felt soft and smooth to the touch, and very warm. Lissa found she enjoyed the sensation of running her hands over the woman's body.

It wasn't anything sexual, she decided. It was just friendly, perhaps a sign of trust between them that they were able to touch each other this way. It reminded her of images of apes grooming each other on the wildlife documentaries she occasionally saw on TV. It was nothing more than innocent affection.

As soon as she was finished, Allison offered to do the same for her, and she agreed. She sat down facing away from her stepmother, who poured some lotion into her hands and then placed them on Lissa's back.

The first contact sent a shiver through her; the lotion was a little cold. But that shock lasted only an instant, to be replaced by the tender caresses of Allison's hands. She relaxed and let herself enjoy the feeling. Yes, it was just two women making each other feel good, she decided. Nothing more, nothing less.

Even when Allison's hands reached over her shoulders and began rubbing Lissa's upper chest, she didn't mind. It was no more sexual than a hug. She enjoyed the closeness, the intimacy even. It didn't mean she was going to jump into bed and have lesbian sex with her stepmother.

"Put your hands up," Allison told her, and she trustingly obeyed. Allison put some more lotion on her hands, but this time she reached around and began to fondle Lissa's breasts. In the process, she pressed her own breasts up against Lissa's back.

That was a little less innocent, but she still didn't mind, assuming her stepmother had the same attitude that she did. She decided to ask her about it.

"Allison," she said. "You're just... you're just putting lotion on me, right?"

"What else would I be doing?"

"Well... I was just wondering if..."

"If I was trying to seduce you?" Allison completed for her.

Lissa couldn't help blushing as her thoughts were put into words, but she nodded.

"I guess it does kind of look that way, doesn't it?" Allison smiled. "But really, nothing could be further from my mind. I mean, I like you, Lissa. I think I'm even beginning to love you, but not in a sexual way. I've just never understood the taboos of nudity or touching. As far as I'm concerned, putting my hands on your boobs is no more sexual than shaking your hand. Does that make sense?"

"It makes perfect sense," Lissa nodded, relieved. So Allison had been thinking exactly the same thing Lissa was.

"It's even okay to enjoy it, in the same way you enjoy a hug," Allison continued. "But if you start getting aroused or feel at all uncomfortable, just tell me and I'll stop."

"Oh, I don't want you to stop," Lissa said cheerfully. "It does feel kind of nice. Like you said, a hug."

"Right, a hug," Allison echoed, then slid her arms around Lissa's stomach, drew her in, and embraced her tightly.

Lissa giggled. She had never expected that she would enjoy being touched by a naked woman. For that matter, she had never even thought of it. And yet here they were, both naked, and hugging. She wondered with amusement what people would think if they could see them now. What her dad's or Jeff's reaction would be.

Allison kissed her lightly on the side of the neck, then pulled back and returned to the task of applying the lotion. Lissa relaxed and let her run her hands all over her body. She didn't even protest when Allison's hand slipped between her legs; she just spread them a little to grant her better access. Allison didn't abuse her trust; she simply rubbed the lotion in and then worked her way down to Lissa's legs.

By the time she was finished, Allison had touched just about every square inch of Lissa's body. Lissa found that she didn't mind at all; on the contrary, she had enjoyed the contact. She lay down in the chair as Allison returned to her own. Both women closed their eyes and basked in the warmth of the sun.

After about ten minutes, Lissa felt she had cooked long enough on the one side, so she spread her beach towel on the patio and lay down on her stomach. Allison came over and spread her towel next to Lissa's to do the same thing.

"So Lissa," said Allison a couple of minutes later. "Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?"

"Not at all."

"Why don't you have a boyfriend?"

Lissa sighed. "I know, I figured it was only a matter of time before people started bringing that up."

"I'm sorry. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable."

"It's all right, Allison. I don't mind. The truth is, I'm not really interested in boys." That wasn't entirely true; she found some of the boys at school attractive, but also obnoxious and immature. In fact there was really only one boy she enjoyed being with, and that was Jeff. Especially since that incident with the pool a couple of weeks ago, she had begun to think of him differently.

"Does that mean you're a lesbian?" asked Allison.

"What? No, of course not!" Lissa replied, growing red.

"I'm sorry. Your answer was just a little ambiguous. I was just thinking, if you're a lesbian then maybe my touching you wasn't so appropriate after all. The last thing I want to do is start an affair with one of my own stepchildren."

Lissa blushed as that mental image popped into her head.

"I'm sorry, Lissa," Allison said with obvious sincerity. "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"That's okay. But really, I'm not a lesbian. I just don't think any of the boys at school are the type that I'd like to get close to."

"I suppose that's fair enough. I never really had a serious relationship until after I graduated from high school."

"Really?"

"Don't get the wrong impression," Allison laughed. "I had my share of boys chasing after me. And I even had a few boyfriends, but none that were good for anything other than the occasional fun time. I think most girls your age should be dating, but the last thing I want is to see you get into a relationship that isn't good for you. I just want to see you happy."

"Don't worry. Maybe when the right guy comes along I'll take a chance, but for right now, I'm happy the way I am."

"Well, when that right guy comes along, don't hesitate to ask me for help. I'm great at coming up with diabolical schemes," she grinned.

Lissa laughed. "Thanks, Allison."

"Anyway, I agree that there aren't too many good men out there. I'm really lucky I met your father. He's absolutely wonderful. He's a real gentleman. In fact, if he has one flaw, it's that he's a little *too* gentlemanly, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah, I guess Dad's really not the romantic type. He's always been a little formal. Sometimes I wonder if that's why my mom left him."

"Lissa, I don't want you to put too much thought into analyzing that, because if you do, you're bound to either come to the wrong conclusion or hate somebody or even blame yourself. Your mother left because she couldn't see how absolutely wonderful your father is like I can, that's all."

"And it doesn't bother you that... well, that he loved her first?"

"Honestly? I'm grateful to her for leaving your father just when I needed to meet a man just like him. For that, I can never really hate her."

"You've got a great attitude about this whole thing."

"It's not hard when I have everything I've ever dreamed of."

"A big mansion and lots of money?" Lissa grinned.

"Forget the money. That was what attracted me to your father in the first place, but I would give it all up if I had to choose between that and my new family."

"You really mean that?"

"Absolutely. I couldn't ask for a better husband than Greg, you make me so comfortable that I feel I can be completely honest with you, Brit is so cute and full of energy, and Jeff... well, I've had some time to get to know Jeff a little more lately. You mentioned there aren't many boys worth having as a boyfriend, but Jeff definitely falls into that category."

"Jeff does?"

"I know, he's your brother and all that, so I'm not suggesting you actually pursue a relationship with him. Not a serious one, at least."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing really. Just that it's natural for girls to experiment, that's all. And if they can experiment with someone they can trust, all the better."

"You think I should... experiment... with Jeff?" asked Lissa, shocked.

"You're mature enough to know where to draw the line," Allison told her. "And Jeff loves you too much to take advantage of you. If you're not interested in any of the boys at school, you could do worse than to experiment with your brother."

"But aren't you talking about... incest?"

"Incest is just a word that society uses to sneer at something that they don't approve of. I've never been a big fan of doing things just because society says I should. I'm not telling you what to do; I'm just letting you know of a possibility you might not have considered."

"I don't know. It sounds creepy." Actually, it sounded tempting. Who better than Jeff to help explore her emotions and even her sexuality? Like Allison said, he loved her too much to take advantage of her. And Lissa had already fantasized about him a couple of times. Perhaps it wasn't so bad after all.

"If it makes you uncomfortable, then don't do it." Allison shrugged. "It's really up to you."

Lissa considered it for a moment. She wondered if she could find a way to get him alone some time. Would

he go along with it? Would he actually let her fool around with him?

There was only one way to find out. She couldn't suppress her smile as she made up her mind.

Chapter 9

Family Campout

The drive out into the mountains was long but full of excitement. The strategic placement of Lissa between Jeff and Brit in the back seat of the van kept their bickering to a minimum, so they managed to keep a mostly cheerful tone to the conversation.

Allison kept them interested the whole time by telling stories and amusing anecdotes about when her family went camping when she was younger. They laughed at the tale of the skunk that had taken up residence in their campsite forcing the family to sleep in the car, and the time when Allison had gotten disoriented coming back from the bathroom in the dark and accidentally ended up in the wrong camp and even climbed into a stranger's tent, and the incident of the missing car keys (it turned out that a raccoon had stolen them, and then later changed his mind and brought them back). The kids wondered how many of these were true and how many were tall tales, but in the end it didn't matter. The whole point was to entertain them, and it worked like a charm.

She had been the one to pick the campground. It was a little known out-of-the-way place near a stream with several campsites and running water in the bathrooms. It had a couple of short hiking trails of not more than a couple of miles and a nice swimming hole about half a mile downstream. She said that unless things had changed since the last time she had been back there, there was a good chance that they would have the whole campground to themselves.

She was right. When they pulled in, they found the place deserted. That didn't mean it was dusty or overgrown or full of cobwebs; on the contrary, it seemed to be well maintained.

There was a small parking lot surrounded by about half a dozen camp sites hidden back in the woods with picnic tables and flat spots for tents. They surveyed the area and chose a site with room for both tents, then went to work setting up camp.

All things considered, they did a fairly decent job of it. Allison helped them set up the tents with only a couple of minor comments of worry from Brit that they were going to break the poles, since she didn't understand that the poles were designed to be flexible in order to create an arch to support the tent.

After finishing they unpacked the gear, unrolling the sleeping bags in the tents so that everyone could reserve their spots. Jeff didn't relish the thought of sleeping between his two sisters, but he was determined to enjoy himself on this trip so he didn't complain too much about it.

Even though there was a picnic table, they had also packed several folding lawn chairs, which they set up around the camp.

By the time they had the camp fully set up it was lunch time, so they gathered around the picnic table and ate sandwiches and chips. Afterward, they divided into various activities. Greg, who had done most of the hard work setting up the camp, was tired so he decided to just relax and read a book he had brought along. Allison had brought her camera, so she asked Brit if she would like to go on another photographic excursion like they had last November. Brit enthusiastically agreed, which left only Lissa and Jeff.

Lissa suggested they go explore the hiking trail that Allison said led to the swimming hole. Jeff wasn't in the mood for swimming, but Lissa said she just wanted to scout it out. So Lissa grabbed a little day pack from the tent and the two of them took off in the direction of the stream.

The silvery water looked cool and refreshing, and Jeff wished he had changed into his swimming trunks after all. The stream had a rocky bank, and a dirt trail ran alongside it, which the two siblings followed. They laughed and joked as they went, in high spirits from the freedom of the outdoors. Even after only a couple of hours here, he decided he liked camping. No wonder Allison wanted to take them. No doubt she knew that once they experienced it for the first time, they would be hooked.

In no time the campground vanished into the forest behind them and they found themselves in the deep woods. They didn't worry; with the trail so clearly marked there was no chance of getting lost, and in fact the separation from the others only added to their feeling of liberation.

Soon they came across what must be the swimming hole. It was a wide spot in the stream, shallow on the near side and deep on the far side. The water slowed down to a lazy crawl here. There was even a sandy beach, probably artificial because all along the rest of the river there were only flat river rocks. The forest opened up here, allowing the warm sun to beat down on them and relax them into a near lethargy. In short, the swimming hole was perfect.

"Let's rest here for a while," Lissa suggested, taking his hand and leading him over to a nearby fallen log that made a perfect bench. They sat down on it, and for some reason that Jeff couldn't understand, Lissa didn't drop his hand. It didn't matter; it wasn't like she was his girlfriend or anything, so it didn't really mean anything.

"This is nice," Lissa commented.

"What's nice?" asked Jeff.

"Everything. The campground, the swimming hole, you."

"Me? What's so nice about me?"

"You know I don't get along with any of the boys at school, so it's nice to have at least one boy I can talk to. Thanks for being such a good brother, Jeff."

"Well I think you're a good sister, too. I guess it's because I don't get along with any of the girls at school. And I *certainly* don't get along with Brit."

"I know. It's sad. She's your sister, Jeff. You're supposed to love her."

"I do love her. It's not that I *like* to fight with her. It's just that sometimes she's so bratty."

"So you have to be the mature one."

"Let's not talk about her right now. I'm in too much of a good mood and I don't want to spoil it with a lecture."

"Okay," Lissa smiled. "So what about the girls at school? Why don't you get along with them? I know some of the girls your age, and they're really nice."

"I know. There's nothing wrong with them. I guess I'm just shy."

"You don't have to be, you know. You're really good-looking, and really nice. I'll bet any girl in school would love to get to know you. Take Kari Williams for instance."

"Oh, come on. Don't tease me about her."

"I'm not teasing. I know you like her, Jeff. I think you should at least talk to her some time."

"One of the most popular girls in the school? Are you kidding?"

Lissa sighed. "You really need to work on your self-confidence."

"Allison told me the same thing," he replied.

"She's right."

"Probably. But it's hard."

"I've got an idea," Lissa grinned. "Why don't you pretend I'm Kari? Pretend we're at school, and you come up to me. What would you say?"

"I don't know."

"Just start. I'm sure it won't be as hard as you think."

"Well for one thing, I doubt I'm going to be holding her hand before I even start talking with her," he said with a grin, glancing down.

Lissa laughed and dropped his hand. "Okay, good point. So just start talking to me."

"But what should I say?"

"'Hi' is always a good opening line."

"Okay. Hi, Kari."

"Hi, Jeff. Let's kiss," Lissa grinned, then puckered up and leaned in.

Jeff burst out laughing, and Lissa did too.

"You see how easy that was?" said Lissa.

"Somehow I don't think it would be *that* easy," he answered.

Lissa put her arms around him and hugged him. "Jeff, you're really a great guy. You just don't realize it. I wasn't kidding when I said I thought any girl would love to get to know you."

"You're just saying that because you're my sister," he said, but he really did appreciate it. He put his arms around her waist and hugged her back. Normally he didn't like hugs, but for some reason this one was okay.

"No, I'm not just saying it because I'm your sister. In fact, if I *weren't* your sister, I would love to be your girlfriend."

"Okay, now you're getting weird," he said, but with a smile.

"I'm serious, Jeff. The reason I don't get along with boys my age is because they're all so stuck on themselves. It disgusts me. You, on the other hand, can be really nice when you want to be. I mean, when you're just being yourself. I love you, Jeff. And if I weren't your sister, I think I would still love you, after I got to know you of course."

"Come on, Lissa. Don't tease me like that."

"I'm not teasing. I just think you ought to give Kari a chance to know you, and I'll bet she learns to love you like I do."

"I hope it's *not* like you do. The last thing I need is another sister."

Lissa laughed. "You know what I mean," she said. "I just think if you put forth a little effort, you'd be surprised at the results."

"Okay, I'll think about it."

"Well don't think too long, because otherwise some other guy will come along who won't treat her half as well as you will. You wouldn't like to see that, would you?"

"No I wouldn't."

Lissa drew away, to his disappointment. He let go of her and just sat there with her for a minute.

"Oh!" she suddenly said. "I forgot to put on my sun block. I'd better put it on if I'm going to stay out here any longer." She reached into her day pack and rummaged through the items in there. A moment later she pulled out a bottle of sunscreen.

"You need some too if you don't want to burn," she told him.

"Yes, mommy," he teased.

"Tell you what. I'll do you if you do me."

"Okay," he shrugged.

Lissa flipped the top open on the bottle, then hesitated. "Why don't you take off your shirt?" she suggested.

"What? Why? I just need it on the parts that are exposed."

"I know, but what if you decide to go swimming later? Then you'll need to put it on again. This way you'll just have to do it once."

That made sense. He grabbed the bottom of his shirt and pulled it over his head.

Lissa poured some lotion on her hand, rubbed them together, then put her hands on his chest. She began to rub it in, and he felt strangely excited by her touch.

She rubbed him all over his chest, starting with his shoulders and working her way down to his stomach. When she reached his pants, he was surprised to feel her slide the tips of her fingers under the waistband and into his shorts. She skimmed across the top of the hair line.

It was only a momentary touch, then she withdrew her hand and finished rubbing his abdomen as if nothing had happened. He couldn't believe it; had she not realized what she had done?

She had him turn around, and she began to work on his back. He decided just to relax; if she didn't mind that she had touched him there, then he wasn't going to make a big deal of it, and perhaps embarrass her. If he did that, she might not want to keep doing this, and it really did feel nice.

All too soon it ended. She removed her hands from his back, to his disappointment, and he turned around to face her again. He was about to put his shirt back on, but she told him to leave it off. He didn't know why she asked him to do that, but he obliged her. The sun on his bare torso did feel rather nice.

"Now my turn," she said, holding out the bottle of lotion. Jeff took it, poured a few drops on his hands, and rubbed them together.

"So where should I start?" he asked.

"Start with my shoulders," she replied. She pulled the strap of her tank top off to the side to bare her shoulder

to him. It was a simple, innocent gesture, but for some reason seeing her there without that single little strap was strangely erotic.

He forced himself to clear that thought from his head, and began to rub her shoulder. She pulled aside the other strap as well to give him access to the other shoulder.

It was almost like a massage, as he rubbed the lotion into her skin. Lissa closed her eyes and smiled, as if enjoying the sensation of his hands on her body. Jeff certainly did.

"Now where?" he asked as he poured some more lotion onto his hands.

"Lower," she replied casually.

"Lower?" he asked, surprised.

"Yes. Do all around my neck."

A little hesitantly, he began to work her upper chest, trying to keep his hands from straying too far down. It was difficult, the swelling of her breasts began almost too high for him to apply the lotion without touching them. Somehow he managed to complete his task, though.

Then she looked at him with a strange gleam in her eye. "Lower," she said again.

"Lissa..." he began, but didn't know what to say.

"Jeff, can you keep a secret?" she asked.

"Um... sure," he said. "What's the secret?"

"It's not something I'm going to tell you," she replied. "It's something I'm going to do. Or rather, we're going to do together."

"What do you mean?"

"Remember this spring when you pulled down my swimming suit?" she asked.

Jeff began to grow red. "Yeah. I'm sorry about that."

"Don't be sorry," she replied. "I'm flattered that you wanted to see my body. In fact, if you want to see it again, I'll let you."

"What?" he exclaimed in shock.

"I want you to rub sun block all over my chest, just like I rubbed it all over yours. So I'm going to take off my shirt."

"Really?" he asked, a broad grin forming on his face.

"Really," she answered. "But there's something I want you to do for me too."

"What?" he asked.

"If you're going to see my boobs, I want to see your cock."

"Okay!" he agreed enthusiastically.

She smiled, then she took hold of the bottom of her tank top and with one swift motion pulled it over her head. Jeff stared in amazement at her bare breasts. He had only had an instant to look at them that spring, but now he took a good, long look at them. While they weren't as full as Allison's by any means, they were beautiful in their own way. She had a certain youthful charm to her figure, very attractive and appealing.

"Now you have to show me your cock," she said. Jeff nodded and unzipped his pants. He slipped the front of his boxer shorts down and let his member spring free. It was already hard from the view of Lissa's body.

Lissa's eyes lit up with delight when she saw it. "Wow, Jeff!" she said. "It's gorgeous! Can I touch it?"

Without waiting for an answer, she reached out and wrapped her hand around it. Jeff gasped as the contact send a thrill through him. He had never been touched like that before.

As if that wasn't enough, she began to stroke it up and down, which sent the pleasure through him in waves. He couldn't believe it! He never knew it was possible to feel this good!

"You still have a job to do," she told him. He nodded and squirted some more lotion onto his hands. He reached out and placed them directly on her boobs.

That felt wonderful too. He took a moment to get used to the feel of them; they were not too soft and not too hard. His hands slid all around them, massaging the lotion into them.

Something was happening to the nipples, he realized. They were firming up, getting harder. He glanced up at her face, but she had her eyes closed and was breathing deeply. Then he remembered reading somewhere that when a woman was aroused, her nipples hardened just like a man's penis did.

"Oh Jeff," she breathed, obviously enjoying this as much as he was. She hadn't released his cock, but continued to stroke it up and down. His hands fell into the same rhythm as he rubbed all over her breasts. It was delightful, exquisite, and absolutely wonderful.

Unfortunately, it had to come to an end. He suddenly heard someone calling their names from a distance. Lissa's eyes opened wide, and she hurriedly grabbed her shirt as Jeff stuffed his cock, a little painfully, back inside his pants and zipped up. Lissa barely had enough time to throw her tank top back on before Allison and Brit appeared, walking around the bend in the path.

"Oh there you are," Allison smiled. "Enjoying the sunlight, I see."

"Yeah, it's nice and warm here," Jeff replied.

"I see you found the swimming hole."

"Yes, isn't it great?" said Lissa. "Now I wish I had brought my swimsuit instead of leaving it back at the campsite."

"Well, maybe we can go swimming later. We've got all tomorrow and Monday to have fun. Today I just want to relax."

"And take photos," Brit added. "Smile, Lissa. Smile, Jeff."

They both grinned as she raised the camera and snapped a picture. Then she walked around them and took a few pictures of the swimming hole.

"Do you mind if we join you on your photographic expedition?" asked Lissa. "I'm in the mood for some company."

"And Jeff doesn't count because he's no fun to be with," Brit replied.

"That's funny, coming from you," Jeff said sarcastically. "At least I prefer the company of people to the company of a camera."

"Just because you're no good at photography."

"Come on, guys," said Lissa. "Let's not fight. We're supposed to be having fun."

"Okay," said Jeff. "Truce, Brit?"

"Truce," she agreed.

They spent the rest of the afternoon following Brit along the trail, suggesting pictures for her to take and reveling in the great outdoors. Jeff had to admit, he had been a little uneasy about this vacation, but now that he was out here, he decided it was great. And that wasn't just because of what had happened between Lissa and him.

They got back to camp a couple of hours later and found Greg napping in his tent. Allison slipped inside and woke him with a kiss, and he groggily returned to the land of the living.

With all the trees around, darkness came early to the campground. As Greg prepared a dinner of beef stew on the camp stove, Allison set about building a fire in the fire pit. It wasn't long before they had a nice, warm blaze going. They sat around talking and eating dinner as the sky darkened and night approached.

Jeff kept stealing glances at Lissa that evening, wondering what she was thinking. She seemed to have forgotten all about what they had done that afternoon, or more likely, was pretending that it never happened. He wondered if that was just so that the rest of the family wouldn't suspect, or if maybe she was ashamed and didn't want to think about it.

After dinner, Greg turned on the propane lantern that he had bought for the trip, which gave them enough light to sit around the picnic table and play card games. They had brought a couple of their family favorites, and they played for hours, laughing and smiling and having a great time, until it was time for bed.

By agreement, Lissa and Brit went into the tent first to change into their pajamas, then they emerged and Jeff changed into his. He wore a tee-shirt and sweat pants to protect against the chill of the open air. Even during the summer the temperature dropped into the fifties at night, not fatally cold but not pleasant to be in without warm clothes.

His sisters joined him in the tent, and they all climbed into their respective sleeping bags. None of them seemed to want to go to sleep; it was a new experience and therefore an adventure. They stayed up talking until they heard Greg's voice from the other tent telling them to quiet down.

They immediately fell silent, and Jeff lay there staring up at the domed ceiling of the tent for a while, thinking about a hundred different things. His sister Lissa was at the top of the list. He wished he knew what she was thinking, whether she wanted to forget all about what had happened that day or whether, life Jeff, she wanted to try it again some time. He knew it was naughty, but they were just fooling around, not being serious. That made it okay, or at least, not as bad.

Maybe he would get her alone tomorrow and talk to her about it. If she wanted to stop it and never think about it again, he wouldn't push her. He just had to know.

He was beginning to get drowsy, so he rolled over onto his side and closed his eyes, just listening to the sounds of the woods all around him. It was a peaceful symphony, very restful in fact.

He had just about fallen asleep when he heard Lissa shuffling her sleeping bag closer to his. Suddenly she was up against his back, and she slipped her hand down inside his bag.

"We never did get to finish what we started this afternoon," she whispered quietly as her hand sought out his crotch. Jeff nearly gasped as her hand entered his boxer shorts and fastened around his cock.

"I'd almost forgotten what one of these felt like until today," she said as it began to grow hard.

That at least answered his questions about her. She really *did* want to continue, and he was more than willing to let her. He smiled and let the pleasure take him as she stroked it slowly up and down.

It was an incredible feeling. He had always been conservative like his father; sex was just something that a person didn't do until they were older. It wasn't appropriate to receive any kind of stimulation on certain parts of the body. He had been so strict about it that he never knew what he was missing. Now as the almost

ticklish, intensely pleasurable feeling filled him, he realized this was one of the greatest sensations in the world.

Lissa seemed to enjoy stimulating him like that. She brought her head in close to his and kissed him on the side of the neck. Six months ago he would have squealed and pushed her away from him if she tried that, but this was different. It didn't feel gross or uncomfortable; it just felt nice.

With his mind focused on the sensation of Lissa's hand down his pants, he almost didn't hear the soft, nearly silent noise of his little sister whimpering in the sleeping bag next to him. He glanced over at her and saw her curled up in the fetal position, facing away from him. Her trembling frame and quiet sobbing alerted him that there was something wrong.

He should have expected that she would spoil his fun. Brit had notoriously bad timing, almost as if she planned it to be the most annoying to him.

Still, he couldn't exactly fault her if she was hurt or frightened. She was just a little girl after all.

He carefully reached down and withdrew Lissa's hand. "Later," he whispered. Then he turned over and put a hand on Brit's shoulder. "Brit, what's wrong?" he asked, also in a whisper.

"I want Daddy," she sobbed.

"Why? What happened?" he asked.

"I hear noises outside. Maybe there's an animal out there."

Jeff listened, but all he could hear were the usual sounds of the forest. The wind in the trees, the scratching of branches against each other, and the murmur of the river in the distance.

"Brit, there's nothing out there," he told her. "Now go to sleep."

"But I can still hear it!" she whined. Jeff rolled his eyes. It was her overactive imagination, nothing more. He decided to have fun with it.

"I know what it is," he said.

"What?" she asked.

"It's a ferocious, man-eating bunny rabbit! I hear they're common around here."

Brit couldn't help but giggle at the absurd suggestion.

"But seriously, Brit," he said, "this is the way forests sound. I'll prove it to you. Tomorrow when we're all in the camp, you go into the tent and listen. You'll hear exactly the same thing, and you'll know there's no animal out there because we'll be outside. Okay?"

"But that won't be until tomorrow. What if there really *is* an animal out there? What if it's a bear?"

"There aren't any bears around here. No wolves, no mountain lions, and no saber-toothed tigers either. Remember when you were younger and you used to hear noises at night, even in our house?"

"Yes."

"But it was just the normal creaks and groans of a house. Just normal sounds. This is the same thing. Forests have their own set of noises like that."

"I still want my daddy."

"I'll tell you what, Brit. Remember what you did when you heard those noises in the house and got scared?"

"I slept in your bed with you."

"Exactly. If you want, you can sleep in my sleeping bag tonight."

"Really?"

"Really. My sleeping bag's bunny rabbit proof."

She giggled again, then they both unzipped their bags. At first she tried to crawl in with him, but there wasn't enough room, so instead they opened them both up, spread hers on the ground, and threw his over the top of them. She snuggled up against his chest.

"Do you feel better now?" he asked her.

"Much better. Thank you, Jeff."

"I love you," he whispered. "Good night."

Lissa then climbed out of her sleeping bag and under the covers with Brit and Jeff. "Is there room enough for one more in here?" she asked.

Jeff wondered if she was going to try to continue their adventure, with Brit right there. "Um, Lissa... maybe we shouldn't."

"Shouldn't what?" she asked. "I just want to sleep in here with you too, that's all."

"Okay, fine," he replied.

She slid up against his back and put one hand over his arm to stroke Brit's hair.

"Jeff," said Lissa, "you're wonderful. You took care of Brit when I'm sure you'd rather be doing other things."

"Of course I'm going to take care of her. She's my little sister."

"I know. And I know you love her. It's just nice to see you showing it like this once in a while."

"This isn't going to turn into another lecture about how I shouldn't fight with her, is it?"

"No. I just want you to remember this moment. Remember how it feels. And just think about it next time you get into an argument with her, and then decide which you like better. That's all I'm going to say about it. Except to let you know that I'll think of a suitable reward for you."

Jeff laughed. "I can't wait," he replied, wondering what she had in mind.

"I love you, Jeff," she said.

"I love you too."

As it turned out, they *weren't* devoured by a wild bunny rabbit during the night. The three of them woke up safe and sound in the morning. Jeff was the first to wake, and he found himself with both of his sisters in his arms. Lissa looked so beautiful sleeping like that; he had always thought she was pretty, but he rarely got to see her asleep. Then he glanced down at Brit, and realized that she was lovely too, in her own way. It was more of a childlike cuteness, although he could tell that she would be every bit as beautiful as Lissa one day. Probably even more so.

It was times like these that he wished he wasn't so mean to her, even if she deserved it. He decided he liked being her big brother after all, even if the only time when he liked being with her was when she was asleep.

He heard hushed voices outside the tent, probably Greg and Allison. Apparently they had gotten up first. He wanted to see what they were up to, but he didn't want to disturb Lissa or Brit. So he contented himself with just lying there peacefully as his sisters continued to slumber in his arms.

Lissa was the next to wake. She opened her eyes and glanced around groggily. When her eyes caught Jeff's, she smiled. Then she saw Brit sleeping there and leaned over to kiss her on the forehead. Although Brit was usually a sound sleeper, this morning that contact was enough to wake her. She opened her eyes and smiled at her big sister.

"How are you feeling?" Lissa asked her.

"Fine," she said. "This is my first time sleeping outside."

"See?" said Jeff. "No wild animals ate you."

"Only because I had my big brother to protect me," she said, which made Jeff smile. It was unusual for her to say things like that, so he really enjoyed it when she did.

"Okay, I'm going to get up now," said Jeff, then lifted off the top cover. Immediately, a blast of cold air struck them, and he realized that the only reason he had felt warm was because he had the heat from his sisters' bodies keeping out the early morning chill.

He replaced the covers over the tops of his sisters, who scooted in and snuggled up next to each other. He hurriedly threw on a sweatshirt, then his socks and shoes and finally his coat. He unzipped the tent flap and stepped outside.

His father and stepmother were crouched by the fire pit, with a small blaze going. Apparently Allison was teaching Greg how to start a campfire.

"Good morning, Jeff," Allison smiled. "Do you want to learn too?"

"Sure," he shrugged. She reviewed some of the information she had told his father. The general idea was that the easier a material was to light, the shorter its life span. Therefore, one needed to gradually build up from the easy-to-light materials such as paper, through twigs and small branches, kindling, larger sticks, and finally long-lasting logs.

By the time she concluded her lecture, they had a nice fire going.

They heated a large kettle of water for breakfast, which consisted of instant oatmeal and cocoa. Jeff made a quick run to the bathroom, and by the time he returned Lissa and Brit were both up.

"So how did you all sleep?" Allison asked the kids.

"I didn't," Jeff said. "Brit's crying kept me awake all night." He spoke the words without thinking; he had gotten so used to teasing her that even though he didn't want to, he did anyway.

"You're a jerk!" she snapped.

"Kids, we're on vacation," said Greg. "Let's not start fighting."

"I'm sorry, Brit," Jeff said. "Really. I shouldn't say things like that."

"No you shouldn't," she replied, still frowning at him.

"So were you really crying?" asked Greg.

"Just for a little bit. I thought there was a wild animal outside of the tent."

"It did kind of sound like it, didn't it?" said Allison. "It's amazing how when you're out in the forest at night, every little sound seems to be amplified. You just get used to it after a while."

"Yeah, so I'm not a crybaby after all, Jeff," Brit said.

"Come on, I said I'm sorry."

"Fine. You're sorry. Now stop talking to me."

"So what did you do last night when you thought you heard the animal?" asked Allison.

"I just imagined it eating Jeff. Then I was fine."

"You did not!" he exclaimed. Then to Allison and Greg, he said, "We put our sleeping bags together so she could snuggle up to me."

Both Greg and Allison laughed at that.

"Yeah, I know it's hard to believe," Brit countered, "but even I make mistakes sometimes."

"Brit, will you just drop it?" Jeff demanded. "I said something I shouldn't have, and I feel bad about it. Especially since I don't like it when you're mad at me. Can we just assume you won this fight and get on with having fun on our vacation?"

"Thank you, Jeff," Allison told him. "You're being very mature about this."

"Why do you care if I'm mad or not?" Brit demanded.

"Because I'm worried that next time you're scared or unhappy you'll suffer in silence instead of coming to your big brother," he told her. "The thought of you alone and scared bothers me."

"Really?" she asked in a more subdued tone.

"Really," he replied. "Brit, I didn't mind your crying last night. I'm just glad that I could help you feel better. And just because I sometimes say things I shouldn't doesn't mean I don't care about you. Forgive me?"

She hesitated for a moment, then came over and gave him a hug. "I forgive you, Jeff," she said.

A cheerful atmosphere once again settled on the camp after that, and Jeff and Brit managed to keep from fighting all the rest of the morning.

The early morning chill burned off quickly, to be replaced by the warm summer sun. Pretty soon they all took off their jackets and sat around in short sleeves.

At about 11:00, Allison asked Lissa to accompany her into her tent for a minute. They disappeared inside, then emerged later with a couple of towels over their arms.

"Lissa and I are going to go to the swimming hole," Allison said.

"Let me know what you think of it," replied Greg. "Maybe we'll all go swimming this afternoon."

"That will be nice."

"Have fun," Jeff told them. The two girls headed off into the woods in the direction of the river.

Jeff wanted to explore one of the other hiking trails, but he didn't relish the thought of having Brit tag along, so he tried to think of some excuse to go alone.

As it turned out, Brit herself came up with a solution. She was sitting in one of the camp chairs when she suddenly pitched forward and fell on the ground. Jeff laughed, but Greg hurried over and picked her up. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Sorry," she said, growing red. "I just nodded off."

"Do you want to take a nap?" Greg asked, and Brit nodded.

"Jeff, I need to finish cleaning up from breakfast," Greg said. "Would you mind putting her to bed?"

"Come on," Jeff said, taking her hand. He led her over to the tent, unzipped the flap, and helped her inside. He folded her sleeping bag back over and zipped it part of the way up so that she could climb inside. Before he could get back up, she suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck.

"I love you," she said.

"Okay, fine. Now let me go," he replied.

"Not until you tell me you love me," she said.

"Okay, I love you. All right?"

She kissed him on the cheek, then released him. He gave an amused laugh, then left the tent.

Lissa and Allison arrived at the swimming hole. It was just perfect. With a small beach, a sandy bottom, and a slow current, it looked nice and inviting.

Allison immediately began stripping off her clothes, and Lissa followed her lead. By unspoken agreement, neither of the girls had brought swimsuits. Ever since that first time naked in the hot tub with Allison, Lissa no longer felt self-conscious about her body with the woman.

Once they had their clothes off, they waded into the water. The water wasn't particularly cold, which was nice, but it was cold enough that Lissa didn't want to just jump right in. She spent some time standing in the shallows getting used to the feel of it on her ankles, then her calves, then her knees. Besides, she liked the feel of the sun on her bare body.

Allison, on the other hand, waded out immediately to the deeper part, submerging for a second then standing up again to let the water run off her body. In the sunlight she almost sparkled. Allison had the type of hair that looked especially good wet. Once again, Lissa was reminded of just how beautiful the woman was.

Lissa continued to walk slowly out toward Allison, letting the water crawl inch by inch up her skin and watching her stepmother treading water further out. Lissa suddenly realized that this symbolized some of the difference between the two girls. While Lissa was somewhat timid, Allison had no fear. She dove right in to new experiences, literally in this case. Lissa had to laugh at the pun.

"What's so funny?" Allison asked.

"Nothing," Lissa replied. "I'm just in a good mood."

"Me too. I like spending time alone with you. It's too bad we don't get the chance more often. Why don't you come out here with me?"

"I'm working up to it. Don't worry. I'll be out there soon enough." She took another step forward.

By this point, she was up to her hips. She almost gasped as she felt the water lapping at her skin between her legs. In the last couple of years she had been growing increasingly sensitive there. The slightest touch could sometimes set her off, arousing her regardless of the situation she was in. She understood it was a natural part of growing up, so it didn't bother her. And occasionally, like right now, she enjoyed it. She stood there for a moment, letting the water stimulate her.

Allison watched her, but if she knew what Lissa was doing, she didn't say anything. Even if she did, Lissa wouldn't have minded. With anyone else she might have been embarrassed, but not with Allison. She felt completely comfortable in the woman's presence.

However, as much as she wanted to continue, she knew it would be too suspicious if she remained there too long. She continued her progress forward into the stream, wading in up to her waist.

"By the time you get out here it will be time to get dressed and go back to camp," Allison told her. She swam up close to her, then stood up in front of her. She grabbed Lissa's hand and pulled her toward the center of the swimming hole.

"Hey!" Lissa protested, trying to pull her hand away. But Allison wouldn't stop, and Lissa suddenly found herself up to her chest.

"Just go under once, then you'll be fine," said Allison.

"I will in just a minute," Lissa replied.

"Okay, you leave me no choice." Allison suddenly wrapped her arms around Lissa and pulled her under the water. Lissa had just enough time to take a deep breath before her head went under. She playfully struggled

against the older woman, who held her tight. Both girls kicked their legs, wrestling with each other under the water.

A moment later Lissa managed to break free and stood up, spluttering and laughing. She wiped the water from her eyes and slicked her hair back.

"You're mean," she said, but it was all in fun.

"I'm sorry, Lissa," said Allison with a wide grin on her face. "Forgive me?" She spread her arms in a gesture of asking for a hug.

Lissa reached in and embraced her. The two women held each other for a minute or two. Lissa enjoyed hugging Allison, especially when they were naked. Once again, she realized that an outside observer might get the wrong impression, but really there was nothing sexual about it at all. The two women were close friends, but that was it. The physical contact was simply an expression of affection. They had only talked about it once, and that was all they needed. Lissa was well aware of the fact that it wasn't typical for two heterosexual women to touch each other like this, but it didn't bother her.

Allison kissed her on the cheek, then drew away with a smile on her face. She lay back on the water and let herself float there.

Hidden behind a tree, a pair of eyes watched in shock and fascination as the women frolicked in the water. Jeff couldn't help but feel aroused by the sight of them together. While he had seen Lissa's upper torso before, and Allison on the video, seeing two naked women at once was twice as exciting. Furthermore, they had been hugging just a moment ago. Did that mean they were interested in each other sexually? Allison had talked about lesbians before, but had never imagined that his own sister and stepmother could be that way.

Unfortunately, from this distance he couldn't really get a good view of their naked bodies, but he dared not risk going any closer. He had not meant to follow them; it was just that the other trail that he was following had a side path that he had decided to explore that apparently led to the swimming hole. And now that he saw what was going on, he found it impossible to tear his gaze away. He wondered if Lissa and Allison would actually have sex, right there before his eyes.

When they emerged from the water a few minutes later, he watched in anticipation as they spread their beach towels and lay down in the sun to dry off. Unfortunately, his fantasy was not to be fulfilled; they were merely sunbathing. They didn't even touch each other.

All too soon the heavenly vision ended. The girls stood up and began to dress. Jeff took that as his cue to leave, so he crept back into the forest and continued his journey up the trail.

They all met back in camp for lunch. Jeff ate plenty, although his mind wasn't on the food; it was on what he had seen that morning. He wondered how that related to Lissa's and his playing with each other yesterday. Or was there any relation at all? Lissa had been involved in both; that was the only thing he could say with certainty. So she shared a dirty secret with Allison, and she shared a dirty secret with Jeff. How many other people were involved? Was Lissa secretly some wild woman masquerading as a serious, even a little repressed, schoolgirl?

He couldn't help laughing out loud at the absurd image that that brought to mind.

"What's so funny?" asked Lissa.

"Nothing," he replied. "I just had an absurd thought."

"About what?"

"Never mind that. Maybe I'll tell you later."

In the afternoon they all went swimming. Even Greg accompanied them. This time Lissa and Allison wore swimsuits, to Jeff's disappointment, though he hadn't really expected them to go naked again except in a fleeting thought.

This time it was all completely innocent fun, a regular family outing. The kids all got into a splashing contest, and even Allison joined in. She won.

As they dried off on the beach afterward, Allison taught them to skip rocks. They stood there happily playing together until one by one their arms got sore and they dropped out.

The good, clean, wholesome fun was entertaining enough that Jeff almost forgot about the earlier incidents, and his desire to continue what he had started with his big sister. He was really beginning to like camping, especially with Allison involved.

When they went to bed that night, he wondered if Lissa would try to do the same thing as the previous night. But she simply lay in her sleeping bag and went to sleep. Jeff's disappointment gave birth to a new feeling: jealousy. He found it surprising and a little ironic. He had never been truly jealous of his father even though Greg had Allison and Jeff didn't. But as he lay there in bed that night, he realized that he was jealous *of* Allison. Had the woman seduced Lissa away from him? What had *really* happened between them at the swimming hole? But he had been watching them almost the entire time; other than a couple of hugs and what looked like a kiss on the cheek, nothing serious had gone on between them. No, he couldn't really accuse Allison of stealing Lissa from him. It was more likely that Lissa was just a little confused about her emotions right now. If she needed time to sort them out, he would give her that time. And if she *did* choose Allison over him, well, he could live with that. His sister and he had only been fooling around after all.

There was something else he wanted, though. It wasn't sexual, it wasn't incestuous, it was only borderline intimate. Last night had felt so nice with his two sisters to cuddle with him, he wanted to feel that same way

again tonight. He felt awkward about asking Lissa for that favor, so he reached his hand out and placed it on his little sister's shoulder.

"Brit, are you asleep?"

"Yes," she replied, but even with a whisper he could sense the grin on her face.

"Do you want to sleep like we did last night?" he asked.

"I thought you didn't like it," she told him. "I thought my crying kept you awake."

"I was only kidding when I said that. Any time you want to sleep in my bed like we used to do when we were kids, you go right ahead."

"Thank you, Jeff," she said, then began to unzip her sleeping bag. Five minutes later they lay there together in each other's arms, both smiling contentedly.

The next day was Jeff's birthday, and they celebrated it not with a cake, but with a peach cobbler that Allison cooked up from one of her family's secret recipes. They stuck fourteen candles in it and lit them. Jeff made the secret and absurd wish that Allison would seduce him, never expecting it to come true. But that was the point of birthday wishes. He blew out all the candles in one breath, and then they dug in. It was the first time Jeff had ever tasted anything like it, and it was delicious.

Greg said there hadn't been room to bring his presents, so they would have to open them later after returning to the house. That gave Jeff plenty of motivation to help break the camp that afternoon. He found that he enjoyed the work; it was fascinating to see the camp transformed from a place where a family could live for two days into a wilderness area where there was no hint that they had ever been there before, all in the space of less than an hour.

It was a little sad to leave the camp, but he knew this would not be the last time they did it. Allison insisted that Greg make a promise that they would make it a family tradition, and with enthusiastic encouragement from his children, he readily agreed.

Jeff secretly hoped that certain events during the campout would become traditions as well.

Chapter 10

Auntie Rachael

The rest of the summer passed quickly, too quickly in the kids' opinions. All too soon, the new school year began. This year, Jeff was a freshman in high school, which meant he had his big sister to "take care of him." That consisted of her occasionally saying hi to him in the halls while he pretended not to know she existed. It wasn't that he didn't like her. He just felt that being her little brother somehow made him somehow inferior to her in social status, and the last thing he needed was to feel inferior to a girl.

Lissa began her new after-school job, which meant she didn't get home until dinner time on the weekends. That, unfortunately, left Jeff and Brit without a big sister to keep them in check, and although Allison stepped in when things got out of hand to keep them from murdering each other, she did so reluctantly, not wanting to be seen as the authority figure in their lives.

Then one afternoon in October Greg gathered his children into the living room to talk with them.

"Allison and I are going away for the weekend," he said. "We're going to spend a couple of days in Vegas. We'll leave Friday night and come back Sunday evening."

"But Friday I have the slumber party over at Debbie's," said Lissa. It was no wonder she brought that up; Lissa didn't socialize much. She was too busy trying to keep Jeff and Brit from murdering each other. The last time she had spent the night at a friend's house, she was only seven.

"Don't worry; we won't make you miss it," Greg told her.

"Can I take the car?" she asked with a grin.

"Absolutely not," her father responded. "Not while I'm out of town. If you were to have an accident--"

"All right," she said, disappointed. "So how am I supposed to get there?"

"I'll have the babysitter drive you over."

"Babysitter!" Jeff protested. "We don't need a babysitter!"

"Yes you do. I would trust Lissa to watch you as usual, but she's not going to be here for half the time."

"But I'm as old as she was when she started watching us."

"Lissa is very mature for her age."

"Yeah, and I'm just a big baby apparently," mumbled Jeff.

"That's enough, young man," Greg stated firmly. "This is not open for discussion. We've already called the babysitter. She'll be here when you get home from school on Friday."

"It's not Brenda, is it?" Brit whined.

"No, it's not Brenda," said Allison. "Someone new."

"Oh, great. She'll probably turn out to be some eighty-year-old woman who wants us to sit and look at pictures of her cats all day," Jeff complained.

"I'd like to speak to you alone for a minute, Jeff," Allison told him. "Come with me, please."

He reluctantly followed her up the stairs to his bedroom. She grabbed her purse on the way up. Once in his room, she opened it and pulled out a wallet. This she spread out to reveal a series of photos, which she rifled through until she found the right one.

"My sister Rachael," Allison explained, pointing to one of them. "You remember her, from the wedding."

Jeff most certainly did remember! The family resemblance to Allison was very clear. She had the same long, brown hair and penetrating blue eyes. In the photo, she sat on a bench in a park, wearing a light tee-shirt and shorts, with a baseball cap on her head. She was almost as pretty as Allison herself.

"She's nineteen, not eighty," Allison grinned. "She doesn't even own a cat, much less have pictures of one. She likes sports and physical activities of *all* kinds," she added with a sly wink, but the meaning was lost on Jeff, "and she likes to try new things. So you can decide what you want to do, and she'll be more than happy to oblige you. Just don't try any tricks, because if you start playing those games, she'll win every time."

"Well, I suppose she's all right," Jeff replied, trying to hide his excitement.

When Friday came around, he couldn't wait to get home from school. He daydreamed through most of his classes until the last bell rang, then he hurried out to the bus as if the sooner he got there the sooner it would leave.

The ride home seemed to take twice as long as usual, but that was mostly because of the anticipation. As soon as the bus dropped his sisters and him off, he almost ran to the front door of his house. He noticed an unfamiliar car in the driveway, probably Rachael's.

As soon as he opened the door, he spotted Rachael sitting with Greg and Allison in the front room. She looked just like he remembered her from the wedding, with long brown hair and a face similar to Allison's, but five years younger. She had her hair pulled back in a ponytail, and wore a green tee-shirt and jeans. She looked very pretty like that, though he still thought Allison was even prettier.

Her face lit up with a smile when she spied the three children. "Hi, Lissa, Jeff and Brit," she said. "Remember me?"

Boy, do I ever! Jeff thought, but said instead, "Of course."

"We're going to have so much fun this weekend," she told them. "I've got some games we can play, but if you have things you want to do instead, I'm happy to go along."

"All right, Rachael," said Greg. "Allison and I are going to head out now. We just wanted to wait to make sure the kids got home safely. There's a hundred dollars on the dining room table for emergencies, and you're welcome to use some of it if you want to take the kids out to eat or to see a movie. I told them you would be happy to join them in whatever activities they want to do, but they're to remember that you're in charge here. Lissa needs to be at her friend's house by seven tonight, so you might want to go grab something to eat on your way over. Lissa will call you Saturday afternoon when she has to come home, so make sure you're here and available. I want the kids in bed by nine." Then he glanced over at Jeff. "Actually, I think Jeff's old enough that he can start making those decisions for himself. He's allowed to stay up as late as he chooses, but make sure he's up by eight in the morning. He needs to learn his own limitations, so don't push him too hard to get to bed early, unless he abuses it. You got that, Jeff?"

"I can stay up as long as I want. Got it," Jeff replied.

"Not as long as you want. Just as long as you can handle and still wake up at a decent time in the morning. I'm leaving it up to you to figure out how long that is, whether that's ten, midnight, or five a.m. Just remember that Rachael has to sleep too, so if she wants to go to bed before you do, you need to stay out of her way and be quiet, all right?"

"I think he's got it," Rachael said. "And if not, I brought my whip along to make sure he doesn't get out of line."

"What about your guillotine?" joked Allison.

"I was considering it, but I usually don't like to behead anyone until at least the second babysitting job."

Greg chuckled. "I'm sure they won't be any problem, but if they are, give me a full report when I get back, and I'll take appropriate measures."

"You got it."

"All right, we're going to head out now, so we'll see you on Sunday."

Allison gave Rachael another quick hug, then Greg and Allison disappeared through the door.

"Can I ask you something?" said Jeff.

"Sure," Rachael smiled.

"You don't live anywhere near here, but you drove all the way here to babysit us. I'm sure Dad and Allison could have found someone closer."

"And you want to know why they had me come over instead?"

"Exactly."

"I volunteered."

"Why?"

"To get to know you three, of course."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. This is my first time being an aunt, so I wanted to spend some time with my new nieces and nephew. Although, I don't feel old enough to be an aunt, especially to a couple of teenagers. So why don't you just think of me as a friend instead?"

"Fine with me," Jeff grinned.

"As long as you're on my side," Brit said.

"What do you mean?"

"When Jeff and I get into fights, of course," she giggled.

"Hey!" Jeff exclaimed.

"Please, Auntie Rachael?" Brit asked, flashing her "I'm so cute that you can't refuse me anything" smile. She had it down to an art; it worked on Greg, it worked on Allison, and sometimes it even worked on Jeff.

"Allison was right," Rachael laughed. "You're really an adorable girl. I can see we're going to get along great."

"So you'll be on my side?"

"Tell you what. Why don't you and Jeff promise not to fight? Then there won't be any sides at all."

"Might as well have them promise to stop the sun from shining," Lissa commented. "It would probably be easier."

Actually, there was surprisingly little fighting between Jeff and Brit. Although it was too cold for outdoor activities, there were plenty of things they could do inside. Since there were four of them, they decided to go doubles at ping-pong. Lissa suggested that they keep Jeff and Brit off of the same side, so Rachael

volunteered to be on Jeff's team, to his delight. He hoped that she wasn't very good at it, so that he would have to show her how to hold the paddle, and maybe even give her a little hands-on training on her posture and how to swing.

Unfortunately, she was even better than any of them. She explained that not only did her family have a ping-pong table, but also there was one in the rec room in her dorm at her college, and every Tuesday a lot of the girls would get together and hold a tournament. Since Rachael was very competitive, she frequently won.

After Rachael decisively beat the girls (with only a little help from Jeff), they decided there wasn't enough time for another game before dinner. Since Rachael had to drop Lissa off at her friend's house for the slumber party anyway, she offered to take them all out to to eat on the way over. The children of course agreed, and they decided on a buffet and salad bar that was one of Jeff's and Brit's favorites, one of the few things they actually agreed on.

Jeff didn't eat as much as he usually did here; he was trying to impress Rachael and didn't want to make a pig out of himself. He limited himself to only two and a half plates, plus dessert.

After dinner, they headed over to Debbie's house to drop off Lissa, then returned home. This time Rachael brought out a deck of cards and taught Jeff and Brit a couple of card games. They played until it was time for Brit to go to bed.

"I'll go tuck her in," Rachael said. "Come on, Brit." The two girls ascended the stairs, leaving Jeff alone in the front room.

He couldn't help smiling. In a few minutes he would have the chance to be alone with Rachael. Not that anything would happen, of course. For one thing, she was five years older than him, and older women intimidated him. Since he was naturally shy anyway, he wouldn't dare to try anything. Plus, she probably thought of him as a little kid. She was his babysitter, after all. Still, she was fun to be around, and he looked forward to spending some time alone with her.

When Rachael returned from Brit's room, she sat down on the couch next to Jeff. "Your sister's really a doll," she said.

"No, I'm pretty sure she's human," he replied with a grin.

Rachael laughed. "No, I mean, she's one of the cutest little girls I've ever met. Give her a few more years, and she's going to be breaking the hearts of all the boys at school."

"Sure she is," he snorted.

"Really, your whole family is good-looking. Take you for instance."

"Me? I'm just a nerd."

"No you're not. You're really quite handsome. If you just had a little self-confidence, all the girls at school would be falling all over themselves trying to get to you."

"Flattery alert!" Jeff exclaimed sarcastically.

"Well, if you don't want to believe me, I guess that's up to you. You almost make me wish I was five years younger."

"Why, so you wouldn't be old enough to babysit us, then you wouldn't have to be here right now?"

"Okay, why is it that any time I try to give you a compliment, you throw it in my face?"

That made Jeff feel a little guilty. "Sorry," he said. "I'm just not comfortable with compliments."

"Then I guess we'll just have to work on that."

Jeff shrugged, not knowing how to take that. It was true that he didn't like to be complimented, but at the same time, he might not mind if they came from Rachael.

"So do you have a girlfriend?" she asked.

He snorted again. "A guy like me? Could you see me--"

"The first thing you have to stop is all that negative self-talk," she interrupted. "And for the record, I could definitely see a guy like you with a girlfriend. It might be just the thing you need. I take it you've never kissed a girl."

"Aren't we getting a little personal?" he asked, growing red.

"Oh, come on, Jeff. I promise I won't tell anyone. This is just between you and me."

"Oh, all right. I've never kissed a girl. Are you satisfied?" That wasn't exactly true, since he had kissed his big sister, and that last time during Christmas break had been a little more than just teasing, but he figured it still didn't count because she was family.

Rachael wasn't through with the embarrassing questions yet, though. "Ever had sex?" she asked.

"What!? That's none of your business!"

"There's no need to be embarrassed. There's a first time for everyone. At fourteen, there's no shame in being a virgin."

"I think I'll go now," he said, starting to get up.

Rachael put an arm around him and pulled him back down. "I'm sorry, Jeff. If it makes you uncomfortable,

I'll change the subject."

Grudgingly, he nodded.

"Ever had an orgasm?" she asked.

"That's not changing the subject!" he nearly shouted, but Rachael just laughed.

"Okay, I couldn't resist that. Your reaction is way too satisfying. Look, if it will make you feel better, you can ask me the same questions."

"I don't want to."

"Okay, then I'll answer them anyway. I don't currently have a boyfriend, I've kissed lots of them though, and a few girls as well, in case you're wondering. I've had sex plenty of times before, and I bring myself to orgasm at least two or three times a week. Sometimes more. There. Now wasn't that easy?"

Jeff was stunned, and his embarrassment instantly gave way to arousal. Did Rachael just say what he thought she did?

"You..." he stammered, staring at her. "You said you... kissed... girls?"

"Yes. You knew there were girls out there like that, didn't you?"

"I don't... I suppose so. I just never met one."

"You're making me feel like some kind of alien or something. Just because I occasionally like to get naughty with my girlfriends doesn't mean I'm a freak."

"Sorry. I just..." He continued to stare, not sure what to say. The image of her naked with another woman filled his mind, and he could feel a stirring inside of him, an excitement at the thought. He wondered why that idea intrigued him. He remembered Allison saying something about that the day they first looked at porn together. He hadn't given it much thought then. Now, though, he found it excited him. Perhaps he would have to look up some pictures later.

Rachael leaned back and rested her hands behind her head as she looked at him with an amused smile. The pose stretched her shirt across her chest, emphasizing her well-formed torso. Perhaps she was unconscious of the fact that it only served to heighten his excitement.

"Now tell me the truth," she said. "When I told you that, did it make you a little... well, horny?"

He grew beet-red and immediately turned away.

"No, it's okay," she hurriedly reassured him, leaning in and putting a friendly arm around him. "You're a fourteen-year old boy. That's pretty much expected. You probably think of sex all day long."

"I do not!"

"Well if you don't, then there's something wrong with you. Look. It doesn't bother me a bit to be talking about these things. Why should it bother you?"

"It just does."

She sighed. "You know, you're going to have to learn to get over your shyness," she said.

"Well, talking about sex sure isn't going to do it."

"All right. We'll change the subject."

"You already tried that."

"For real this time. So how long are you planning on staying up?"

He glanced over at her, and realized that she still had her arm around him, which put her face about a foot away from his own. He turned away again. It wasn't that she wasn't nice to look at, or that he had any problem being that close to her. In fact, it was quite pleasant. But he couldn't get that image of her out of his head.

"I don't know," he replied. "Maybe till midnight. I've never been up that late before."

"Midnight. Good. That gives us time to watch a movie."

Jeff sighed, relieved. That wouldn't give them time to do much talking. Not that he had anything against talking with her, but he wasn't ready to handle more of the same topic of conversation just at present. He had too many conflicting feelings. On the one hand, he liked being around her, just for the sake of being around her. On the other hand, she had pretty much bored straight to the root of his embarrassment, and it bothered him. A movie seemed like a good idea to get his mind off of it.

"You know, you're very tense," Rachael said.

"I am?"

"Yes. Your shoulders especially. My fault, probably. All that talk of things that embarrass you. Here. Sit down on the floor in front of me."

"What? Why?"

"Because I want to give you a back rub, silly," she smiled.

Jeff had never had a girl rub his back before, but it sounded nice, so he obediently slid down off the couch and sat, cross-legged, in front of her.

She leaned over and began to massage his shoulders. Immediately, he started to relax. It felt every bit as good as it had sounded when she suggested it. Her hands worked his shoulder like magic, drawing out all the tension. He closed his eyes and let the sensation fill him.

She moved down to his back and rubbed all over it, almost like she was washing him. She ran her fingers down his spine with firm pressure, causing him to laugh at the ticklish sensation. But as she repeated the move several more times, it turned from ticklish to relaxing. She continued on to his shoulder blades, then moved to his lower back. Finally, she finished by scratching him all over. When she finally removed her hands, he sighed in pleasure and a little regret that it had to end so soon.

"How was that?" she asked.

"Great," he smiled.

"Okay, now it's my turn."

"Hmm?"

"I want you to do the same for me."

"Oh. Okay," he agreed, realizing that she was literally asking him to put his hands on her. "Just don't expect me to be as good at it as you are."

"That's fine. Back rubs are like sex. Sometimes it's fun to try out an inexperienced partner."

"If you say so."

They switched places, and Jeff went to work on her shoulders. He tried to remember the motions she had used on him, and found that they came naturally. It really wasn't all that difficult. He spent a few minutes on her shoulders then moved to her back. As his hands went over her, he noticed a lack of a bra strap. Unless there was some mechanism he wasn't aware of, Rachael wasn't wearing a bra.

He figured it was rude to point it out, so he didn't. Instead, he continued to massage her, enjoying the feel of her on his hands. He had never really put his hands on a girl before, at least not like this.

Just like she had done, at the end he scratched her all over her back. She seemed to like this part best of all, because she gave a satisfied hum as he did so.

As soon as he finished, she climbed back up onto the couch and sat down next to him. They both leaned back and relaxed, just staring up at the ceiling and breathing slowly.

"You're really good at that," she commented. "I thought you never had a girlfriend. Where did you learn to give back rubs like that?"

"From you," he replied.

"Your first time? Well then you're a fast learner. Would you do it for me again some time?"

"Only if you do it for me too."

"It's a deal. Now, how about that movie?"

"Oh, right. Dad's got quite a video collection. Do you want to go pick one out?"

"Sure. And do you mind if we watch it downstairs in the rec room?"

"Why downstairs?"

"Allison told me you have a hot tub down there. I'm in the mood for that right now."

Right now, Jeff was in the mood to do just about anything at all with Rachael, especially sit in the hot tub! He could imagine her in a skimpy little bikini, her almost-nude body rubbing up against his... Unfortunately, she would probably wear a conservative one-piece that would leave far too much to the imagination. Still, a swimsuit was a swimsuit, and even just having her arms and legs bare would be great.

"That sounds nice," he said with as neutral a tone as he could muster, trying to hide his excitement.

"Great! I'll go pick out the movie while you change, and then you get everything set up to watch while I change." She hopped up and grabbed her bag, heading down to the basement. Jeff tiptoed up the stairs to his room to grab his swimming trunks, then headed back down.

Rachael was kneeling in front of the cabinet where they kept all of their movies, scanning the titles. She glanced back at him and smiled.

Jeff unlatched the divider between the rec room and the hot tub room, then drew the screen to the side. He flipped on the lights in the alcove and headed into the bathroom to change.

Once again his thoughts returned to Rachael, and he imagined her in a bikini. There was a small chance that fantasy might become reality in the next few minutes! He could hardly wait to change his clothes and sit in the hot tub awaiting her.

When he stepped out of the bathroom wearing his swimming trunks and carrying a couple of towels, Rachael had already made her selection, and was sitting in the bean bag chair reading the blurb on the back. When she saw him standing there, she took a second to look him over. Though it was only the shortest of glances, Jeff couldn't help but think there was a degree of approval in her eyes, and possibly even a touch of excitement. He wasn't sure what that meant, but the look passed as soon as it had appeared on her face.

"What about this one?" she asked, holding up the movie case.

It was a low-budget sword and sorcery flick that Allison had added to their collection when she moved in, but their dad never let him watch, probably because the images of scantily-clad women surrounding the

musclebound hero on the front suggested there was quite a bit more of the same inside. Jeff was quite prepared to agree to it, but realized that he couldn't afford to have Rachael mention it to Greg, or he would be in trouble. Reluctantly, he decided that he would just have to tell the truth.

"I've never seen it," he said. "Dad won't let me."

"Well, I won't tell him if you won't," she winked.

That settled it then. "Good enough for me," he grinned, and she handed it to him. "All right, now I'll go change. I'll meet you in the hot tub." She grabbed her duffel bag from the floor and headed into the bathroom.

Jeff put the movie in, then opened the cupboard where they kept the waterproof universal remote. His dad had bought it specifically for this purpose when he converted the far side of the rec room into a hot tub room. He started the movie playing and got it set up at the beginning of the first scene, then climbed into the tub.

He had just settled in when Rachael appeared in the bathroom doorway. Jeff's heart nearly stopped right there. Her swimsuit wasn't exactly like in his fantasy, but it wasn't far off. It was a tiny little string bikini that served to emphasize her beautiful curves. The white top did nothing to hide the shape of her breasts; on the contrary, it simply covered the skin in a fabric so thin it could have been painted on. The shape of her nipples clearly showed through. The bottom was just as revealing, barely covering her thigh, and showing clearly the outline of her femininity. It was also white, which made the whole outfit resemble a bra and panties.

If she noticed him staring, she didn't mention it. Instead, she slowly moved toward the tub, making Jeff think of a model on the catwalk. Her every move was graceful and highlighted her feminine nature.

Time seemed to slow as she ascended the steps to the top of the tub, then slipped daintily into the seething water. She let herself drift over to the side where she sat and slid right up next to him, her arms, hips, and legs brushing against his. Naturally he had expected her to sit on this side in order to best see the movie, but he didn't think she would sit this close. He certainly wasn't about to complain, though!

As he reached for the waterproof universal remote which floated in the tub in front of them, she yawned and stretched, her arm coming down behind his shoulders so that when he leaned back her arm enclosed him. She smiled at him as if there was nothing out of the ordinary, then turned to watch the screen as the movie began.

He wasn't disappointed. It started off with a 2-girls on 1-man sex scene with plenty of nudity, which was broken up by a sword-wielding barbarian smashing his way into the room to attack the man. As the movie progressed, the rest was much the same: sword fights, musclebound heroes, and scantily (if at all) clad women.

They were only fifteen minutes into the movie when Rachael began to doze off. Her head began to droop, almost imperceptibly at first, then gradually falling lower and lower until she lost control and pitched forward into the water.

Jeff couldn't suppress his laugh when she immediately stood up, coughing. Then as she turned toward him,

he cut off with an audible gasp. While her bikini had started out white, now it was so transparent as to be almost invisible! He could clearly see the darkening of the flesh around the nipples, and he suddenly felt his member enlarging in his trunks.

Rachael glanced down at where he was staring, but instead of gasping as he had, she just giggled. "Oh dear," she said. "I just bought this the other day, and this is the first chance I've had to wear it. I had no idea it would turn this transparent in the water. This must be the same material they use for wet tee-shirt contents." She shrugged. "Oh, well. Nothing to do about it now. It doesn't bother you, does it?"

"No," he said, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Good, because if it did, I'd have to take it off."

"I mean, it *really* bothers me!" he exclaimed, half as a joke and half hoping she would take it seriously.

Rachael laughed. "And put on a different one. You didn't let me finish. Nice try, though."

"Dang!" he said, trying to make it sound sarcastic, a difficult task considering how sincere his disappointment was.

Rachael sat down next to him again, every bit as close as before. This time she leaned back a little more so that if she started dozing off again, she wouldn't fall forward.

It didn't work. Ten minutes later, just as her heavy breathing indicated that she was sleeping, she slid down the side of the tub into the water again. Once again she stood, coughing.

"You know, this isn't going to work," she said, sitting down. "It's not that I'm bored, it's just that the water is so relaxing. And I was already relaxed from your back rub earlier." Jeff was hoping she wasn't going to suggest they get out of the tub, because that meant they would likely have to put their clothes on. Her next statement, however, was more than he could have hoped for.

"I know," she said. "Why don't you put your arm around my waist, and then if I fall asleep again, you can help to hold me up."

"Really?" he asked, astonished.

"Unless you have a better idea?"

Jeff was prepared to forget everything he knew in order *not* to come up with a better idea. With a move that he tried to make seem casual, he slipped his arm over her head, behind her back, and around her waist. She scooted in until she was even closer, if it were possible, to him. In the process, she laid her nearest hand, perhaps accidentally, perhaps even unconsciously, on his leg, with her fingers resting on the inside of his thigh. Though it was really just above the knee, the touch thrilled him.

As the movie progressed, she began to drift off to sleep again. He kept a firm, yet gentle grasp on her so that

she couldn't topple forward or slide backward. What she did, though, was lay her head down on his shoulder.

Jeff was in heaven. This beautiful goddess was about as perfect a woman as he had ever dreamed of. In fact, the only reason he didn't consider her the most beautiful woman in the world was that her big sister had already claimed that title. Rachael had the same beautiful eyes and beautiful smile as Allison, making her a close runner-up, and here she was, half naked, lying in his arms. He didn't think he would ever forget this moment.

He only half-watched the rest of the movie; he was more focused on the beautiful girl at his side. He did tune in for the girl-on-girl scenes. Apparently the evil sorceress was a lesbian, and kept a bunch of slave girls around to pleasure her. Toward the end of the film, she even captured the princess and attempted to seduce her. She stripped the girl down to her panties and got a couple of licks in on her breasts before the hero broke in and rescued her.

Jeff found he enjoyed those scenes a lot. He had seen some lesbian pictures on the Internet, and when Rachael said she had done those things, he had really gotten aroused. Perhaps it was the thought of forbidden love between two women that turned him on so much about it.

As the movie ended and the credits began to roll, Jeff had to break the spell by gently shaking her awake. It was a shame; he wished he could go on forever like that. But he had his memory of the experience, and it would have to do.

She groggily blinked, then glanced up at him. As she realized where she had her head, she smiled. "Thank you for letting me use your shoulder, Jeff," she said. "You're such a gentleman."

He didn't tell her that it wasn't any kind of gentlemanly feeling that had prompted him to do so.

She yawned and stretched, which had the erotic effect of thrusting out her chest, and Jeff could feel his heart beating. Was it possible she wasn't aware of what she was doing to him? She had to be! She had pretty much told him earlier in the evening that she knew his mind was constantly on sex. How could she possibly sit there in that almost nonexistent swimsuit and not know that he was aware of every inch of her body so close to him?

"You're staring," she commented, and he realized it was true. Immediately he pulled his eyes away, turning red.

"Don't worry, I'm used to it," she grinned. "Allison always said I have a bit of an exhibitionist in me. I like it when men look at me. Boys too. So don't be bashful; you can look all you want."

"Really?" he asked.

"Really. Here. I'll show you." She stood up in the center of the pool and faced him, spreading her arms wide. "What do you think?"

"I... uh... I..." he stammered, flustered.

"I'll take that as a compliment," she grinned, then turned around to climb out of the tub. He watched her from behind, noticing that she had that same swaying movement of her hips that her big sister had. It was really exciting to watch. He followed her out of the tub.

Instead of reaching for a towel, she headed over to where her bag sat in the corner. She opened it and rummaged through it.

"What are you looking for?" asked Jeff.

"My blow dryer," she replied. "Ah, here it is." She took it out and headed for the bathroom.

"Your hair's already dry," he told her.

"It's not for my hair," she explained.

"What do you mean?"

"Come here and I'll show you," she smiled.

Jeff was curious, so he followed her into the bathroom, where she plugged in the dryer and turned it on. Instead of putting it up toward her hair, she aimed it toward her shoulders and let the head run over her.

"This is a much nicer way to dry off than using a towel," she said. "Of course, it's much more fun if you have someone else do it for you. Would you mind?" She held out the dryer to him.

"Er... not at all," he said, taking it from her. She leaned back, placed her arms on the counter to prop herself up, and threw her head back, closing her eyes.

"Just let it run all over my body, wherever you see a drop of water," she told him, and he could feel his heart pounding inside his chest in excitement.

He started with her shoulders and neck, using the heat to evaporate the smaller drops and the air pressure to push the larger ones off toward her back, where they fell to the counter. He watched in excitement as some of them ran down between her breasts, slipping underneath the strap of her top and continuing down toward her stomach. When her shoulders and upper chest were dry, he wondered whether he dared work on her tits.

As it turned out, Rachael solved that dilemma herself. "Make sure to spend plenty of time on my swimsuit," she said. "I don't want to be dripping on the carpet afterward."

Jeff took that as a green light, so he enthusiastically aimed the dryer at her tits. She began to breathe a little deeper as he did so, and he watched her chest rising and falling with each breath. It was one of the most erotic sights he had ever seen, especially knowing that she had deliberately told him to do this to her. At first he could see her nipples clearly through the waterlogged fabric, but unfortunately it lost its transparency as it

dried. Still, he enjoyed looking at her body even slightly covered up.

Too soon the bikini top finished drying, and although he wanted to continue on that particular part of her anatomy, he knew it would be too obvious, so reluctantly he lowered the dryer and focused on her upper abdomen and stomach. She brought her head forward to look at him.

"You'd better hurry," she said, "or you'll be dry before I get a chance to return the favor."

That was plenty of motivation for him to speed things up. He worked only a few minutes on her stomach, then, figuring her previous instructions applied to her bikini bottom as well, he aimed the dryer toward her crotch. She spread her legs slightly to allow him better access, to his delight. As he ran the dryer over her, she gave a satisfied sigh.

"I don't get much chance to have someone dry me off like this," she said. "Sometimes my roommates and I do it to each other after we've taken a shower, but since we're naked and don't need to dry out any swimsuits, it's over too quickly."

Jeff's heart beat in his chest as he imagined Rachael in the shower with her roommates, a couple of naked girls washing each other's backs or rubbing up against each other, or maybe even making out.

"Mm," he mumbled in acknowledgement.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I embarrass you again?" she asked, but this time it sounded more sincere than her earlier teasing.

"What? Oh, no," he replied.

"I just thought you might have been shocked that I take showers with my roommates."

He shrugged. "You shocked me earlier in the evening when you mentioned that you like girls, but I've gotten over that."

"Oh, then you won't mind if I tell you that there are six girls in the apartment but only three beds. And we sleep naked," she grinned. This time he could tell that she was teasing.

"Oh very funny," he smiled back.

Rachael laughed, then turned around and leaned forward over the counter. "You're just about done," she said, and Jeff got to work on the back of her swimsuit. He found this pose to be every bit as erotic as her previous one, and suddenly wondered if she was doing this on purpose. Did she realize just how excited he was? It was getting harder and harder to hide the bulge in his swimsuit. He almost wanted to jump back into the hot tub before she noticed it. But that would be too suspicious.

A few minutes later she turned back around. "That's good for now," she said. "Now it's your turn. I'll show you how good this feels. Come over here and lean back over the counter."

He handed her the dryer and followed her instructions, closing his eyes the way she had. Then he felt the hot air running over him, and realized that this felt *much* better than drying off with a towel, especially with someone like Rachael to hold the dryer.

He was already mostly dry except for his swimming trunks, so she spent only a minute on his shoulders, chest, and stomach. Then she knelt down in front of him. He opened his eyes and stared at her, realizing that her face was only a couple of feet from his crotch. He also realized in embarrassment that he was still hard! Worse still, the trunks were plastered against his body, so the outline of his cock was completely visible to her eyes.

She giggled as she stared at it, and he felt his face burning with shame. When she glanced up and saw his red face, her smile of glee turned to one of pity.

"Oh, don't be ashamed that you have an erection," she told him. "I suppose it's my fault, you know. I'm well aware of the effect I've been having on you."

"So... you're not embarrassed?" he asked.

"Embarrassed? I'd be offended if you didn't. You could tell me how beautiful and sexy you think I am all day, but an actual physical confirmation like this is the best compliment you could pay me."

Jeff didn't know how to take that, so he just remained silent. Rachael got to work drying him. Once he got over his initial shame, he had to admit that the heat and wind felt good down there. Since she had said that she knew exactly what she was doing to him, he decided not to worry about it, and just enjoy it.

Once they were both dry, Rachael unplugged the dryer and they left the bathroom. She replaced the dryer in her duffel bag, then headed over to sit down on the couch. Jeff wondered if he should follow her or if it was time for him to go to bed, but she patted the seat next to her as a signal to come sit down by her, and he willingly obliged.

She turned her head to stare at him, and he suddenly felt uncomfortable. What was she thinking? Why was she looking at him like that?

It all became clear a moment later, as she spoke the words that thrilled Jeff to the core, but that never in his wildest fantasies had he ever expected to hear from her.

"So what does a girl have to do to get fucked around here?" she asked.

Chapter 11

Jeff's First Time

Jeff's mouth dropped open. Had he really heard her correctly?

"Er... what?" he asked.

"Look, Jeff, I know you're a real gentleman, but I've been flirting with you all night, and you haven't made a move yet. I'm really starting to get impatient."

"I... I don't...."

"Let me spell it out for you. I want to have sex with you. There. Now, are there any objections?"

"Um... no objections here," he said.

"Good." She reached around behind her back, undid her top, and took it off. Jeff's heart literally skipped a beat as he saw he bare breasts. They were every bit as beautiful as Allison's! Rachael then slid the bottom half of her swimsuit off, and Jeff found himself looking at a real live naked woman for the first time in his life.

"Now your turn," she grinned, and grabbed the waistband of his suit.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, but she giggled and pulled it down. His rock-hard member sprang free.

"That looks delicious!" she said, staring at it. Then she put her hand on it, and he felt an exciting thrill. It wasn't the first time a girl had ever touched him there, but knowing what was going to come later made it feel twice as good!

Her hand stroked it up and down, sending wave after wave of pleasure through him. She smiled at him as she did so, showing that she was enjoying this teasing.

"But we have to do this right," she said. "If this really is your first time, you want to do it in your bed rather than on this uncomfortable old couch." She released his cock and stood up, grabbing his hand and pulling him to his feet. "Come on," she said.

"Where are we going?"

"Up to your bedroom," she replied.

"But we're naked!"

"I should hope so. We're about to fuck, aren't we?"

"But what if Brit catches us?"

"Wouldn't that be funny?" Rachael laughed. "Anyway, we'll be careful."

Still hesitant, he allowed her to lead him up the stairs to the front room. It was all dark up there, and they took a few minutes to let their eyes adjust. To Jeff, it seemed that she picked a spot right in the middle of the house to wait, where she could be seen from just about every room. Jeff was a ball of nerves. What if Brit came down just now for a drink of water?

But it didn't happen, and a minute later Rachael led him to the staircase.

He had never noticed the creak of the stairs before, but now it sounded like even the tiniest of noises echoed through the house. He almost held his breath going up those stairs, but somehow, an eternity later, they made it to the top. It was just a quick trip down the hall to his bedroom.

Rachael, however, had other plans. Instead of stopping by his open door, she led him past it.

"Where are you going?" he whispered.

"I thought it would be much more fun to take the scenic route," she whispered back. As they neared Brit's door, he realized that it was open!

"She'll be able to see us!" he whispered in alarm.

"Not if she's asleep."

"But what if she's awake?"

"That's a chance we'll have to take."

Jeff tried to pull away, but Rachael grabbed him with her other hand and pulled him harder. To avoid making a ruckus, he had to give in. His heart pounded in his chest as he realized where Rachael was leading him: right to Brit's door!

He opened his mouth to protest, but it was too late. Even a whisper would be too loud here. Frightened half out of his wits, he found himself entering his little sister's room.

She lay there sound asleep in her bed, to his immense relief. But what if she woke up? Rachael and Jeff were standing there completely naked in front of her.

"Isn't she adorable?" Rachael whispered, and Jeff put his finger to his lips in a gesture for silence. But Rachael released his hand and walked over to the bed. Jeff stood there petrified in fear. What was she going to do? Was she going to deliberately wake Brit?

As Rachael leaned over and kissed her on the forehead, Jeff felt panic rising. That simple touch might be enough to wake her. But the girl didn't stir, and Rachael silently walked back over to him.

"Can we get out of here now?" he asked.

"Not yet," Rachael responded. "First you have to kiss me."

"Kiss you?"

"Yes."

"Here?"

"Yes, I want your first kiss to be with me, right here, in your little sister's room, right in front of her. You have to admit, this will definitely make it memorable."

But--"

"Kiss me or I wake her up."

Jeff leaned in and tried to give her a quick peck, but Rachael grabbed him and pulled him into her. He nearly lost his footing, but managed to keep from falling. Pressed up against her naked body and with their lips locked in a passionate kiss, he felt both excitement and fear.

Then he felt Rachael's hand go to his cock, and she began to stroke it again. Jeff tried to pull away, but she held him fast. Did she actually mean to have sex with him right here in Brit's room?

She let it go on for another five minutes, then pulled away. "Okay, I think I've tormented you long enough," she whispered, and finally they passed through the bathroom to his room. He quickly closed both bathroom and hall doors and locked them, then Rachael turned on the lights.

Jeff squinted in the sudden glare, but it only took a few seconds for his eyes to adjust. The two of them stood there naked.

"I hope I didn't scare you," she whispered. "No, on second thought, I hope I did. I don't know about you, but there's nothing like a little shock or panic to get me in the mood."

"Well, in my opinion there's nothing like a little shock or panic to scare me out of the mood."

"You're just not used to it. So we'll just have to work on it some time."

"You don't have to, really," he said.

"We'll save those lessons for later. You were such a good sport, I think it's time for your reward. But first, you have to answer a few questions, so I can find out the best way to treat you."

"They're not going to be like those questions from earlier in the evening, are they?"

"Not just like them, they *are* the questions from earlier in the evening. First, are you a virgin?"

"That's none--"

"If I'm going to have sex with you, I think it *is* my business. Tell me the truth, Jeff. Look, it's easy. Whether you're a virgin or not, you won't be five minutes from now, so it really doesn't matter, does it?"

"All right. I am. Satisfied?"

Rachael grinned. "I was hoping I got to be your first. I don't want you to have any preconceived notions when I teach you how to have sex the Rachael Craven way."

"And I take it you're an expert?"

"You'd better believe it. Now, I have just one more question, and again, I want you to be honest. Have you ever had an orgasm before?"

Jeff sighed. "Oh, all right. Not that I remember, and I'm sure I would know if I had, so I'm going to have to say no."

"That's even better," she grinned. "Jeff, this is going to be a night you'll never forget." She stepped in close, put her arms around his neck, pressed her body up against his and kissed him. Since she was actually half a head taller than him, she had to lower her head and he had to raise his, but it all worked out in the end. At first he was too startled to do anything, but as she continued kissing him, he just did what came naturally. Her mouth opened, and her tongue probed his. She sought out his tongue and began teasing it with her own. Getting into the spirit of it, he reciprocated by rubbing it up against hers.

A moment later she broke away, smiling at him. "We'll have plenty of opportunities to practice that later," she said. "I could sense your inexperience, but it's nothing we can't fix with a few practice sessions."

"You're making this sound like school," he said.

"It is. Sex-ed, to be precise. But with less emphasis on theory and more emphasis on practice. Unfortunately they don't give degrees in this, so you're just going to have to trust me that I'm qualified to be your teacher."

"You must be the stereotypical hot teacher that all the boys in the class fantasize about."

"And most of the girls, too. You're fortunate to get this one-on-one tutoring from the most popular teacher in the school. Usually I prefer bigger class sizes, if you know what I mean."

Jeff laughed. Apparently she was into orgies, which wasn't surprising.

"But for right now, I'm all yours," she told him. "Now, since this is going to be your first orgasm, we need to

do it right. So I'm going to give you a choice. Do you want to stick it in my pussy, or my mouth?"

"Your mouth? Really?"

"Haven't you ever heard of a blowjob before?"

"Yeah, I've seen pictures of them on the Internet, and Allison--" He suddenly paused, realizing that he had just about revealed that he had seen that video. Did Rachael know about it?

"What about Allison?" Rachael grinned.

"Um... I..."

"Did you spy on your father and stepmom or something?"

"No! Of course not!"

"And you said you've never had an orgasm before. Knowing Allison, if she had given you a blowjob, you definitely would have had an orgasm. So I'm guessing you saw a certain video on the internet, right?"

The bright red color of Jeff's face gave him away. Rachael merely gave an amused laugh.

"Oh, don't worry, Jeff," she said. "I know all about that video. I've got a copy of it myself. Great masturbation material. I never fail to get myself off when I watch it."

"Does... does Allison know?"

"Of course. There's really no reason for her to hide it from me, since I'm the one who convinced her to have sex with him. He was my boyfriend at the time, and I thought she'd get a kick out of fucking him. She's always liked trying new things, and the idea of doing it with one of her students got her really excited. Of course, if I knew he was going to set up a hidden camera, I would never have let it happen. As soon as he put that video up on the internet, I dropped him like a rock. *No one* hurts my sister like that and gets away with it."

"You mean... you let your own sister... have sex with your boyfriend?"

Rachael shrugged. "Why not? Allison likes to share her guys with me, so why shouldn't I reciprocate?"

Jeff gasped.

"But we're getting off the subject. We were talking about blowjobs. Specifically, me giving you one."

"Yeah!" he exclaimed, excited. "Just knowing how sensitive I am there, I'd imagine it would feel pretty good."

"You'd better believe it. Though I can't confirm it for obvious reasons, I've heard that the most fulfilling orgasms for men are in a girl's pussy, but for the most intense orgasms, you just can't beat getting sucked off. So do you want to try it?"

"Um... will I get another chance to put it in your pussy?"

"After we sleep for a few hours first. You're young enough you should be able to have multiple orgasms, but since this is your first time, you haven't built up the stamina you need. Especially since I'm going to make sure the one in my mouth blows your mind."

"So you're going to blow my cock *and* my mind at the same time."

Rachael laughed. "I love it when you talk dirty. Go lie down on the bed and let me take care of you."

Jeff did as instructed, eager to get on with the activities. He couldn't believe she was going to actually suck him off!

But rather than get right to the action, she lay down next to him, leaning in and putting an arm around his neck. She kissed him on the cheek.

"But I thought..." he began.

"The longer you build up to it, the better it feels," she explained. "And I'm aiming to make you pass out from the pleasure."

"That shouldn't be too difficult, with my inexperience."

She slid over on top of him, and he felt her amazing chest rubbing against his own. Instinctively he wrapped his arms around her waist. She smiled, then lowered her lips and kissed him deeply and passionately. He was in heaven; here was this astonishingly beautiful woman seducing him, something he had only dreamt of before. How could such a wonderful experience possibly be true?

She lowered her head a couple of inches and kissed him on the chin, her eyes still staring up at him. That sent thrills through him, perhaps because of the thought of this dominant woman taking a submissive position. As she lowered to his neck, he shivered from the chills running down his spine.

She touched the tip of her tongue to his neck, and he literally jumped from the sensation. Rachael giggled. "Just pulling out an old standby from my bag of tricks," she explained. "I can tell you liked it."

"Oh god, yes!" he smiled.

She did it again, but this time he merely gasped. She began to bathe his face and neck with kisses, driving him wilder and wilder with passion. By the time she finished, he was groaning in pleasure. The wide grin on her face showed that she enjoyed doing it to him.

She lowered herself to his chest then, kissing him first on the shoulders and along the collarbone. While this felt nice too, it was a more subtle pleasure, perhaps designed to cool him down a little so he wouldn't lose it too early. He relaxed and let the sensation overcome him. Then she lowered again, this time kissing him in the center of his chest. She moved to the side and made a circle around his nipple, at first a couple of inches away but circling slowly toward it.

"Not quite as fun as doing this to a girl," she said, "but it works on a man too."

His breaths were coming in gasps now as that circle grew tighter, especially as she teased him with that reference to sapphic love. His body was becoming more aroused and more sensitive as each second passed. The anticipation was almost painful.

Then she flicked her tongue against the nipple and he shook with the pleasure. Rachael certainly knew how to drive him crazy! Her tongue worked over the nipple energetically, almost savagely, and he began to groan once more. She worked it for several minutes until he thought he couldn't take it any more, then moved over and began to give the same service to the other one.

She was absolutely right about drawing out the experience. It was an exquisite torture as she kept stimulating him for as long as possible. She worked her way down his chest to his stomach, but only millimeters at a time. She deliberately avoided any contact with his cock, which by that time was aching for release. She was teasing; he knew that. But at the same time, he also knew that in the end he would thank her for it. It was so incredibly erotic to lie here while she kissed him all over his body. Still, it wasn't something that could last; he needed her to finish what she had started. He groaned in both pleasure and dissatisfaction, and she picked up on the signal.

"I think I've been toying with you long enough," she said. "Don't you agree?"

"Oh god yes!"

"All right. I've finished with the appetizers; let's go on to the main course." She lowered her body and positioned herself between his legs. He watched in eager anticipation as she reached out with one of her hands. At the moment she wrapped it around his cock, he gasped in pleasure. She had already done that earlier in the evening, but he hadn't been half as aroused as he was now. The nerves were all on full alert, and the slightest sensation sent electric thrills through him.

She winked, then opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. When she touched the tip very lightly against the head of his cock, he thought he was going to die from pleasure. But somehow, amazingly, that wasn't the maximum of what he was capable of feeling. It was even better when she began to run her tongue all over the head. There was a small spot on the underside that she paid particular attention to, sending almost overwhelming waves of pleasure through him as she teased it with her tongue. It was like the focal point of all the nerves in his body.

He groaned as she stimulated him, somehow keeping it to a whisper, though admittedly a loud one. She smiled as she heard the sounds coming from his mouth; she was enjoying doing this to him.

Then she sucked it in between her lips, and he gasped. At first she took only the head in, and he didn't need to see the compression in her cheeks to know that she was sucking it. The reverse-pressure was an even more intense feeling than the tip of her tongue had been. He began to shudder as the pleasure overtook him.

Even inside her mouth her tongue continued to work it, rolling over and under it as she sucked.

Then, still sucking, she lowered her head and let him slide further into her mouth. Jeff was in heaven. This was the most exquisite feeling in the whole world.

But she wasn't done yet. She lowered further still, and he wondered just how far she was willing to go. He could feel himself at the back of her throat now; there was nowhere to go but down.

That was exactly where she was aiming. He felt himself actually sliding right into her throat as she managed to take his whole length in.

"Oh my god!" he gasped. "I don't believe it!"

She pulled out until she had only about half in her mouth, and laughed around it, no doubt amused by his naïveté. Then she began to move her head up and down, sucking and licking all the while.

His hips began to get into the motion, so she wrapped her hand once more around his cock to help control how deep it went. She bobbed up and down on it, driving him wild with ecstasy. He lay his head back and closed his eyes, blocking out all external stimuli except the feel of her mouth around his cock.

She was moving quickly now, almost violently. It was with only the greatest self-control that he kept himself from grabbing her head and spearing her throat with his dick; she certainly wouldn't appreciate *that*!

Then he felt something happening. The pleasure, already beyond anything he had ever experienced before, began to climb to new heights. It was like a pressure building in him, nearing a boiling point. In a few seconds he was going to explode.

"Oh god oh god oh god oh god!" he began to moan as it intensified. The world was spinning around him; he couldn't think straight. All he knew was that he was about to experience something he had never felt before.

When it hit, he shook with ecstasy. He felt his cock throbbing wildly, and felt something shooting out of it. He was having an orgasm! His first orgasm, in Rachael's willing mouth. She showed him no mercy, but continued sucking as hard as she could as she swallowed everything he gave her.

Somehow he survived the extreme pleasure, the overloading of his senses that he had never even thought possible before. His dick stopped pulsing and the pleasure waned. He found himself lying in his bed literally gasping for breath as Rachael let his softening member slip from his mouth. She licked her lips as she stared up at him with a grin.

"So how was your first orgasm?" she asked.

"My god!" he exclaimed. "That was amazing! I never knew it could feel that good."

"It gets even better," Rachael said, moving up his body. "But you're probably not up to it at the moment."

"Probably not," he replied. "I'm exhausted."

She lay her head down on his chest. Her body against his felt so wonderful, so peaceful and relaxing. Instinctively he wrapped his arm around her.

"Why don't you get some sleep?" she suggested.

"Thanks. I am pretty tired. It's nice to have you here with me."

"I'll wake you in a couple of hours after you've had time to recuperate, and we'll make it official."

"Official?"

"Yes," she grinned. "You haven't had your cock inside a girl's pussy yet, so depending on your definition, you're still technically a virgin."

He laughed. "I guess I am. Just make sure it doesn't stay that way."

"Don't worry; it won't."

Jeff closed his eyes, thrilled at the thought of what she was going to do to him and at the same time, content to just lie here snuggling with her. Her body felt so soft and warm that he almost felt like he could just lie here with her and forget about the sex.

With that wonderful thought, he drifted off to sleep.

Later that night he dreamt that he was lying there immobile while a beautiful woman kissed him all over his face, neck, and chest. He was more than a little aroused, and she kept staring down at his crotch to check on his progress. All in all, it was a wonderful fantasy.

Five minutes later he realized that it wasn't a fantasy, but reality. He had been half awake the whole time, and as full consciousness took him, he recognized the beautiful woman as his aunt Rachael. He slipped his arms around her waist.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," she grinned.

"Is it morning all ready?"

"About four o'clock. A good time for sex."

"I've never heard that before. Four o'clock in the morning is a good time for sex?"

"Of course. Any time is a good time for sex."

He laughed. "Okay, I'll grant you that."

"So judging by your little guy down there," she said, nodding toward his erect member, "it looks like you're ready."

"He's not so little," Jeff complained playfully.

"No he isn't," Rachael conceded. "Okay, your big guy down there."

"Much better."

She rolled onto her back. "But if we're going to do this right, you're going to have to loosen me up a little."

"Loosen you up?"

"Stimulate me."

"Stimulate you?"

Rachael laughed. "You really *aren't* experienced, are you?" she asked.

"I don't think that's in any doubt."

"All right. I'll guide you. You can start by kissing me."

"That much I can do," he grinned. He leaned over and pressed his lips against hers. She closed her eyes and let it happen. A little boldly, he slipped his tongue between her lips, and she accepted it eagerly.

The kiss was absolutely wonderful, and he wanted it to last as long as possible. In the end, it was Rachael who pulled away. "I can't believe it," she said.

"What?" he asked, worried that he had done something wrong.

"I'm *never* the one to break the kiss," she laughed. "It's usually the other person who has to come up for air first."

"I cheated," he grinned. "I breathed through my nose."

She grabbed his head and kissed him again, but this time it was a short one. "Now kiss my neck," she said.

"Yes Mistress," he teased.

"Ooh, I like that! Maybe we can play that game next time. Right now is more a learning experience."

Jeff lowered his head to her neck. As she had done to him, he stuck out his tongue and flicked it against her skin, and she jumped as a chill ran through her body.

"Who taught you that trick?" she asked.

"You did, don't you remember?"

"Oh yeah. Do it again."

He did.

She shuddered in delight as he teased her like that. His licks turned to kisses, which he spread all over her neck. He could hear her breathing growing heavier, and he watched with arousal as her chest rose and fell as she breathed in deeply. Her breasts gave a delightful little jiggle with each movement, which he found very sexy.

"You're staring," she told him.

"Oh, sorry," he said.

"Don't be sorry. I like it. But I'd like it more if you did more than stare."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to touch them."

"Okay!" he grinned enthusiastically, reaching out with his hand. He didn't hesitate, but began to run it all over her breast. She closed her eyes and sighed in pleasure. He took that as a good sign, and began to squeeze and rub it, gently at first but gradually more and more firmly. His fingers went to her nipple, and he ran his fingertip around the outside of the areola. He knew that he was sensitive there, and supposedly girls were even more sensitive, so he wanted to see what her reaction would be.

She sucked in her breath in a loud gasp, which thrust her chest out even more. That meant she was really enjoying it. He continued to trace around it for about thirty more seconds, then pinched her nipple gently between his thumb and forefinger.

"Oh god," she whispered, and he grinned. It was fun to give her pleasure like this.

But the other breast wasn't receiving any attention. He knew what he wanted to do with this one. Instead of touching it with his hand, he leaned down and flicked his tongue against the nipple. The sudden pleasure along with being caught off her guard like that caused her to give out a brief but loud squeal. They both suddenly froze, and Rachael put a hand to her mouth in embarrassment. They lay there immobile for about ten seconds as they listened for any sign that Brit had awakened in the next room. Only after they were sure

that she was still asleep did they dare even start breathing again.

"Sorry, Jeff," said Rachael with a nervous giggle.

"It's my fault," he told her. "I shouldn't have licked you like that."

"No, that's exactly what you *should* have done," she grinned. "In fact, I want you to do it again. I promise I won't shout this time."

"Okay." He lowered himself again and began to tease her nipple with his tongue. Her reaction this time was more subdued. She merely gasped and shuddered with the pleasure of the contact.

He was enjoying this as much as she was. It felt good to be doing this to her, to be causing her body to react in this way. There was a bit of pride there; here he was, an ordinary fourteen-year-old boy, and he was giving pleasure to a nineteen-year-old girl.

"Jeff," she said. "Put your hand between my legs."

He did as instructed, sliding his hand down her abdomen to her pussy. She spread her knees to offer him better access, then put her hand on his and began to guide it in gentle strokes. He felt moisture down there; he had heard that when women got aroused they got wet like that, just like men got hard.

"Do you feel that there?" Rachael asked, placing his fingertips against the top. He felt a little bump. "That's my clitoris," she told him. "It's just as sensitive to me as your dick is to you. So make sure you don't neglect it."

He ran his fingers around it, feeling it growing and opening up for him. She returned to her quiet moaning and heavy breathing as he stimulated it with his fingers. His mouth went back to her nipple, and this time he sucked it in between his lips.

The rest of her pussy was opening up as well. Experimentally, he slid a finger inside.

"Oh god, Jeff, that's good!" Rachael groaned. "Just like that."

He ran his fingers around and inside, feeling her opening up more and more for him. Her body was starting to move now, her hips rocking forward to spear herself on his fingers.

"It's time," she told him. "I want to take your virginity now." She spread her legs even wider than they were already, and he stared down at the beautiful, inviting, pink opening.

He rolled over on top of her, positioning his hips slightly above hers. She grasped his member and placed it against her entrance.

"Now slowly stick it in," she said.

Jeff lowered his hips, gasping at the wonderful feeling of her pussy surrounding the tip of his cock. As he pressed further, he felt the warm softness enveloping him, caressing him.

Finally, he was all the way in, and he was lying completely on top of her.

"Do you like that?" she asked.

"Oh yeah," he replied.

"Then what are you waiting for? Fuck me."

He drew back, then plunged in again. Her own body rose up to meet him. The smile of intense pleasure on her face was enough encouragement. He began to rock back and forth, penetrating deep inside her. He started slowly at first, then gradually built up the tempo.

She wrapped her legs around him and held him there as if forcing him ever deeper inside her. He continued to slam her with his cock, and she bucked underneath him.

They kissed each other passionately, wildly, insanely. It was the most wonderful feeling to lose himself in the lust and just go crazy with her. Somehow they managed to keep one tiny inhibition; rather than scream out like they wanted to, they kept it silent, with only the occasional gasp as momentary spikes in the pleasure shot through them.

He had thought that her mouth had felt exquisite around his cock, but it was nothing compared to her tight little pussy squeezing it and the rest of her body against his. Just like she said, it had been more intense with her mouth, but to not only have the stimulation on his cock, but also to feel her breasts and to be face to face with her supreme beauty was the most amazing feeling in the world.

She began to take charge, controlling the tempo and writhing her hips against his. He was more than happy to let her lead; she was the more experienced of the two after all, and therefore knew what to do better than he did.

He didn't know how long it lasted; the world had disappeared as well as all sense of time. There was nothing but Jeff, Rachael, and the boiling hot passion between them. But that passion wasn't constant; on the contrary, it intensified with every second that passed. He could feel the pleasure building again just like it had with her mouth, and knew that he would reach the ultimate goal soon.

Rachael hit it first. She gritted her teeth and shut her eyes tightly as her body tensed up. He could feel the walls of her pussy tighten, squeezing his cock as she shook with orgasm. He had done it! He had given this girl the ultimate pleasure!

That thought was enough to push him over the peak as well. He slammed into her one last time and released, feeling his cock pulsing inside of her. He gasped with each spasm as he emptied himself deep within her body.

The climax itself lasted for what seemed like forever, but he knew it could only have been a few seconds. Then the pleasure began to fade, leaving him tired and spent. He collapsed on top of Rachael, too weak to move.

"Roll over onto your back," she whispered.

"What?" he asked.

"Roll over onto your back. You may be younger and just a little smaller than me, but you're still pretty heavy."

"Oh, sorry."

She laughed as he rolled off of her. She took her previous position at his side, with her warm body pressing against his and her head on his chest. He put his arm around her.

"Congratulations," she said. "You're no longer a virgin. And by the way, you're the best fuck I've had in a long time."

Chapter 12

A New Experience For Lissa

Jeff woke surprisingly early in the morning, considering his exhaustion from his first sexual experience. Rachael, though, wasn't far behind. They lay there under the covers together for a few minutes, then she grudgingly climbed out of the bed.

"I'd better go get some clothes on before your sister wakes up. I'd hate to have to explain to her why I'm up here and my clothes are all downstairs."

Jeff laughed. She had a point. Rachael quietly slipped out the door, blowing him a kiss before closing it behind her.

He got up and headed for the bathroom for a quick shower, then dressed and headed downstairs. He found Rachael sitting on the couch, dressed in a tee-shirt and shorts. He sat down beside her, and she put an arm around him as she nuzzled him affectionately.

She continued to hang all over him when they went in to breakfast. He enjoyed the attention, especially with someone as beautiful as Rachael.

Once Brit woke up, Rachael's attitude completely changed. She was still friendly and cheerful, but no longer did she fawn over Jeff. She adopted a more respectable demeanor so as not to give Brit any hints that anything had gone on between Jeff and Rachael.

Jeff didn't mind; while he certainly enjoyed Rachael's attention, he was understandably tired. In fact, he was a little worried that Rachael would want to repeat the activities that night. Jeff didn't think he had the energy to perform again.

He took her aside into a different room that morning, and asked her about it. She kissed him on the cheek and told him that it was all right. She understood she could be quite draining on a man (or a woman, she added with a wink), especially since it had been Jeff's first time.

They spent the rest of the morning playing various games. Even without the "special" activities, she was a great babysitter. The three of them had a lot of fun together, and Jeff and Brit almost forgot to annoy each other. Their teasing remained at a minimum.

That afternoon, the three of them climbed into the car and went to pick up Lissa from her party. After returning home, Lissa took a nap for a couple of hours, since she had stayed up late with the rest of the girls and not gotten much sleep.

That evening, Jeff decided to go to bed early, since he hadn't had much more sleep than Lissa. It was ironic;

the first chance he got to stay up as long as he wanted, he was in bed by 9:00. Rachael came in to "tuck him in," and gave him a long, deep, open-mouthed kiss. Then she left him there, and he fell immediately to sleep.

Brit wanted to stay up later, but Rachael had made a promise, so she made sure Brit went to bed at the same time. That left Lissa, who also decided to go to bed right away. She first wanted to take a shower, so she went to her room, stripped off her clothes, and entered the bathroom.

After the long day, the hot water felt good. It really helped her to relax so much that she almost fell asleep right on her feet. She spent a few minutes enjoying the shower, then turned off the water and dried herself off.

Lissa wrapped a towel around herself and stepped out of the bathroom. She was surprised to see Rachael sitting on her bed. The girl was dressed in a thin tee-shirt and panties.

"What are you doing in my room?" Lissa asked.

"I wanted to talk with you, if you don't mind," replied Rachael. "I spent all yesterday and today with Jeff and Brit, but I haven't had a chance to get to know you yet."

"Next time, knock first."

"I did, but you didn't answer because you were in the shower. I just didn't want to wait downstairs."

"But I might have come out of the bathroom naked."

"I don't mind. Look, I'm sorry for invading your privacy. I didn't realize you were going to get angry about it, or I would have waited. I really don't want you to be mad at me. Forgive me?"

She sounded so sincere that Lissa decided just to drop the whole thing. "Okay, I forgive you," she replied, then strode over and sat down on the bed next to her.

"My sister told me you were the only one hesitant about her marrying your father," Rachael commented.

"Yeah, I suppose it's because I saw her as too perfect. Sometimes I wonder if she's even human. I mean, she's beautiful, she's smart, she's nice, and she's got a great sense of humor. Any flaws she has, she hides very well."

"So what made you change your mind?"

Lissa stared at Rachael for a second. Did she dare tell her? What if she revealed something that Rachael didn't know about already? She decided to find out first.

"Rachael, do you know why Allison lost her job?" she asked.

"For having sex with one of her students."

Lissa sighed. "Okay, so you do know. Good. Well, Allison confessed that to me. So once I saw that she does occasionally make mistakes, that made her seem more real to me, and not just a fantasy."

"So you fantasize about Allison?"

"No!" Lissa said, growing red. "I didn't mean it like that!"

"I know," Rachael laughed. "I just couldn't resist. But at any rate, it sounds like you've put her on a pedestal, which isn't too surprising. It was a little hard growing up with her, since she *was* so perfect. Everyone always compared me to her, and you can guess the result."

"That must have been frustrating."

Rachael stretched and yawned, then lay back on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. "I got really jealous sometimes, always being second best. I went through a stage where I hated her. Fortunately that only lasted a couple of months."

"I'm sorry, Rachael."

"For what?"

"I'm just sorry that it was so painful for you growing up."

"Thanks. I appreciate your sympathy, but there's no need, really. Do you know what ended my hatred finally?"

"What?"

"Allison did. One day after I blew up at her and ran to my room crying, she came to talk to me. I was shocked to see tears in her own eyes. It was the first time I had ever seen her cry. As it turned out, she had been suffering right along with me. She hated to see me upset, so every time I got mad at her, it really bothered her. So after I told her what was wrong, she hugged me for a while. You might have noticed, Allison's really nice to hug."

"I suppose so. Jeff seems to think so," Lissa smiled.

"I'm not surprised. So we just hugged each other for a long time. Then she kissed me on the forehead. I remember that so well. And then..." Rachael suddenly stopped. She closed her eyes and sighed, a tiny smile on her lips.

"What?" asked Lissa.

Rachael opened her eyes again. "I don't think I should tell you the rest," she said.

"Why not?"

"Lissa, how open-minded are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you open to new experiences? New sensations?"

"I'm not sure what you're getting at."

"Allison's talked about you quite a lot. Maybe I'm reading too much into this, but I have some suspicions about you."

"What kind of suspicions?" asked Lissa defensively.

"First, am I right in assuming that you're the mature one in this family?"

Lissa laughed. "It's not hard to be more mature than Jeff or Brit."

"I know, but I think that ever since your mother left, you've had to grow up too fast. The truth is that I suspect that you're missing your teenage years."

"I am not!" Lissa insisted, but it was more a reflexive response to what she considered to be an insult. In fact, she had thought the same thing several times.

"I'm sorry," said Rachael. "I didn't mean to offend you. I just meant that you act much more like an adult than is perhaps healthy for a girl your age. Other girls are out chasing boys, but you're here being a surrogate mother to Jeff and Brit."

"What are you talking about? They already have a stepmother. Why do they need me?"

"Do you really see Allison as a mother figure?"

"Well... no, not really."

"Maybe you don't realize it, but in the absence of a mother, you've taken on that role because you're the oldest girl in the house other than Allison. Your siblings trust you. They love you. I think that's great for *them*, but in my opinion it's not good for *you*."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for instance, when is the last time you went out on a date?"

"There's nothing wrong with me not dating right now," said Lissa, still defensive. "I'm only sixteen, and I've got an after-school job, so I really don't have much time." But deep down inside, she realized that Rachael was getting a little too close to the truth. In fact, she had gotten a job partly so that she had an excuse not to go out. There would be plenty of time for that later, she had decided, but now with Rachael confronting her

about it, she felt self-conscious about it.

"A girl with your face and body could have your pick of any boy in the school," Rachael commented. "A good portion of the girls, too."

"That's gross!" Lissa exclaimed.

"I'm just saying there are a lot more lesbians than care to admit it. I'll bet a lot of girls steal glances at you in the P.E. shower room."

"Shut up!" Lissa snapped, growing red.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you. My point is, you've built this shell around yourself, keeping yourself away from everyone else."

Now Lissa was getting mad. Rachael didn't even know her, and she was making all these assumptions. "How do you know?" she demanded.

"I told you, Allison's talked to me about you. She adores you, did you know that?"

Lissa's astonishment suddenly overcame her anger. "Allison... adores *me*?" she stammered.

"Absolutely," Rachael smiled. "She told me she was hesitant about going through with her plan to marry a rich millionaire at first, but after spending time with you, she lost all of her fears, and decided that she wanted to be a part of your family. Not Jeff's, not Brit's, not even Greg's, but yours."

"But why me? I'm nothing special."

"Wrong. You're the only woman in this family that could talk to her as an equal. She's never gotten used to the idea of being an adult, so in some ways she's pretty childish. And you are very mature for your age, sometimes even more mature than she is. That puts you at least at her level."

"I'm nowhere near Allison's level."

"She seems to think so, and that's what she loves so much about you. You may not realize this, but she told me you're her best friend."

Lissa couldn't help but smile with pride. Allison, the most perfect woman in the whole world, actually thought of *her* as her best friend.

"Personally, I think it's wonderful," continued Rachael. "I'm happy for Allison, and I'm happy for you, although I'll admit I'm a little jealous."

"Jealous?" asked Lissa.

"I'm her baby sister," Rachael explained. "But now there's someone she likes even more than she likes me."

Lissa didn't know what to think. Her emotions had been tossed back and forth throughout the conversation. She had been embarrassed, angry, surprised, and proud all in the space of about two minutes. Now, looking at the girl, she felt pity for her. It was true that Rachael was Allison's little sister, and now Lissa had, in a sense, come between them. She could understand the girl's jealousy; Lissa had a little sister that she loved too.

"I'm sorry, Rachael," she said. "I didn't mean to--"

"Oh, don't worry. It's all right," Rachael smiled. She sat up again. "These things happen when people grow up. Allison is a different person than she was six years ago, and so am I. You know what? That's okay. It doesn't mean we love each other any less."

Lissa nodded, happy that Rachael was taking it so well.

"If it's okay with you," said Rachael, "I'd like to be your friend too."

Lissa could feel the sincerity in her words, and she decided that despite being angry at her earlier, she appreciated the girl's honesty and openness. Rachael was much like Allison in that respect. Impulsively, Lissa threw her arms around Rachael in a hug.

"Of course you can be my friend," she told her. "You're right; I've built a wall around myself, and so I don't have many friends, so anyone willing to put forth the effort is very welcome."

After they drew apart, Rachael asked, "So now that we're friends, can I give you a little constructive criticism?"

"Sure," Lissa smiled.

"First, the psychological evaluation. In Dr. Rachael's opinion," she said, and Lissa laughed, "you've gotten too comfortable in your role as the mature one, and you haven't yet learned that maturity doesn't mean you can't have fun. You're afraid to go out on dates, or even to talk to boys, because you might, heaven forbid, enjoy yourself."

"Hey, that's not really fair."

"Lissa, can you tell me honestly that you know how to enjoy yourself?"

"Of course I do. For example, I enjoyed myself over at my friend's house this weekend."

"Tell me something, Lissa. What was the first thing you thought of when she invited you over?"

"I don't know."

"Think."

"Okay, I almost said no. It was my first time sleeping over at someone else's house, and I was a little afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"I don't know," she said again.

"I do. You're afraid of trying new things. That's your biggest problem. You see adults as people who have settled down into a particular lifestyle, who don't have time for fun. Maturity, to you, is to accept your place in the world and never vary from your routine."

"That's pretty harsh, Rachael," said Lissa, but at the same time, she wondered if it were really true. Had she really forgotten how to have fun because she thought it was incompatible with maturity?

"Since we're friends now," Rachael told her, "I'm not going to lie to you. I'm sorry if it makes you uncomfortable, but that's just how I see you. Look, I want to help you, Lissa. You don't have to stop enjoying yourself just because you're growing up."

Lissa sighed. There was a certain logic to that. Maybe Rachael could actually help her there. "Okay, so what does 'Dr. Rachael' recommend?" she asked.

"Do you want my honest opinion?"

"Yes."

"Okay. You need to do something completely out of character, something completely spontaneous, something wild and reckless, without worrying about the consequences."

Lissa nodded. It made perfect sense. The best way for Lissa to overcome her fears was to confront them directly. She really did need to do something different. The only question was what?

"Wild and reckless," Lissa repeated. "You mean like skydiving?"

"That would work, but it's not exactly something you can do spontaneously. You have to plan it, usually weeks in advance."

"So what do you suggest?"

"Since relationships are your problem, I think that's where we need to focus our attention. Here's an idea. Find the cutest guy in the school, go up to him, and ask him to have sex with you."

Lissa's eyes opened wide with astonishment. "Oh my god, Rachael! That's... I mean... I couldn't do that." The idea was terrifying, but at the same time, she recognized that that was partly because of her conservative upbringing, and partly because of her fear of having fun. The more she thought about it, the more she came to

realize that it was just the thing to help her. But her inhibitions were too powerful; she could never bring herself to do that.

"Why not?" asked Rachael.

"Well for one thing, I can't just go around having sex with strangers."

"One of your friends then."

"I don't have any male friends." That was true, but it had never really bothered her until now. Suddenly, however, she felt like it was some kind of failing on her part.

Lissa was completely unprepared for Rachael's next comment. "What about Jeff?" she asked. "I'm sure he'd be happy to oblige you."

Lissa began to grow red. It wasn't that the suggestion abhorred her; she had been fantasizing about that very thing for months now, and had even taken a few steps in that direction. But to have someone actually come out and say it...

"That's disgusting," she said to cover her embarrassment and excitement. "He's my brother."

"So you know he loves you. Much better than a stranger, wouldn't you say?"

"But that's just... wrong."

Rachael shrugged. "That's what most people claim, but I've never put much stock in the opinions of others. Unless you can give me a good, logical reason why it's wrong, I'm not convinced."

"I can't give you a good, logical reason, and I'm not going to try," Lissa told her. "You can believe whatever you want. But we're talking about me here, not you. And I happen to believe that it's wrong."

"All right, I'll concede that point. But that means it will have to be someone else."

"I don't know, Rachael. Whoever it is, I could get pregnant."

Rachael shrugged. "Good point. Of course, there's a simple solution to that problems."

"What?"

"Are you sure you want to hear this?" asked Rachael. "I mean, it might make you even more uncomfortable than you are right now."

Lissa considered. She was growing embarrassed again, but on the other hand, she really did want to know how to overcome her fear of trying new things. "Just tell me," she said.

"Ask one of your girlfriends to do it," smiled Rachael.

If Lissa was shocked before, she was doubly so now. The thought of actually doing that with another girl was horrifying! And yet at the same time, it would certainly qualify as a new experience.

"I can't believe you just said that, Rachael," she breathed.

"Now that I think of it, that's absolutely perfect," Rachael continued, ignoring Lissa's last comment. "For a straight girl like you, a little lesbian sex would be the best thing to break you out of your shell. You have no idea how liberating it is until you try it."

That sounded suspiciously like Rachael knew that from first-hand experience! "So... have you done that before?" Lissa asked, hesitantly.

Rachael stared at her for a second, as if trying to decide whether to answer her. "You know what we were talking about earlier, about Allison and me coming to an understanding?" she finally asked.

"Yes."

"After she kissed me on the forehead, she kissed me again. This time on the lips."

Lissa gasped. The mental image was so dirty, yet the forbidden nature of it also thrilled her. She had no idea that two sisters would ever do something like that together.

"You're not serious!" she breathed.

"Yes I am. We kissed, then we took our clothes off, lay down on the bed, and made love. That was when I decided to stop hating her, because no matter how perfect she was, by giving herself to me she was in a sense sharing that perfection. It was my first sexual experience by the way, with a boy or a girl."

"I don't know if I want to hear any more."

"Don't worry, that's really all there is to tell. I was thirteen, she was eighteen. A few months later she went off to college, so we didn't have much chance after that to continue our relationship. She made me a promise, however, because she didn't want me to feel like she was abandoning me."

"What kind of promise?"

"She promised that she would share all of her lovers with me."

"She what?"

"Allison refuses to get into any kind of intimate relationship unless I'm involved."

"So did you... get involved with that guy on the video?"

"Him? Actually he was my boyfriend first. I think he was using me to get to Allison, not that I really minded, since she would have just shared him anyway. The three of us would probably still be together if it weren't for the fact that he betrayed her by making that video. That's something I can never forgive."

Lissa suddenly had another thought, one that was frightening in its implications.

"What about... Dad?" she asked.

Rachael, however, had no qualms about answering the question. "She hasn't worked up the courage to ask him yet. You see, your dad's a bit of a problem because he's more conservative than most of her previous lovers, and she's so afraid of offending him, because she's terrified of losing this family. But one day she'll find a way to ask him. Maybe sooner rather than later," Rachael added with a wink.

"What's that supposed to mean?" asked Lissa.

Rachael laughed. "Just that I'm not driving back until Monday morning. And your dad and my sister get back from their trip on Sunday night."

"You don't mean..."

"I do."

"So you would actually... seduce my dad?"

"He's quite a handsome man, considering his age. Your whole family is good-looking. You're beautiful, Jeff is so gorgeous I can't stand it, and even Brit looks like she's going to turn into a real knockout in a couple of years. So to answer your question, yes. I would love to seduce him. But he's not who we're talking about here. We're talking about you."

"Me?"

"Yes. I told you my idea for helping you come out of your shell. So what do you think?"

"You mean you think I should actually make love to another girl?"

"Exactly."

"I don't know... It sounds so--"

"Before you start throwing adjectives around, keep in mind, that's the whole point. You need to do something that is abhorrent to you just so that you can discover that it's not as bad as you think. You might even enjoy it."

"I'm still not convinced. For one thing, I don't know if any of my friends are gay, so I wouldn't know who to ask."

"That does present a bit of a problem. I wonder..."

Then she stared at Lissa. Lissa couldn't read the expression in her eyes.

"There's one thing we could do..." Rachael said. "I'm almost hesitant to bring it up."

"What is it?"

"No, I'd better not."

"What are you talking about?"

"Just forget it, Lissa. It was just a fleeting thought."

"Now you've got me curious."

"Okay, but you have to promise not to get mad."

"I promise."

Rachael sighed. "If your problem is that you can't find a girl who would be willing to do this with you, it seems there's a simple solution right before you."

"What do you mean?"

Rachael grinned. "I mean, it's literally right before you."

Lissa stared at her in puzzlement for a second. Then she opened her eyes wide and gasped. "*You*?" she asked, astonished.

"I'd be happy to help you out like this. Hell, I'd love every minute of it. What do you say?"

"But I'm not--"

"Exactly! That's the point. It's *because* you're not a lesbian that you should do this."

Lissa shivered. Despite how horrible the thought was, there was something enticing about the woman's offer. Lissa did want to learn to open up, to break out of her shell and have fun. She knew that her reserved, conservative nature was holding her back. Even her disgust at the idea of doing those strange and creepy things with Rachael was a part of that weakness.

"You're not doing this because you want..." Lissa began, but couldn't make herself finish the sentence.

"Well, I'll admit that it's not *only* for your benefit," Rachael smiled. "To tell you the truth, I find you very attractive. If the roles were reversed and you were to make the same offer to me, I would accept in an

instant."

Lissa blushed, embarrassed but also flattered by Rachael's words. She had never been one to take compliments well, and considering the implications, she was surprised she wasn't completely mortified. But Rachael was very friendly and she seemed sincere.

Rachael reached out and put her hand on Lissa's cheek. "Look, I'm sorry if I embarrassed you," she said. "If I'm making you feel at all uncomfortable, just tell me and I'll leave you alone."

"It's okay," Lissa replied. "It doesn't bother me."

"Really?"

"Well, not really. It does bother me a little, but it's okay. I'm not mad at you or anything, but I don't think I'm ready to do this."

"I understand. I hope you don't think I'm disgusting or horrible for suggesting it. I've just never been the type to be shy about sex. When I have those kinds of feelings toward someone, I tell them."

"I guess I can understand that. Allison says I'm very honest with my feelings, although I suppose I've been brought up not to talk about certain subjects."

"Like sex," Rachael nodded. "Go ahead and say it."

"Okay, sex. I've been brought up not to talk about sex."

"And that's part of the problem. Sex is so taboo to you that you can't even say it."

"Apparently you don't have that problem," Lissa grinned.

"Nothing's taboo to me. I won't go into any details except to say that if I told you some of my previous exploits, you'd run screaming from the room."

Lissa laughed.

"So anyway, I don't suppose there's any way of changing your mind about having sex with me?"

"No there isn't," Lissa replied, though only half-heartedly. In fact, even just since the beginning of the conversation, some of her inhibitions had dropped. Rachael made it sound like it was so simple. It was like she was asking Lissa if she wanted to play a game or go shopping with her. In fact, Lissa realized, it probably was that simple to Rachael. It was just an activity to her, just like sports or swimming or reading.

"I have an idea," said Rachael.

"Why do I get the impression that this is going to end up bad?" Lissa laughed.

"That depends on what you mean by bad," Rachael replied. "And you just might change your definition by the time I'm through with you. So do you want to hear my idea?"

Lissa shrugged. It admittedly sounded intriguing.

"You're open to the idea of doing something against your character in order to help you to open up to new experiences, but you're frightened to take such a big step all at once. Am I right?"

"More or less."

"So we'll take small steps instead."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean we'll take it slow. A little kissing, a little touching, and hopefully on to the grand finale. I don't know how far you're willing to go, and I don't think you do either. But there's no harm in finding out, is there?"

"I don't know..."

"Look, let's just start. At any point you can tell me to stop, and I will."

Lissa considered. She did want to learn to try new things, and this sounded harmless enough. She could call it off at any point that she felt uncomfortable, but at least she would know that she had made the effort. That had to count for something. Still, she didn't feel comfortable with even the most innocent of sexual contact with Rachael.

"Maybe..." she said.

Rachael grinned. "I like the sound of that. Look, we'll start simply. I'll give you a shoulder massage. That should be all right, shouldn't it?"

Lissa nodded. It seemed innocent enough. After all, her mother used to do that to her sometimes, so there was nothing wrong with it.

"Come sit down in front of me," Rachael told her. Lissa slid off the bed, and Rachael took her place behind her.

From the first touch, Lissa began to relax. Rachael's hands on her bare shoulders felt wonderful. The girl certainly knew how to give a massage. Her fingers kneaded Lissa's shoulders, working her collarbone and shoulder blades. Every motion seemed to suck out the tension, making her feel more and more at ease. She realized that she had never been massaged on her bare skin before; it had always been when she wore a shirt. The difference was astounding. There was something thrilling about feeling the girl's hands touching her without clothes to get in the way. Perhaps that was why massages were typically done on a person's bare back.

Lissa surprised herself by sighing. Rachael laughed at that. "I take that as a compliment," she said.

"Okay, I admit it feels good," Lissa conceded.

"I can make you feel *really* good if you want," Rachael told her. "Just say the word."

"Not yet," Lissa replied.

"Can't blame me for trying. Anyway, I'd like to work on the rest of you, but you're going to have to take your towel off for that."

Lissa tensed up a little, and Rachael noticed it.

"It's okay," she soothed. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to. I would love to see your body, but it's completely up to you."

Lissa let herself relax again. Rachael was being a very good sport about the whole thing, and she seemed genuinely interested in helping Lissa. Perhaps this wasn't so bad after all.

"Why don't we go half way?" Rachael suggested. "You get up on the bed and I'll give you a more traditional massage."

"You mean, without my towel on?"

"Exactly. You'll only be exposing yourself from behind."

Lissa took a couple of seconds to consider the request, then nodded. It wouldn't be nearly as bad if all that Rachael could see of her was her back. She climbed back up onto the bed, and Rachael gave her an encouraging smile. Lissa lay down on her stomach, keeping her legs tightly together so as not to give the woman a chance view of more than just her back. She turned her head and considered keeping her arms tight against her side, but then she wrapped her arms around her pillow instead, taking a deep breath to steel her nerves. That would give Rachael access to at least the sides of her breasts, she knew, but since she could stop it at any time, there was no reason not to be bold.

Rachael reached for the knot in the towel and unfastened it. A moment later Lissa felt a cool draft on her back.

"Absolutely gorgeous," Rachael commented. "I hope you at least let me see you from the front later."

"Do a good job and maybe I'll make that your reward," giggled Lissa. In truth, this whole situation felt exhilarating. It was so naughty and wicked, but that was what made it so exciting.

A moment later she felt Rachael's hands on her back, and the same feeling she had had on her shoulders a few minutes before returned. She realized there was nothing wrong with what was happening right now; she could hire a professional masseuse to do exactly this same thing to her and nobody would think there was

anything sexual about it at all. Only the thoughts that must be going through Rachael's mind right now made it anything other than innocent.

"Jeff really liked it when I massaged his back," Rachael commented. Lissa opened her eyes in shock. In most circumstances, she wouldn't think twice about it. But knowing Rachael like she did, there was an unspoken message there.

"Was it... was it like this?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" asked Rachael.

"I mean, on the bed with... with his clothes off?"

"No. I was on the couch and he was on the floor in front of me, just like you and I were a few minutes ago."

"And he had his clothes on?"

"Exactly. I got him to rub my back afterward. He's got great hands. If you ever want a good back rub, ask Jeff to do it for you."

"Really?"

"Really. You're lucky that you get to live with him. If I were you, I would take advantage of it as often as possible."

"So it was just a back rub then."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you didn't..."

"Didn't what?"

"You didn't have sex with him?"

"Of course I did," Rachael laughed. "I wouldn't pass up an opportunity like that with such a gorgeous guy."

Lissa gasped. "You're not serious!" she exclaimed.

"Come on, Lissa. You know I don't see anything wrong with it. And he's a fourteen-year-old boy, so naturally he would jump at the chance to do it with me. Fuck false modesty; I'm well aware of the fact that I'm a good-looking girl. Especially since I resemble my sister so much, and you and I both know he's got a thing for her."

"So you just had sex with him? Just like that?"

"Not just like that. He took a little bit of encouragement, just like you. In his case, it took some special equipment: a tiny little bikini and a hair dryer."

"A hair dryer?"

"Secret weapon," Rachael explained. "I'd tell you, but then I'd have to kill you."

Lissa was astounded. This woman who was trying to seduce her had done exactly the same thing to her little brother only a day before! Lissa had experimented with Jeff a little, but nothing had come of it. Now Rachael had finished what Lissa had started. She felt a little jealous, but quickly suppressed those feelings. The truth was that no matter how inappropriate the woman's actions had been, they were in fact much more appropriate than Lissa's own. She couldn't fault her for that.

"Does it bother you that I slept with your little brother?" asked Rachael.

"A little," Lissa admitted. "I suppose as his big sister, I feel an obligation to protect him from... well..."

"From girls like me," Rachael finished for her.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to imply anything."

"Fuck that. I know exactly what kind of girl I am, and I'm proud of it. But don't worry. I was just giving Jeff a little educational experience. It will be good for him."

"Maybe," said Lissa.

"Anyway, let's drop the subject. It's not good manners to fantasize about one person while you're seducing another," Rachael laughed, and Lissa joined in. It was true; Rachael was seducing her. But the fact that she was so open and honest about it took all of the edge off of the horror of the idea.

Just then, Rachael leaned in and kissed Lissa on the shoulder, just below her neck. Once again Lissa tensed up, but forced herself to relax. She also wanted to take this as far as she could, and that meant giving in to a few simple pleasures like that. It wasn't even enough to just allow Rachael to do it; Lissa had to enjoy it.

Rachael kissed her again, a little lower than before, and Lissa allowed herself to let the sensation stimulate her. Now she had crossed the first real line; there was certainly nothing innocent about this. But she was determined to keep going. Besides, it really did feel nice.

Rachael's kisses worked all over her back. It was completely random, lacking any kind of pattern. That was what was so exciting about it. With no way to anticipate it, she was left unprepared and vulnerable to the stimulation. It bypassed any kind of defenses she might put up, working directly on her naked skin.

Suddenly she felt Rachael's lips on her buttocks, and she had to giggle at that. It was a little embarrassing, but Rachael apparently didn't think so, as she kissed her all over.

"You surprise me," Lissa commented. "I figured you're usually the dominant one in a relationship."

"I am," Rachael replied.

"So then why are you so good at kissing my ass?" Lissa laughed.

In reply, Rachael playfully bit her on one of her cheeks. Lissa yelped, then began to giggle.

"Auntie Rachael hurt poor little Lissa," Rachael said. "Let me kiss it better." She did.

Lissa sighed. Now that the initial shock had worn off, she found this new experience actually quite stimulating.

"It sounds like you're enjoying this," Rachael told her.

"Believe it or not, I am," she admitted.

"Should we go on to the next stage?"

"What's that?"

"Let me take my clothes off, and I'll show you."

Lissa turned her head and glanced at her. She wondered if she should put a stop to this right now. With both of them naked, the seduction would naturally speed up. But she found that she actually *wanted* to see Rachael naked.

"Go ahead," she said.

Rachael pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it on the floor, revealing her bare chest. Lissa forced herself to look at it, a surprisingly easy task. She had seen other girls naked before after all, and Allison had once insisted that she look directly at her body. Rachael's was quite nice. Lissa suddenly wondered what it would feel like to touch it.

"You like?" asked Rachael.

"I don't know," Lissa replied. "Maybe. I mean, I would if I were a guy. Or a lesbian."

"Well, we'll see if we can't get a more positive answer from you by the end of the night," Rachael grinned, then pulled off her panties. Like her sister, she was hairless between her legs.

"Are you ready for the next step?" Rachael asked. Lissa nodded, a little afraid. She watched as Rachael climbed onto the bed, and then lay down on top of her. Lissa shivered as she felt the girl's naked body pressed up against her. She could feel Rachael's breasts against her back, especially the hard buds of her nipples. It was the first time she had ever felt a girl's body like that.

Rachael kissed her on the back of the neck as she slid her arms around Lissa's body. Her hands came to rest beneath her chest, just below her breasts.

"What do you think of that?" Rachael breathed.

"It's hard to say," answered Lissa. "It feels kind of weird."

"But kind of nice too?"

"Maybe."

"Tell the truth, Lissa."

"Okay, fine. I like the warmth and the softness. It still bothers me a little to be doing this, though."

"Remember, you can stop me any time you want."

"I know. Maybe I can go on a little further."

"You're a brave girl. I like that. If you're willing to go as far as I want you to, I'll make sure you get a nice reward for your effort."

"What kind of reward?"

Rachael leaned in and pressed her lips up next to Lissa's ear. "An orgasm," she whispered.

Lissa shuddered as she thought about how that would feel. It was a dirty thought, but she couldn't deny that it also excited her.

"You like that, don't you?" asked Rachael.

"Maybe."

"Well, all you have to do is accept the reward. That's it. I don't even care if you reciprocate, because giving you that kind of pleasure is reward enough for me." She kissed Lissa on the cheek. "You're such a beautiful girl," she whispered, and Lissa found that it didn't bother her. Rachael continued to kiss her, and all of the tension she had felt earlier seemed to melt away. She couldn't believe how good it felt to lie here with Rachael on top of her. It was so relaxing she felt like just drifting off to sleep.

Rachael had other ideas. "Lissa?" she asked.

"Mmm."

"Are you ready to continue?"

"Maybe. What do I have to do now?"

"Turn over on your back."

Lissa gasped. So this was it. If she didn't end this right now, she would expose herself to the girl's lusty eyes. Then it would be very easy for Rachael to...

"It's okay if you don't want to," Rachael told her. "If you just want to lie here like this for a while longer, I don't mind."

"No, it's all right. I'll turn over. I just have to work up the courage to do it."

Rachael climbed back off of her, and Lissa took a few deep breaths. Rachael put her hands back on Lissa's shoulders and began to rub them for a minute, then put gentle yet firm pressure on them to help turn her over. That was just what Lissa needed. She really didn't have to put forth much effort, just give in to Rachael's strength.

A moment later she found herself staring up at Rachael's smiling face, completely naked and vulnerable. Rachael ran her eyes all over Lissa's body, her smile widening as she saw it. Rather than feeling embarrassed, Lissa felt only complimented that her babysitter seemed to like what she saw.

"Absolutely stunning," Rachael breathed. She lowered her head and pressed her lips to Lissa's. Lissa closed her eyes and tried to relax. It was the first time another woman had ever kissed her like that, and she tried to enjoy it. After all, it was really no different than kissing a boy. Somehow she just couldn't convince herself of that.

Rachael noticed her hesitation and drew back. "It's all right," she said softly. "I know it's not easy for you."

"I'm sorry; I'm just not used to doing things like this."

Rachael climbed up onto the bed next to her and put her hand on Lissa's bare stomach. Lissa had a moment of panic, but Rachael kept her hand there, not moving it. She leaned in and kissed Lissa on the cheek.

That was much easier to accept, since it was no different from receiving a kiss from her mother or sister.

"Next I'm going to start fondling you," Rachael whispered in her ear. "But I won't do it until you say that I can. Just tell me when you're ready."

Lissa nodded, closing her eyes and breathing deeply, trying to work up the courage. She was actually going to go through with it! She was going to get felt up by another girl! As disgusting as that seemed, she also felt an uneasy excitement at the thought. There was something strangely appealing about knowing that soon she would be touched by someone other than herself, especially a woman.

"Go ahead," she whispered, almost imperceptibly, her eyes still shut tight as if blocking out the sight would somehow offer some protection against the experience.

She felt Rachael's hand slide upward along her stomach, to the base of her rib cage, then slowly higher, and higher...

It didn't feel anywhere near as bad as she had expected. Her aunt had soft hands and a gentle touch. It was warm and soft and even relaxing. She couldn't believe she was letting a girl do this to her, and even more, that she was actually enjoying it. It wasn't difficult for Lissa to let herself go and just accept the wonderful caress.

Rachael sat up, and a moment later Lissa felt her other breast being fondled as well. It was a massage more than anything else, with Rachael's hands running over them, squeezing and kneading them gently. Lissa even let out a sigh.

"Do you like that?" Rachael asked her.

Lissa nodded.

"Do you want me to play with your nipples?"

Lissa hesitated for a moment, then bit her lower lip and blushed as she nodded again.

Rachael's fingers sought out the hardening buds and began to tease them. She rubbed and squeezed them between her fingers, sending thrills through Lissa's body. It was a bit ticklish but at the same time very pleasurable. This was a technique she hadn't tried herself while masturbating, but from now on she would have to practice it. She couldn't believe how aroused she was getting from the feel of her aunt's hands on her.

After about ten minutes of this as Lissa's pleasure grew and her breathing became deeper and more labored, Rachael lowered herself and kissed Lissa on the chest just below her neck. Lissa gasped at the sudden, unexpected contact.

"Do you want me to kiss them?" Rachael asked.

"Oh my god!" Lissa exclaimed. What an experience that would be to have another girl's mouth on her nipples! It was so wrong, yet so enticing! Even as she nodded, she couldn't believe what she was doing. She opened her eyes now, watching Rachael's head lower along her body as she kissed her way down to one of Lissa's breasts. Rachael stopped at the nipple, kissing all around it and then finally putting her lips right on the pleasurable center.

There was no doubt about it now, Lissa was losing herself in the pleasure. Now that she had come this far, she knew she was going to see it through to the end. Her breaths came in gasps now, the rising of her chest thrusting her breast right against Rachael's mouth. Rachael, sensing that she no longer had to ask permission, began to work the nipple over with her tongue, causing her niece to make little mewling sounds. Almost unconsciously, Lissa put her hands up and placed them behind Rachael's head, pulling her in. Rachael giggled and began to suck, realizing the effect she was having.

She switched to the other breast, but her hand took her head's place at the original one. It was almost too much for Lissa to bear. How could she be deriving such pleasure from another woman? It was raw, it was lustful, it was passionate, it was like nothing she had ever felt before. Not even when she had lost her virginity had she felt this good. Perhaps if her boyfriend had been a little more experienced he might have been able to do this to her, but in fact, nobody had ever given her this much pleasure but her aunt Rachael.

Lissa released Rachael's head with one of her hands and let it slide down her body toward the center of her sex. Sensing the motion, Rachael grabbed it and held it away.

"Why...?" Lissa began, frustrated and a little angry that Rachael was withholding this from her. But as her aunt moved her head off of her breast and began kissing down her chest toward her stomach, Lissa suddenly realized what was about to happen.

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed. "Really?" She very seldom swore; those words just weren't used in the Primdale household. But her excitement was getting the better of her. She was no longer responsible for anything she did; the pleasure had taken control of her and she was powerless before it.

Rachael worked lower and lower, kissing and licking her all over her stomach. The anticipation was so overwhelming that Lissa was almost in tears. How could this be happening to her? If there was some kind of cosmic justice, was she being rewarded or punished? At this point she really couldn't tell which. All she knew was that she was taking immense pleasure in this horrifying and disgusting act.

As Rachael neared the goal, Lissa couldn't help herself. "Oh god!" she moaned. "Oh god oh god oh god oh god!" The pleasure was mounting. She didn't even know if she could hold on long enough for Rachael to reach the target; even the anticipation was nearly enough to tip her over the edge.

Then suddenly, it happened. She felt her aunt's moist tongue running all over her pussy, licking up and down the slit and teasing her clitoris. The feeling could only be described as electrical, like being shocked. Wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. Rachael reached up with her hands and gently spread the lips, which were already sensitive enough now that they parted easily. Then Rachael thrust her tongue inside, causing Lissa to cry out in delightful torment and place her hands once more on Rachael's head to pull her almost violently in. Her hips thrust forward, mashing the girl's head against her body. It was beyond pleasure now; it was intense and exquisite and delicious. Her whole body shook with the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced. She didn't know it was even possible for a person to feel this good!

Then she was past the peak, and the wonderful pleasure began to ebb. It was almost a shame to let it go, but at the same time, she couldn't remember the last time she had felt so exhausted. Rachael continued to lap at her for five minutes as the aftershocks coursed through Lissa, causing her to spasm uncontrollably with each breath. Slowly the pleasure waned until she found herself, completely spent, lying naked on the bed with her aunt between her legs.

She began to grow red from embarrassment. What had she done? She had completely lost control, giving in to such unnatural carnal desires. How could she, Lissa Primdale, have allowed herself to feel such pleasure

from a woman?

But when Rachael slid back up to lie down beside her with an adoring smile and a tender kiss on the cheek, Lissa realized that it wasn't so bad after all. It wasn't something that she would ever do again, but that didn't mean she wouldn't look back on this night with fondness.

Chapter 13

The Pajama Club

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Allison asked Greg as they sat in their hotel room on Saturday morning. Despite easily being able to afford it, Greg had never been to Las Vegas before, but Allison had come up with the idea of spending a weekend there. So far he had blown a couple of grand at the casinoes, just pocket change to a wealthy man like him. But that wasn't the real reason they were here. Tonight, Allison had something planned for him, something she had kept secret except for a bare minimum of information.

"Hey, you're the one who insisted on dragging me along," he joked. "Don't tell me you're getting cold feet."

"Me? No, of course not. I just wanted to make sure you weren't going to back out at the last minute. After all, this is something unlike anything you've ever done before."

"I think it will be good for me. You know me; I'm just a boring old man who doesn't know how to have fun."

"That's not true!" Allison exclaimed.

"Well, compared to you, I don't know how to have fun," he qualified.

"Okay, maybe that's true," she smiled, and they both laughed.

"But seriously," he said, "you seem so free, so unrestrained, and yet, you also seem a lot happier than me. Sometimes I'm jealous. So maybe I just need to learn to loosen up a little, and I think this is going to help."

"Okay, but you have to admit, this is kind of a big first step. If you're at all uncomfortable with it, we can call the whole thing off. We can just spend some time alone right here in our room."

"No, I'd like to try it. Who knows? I might even have fun."

Allison laughed. "I sure hope you have fun, since that's kind of the point."

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

"And you don't mind that I'm not telling you what you're getting into?"

"I suspect that you're keeping it as a surprise because if I knew, I would back out. But that's exactly the kind of thing I want to experience. Something I would never choose to do if I were making the decision."

He wasn't completely in the dark, however. Allison had made all of the arrangements, and given him three bits of information. First, someone would meet them here at the hotel to take them to a very exclusive, very

expensive, and very discreet establishment. That suggested he was in for a very interesting time indeed. Second, it was known as the Pajama Club. Third, and related to the second, all the guests were expected to wear their pajamas. It seemed a little juvenile, but fun nonetheless. They wore their regular clothes right now but had their pajamas in a couple of handbags to change on the way.

They heard a knock at the door, and Allison strode over to open it. A man stood there in what looked like a chauffer's uniform.

"Hello," he smiled. "I'm Carl from the Pajama Club."

"We're Greg and Allison."

"Nice to meet you. Are you ready?"

"We just need to check out first," she replied.

"Of course. I'd be happy to help you with your luggage. Keep your carryons with your pajamas, but I'll stow the rest for you."

He took both of their suitcases, then they locked up the room and headed for the elevator. Greg and Allison exited on the ground floor while Carl continued down to the parking garage beneath the hotel. The Primdales headed over to the desk to check out. The process took a few minutes, during which Carl reappeared and met them in the lobby. Then the three of them once more entered the elevator and rode it down to the parking garage.

They had to walk quite a distance to the parking spot, but eventually they reached their transportation. It was an unmarked truck about the size of a moving van. It surprised Greg at first, until he realized that it fit in nicely with the whole secrecy of the event. What better transportation than a nondescript van like this? Still, it seemed a little plain considering what Greg was paying for a single night at the Pajama Club.

When Carl opened the back door, however, the quote "don't judge a book by its cover" jumped into Greg's mind. Instead of the cold, empty interior he expected, he was surprised to see what appeared to be a comfortable living room, with carpeted floor, bright ceiling lamp, and two couches facing each other on opposite walls. It looked rather homey and comfortable, like the living room of a small house or at least the waiting room of an office.

A pretty young girl sat on one of the couches reading a magazine. She looked to be about Lissa's age, or perhaps even younger, with straight brown hair and a cute little slightly upturned nose and pouty lips. Greg was startled to see that she wore only a lacy white negligee. Then he realized, considering the instructions that Allison and he had been given, her attire wasn't so strange after all.

She glanced up as the door opened and smiled at them. "Come on in," she greeted in a friendly voice. "There's plenty of room, and I don't bite. Unless you ask me very nicely."

Carl lowered the ramp from the bottom of the truck and locked it in place. Allison immediately started up it. Greg hesitated for a moment. Now he was starting to have second thoughts about this whole thing. Should he really be doing this? After all, what if people found out? From what Allison had told him, it was hardly innocent; and if what he saw now hinted at things to come, things might get pretty wild indeed.

His wife turned around and smiled at him. "Coming, dear?" she asked.

He had to go through with it, he realized. Not for her sake, but for his own. He needed to do something absolutely contrary to his character in order to get over his old and boring ways.

The first step was the hardest. After that it became much easier, and he found himself ascending the ramp to the pleasant and inviting room. Before he knew it, he was standing inside. Carl slid the ramp back into its slot, then closed the doors.

"Have a seat," the girl told them, so Allison and Greg sat down in the couch opposite her. Allison, sensing Greg's uneasiness, took his hand.

"My name is Lonnie," the girl introduced with a smile. "I'll be your hostess for the trip to the Pajama Club."

"I'm Allison, and this is my husband Greg," Allison replied.

Lonnie glanced at him, and he realized that he was staring. He turned away, growing red. The girl didn't seem to mind though, but gave a friendly laugh. "Let me guess. This is your first time to the Pajama Club."

He nodded.

"Don't worry," Lonnie reassured him. "A lot of men are nervous their first time. Just relax and enjoy yourselves."

Just then they heard the engine start up, then a jerk as the van began to move.

"You can change into your pajamas now if you want, or you can wait until we're nearing the club," Lonnie told them. She pointed toward the front of the truck, where Greg now noticed a door in the wall. "You can use the restroom to change, if you're so inclined," she said, "but if you want to change out here, that's fine too."

"Well I don't know about you," Allison said to Greg, "but I think I'll so ahead and slip into something more comfortable right now."

"While you're changing, can I offer you a drink?" asked Lonnie, nodding toward what appeared to be a fully stocked bar in the corner.

"I'll have a gin and tonic, if you wouldn't mind," Allison smiled.

"And for you?" Lonnie asked Greg.

"Bourbon, please. After I've changed."

As she poured the drinks, Allison began to unbutton her blouse. Greg picked up his bag and headed into the restroom. It was roomier inside than he expected. He had thought it would be about the size of an airport restroom, but instead it was about the size of the shower in the master bedroom of his mansion, quite roomy in fact. There was a toilet on one wall, hooks for clothes on the other, and a large mirror on the third, presumably so that he could see how he looked in his pajamas. He immediately set to work changing out of his clothes and into his pajamas. They were the typical button-down night shirt and pants, more functional than glamorous. Allison had assured him that it didn't matter; the point wasn't fashion, but just to have a fun time.

He stuffed his daytime clothes into his overnight bag and stepped out of the room. Allison was completely naked except for her lacy black, thigh-high stockings that she had worn all day. As usual, her nudity didn't seem to bother her at all, even in front of a complete stranger. He wondered if she would have felt the same way if Lonnie were a man.

As he made his way over and sat down on the couch, Allison fished through her bag and retrieved her own pajamas. "Pajamas" was probably a misnomer. It consisted of a black lace teddy that matched her stockings. She sat down next to him and slipped it on, though it hardly made a difference. It was transparent enough that it really didn't hide anything; her nipples were clearly visible through the thin fabric, and he could even see the outline of the slit between her legs.

"I bought it especially for tonight," she told him. "Do you like it?"

"Wow," he breathed. "That is so... so..."

"Sexy?" she asked.

He nodded, a stupid grin on his face, then sat down next to her.

"I guess it's doing its job," Lonnie said. "Of course, it may not be such a good idea to let you two into the club after all," she teased. "The guys are going to spend more time staring at your wife than at the girls."

The girls. Greg thought about the implications of that. He hadn't really doubted that this was going to be anything but a sexual experience. That meant four general categories for what the Pajama Club could be. It could be a nudist resort of some kind, but the fact that everyone wore at least some clothes ruled out that possibility. It could be some kind of swingers' club. He had heard about those, but didn't think it was likely in this case, because Allison had already said she didn't want to have sex with other men. That left two other options: a strip club, or a brothel. Either way, there were bound to be a lot of young lovelies there. Still, hearing it confirmed from Lonnie's own mouth excited him.

He wondered about the whole legality of it, though. Lonnie looked too young to be in that kind of business. He decided to find out if his suspicions were correct.

"Do you mind if I ask you something?" said Greg.

"Not at all," Lonnie smiled.

"How old are you?"

The girl laughed. "How old do you think I am?"

"Well, I've got a sixteen-year-old daughter, and you can't be any older than her."

"I'll take that as a compliment. Actually, I'm eighteen. The Pajama Club hires the youngest-looking girls it can find."

"Not much future in the business, I guess," he commented.

"Not in the Club, no. But when they decide to let me go, I'm guaranteed a transfer to one of their other affiliates. Believe me, they treat you well."

"But you are... I mean... this is..."

"What?" she asked.

"Um... maybe I shouldn't say it. If I'm wrong, it might sound offensive."

A knowing smile crept onto Lonnie's face. "It's a brothel," she told him. "That's what you were going to ask, isn't it?"

"Well... yes."

"If you didn't know what you were getting into, why are you here?" she smiled.

"I'm afraid that's my fault," Allison replied. "We wanted to try out something new, so I set this up as a surprise for him."

Lonnie laughed. "And what a surprise it is!" she exclaimed. "Don't worry, Greg. Just relax and have a good time. The girls will take good care of you."

"So it doesn't surprise you that my own wife set up a visit to a brothel for me?" asked Greg.

"Not really. It happens more than you would expect. Some couples just want to try something different to add a little excitement to their marriages. No different from a swingers' club or a key party really."

"Yes, I suppose you're right."

"In case you're wondering, you're allowed to have sex with me during the trip if you want. I don't recommend

it, because the couch isn't the most comfortable place to do it, and because you'll disappoint the girls at the club if you're too tired for them when you arrive. But that's up to you."

"Um, I think I'll wait if you don't mind," he said. It was the second time in his life that a girl had offered to have sex with him the first time he met her. He had taken the first one up on the offer, and had never regretted it since. On the other hand, he was still a little nervous about this whole thing, and might not be able to perform until he had a chance to relax and get into the mood a little more.

The rest of the trip was relatively uneventful. He had a couple of drinks to loosen him up a little, not enough to get drunk but just enough to calm his nerves. Lonnie was bright and cheerful the whole time, which helped to keep him relaxed. If the atmosphere in the club was anything like the atmosphere in the van, he would probably enjoy himself.

He had never visited a brothel before, and had never really planned to. Even the last couple of years when his ex-wife had grown a little cold to him, he had remained loyal to her, not once ever considering being unfaithful. He still had issues with committing adultery, but since his new wife not only accepted it but encouraged it, he figured he might as well try it once.

The journey took several hours, which didn't really surprise him. There was a certain secretive mystique about the whole thing. Despire Lonnie's assurance that it was all legal, there was probably something about the Pajama Club that might put some people off. No doubt they didn't want picketers trying to get it shut down, so they kept the location hidden even from their clients.

The length of the journey suggested that it was outside of the city, but he couldn't tell that for sure; for all he knew, the van was just driving around in circles the whole time to give them the impression that it was further away than it really was.

He didn't really mind; he enjoyed Lonnie's and Allison's company. Since Allison had refused to tell him about the club, Lonnie thought it would be fun to be tight-lipped about it as well. She teased him with nuances and innuendos, but masterfully kept from revealing anything about it.

At lunch time, she served sandwiches from a refrigerator below the bar. They were fresh, with quality meats and cheeses. Considering what he was paying for this outing, he would have been disappointed otherwise.

The trip lasted until about three in the afternoon. Eventually they felt the van slowing, and it finally came to a stop. A moment later, Carl opened the door and slid the ramp down. Lonnie gave Greg and Allison one last hug, then they descended the ramp into what appeared to be a short tunnel. The cold stone beneath his bare feet didn't feel particularly pleasant, but Carl motioned toward a door off to the side, with a carpeted step in front and another uniformed man standing beside it. Carl took their carryons, assuring them that he would have their luggage delivered to their suite. The door man opened it for them, and Greg and Allison stepped inside.

They found themselves in a large, elegant lounge with stylish furnishings. There were no windows, which again didn't surprise him. There were several men there, but only one other woman. All wore pajamas, of

course.

The woman and one of the men approached Greg and Allison.

"Hi," the man greeted cheerfully. "I'm Frank, and this is my wife Carol."

"Greg and Allison," Greg replied warmly. They all shook each others' hands.

"My wife arranged this for my birthday," Frank said. "Hell of a birthday present, wouldn't you agree?"

"Absolutely," said Greg.

"Anyway, it's nice to see another fellow here whose wife isn't the jealous type."

"I just figure if I let him have his fun like this once in a while, he's not likely to start up an affair," Carol said. "Isn't that right, Allison?"

"Our situation is a little different," Allison replied. "It doesn't bother me if he wants to have an affair, just like it doesn't bother him that I married him for his money."

Frank and Carol chuckled at that, obviously not sure whether it was a joke or not.

"It's true," Allison shrugged. "But just because I married him for his money doesn't mean we can't have fun together," she grinned.

"That does make a strange kind of sense," said Carol. "It explains why you're here at the Pajama Club. Anyway, we're just waiting for the last couple of guests to arrive. They should be here any time."

It didn't take long. Five minutes later, another man entered, looking a little disheveled. More than likely he had spent time in the back of a van with a young lady like Lonnie, but in his case he had taken her up on her offer.

A few minutes after that, another man arrived. Frank mentioned that that should be the last of the guests, so the festivities should start at any time.

Just then, the door at the far end of the room opened, and a man stepped through. He appeared to be in his mid fifties, with gray hair and slightly overweight frame. Wearing an old-fashioned nightgown that hung around his ankles, a tassled nightcap and a pair of pink, fluffy, bunny slippers, he looked so ridiculous that Greg no longer felt the least bit self-conscious about his own attire. That was probably the point, he realized.

"Welcome to the Pajama Club," he announced with a jovial smile. "I am the director of this establishment, Chuck Farnham, but the girls all call me Grandpa. You may call me Mr. Farnham, Chuck, Grandpa, or just 'Hey you.'"

There were a few chuckles among the crowd, and Greg felt at ease with this man. Considering how much he

had paid to get in, he found the atmosphere to be surprisingly casual. But then, that made sense, considering that this was a pajama-themed establishment.

"Now let me explain how things are going to work," the man continued. "We want you to feel at home here in the Pajama Club. When you're here, you're with family."

Greg heard some more chuckles from the crowd, but he failed to get the joke.

"To that end," Chuck continued, "each man will choose one of our girls to be his daughter for the duration of his stay. These are good, obedient girls who will do anything for their daddies. *Anything,*" he repeated for emphasis, and Greg immediately realized what he meant. Now he understood everything. The secrecy, the expense, and Allison's reluctance to tell him what he was getting into. This wasn't just pajama-themed, but *incest* themed. Of course it was all a fantasy, but if he had known about it before, he might have refused to come. Now that he was here, though, he decided to see it through. He might as well have fun with it.

"If she's good, reward her with hugs and kisses," continued Chuck. "If she's bad, give her a good spanking. Or spank her anyway, if that's your thing. She's yours for the night, so have fun with her any way you wish. Then when it's time to put your little girl to bed, each girl has her own suite where you can tuck her in and give her a good cuddle. Our girls love to sleep with their daddies, so her bed is yours for the night.

"I see that we have a few mommies here as well. Unfortunately, we have no little boys for you, but we don't want you to feel left out. It's fine if you just want to watch, but if you're so inclined, our girls like to cuddle with their mommies just as much as with their daddies, if you know what I mean."

Greg glanced at Allison, but she kept her expression neutral. Considering what had happened on their honeymoon, he wondered if she would want to take an active part in the activities.

"But you didn't come here to hear me babble on and on. Let's get down to business. Before I present the girls, we'll draw numbers to determine the order in which you get to pick your daughters."

He took off his cap, then reached into a pocket in his robe and pulled out a series of numbered tiles. He dropped these into his cap and went around to each of the men, having them draw out a tile. When Greg reached into the cap, he drew out the number 3.

After everyone had drawn their tiles, Chuck walked back over to the door from which he had entered. "And now, it's time to meet the daughters!" he announced, and opened the door.

One by one, a dozen young girls stepped throgh and lined up against the wall. Upon seeing them, Greg nearly gasped. If Lonnie hadn't already told him that the girls at the Pajama Club all looked young for their age, he would have sworn that they were far too young to be in this business. Some of them looked no older than fourteen. They were all short, with slender frames and each with a very appealing little-girl look to her. Some even wore braces. Their hair color ranged from a very light blond to jet black, including several brunettes and redheads. There were two asian girls, one black, and the rest caucasian. They wore assorted clothing, some in lacy lingerie, some in nearly transparent nightgowns, and some in tank tops and panties.

Two girls in particular caught his eye. One was a pretty brunette with wide, green eyes and a bright smile. She had her hair tied back in a ponytail and wore nothing but a lacy black bra and panties. The other had long, blond hair and blue eyes in a cherubic face that reminded him of an older version of Brit. She had the most adorable smile of all the girls in the group, and wore a pink tank top that didn't quite cover her cute little navel, and a pair of bright pink panties. The bulges of her nipples and the crease between her legs were readily apparent through her clothes.

The girls all lined up against the wall, each holding up a rectangle of cardboard with their names written on it. Clearly each girl had written her own name, and some had decorated their name tags with stars, hearts, or other designs. The brunette that Greg had noticed was named Pauline, and the blonde was Sherry.

Allison leaned in and whispered in Greg's ear, "Sherry looks like Brit." Apparently she had noticed the resemblance too.

"Now take a good look, folks," said Chuck. "Aren't they beautiful? Let's go ahead and begin. Who has number one?"

Frank raised his tile in the air. Chuck came over and took it from his hand. "Who would you like to be your daughter tonight?"

"Pauline," he said, to Greg's disappointment. He had considered choosing Sherry, but after Allison had noticed the resemblance, he didn't want to choose her and maybe give Allison the wrong impression. Just because he liked the looks of a girl who resembled his daughter didn't mean that he thought of his own daughter in that way at all. Now that his second choice had been taken, he had to either choose Sherry or look for a third option. Of course, there was a chance that the second man would choose Sherry, in which case the decision would be made for him.

Pauline strode up to her new daddy with a shy look on her face, but as soon as she reached him, she wrapped her arms around his neck, drew him down toward her, and planted a kiss right on his lips. It lasted a few seconds, then she pulled back and with a smile on her face, took his hand.

The man with number two didn't hesitate, but immediately waved his tile in the air with a big grin on his face. He pointed to one of the asian girls. "Miko," he said. The girl came over and gave him a kiss as well.

Now it was Greg's turn. When Chuck asked who had number three, Greg held out the tile, then glanced over at Allison.

"Sherry?" she asked.

That was enough to make up his mind. As long as Allison was okay with it, he might as well go with his first choice. "Sherry," he confirmed. The girl skipped over to him, just a little more enthusiastically than the previous two girls had greeted their daddies. It was probably just her personality, though he liked to think that maybe she had been hoping to be picked by Greg.

When she reached out her arms for him, he glanced at his wife, who smiled and nodded her approval. Greg leaned down and let Sherry kiss him on the lips. It was a very pleasant sensation, both innocent and naughty at the same time. She wore some kind of lip gloss that tasted a bit like strawberries. When he drew back, he saw a look of adoration in her eyes as she took his hand in hers. It was all part of the act, of course, but that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy the attention.

The other men chose their daughters one by one until each had a girl on his arm. The remaining girls headed back through the door, leaving Chuck with the daddies and mommies and daughters.

"All right then," Chuck smiled. "Feel free to mingle and get to know your daughters while we get the rest of the evening's festivities set up." He slipped out the door.

The men and women immediately began talking with their daughters. Being completely new to this, Greg didn't know where to even begin, but Allison took over and asked Sherry about herself. Sherry first asked if they wanted her to step out of character or maintain the illusion, and Allison replied that she was interested in knowing the truth. So Sherry told them that she was eighteen and just starting her freshman year in college. Her older sister was an escort with one of the agencies affiliated with the Pajama Club, and had put in a good word for Sherry, who thought she would do well here because she had always looked younger than she really was. Greg was curious as to why a girl would choose this line of work, and Sherry simply replied that she enjoyed sex. In that regard she was as liberal as Allison. As far as Sherry was concerned, she was just having fun every weekend. The fact that they were paying her for it was just a bonus. As an aside, she admitted that she had a thing for older men.

Fifteen minutes later, Chuck entered the room again.

"All right everyone," he said, "it looks like we're all ready. Let me explain what will go on for the rest of the day. We'll be moving into the auditorium momentarily, where you'll be served cocktails. We have a fun show for you tonight which I just know you'll love. Afterward you will be served dinner, and then your daughters will take you up to their rooms where you may enjoy yourselves with them for the rest of the night. Are there any questions?"

There were a few murmurs in the crowd, but nobody spoke up.

"Good," Chuck smiled. "So let's go on in." He opened the door, and the daughters all took their daddies' hands and led them through it, into a short hall ending in a set of large double doors, which Chuck opened. Inside was a large room like a nightclub, with a curtained stage at one end. The room was filled with semicircular booths with soft seats and tables. The daughters were each apparently assigned a particular booth, to which they led their daddies. Sherry, Greg, and Allison took one slightly to the right of the center.

As he sat down, he realized that the high backed seats hid all of the other guests from view, other than just their heads. He wondered if that was intentional, so that nobody could see what was going on down below. That implied that something *would* go on down below.

After everyone was seated, half a dozen more girls appeared from a different door from the one the guests

had entered from. They took orders for drinks, then returned to serve the cocktails. After they finished serving everyone, they disappeared through the door again.

The curtain on the stage opened, revealing a scene made up to look like a teenage girl's bedroom. Three girls sat next to each other on the bed. They were all as cute as the "daughters," and looked to be about the same age. Like all the other girls in the room, they had on skimpy little pajamas.

"So do you guys want to play Truth or Dare?" one of them asked the others.

"As long as you go first, Jenny," one of her friends replied with a grin.

"Okay," the first one replied.

"Truth or dare?" asked the second speaker.

"Truth," said Jenny.

"How many boys have you kissed?"

"On the lips or elsewhere?" Jenny laughed.

"Any part of the body that touched your lips."

"Okay then, twelve."

"Twelve?" the third girl asked, astonished.

"Yep."

"Okay, how many have you kissed on the lips?"

"Three," Jenny replied. Several of the "daddies" laughed at the obvious innuendo there. "Okay, my turn," Jenny continued. "Molly, truth or dare?" she asked the third girl.

"Dare," said Molly.

"I dare you to... French kiss Kelly."

"Hey!" Kelly complained. "I'm not the one you dared."

"She's got a point," Molly said triumphantly.

But Jenny wasn't about to let her get out of it that easily. "Okay, I dare you to French kiss *me* instead."

"Ew!" Kelly exclaimed, but with a grin on her face.

With an embarrassed expression, Molly scooted over to Jenny. The two girls leaned in and opened their mouths, then pressed their lips together. Even from a distance Greg could see their tongues teasing each other. It both shocked and delighted him. Now that he was trying to be more open about his sexuality, he couldn't deny that the sight of two girls kissing really turned him on.

It only lasted a few seconds, then the girls separated, giggling girlishly.

"You're such a slut, Jenny," Kelly told her.

"Because it's so much fun. Anyway, I think it's your turn. Molly?"

"Okay," said Molly. "Kelly, truth or dare?"

"Truth," said Kelly.

"How many boys have you had sex with?"

Kelly laughed. "Twenty-six."

"You're such a liar, Kelly!" Molly said.

"It's true," Kelly shrugged.

"And you called *me* a slut?" said Jenny.

"Just because you're a slut doesn't mean I'm not one too," Kelly replied. "Anyway, it's my turn. I'm going to reverse it this time. Molly, truth or dare?"

"Dare!" Molly grinned.

"I dare you to lift up your shirt and show us your tits."

Molly stared at her with an embarrassed grin, then slipped her hands down to the bottom of her night shirt. She pulled it up, giving her friends, and the audience, a good view of her small breasts. Greg nearly gasped at the sight; he had never seen such a young body before. It looked like she was just starting to develop. The sight immediately started his cock swelling.

If the sight was arousing before, it was nothing compared to what happened next. Before Molly could put her shirt back down, Jenny reached out and squeezed one of Molly's breasts.

"Hey!" Molly exclaimed, immediately pulling her shirt down. Jenny giggled.

"What?" Jenny asked, with a forced innocent look. "You've got pretty little titties. I just had to have a feel."

"Well, now I get my revenge," Molly said with a smug look on her face. "Truth or dare?"

"Dare!" Jenny replied in a challenging tone, making it clear that she wasn't afraid of what Molly would have her do.

"Okay, I dare you to strip off all of your clothes. And leave them off all night."

Jenny grinned, and stood up. She slowly removed her pajamas, turning it into a striptease more for the audience than for her friends.

Suddenly, Sherry reached down between Greg's legs and gave him a squeeze. This time he did gasp. He could hear Allison silently giggling as he stared at Sherry.

"Just checking," Sherry whispered. "You like that, don't you, Daddy? You get turned on by little girls like us."

He didn't answer, but she simply grinned but left her hand there.

On stage, Jenny finished stripping, giving the audience an eyeful of her nude body. Like Allison, she had shaved off all of her pubic hair. In this case it was probably to enhance the illusion of her youth.

But now it was her turn to get her revenge. "Molly," she said. "Truth or dare."

"How come everyone picks me?" Molly complained.

"What, are you chicken?" Jenny taunted.

"No," insisted Molly.

"Well then, quit your griping. Truth or dare?"

"Dare," Molly told her.

Jenny's face broke out into a bright grin, and Molly's eyes opened wide in a fearful expression.

"I dare you to suck on my tits for one minute each," Jenny told her.

"Oh my god!" Molly exclaimed. "That's so gross!"

"You're the one who picked Dare."

"Okay, fine." Molly leaned in and gingerly took one of Jenny's nipples into her mouth. Greg watched in erotic fascination at the lesbian display in front of him. He could no longer deny that it turned him on; that little voice in the back of his head telling him it was wrong had faded to almost nothing.

In the mean time, Sherry removed her hand from his crotch, but only so that she could slip it down inside of his pajama bottoms and fastened it around his cock. He actually jumped at the contact, causing Allison to

glance over. She looked down and saw what Sherry was doing, and her face broke out into a grin.

He couldn't believe it. He was getting manually stimulated by a girl right in front of his wife! Not only that, but his wife actually liked it!

As Sherry pumped his cock up and down, Molly continued to suck on Jenny's tits. Her cheeks deflated into cute little dimples as she did so. She spent a minute on one, then left it and focused on the other. From the sighs and smile on Jenny's face, it was apparent that she enjoyed it.

It couldn't last forever, and finally Molly withdrew her head.

"You do that so well," Jenny told her. "Are you sure you haven't had practice?"

"No!"

Jenny laughed.

"Okay, now I'm going to get even more revenge!" Molly said. "Jenny, truth or dare?"

"Truth," Jenny smiled.

"Oh, come on!" Molly complained. "You're no fun."

"Truth," Jenny repeated.

"Oh, all right. Have you ever... seen your dad naked?"

"Of course," Jenny shrugged. "He fucks me every night."

"You're not serious!"

"You mean yours doesn't?" asked Jenny.

"Of course not!"

"Oh, I feel so sorry for you. Isn't that horrible, Kelly? Molly's dad doesn't fuck her."

"That really is a shame," Kelly replied.

"Not you too!" exclaimed Molly in shock.

"If a daddy really loves his little girl, that's how he proves it to her," said Kelly.

"But my dad says I'm not supposed to go around doing things like that with boys. It's not right."

"He only says that because he wants to keep you for himself," Kelly told her.

"You're a liar!" Molly laughed, then grabbed a pillow and whacked Kelly on the side of the head with it. Kelly retaliated by grabbing another pillow and hitting her back. Jenny got into the action, and suddenly it was a three-way fight. Greg watched in amusement at the display. It was especially exciting considering that one of them was topless.

They fought for several minutes, until finally Jenny pounced on Kelly, who squealed and tried to fight her off. Jenny grabbed the bottom of Kelly's nightshirt and with a quick motion, pulled it over her head and off of her body, leaving her bare above the waist.

That left only Molly, but that didn't last long. Both of her friends immediately attacked her, and soon the three of them were topless.

They resumed their pillow fight, and Greg watched in delight as their breasts jiggled with every motion. He was getting very aroused, though admittedly that had a lot to do with Sherry's hand down his pants.

After a few more minutes, Kelly grabbed Molly's pillow to keep the girl from hitting her. Molly tried to yank it out of Kelly's hand, but the motion just put her off balance and she ended up falling onto her back on the bed. Jenny couldn't pass up this opportunity, so she immediately pounced on Molly and tried to pin her down. Kelly joined in, and the three girls wrestled around on the bed, laughing and squealing as their half-naked bodies rubbed up against each other.

Just then, a man entered from off stage. "Will you girls please..." he began, then stopped and stared as the girls sat up with guilty looks on their faces.

"Daddy!" Molly exclaimed, throwing her hands over her chest.

"Why aren't you girls wearing your tops?" he demanded.

"We're just having some girl fun, Mr. Harding," Kelly explained.

"Girl fun?" asked the man.

"Yes, but now we're here we can have fun with you too," said Jenny with a wicked grin.

"I... I don't..." he stammered, but before he could react, Jenny slid off the bed and knelt in front of him, reaching for his belt.

"What are you doing, Jenny?" demanded Molly.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" she replied. "I'm seducing your dad."

"Oh god!" Mr. Harding groaned. "Jenny, you shouldn't..."

But the girl had already finished unfastening his belt and unzipping his pants, and was in the process of pulling them down to his ankles.

The other girls watched in amazement at the spectacle in front of them. Mr. Harding had given up on trying to protest, and was now standing there in shock. Jenny reached up and took hold of the waistband of his briefs, then pulled them down to let his hardening member spring free.

"Ew!" exclaimed Molly, covering her eyes.

"Oh come on, Molly," Kelly said. "You can't tell me you haven't fantasized about seeing your daddy's dick."

"Of course I haven't!"

Jenny reached up and wrapped her hands around Mr. Harding's cock, eliciting another groan from him. Jenny pumped her hand up and down on it as she stared up at him with a grin.

Sherry matched her rhythm to Jenny's, and Greg began to gasp at the pleasure. He happened to glance over at the other booths and noticed delighted smiles on the faces of the other men, and he realized that they were receiving the same stimulation from their "daughters." It was probably all scripted to mirror the events on the stage.

Then Jenny opened her mouth, and Greg realized with shock what she was about to do. She continued to gaze up at Mr. Harding's face as she took his cock into her mouth.

At the same time, Sherry slipped the front of Greg's pants down, exposing his own cock. She lowered her head into his lap and engulfed it in her own mouth. He groaned then, not surprised to hear similar sounds coming from the other booths. Allison watched with an excited and amused look.

On stage, Kelly climbed off of the bed and knelt down beside Jenny. "I want a taste," she said. Jenny drew back and let Kelly take over.

"A taste of what?" asked Molly, her hands still covering her eyes.

"Of your dad's dick," Jenny told her.

"Oh my god! You're not serious!"

"Open your eyes and see for yourself," Jenny told her.

"No way!"

Jenny stood up then and returned to the bed. She immediately grabbed Molly's hands and pulled them down.

"Hey!" Molly exclaimed, her eyes shut tight. Jenny wasn't about to give up so easily though. She moved around behind Molly, pulling her hands back. Molly struggled, but Jenny was too strong for her. Soon she had the girl's hands behind her back.

"Open your eyes," Jenny insisted.

"No!" Molly replied.

"I'm not going to let you go until you open your eyes."

Molly finally gave in, opening her eyes and turning to stare at the sight before her. Her eyes grew wide as she saw what was going on.

"Oh my god!" she breathed.

Kelly took her mouth off of Mr. Harding's cock and turned to grin at the girls on the bed.

"Pretty nice, isn't it?" she asked.

"Daddy, it's so... big!" exclaimed Molly.

"And tasty," Jenny added. "Hey Kelly, I'll bet Molly wants a turn."

"I do not!" Molly said.

"Oh yeah?" asked Jenny, then she slipped her hand down inside the front of Molly's panties. "Considering how wet your pussy is, I'd say you're getting turned on by it."

"Hey, that's not fair!" she complained, but she couldn't keep her eyes off of her daddy's cock.

"Come have a taste," Kelly grinned. "It's so delicious."

Molly continued to stare, but the embarrassed look on her face was quickly turning to one of excitement.

Finally, she glanced up at Mr. Harding's face. "Is... is it all right?" she asked.

"Oh god, yes!" he replied.

Jenny released the girl, who immediately came over and knelt in front of him. Gingerly, she stuck out her tongue and touched it to the tip of his cock. He groaned in delight.

"What did I tell you?" Kelly said. "Good, isn't it?"

Molly nodded, then took the whole thing in her mouth.

The sight of the girl giving her own father a blowjob, fiction or not, was enough to push Greg over the edge. He tensed up as his climax hit him, releasing his cum into Sherry's mouth. He glanced down to see her eyes open wide with delight and the corners of her mouth turn up in a smile as she drank it down eagerly. Greg collapsed against the back of the seat in exhaustion, and Sherry sat back up.

"I just might have a new favorite food," she whispered.

"I know what you mean," Allison grinned, giving her a wink.

On stage, Mr. Harding's hips were beginning to thrust forward into his daughter's mouth. She pulled back off of his cock in alarm.

"Naughty Daddy," she said with a smile.

"Get on the bed," he told her gently.

"Really?" she asked, the smile on her face widening with delight. He nodded.

Molly climbed up onto the bed and lay down. Mr. Harding stepped out of his pants, then removed his shirt and came over to his daughter. He knelt in front of her and pulled off her panties, revealing a smoothly shaved cunt. Molly spread her legs, and he immediately placed his head between them and licked her pussy.

"Ooh!" she squealed. He teased her with his tongue, licking her from the bottom of the slit to the top. Her own hips now started getting into the rhythm, and her breathing grew heavier.

In the mean time, Jenny and Kelly lay down beside her and fondled her breasts. They toyed with them with their hands for a minute, then both leaned in and took her nipples into their mouths.

After several minutes of oral stimulation, Mr. Harding stood back up. Then he climbed onto the bed, positioning his body above his daughter's.

"Do it," she told him. He lowered himself onto her, slipping his cock inside and causing her to gasp from the contact. He started rocking his hips forward, driving deep inside of her body.

It didn't take long before they both cried out in ecstasy, and he fell down on top of her, completely spent. They rested for a few minutes in each other's arms like that, panting from the exertion but both with happy smiles on their faces.

"I love you, Molly," said Mr. Harding.

"I love you too, Daddy," Molly sighed.

"Wow!" Jenny breathed. "Kelly and I were just kidding about fucking our dads. Maybe I'll have to give it a try now."

The curtain began to close, and the men in the audience immediately started clapping, Greg included.

After the show, the waitresses returned with menus for the guests, since it was getting on toward dinner time. Sherry hopped up on Greg's lap and held open the menu for him, making suggestions about her favorite dishes. Greg decided on shrimp scampi, while Allison ordered chicken in white wine sauce and Sherry had a kind of fajita salad topped with avocado dressing.

"I take it your snack before dinner didn't spoil your appetite?" Allison asked her with a grin.

"Nope," Sherry replied. "In fact, if Daddy's willing, I wouldn't mind some more for dessert."

"We'll have to see. There's only so much I can do."

"That's okay," Sherry told him. "As long as we can snuggle in my bed tonight, I'm satisfied."

They ate their dinner, then as soon as they finished, Sherry took both Greg and Allison by the hand and led them out the door. Some of the other daddies and daughters were also getting up to leave. Sherry led the Primdales up a set of stairs and into a hall much like that of a hotel. She brought them to one of the doors and opened it. Inside was a large bedroom with a small kitchen off to the side and a door leading to a bathroom in one wall. It had a large bed, big enough for all three of them. The floor layout, again, resembled that of a hotel room, but the decorating was very feminine, even girlish. Posters of kittens and horses hung on the walls, a plush turtle lay on the bed, and the bed itself had a teddy bear pattern on the covers. There was even a doll house in the corner.

"This is my room," Sherry told them. "What do you think?"

"It's perfect," Allison smiled.

"So did you do the decorating yourself?" asked Greg.

"Yep. These are all my own things."

"Well, I can tell you right now, Mommy and Daddy are going to love sleeping in here with you tonight," said Allison.

"Good. Make yourself at home. I'm going to go freshen up a bit."

As she skipped into the bathroom, Allison climbed onto the bed and lay down, smiling at Greg. He came over and sat down by her, placing his hand on her hip and stroking her gently.

"This really doesn't bother you?" he asked. "I mean, I'm about to commit adultery right in front of you."

"I told you when I first met you that I don't mind, remember?"

"You said you didn't mind if I had a mistress. I figured you meant as long as I was discreet about it. I didn't think you would actually want to watch."

"Greg, you are a very handsome man, and Sherry's a gorgeous little girl. Why wouldn't I want to watch two beautiful people making love?"

"Well, because you might be jealous that it's her and not you."

"Look, if you feel at all guilty about it, you can make it up to me tomorrow night after we get home," she grinned.

"Okay, it's a deal," he replied, then leaned down and kissed her on the lips.

Just then, Sherry appeared from the bathroom, and Greg gasped at the sight. When she had said that she wanted to freshen up, he didn't realize that she meant that she would get undressed. Despite knowing what was coming up, he was completely unprepared for the sight of this young girl standing completely nude in front of him.

Like the girls on stage, she was completely hairless below her eyebrows, no doubt to add to the illusion of her young age.

"Ew!" she giggled, with a playfully disgusted look. "Mommy and Daddy are kissing!"

"Jealous?" Allison smiled.

"I sure am. Would you kiss me like that, Daddy?"

He glanced at Allison once last time, who nodded her approval. He sat up and opened his arms. "Come on over here, Sherry, and give Daddy a nice big kiss."

She strode over and hopped onto his lap, straddling his waist and wrapping her legs around his hips. She threw her arms around his neck and leaned in for a sensual, passionate kiss. She pressed her hot, nude body up against his and held him there in that embrace.

When she drew back, she glanced down at his pajamas. "But Daddy," she said, "on such a warm night, wouldn't it be more comfortable without your pajamas on?"

"I don't know," he teased. "We're in the Pajama Club, after all."

"The funnest part about wearing pajamas is taking them off," she insisted.

"Good point," he chuckled.

She glanced over at Allison. "You too, Mommy?"

"Absolutely," Allison replied. "I'll take mine off just as soon as you help me get Daddy's off of him."

"Ooh!" she grinned, hopping off of his lap.

The two girls pushed Greg down onto the bed, then set to work with the buttons on his night shirt. "No fair!" he complained. "Two against one!" But he didn't try to struggle at all. Soon they had his shirt off and started working on his pants. These took less effort, and in a moment he found himself naked and completely exposed to the eyes of this girl that he had only met a couple of hours ago.

"Oh wow, Daddy!" she said with excitement as she stared at the hardening member between his legs. "I normally don't like to go to bed this early, but with a daddy like you to snuggle with, I don't think I could stand to wait until my bed time." She climbed on top of him and kissed him again, this time with absolutely nothing between him and the feel of her soft, hot, young body.

Meanwhile, Allison slipped out of her teddy. She reached over and began to massage Sherry's back as the girl continued kissing Greg. He was so excited by now that he could hardly stand it. This whole thing seemed so wrong, but at the same time it felt so good.

He reached around the girl's back and suddenly rolled her over so that he lay on top of her.

"Are you going to make love to me now, Daddy?" she asked.

"You bet I am," he told her. He reached down and started rubbing her between the legs, discovering that she was already soaking wet. Apparently she was as turned on as she claimed. It didn't take much manual stimulation before she was ready for him. He lined up his cock and pressed it gently inside.

"Oh yes!" she cried out. "Oh Daddy!"

He thrust deeper into her, then pulled out slightly. Then he thrust in again. After a few more thrusts he got into a rhythm, and her own hips rocked into his as well. They continued like that, panting and gasping and moaning, bringing each other to exciting heights of pleasure. He glanced over at Allison and saw her watching with excitement and rubbing herself between the legs.

Probably because of his orgasm earlier in the evening, Sherry reached her peak first. She cried out in ecstasy, but Greg wasn't through with her yet. She was happy to oblige him until he also climaxed, grunting as he shot his load up inside her body.

When it was all over, he rolled over off of her, and the two girls lay down next to him, both hugging him tightly. He couldn't believe how wonderful it felt to lie here together with two gorgeous girls. He had always been a monogamous man, but he could certainly get used to this lifestyle. He wondered if Allison had anything else like this planned for him, and found himself looking forward to it, whatever it was.

He smiled to himself, then with happy thoughts of future naughty encounters like this, allowed himself to drift off to sleep.

Chapter 14

Rachael's Final Conquest

Rachael was still lying in her arms when Lissa woke up in the morning. Lissa just stared at her for a few minutes, trying to sort out her own thoughts and feelings. It was something she had never experienced before; Lissa had always been a good girl, never one to do something so dirty. But she couldn't deny that she had enjoyed it.

For now she decided to just call it an experiment and leave it at that. So now she had had a lesbian encounter. That didn't mean she was a lesbian; it was just one time after all. She still liked men, not women.

Rachael woke a few minutes later. She kissed Lissa once on the chest, then sat up and stretched, smiling brightly.

"I told you you would like it," said Rachael, then reached out and put her hand on one of Lissa's breasts. "Are you up for seconds?"

"No," Lissa told her. "Look, I..."

Rachael removed her hand. "So you haven't really converted over then," she nodded. "Oh well. It was worth a try."

"I'm sorry," said Lissa.

"Don't be. You let me do it once, and that's good enough for me. If you ever feel like getting naughty with another girl again, though, keep me in mind."

"I won't. This was just to see what it would feel like. I'm not going to do it ever again."

"We'll see," Rachael said with a wink. Then she picked up her tee-shirt and panties and headed for the door.

"What are you doing?" Lissa demanded.

"I've got to get downstairs before the others wake up," she explained. "What would they think if they saw that I had slept in your room?"

"But you're naked!"

"I'll dress downstairs."

"But what if they see you?"

Rachael laughed. "I like to take risks," she explained, then opened the door and slipped outside.

Jeff was sitting at the dining room table eating breakfast when Rachael appeared in the hall, completely naked. He stared in shock as she glanced around, then spied him. Her face lit up with a grin, and she motioned for him to come over. He did so, and she took his hand and pulled him into the front room.

"Why are you... I mean...?" Jeff stammered.

"Because I slept in the nude last night," she explained.

"But you weren't on the couch when I came downstairs," he said.

"That's because I didn't sleep on the couch."

"Where did you sleep then?"

Rachael grinned. She slipped her hand down inside his sweat pants and wrapped them around his cock, which was rapidly hardening. Then she leaned in and whispered, "With your big sister."

Jeff gasped, and his cock spasmed, causing Rachael to giggle. She withdrew her hand, to his disappointment.

"I wanted to see your reaction," she explained. "Or more accurately, feel it. You like that, don't you?"

He didn't know the answer to that question. She already knew he liked the idea of girls with girls, but his sister...

"You have to promise not to tell her," Rachael insisted. "Or anyone else, for that matter."

"But did you two...?"

"Yes we did. At least, I did to her, but since this was her first time I didn't expect her to reciprocate. That's why I need you to take care of me."

"Take care of you?"

"I've got to have an orgasm, or I'm going to explode," she said. "I could just play with myself, but I'd rather have someone else do it for me." She immediately grabbed his hand and placed it on her crotch. "It's not as good as lips, but until you warm up to the idea you'd probably think that's disgusting. And it's not as good as a cock, but that could be messy. So I'll have to settle for your hand," she said.

"But... right here?"

"Yes, right here in the front room, where everyone can see us if they come downstairs. And if you do a good

job, I'll take care of your needs as well."

A little frightened of being caught, he began to rub her. She spread her arms over the back of the couch and gripped it in anticipation of the coming pleasure. At first she sat there immobile, but as the pleasure built she rocked her hips forward with each motion. He could feel moistness on his fingers, and her lips were beginning to spread. He let his fingers find her opening, slipping them in on the downstroke and back out on the upstroke. Her grip on the couch tightened and she threw her head back with her eyes shut tightly. Her mouth was closed, but he could hear little mewling sounds in her throat as she fought to keep from crying out.

He couldn't help himself, but leaned down and kissed her on the nipple. She gasped in pleasure and shock at the unexpected sensation. Taking that as a sign to continue, he licked all over it, and even held it in his teeth and nibbled gently.

As his fingers explored her opening, he could feel her starting to tense up around them, and he knew that she was close. He sucked her nipple into his mouth as hard as he could to maximize her pleasure.

Her orgasm was intense, but thankfully silent. She thrust her hips forward against his hand as if trying to drive his fingers deeper inside her, shuddered violently as she clenched her eyes shut tightly and grimaced in the height of pleasure, then finally collapsed back on the couch. Her hips continued to rock back and forth for about a minute longer as the pleasure died down, then finally she sighed and relaxed. Instinctively, he leaned over and kissed her on the lips. She kissed him back, putting a hand behind his head to hold him there. When she released him and he drew away, he could see the smile of contentment on her face.

"You kiss like your sister," she commented. "Have you two been practicing together?"

"Uh... no..." he stammered, growing red.

"That's right, you said you'd never kissed anyone before me. So maybe being a good kisser is hereditary. I suppose there's one way to find out. I'll just have to kiss your dad."

"What?"

"Later, though. Maybe after he comes home tonight."

"Oh, very funny."

"It wasn't a joke. But I forgot, I promised to take care of you, Jeff."

"Um, maybe we should do it in my room," he told her. "I don't want to make a mess on the couch."

"Good point. I guess I'll just have to swallow."

He grinned in anticipation as she slid down onto the floor in front of him.

She didn't disappoint him. She kissed the tip of his cock, and let the kiss open up into a slurp as the head disappeared into her mouth. She didn't stop there, though, but lowered her head along it until it reached the back of her throat. Then she pulled her head back until just the tip was in again.

She repeated this motion over and over again, sucking hungrily as she did so. Jeff watched her cheeks deflate each time she pulled back and let himself enjoy the stimulation.

It was her tongue that really drove him wild. She licked all over his cock, teasing it especially hard when just the tip was in her mouth. It danced over the head, sometimes pressing against the slit as if trying to burrow its way inside. It was almost a ticklish sensation, but in a good way. He loved the intensely erotic feeling.

She sped up her motion and at the same time sucked even harder. He didn't think it was possible, but the pleasure felt even more intense. He threw his head back, shut his eyes tightly and gritted his teeth, trying not to let out the moans of pleasure that threatened to escape his lips at any moment. Just like Rachael a few minutes ago, he began to rock his hips back and forth in unconscious motions.

She sensed his movements and wrapped one of her hands around the base of his cock to keep him from spearing it into her too far. She brought the other one up and began to tease his balls, running her fingernails lightly over them. That served to heighten the stimulation, pushing him closer and closer to a climax.

He could feel the pleasure mounting, and he smiled as he realized that Rachael was about to give him his third orgasm. His heart pounded in his chest and his breaths came in gasps. He was almost there...

A sudden movement off to the side caught his attention, and he turned his head. To his astonishment, Lissa stood there in the great hall, a look of shock on her face as she stared into the living room. Her eyes seemed to be fixed on the point where his cock disappeared into Rachael's hungry mouth.

The thought that he was putting on a show for his big sister was enough to push him over the edge. He gritted his teeth to keep the sound from escaping as he let the thrill overtake him, and he released his load. Rachael gulped it down eagerly and kept sucking as he shot over and over again into her mouth. Lissa continued to watch in fascination, her look of shock giving way to one of delight.

It finally ended, and Rachael let his cock slip from her mouth. She placed it back inside his pants as Lissa ducked out of view.

Rachael stood up. "We'll have to do this again some time," she said as she started searching through her bag for some clothes to wear.

"Definitely!" he exclaimed with a grin.

"So tell me Jeff, who's your favorite babysitter now?"

"Is there any doubt?" he laughed.

"Well, I guess I'd better go take a shower," she said, then grabbed her duffel bag and headed down the hall to Greg's and Allison's room, leaving Jeff on the couch feeling absolutely wonderful.

After resting for a few minutes with a broad smile on his face, he got up and headed back into the kitchen to continue his breakfast. He had just about finished when his little sister appeared in the hall.

"Hi, Brit!" he grinned.

"You sound particularly cheerful this morning," she replied. "What happened?"

"Nothing. I'm just happy to see you."

"That's a first," she giggled.

"I just don't feel like being in a bad mood today," he smiled. "So let's not spoil it, okay?"

"Aw, you're no fun," she teased, but he just laughed. She sat down at the table and poured herself a bowl of cereal.

A few minutes later Rachael returned from the bathroom, dressed in a tee-shirt and shorts. "So how's cute little Britney doing this morning?" she asked with a wide grin.

"Okay, what's going on?" asked Brit. "You're acting unusually cheerful too."

"I'm just happy to see you," Rachael replied.

Jeff and Brit both laughed.

"That's exactly what I said," Jeff explained.

"Well, why not?" asked Rachael. "Apparently you're the popular one this morning, Brit."

"That or there's some kind of conspiracy going on here."

"You found us out," Jeff said. "We've got an evil plot to trick you into getting in a good mood, and then... well, we haven't really planned any further than that yet. But trust me, our plot will be suitably diabolical!"

"Well, the first part's working," she smiled.

Rachael stood back up. "I need to go see your sister for a minute," she said.

"Aren't you going to eat breakfast?" asked Brit.

"I already ate," Rachael replied, and Jeff snorted as he tried to keep from laughing.

"What's that all about?" Brit demanded.

"Just an inside joke," said Rachael, then headed for the stairs.

Lissa was sitting on her bed when Rachael knocked on the door and entered. Rachael came over and sat down beside her.

"I figured I should come talk to you before Allison and your dad get back," she said. "Lissa, if you feel at all bad about what happened, I want you to know that you did absolutely nothing wrong."

"Nothing wrong?" Lissa said. "But I let you..."

"Don't you dare blame yourself," Rachael insisted. "It was my fault, not yours. I won't say I wish it didn't happen, because I'm glad it did. You're an absolutely gorgeous young woman, and I've been attracted to you since I first met you."

"Please don't," said Lissa.

"So it does bother you. I'm sorry. I don't want you to hate me, but better that than to hate yourself. If you want to put all the blame on me, I'm perfectly willing to accept it."

"It's all right," Lissa sighed. "I knew what I was doing."

"Let me give you a word of advice then. Don't look back on the experience with disgust or horror. Remember how good it felt and think of it with fondness. Let it be a wonderful memory, even if you never do anything like it again. Then you won't feel so bad about it."

Lissa nodded. "Okay. I can do that much at least. I hope it doesn't sound like I'm mad at you, Rachael. I really do like you. I just can't do this again."

"I understand, and I'm glad that you like me. Can I still be your friend?"

Lissa laughed. "Of course, Rachael. Just don't expect me to let you take it any further than that."

Rachael leaned in and hugged her. "Thanks," she whispered.

When Greg and Allison arrived home that afternoon, Rachael ran up and gave Allison a hug. All three children were sitting in the living room playing card games.

"How did everything go?" asked Greg.

"Couldn't be better," Rachael reported. "Your kids are great. I'm jealous that Allison gets to spend so much time with them."

"So Brit and Jeff weren't any trouble?"

"They did get into a couple of arguments, but nothing serious."

"So how late did Jeff stay up?"

"Until midnight on Friday. After I sent Brit to bed, we went downstairs and watched a movie. Then on Saturday, he went to bed early. Probably tired after staying up so late Friday, the poor dear."

"Well, I'm glad you got along so well," said Allison. "And what about you three?" she asked the kids. "Should we invite Rachael back to babysit you again?"

"Sure!" said Jeff, a little too enthusiastically.

Allison laughed. "Looks like you have a fan," she told her sister.

"It feels good to be liked so well," Rachael beamed, "especially by someone like my little nephew Jeff."

"Hey, I'm not so little!" he complained, though jokingly. He understood what Rachael was doing; she was deliberately emphasizing the difference in their ages in order to minimize any suspicion about what had happened between them.

Rachael shrugged. "Okay, I'll admit that you're growing up, and that you're not just a kid anymore. Satisfied?"

"Fine," he said.

The three adults adjourned to the dining room to talk while the kids finished their game.

Rachael stayed for supper, where they all talked about their weekend. They conveniently left out certain parts, of course. To Jeff's immense relief, Rachael didn't even hint anything about it. He knew she enjoyed living on the edge, and could very easily have accidentally given it away.

After dinner, Jeff retired to his room, where he spent most of the rest of the evening lying on his bed, staring up at the ceiling and reliving the events of Friday night and Saturday morning over and over again in his mind. He couldn't believe how lucky he was to have a girl as beautiful as Rachael take his virginity. It was the most wonderful feeling in the world. He decided that he liked sex.

When bedtime came around, he stripped down to his boxer shorts and climbed back into bed. Just then he heard a knock at his door. Lissa opened it and stepped inside, closing and locking it behind her.

So here it was. He was about to have that talk with her that he had been anticipating all day. He didn't know whether he looked forward to it or dreaded it.

"Jeff," she said, sitting down on his bed next to him.

"I know," he replied. "We have to talk about today. You saw me and Rachael this morning."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to walk in on you like that."

"Don't be sorry; you didn't do anything wrong. I mean, we were right in the middle of the front room after all."

"But I... I stayed and watched. I should have just left right away. It was a private moment between you and Rachael, and I peeked."

"If I had really thought it would bother me, I wouldn't have let her do it out where anyone could see us. Just from what I know about Rachael, I'm sure she would have been delighted to know that you were watching. And it's not like you haven't seen my... well..."

She grew red. "I suppose you're right," she mumbled. "So it really doesn't bother you?"

"Not at all."

"So I suppose Rachael told you where she spent the night," Lissa sighed.

"Er... I..."

"Jeff," she said, and he was startled to see a look of fear in her eyes. "Look, I... Oh, Jeff, I know I shouldn't have done it, but I just..."

Then she suddenly broke down into tears. "I feel so dirty!" she said. "I'm horrified of what you must think of me! Promise me you won't tell Dad. I couldn't stand that."

He put an arm around her, and she collapsed into his arms, her tear-stained face against his chest. He didn't know what to do; this was the first time he had seen her cry in years. She was his big sister, always so strong, so sure of herself. He wrapped his arms around her and just sat there, not saying anything but just letting her sob into his chest.

"Jeff, if you can believe me, I'm not a bad person," she said. "This was the first time I've ever done anything like that. I just wanted to know what it felt like."

"Lissa," he soothed, "I don't think you're bad at all. You're my sister, and I'll never stop loving you." The words seemed to come naturally, and from the way they seemed to calm her, apparently they were just what she needed. "I want you to do whatever makes you happy. Personally, it doesn't bother me a bit; if you decide you like girls in that way, then I'm happy for you and I'll support you in that decision. But if you think this was a mistake, that's fine too, but don't dwell on it. Put it behind you. Personally, it doesn't bother me a bit if that's what you're worried about."

"Really?" she asked.

"Absolutely. You were just experimenting, that's all. You know I don't see anything wrong with experimenting, right? I mean, what else would you call that little incident while we were camping?" he smiled. Lissa looked up at him and laughed.

"Good point," she said. "Thanks, Jeff. But do you promise not to tell Dad?"

"I already promised Rachael I wouldn't tell anyone. Even you, but it looks like that's a moot point now. Your secret's safe with me. As long as you promise not to tell anyone about what you saw this morning."

"I promise. Jeff, I love you so much."

"I love you too, Lissa."

When bedtime came around, Allison made up a bed for Rachael on the couch. Greg noticed Allison give her sister a wink, but didn't know what she meant by that. It didn't bother him; if she wanted to share a secret with her sister, that was all right with him.

While the women talked in the front room, Greg headed into the bedroom to get ready for bed. Allison joined him five minutes later with a grin on her face. "Are you up for some kinky sex?" she said.

"What did you have in mind?"

Allison went to her dresser and opened the top drawer. She pulled out several pairs of handcuffs.

"Remember these?" she asked.

"Do I ever!" he grinned.

"We haven't used them since our wedding night. I've been saving them for another special occasion."

"And tonight's a special occasion?" asked Greg.

"It could be," she smiled. "So what do you think?"

Greg was all for the idea. Allison knew how to make sex fun; although they had been married for less than six months, he had a suspicion that it would never get dull with her.

"So who gets chained to the bed this time?" he asked.

"You do," she told him.

Greg chuckled. He was really going to enjoy this.

He began to strip off his clothes as Allison took each pair of handcuffs and attached one side of them to the bedposts. Then she began to take off her clothes as well.

As soon as he was completely naked, he lay down on the bed, face up. Allison took one of this arms, spread it out toward the nearest bedpost, then locked it in place. She repeated the gesture with the other arm, then slid her hands down his body toward his legs, making sure to brush against his hardened cock in the process. She pulled his leg to the side and locked it up with the third set of handcuffs. Finally, she went to the other side of the bed and locked his other leg in place.

Greg now lay spread-eagle on the bed, completely at Allison's mercy. She grinned and licked her lips. "We're going to have lots of fun with you tonight," she said. "I've got a special surprise for you, but I'm not sure if you'll like it or not. That's why I chained you up, because now you can't refuse."

"You naughty girl," he smiled. "What's the surprise?"

"You're just going to have to wait and find out." She sat down on the bed next to him, then reached out and grabbed his cock. He groaned as she let her hand slide up and down the shaft.

"I know what you like," she smiled. "You claim to be conservative in your fantasies, but you can't deny you have one or two tendencies that are a little wild. Nothing abnormal, of course. Just a healthy interest in a certain kind of sex."

"What are you talking about?" he asked, although he enjoyed her teasing. All the secrecy and mystery were really starting to turn him on.

"For one thing, I know you get excited by girls doing it together," she remarked.

He shrugged. "Okay, I'll admit I like lesbians. So what? A lot of men do."

"Exactly. You know I've been with other women before, right?"

Greg's cock jumped as he imagined Allison naked with another girl. She giggled at his reaction. "Apparently you like that, don't you?"

"Well... I suppose..." he said. It was really an awkward question after all. How was he supposed to answer it?

"Oh, don't worry. There's no chance of me running off with another woman and leaving you all alone. There *is* a chance, however, of me bringing home another woman so you can watch us."

"Oh god, Allison!" he exclaimed, that thought driving him wild.

"You wouldn't be opposed to that idea, would you?" she asked.

"No," he gasped, wondering if she was serious or just teasing. Would she really do it with another woman for him to watch?

"And of course, if you wanted to, we would let you join in. I'd like nothing more than to get fucked by my husband and a woman at the same time."

Greg couldn't believe what he was hearing. More than that, he couldn't believe the effect it was having on him. He found himself wanting more and more to take her up on the offer.

"Can you imagine it, Greg? The three of us there, our bodies rubbing up against each other, our hands exploring, our mouths kissing and licking and sucking. Can't you just see me with my lips wrapped around her nipples while you drive your cock deep into her pussy? Or maybe I would eat her out while you shove your dick down her throat. Wouldn't that be exciting?"

"Oh god yes!" he exclaimed, the thought nearly overwhelming him.

"Of course, it would have to be the right woman," Allison commented. "Someone who would be willing to do that with us. Someone not afraid to touch both of our bodies, someone who is already attracted to you and has already made love to me. I wonder if we know anyone like that?"

Greg tried to think. He didn't know too many of Allison's friends, and in fact, he couldn't remember her mentioning any of them as her former lovers.

"Wouldn't it be nice if we could find someone like that right now?" asked Allison. "As a matter of fact, I've got someone in mind."

"Really?" he said, shocked.

"Not only is she someone we both know," Allison grinned, "she's someone very close. In fact, she's standing right outside the door listening to us."

Greg's eyes grew wide. Did she really mean...?

"Rachael, you can come in now," Allison called. Rachael opened the door and stepped into the room.

Greg nearly lost it right there. So everything Allison had said was true! She really was going to involve another woman in their sex.

Rachael's face broke into a wide grin when she saw him tied there with Allison stroking his cock. Greg merely stared in amazement, almost not believing that this could be happening.

"Allison said you had a great body," Rachael told him. "I can see she wasn't lying."

Greg continued to stare, finding it impossible to speak. He realized he was naked in front of his wife's sister, but that thought, rather than embarrassing him, simply fueled his excitement.

"Remember I told you that my sister and I were lovers?" asked Allison, and Greg nodded. "Well, there was one thing I hadn't mentioned about our relationship," she continued. "You see, that first time we made love, I

promised her I would share all of my lovers with her. And I've kept my promise faithfully. Every single man, or woman, that I've made love to, Rachael has too. Except one, and I intend to rectify that tonight."

"You're serious!" Greg exclaimed.

"Completely serious," Allison replied. "Tonight, you're going to fuck my little sister."

Greg chuckled. "And that's why you chained me up? So that if I refused, you could have her rape me?"

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," she said. "We would simply keep you tied up so you couldn't escape while we put on a little show for you, driving you insane with desire. By the time we were through, you would beg her to fuck you."

He laughed.

"Don't think we could do it?" asked Allison.

"I *know* you could do it," Greg answered. "That's why I'm laughing."

"You know, Greg's a little more enthusiastic than I had hoped," Rachael said. "I was kind of hoping we would have to convince him."

Allison reached out and slid her arm around Rachael's waist. "We could always pretend he has to be convinced," she said, then leaned in and gave her sister a juicy, open-mouthed kiss.

Greg groaned at the sight. It was one of the most erotic things he had ever seen. He had always thought incest was something horrible and disgusting, at least, until Allison had revealed her relationship with Rachael one night while they were making love. The thought of two sisters, especially ones as gorgeous as Allison and Rachael, as lovers had suddenly seemed more thrilling than revolting. When he was honest with himself, he had to admit that it had become one of his favorite fantasies.

Allison suddenly released his cock, and he made a sound of disappointment. It was almost cruel to get him excited like that and then leave him unsatisfied. On the other hand, when he saw her place it on Rachael's breast and fondle her over her shirt, he decided he wasn't as disappointed as he had thought.

Allison turned her head to glance down and smile at Greg. Rachael took the opportunity to kiss her on the side of the neck. Allison closed her eyes and sighed. Rachael took her own hand and placed it on Allison's breast, this time with no clothes in between. She massaged and kneaded it, pinching the nipple between her fingers.

"You know, this would be more fun if we were both nude," Allison commented, and Rachael nodded. She stepped back, then pulled her shirt over her head.

Greg found the sight of her body extremely enticing. Although she still wore a bra, the parts of her that showed looked magnificent. She had beautiful, soft-looking skin with a cute, flat stomach and curvaceous

hips.

Allison reached down and unfastened Rachael's pants, then dropped to her knees and slid them down to the floor. Rachael daintily stepped out of them, leaving her long, silky legs bare.

"Do you like what you see?" Rachael asked Greg, and he nodded dumbly, too awestruck to say anything. She giggled, then put her hands behind her back to unclasp her bra.

"Allow me," her sister offered, stepping behind her and unfastening it. She slid her hands up over the shoulders, under the strap, then forward until she rested them on the girl's breasts. The bra tumbled to the ground.

"Oh wow!" Greg exclaimed as he stared at Rachael's bare chest. While he still liked Allison's tits better, Rachael's weren't far behind. She had small yet well-defined nipples, and her boobs jiggled very slightly as she moved. Allison caressed them gently, her hands sliding all over them.

As she did so, she leaned down and kissed Rachael tenderly on the shoulders. Rachael leaned her head back and she sighed in pleasure. Allison grinned as she caught Greg's eyes, seeing how much he was enjoying this.

One of her hands slid down Rachael's body until it rested over her panties between her legs. Allison pressed gently with her middle finger and she rubbed it along her sister's slit. Rachael gasped at the contact. "Oh yes, Allison!" she breathed. "I love it when you touch me there!"

"I know," Allison told her. "Nothing's too good for my baby sister. Just tell me what you want and I'll do it."

"I want your hand down inside my panties," Rachael replied, and Allison happily obliged. Greg watched in wonder and excitement as he saw the the outline of his wife's fingers against the fabric.

Rachael's hips were starting to rock forward, pressing up against Allison's hand as if trying to drive those fingers deep inside. There was dampness on the cloth now wherever it came in contact with Rachael's skin, revealing just how excited she was getting. Of course, Greg himself was probably just as excited, despite having no physical stimulation.

"Take them off," Rachael whispered. Allison knelt down behind her sister, put her hands to the waistband, and slipped Rachael's panties down to her feet. Greg was delighted to see her pussy as clean-shaven as his wife's. Her nub was just barely peeking out from the top of the slit.

Allison reached underneath her sister's legs with one hand and rubbed her fingers up and down on the lips, beginning to spread them. Rachael moaned, putting her hands to her own breasts to fondle them. Greg watched his wife's hand work expertly on her sister's pussy, loosening her up and driving her more and more wild.

"Let's give Greg something to really get excited about," Allison said, then placed her hands on Rachael's hips and turned her to the side. Allison shuffled around until she was directly in front of the girl. Greg watched in

exquisite delight as Allison leaned forward, stuck out her tongue, and pressed it against Rachael's pussy. He gasped as it slid inside.

"Oh yes!" Rachael called out. "Fuck your little sister with your tongue!"

Allison obliged her, using her fingers to spread Rachael's lips and shoving her tongue in deep. Rachael's breaths, which had grown heavier and heavier, now came in gasps. Allison grinned, obviously enjoying giving her sister that kind of pleasure.

Then suddenly, she stopped and pulled out, causing Rachael to groan in dissatisfaction. "You're about to lose it," Allison giggled.

"Then let me lose it!" Rachael demanded.

"Don't be impatient," she playfully scolded. "You haven't even taken Greg's dick up inside you yet."

"Oh my god, Allison!" Greg gasped. "Are you really going to let me have sex with your little sister?"

"I don't care whether she lets me or not, I'm going to do it," Rachael said, climbing onto the bed. She swung one leg over Greg's waist so that she straddled him, her pussy directly above his cock. Allison grasped his member and pointed it up toward her waiting hole. She took her other hand and spread Rachael as Rachael lowered herself down onto his cock.

At the first contact, he groaned in ecstasy. She was so hot, so soft and wet. He couldn't help himself, but lifted his hips off the bed, spearing into her and causing her to gasp. She grinned, and pressed down even harder, and he felt himself sliding deep into her tunnel.

"That's right," Allison told him. "Fuck your sister-in-law. Fuck her long, hard, and deep. Shove it all the way up inside."

The words fueled his arousal, and he started to thrust even before Rachael was all the way down. As soon as she rested her full weight on him, though, she wasted no time but matched his rhythm. It felt so naughty to be having sex with a nineteen-year-old girl while his wife sat there watching, but as long as Allison didn't mind, he would take full advantage of it.

The sight of Rachael's hot little body bouncing up and down on his cock was almost too much for him. She was absolutely gorgeous. It was just too bad that he couldn't reach out and run his hands all over her, but on the other hand, the restraints added their own degree of excitement. The only thing he could touch her with was his cock, so he focused all of his energy there, spearing her almost brutally. She matched him with equal violence.

Then Allison climbed onto the bed. She straddled him above his stomach, facing her sister. She sat down, put her legs up over the top of Rachael's, and pressed their bodies together. The two girls kissed passionately as they held each other in a tight embrace, their tongues dancing together.

"Oh god!" Greg exclaimed as that erotic sight pushed him over the edge. He felt the pleasure mounting and knew he couldn't hold it any longer. "I'm going to cum!"

"Make sure you cum big," Allison told him. "Or you'll disappoint Rachael. Fill my sister full of your sperm."

He cried out as he felt the release. A wide grin spread onto Rachael's face as she felt him throbbing inside of her. That was enough to push her to the peak as well, and she nearly screamed as she climaxed. She thrashed about wildly, her hair flying all over. By the time she was through, her hair had fallen all over her face, completely hiding it from view.

Allison put her hand up and smoothed the hair away from her face, leaning in to give her one last kiss, this one more tender. "Are you going to take care of me now?" she asked her sister.

Rachael grinned and nodded. Allison lay back on top of Greg as Rachael climbed off of him. "You're going to love this part," Allison told him. Rachael lowered her body down until her head was at the level of his cock, which was still leaking cum. To his astonishment, she began to lick it clean. Although it had been growing soft, it suddenly firmed up again with the sudden stimulation. Rachael grabbed it and pointed it at Allison's pussy. Allison lowered her body onto it, letting it penetrate her.

As soon as it was inside, Rachael attacked both of them with her tongue. She licked them all over, from the base of Greg's shaft to the top of Allison's slit, paying particular attention to the point just where he entered her. Allison gasped in her breaths, especially when her little sister nibbled at her clit.

Greg couldn't believe what was happening. The sheer eroticism and forbidden nature of the act excited him beyond almost anything he had felt before. Here were two women, sisters even, stimulating each other and him at the same time!

When Allison reached an orgasm five minutes later, he did too. As his cum seeped out of his wife's pussy, her sister hungrily lapped it up. If he had been astonished before, that was nothing compared to what he felt now. Rachael apparently liked to eat cum. He wondered if she would ever give him a blowjob. He felt certain that if she did, she would swallow.

After it was all over, Allison rolled over off of him, and lay down next to him in the bed, her body pressing up against his. Rachael took a similar position on the other side. They didn't even bother to unchain him, which he found a little exciting. After all, he was still at their mercy, and they could do anything they wanted to him.

He was absolutely exhausted. The last time he had had more than one orgasm in a session was his wedding night with Allison; she had managed to get four out of him that night. Before that, he couldn't remember ever climaxing twice.

Allison reached out and put a hand on Rachael's breast. Rachael copied the motion, and Greg realized that they weren't through. It was too bad that he was too tired to enjoy it, but he liked to watch it anyway. He wondered if they would keep it up all night.

Unfortunately, he never found out. His exhaustion was so complete that despite wanting to enjoy the show, he felt sleepiness overtake him, and five minutes later he closed his eyes, not to open them again until morning.

Chapter 15

Fantasies

For the second morning in a row, Greg awoke to the wonderful feeling of two very beautiful women lying in his arms. He could hardly believe what had happened last night. He had made love to his wife *and her sister!* Furthermore, they had made love to each other right in front of his eyes. His conservative upbringing told him that that was horribly wrong, but he couldn't deny that he had enjoyed every minute of it.

Rachael was the second one to wake. She stared up at him and smiled. "Good morning, handsome," she said.

"Good morning, gorgeous," he replied.

She rose up and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. "Thanks for a wonderful night," she said, then climbed out of bed and headed into the bathroom to shower.

The motion woke Allison, who yawned and smiled up at him just like her sister had. Greg put his hand behind her head and lovingly stroked her hair.

"So do I know how to show you a good time or what?" she grinned.

"Do you ever!" he exclaimed.

"So what do you think of Rachael, now that you've had a chance to fuck her?"

"Watch your language," he teased. "There's a lady present."

She laughed. "I'm serious, Greg."

"I'm absolutely overwhelmed. I mean, you actually let me have sex with your sister!"

"It's not that I let you. I *wanted* you to have sex with her."

"Your promise to her," he nodded.

"That and the fact that now I can make love to her without worrying about you getting mad at me. I mean, it is okay, isn't it?"

Greg sighed. That was a difficult question to answer.

"I suppose so," he replied. "I guess it's really none of my business."

"You're my husband. It *is* your business. In one sense, it's not all that important, because I'm your wife now,

so I'm completely devoted to you. Just like I wouldn't ever have sex with another man, I won't ever have sex with another woman without your permission. That's why I had Rachael seduce you. In order to get your permission."

"What? You're joking, right?"

Allison laughed. "Believe it or not, I'm serious. I'll be completely honest with you, Greg. It's pretty obvious that you're the type of man who likes to see women getting friendly with one another. And you already know that I don't think sex is as big a deal as most people make it out to be. To me, it's just a fun way to enjoy yourself. Of course, the more you like the person you're with, the better it feels. That's why I enjoy having sex with Rachael so much. I would never go behind your back, but whenever you're in the mood to see some kinky lesbian sex, I'd love to give you a show. Especially if it's with someone like Rachael." She glanced at him and smiled. "See? I can tell by the look on your face that that gets you excited."

His face began to turn red. It was true, though he hated to admit it.

"Don't be embarrassed," Allison told him, putting a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, and it doesn't harm my opinion of you at all. In fact, I'm glad. It will help you get over the fact that your new wife is into incestuous lesbian relationships. Because I can see that that bothers you a little."

"A little," he replied. "It's just one more thing I'm going to have to get over. But if it makes you happy..."

"The question is, does it make *you* happy?"

He thought about that for a moment, then nodded. There was a certain thrill of the forbidden in seeing Allison and Rachael making love, not only because they were both women, but also because they were close family members. He wondered what it would be like to be so sexually liberated that he would be willing to do that. He had no sisters, but he did have a couple of beautiful young daughters...

He wasn't about to start that train of thought. He had read of such men in the news, and thought it horrible that they were willing to harm their own children like that. It was just beyond belief. Greg would never do such a thing to Lissa or Brit.

"So was that the reason for that trip to the Pajama Club?" he asked. "To warm me up to the idea of an incestuous relationship?"

"More or less," Allison smiled. "I just wanted to see what your reaction would be. Since you seemed to have no problem with the fantasy, I figured you wouldn't mind seeing the real thing."

"You were right," he said.

A few minutes later, Rachael emerged from the shower fully dressed, to Greg's disappointment. She came over and gave Greg and Allison a kiss.

"I wish I didn't have to leave," she commented. "This was just too much fun."

"We'll have to get together and do this again some time," Allison told her. "That is, if you're willing, Greg."

He nodded. Despite what he had always been taught to believe, he couldn't deny that it was one of the most erotic experiences of his life.

Rachael left the room and headed upstairs to wake up the kids one by one to say goodbye to them, with a hug for the girls and a long, extended kiss for Jeff. It was too bad that she had to leave, but she had a long drive back home still. She packed up her things and then gave Allison one last, long hug that they held for nearly five minutes. It was obvious that the two sisters cared about each other very much. Then Rachael blew them all a kiss and disappeared out the front door.

After that, everything returned to normal in the family. While Jeff couldn't forget what Lissa had told him the night before, he had told the truth when he said it didn't bother him. So what if Lissa had experimented with another girl? He still loved her.

Lissa began her new job after that, as the evening receptionist at a company run by one of her father's friends. It was really only about three hours a day after school, but even just fifteen hours a week was enough for her to start building up a nice savings account at the bank. At first Allison insisted that the family wait until she got home before they ate dinner, but since she would often not arrive back at the house until well after 7:00, they quickly abandoned that schedule. The family would eat first, then Lissa would eat by herself afterward. Greg and Allison always sat with her at the kitchen table as she ate, so that she wouldn't feel lonely.

September gave way to October, then to November, and suddenly a year had passed since Allison had walked into their lives. She had become so much a part of the family by this time that it was as if she had always been there. Jeff, of course, still maintained his crush on her, and although Lissa knew about it she didn't tease him or try to blackmail him. Since that night after Rachael had left, she felt a kind of closeness to him stemming from her gratitude that he was willing to keep her secret. Her little brother, though sometimes immature, was really a great guy underneath, and she found that she really liked him after all.

It was sometimes exasperating when he fought with Brit, because she knew that her two siblings really cared for each other. But they had fallen into this habit and it seemed like they would never break it. Lissa continued her role as the peacemaker.

By this time, Allison and Lissa were inseparable. By the way they did everything together, it was hard to believe they were eight years apart in age. When she was with Lissa, Allison sometimes acted just like a teenager, joking and playing around, and even giggling. It was very entertaining to watch, especially for Jeff, since he found her particularly sexy when she was like that.

That wasn't to say that she didn't spend time with the others as well. Brit had recently gotten into using live models for her drawings, Allison in particular. Sometimes they would sit together in the rec room for hours

as her stepdaughter sketched her. Brit refused to show the sketches to Lissa and especially Jeff, but one day he snuck into her room and peeked at them, and was surprised at how talented she was. Especially in the later sketches, she was really beginning to catch Allison's essence.

Allison would often visit Jeff in the evenings as well. Usually they played computer games together, but with increasing frequency she browsed porn with him. Occasionally they watched that video again, which apparently didn't bother Allison in the least.

During one of these sessions Jeff asked her about lesbians. Rachael had admitted that she had those kinds of tendencies, and that had made Jeff curious.

Allison explained that it was all right for men to get aroused by the thought of women with other women. For some reason, it was quite common in fact. She helped him find some sites along those lines, and he suddenly found himself looking at the first images of all-girl sex that didn't originate in his own mind.

His heart raced in his chest and his breathing grew heavy as he saw those pictures. There was something so terribly forbidden yet extremely exciting about them. Allison sat next to him, amused at his reaction. As usual, she kept an arm around his shoulders as they browsed the images together, which only served to heighten his arousal.

Whenever Allison visited Jeff at night, Lissa would see her going into his room and hear the click as she locked the door, and wondered what was going on. While it was probably just harmless fun, she couldn't suppress a suspicion that there was something more sinister happening. She didn't have the same imagination that her little sister did, but thoughts kept popping into her head, thoughts of what the two of them could be doing alone together.

She found that those thoughts, rather than disgusting her, aroused her. Thoughts of them naked in bed together, fondling and groping and even having sex. When she closed her eyes, she could see Jeff kissing her all over her face and neck, his hands grasping at her breasts. Meanwhile, Allison's hand was on his cock, stroking it up and down, maneuvering it closer and closer to her pussy, until finally...

Usually when Lissa started thinking these thoughts, she had to do something about them. Whenever Allison disappeared into Jeff's room, Lissa headed to her own, where she could take care of her own needs.

It was worst when she got those thoughts into her head early in the day, and she had to go through the entire school day and three hours of work before she could come home. On one particularly frustrating day in December she skipped dinner entirely and headed upstairs to satisfy herself.

She immediately stripped off her clothes, dropping them on the floor and lying down on her bed. She closed her eyes and put her hand to her moist pussy, rubbing it firmly and almost roughly. Her other hand went to one of her breasts to stimulate it as she had visions of Allison and Jeff together.

She had been going for about ten minutes when a knock at her bedroom door suddenly intruded on her fantasy.

"Who is it?" Lissa asked, grabbing her bathrobe and pulling it on.

"It's Allison," the voice on the other side of the door replied, and Lissa sighed in relief. She climbed out of bed and opened the door. Her stepmother entered, carrying a plate of food and a glass of milk.

"I was just about to take a shower," Lissa explained. "You kind of caught me at a bad moment."

"Sorry," replied Allison. "Anyway, I knew you missed dinner, so I brought you something to eat."

"Thanks," Lissa grinned, taking the plate and setting it on her desk. "I'll eat later."

Allison stared at her for a few seconds, until Lissa began to feel uncomfortable in her gaze.

"It sounds like you're trying to get rid of me," said Allison.

"What? Why would I want to get rid of you?"

"So you can go back to whatever you were doing."

"I told you, I was just about to take a shower."

"Really? It doesn't look like it."

"What do you mean?" asked Lissa, a little embarrassed. Did Allison suspect?

"Flushed face, slightly labored breathing, an embarrassed look, and of course, the smell."

"What smell?" Lissa demanded.

"It's unmistakable. You've been playing with yourself."

"What?" Lissa almost shouted.

"No need to get defensive," Allison smiled. "It doesn't bother me. A girl your age needs to get relief somehow, and since you don't have a boyfriend, your options are limited."

"Allison, I..."

"Come on, Lissa. There's no need to keep secrets from me. I love you, remember? No matter what you do, I won't judge you. Besides, you think you're the only one who masturbates?"

"What are you saying?"

"I like to play with myself now and then too."

"But you have Dad."

"I know, and the sex with him is great. But sometimes I just like to feel my own hands, that's all. So if you want to pleasure yourself, go right ahead."

"But I..."

"Tell me the truth, Lissa. Is that what you were doing?"

Lissa gritted her teeth, then nodded, still red from embarrassment. Allison smiled and threw her arms around her. "It's okay, Lissa, really," she said. "I'm just sorry I interrupted. Sometimes a girl needs her privacy, and I took that away from you. If there's anything I can do to make it up to you, let me know."

"I'll be fine," Lissa replied, hugging her stepmother back. She always enjoyed the physical contact that came from hugging Allison. It was one of the most wonderful feelings in the world to have her stepmother hold her like this as a sign of her affection. Allison leaned in and kissed her on the cheek, and Lissa smiled in contentment.

"I have an idea," said Allison, drawing away. She took Lissa's hands in her own. "If you wouldn't be too embarrassed, maybe we could do it together."

"Together?" Lissa gasped.

"Yes. The bed's big enough for both of us. You take one end and I'll take the other. What do you say?"

"I don't know..." Lissa stammered. "It's just a little too..."

"Intimate?" asked Allison. "It's all right if you say no, but I'd really like to share this with you."

Lissa considered for a minute. She had never played with herself in front of someone else, never even thought of it except in the occasional fantasy about Jeff. Normally she would be horrified at the suggestion. But this was Allison. If there was one person with whom she'd be willing to share this experience, it was her.

"All right," said Lissa, and Allison's face lit up with delight.

Lissa moved to the head of the bed and stripped off her bathrobe. She watched as her stepmother undressed, folding her clothes neatly and placing them on the nearby chair. Then Allison sat down on the foot of the bed. Both girls lay back across the bed, which was wide enough to support them from their heads to their thighs.

Lissa watched in amazement as Allison spread her legs and put her hand between them, beginning to rub up and down. She closed her eyes and breathed slowly and deeply. Lissa found it surprisingly comfortable to watch Allison like this. The two of them had no secrets from each other; they were open about their bodies and sex, so it was just natural that Allison would share this experience with her. It was exciting and even-- dare she even think it?-- erotic. Lissa found her own hand sliding to that place between her legs that she knew so well.

She closed her eyes and let the pleasure overtake her. While she was used to fondling herself this way, this was different, because she was with her best friend. The difference, though subtle, heightened her arousal.

"So who do you fantasize about when you masturbate?" Allison suddenly asked.

"What?" asked Lissa, opening her eyes and turning her head to the side to stare at the woman. Allison continued to rub herself, so Lissa did the same.

"Who do you fantasize about?" Allison repeated. "A boy at school? A movie star?"

"I... Well..." Lissa didn't know how to answer that question. How could she tell her stepmother the truth without sounding like a horrible person?

"Would it help if I told you my fantasies?" asked Allison.

"Um... maybe."

"All right. Sometimes I fantasize about your father, but mostly with him I just live out my fantasies. Sometimes I fantasize about Jeff."

Lissa gasped. Jeff? Her brother?

"Come on, Lissa, it's not that strange," Allison said. "I'm sure you've noticed, he's a great-looking guy, and he's one of the nicest men I know. It would probably be strange if I *didn't* fantasize about him."

"But... he's your stepson."

"Even if he were my real son it wouldn't change things. It's just a fantasy, Lissa. I feel sorry for anyone who doesn't allow themselves to live out their wildest dreams in their fantasies. It's the one place where you can throw off all of your inhibitions. I'll bet you fantasize about him too sometimes, don't you?"

"No, I--"

"Tell me the truth, Lissa. Remember, I refuse to judge you."

"Okay, fine. Sometimes I fantasize about Jeff when I play with myself."

"Now see, that wasn't so hard, was it?"

"No, I guess not."

"There's nothing wrong with thinking about your brother when you pleasure yourself. Especially when that brother is someone as handsome as Jeff."

"So is that who you're thinking about right now?"

"Actually, I'm thinking about Rachael."

"Your sister?"

"She told me that she mentioned our unorthodox relationship. So this should come as no surprise to you. I love having sex with her."

"So is it common for you to think of other women?"

"Depends on the woman."

"Well... I mean... Allison, do you ever... do you ever fantasize about... *me*?"

"All the time," Allison grinned.

"Oh my god!" Lissa gasped. The thought was so naughty, and yet so thrilling at the same time. Allison, the most perfect woman in the entire world, actually masturbated to thoughts of Lissa herself!

"You see, there's nothing wrong with it," said Allison. "As long as I don't act on it, of course. Never be ashamed of your fantasies. And don't be embarrassed when someone fantasizes about you."

Lissa closed her eyes again, still wondering about Allison's words. With anyone else she would feel uncomfortable in this situation, knowing that the other person sometimes fantasized about her. Even Rachael, who had gone as far as introducing Lissa to lesbian sex, would have made her nervous. Not so with Allison. In fact, the thought of the woman thinking of her while pleasuring herself thrilled her. Maybe it was just because it was nice to know she was someone's fantasy, or maybe because she trusted Allison completely.

She wondered what the details were of that fantasy. Did Allison imagine them hugging and kissing? Kissing. And not just on the cheek but on the lips. Allison had such beautiful lips...

Lissa groaned in ecstasy as she imagined those lips pressed against her own, their tongues intertwined. And then those lips moving down her body. Would the woman ever consent to kissing her on her nipples? Wouldn't that feel exquisite! Only Rachael had done that to her before, but it wasn't the same because it wasn't Allison.

Her free hand gripped the bed tightly as the thought took her pleasure to a new level. Then suddenly she felt something touch that hand. She opened her eyes momentarily to see that it was her stepmother's hand. Lissa took her hand in her own, enjoying the intimacy of such a simple gesture. They were exploring their lust together, so it was only natural for there to be some kind of contact between them.

Contact. She loved physical contact with Allison. She remembered how nice it felt to have the woman run her hands all over her body. She could still feel those hands massaging her back, rubbing her breasts, and sliding in between her legs. At the time it had been innocent; why hadn't Lissa taken advantage of it? Why hadn't she let herself feel the pleasure that could come from such contact?

But it had been all too brief. She wanted more, much more. She wanted to spend all day with Allison pleasuring her in all possible ways. She wanted to feel not just her hands, but her entire body. Especially her mouth. She wanted Allison to do what Rachael had done, to bring her over the edge with those luscious lips and tongue. She could almost feel it burrowing deep inside her sex.

"Oh god, Lissa!" she heard Allison whisper as her stepmother's hand tightened on her own, and she realized with shock and delight that Allison was actually crying out her name in the throes of passion! Lissa was the one who had brought her to orgasm!

She bit her lip to keep the scream from escaping her lips as that thought finished her off. She didn't dare open her mouth or she would no doubt call out Allison's name in return. The pleasure wracked her body, causing her to shake almost violently as the fantasy-Allison drove her tongue deep into Lissa's pussy.

Even as the climax ebbed, she continued to gasp as the aftershocks ran through her. She lay there exhausted in post-orgasmic bliss for a few minutes, a smile on her face. She could feel the warmth of Allison's body nearby, nice and hot from the exertion and arousal.

Just then, she heard her stepmother moving, and as she opened her eyes she saw the woman rolling over on top of her. She felt the woman's soft body against her own, a delightful sensation but a little confusing. What was she doing?

"Thanks for the fantasy, Lissa," said Allison, leaning down. For one brief moment Lissa wondered if Allison was trying to seduce her. That thought sent a strangely erotic thrill through her. At that instant she realized that if that were the case, she wouldn't refuse, but give in to her own desires.

Her own desires! Was that what she really thought? Did she actually *want* to make love to her stepmother?

But Allison merely kissed her on the cheek, then rose to her feet and began to collect her clothes.

Lissa continued to watch her as she dressed, wondering about those thoughts that had gone through her head. The woman really did have the most beautiful face and body; she was absolutely perfect physically. Even just a few minutes after her orgasm, she began to grow aroused as she watched the woman move, and that disturbed her.

But didn't Allison herself say that it was okay to fantasize? It didn't matter what she thought as long as she kept it to herself and didn't act on it. And Allison had admitted that the fantasy worked in the other direction as well. Lissa shivered at the memory of her stepmother thinking of her just now when she pleasured herself to orgasm. That only served to increase her arousal.

Now that she had had a chance to take care of herself, she was able to keep that arousal under control. Maybe next time she would allow herself to fantasize about her stepmother, but for now, she was content to just lie there a little longer. She would take a shower, which would help relax her.

As the woman finished dressing, Lissa knew there was one more thing she had to ask her stepmother before

she left.

"Allison," she said. "When you go into Jeff's room and lock the door... what do you do in there?"

Allison turned and looked at her for a few seconds, as if choosing her words carefully before answering.

"I suppose after what we've been talking about, it's natural for you to be suspicious," she replied.

"Well, you did just say you sometimes fantasize about him. And I know Jeff likes you."

"Yes he does. I'm well aware of his feelings toward me. I think that's what first got me thinking about him. That and the fact that he's so handsome and charming."

"Yeah, he is," Lissa agreed.

"But Jeff and I have an understanding. I've told him basically the same thing I told you. You can fantasize about whatever or whomever you want, as long as you don't act on it. He understands that, and he's been a perfect gentleman. I trust him completely."

"So you don't mind that he thinks of you like that?"

"It's not as rare as you might think for a boy to develop a crush on his stepmother. After all, a boy is a lot like his father, and the same traits that attracted his father to the woman would naturally be appealing to the son."

"But aren't you just a little bit worried? I mean, it's been going on for over a year now."

Allison nodded. "Hmm, that's a good point. I've been so preoccupied enjoying the attention that I hadn't really thought that it might be more serious than a childhood crush. I think it's time he got himself a girlfriend."

Lissa had a momentary flash of jealousy, which she completely suppressed. The thought of Jeff with another girl made her just a touch angry, though she knew it shouldn't. She admitted now that she was attracted to him, but a serious relationship between them was impossible. They had fooled around a little, but that was as far as they could take it. Jeff *should* have a girlfriend. It was just what he needed right now.

Unfortunately, that was easier said than done. "Jeff won't even talk to any girls at school," she said. "He's too shy."

"Lissa, do you think maybe it's because he's preoccupied with me?"

"I don't think so. There are some girls at school that he likes."

"Anyone in particular?"

"Yes, but I promised him I wouldn't tell anyone who it is."

"Good. I wouldn't ask you to break your promise. So if he's interested in this girl, then I think all he needs is a little nudge."

"What do you have in mind?"

"I don't know. For now I'll just wait and see if he does anything on his own. I'll give it a few months, then see if I can work something out."

After that, Allison seemed to watch Jeff a little more closely than before. She was especially interested in his emotional state when he came home from school every day. Each day she started off by asking him how school went, then carefully steered the conversation to the subject of his friends, and finally to the girls at school. She kept it non-threatening; at first she just asked him if he had any friends who were girls, which he didn't. Then a week or so later she asked if any of his friends were going out with girls, which he again answered in the negative. The closest was Rick, who was good friends with a girl named Vanessa Moon. But they had been friends since childhood, and he had never made a move.

A few days later, Allison brought up the topic of Brit graduating from elementary school at the end of the year and going on to 6th grade and therefore junior high, and asked him if he thought she would fit in. She specifically asked what the girls at his school were like when he was there the previous year. He found it a little hard to answer that, saying that he really didn't know any of them. Allison suggested that he work on that, but didn't press him any further.

At Christmas time, Allison wanted to get a special gift for each of the kids to show her appreciation for them. Of course, that likely meant a considerable expense, so she discussed it with Greg. Despite being rich, he was not particularly materialistic, but agreed that this year they would go all out on presents, no matter what the cost. So when they woke up on Christmas morning, they were all in for a treat.

To Brit, Allison gave a top-of-the-line digital camera with a tripod and a dozen other accessories. She jokingly said she bought it for Brit out of frustration because she was tired of Brit borrowing her camera.

Allison had wanted to come up with a gift for Jeff that would encourage him socially, but couldn't think of anything so instead did just the opposite; she bought him a new computer, since the one he currently had was getting out of date and couldn't play some of the newer games. She suggested he give his old one to Brit so she had some place to store her pictures, which he agreed to since there was no point in keeping it. Brit already had her own computer, but it was even more ancient than Jeff's, and was in serious need of an upgrade.

For Lissa she reserved the biggest gift of all. Now that Lissa had a job, her schedule didn't always coincide with that of the rest of the family. Instead of looking under the Christmas tree for her present, Allison had her open the front door. There in the driveway was a new car.

While it wasn't the sportiest or most expensive model, just the fact that it was hers made her literally scream with delight. She threw her arms around Allison and kissed her on the cheek.

After the holidays, Allison continued to nudge Jeff toward developing a relationship with a member of the opposite sex. She was mostly subtle about it, talking about how wonderful it was to have someone special in her life, or continuing to ask him about the girls in his school, or reminiscing about the good old days when she was his age and could be wild and carefree. She cautioned him not to let those years slip away from him, but he should be going out and having fun instead.

Her hints began to grow more and more obvious as spring approached. That was all a part of her plan; she knew that spring was the time to fall in love, and with her making sure it was on his mind all the time, she hoped to get him enthusiastic about the idea.

Then one day after school, Allison asked him a very pointed question. "So Jeff," she said. "Why don't you have a girlfriend?"

"A girlfriend?" he stammered.

"Yes. A girl you go out with. You know, you take her to the movies, or treat her to dinner, or come back home and screw her brains out."

"Allison!" he exclaimed. Even though it had been Rachael's favorite subject, he still found it difficult to talk about sex.

"Come on, Jeff. A boy your age needs to start going out with girls. Rachael said you were a little shy, but now that you're no longer a virgin, you really have no excuse."

"Ra... Rachael said?" Now he was really growing red! How could Rachael have betrayed him like that? Telling her own sister, his stepmother even!

"Yes. She said you were nervous at first, but once you got going, you're a real sex maniac in bed. It would be a shame to keep that from the girls in your school."

"You knew about that?"

"Knew about it? I planned it."

Jeff just blinked. He was too stunned even to speak. Not only was Allison aware of his affair with her sister, she had even had a hand in it! He wondered just what else Rachael had told her. Had she mentioned Lissa, for instance?

"Look, Jeff," Allison told him. "I know you're interested in girls, because I've looked at porn with you. And I know you think I'm gorgeous, because you told me so the first time you met me. So I figured the best thing for you would be to have your first time with someone who looks a lot like me, such as my sister Rachael. So

I explained the situation to her, and she jumped at the chance to fuck you. As a matter of fact, she's been fantasizing about you since she met you at the wedding."

"Really?" he asked, surprised. That was something Rachael hadn't mentioned.

"Yes. But I told her it was only this once, just to let you experience sex. Give you a little motivation, as it were. Now that you know what it feels like to fuck a girl, I would think you'd be eager to get yourself a real steady girlfriend."

"Well, I'd like to, but... well..."

"Jeff, I'm going to ask you something a little awkward, but I want you to be truthful, all right?"

"Even more awkward that it is right now?"

"Unfortunately, yes. Jeff, is the reason you don't have a girlfriend because you're preoccupied with... with me?"

"No!" he exclaimed, growing even redder than he was already.

"Really?"

"Really. I just... I can't think of any girl who would go out with me."

Allison put her hands on her hips and gave him a disapproving glare. "Geoffrey Primdale, I don't want to hear you say things like that again. Rachael also mentioned that you have a bad habit of negative self-talk when discussing things like that. You've got to stop doing that."

"But it's true!"

"All right, forget who you think would go out with you, and think instead about who would you like to go out with."

"I don't know."

"Come on, Jeff. You can't tell me you haven't fantasized about some of the girls in your school. If you could fuck any girl you wanted, who would it be?"

Actually, the truth was that it was Allison herself, but he wasn't about to tell her that!

"That's kind of personal, don't you think?" he said instead.

Allison sighed. "All right. Let's try a new approach. Would you be open to a little wager?"

"I don't know. Depends on the wager."

"In short, you need to find yourself a girlfriend by the end of the school year. That gives you about three months. If you do, you win. If not, I win."

"Three months? That's--"

"That's plenty of time," she insisted.

"Okay, so what do I get if I win?"

"A girlfriend. That should be reward enough."

"And if I lose?"

"Then it's time for me to take extreme measures."

"Um, what do you mean by extreme measures?"

"Just that I'll take a more proactive role. We'll just have to see when it comes to that."

"I don't know..."

"I'm not exactly giving you a choice here. If you don't take the bet, I win by default."

"Okay, fine. I'll try to find a girlfriend," he shrugged.

"You don't sound too enthusiastic about the idea," said Allison.

"Okay, fine," he repeated with a big grin on his face. "I'll try to find a girlfriend."

"Much better," she laughed.

She left him there to reflect on his new mission. He sat for a long time wondering just how the hell he was going to even start to find himself a girlfriend.

Chapter 16

A Mischievous Plot

By the next day he had completely forgotten his goal. He had three months, after all, so there was no point starting on it right away. He could afford to put it off a couple of weeks at least. Kari would just have to wait.

Brit's birthday came and went just like it had last year; with a bunch of giggling, bratty little girls. Although, now that she was twelve, some of those girls weren't so little any more. A number of them were quite easy on the eyes, especially to a fourteen-year-old like Jeff. Some of them flirted with him through the whole party, but he ignored them; they were still a bunch of immature little brats.

He was more interested in girls his own age, like Kari Williams for instance. Strangely enough, ever since that camping trip last summer he had been thinking of Lissa in that way as well. Oh, he would never do anything serious with her, but he had his fantasies. She was beautiful, intelligent, and just about the only girl that he got along with. He found himself wanting to spend time with her, which was unfortunate because her after-school job kept him away from the house until the evenings.

She seemed to enjoy it, although sometimes she looked tired after work. Sometimes she would be bright and cheerful, while other times she would have a much more subdued attitude as if hoping that time would speed up so that she could just go to bed.

One night she came home from work exhausted. Greg and Allison had gone out to dinner and a movie, and Brit was over at her friend Natalie's house, so that left Jeff to keep Lissa company. He sat with her at the table as she microwaved the plate of food that Allison had left for her and ate it. She didn't seem particularly talkative, so Jeff asked her what was wrong.

"Nothing," she replied. "I'm just tired, that's all. It was a busy day today at work. I hope I don't sound rude to you; it's just that I'm half asleep right now."

"Oh, that's all right," he smiled. "Sounds like you just need to go to bed early."

"No, it's okay. You're so sweet to stay home with me; I don't want you to feel like I don't appreciate it."

"Actually, it's just because I was the only one without something to do," he laughed.

After dinner, they headed into the front room to watch television. They sat down on the couch, and Lissa grabbed one of the throw blankets and laid it over the top of them.

Five minutes later, she plopped her head down on his shoulder and closed her eyes.

"Lissa," he whispered.

She opened her eyes and glanced around. Immediately she sat back up straight. "Sorry," she said.

"I don't mind," he replied.

"You're okay with me putting my head on your shoulder?" she asked. "It doesn't make you feel uncomfortable?"

"Why would I feel uncomfortable?"

"I don't know... because I might give you cooties or something," she grinned.

Jeff laughed. "I stopped believing in cooties about the same time I stopped believing in the tooth fairy," he said.

"What, the tooth fairy's not real?" she asked in feigned shock.

"She's just a lie spread by the Easter Bunny."

Lissa laughed. "Oh Jeff, you're so fun to talk to. I just wish I had more opportunities to get you alone."

"Er... what do you mean?"

"Whenever Brit's around, you spend too much time fighting with her. It doesn't leave any time for just you and me to sit and talk like we're doing now."

"I know. It's not that I like to fight with her; it's just become a habit."

"Habits can be broken."

"But this one involves two people. We'd both have to stop fighting at the same time."

"If you chose not to fight with her, what's the worst that could happen? So she gets the better of you a couple of times and you end up with a wounded pride. So what? Who cares what she thinks? The rest of us think you're great."

"Thanks, Lissa. I think you're great too."

She smiled, then laid her head down on his shoulder again. "Anyway, since you say you don't mind, I think I'll take a nap."

Five minutes later, she was completely asleep. This time he didn't try to wake her, but just enjoyed the feel of her head on his shoulder, her face so close to his own.

She slept for about half an hour, then sat back up groggily. She gave him a smile, then yawned and stretched. "What time is it?" she asked.

"A quarter after eight," he replied.

"Too early to go to bed," she said in a tone that sounded like disappointment.

"And my company's too boring to keep you awake, apparently," he smiled.

"Oh, Jeff, I'm sorry. I didn't mean--"

"I'm just joking, Lissa. Really, it's okay. You know what you need right now?"

"What?"

"A nice, hot bath."

"That sounds wonderful," she smiled. "Good idea, Jeff."

She stood up, then immediately sat back down again, putting her hand to her head.

"I'm apparently not as awake as I thought," she explained with a laugh.

Jeff rose to his feet and stood in front of her, holding out his hands. "Come on. I'll help you."

She giggled, then took his hands and let him pull her up to her feet. He stepped in and put one of her arms over his shoulders and slid his hand around her waist.

"I'm not *that* tired," she laughed. "I think I can make it up the stairs by myself."

"No sense taking any chances," replied Jeff with a smile. "Besides, I've got to do something to make up for putting you to sleep from boredom."

Lissa giggled, apparently enjoying his teasing. "Okay then. Up the stairs we go."

They headed into the hall, then made their way up to the second floor, where they proceeded to her bedroom. Once there, she collapsed on the bed, bringing him with her. He found himself staring up at the ceiling with her lying beside him.

"Oops," she grinned. "It was a mistake to lie down. Now I'll never be able to get back up again."

"I helped you up once; I can do it again."

"No, Jeff. Just lie down here with me for a minute. I want to talk to you."

"Talk? About what?"

"About you."

"Me?"

"Yes. I just wanted to thank you for being a great brother."

"What's so great about me?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. It's just all those little things you do."

"Let's see... like pulling off your swimsuit in the pool?"

She laughed. "Exactly," she joked.

"Or groping you on the camping trip?"

"Hey, I was the one who started it, remember?"

"Good point."

"And of course, not telling Dad or Allison that I had wild, hot lesbian sex with our aunt," she giggled.

"Actually, I've got an ulterior motive," he replied. "If I had told them, they probably wouldn't let her babysit ever again, and I'm secretly hoping you'll let me at least watch next time, if not join in."

Lissa grabbed her pillow and swung it into his face with a laugh.

"Hey, what's that for?" he complained.

"For being so naughty."

"Me? It seems to me that you're just as guilty as I am."

"Good point. We're just a couple of perverts, I guess."

"Yeah. Isn't it fun?"

Lissa was silent for a minute. Jeff glanced over at her to see if she had fallen asleep, but she had her eyes open, staring up at the ceiling. Then she turned her head to the side and stared at him.

"Jeff," she said.

"What?"

"Well... since we're both perverts... do you want to do something perverted?"

Jeff's eyes grew wide. "Like what?"

"I just remembered I still owe you from last summer. Remember? There in the tent, Brit was crying, and I told you I would make it up to you."

"Oh yeah, you did," he grinned.

"Well... since I was going to take a bath anyway... would you join me?"

"You want to take a bath together?" he asked, his voice betraying his eagerness.

Lissa nodded. "Jeff, I think it's okay if we fool around this once. But we need to make sure we both understand exactly how far we're going to take this."

"I'm willing to go as far as you are."

"I know, and that's my point. Look, Jeff. I'll admit I'm attracted to you, and it sounds like you're attracted to me too. So we need to make sure we don't do anything we'll regret."

"What are you saying?"

"I want to take a bath with you. I want to be naked with you. I want to touch you, and I want you to touch me. But I don't want to have sex. This isn't about becoming lovers. It's about learning."

"You make it sound like school."

"Jeff, I'm not an experienced lover. I want to explore this with someone I can trust, like you."

"Are you... are you a virgin?"

Lissa grew red. "Um..." she said.

"It's nothing to be ashamed about," Jeff told her.

"Oh, I'm not ashamed because I'm a virgin," she said. "I'm ashamed because I'm not."

"Really?" he asked, astonished.

"I've only done it once. It was a few years ago, before Mom left. I didn't like it, but that was probably just because I wasn't mature enough to understand it. I was just afraid of what you might think of me, Jeff."

He shrugged. "I already think you're a pervert, remember?"

Lissa laughed. "Okay, you have a point there."

"Anyway, if you don't want to have sex, I can accept that. But you have to understand, if a boy gets aroused, he has to find some way to get relief. We don't have to have sex, but I'm going to need to... I mean..."

"Have an orgasm?" she asked.

Jeff nodded.

"All right. What if I do it with my hand? Would that be enough?"

"That would be fine."

"Then you have to do the same for me," she said.

"Okay."

"Good," she smiled. "So now that we understand one another, I don't have to worry. Let's get naked."

Jeff watched in delight as she unbuttoned her blouse. She always wore a button-down blouse and long skirt to work; it made her look older and more professional. It also turned the heads of a lot of the guys at school, he had noticed. There was something sexy about her maturity, and Jeff had had to explain that she was a student to more than one boy who asked what subject she taught and how he could get into her class. There were a few of them that still didn't believe him.

Once the blouse was off and only her bra covered her tits, she glanced at him. "Aren't you going to get undressed too?" she asked.

"What? Oh yeah. I was too busy staring to think straight."

She giggled. "I'll take that as a compliment."

He pulled his shirt over his head, letting it drop to the ground. As unfastened his belt, Liss slid her skirt down. Now she was in only her underwear. She waited for Jeff to drop his pants to the floor and step out of them.

Then she turned around. "Would you mind unfastening my bra?" she asked.

Jeff's heart was pounding in his chest as he reached for the clasp. He fumbled with it for a second; it was the first time he had ever unfastened a girl's bra. It came loose, and she slipped it off her chest and dropped it to the ground.

When she turned around and put her hands on her hips, he nearly had a heart attack. Granted, it was the third time he had seen her tits, but it never got old.

"What do you think?" she grinned.

"Wow!" he exclaimed, staring at her bare chest. "I... wow!"

She laughed. "I'll take that as a compliment too," she said. "Now your turn. Take off your shorts. And you'd

better have an erection, or I'm going to feel insulted."

He slipped his shorts down, letting his rock-hard dick spring free. Her grin widened when she saw it. "Just like I remembered," she said. She then slipped her own panties off, letting Jeff see her pussy for the first time.

It had a nice, neat crop of hair around it, the same color as that on her head. It looked, in its own way, as beautiful as Rachael's or Allison's.

"I'm going to start filling up the tub," she said, then headed into the bathroom. Jeff followed her, staring at her body. She leaned over and turned on the hot water, then held her hand under it for a minute as it warmed up. Once she was satisfied with the temperature, she pulled the latch to plug the drain. Then she stood back up, turned around, and hugged him. It was a wonderful feeling; the only other woman who had rubbed her chest against his was Rachael, so it was still quite a new experience for him. Lissa was still slightly taller than him, but in the past year he had grown over four inches, and he would soon pass her up.

It felt especially nice to have his cock pressed against her abdomen. The pressure was exciting, as was the heat of her body.

Too soon she pulled away, but she kept her hands on his shoulders and smiled at him. "I love you, Jeff," she said.

"I love you too, Lissa," he replied.

"Good. Girls like to hear that. So remember that, especially if you ever do get together with your true love Kari."

"Right now I couldn't care less about Kari," he grinned.

"Whatever happened to your adoration and undying devotion?"

"Oh, it's still there. It's just kind of hard to think about it when there's a gorgeous, naked girl standing in front of me."

She giggled. "Thanks, Jeff. You certainly know how to compliment a girl." She glanced over at the tub. "Let's get in the bath," she said.

Jeff was all too happy to oblige her. She slipped into the tub and turned off the water. She lay back against one end of the tub, and Jeff took the other. All of the bathrooms in the Primdale house had large and deep tubs, so the water rose to their chests with them half-reclined like they were. Jeff loved the sight of the tiny waves lapping against her nipples; it was amazingly erotic.

Lissa raised one of her legs out of the water and pointed it at him. "Let's start by washing each other's feet," she said.

"Does that turn you on?" he grinned.

"Just a little," she admitted. "It's like a foot massage."

"Okay," he said, reaching for the liquid soap. He poured a little on his hand, then rubbed it all over her foot. She closed her eyes and smiled with the sensation as he massaged it. He was surprised to find that it didn't bother him at all; normally if she had her feet this close to his face he would complain and tease her about how smelly they were, despite the fact that they weren't smelly at all. Besides, he wanted her to wash his feet as well.

After he soaped up her foot, he began to work on her leg. It was nice and smooth, and very sexy. He spread soap all over it up to her knee.

When he announced that he was finished, she lowered her leg into the water, rubbing her foot against his crotch.

"Hey!" he laughed, and she giggled.

"Oh, come on, you can't say that doesn't feel good," she insisted as she rubbed him with it. Actually, it *did* feel kind of nice.

"You just caught me off guard, that's all," he replied.

She lifted her other leg out of the water, and he went to work on it as well. She continued to tease him with her other foot, tickling his cock and balls with the toes.

Once he finished with her other leg, she slipped it under the water to join the first. Now he had both her feet teasing him. She trapped his cock between her two big toes and began to rub them up and down.

"Hey, if you keep doing that you're going to finish me off before we get to the real fun," he told her.

"We can't have that," she grinned, drawing her legs back. "Now let me wash your feet."

He handed her the soap, then lifted one leg out of the water. Lissa set to work immediately, and he was surprised at how good it felt. He had never had his foot massaged before, but this felt very nice. All of the tension of the day seemed to vanish in her capable hands.

Like he had done to her, she lathered him up all the way to his knee. When she finished, he decided to give her a taste of her own medicine, so he lowered his leg into the water and pressed his big toe against her feminine slit.

Lissa squealed in surprise and delight, then they both burst out laughing at her reaction. But he didn't take his foot away.

As she washed his other foot, he continued to play with her down there, noticing that not only was she

spreading her legs wider and wider as the foreplay continued, but her pussy was beginning to open up. Her clitoris had emerged, and he made sure not to neglect it, just like Rachael had taught him. But there was something else he wanted to do, if Lissa was willing. Experimentally, he pressed his toe against her opening, this time pushing a little harder.

She obviously felt it, because she gasped. He glanced into her eyes for confirmation that it was okay, and the smile on her face told him all he needed to know. He pressed a little harder, and suddenly he felt his toe slide inside of her.

Lissa shuddered as she closed her eyes and sighed. She released his other leg, and he brought it down just above the other one, where he rubbed it against her clit. Both feet worked in unison how, and he watched her body begin to move in rhythm with his toes.

Her hands unconsciously went between her legs, where she took hold of his feet and directed the action. He was more than happy to oblige her; he liked giving her this kind of pleasure. Her breaths were deep and heavy now, and he watched as her chest came out of the water as she inhaled then submerged again as she exhaled. He was enjoying the view immensely.

Then she stopped and stared at him, pushing his feet away.

"What?" he asked, concerned. "Did I do something wrong?"

No, you did something *right*," she explained. "But the same thing applies to me as applied to you. I don't want to finish before we get to the real fun either."

Jeff laughed. "I don't blame you."

Lissa rose up on her knees, bringing her torso all the way out of the water. Jeff stared at her beautiful chest as she slid over to him. "Sit up," she said.

"What?"

"Sit up," she repeated.

Jeff did as instructed. Lissa wormed her way behind him, then gently guided him down into the water until he was submerged up to his neck and his head rested against her chest.

"Now relax," she told him. He closed his eyes.

She put her hands on his shoulders, and then ran them down his body to just above his cock. Then she drew them back up again and repeated the motion. He sighed in pleasure as she massaged his chest like that. It was absolutely heavenly to be lying here on her breast as she ran her hands all over his body.

She continued it for five minutes, then got a little bolder and let her fingertips brush against his shaft. He moaned as she did that, which she obviously took as a signal to continue because she did the same thing each

time she went down. It was almost incidental contact, designed not so much to stimulate him as to just keep him aroused.

After another five minutes, Lissa said, "Okay, let's switch places."

"Do I gotta?" he asked playfully.

"No, you don't gotta," she said. "You don't have to rub your hands all over my boobs if you don't want to. We can just--"

Jeff hurriedly rose up and turned around. Lissa giggled as he grabbed her and pushed her forward so he could get behind her. She lay back against his chest, and he found this position just as comfortable as the previous one. He put his hands on her shoulders, then slid them down to her gorgeous breasts. Instead of continuing or drawing them back up again, however, he left them there, rubbing and squeezing and massaging her tits. They felt so wonderful in his hands, so soft and fun to play with. He focused especially on the nipples, squeezing them between his fingers or teasing them with just his fingertips. They grew hard as he stimulated them, and he knew that she was enjoying this.

"Lower," she whispered.

"What?"

"I want to feel your hands between my legs," she said.

Jeff moved his hands down her body, but couldn't quite reach his destination. So Lissa sat up and leaned back so that her head fell back over his shoulder. Her neck so close to his face looked too inviting for him to resist, so he kissed her there. She moaned in pleasure at the contact.

Jeff brought both of his hands down between her legs, where he began to rub her. He enjoyed the feel of her swollen lips and the cute little bud at the top as he ran his fingertips all over her. Once again her breathing became heavier as her body responded to the sensation. He watched as her breasts thrust out with each breath. Her hands went to those breasts and rubbed them as he took care of her pussy.

He continued to nibble at her neck, which served to heighten her arousal. Her whole body was rocking back and forth by now; she was obviously lost in the pleasure. He enjoyed seeing and feeling her like this; he felt a kind of pride at being able to give her this much pleasure.

He slipped a couple of fingers inside of her, and she cried out. His fingertips on her clitoris seemed to drive her into a frenzy. She didn't even try to conceal the sounds she was making, but screamed them out loud enough for everyone in the house to hear. It was fortunate that they were the only ones at home.

After a few more minutes of this, she reached the peak. "Oh my god, Jeff!" she screamed. "I... I... I..." He could feel her walls closing tightly around his fingers as she gave one last cry, before collapsing back against him and panting in exhaustion.

He removed his fingers then wrapped his arms around her stomach and held her there for a minute. She rested there in his arms for a while as her heart rate slowed and her breathing came under control.

Finally, she lifted up her head.

"Oh, Jeff!" she breathed. "That's the first time a boy's ever given me an orgasm. That was wonderful."

"But I thought..." he said, confused. "I thought you said you weren't a virgin."

"I'm not," she replied. "The boy who took my virginity never actually brought me to orgasm. That was one of the reasons I didn't like it."

"So it doesn't bother you that the first one to do that to you is your brother?"

"I'm glad it was you. I don't think I could have done it with someone I didn't trust. Thank you so much, Jeff."

"Well, you can thank me by reciprocating," he grinned.

Lissa laughed. "You got it," she said.

She scooted forward, then turned around. She put her legs over the top of his so that she was practically sitting on his lap. Then she put her arms around his shoulders and drew him in until her tits rubbed against his chest.

"I want to be face-to-face this time," she told him. "I want to see the pleasure on your face when I drive you crazy."

"Sounds good to me," he said, sliding his arms around her waist.

Lissa let go with one of her arms and moved it down between them. He gasped as she closed it over his cock. Then she began to stroke it up and down.

She started slowly at first, letting him get used to the feeling of her hand and the waves of pleasure running through him with each stroke. Then, bit by bit, she increased the tempo. Jeff began to thrust his hips forward as his body reacted unconsciously to the stimulation.

His big sister leaned in and kissed him lightly on the lips as she continued her stroking. It was different from a kiss between siblings, or even that kiss last Christmas that had started out teasing but ended up anything but innocent. This one was tender and caring, but at the same time passionately erotic.

Since she had made plenty of noise earlier, Jeff didn't feel any self-consciousness about doing the same, so he began to moan as her hand continued to stimulate him. The look on her face suggested that she was enjoying the sounds he made just as much as he had enjoyed the ones she had made earlier.

Faster and faster she moved, and the pleasure increased. He knew he wouldn't last much longer, and didn't

want to. He wanted her to bring him over the edge with her hands. The thought of having his big sister do this to him was deliciously naughty.

The pleasure began to build, and he knew it was about to happen. He didn't try to stop it, but simply let it go.

The first spurt shot all the way up to Lissa's chest, coating her tits. The second made it almost as far, and the third merely landed on her stomach. There were several more after that of diminishing power until finally it was over.

Lissa released his cock and stared down at her body with shock. "Oh my god!" she exclaimed. "There's so much!" She began to giggle in embarrassment.

"It's your fault, you know," he said. "You're the one who got me this excited."

Still laughing, Lissa climbed off his lap and pulled the lever to let the water drain away. She stood up, and held out her hands to him.

"Up," she said.

He took her hand and let her help him to his feet. Then she turned on the faucet and pulled the knob to turn on the shower.

She rinsed away all of his cum off of her body as the water drained out of the bath. A few minutes later they stepped out of the tub to dry each other off.

Although it wasn't quite as fun as using a blow dryer, Jeff enjoyed drying his sister with a towel as well, especially since she did the same for him. She took his hand, and then they headed back into the bedroom where they plopped down on the bed and stared up at the ceiling, just like they had done before.

"Jeff," said Lissa after a few minutes.

"Yes?"

"Did you have fun?" she asked.

"You bet I did!" he said enthusiastically.

"Me too."

"Good."

"Jeff, maybe we shouldn't do this any more."

"Why not?"

"Well, because it's not right. I'm glad we did it this once, but I don't think it's a good idea to continue. I just don't want to give you the impression that this kind of thing is all right to do."

"But it didn't hurt anyone, and we both enjoyed it," he protested.

"I know, but... well..."

"What is it, Lissa?"

"The truth is I'm worried about Brit."

"Brit?"

"Yes. I'm old enough to know what I'm doing, and you... well, you're a boy."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Just that you're not as emotionally fragile as a girl. To you, this is just a fun time, but something like this could be damaging to a girl like Brit."

"So what? I don't have the slightest inclination to do this with her. Not only is she too young, and my sister, but the two of us don't even get along. We wouldn't even be able to keep from fighting long enough to even think of getting naughty with each other."

"People change, Jeff. And remember, I'm hoping you two learn to like each other eventually. I'm just worried that if you ever do, well, maybe you'll end up doing something like this to her."

"I guess I can see where you might worry," he nodded. "But you don't have to, really. I may fight with her, but I would never do anything to hurt her. She's completely safe with me."

"Thanks, Jeff," Lissa smiled, then rolled over on top of him and kissed him on the cheek. "Now let's get dressed. Dad and Allison should be home soon, and it wouldn't do to have them find us like this. They might jump to the right conclusion," she winked.

Life was good for Jeff the next couple of months. Although there were no more incidents with Lissa like the one in the bathtub, the two of them were good friends. Lissa was fun to be around, and Jeff enjoyed spending time with her. Of course, whenever Brit was around there were conflicts, but even those were kept to a minimum.

Something still nagged him, though. He remembered he was supposed to do something, but he had forgotten what.

In the mean time, he continued to worship Kari Williams from afar. Springtime brought thoughts of love and

romance, and Jeff really wished he had the courage to go talk to her. But what business would a guy like him have talking to someone as beautiful and popular as her?

It was the same every day. He would get to school, see her down the hall, try not to stare, daydream about her in his classes, and then come home. At least it wasn't affecting his grades; he was doing well in all of his subjects so far, and with the end of the school year approaching, it looked like it would all end on a high note.

About a week before the last day of school, something happened that very nearly gave him an opportunity to meet Kari. He was sitting in the cafeteria eating lunch and avoiding staring at Kari across the room, when he noticed tears in her eyes. She was sitting with a group of her friends, who all had looks of sympathy on their faces.

Suddenly, Kari broke down crying. A few nearby kids snickered at her, and Jeff had an overwhelming urge to run up and punch them. But he had always been afraid of fighting, so he just sat there.

He wanted to go talk to Kari, to give her words of comfort, but he didn't know what he would say. Besides, maybe that would just make things worse. Maybe she just wanted people to leave her alone right now.

The bell rang to signify the end of lunch, and he felt disappointed at the lost opportunity.

Later that day he was talking to his friends when one of them mentioned Kari's outburst in the cafeteria. Jeff asked if any of them knew what it was about, and Rick said he had heard from his friend Vanessa that Kari's father had told her she had to go to summer school to make up her bad grades in math.

Now Jeff really felt bad for her. Her father was the P.E. coach at the high school. Jeff was taking P.E. from him, and the man was downright scary. He could imagine him yelling at Kari for her low grades; it was no wonder she was crying. Plus, to have to go to school all summer was something he considered cruel and unusual punishment.

Once again he wished he had the courage to talk to her about it. But he had never been to summer school, so he couldn't give her any words of hope there. He really couldn't think of anything to say that would cheer her up. So all he could do was just hope that she felt better soon.

The next day she seemed to be at least a little more cheerful, for which he was glad. But there was still just a bit of depression about her, especially any time her friends brought up their plans for the summer. She would go silent, just smiling at them to hide her melancholy.

It went on like that for another week, until the last day of school arrived. Jeff was too ecstatic to worry about it any more; summer vacation was about to begin. That meant no more school, and although it meant he wouldn't see Kari for a few months, it did mean more time to spend with Lissa and Allison. He couldn't wait for the last bell to ring and grant him his freedom.

Even though the last couple of hours dragged by, finally the school day ended, and he hurried out to the bus. As usual, he sat across the aisle from Brit, and they rode home in silence.

As soon as Jeff got home from school, Allison put an arm on his shoulder and gently but firmly guided him upstairs to his room. Once there, she closed the door.

"All right, Jeff, we need to talk."

"About what?" he asked. This didn't sound too good. He had a feeling that his summer vacation was about to be spoiled.

"Remember what I said back in March? About you getting a girlfriend?"

Jeff groaned. So that was what this was about. He hadn't really put much effort into it, and now it was coming back to haunt him.

"So you do remember," Allison commented. "All right, I take it you haven't found a girlfriend?"

Jeff shook his head.

"Then it looks like it's up to me."

Jeff's eyes opened wide. What was she saying?

She nodded toward the book in his hand. "Your yearbook?" she asked.

Jeff nodded.

"Perfect. That's just what we need. Come sit down here on your bed and we'll go through it together."

"What?" he asked. "What are you..."

"Unless of course you already have a girl picked out."

In a sense, he had. He just hadn't expected to have to admit it, especially to Allison. He didn't move, keeping the book clutched tightly against his chest. There was no way he was going to tell her who he had a crush on! The embarrassment would kill him!

Allison put her hands on her hips in that manner that she did when she was angry. "Go sit on the bed, now!" she told him in a commanding voice. It was the first time she had used that voice on him, and in truth, it was a little scary. Almost trembling, he strode over to his bed and sat down. She sat down next to him and then pulled the book out of his petrified grip.

Instantly her manner changed, and she was back to that bright, cheerful Allison that he knew and liked so well.

"Now there are two ways we can do this," she smiled. "In my experience, boys your age always have a crush on some girl. It may change two or three times during the year, or it may last your entire junior high and high

school career. It may even be more than one girl at a time. But you're never without a crush. So, option A. You can tell me who it is so I can start making plans. Option B. I go through the yearbook and start looking up all the prettiest girls so that I can call them up and ask if they want to go out with you."

"You wouldn't!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"Oh, wouldn't I?"

Jeff was in a panic. If she started calling all of the girls, his life would be ruined until graduation. He would be the laughingstock of the school.

"Look, Jeff. I can do this more subtly if you want, but I don't have time to do it for every girl in the yearbook. So narrow it down for me. Give me a name."

"I can't..." he croaked.

"Fine." She reached for the phone on his nightstand.

"Okay! You win!" he exclaimed. "But it's not a crush. I just think... I think she's pretty, that's all."

"You don't need to lie. There's nothing wrong with it. Just tell me who she is so that I can start planning."

Jeff sighed. There was no way out of this. "Kari Williams," he mumbled.

"Well, she's got a nice name," said Allison. "At least it's not a Bertha or Hildegard or something like that." She opened the yearbook and started scanning down the faces.

"Page twelve," Jeff sighed in defeat. Now that he was committed, he might as well go all the way.

Allison grinned. "So you just happen to know the page number of this girl that you just think is pretty."

"Fine. I like her. Is that good enough?"

"Good enough." She turned to page twelve and looked for Kari. Jeff couldn't have been any more embarrassed if he had drawn a red heart around her picture.

Allison's grin turned into a broad smile once she found the photo she was looking for. "Well, I'll say this, you certainly know how to pick them. She's really beautiful."

"If she wasn't, I wouldn't like her, would I?" he asked.

Allison laughed. "I suppose that's a conversation for another time," she said. "Remind me to lecture you some time on picking a girl for her personality and not just for her face. Or boobs, for that matter."

"Allison!"

"Okay. Tell me about Kari."

"Well, she's in my grade. In fact, she's one of the few kids younger than me in my grade. That's what first got me interested in her. I used to think older girls were..."

"Intimidating?" offered Allison.

"Yes. Intimidating."

"I'll bet Rachael changed that really fast."

"Boy did she ever! But anyway, since there were only a few girls in my grade younger than me, and since Kari's very pretty, well, now you sort of see why I like her."

"What about her personality? Is she nice? Or is she a real bitch?"

"Oh, she's very nice."

"To you?"

"Honestly, I don't think she knows I exist."

"We'll count that in our favor."

"Oh gee, thanks."

"I didn't mean it like that, Jeff. I just mean that if she's never met you, then she doesn't have any preconceived notions, positive or negative. A good first impression will make a huge difference. So what are her hobbies?"

"Well, she's on the JV volleyball team at the high school. Next year she's going to try out for the varsity team."

"The athletic type. That's a point against us, since you don't like sports. But that's okay. We can work around it. Is there anything else you know about her?"

"Her dad teaches P.E. at the high school. He's also the assistant coach for the varsity basketball team."

"Again, that doesn't help us, unless you want to try out for basketball."

"Too short."

"Right. Okay, anything else? What about her grades?"

"Well, I probably shouldn't tell you this. It's not really nice. But then again, pretty much the whole school knows."

"What?"

"Last week she... she broke down crying during lunch. She told her friends that her dad was going to make her go to summer school because she got a bad grade in math. A lot of the other kids laughed at her because she was crying, but I felt really bad."

"Did you say anything to her? Something to comfort her maybe?"

Jeff shook his head. "I wanted to, but I was afraid to approach her."

"All right. Her father coaches basketball and she's not particularly good at math. This is going to be easier than I thought."

"What?" Jeff asked, startled.

"Sounds to me like she needs a math tutor," Allison grinned. "Do we know anyone that could fit that role?"

Jeff's surprise gave way to understanding. Of course! It was absolutely perfect.

"And now if you'll excuse me, I think I'll make a call to Mr. Williams," she said. "What's his first name again?"

"Allen."

"All right. I'll see you in a minute."

She left him there and headed downstairs to make the call. Taking a moment to look up the number in the phone book, she dialed it and waited for the answer.

"Hello?" a girl's voice on the other end of the line greeted.

"Hello. This is Allison Primdale. Am I speaking to Kari?"

"That's me," the girl replied.

"Hello, Kari. I was wondering if I could have a word with your father?"

"Just a minute."

A few seconds later, a man's voice came onto the phone. "This is Allen Williams," he said.

"Hello, Allen. May I call you Allen? My name is Allison Primdale. You don't know me, but I have a favor I would like to ask you."

"I know your husband," the man said. "We used to sometimes play racquetball together. So what can I do for

you, Mrs. Primdale?"

"Oh, please, call me Allison. It's about my stepson, Jeff. Do you know him?"

"Of course. He was in my P.E. class this year."

"Well, I'm not exactly sure how to put this... Oh what the hell. He's a bit of a couch potato. Spends most of his time in front of the TV or the computer, or with a book in his hand. Mind you, I'm not really concerned about the book part; I think it's healthy for a boy his age to read. But he's not particularly physical. I'm sure you're aware he doesn't do so well at sports."

"Well, now that you mention it, yes. I didn't want to get on his case about it in class this year, but you're absolutely right."

"Well, I had an idea. In my opinion, he just needs a start. I think if he were to start in on some kind of routine, he would get into the habit of working out every day. A little push and the change would be tremendous. So I need someone to coach him, say, for a month."

"I'm not sure I have the time, Mrs. Primdale. Allison. I've got basketball camp coming up at the beginning of July, and I need to make plans for my daughter to go to summer school."

"Actually, I'm glad you mentioned that, because I wouldn't dream of asking you to do this without something in return. I'm actually quite aware of your daughter's shortcomings in math."

"Let me guess. Jeff told you about that incident in the cafeteria."

"Yes he did. You see, it bothered him all the rest of the day. Nearly broke his heart, poor dear. He's always been a bit sensitive like that. He always hates to see people hurt. So after school he asked me if there was anything I could do to help. You see, Allen, I used to teach high school mathematics. I would be happy to tutor your daughter for the summer. I think it's quite clear that she doesn't want to go to summer school. Maybe it's the embarrassment, maybe it's that she wouldn't get to spend time with her friends, that sort of thing. I'm willing to make my schedule as flexible as she needs, so she won't have to miss out on anything, and of course, private tutoring doesn't have quite the stigma of summer school. So what do you say? You train Jeff until your basketball camp starts. I'm not talking about professional quality training here. A couple of hours a day, maybe. Whatever you think he needs. Once you see that he's into a routine and doesn't need your help any more, feel free to stop. In exchange, I tutor Kari all summer. If you want, I'll give you my personal guarantee that she'll get an A on the first math test of the school year."

"I don't know. It sounds tempting, but I'd like to talk it over with my daughter first."

"Of course. Tell you what. Do you have our number here?"

"I should."

"Okay, go ahead and talk it over with Kari. Call me back tomorrow evening after you've made your decision."

Allison returned to Jeff's room and reported on the phone call, adding that she thought it was a good sign. Jeff wasn't particularly happy that he would have to spend time with Allen Williams; the man had been a little intimidating at school, but at least he would get a chance to meet Kari.

The next night Jeff was in his room when he heard the phone ring. Knowing who it would be, he waited in anticipation as Allison answered it downstairs. He couldn't quite hear what she was saying, but from the tone of her voice it sounded positive. She continued speaking for several minutes, then hung up and ascended the stairs to his room. He opened the door almost before she knocked.

"So it's all settled," she told him. "Monday morning you start getting in shape. Kari's father is going to train you. You go over to his house every morning to work out in his weight room, then in the afternoon he brings you two back here so I can tutor her."

"What?" Jeff demanded. "You're going to embarrass me in front of Kari? After she sees how out of shape I am, she won't want to have anything to do with me."

"If she's so shallow as to judge you based upon your current physical fitness, she doesn't deserve you."

"Okay, fine. Just remember, this was your idea."

"Don't worry. By this time Monday night, you'll be thanking me."

Jeff nodded. He hoped she was right.

Chapter 17

First Day With Kari

When Monday came around, Jeff woke up in a bad mood. He was not looking forward to this day. The thought that he would finally meet Kari Williams should have thrilled him, but instead it terrified him. It wasn't that he was particularly shy, not any more at least. Rachael had quickly cured him of that. But he knew that first impressions were always the most important, and he had no idea how he would act when he saw her.

Added to that worry was the thought of spending a couple of hours with her father, Allen. The man was a giant, or so he had seemed in class that year. No doubt he could pick up Jeff and break him over his knee.

Jeff sighed. He had to go through with it, but he didn't have to like it. He took a shower then headed gloomily down to breakfast. Allison was the only one in the kitchen, and she smiled when she saw him. Normally he enjoyed seeing Allison smile, but today he was too distracted.

"Now that won't do," she told him, sliding some pancakes from a pan onto a plate and setting it in front of him. "What would Kari think if she saw you sitting and frowning like that?"

Jeff shrugged. "I don't care."

Allison laughed. "No, I think you're in a bad mood because you *do* care. Are you nervous?"

"I suppose."

"Okay, let me tell you how to act in a way that girls can't resist."

His eyes lit up at that. That sounded helpful. "How?" he asked.

"Be yourself," she replied, and Jeff's hopes sank.

"So I should sit in the corner and read a book in front of her?" he mumbled.

Allison laughed again. "No, you should be funny and charming and friendly and playful. Like I said, just be yourself."

"So you think I'm funny and charming and friendly and playful?"

"I know you go too far sometimes teasing your sister, but just the fact that you like to tease each other is sign that you've got a sense of humor, and you like to play around. Girls like that sort of thing."

"I guess so."

"Do you remember what you said when you first met me?"

"What?"

"You called your Dad and said there was a mysterious and gorgeous woman to see him. That's the real you, not the guy who sits and reads all day."

"Yeah, but with you it's different."

"How?"

"I don't know. I guess it's just easy to say things like that with you."

"Thank you, dear. And that's another thing. Never miss an opportunity for a compliment."

"Allison, you're beautiful."

She laughed. "Thanks, but I meant with Kari."

"Just practicing," he replied, but he was starting to feel much better now. Allison had that effect on him.

By the time they left, his spirits had lifted considerably. Maybe it was just the adrenaline rush of finally meeting Kari, or maybe Allison's cheerfulness was contagious. Whatever the reason, he was actually eager to meet her.

Allison drove him to the Williams house. She dropped him off in the driveway, and in nervous excitement he made his way to the front door, then pressed the doorbell.

When the door opened, he found himself staring into the beautiful face of Kari Williams. She had her long, brown hair tied back in a ponytail, a style that he found extremely sexy on her. She had big brown eyes, and a slightly suntanned complexion. Her lips were a little below average in size but had a slight pucker to them even when she wore a neutral expression. It was as if she were at every moment asking for a kiss. But her smile was the type that could turn storm clouds away and brighten up a dark and dreary room.

"Hi, Jeff," she beamed.

This was almost too much. In all the years of school together, he could not recall her ever smiling at him. Heck, for that matter he could not recall her ever speaking to him.

Allison had to get back to the house to finish making breakfast for the rest of the family, so she waved at him and turned her car around to head back home.

"Hi," Jeff replied, trying to sound casual. "It's Kari, right?"

"Right. So how are you doing, Jeff?"

He shrugged. "Okay, I guess. I'll be able to give you a better answer after I've seen your dad's torture chamber."

Kari laughed. If she had never smiled at him, she had certainly never laughed at any joke he had made. His confidence was beginning to grow now that he had broken the ice.

"Don't worry. No one's died in there in at least three weeks," she replied.

Just then her father appeared in the hall. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with slightly graying hair and a chiseled chin. During school, he had reminded Jeff of a drill sergeant, but he looked quite different out of uniform. With a pair of slacks and a simple button-down shirt, he seemed quite a bit less threatening than in P.E. class.

"So you two know each other?" Allen Williams asked.

"Sure," said Kari.

Jeff's heart leaped in his chest. While her answer was simple enough, there was an implication there that boosted his spirits. It meant that he hadn't been anonymous to her after all. Though certainly not a grand revelation, just the fact that she had known who he was gave him a great thrill.

"All right, Jeff, why don't we get started? I'll show you my weight room, and you can try out some of the equipment there. Your mother said--"

"Stepmother," Jeff corrected absentmindedly. He didn't like to think of her as his mother, because then it would feel so wrong to fantasize about her.

Mr. Williams didn't push the issue. "All right, your stepmother said that your father's all in favor of getting you in shape, so he's going to set up some equipment in the rec room. Today we'll just go over the machines and have you try them out, see which ones you like the best. Tomorrow we'll start organizing an actual workout routine. What do you say?"

"Sounds good."

"Can I watch?" asked Kari.

"No, dear," her father replied. "Some people get self-conscious about working out when there's an audience."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Jeff. "She can watch if she wants." Anything that got her to spend time with him was good enough for him!

"Well, if it's okay with Jeff, it's okay with me," said Allen.

Then Jeff spotted another girl sitting on the couch in the living room watching TV. She looked astonishingly like Kari, except younger. She looked to be about Brit's age.

"I'm going to go out on a limb here and say that's your sister," said Jeff.

Kari laughed. "So you can see the family resemblance?"

"Well, you know, it is kind of subtle, but..."

"We have to make sure we clearly label the pictures in our family photo albums, or a few years later we can't tell if it's me or her in the photos. Hey Crystal," Kari said. "Come here for a second."

The girl got up and walked over to them.

"Crystal, this is Jeff. Jeff, Crystal."

"So you've finally managed to bring a boy home with you," Crystal grinned maliciously. "It's about time."

"Shut up!" said Kari, growing red.

Jeff just shrugged. "Little sisters," he commented, and he could see a look of gratitude on Kari's face.

"What's that supposed to mean?" asked Crystal.

"It means you're as much a tease as my sister Britney."

She put her fists on her hips and flashed him a playfully haughty smile. "Oh, you haven't seen anything yet," she said.

"Let's get out of here before she really gets going," Kari said hurriedly, grabbing Jeff's arm and half-dragging him down the hall to the weight room.

It looked every bit as scary as he had expected it to. There were numerous machines that looked like they belonged in a medieval torture chamber. Mr. Williams began to point them out, describing how they worked and in most cases demonstrating. He explained how to change the weight settings for heavier and lighter weights, and suggested that since Jeff was just trying to get into shape instead of building up strength, he should keep with light weight and perform the sets rapidly and without breaks in order to get his heart rate up. As he went over the devices, Jeff began to have less and less apprehension. They seemed simple enough. Kari even showed off some of her favorites, and Jeff found himself enjoying just watching her move. She was the type of girl that he could just watch for hours on end, no matter what she was doing.

Then Mr. Williams had Jeff try a few of them. Some were designed to work the major muscle groups, but others worked muscles that Jeff didn't even know he had. On some of the machines, he even had trouble with the lightest weight settings, to his embarrassment, but Kari explained to him that that was expected; the muscles that those machines were designed to work were usually extremely weak unless specifically trained,

but would grow strong surprisingly quickly if he continued to work on them.

The ultimate humiliation, though, came when Kari and he alternated on the bench press, and he discovered that Kari could lift more than he could. But she actually came to his rescue by telling him that she had deliberately worked on her upper body strength to be better at volleyball. Mr. Williams agreed, adding that Kari was at the peak of her potential strength while Jeff was toward the bottom, and since he was a man, he would pass her in just a few weeks of practice. It made for a good, if somewhat embarrassing, goal at least.

"If it turns out that Crystal can bench press more than me though," he said, "I'll kill myself."

As he tried out the various machines, he told Kari's dad the ones he liked. Mr. Williams had a clipboard with him and jotted down notes. An hour later, he said it was time to quit.

"Okay, we've got some ideas here," he said. "Tell you what, Jeff. I'm going to have a talk with your father. He already said he's willing to buy some equipment for you. Maybe later this week the three of us can get together and make some orders on the Internet."

"Fine," said Jeff. Actually, now that he had had a chance to try it, he was actually excited to start working out on a regular basis. There was still plenty of space left over in the rec room, especially if they rearranged some of the chairs, so a few of these machines down there would work out nicely.

"Well, we're done for the day," said Mr. Williams, "unless you want to keep going. Your stepmother isn't expecting Kari for another hour and a half, but we can head back over to your house now if you'd like."

"Well, maybe I could go back over some of my favorites for a few minutes."

"Good! You're getting into it already. I'll tell you what. I've got to do some yard work, but I'll leave Kari here with you. You don't mind, do you Kari?"

"No problem," she said.

"Okay. Just remember to spot him if he wants to use the bench press."

"Spot me?" asked Jeff.

"Yes. Other than the occasional sprained muscle if you're not careful, none of the machines in here are dangerous except the bench press. That's because if your strength goes out on the other machines, all that happens is a loud noise as the weights come crashing down. But on the bench press, all the weight is over your chest. You could collapse your rib cage that way. So you have someone spot you, which means they stand over you ready to catch the weight if it looks like you aren't going to be able to get it back up."

"That makes sense."

"All right. I'll be back in to check on you in half an hour," he said.

Jeff was overjoyed. As Mr. Williams left the room, he found himself alone with Kari for the first time. She offered to show him her routine that she usually did when working out, and he readily agreed. Not only did he want to get an idea of how it was all supposed to fit together, but it also gave him an excuse to just look at her.

She showed him how to alternate sets on one machine with sets on another so as to work different muscle groups while keeping the heart rate up. They took turns on the different machines, though Jeff had to take frequent breaks because he couldn't keep up with someone as fit as she was. She gave him encouraging comments, making him feel much more confident with his shortcomings, telling him that he would get better over time.

They tried the bench press then. Kari went first, and Jeff stood over her, staring down into her beautiful face. Even all sweaty as she was, she still looked gorgeous. Then Jeff took a turn, and found it just as pleasant to stare *up* into her beautiful face as she stood over him with that encouraging smile.

Afterward, they took a break, resting from the exertion.

"You're not used to working out," commented Kari, noticing him panting.

"No I'm not. Apparently you are, though."

"It's my dad's fault. He's always been big into sports, but he doesn't have any sons to throw a football around with or play basketball with. So he had to make do with what he had. That's what got me started on athletic activities."

"Whatever the cause, I think you turned out great."

Kari laughed. "I think you did too, Jeff," she replied.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You may not be as physical as me, but you've got plenty of other good qualities. Speaking of which, this is the first chance I've had to thank you," said Kari.

"Thank me? What for?"

"For getting me out of summer school."

"That? Oh, that was my stepmom's idea."

"But you're the one who decided you wanted to help me."

"Oh, yeah, I guess so."

"That incident in the cafeteria was so embarrassing. I wanted to die. Everyone else was laughing at me, but

you felt bad enough to do something about it."

"I just don't like to see people cry, that's all."

"Well, that just means you're a decent person, unlike most of the kids in school."

"I suppose so. Besides, it's not the first time I've seen you cry."

"Really?" asked Kari. "What was the other time?"

"Um... maybe I shouldn't mention it. I mean, it might bring up painful memories."

"Just tell me, Jeff."

"Okay. It was at your mother's funeral five years ago."

"Oh, that. Don't worry, Jeff. It doesn't bother me to think about it any more. That was a long time ago. Besides, we all knew it was coming, so she was able to talk to us to prepare us for it."

"It was cancer, wasn't it?"

Kari nodded. "Your dad and my dad were good friends back then, weren't they?" she asked.

"Yep. That's why he made us go to the funeral. I'll tell you what, though, as sad as it was to see you crying, it was the weirdest sight to see a big, scary guy like your dad crying too."

She laughed. "You think he's scary?"

"You think he's not?"

"Oh, Dad's just a big teddy bear. He's the greatest guy in the world if you give him half a chance."

"Yeah, he wasn't half as frightening today as he was in P.E. class this year."

"I guess he doesn't show that other side of himself very often, at least outside of our family, or at funerals."

"I think that was the first time I started noticing you," said Jeff.

"Noticing me?" asked Kari, and Jeff realized he had just made a big mistake.

"I mean... I had never even seen you before that."

"And you've been stalking me ever since," Kari grinned.

"I didn't mean it that way!" he exclaimed, blushing.

"But you have been 'noticing me'?" she asked.

"Well... I guess."

For some reason that he couldn't quite fathom, her face lit up in a smile at those words. "So how come we never talk at school then?" she asked.

"Are you kidding? A nerd like me talking to a popular girl like you?"

"If you believe in all those stereotypes. I never did."

"That's easy for a popular girl like you, but not for a nerd like me."

"Have you ever thought that maybe that's the reason I'm popular?"

"So you wouldn't have minded if I just came up and started talking with you, right in front of all your friends?"

"Of course not. I would have felt flattered."

"Flattered?"

"Yes. Most of the kids at school are too preoccupied with how other people think of them. That's why they organize themselves in their little cliques or groups or things. It's all about their identity. So if someone were to just come up to me out of the blue and start talking with me, I'd take it as a sign that they were more interested in *me* than in how I thought of *them*."

"I guess you have a point."

"So now that you've actually met me, you'll talk to me at school, won't you?"

"I don't know," he grinned, feeling a lot better about things now. "As a self-declared nerd, it is my solemn duty to only worship popular girls from afar, never to speak to them. I mean, what would people think of me?"

"Oh, very funny. Well if you're not going to talk to me, I'll have to talk to you instead."

"No! You threaten the very foundation of the established order!"

"Didn't you know? It's my mission in life to destroy the established order. I'm recruiting volunteers for the cause. Do you want to sign up?"

"I don't know. What's in it for me?"

"For starters, you get to be seen in the company of a so-called popular girl."

"Oh. As long as she's pretty."

"Me, you idiot," she grinned, slapping him playfully on the shoulder.

"Well you certainly meet the requirements."

"You think I'm pretty?" she asked.

"Oh, I wouldn't exactly say 'pretty.'"

"Oh really?"

"I'd say you're more like... oh, about halfway between 'beautiful' and 'gorgeous.'"

Kari laughed. "I never knew you were such a flirt, Jeff."

"If we're going to single-handedly tear down the whole establishment, I need to practice not being shy with popular girls."

"Well you can practice with me any time you want."

"Good. So how's this? I--"

Just then, Mr. Williams appeared in the doorway, and Jeff decided it wasn't a good idea to continue along those lines at the moment. Instead, he said that he had finished working out, so they called it quits for the day. Since they hadn't had a full workout, there was no need for showers, but Mr. Williams said that for future reference, Jeff should come dressed in gym clothes and bring a change of clothes with him. Kari did insist on at least running upstairs to the bathroom to wash her face, since she had broken a sweat, so the two men went into the kitchen to get some lunch. Crystal joined them there, and spent the whole time teasing him about how Kari lacked taste in the boys she brought home. It was all in fun, of course, and Jeff was used to getting the same treatment at home. Crystal was just like Brit!

Kari joined them a few minutes later, and she somehow managed to turn the tables on her little sister, asking her why she didn't have a boyfriend, and making reference to every boy Crystal's age that she could think of. Jeff was in awe. That was an art he had never learned with Brit, how to turn the teasing around like that. Usually his attempts were more vicious and hurtful, and sometimes brought Brit to tears, but when he was honest with himself, it was because she was so much better at teasing than he was that it was the only way he could gain some kind of power over her.

After lunch, Allen, Kari, and Jeff climbed into his car and he drove them back to his house. Allison met them at the door.

"Allen and Kari, I presume?" she greeted.

"Yes, and you must be Allison," replied Allen.

"Right. It's good to meet you two. I hope Jeff wasn't any trouble."

"Not at all. Once we got going, he started getting enthusiastic about it. If you wouldn't mind, will you tell your husband that I would like him to call me? I'd like to have the three of us sit down and decide on some equipment to order for Jeff to use."

"Certainly. Jeff, why don't you take Kari inside? I'd like to talk to her father for a minute."

"Come on, Kari," said Jeff. "I'll show you around."

He led her into the house, where she gazed up at the ceiling in the great hall. "Wow!" she said. "This is great!"

"I like it," Jeff shrugged. "Here, let me show you the rec room." The two of them headed downstairs, where they found Brit sitting on the couch watching TV. She glanced up as soon as they entered the room.

"So this is Kari," said Brit.

"Hi," greeted Kari cheerfully. "What's your name?"

"Brit."

"It's nice to meet you. How old are you, Brit?"

"I'm twelve," she replied.

"You know, I've got a sister your age. I think you'd like her. Maybe I'll bring her along next time."

"Thanks. You're very nice." Then with a malicious grin, she added, "No wonder Jeff is madly in love with you."

Jeff felt he wanted to die. He had been so happy all day in Kari's presence, and now, suddenly, his bratty sister had spoiled it in an instant.

"Brit!" he shouted, moving toward her.

Then he felt a hand on his arm, which stopped him. He glanced over and realized that it was Kari's. Her touch, though a simple gesture, was thrilling enough to put all thoughts aside of pounding on Brit.

"Don't worry," Kari said with a smile. "Remember, I know what it's like to be teased about every boy I like, or even every boy I happen to be alone with for a few minutes. You've met my sister Crystal, after all. Sounds like Brit's the same way."

Jeff felt overwhelming gratitude toward her. She was taking this extremely good-naturedly, and, thankfully, she didn't ask him whether it was true or not.

"Yeah, she is," he said. "She can be such a pain sometimes." Feeling his confidence building once again, he decided to be a little daring. "So..." he said, "do you have a boyfriend right now?"

Kari glanced over at Brit for a moment, then back at him. "Better not say in front of her. Here." She leaned in close, and for one exhilarating moment, he thought she was going to kiss him. But she maneuvered her face to the side of his head and brought her lips close to his ear. It wasn't what he had hoped, but just being this near her was tremendously exciting.

"I haven't had a boyfriend since second grade," she whispered in his ear.

Then she drew back, and laughed. "So what do you think about that?"

"Wow!" he joked. "I had no idea anyone's love life could be so extensive! You'll have to give me all the sordid details some time." They both laughed at that.

"What did you say to him?" Britney demanded.

"Never you mind," said Kari.

Allison came down the stairs then, a couple of large books and a binder full of papers in her hands. "So Kari," she said, "are you ready to get started?"

"I suppose," Kari replied, unenthusiastically.

"Good. Jeff, why don't you and Brit go upstairs? I've got a sample test that I'd like to give Kari just to see where her strong and weak points are, and the last thing she needs is to have someone looking over her shoulder making her feel self-conscious."

"So make Kari go upstairs instead," said Brit. "I was here first."

"No dear. I'd like a relaxing atmosphere for the test, and I think the rec room would be perfect. Would you do that for me Brit, please?"

"Oh, all right."

"Is it all right if I stay, Kari?" asked Jeff.

"I don't think that would be a good idea," Allison told him. "Not unless you want to take the test too."

"Okay," he said.

"Really?" asked Kari.

"I've got nothing better to do," he shrugged. "To tell you the truth, I could use a little extra help in math myself."

"But you're on vacation, and this is too much like school."

"Knowing Allison, I suspect it won't feel anything like school at all."

"It's up to you, Kari," Allison said. "If it bothers you, I'm sure Jeff would be happy to leave us alone."

"Oh, it doesn't bother me," Kari smiled. "In fact, with him here I won't feel quite so intimidated."

"It's settled then. I think I printed out an extra copy of the test in case you needed it."

Brit headed upstairs, and Jeff and Kari sat down on the couches. Allison went over to the closet and retrieved a couple of TV trays for them to do their work on. She handed them the four-page test and pencils.

"You can take all the time you need," Allison said. "There's no time limit, so don't race. Jeff, we already know you got better grades in math last year than Kari did, so don't be too competitive; I'm sure Kari wouldn't appreciate that."

As soon as they began the test, Allison went over and sat down in a chair in the other side of the room, booting up her laptop.

Most of the questions on the test weren't that hard, except for a few that he recognized as trigonometry, which he hadn't learned at all yet. There were also some geometry questions involving formal proofs that he had never really been good at, but the rest was basic algebra.

Jeff finished the test in about forty-five minutes, and Allison suggested he go upstairs until Kari finished, since it wouldn't do to have him sitting there making her feel self-conscious. He headed up the stairs, where he found Brit sitting on the couch.

"You were down there a long time," she said. "Of course, I'm not surprised, since you got a chance to be alone with both the girls you've been lusting after for years."

"Shut up, Brit!" he snapped. "For your information, all I did was take a math test."

"You would actually take a math test out of choice? You must be in love."

"Shut up, Brit!" he said again.

"So now that you've seen Allison and Kari together, which one do you like best?" she taunted.

"Shut up, Brit!" he said again. Then he forced himself to adopt a calmer tone. "You realize, I know where you sleep. Maybe I'll go outside and collect a jar full of ants, and dump it out on your face tonight after you're asleep."

"I'll lock my door," she countered.

"I'll pick the lock."

"I'll tell Dad."

"Tell him what? He won't believe you until it's too late, and any punishment he gives me will be worth it. Let's see. Where would I find an empty jar?" He got up and headed into the kitchen.

Brit followed him, grabbing him by the arm. "Jeff, don't," she pleaded.

"I think there are some jars in the pantry," he said, ignoring her.

"Please, Jeff?"

He looked down at her, surprised to see fear in her eyes.

Jeff burst out laughing. "You believed me?" he taunted. "How stupid can you get?"

Her fear turned to anger. "You're a big jerk!" she snapped, then went back to the front room and sat down on the couch.

Once again he had overdone it. Now she would be in a bad mood for the rest of the day, and that wouldn't be pleasant with Kari around to see it. He followed her into the front room.

"Okay, I'm sorry," he told her. "I shouldn't have scared you like that, and I shouldn't have called you stupid. I was just mad because you teased me about Kari."

"Okay, fine, you're sorry. Now go away."

Then he had a wicked idea. "Wait a minute," he said. "I'm not through. I didn't say I wasn't going to punish you. You still have it coming."

"What are you going to do?" she asked, her eyes going wide.

"Well for starters, this!" He immediately thrust his fingers into her side and began to tickle her. She squealed and laughed, fighting him off.

A moment later, they heard footsteps on the stairs, and Allison appeared there. Immediately Jeff stopped attacking his sister.

"What's going on here?" asked Allison, walking over to them.

"Nothing," said Jeff.

"He was tickling me!" Brit accused.

"Oh he was, was he?" she asked. "Jeff, is this true?"

"Well, she deserved it."

"Whether that's true or not, Kari's trying to take a test downstairs. The last thing she needs is a bunch of noise going on up above her." She put a hand on Jeff's shoulder. "Now Jeff, you're the only one who had a choice in the matter."

Brit stuck her tongue out at him.

"So I'm afraid you're the one who has to be punished," Allison continued.

"But--" Jeff began to protest, but she didn't give him a chance to answer. She immediately caught him in a full-nelson headlock, immobilizing him.

"Time for revenge, Brit," she grinned.

His little sister wasted no time, but sprang forward and began to tickle him the same way he had tickled her. He couldn't hold back the laughter as she tormented him with the sensation; he was actually just as ticklish as Brit.

Kari appeared at the top of the stairs a minute later. "What's going on here?" she asked.

"I caught Jeff tormenting his sister," Allison explained. "Come help us punish him."

Kari grinned and began to walk over.

"No!" Jeff exclaimed in both fear and delight. Three against one was unfair; on the other hand, any kind of physical horseplay with Kari sounded fun, even if it meant being tickled by her.

She attacked him mercilessly, digging her fingers into his sides and below his arms. All he could do was push with his feet to try to keep away from her. As it turned out, that strategy worked in the end, because Allison suddenly lost her balance and had to release him to keep from falling over. That didn't work out quite so nicely for Jeff, because he fell backward. Since he had pinned Kari's hands under his arms trying to keep her fingers away from his armpits, he took her with him, and a second later he found himself flat on his back with Kari lying on top of him. They stared at each other for a moment in shock.

"Ooh, look at the lovebirds!" Brit giggled.

"Shut up!" Jeff and Kari both told her at the same time, then they broke down laughing. Kari got up off of him and rose to her feet, then reached down and helped him up.

"Sorry about that," she said.

"Oh, that's okay," he smiled. "It wasn't your fault. Just tell me one thing."

"What?"

"Are you ticklish too?" He tickled her sides, and she suddenly yelped and jumped back, a grin on her face.

"Apparently so," he said. "So now that I know your secret, how about we call a truce?"

"I was hoping you would say that."

"Good. Now, I wonder if between the two of us we have enough firepower to take on both Allison and Brit?"

"You can try," Allison said with a prideful grin. "But it's only fair to warn you, if you do, I'll show no mercy. And by the way, I've never lost a battle."

Jeff and Kari glanced at each other. "Maybe a cease-fire is in order," Kari said.

"I agree."

"So do I," said Allison.

"So do I," said Brit.

"Good," Allison said. "So Kari, does this mean you're finished with your test?"

"Yes I am."

"All right. That's all for today then. I'll grade them tonight, and tomorrow we'll start to make plans for the rest of the summer. So I can drive you home now if you want, or you can stay here for a couple more hours."

"Well, there's really no rush," said Kari, to Jeff's delight. The fact that she preferred to stay here meant that at the very least, her attitude toward him was positive rather than neutral.

"Okay. Jeff, why don't you and Kari go back downstairs and shoot some pool or play some ping-pong?"

"I'm really not that good at either or those," said Kari.

"Perfect!" laughed Jeff. "Maybe now I can finally piece together my shattered ego after you've proven yourself better than I am at everything else today."

Kari giggled, but she apparently enjoyed the compliment. "Don't worry. As soon as you see my math test score, you won't have any problem with your ego. But as long as you promise not to laugh at me, ping-pong sounds fun."

They headed downstairs and played for a couple of hours. At first, Kari couldn't manage to hit anything, but Jeff was very patient with her, and soon she began to gain a little skill and self-confidence. By the end of the session, she was playing quite competitively, although that was partly because Jeff went easy on her.

They were having so much fun that they didn't realize how long they had been playing until Allison came downstairs and announced that it was time to drive Kari home. Jeff saw her to the door, and then Allison and Kari headed out to the car, which left Jeff and Brit alone together.

Although Jeff was in a good mood, he still had unfinished business with his sister. After her teasing, she deserved to be punished, and now she was going to get it.

"You've been a bad girl," he told her with a wicked grin. Her eyes grew wide with horror, but she had a smile on her lips. She knew what was coming.

Immediately she squealed in terror, half-laughing, and turned to run out of the room. Jeff chased her up the stairs, and she hurried into her own room, trying to slam the door behind her. Jeff was too fast.

"No!" she shouted, still giggling.

Jeff pounced, grabbing her and throwing her on the bed. He thrust his fingers under her armpits and tickled her. She laughed until she started crying, but he wouldn't let up.

Somehow she managed to get her legs up between them and thrust her knees into his stomach to push him away. He stumbled and fell on the floor. While he was down, she tried to make a dash for freedom, but he caught her around the waist. Standing once again, he threw her onto the bed.

This time he climbed on top of her, pinning her down. He pulled both of her arms up and at an angle to the side so that she was completely helpless.

"Say the words!" he demanded. This was a game he had invented when she was younger. She had been bratty back then also, and after she had been particularly nasty, he loved to torture her like this.

"No!" she insisted, sticking her tongue out at him.

"Say them!" he repeated.

"Oh, all right! Now I'm completely at your mercy. You can do anything you want to me, and I can't stop you. My body is yours to play with." It was kind of humiliating, but that was the point.

Sometimes when he got her like this he tickled her mercilessly. Sometimes he even tied her up, with the pieces of rope that she had sitting on the headboard of her bed. He didn't know why she kept them there when she knew what they would be used for. Maybe she had a masochistic streak and liked this game more than she admitted.

Today, though, he wasn't in the mood to do anything really sadistic to her. After all, despite Brit's teasing, she hadn't really spoiled the day. It had turned out rather well, in fact.

"Say you're sorry," was all he demanded.

"I'm sorry," she repeated.

He released her and sat up. She rose to a sitting position as well, panting and out of breath after the ordeal.

Then she threw her arms around his neck and lay her head on his shoulder. "I really am sorry, Jeff," she said.

He could never stay mad at her for long, especially when she was this affectionate. He put his arm around her waist. "Promise you won't tease me about Kari again?" he asked gently.

"I promise."

"All right. It's settled then."

"So you're not mad at me any more?" she asked, though it was with a playful, rather than meek, tone.

"No, I'm not mad at you."

"Do you still love me?"

"Of course I still love you."

"Thanks," she said, then kissed him on the cheek.

He released her, then stood up and left the room.

Chapter 18

Pool Fun

Later, when Allison returned home, he took her aside, out of hearing range of Brit.

"So how much of that was scripted and how much was accidental?" he asked her.

"If by 'scripted' you mean that I had it all figured out days ago, very little was scripted. On the other hand, I'll admit that I was looking for opportunities, and made the most of them when I saw them. For instance, Kari tickling you was a stroke of genius, if I do say so myself, and Kari falling on top of you was pretty clever as well, although in hindsight it was probably a little risky. You might have hurt yourself."

"Well, whatever you're doing, you're doing it right. Kari and I went from zero to good friends in one day."

"Just remember, ninety percent of it is you. I'm just giving you and her a little nudge. It's really because of the way you act with her that she likes you so much."

"I don't know..." he mumbled, but he enjoyed the compliment.

"Jeff, don't you see? You're wonderful with girls. All you needed was an excuse to meet her, and your charm and good looks did the rest."

"I suppose you're right," he smiled, suddenly feeling great.

That mood lasted all the rest of the day, and into the next. When he met Kari at her place in the morning, she seemed to be in just as good a mood. He hoped it was because she felt the same way about him as he felt about her, but maybe his cheerfulness was just contagious. Either way, he was glad to see her smiling at him.

Again she accompanied him into the weight room. Her father sat him down and brought out his notes of Jeff's favorite machines from yesterday. Using that as a guide, the two of them worked on organizing a workout routine that would keep his heart rate up as he went from machine to machine. Kari threw in some helpful suggestions, like making sure that he didn't do back-to-back sets that worked the same or similar muscle groups. Fortunately there were about the same number of machines for working out the arms as for the legs, so they alternated upper-body and lower-body exercises.

Once they finished drawing up the plan, Allen had him go through it once to see if he liked it or whether they needed to make any changes. It turned out to be just right, so they agreed that that would be his routine from then on.

Unfortunately, he didn't give Jeff and Kari any time alone together that morning, but stayed for the whole workout. Jeff went through the routine several times, only doing half-sets and taking it slow as he memorized

it. By the time he was through, he had it down perfectly.

Jeff had actually broken a sweat this time, so Allen showed him where the bathroom was so he could take a quick shower before heading home. He stripped out of his gym clothes, cleaned himself off in the shower, and dressed in his everyday attire.

When they arrived back at the Primdale house, Lissa greeted them at the door.

"So this is the infamous Kari," she grinned.

"Infamous?" asked Kari.

"Yes. I know all about your father's fiendish plan to transform Jeff from a weakling to a strong hunk of a guy. You're obviously his partner in crime."

"Ah, but you're too late," Kari grinned, playing along. "We already have an accomplice right in your own home. Your stepmother."

"Dang!" Lissa said. "You've corrupted her too? Who's next?"

"Well, I've had my eye on little Brit," replied Kari. "I think I just need to get her together with my sister Crystal and she'll be turned to the dark side in no time."

"I guess I've been defeated. Well, you know what they say. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. So do you mind if I join the cause? Oh, I'm Jeff's big sister Lissa by the way."

"I kind of figured that. He mentioned he had another sister. So I figured you must either be her, or some other mysterious girl that he keeps locked up in his house for his own diabolical purposes."

"Hey, I got out of that business two months ago," Jeff complained facetiously. "Besides, it was just a hobby. Do you see me talking bad about your hobbies?"

"Okay, now I'm scared to come inside," Kari grinned. "If I do, maybe I'll never come back out."

"Well, that was the original plan," he joked, "but since we're going to put some new equipment downstairs in the rec room, we'll need to move some things into the lab, which leaves no room to work in there. So that puts an end to my experiments for a while. You're perfectly safe."

Kari laughed. "Good," she said. "Because I really do need to get my math scores up." She headed inside, followed by Jeff.

They met Allison downstairs, who handed each of them their tests back, graded. As expected, Kari's score was quite a bit lower than Jeff's.

"I've taken some time to analyze where your weaknesses are, Kari," Allison told her.

"Just tell me how dumb I am and get it over with," said Kari.

"Dumb? Oh, you're far from dumb. In fact, I'd say you're pretty bright. It's actually just what I suspected right from the beginning. I saw this over and over again when I taught school. Did you know that you're not any worse at math than Jeff is?"

"But you saw my score!" Kari protested.

"Yes, and furthermore, I saw exactly which questions you had problems on. Let me explain it to you. Everyone has problems in certain areas of math. Everyone. Even Jeff, even me. For most people, those problems are fortunately at a high enough level that they're able to still achieve reasonably good grades. You just happen to be unfortunate enough that your problems are in some of the fundamentals, so it holds everything back. It's not that you're not as smart, or that you're worse at math. It's just that you haven't quite grasped some of the basics. Once you do, I wouldn't be surprised if your score jumped ahead of Jeff's."

"Oh gee thanks," Jeff said sarcastically, but he kept a smile on his face.

But Kari had a look of hope in her eyes. "Really?" she asked.

"Really," Allison responded. "The only reason you're behind in math is that the public school system can't really accommodate giving each student the attention they need. An hour of private instruction at the beginning of the school year once your problems were identified would have solved everything. Instead, you've had to suffer through a year of being behind, thinking you're not as smart as the other kids. So now instead of having to make up an hour, you have to make up the whole year. But don't worry. By the end of the summer, you're going to be caught up with the rest of the kids your age. You might even be a little ahead."

"Thank you!" Kari exclaimed, tears in her eyes.

They set to work learning some of the fundamentals of math. To Jeff, it was mostly boring, because he already knew it all. But Kari seemed very interested. She asked a few questions that Jeff thought were stupid, but Allison answered them nonjudgmentally. Even before the end of the first lesson, Kari looked a little more confident. Apparently she was beginning to understand.

That afternoon after the lesson, Jeff and Kari sat in the rec room and watched a movie on the big screen. Lissa and Allison made themselves scarce, but unfortunately Brit had to spoil things by lying down on the floor and watching the movie with them. Jeff would have loved to have some time alone with Kari, but it was not to be, at least not that day. After the movie was over Allison drove Kari back home.

That night, Greg called Allen. They talked for quite a while, then Greg headed upstairs to Jeff's bedroom to talk to him.

"We're going to put some machines down in the rec room," he said. "We'll go over to Allen Williams' house on Saturday to discuss it and make some orders on the Internet."

"Great!" Jeff said enthusiastically. Now that he had gotten over his initial fear, he was actually excited to get into shape. Of course, part of that was to try to impress Kari, but the reason wasn't as important as the action itself.

On Wednesday morning, Jeff began his new routine in the rec room at the Williams house. Kari asked if he minded if she worked in her routine with him, to which he agreed immediately. While it wasn't exactly a date, it was at least an activity that they were doing together, one that would probably become a daily event.

Allen Williams stayed with them the whole time, unfortunately, but Jeff really didn't mind all that much. He was likely to have plenty of time alone with Kari during the summer. Allen commented on Jeff's workout, offering him pointers here and there to help improve the experience.

After Kari and Jeff took a quick shower in separate bathrooms, Allen drove them back to the Primdale house, where Allison had made lunch.

As they were about to head downstairs to the rec room, they encountered Lissa in the hall, who wore her swimsuit and shorts, with a towel draped over her shoulders. "I'm heading out back to the pool," she said.

"I didn't know you had a pool," said Kari excitedly.

"Yeah, it's out back," Lissa told her. "Do you like to swim?"

"I love to swim!"

"Well, bring your swimsuit tomorrow. After you're done with your lesson, we can go swimming."

"Okay!" she agreed. "Jeff, do you like to swim?"

"Sure," he said. "We'll have a pool party."

Somehow he managed to keep from passing out from the thought of seeing Kari in a swimsuit, and Allison accompanied Jeff and Kari downstairs.

The lesson this time was much like last time, with Kari asking several question and Jeff simply content to sit there in her presence. In fact, he was picking up a couple of pointers as well.

After the math lesson, Allison said she needed to take Lissa and Brit shopping, and asked if Kari and Jeff wanted to go too. Jeff made no secret of his dislike for shopping, and Kari decided to stay home with him. The three other girls headed out to the van.

That left Jeff and Kari alone in the house together. They sat on the couch, talking and joking. To Jeff, this was a dream come true. He had always wished he had the nerve to even talk to her, and now they were sitting and talking like old friends. She was the type of person who was very nice to be with, and he was glad he had this time alone with her.

"So what's the story with your stepmom?" Kari asked him.

"What do you mean?"

"Well first of all, why don't you call her Mom?"

Jeff laughed. "She insisted on that. She says she's too young to be the mother of a couple of teenagers."

"And that's another thing," said Kari. "Isn't she too young to be married to your dad?"

He shrugged. "They don't seem to have any problem with it," he told her.

"I suppose you're right. I guess I really shouldn't pry into your family life."

"Oh, that's okay. It doesn't bother me."

"You sure?"

"Of course. Look, Allison will be the first to admit that she's not exactly conventional. And so the situation in our family isn't really conventional either."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that my so-called stepmom is more like a big sister than a mother. She and Lissa are best friends, and she likes to spend time with Brit and me too. So we call her Allison."

"She sounds like a lot of fun. I never had a big sister. Or a brother for that matter."

"I never had a brother either," Jeff smiled.

Kari laughed. "Well, I'd offer to be your brother, but, uh..."

"You're missing the number one requirement."

"Exactly."

"Well, I've already got two sisters and someone pretending to be a third, so I don't need any more. On the other hand, you fit in great with the rest of us, so maybe we can make you an honorary Primdale."

"Okay, as long as I can make you an honorary Williams."

"It's a deal. But seriously, you've only been here a couple of days and everyone likes you."

"Everyone?"

"Sure."

"What about you?"

"My first opinion is positive, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to wait until the next full moon to make sure."

"The next full moon?"

"Yes. In case you turn out to be a werewolf," he joked.

"Oh, you know this from experience, do you?"

"Hey, it wasn't *me* who brought her home. It was one of Lissa's friends. Oh, wait. I promised I wouldn't tell anyone. Oops."

Kari laughed. "Jeff, I never knew you were so funny."

"Only around potential werewolves."

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not a werewolf."

"Oh. I guess that means I have to get serious."

"I'm actually a vampire," she grinned, then bared her teeth as she pounced on him.

Jeff playfully tried to push her away, but she latched onto him too tightly. He tried to get up from the couch, but her weight dragged on him and he ended up toppling to the floor with her on top of him. She lowered her head and aimed her mouth for his neck.

She stopped a couple of inches short, then lifted her head again. "Just kidding," she said.

"Whew!" he breathed in exaggerated relief. "You had me scared there for a second."

"Either you're joking or you're the most gullible person I've ever met."

"Or possibly both," he shrugged. "You know, this is starting to become a habit."

"What is?"

"Every time you come over, you end up on top of me."

"Didn't you know? I like to be on top," she grinned.

"Uh..." he stammered, growing red.

She laughed, then rolled off of him onto the floor. "Sorry, Jeff," she said. "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"Oh, that's okay," he shrugged. "I'm already so embarrassed by the fact that you can bench-press more than

me that this hardly makes a difference."

They continued to lie on the floor for a while, just talking and joking with each other. Jeff was having a great time, and it looked like Kari was too. He wondered if maybe she was beginning to see him as a possible love interest. But no, that was absurd of course. Surely a girl as beautiful and popular as Kari had higher standards than that. Still, just being her friend was nice in its own way.

The girls arrived home a couple of hours later, and Kari stayed for dinner. Afterward, Allison drove her home, leaving Jeff excited about tomorrow.

Jeff woke up in a great mood the next day. The workout and tutoring would be the same as before, but afterward he would get to see Kari in a swimsuit.

He went through the workout routine that morning with that pleasant thought on his mind, and he hardly felt the weights. Kari of course joined him, and Allen sat by as well, but this time he merely watched; Jeff really didn't need any pointers this time.

Afterward, Jeff showered and met Kari and Allen in the living room. Kari wore a tee-shirt and shorts this time, and carried a small duffel bag. He hoped that was her swimsuit in there, or that she was wearing her swimsuit under her outfit and the duffel bag held a change of clothes. Either way, it looked like she remembered the pool.

Surprisingly, Crystal joined them this time.

"Oh, I forgot," Kari said. "Jeff, Crystal said she wanted to come over and swim too, and I said I'd ask you."

Jeff glanced down at the girl. She wore a pleading look in her eyes. He knew that look; it was the same one that Brit used on him whenever she wanted something. It usually worked.

"You know, I could be mean and tell you that you have to sit through a math lesson with us first," he grinned. "But I guess I can introduce you to my little sister and you two can go do what girls your age do."

"On second thought," said Kari, "is it really a good idea to get those two together?"

"Why not?" asked Crystal.

"I'm just thinking that could be a little..."

"Dangerous?" suggested Jeff.

"I was going to go with 'apocalyptic,'" Kari laughed.

"Oh, great. Not only are you stronger than me, now you've out-vocabularied me as well," Jeff jokingly

mumbled.

"So Crystal," said Kari, "if you come over, you have to promise that you and Brit won't destroy the world."

"Oh, you're no fun," Crystal complained.

"Okay, then in that case, you have to at least wait until the end of summer."

"That's fine," Crystal replied. "I wouldn't want to destroy the world until the vacation is over anyway."

They all climbed into the car and Allen drove them back to Jeff's house. Jeff opened the door and led them inside.

"Wow!" Crystal exclaimed. "You have a nice house!"

Jeff shrugged. "Hey Brit!" he yelled up the stairs.

"Jeff, don't yell in the house!" Lissa yelled from the dining room table.

"Lissa, don't yell in the house!" Brit yelled from up in her room. Allison, who was sitting on the living room sofa, just rolled her eyes and sighed in exasperation.

Brit appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Come here, Brit," Jeff said. "I'd like you to meet someone."

"Oh hi, Crystal," Brit smiled, coming down the stairs.

"You two know each other?" asked Kari.

"I don't think we've ever met," Crystal said, "but I know who she is."

"We do go to school together after all," Brit added.

"Anyway," said Jeff, "Crystal wanted to come over and play in the pool with us after the math lesson, so we were wondering if you wouldn't mind babysitting her until we're ready."

"Oh very funny," said Crystal. "I'm older than Brit."

"Only by a few months," Brit insisted.

"Okay Crystal, so *you* babysit *her*," said Jeff.

"How about we babysit each other?" Brit suggested.

"Sounds fine with me," Crystal replied.

"Let's go up to my room."

"Okay."

The girls scampered up the stairs and disappeared down the hall. Allison got up from the couch and came over to Jeff and Kari. "Crystal looks just like you," she told Kari.

"Yeah, you'd think we're sisters or something," Kari grinned.

"All right, are you ready to start?"

"Sure," Kari shrugged, and the three of them headed down the stairs to the rec room.

Jeff couldn't concentrate on the lesson, as he was still daydreaming about Kari in a swimsuit. He just wanted the lesson to end so they could go out back and jump into the pool. Unfortunately, as is the case in such situations, time seemed to drag on for an eternity. It was almost a relief when Allison passed out the daily test over what they had learned that day. Jeff, in fact, hadn't learned anything, but fortunately it was still in the fundamentals, so he was able to answer all of the questions without really trying.

Lissa peeked her head down the stairs just as they finished the tests. "Are you done, Kari?" she asked.

Kari handed the test to Allison and asked, "Am I done?"

"You're done," Allison replied. "Go have fun."

"Come on," Lissa told her. "You can change into your swimsuit in my bathroom. Jeff, are you coming out with us?"

"Sure," he smiled.

The three of them headed up the stairs, where Jeff disappeared into his room while Kari and Lissa continued down the hall to hers. He quickly stripped down and put on his swim trunks, then threw his tee-shirt back on and made a quick stop in the bathroom to grab a towel. He knocked on the other door, and Brit opened it. She and Crystal were already changed into their swimsuits as well. Both wore simple one-piece suits. Brit's was green and Crystal's was blue.

"I guess that means you're coming out to the pool with us," he said.

"You're coming out too?" Brit complained. "Oh, great."

"Hey, that's not very nice."

"I'm just kidding, Jeff. It will be fun, even if you're there."

He laughed. Normally he would try for some pithy comeback, but he was in too much of a good mood to

argue with her right now.

They met Lissa and Kari in the hall. Both girls wore shorts over the bottom half of their swimsuits and carried towels.

"What do you think, Jeff?" asked Kari, spreading her arms and turning slowly around in a circle.

"Very nice," he said, which was an understatement. While it didn't show any more skin than Lissa's, for some reason it seemed to show off her figure very well. It was bright pink trimmed with black around all of the edges. Jeff found himself admiring her very pleasing shape. For a fourteen-year-old girl, she certainly had a nice body.

"Notice the straps in the back," Lissa told him.

Kari turned around to show him. The straps crossed in the back, forming an "X" across her shoulder blades.

"So?" he asked.

"So it's not going to be as easy to pull it down," Lissa giggled, and Kari joined in.

"You didn't tell her about that incident last year, did you?" he groaned.

"Hey, it was more embarrassing for me than it was for you," she said.

"Besides, it was just an accident," said Kari. Well, at least Lissa hadn't told her that he did it on purpose. And if Lissa could laugh it off and it didn't bother Kari, then he might as well not let it bother him.

"Does Jeff like to pull down girls' swimsuits?" Crystal grinned.

"I wouldn't pull *yours* down even if you begged me!" he told her.

"He only does it to his sisters," Brit explained.

"No, I only do it to girls who have boobs," he replied. Brit started growing red. It was the first time in recent memory that he had actually gotten the better of her.

The five of them headed down the stairs, where they met Allison in the hall, who had also changed into a swimsuit.

Jeff was in heaven. Now both of the girls he had been lusting after were scantily dressed in front of him. He had to admit, Allison had the best figure of all of them, but part of that was because she was the only one fully mature. The other girls were all just adolescents.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked. "I know teenagers don't like a chaperone, but--"

"You're not a chaperone," Lissa insisted. "Everyone in favor of making Allison an honorary teenager?"

They all raised their hands.

"Looks like it's unanimous," Lissa said.

"Thanks," Allison grinned.

She made one stop in the kitchen before following them out. She had made up a pitcher of lemonade that morning and stuck it in the fridge, so she grabbed it along with six glasses and went with the others out the back door and down the stairs to the pool deck.

Jeff claimed one of the deck chairs by putting his towel and his shirt on it, then headed to the far end of the pool where there was a ladder into the deep end. He could go down the stairs in the shallow end, but he preferred to just get right in, getting the shock of the cold water over with at once.

Before he reached the ladder though, he heard a couple of pairs of feet pattering behind him. Too late, he saw Crystal and Brit run up alongside him, then they both bumped him. He lost his footing and tumbled into the water. He went under for a second, then rose back up, sputtering and laughing.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Jeff," said Crystal with a grin. "I wasn't looking where I was going."

Brit laughed. "I was," she said.

"That was perfect, you two," said Kari, walking up to them. "You forgot about Jeff's secret weapon, though."

"What's that?" asked Brit.

"Me," Kari replied, then pushed Brit into the pool as well.

Immediately Crystal attacked her, trying to push her in, but Kari grabbed hold of her arm and they both came tumbling into the water.

Lissa and Allison walked over to the edge of the pool, staring down at the kids who had started in on trying to dunk each other.

"You know, if I were an adult," said Allison, "I would say that roughhousing like that is dangerous. But since you made me an honorary teenager..."

She suddenly put her hand behind Lissa's back and pushed. Lissa shrieked as she toppled over the edge into the water.

"Looks like I win," said Allison with a triumphant grin.

"Well we can't have that," said Jeff, heading for the ladder. Allison quickly dashed toward the other side of

the pool. However, Lissa was already moving toward the shallow end and the stairs to cut her off. Kari followed Jeff toward the ladder, and Crystal and Brit went to the stairs. A moment later, Allison found herself surrounded by all of the kids, who closed in on her from both directions.

She suddenly jumped off of the deck and into the pool, disappearing under for just a second, then rising back up again. "Looks like I still win," she taunted them.

They couldn't let it go at that. All of the kids jumped into the pool after her, then waded over until they surrounded her on every side. Once again they closed in. This time she had nowhere to run. They all pounced on her and pulled her under.

After sufficiently humbling her, they let her go. She stood there in the water, soaking wet and laughing.

Jeff, of course, loved it. Not only did her glistening skin look so lovely as the water ran down it, but her laughing tended to jiggle her breasts. He tried not to stare, but for the rest of the day he made it a point to glance over in her direction whenever she laughed.

Brit suddenly jumped on his back. "Give me a piggy-back ride!" she insisted.

"Aren't you too old for that?" he asked.

"What, are you afraid Kari will see how weak you are? You can't even hold up your little tiny sister?"

As if to prove her point, Crystal jumped on Kari's back the same way. She scrambled up until she was sitting on Kari's shoulders.

"Oh, all right," Jeff conceded. Brit climbed up and slipped her legs over his shoulders just like Crystal. Jeff grabbed hold of her feet.

"Better watch out," Kari warned them. "When we do this in the pool, it's not just a piggy-back ride, it's a battle."

"What do you mean?"

"Whoever knocks the other team over first wins," Crystal explained as Kari approached them menacingly. Brit giggled nervously, but Jeff wasn't about to back down from a challenge. He waded right up to Kari and Crystal.

The two girls on top began to push each other as Jeff and Kari tried to remain on their feet. Jeff turned sideways and slammed his shoulder gently into Kari, and she responded by pushing him back. They were having so much fun that they didn't see the hidden threat until it was too late. Allison came up behind Jeff and Lissa came up behind Kari, and together the older girls grabbed hold of Crystal and Brit and pulled them backward. Jeff found himself losing his balance, toppling over into the water.

He came up spluttering and saw that Kari and Crystal had suffered a similar fate.

"That's not fair!" Crystal protested.

"It wouldn't be fair if we did it to only one of the teams," Lissa told her with a grin. "But we did it to both, so it's perfectly fair."

"Then I guess so is this," said Kari, and attacked her. Crystal joined in.

Jeff wasn't about to pass up this opportunity, so he grabbed Allison and tried to pull her under the water. Brit got on the other side to aid him. Allison squealed playfully and tried to get away. But two against one was too much for her, and she ended up falling backward. She managed to grab both Brit and Jeff, and the three of them went under together.

Lissa had suffered a similar fate, and a minute later all six people stood there completely drenched.

"Okay, enough with these violent games," said Lissa.

"Just because you got dunked," Brit told her.

"Basically, yes," Lissa laughed. "I just think we should play something that doesn't involve trying to drown each other."

"But this was my chance to murder Jeff and make it look like an accident," Brit complained.

"Never mind that. I'll help you plot his death later."

"Okay," Brit grinned.

"Allison, save me!" he pleaded.

"How many times do I have to tell you, Lissa?" said Allison. "You're not allowed to commit murder until you're eighteen."

"I suppose I can wait. It's not much more than a year away," Lissa smiled. "Sorry, Jeff. It will have to wait until next summer."

"Oh, good. A reprieve. Kari, I don't suppose your dad would like to adopt me, would he? Say, around... August third next year?"

"I like that idea!" Crystal said. "I've always wanted to have a big brother."

"What's wrong with having a big sister?" Kari demanded.

"Boys are so much more fun to torture. Which do you prefer, Jeff? The iron maiden or the rack?"

"I prefer to run away screaming like a baby," he told her.

"Oh, I'm just kidding. The most I would ever do is pull your fingernails out with pliers."

"Kari, tell your dad to get that sister of yours to a psychiatrist, quick!"

"We tried it," Kari shrugged. "Unfortunately, she beheaded him on the third session."

"Not to change the subject," said Jeff, "but I think it's time to change the subject."

"I take it you don't like violence?" asked Kari.

"Not when I'm the victim. So anyway, who's up for a game of tag?"

"As long as you're it," said Brit.

"Fine," he replied, then touched her on the shoulder. "Now you're it."

"Hey!" she complained, but he was already running away.

The six of them chased each other all over the pool. Crystal and Brit, being the smallest and the quickest, managed to avoid being touched more than anyone else, but they too had their turns. Kari seemed to always tag Jeff, and after the third time, Brit pointed it out.

"Do you like putting your hands on my brother?" she asked in a teasing voice.

"Only because he's the only challenge," Kari replied. "The rest of you are all too slow."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," said Kari, jumping toward her with an evil grin. Brit squealed and dashed away, narrowly missing being tagged.

The game continued for about half an hour, after which Jeff decided to get out of the pool to dry off. He sat down in one of the deck chairs, poured himself a glass of lemonade, and lay back.

A moment later Kari joined him on one side and Allison on the other, leaving Lissa and the two younger girls still in the pool. Jeff offered to pour Allison and Kari each a glass of lemonade, which they graciously accepted.

It felt nice to be relaxing next to two beauties like that. Both Kari and Allison looked incredibly sexy wet, and even better wet and reclining. He didn't allow himself to stare at them, however, but closed his eyes and basked in the warmth of the sun.

That lasted only about five minutes. He gasped in shock as a torrent of cold water landed on him. He sat up with an angry look on his face and stared toward the pool. Brit and Crystal stood there in the water, both grinning at him and both pointing to each other.

They looked so silly and in reality, the situation was so absurd that he just had to laugh. "I guess since I don't know who did it, I'll have to punish you both. That will be fun. I've never tortured two girls at the same time."

"Hey, *I'm* the torturer," Crystal insisted.

"Good. You can show me some of your methods so I can use them on you."

"Come on," Brit told Crystal. "Let's get out of here. With Jeff, you never know if he's serious or not." They hurried to the other side of the pool.

He spent the next twenty minutes drying off in the heat of the sun, this time keeping an eye on the pool. Brit and Crystal didn't try anything more, so he dried relatively quickly. It was getting late, so he grabbed his shirt and towel and headed for the house.

"Jeff, can I talk to you for a minute?" asked Kari, hurrying up behind him.

"What about?"

"In private?" she asked.

"Ooh!" Brit and Crystal called out in unison.

"I didn't mean it like that!" Kari said, a little embarrassed.

"Kari likes Jeff!" Crystal taunted.

"Yuck! Don't insult me," Kari replied, though with a grin to let Jeff know it was all in fun.

"Yeah, don't insult her," he agreed, in a similarly playful tone. "I mean... don't... um..."

"For once in his life, Jeff is right," teased Brit. "He would be an insult to *any* girl that liked him."

"Come on," Kari told him before he had time to get mad at her. "I don't think we're going to get a moment's peace with those two around." Ignoring the whistles and catcalls from the girls, they climbed the steps and headed inside the house.

Once they were out of sight of the pool area, Kari suddenly threw her arms around him. Jeff, caught off his guard, merely stood there for about twenty seconds, before finally putting his arms around her waist. He couldn't believe how good it felt to be hugging Kari, especially with nothing between them but the thin fabric of her swimsuit.

"Um... if you don't mind my asking, what's that for?" said Jeff.

Kari drew away. "I just wanted to thank you," she said.

"Thank me? For what?"

"For making Crystal and me feel at home."

"I wasn't the only one, you know."

"I know. But it's mostly you."

"What do you mean?"

Kari suddenly looked a little embarrassed. "It's just that... well... I mean, Crystal seems to like you a lot."

"So much she wants to pull my fingernails out with pliers."

"Oh, you know she just likes to tease. She feels comfortable with you. Like a big brother, just like she said."

"I think it's just Brit being a bad influence on her. Or maybe Crystal's being a bad influence on Brit. Maybe you were right about them being... what was it you called it?"

"Apocalyptic?"

"That's it."

Kari smiled. "I just like to see my sister having fun, that's all. Look, Crystal's at that age when she's starting to get interested in boys. And some of the boys she spends time with... well, let's just say I don't really trust them. It's good to know that she's having fun with someone as nice as you."

"So what about you? Are you having fun?"

"I'm having lots of fun. You know what, Jeff? I'm glad I didn't get good grades in math."

"Oh, you're just saying that. I know you'd rather be spending time with your friends."

"*You're* my friends," she insisted.

"Thanks, Kari. That means a lot to me."

She flashed him a smile, then headed upstairs to the bathroom to change.

Chapter 19

Jeff's New Love

On Saturday, Greg took Jeff over to the Williams house, where they sat together in front of the computer looking up equipment for the rec room. It was only natural for Kari to join them, since she had been with Jeff every day that week and could offer some suggestions. In the end, they decided on three machines that were versatile enough that together they could provide a similar workout to what he was had gotten used to, as well as some free weights and barbell for bench pressing.

The machines were delivered the next week, and Allen, Greg, Jeff, and Kari set to work assembling them. They had to rearrange some of the furniture in the room, but nothing too major since there was plenty of space. The project took most of the day, but finally they had the equipment set up.

Allen said that from now on, instead of Jeff going over to the Williams house, Allen would come over to the Primdale house and they would work on a new routine with the new equipment. Kari, of course, insisted that she come too, saying that she could just as easily work out at the Primdale house as at home, and it would save her father a trip. He agreed, and the next day they all met together downstairs.

Since Jeff already had experience now, he was able to easily adjust his routine to fit the new equipment. With Kari working in as well, it was like a game of musical chairs, with him constantly chasing her around the machines as they switched between them. They ended by bench pressing, and decided to check his progress by maxing out. Jeff was pleased to see that he had closed the gap with her, though she still won by about ten pounds.

Apparently word had gotten out about the pool, because several times over the next couple of weeks, Kari asked if some of her friends could come over in the afternoon and use the pool. Jeff had absolutely no objection to that; a lot of Kari's friends were nice to look at, especially in swimsuits. Sometimes Crystal would come over too, and sometimes she would stay home. Kari's friends Jenny Boyce and Shelly Hooper from the JV volleyball team came over one day, to Jeff's delight. Jenny was a cute blonde that wasn't quite as pretty as Kari, but definitely in the top ten at his school. It was just too bad that she wore the most conservative swimsuit. Shelly had light brown hair, and although not as stunningly gorgeous as Kari or Jenny, she was pretty in her own way. She was a great swimmer; she was planning to get a job as a lifeguard the next summer.

After his experience with Rachael, Jeff was beginning to have a little more confidence around women, and actually managed not to make a fool out of himself with the girls. Jenny was a flirt, and Jeff would have enjoyed her attentions were it not for the fact that Kari seemed to get into a bad mood whenever Jenny and Jeff interacted. That was both astonishing and flattering. It looked as if Kari was actually jealous!

Needless to say, she never invited Jenny back again. The next week she brought over Vanessa Moon and

Kayla Fallon. Vanessa had flaming red hair and beautiful green eyes. He was surprised to find out that she knew Kari, because she was also good friends with Jeff's friend Rick. If he had known that before, he might have tried to get Vanessa to introduce him to Kari, though that was certainly a moot point now. Kayla was black, and although Jeff had never really found black girls that attractive, Kayla was certainly the exception to the rule. She was really fun, though not as flirtatious as Jenny had been.

Even Crystal sometimes invited her friends over. First it was the Dover twins, Tammy and Tanya. They were a pair of cute, twelve-year-old brunettes. While he certainly didn't entertain any romantic or sexual notions about them, they were nice to look at, and he figured that in a couple more years they would become a pair of gorgeous teenagers.

Another one of Crystal's friends that she brought over several times was Monica Matheson, a pretty girl with unusually black hair. He recognized her from Brit's twelfth birthday party. She was one of the giggling girls that had flirted with him the whole time, and this continued in the pool. While she was an amateur compared to Jenny, her childish teasing had a certain innocence that made it all the more amusing. He didn't mind it a bit.

Then there was Natalie Ross, or "Nat" as she preferred to be called. She had the tendency to climb all over things, including the trees, the guest house, and Jeff. She never used the stairs to reach the upper deck from below; she always climbed the poles supporting it instead. She had been taking gymnastics and ballet since she was old enough to walk, which explained her limberness. She liked to jump all over Jeff, scrambling up to sit on his shoulders. Being small for her age, she weighed almost nothing, so he was more amused than annoyed. While it could be interpreted as flirtatious, more likely she was just a little hyper and needed releases like that for her excessive energy.

As it turned out, Jeff enjoyed the times when Kari came over by herself even more. It seemed that as the weeks wore on, Allison made excuses to get Lissa and Brit out of the house with increasing frequency. Sometimes Jeff and Kari joined them when the activity wasn't too girlish. But whenever Jeff stayed home, Kari decided to stay with him.

It was during one of these times, about three weeks after he first started training, that something happened that changed their relationship forever.

In the morning Jeff had finally, for the first time, caught up and surpassed Kari in the bench press. That elation was short-lived, however, because after the math lesson while the girls were out shopping, Kari beat him at ping-pong. Still, Jeff had never really been all that competitive, so he didn't mind that she won. They came over and sat down on the couch.

"Jeff, can I ask you a personal question?" said Kari.

"Sure."

"Do you... do you like me?"

"What? Of course I like you."

"No, I don't mean that. I mean... Don't be mad, but Allison said that you... had a crush on me."

"She what?" he exclaimed.

"Please don't be mad, Jeff. Just tell me the truth. I promise, I don't mind either way."

"I know, but it's not something I'm really comfortable just coming out and saying."

"Would it help if I told you first what I think of you?"

"I don't know. It might."

"All right. Until this summer, I just thought of you as a good-looking guy, maybe a little freckly, although that's kind of cleared up lately, who wasn't particularly social. You were always kind of a loner. I'll admit I didn't really give you much thought until you came to my house that first day to work out, but once I found out what you're really like, I'm glad I got to meet you. I want to be friends... and maybe more."

"More?"

"Yes, more. But I'm not going to elaborate until you tell me how you feel about me."

"Oh, all right. I'd like to be more than friends with you too."

Kari smiled. "I was hoping you'd say that. Would it be all right if I kissed you?"

"Only if I get to kiss you back," he grinned.

"It's a deal!" she exclaimed, then slid her arms around his neck and pressed her lips up against his. He put his arms around her waist and held her to him, kissing her a little awkwardly yet passionately.

When she drew back, she had a smile on her lips as she gazed lovingly into his eyes. "That was nice," she breathed. "I've always wondered what that would feel like."

"Haven't you ever been kissed before?"

"Not since second grade, remember, and he wasn't anywhere near as good a kisser as you are," she laughed.

"Well, I can't claim to be all that experienced either."

"Compared to a second-grade boy?"

"Good point."

"Well, since neither of us is very good at it, maybe we should practice," she said with a grin.

"All right. Now if only we had a boy for you to practice on and a girl for me..."

She laughed and slapped him playfully on the shoulder. "Together, I mean."

"That's an even better idea! Why didn't I think of that?" he joked.

They continued to kiss for half an hour, until Allison returned home with Lissa and Brit. Jeff and Kari hurriedly moved slightly away from each other on the couch so that when Brit came down the stairs, she didn't suspect anything. But later on, just before Kari had to leave, she managed to get him alone for a few seconds and stole a quick kiss. "We'll continue this tomorrow," she grinned.

Jeff was positively ecstatic the rest of the evening. He couldn't hide his happiness, as he grinned like an idiot the whole time. Brit just rolled her eyes, obviously not understanding what was going on, but Allison and Lissa gave him a knowing look.

The next day Allison again took the girls out while Jeff and Kari remained home. They did indeed continue what they had started yesterday. Jeff couldn't believe this was really happening to him. Kari Williams, the most perfect girl in the entire school, was actually kissing him!

He wanted to do more. He wanted to take her to his room and make love to her. Perhaps a more outgoing man would be a little more forward, but Jeff was scared that he might ruin their relationship if he tried anything. So for now, he was content to just hug and kiss her.

She seemed to especially like it when he just put his arm around her and she lay her head on his shoulder. They would do this while watching movies or television, or even just for the sake of doing it. She had a certain romantic streak to her; she loved little touches and caresses, and Jeff was happy to oblige her. She had such soft skin.

Jeff turned fifteen a few days later, and although he had a fun party, he had already received the best birthday present ever. He invited a few of his friends over, including Kari and even Crystal. They made it a pool party, and everyone had a lot of fun.

After that first time they kissed, Jeff and Kari had kept it a secret from the others out of a desire not to be teased by Brit or Crystal, and it had just seemed to become a habit that they wouldn't show affection while others were around. That was too bad, because he would have loved to kiss her while they were in the pool. Or even out of the pool while they wore their swimsuits.

After horsing around outside for a couple of hours, they came in and ate cake and ice cream, and Jeff opened his presents. All in all, it was his best birthday ever, even better than the previous year when they had gone camping.

That was also the first day that Allen didn't stay for Jeff's training. With basketball camp starting, he left Jeff with Kari in the mornings, and the two of them continued to work out together. She insisted that during that time they actually do what they were supposed to do, no matter how much they would rather be doing other

things. Jeff did manage to steal a few kisses here and there, and she didn't seem to protest too loudly.

It continued that way for another three weeks as July wound down. It seemed that these days the other girls left them alone almost every day, to Jeff's delight. Kari and he would spend their time "practicing" their kissing, and Jeff was getting increasingly aroused with each session. He didn't know how much longer he could wait, but he was determined to control himself until she was ready.

By this time, Jeff was doing far better than Kari in the bench press, and in fact, was now stronger than her in all of the ways they worked out. On the other hand, on the first day of August when they received their scores back from the previous day's test that Allison had administered to them, they found that for the first time, Kari actually beat his score, if only by a single point. Jeff didn't mind that so much, since as soon as she saw her score she threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly, even in front of Allison.

"I think," said Allison, "in light of your achievement, at the very least you deserve a day off, don't you agree?"

"I'm not going to say no to a day off from school," Kari grinned.

"Good," Allison said. "That means I get the day off too. I'm going to take the girls to go see a movie. You two are welcome to come along too, but I have to warn you, it's a chick flick. I doubt Jeff would enjoy it at all."

"You're right about that," he replied. "I'm going to stay here. Kari, if you want to go see it though..."

"And leave you here by yourself?"

Jeff shrugged. "Rumor has it I've been by myself before, and somehow I survived all right."

"Do you want me to go?" she asked.

"No."

"Then it's settled."

"Okay, we'll be back about 4:00," said Allison, then headed up the stairs to collect the girls.

As soon as they left, Kari pounced on Jeff and began to kiss him.

"I'm so happy!" she said. "I actually got a good grade on a math test! Now I know I'm not dumb."

"Except maybe a little slow in catching on to what the rest of us already knew," he grinned.

"I'm in such a good mood. I scored well on my test, and now I get to be alone with you all afternoon. This is the perfect day!"

She threw her arms around his neck and pressed her lips against his in a long, slow, deep kiss. Surprisingly, she slipped her tongue between his lips, something she had never done before. It caught him off guard, but he quickly regained his composure and began to caress her tongue with his own. He could feel Kari's heart beating; strongly and quickly, and he realized she must be getting excited for some reason. It all became clear a moment later when they drew apart.

"Let's go to the bedroom," Kari whispered. She gazed at him with longing.

"Really?" he asked, surprised. "Do you mean..."

"That's exactly what I mean," she replied. "Don't you want to?"

"I've wanted to for a long time, but I guess I was kind of scared of rushing you and doing something that would hurt our friendship. Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Yes it is," she smiled, then stood up and took his hand. He rose to his feet and led her up the stairs and down the hall to his room. Quietly closing both the hall door and the bathroom door, he came and sat down on the bed beside her. They continued kissing then, their hands beginning to explore each other's bodies. Jeff slid his hands under the back of Kari's shirt, lifting it ever so slowly and enjoying the feel of her bare skin. Kari placed her hand on his crotch, feeling his hardening member through his pants. It felt good, but also a little constricting. As if sensing his need, she unfastened his belt.

"Let's do this right," he said, then stood up. He took her hands and lifted her to her feet. His hand went to the bottom of her shirt, and he began to raise it. She smiled at him and raised her arms over her head as a sign for him to keep going. With one swift motion, he pulled it up and over her head and arms, then dropped it to the floor as he stared at her body with hunger. Though she was not as fully developed as Rachael or Allison, she had a beautiful figure for a girl her age. Not that he had seen too many before. Her skin looked incredibly soft, surprising for a girl who worked out. She had a slender waist which curved gracefully out to her nice hips. While the curves were shallow due to her age, he could imagine that in a few years she would have a body that would rival even Allison's. Her stomach was flat, and she had the cutest little belly button. But what he really longed to see was still covered.

He drew in and kissed her again, loving the feel of her body against his. As he did so, he put his hands behind her back and reached for the fastener to her bra.

"No fair!" she giggled, drawing back. "Now it's your turn."

"Would you care to do the honors?" he asked, reaching his arms over his head.

She grabbed his shirt and pulled it over his head. Before it even hit the floor he was back against her and fumbling with her bra clasp. A second later it came undone. He took the two ends and started pulling the garment away from her.

Kari suddenly tensed up. "Wait a minute," she said.

"What is it?" he asked, stopping.

"I'm..." she began. He could see hesitation in her eyes.

"I thought you wanted to do this," he said.

"I did. I do, I mean. Just... oh, all right. Go ahead."

He continued, pulling the straps forward until suddenly her bra slipped free. She immediately put her arms up over her chest.

"Come on, Kari," he said. "Let me see you."

"Um... okay... I'll just..." she stammered, but she made no move to uncover herself.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "First you say you want to do this, and now suddenly you've changed your mind? You can't just lead a boy on like that."

"I'm sorry, Jeff. I just need to take a minute to psyche myself up for this."

"It's okay," he replied. "Take all the time you need."

"Thanks."

"Would it help if I finished undressing first?"

She nodded.

Jeff unzipped his pants and dropped them to the floor. Kari stared at the bulge in his shorts. He winked at her, then dropped them to the floor as well, exposing his hard cock to her eyes.

"Oh my god," she gasped as she stared at it.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she breathed. "Would you believe I've never seen one before? I just didn't expect it to be so big."

Jeff laughed. "I'll take that as a compliment. So now it's your turn."

Kari nodded. Taking a deep breath, she lowered her hands to her sides.

He was amazed at how beautiful her body was, at least the top half. If the bottom half were anywhere near as beautiful, she would be a goddess! Her breasts, though still somewhat small, were firm and perky, with cute little pointy nipples that looked so inviting. He wanted to just take them in his mouth right now and suck on them. For some reason, he found the sight of a girl in jeans, topless from the waist up, to be extremely erotic.

He noticed she had her eyes closed. Was that out of fear? Embarrassment? Or was it some kind of invitation? Maybe if he were a little more experienced, he might be able to read the signals. He decided to just experiment and see. He reached out and put his hands on her arms to draw her in for a kiss.

She jumped at the touch, stepping backward and almost stumbling. She opened her eyes, and he could see fear there.

"It's all right," he told her soothingly. "I'm not going to do anything you don't want me to."

"I know, Jeff, and I appreciate it," she replied. "I'll be all right in a minute. It's just that I'm not used to doing this."

He kissed her again, and he could feel her tenseness melt away. She was just a little shy right now, so he had to be gentle with her.

She unfastened her jeans and let them slide down to the floor, leaving only her white cotton panties. If he had thought she looked erotic in jeans, she was doubly so in just those panties. But he was more interested in what was underneath. He knelt down in front of her, put his hands to the sides of the garment, and slid them down.

She was extremely beautiful there, too. She had a light covering of hair just above her slit, which ran down between her legs and disappeared. He was growing excited with the thought that in a few minutes, he would enter that sweet opening and fill her with pleasure.

Jeff leaned in and kissed her stomach just above the hair line. Kari shuddered at the sensation, and a whimper of lust escaped her lips. Jeff grinned, delighting in the fact that he had caused it. Then he stood back up, wrapped his arms around her, and kissed her. She kissed him back, her eyes closed and seemingly at ease once again.

Kari lay down on the bed, and Jeff lay down beside her. He leaned over and kissed her on the lips, but there was something different this time. She seemed a little hesitant. Jeff slipped one hand onto her breast, and she trembled. He continued to kiss her, moving his hand from her breast down toward her stomach, then to the spot between her legs. As he did so, he could feel her shaking more and more strongly.

She suddenly pushed him away, clenching her legs tightly together. "Wait, Jeff," she said, a look of fear in her eyes. Jeff drew back and removed his hand, confused.

"Jeff, I..." she stammered. "I can't. Please don't be mad."

"It's okay, Kari, really," he said with a loving smile. "I don't want to do anything you don't want to do."

"But I *do* want to. I just panicked. It's not that I don't love you, but I... I just..."

"You're not ready," he finished for her, and she nodded, tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Jeff. I got excited earlier because of all the wonderful things that have happened to me lately, and I thought today was the day. But I guess I'm not as ready as I thought. I want to please you, but I just can't do this right now, all right?"

"I don't mind," he told her. "If you're at all uncomfortable with it, we can stop now. But I would like to try again some other time, if you're willing."

"Tomorrow," she told him. "I promise."

"No, don't promise. I don't want you to feel obligated to please me. I want you to enjoy it as much as I do, so it has to be when the time is right."

"Oh, Jeff, you're so wonderful! I know it must be difficult to control yourself when you're like this, but I want you to know I appreciate it. If it's okay with you, I'd just like to cuddle this time."

"Of course it's okay," he said, lying down on his back. Kari rolled over on top of him, and he basked in the feeling of her warm body against his. She lay her head down and pressed her cheek against his chest. He reached down and drew the blanket up over her, then slipped his hands underneath it and wrapped his arms around her. Her trembling gradually diminished, then faded entirely.

"So you're not mad?" she asked him. "After I led you on like that, and then in the end..."

"I'm not mad, Kari, really."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. You didn't do anything wrong."

"Some boys would say that a girl who led on her boyfriend like that and then chickened out at the last minute is a... well..."

"Let's not go into those names, Kari, because that's not the way I feel about you. I'm just so overjoyed to spend time with you, no matter what we do."

"Really?"

"Really. I mean, I can't deny that you got me aroused. But I think maybe you weren't as ready to do this as you thought. And that's okay with me."

"We can try again tomorrow, Jeff. I want it as much as you do. Just not right now."

"I'd like that. And don't worry if tomorrow it ends up the same way. I won't go through with it if it makes you at all uncomfortable."

"I think with all day for me to work up to it, I'll be all right tomorrow. It's just that..."

"What?"

"I... well, remember how I said I haven't had a boyfriend since second grade?"

"Yes."

"I'm sure you can draw your own conclusions as to how experienced I am."

"You're a virgin?" he asked.

"Yes," she sighed.

"Well I'm not exactly the most experienced man in the world either, so let's not judge each other, okay?"

"Okay," she agreed with a smile.

"So tell me something. How is it that a girl like you, who could have her pick of all the guys in the school, has never had a boyfriend before, and yet you somehow decided that I'm the one for you?"

"I guess I was just waiting for the right guy," she smiled. "I'm glad I picked you, because I suspect if it were anyone else, he probably would have gotten mad at me for teasing him like that. Heck, half the guys in the school probably would have raped me."

"I just think you deserve to be treated like the beautiful, wonderful girl you are. Sure you're gorgeous and you've got a great body, but there's so much more to you than that. I want to experience *all* of you, not just the physical part. If I had gotten mad at you or tried to force you, I would risk losing you, and that thought, frankly, terrifies me."

"You're so sweet, Jeff. Thanks for understanding. I'm kind of embarrassed that I panicked."

"Don't be. To tell you the truth, I was a little nervous myself. What boy wouldn't be when he's about to make love to the most beautiful and perfect girl in the school? And besides, this feels kind of nice too."

"It feels *very* nice. Jeff, promise me that after we go through with it, you'll hold me like this again."

"I promise."

Chapter 20

Love Fulfilled

"So how did you two make out today?" asked Allison as she visited Jeff in his room right before he went to bed that night. "If you'll excuse the pun."

"Er..." he said.

"Oh come on, Jeff. I've given you time alone with her all week. If you haven't at least kissed her yet, I'm going to be very disappointed."

"Okay, I kissed her. Satisfied?"

Allison grinned, and almost clapped her hands in glee.

"Great!" she exclaimed. "Now tell me the truth. Was all my scheming worth it?"

Jeff sighed. "Okay, I'll admit, it's nice to have a girlfriend. Especially Kari Williams."

"So did you score?"

"Allison!"

"I mean it, Jeff. I've put a lot of effort into this; I'd like to know if it's paying off."

"Isn't that a little personal?"

"Just tell me. Did you and Kari have sex?"

He shook his head.

"Are you planning to?"

"We almost did. I don't know if I should tell you this or not."

"Well don't keep me in suspense. That's just cruel after you've piqued my interest."

"All right. We got as far as taking our clothes off and making out on the bed. But then she stopped me from going any further. She panicked, probably because it's her first time."

The grin fell from Allison's face. "Her first time?" she asked, suddenly serious.

"Yes."

"You mean a good-looking girl like Kari Williams has never had sex before?"

"Right."

"I didn't know that. If I had, maybe I wouldn't have been so pushy. Unfortunately, if you've gone as far as you claim, it's probably too late to call it off." She scooted her chair over so that she sat directly in front of him. "Listen, Jeff. This is very important. It's a completely different situation if she's a virgin, because if you make a mistake, it can really hurt her emotionally."

That reminded Jeff of Lissa's confession to him, about how she didn't like it her first time, and how she needed to experiment with a man that she could trust. Jeff decided that he would be that man, not just for Lissa, but for Kari too.

"You have to be extra gentle," Allison continued, "and you have to take your time. It's too bad my sister isn't here, because then we could give you some hands-on instruction and let you practice a bit. Just be very careful with Kari. She has to know that you really care about her, and you have to help her to relax, or she's going to be tense, and if she's tense it's going to be painful. You do know about the difference in physiology between a girl who's a virgin and one who's not, right?"

Jeff's face grew red. "Yeah," he mumbled. "We learned about that in Sex Ed."

"Okay. So you don't need any technical instruction. The important thing is to love her. Before and after the act, and I'm not just talking in the bedroom. You have to treat her with gentleness and respect, and be very aware of her feelings, or afterwards she's going to feel hurt and betrayed. A girl's first time is special; it's not something you can give back once you've taken it away. She needs to feel that she's giving her virginity to the right boy, and that means you have to make sure you're the right boy for her. Do you understand?"

"I... I guess so. It's a little hard to keep up with you sometimes."

"Just remember that even though the actual act is just a brief moment in time, it's how you treat her in the weeks before and after it that make it special. Can you understand that?"

Jeff nodded.

"So how are you going to treat her?"

"Well, I'm going to be nice to her. And gentle. And I'll... do nice things for her. And I'll hold her hand, and kiss her, and treat her like she's the greatest girl in the world. Which, by the way, she is."

Allison smiled. "I think you've got it," she said.

The next day Kari and Crystal came over in the morning. Crystal went off to play with Brit, and Kari met Jeff downstairs to work out together. Jeff and Kari both kept glancing at each other with grins as they thought about the secret that they shared and what they planned to do that day. It was difficult to concentrate, but they stumbled through their workout routine.

Neither of them paid much attention during the class, but Allison didn't seem to take any notice. She even cut the lesson about fifteen minutes short.

Crystal and Brit came downstairs, and Crystal asked Allison if she wouldn't mind driving Brit and her back to the Williams house so the two could spend some time over there this time, since Brit hadn't even been over there once. Allison agreed. Then she turned back to Jeff and Kari.

"I'm going to give you two a homework assignment," she said.

"What?" they both demanded together.

"You didn't seem to be paying much attention to the lesson today, so you're going to have to do some studying on your own. I'll give you my notes, and you can learn today's lesson at your own pace."

"Do we have to?" asked Jeff.

"Yes, you have to. I figure a good two hours of studying should do it."

"Two hours?" Kari exclaimed in shock.

"Yes. I'll make sure Lissa and I stay out of your way so there won't be any distractions. Jeff, why don't you take Kari up to your room? It's a little too public down here."

"My room?" he asked.

"Yes, you know, that place upstairs that you've been known to disappear into at night, not to be seen again until the morning."

Jeff and Kari glanced at each other. "Two hours," Jeff breathed, trying not to hide his excitement.

"Here," said Allison, handing him her notes. Then with a wink, she said, "Good luck."

Jeff and Kari wasted no time, but hurried up the stairs. They saw Lissa sitting in the front room watching television.

"Hi, Kari," she smiled.

"Sorry, Lissa," Jeff told her. "Allison's making us study. She says you're not to disturb us for two hours."

"Okay," she shrugged. "Have fun."

They climbed the stairs to the second floor and hurried down the hall to his room. Once inside, Jeff closed the door and Kari threw her arms around him in a hug.

"Hey!" he said. "I thought we were going to study."

"Who wants to study?" she laughed.

"I told Allison I would, so I will."

She drew away from him, a look of disappointment on her face. "But... don't you want...?"

Jeff glanced down at the papers in his hand. "A squared plus B squared equals C squared," he quoted. "Okay, enough studying. Now what are we going to do for the rest of the two hours?"

Kari's face immediately brightened up. "You little tease!" she exclaimed. "You're just as bad as Crystal!"

"I doubt she teases the same way I do, though."

"And that's a good thing."

"We kind of got lucky, didn't we?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Even if Allison said she would keep everyone from bothering us, I don't think it would be safe for us to... you know... while they're around. But since she's taking Brit over to your house..."

"Actually, I had something to do with that," said Kari.

"What do you mean?"

"Last night I had a talk with my sister. I told her I wanted to spend some time alone with you."

"That was a big risk you took. I'm surprised she hasn't been teasing you about it this whole time."

"I told her if she promised to get Brit out of the house and not to tease me about it today, she could tease me all she wanted last night. Needless to say, she took full advantage of it."

Jeff laughed. "I can imagine."

"And what about your stepmom? Doesn't she suspect anything? I mean, she literally told you to bring me up to your bedroom."

"Don't worry about Allison. I already told you she's not the most conventional stepmother in the world. I think she *wants* us to enjoy ourselves."

"Oh, we'll enjoy ourselves all right," Kari grinned.

First came the hugging and the kissing. They were both a little nervous about going any further with people in the house. They did at least lie down on the bed; Kari lay on top of him and he let her take charge. She began with a few little pecks, then lingered a bit more with each kiss, until finally they attacked each other's lips passionately. Jeff enjoyed it, of course, but he was anxious for more.

Kari seemed to sense his restlessness, and rolled off of him and stood by the bed. "I'm not going to be shy this time," she grinned, then knelt down and pulled off her socks. She then stood back up and pulled her tee shirt over her head and let it fall to the ground.

"I would do a slow strip tease for you," she said with a grin, "but I was never much of a dancer."

"Well, I'll forgive you this time, but you better be very nice to me to make up for it," he teased.

She laughed. "Oh, I'll be *very* nice to you," she winked, then put her hands to the front of her jeans to unbuckle them.

"Wait a minute," said Jeff. "Would you... would you do me a favor?"

"What?" she asked.

"Well, yesterday when you undressed, you took your bra off before your pants. I don't know what it is, but the sight of you wearing nothing but jeans was extremely erotic."

Kari shrugged. "Whatever turns you on," she smiled, then reached behind her back and unfastened her bra clasp. She let the garment fall to the floor, not even trying to cover up this time. Jeff stared at her bare chest and smiled. "My god," he breathed. "I know this is only the second time I've seen you like this, but I don't think I'll ever get tired of it."

Kari blushed, but she had a broad grin on her face.

"Okay, your turn," she said.

Jeff wasted no time, but sat up and pulled his socks off, followed by his shirt. Kari moved in close and hugged him, pressing her bare torso up against his. He grabbed her around the waist and lay back, pulling her over on top of him.

"Again?" she asked with a grin. "I thought you wanted to... you know."

"Oh, I do," he said. "This is just an appetizer before the main course."

They maneuvered themselves on the bed so that they were in the same position as before. As Kari kissed him, Jeff relaxed and lost himself in the feel of her warm body. He loved the touch of her breasts against him, the hardening nipples stabbing against him. His arms went to her back and he caressed her. She giggled when

he slipped his hands down to her ass, but made no move to stop him, only giving a surprised squeak when he pinched her.

"No fair," she said. "I can't pinch you back because you're on the bottom."

"Oh, I think you're going to have plenty of opportunity to get me back later," he said. "And no pants in the way either."

"Good point," she grinned.

They continued to kiss for a few more minutes, then Kari stopped and rose up on her knees. She yawned and stretched, putting her hands behind her head in the process. Whether the movement was meant to arouse him or not, Jeff thought it was extremely sexy.

She climbed off the bed and stood beside it. Jeff sat up, facing her.

"I'm getting impatient," she told him. "I want you to hurry up and take my virginity."

"How can I refuse when you ask me so nicely?" he grinned.

Kari immediately began to unfasten her pants. She pulled down the zipper, then slid her jeans down to her feet and stepped out of them. Before she went any further, though, she jumped on Jeff and knocked him back on the bed. Laughing and smiling, she climbed up onto the bed and knelt beside him. She immediately went for his belt. Before he knew what was happening, she was pulling his pants down. They came off and fell to the floor, and she then went for his boxer shorts with similar enthusiasm.

He couldn't hide his erection from her, and he didn't want to. She grinned with delight as she saw it come into view, taking only a second or two to remove his shorts the rest of the way before grasping his manhood with one of her hands.

"You're sure being aggressive today," he noted as she began to slowly pump him up and down.

"Do you like aggressive women?" she asked.

"It depends. When you're being aggressive, I like aggressive women."

"Well I happen to like men who like aggressive women when I feel like being aggressive."

"And I like women who like men who like aggressive women when they feel like being aggressive."

"Well I like women who... I mean... Oh, never mind. You know what I mean," she laughed.

"I sure do. But maybe you'd better stop touching me, or I'm liable to go off too soon."

"We can't have that now, can we?" she asked, withdrawing her hand.

Jeff sat up, then stuck out a finger and poked her in the shoulder, not hard enough to hurt but hard enough to push her off her balance. She fell back on the bed, smiling at him.

"It looks like you're being aggressive too," she told him.

"I can't let you have all the fun," he told her, then grabbed her panties and pulled them off. This time, rather than trying to cover herself, she spread her legs to give him a perfect view of her femininity. He stared at it with desire; he wanted so much to slide up inside of her and give her pleasure like no man had ever given her before. He knew, however, that he had to take his time and make sure she was ready.

"Jeff, would you do me a favor?" she asked.

"Anything," he smiled.

"I want you to kiss my tummy."

Jeff grinned. The way she said the childish word was so cute. He lay down next to her and pressed his lips against her body. Her "tummy" as she called it was flat and beautiful, a little on the firm side from her exercising perhaps, but nonetheless absolutely gorgeous. There were other parts of her that he enjoyed more, but he found her stomach with its cute little belly button to be surprisingly appealing.

As he kissed all over it, her breathing began to grow heavier. He glanced up at her face and saw that she had her eyes closed and her mouth open. This close to the center of her sex he could smell her alluring feminine odor, the smell of desire and passion. He couldn't help himself, but brought up one of his hands to touch her there.

She gasped at the sensation, but rather than trying to push him away she opened her legs even wider.

His fingers sought out the top of her slit, delving slightly inside in search of her tiny bud. He gently rubbed her up and down, noticing how wet she was getting there. Her pussy began to open up as her clit gradually emerged. Jeff pinched it gently between his fingers, rubbing it slowly.

In the mean time, he moved his head on up her body toward her magnificent breasts, kissing as he went. He reached her breast and stuck out his tongue, licking it from the underside all the way up to the nipple. Then he wrapped his lips over the nipple and sucked. Kari cried out when he did so, and her mouth widened into a smile.

Her nipple was already growing hard, and his mouth made it even more so. He continued to pleasure it for a few minutes longer, then moved on to the other one to give it the same treatment.

Jeff's hand between her legs and his mouth on her breasts were having their effect on Kari. She was breathing heavily now, her hips rising up to meet his fingers as he played with her. She had her eyes closed and a trace of a smile on her face. She looked so cute like that.

After several minutes of this stimulation, she opened her eyes and gazed at him affectionately. "Jeff," she said. "I'm ready."

He nodded, drawing his hand away. He moved up along her body and positioned himself over the top of her until he was staring straight down at her beautiful face.

"Oh god, Kari!" he exclaimed. "I can't believe I'm finally doing this with you! I've been in love with you for years. Never in my wildest fantasies did I ever think that I would one day make love to you."

She blushed and even giggled a little at the compliment.

He positioned the tip of his member at her opening and pressed in a little. No more than the tip had squeezed between her outer lips when Kari shuddered, and he stopped.

"Are you all right?" he whispered.

"I'm fine," she replied. "I'm still just a little nervous."

"It's okay," he said. "So am I. I want so much for you to enjoy this."

"Don't worry, I am," she smiled. "You can go on."

Jeff lowered himself a little more, and her lips spread to accommodate him. Her eyes opened wide. "Wow," she said. "That feels good."

"It feels good to me too," he replied, pressing in a little further. It was only a couple of millimeters more each time, but his sensitivity was so heightened that even that made a big difference in the sensation.

She gasped, but she kept that smile on her face, so he took it as a sign to continue. He pressed in again, and this time he felt her unbroken barrier blocking him.

"Jeff," she said, a bit of fear on her face. "Wait a minute."

"I'll wait as long as you want," he replied. "Just tell me when you're ready."

"Thanks. I'm just... well, I heard it's supposed to hurt the first time, and I just wanted to prepare myself for the pain."

"I don't want to hurt you, but I promise, it will only be for a little while, and then it will feel so much better."

She nodded. "I know. I'm glad you're the one who's doing this to me."

"Me too," he replied, kissing her tenderly on the lips.

Kari took a few deep breaths, then closed her eyes and tried to relax. "I'm ready now, Jeff," she told him.

He pressed in again, against that barrier. He had never taken a girl's virginity before, so he wasn't sure how much pressure was needed. Too little and he wouldn't break through. Too much, and he could hurt her. Still, it was better to get it over with quickly, so he gave a hard thrust, and suddenly he slipped through.

Kari gasped. Jeff looked down and saw tears in her eyes.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!" he told her.

"No, it's okay," she hurriedly told him. "It just hurts a little, just like I was told. You didn't do anything wrong."

"I just don't like to see you in pain."

"I'm sure I'll be fine in a little while. But could you wait just a minute before continuing?"

"Of course," he said. "Look, when you're ready, why don't you lead?"

"Lead?" she asked.

"Yes. I mean, you go ahead and... um... well... I don't know how to say it without making it sound crude."

She giggled. "I think I know what you mean," she said. "Thanks."

A couple of minutes later, Kari began to move. Jeff forced himself to stay still as she rocked her hips forward up toward him. Each time she went a little further, and he felt himself penetrating deeper and deeper inside of her. He began to lower himself bit by bit, a centimeter at a time so as to keep it slow.

Finally, his hips rested on top of hers, and he was all the way inside. He began to thrust now, slowly and gently. He pulled out only about an inch, then pushed back in again. Kari rose up to meet him.

"Oh god, this does feel good!" Kari breathed as the two of them settled into a rhythm. Jeff had to agree. The pleasure washed over him with each thrust, spurring on his passion. She felt so good wrapped around his manhood, so tight and soft and hot.

He attacked her lips with his own, and the two of them kissed passionately. She had her arms wrapped around the back of his head, keeping his face next to hers. Her legs slipped around his waist to spread her and afford him deeper penetration. With each thrust he pressed in as far as he could possibly go, as if wanting to go further. Kari moaned in pleasure, and Jeff found himself doing the same thing.

It was like a dream come true for him, to actually be making love to Kari Williams. He had loved her secretly for years now, and finally he had his chance to show her how much.

"Oh Jeff!" she breathed. "I can't believe how good it feels! It's so deep, and so wonderful!"

Her words spurred him on. Knowing that he was giving her such pleasure gave *him* pleasure, and he

continued to thrust with a heightened passion.

Her moans suddenly began to rise in pitch and volume, and she put a hand over her mouth to silence them. He could feel her contracting around him, squeezing him tightly as her body tensed up, and he knew she was having an orgasm. Seeing her like that, lost in the passion and experiencing the ultimate pleasure, pushed him over the edge as well. He thrust in deeply one last time, then let the explosion happen. She gasped as he pumped his seed into her awaiting body.

It lasted only a minute, then his strength gave out and he collapsed on top of her. He wanted to rest there forever, but knew it wouldn't be comfortable for her, so he started to roll off of her, a bit reluctantly.

"Wait a minute," said Kari, holding onto him and keeping him there. "I almost forgot."

"What?" he asked.

She moved her hands down to his ass and pinched him. He yelped, then began to laugh.

"Okay, I guess I deserved that," he smiled, rolling to the side and letting his deflating cock slip out of her.

"Remember your promise," Kari whispered, sliding over and laying her body against his with her head on his chest. Jeff slipped his arms around her and held her there to him.

"How do you feel?" he asked her.

"Amazing," she breathed. "That was the most intense orgasm I've ever felt. I want to do that over and over and over again with you."

"That's just the way I feel. That was far better than I could have possibly hoped for. I'm so much in love with you, Kari, that you couldn't possibly imagine."

"Yes, I can, because I'm just as much in love with you."

"Kari, tell me this isn't just a dream. I couldn't stand it if I woke up and discovered that none of this really happened."

"Tell you what. If it's just a dream and it never happened, then when you wake up we'll have to do it over again, won't we?" she grinned.

"I like that idea. Maybe we should go to sleep and pretend it was all a dream just so I can take you up on that offer."

"It will be different, though," Kari said.

"Why?"

"Because... well, because I'm no longer a virgin."

"That's a good point."

She smiled. "I can't believe I just lost my virginity to Jeff Primdale!"

"Hey!" he complained.

"I didn't mean it like that," she assured him. "I meant that I'm the luckiest girl in the world."

"You're not half as lucky as I am. I felt like I was the luckiest guy in the world when I finally got to meet you. And then I was ten times as lucky as that when you first kissed me. And now I'm ten times as lucky as that to be Kari Williams' first time."

"So let's just say we're both the luckiest people in the world to have found each other," she said.

"Sounds good to me."

They lay there for a while together, just relaxing in the feel of each other's bodies. Kari occasionally sighed in contentment, and Jeff found that he loved that sound, knowing that he was the cause of it. She was so beautiful, so wonderful, and he couldn't remember ever being so happy in his life.

Chapter 21

Caught in the Act

He didn't remember falling asleep, but he awoke to the sound of someone knocking on the door. The two of them froze, in a sudden panic. "Jeff, Kari," Allison said from behind the door without trying to open it. "I'm taking Lissa over to pick up Brit now. Does Kari want to go now, or stay for dinner?"

"I'll stay for dinner," Kari replied.

"Okay. See you when we get back." They heard her footsteps heading down the hall.

Jeff and Kari waited a minute longer, then broke out in nervous laughter. "That was close," Kari said. "Maybe we'd better get dressed so we're not still up here when they get back."

"It takes about twenty minutes round trip to your house," Jeff said. "And I'm in need of a shower. Care to join me?"

"Of course!" she grinned.

Jeff pushed her gently off of him to the side. Instead of letting him get up, however, she put her arms around his neck and pulled him over on top of her, bringing his head down to hers so she could give him a long, tender kiss. He wasn't about to argue with that, so he let it happen. He enjoyed when they kissed, and she apparently felt the same way.

A second later she released him and let him stand up. He helped her off the bed and she walked gingerly toward the bathroom.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"A little sore," she replied.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. It was worth it," she smiled.

Jeff climbed into the tub and started up the water as Kari climbed in behind him. He waited a minute for it to heat up, then pulled the latch to start the shower.

Kari and he stood together under the spray, hugging tightly as the water washed over them. Jeff ran his hand through her hair, helping to get it nice and wet. Kari looked especially good with damp hair, and it felt nice to touch it.

"Jeff, would you wash my back?" she asked.

"I'd love to," he replied, grabbing the soap. She turned to face away from him, and he ran it over her shoulders and down her back, rubbing it into her skin with his other hand. He found that he really liked just touching her like this. Even though it wasn't necessarily sexual, it was just the intimacy of the simple act. She sighed as he ran his hands all over her, and once more he found happiness in just knowing that he was giving her simple pleasures like this.

He couldn't help himself, but wrapped his arms around her waist and leaned in to kiss her on the neck. She tilted her head to the side and leaned it back against his shoulder to give him better access. He could see that she had her eyes closed and mouth turned up in a smile.

"That feels nice," she breathed.

"Anything to make you happy," he told her.

"Well, this is a good way to start," she smiled.

He continued to kiss her neck and shoulder, then started to draw his head back. She put her arm up and pulled his head back down to her.

"I'm not finished yet," she scolded him playfully.

"There's that aggressiveness coming out again," he smiled, but worked his lips all over her neck and shoulder, moving even as high as her cheek just below her ear.

Finally, she released his head, and he took a step backward as she turned around. "Now I get to wash your back," she told him.

"That's fine with me," he grinned, handing her the soap and turning around.

She began to rub him, and he discovered that he enjoyed her hands on him every bit as much as his hands on her. It was so pleasant and relaxing, like a massage. She seemed to enjoy it too, and kept teasing him by "accidentally" brushing up against him with her tits. It grew more and more frequent until she abandoned all pretense and started using her chest to rub the soap in.

"Now that's a new one to me," he commented.

"What?"

"Just that we're getting clean by getting dirty."

Kari laughed. "Or are we getting dirty by getting clean?"

"Either way works for me."

Unfortunately, they had to cut their horseplay short, because they didn't have much time left. The two of them stepped under the water one last time to wash away the remnants of the soap, and then Jeff turned it off. They spent a couple of minutes drying each other with towels and running the blow dryer quickly over their hair to hide the evidence, then headed back into Jeff's bedroom, where they picked their clothes up off the floor and started to dress.

Kari put on her panties, jeans, and socks, then headed for the door.

"What are you doing?" Jeff asked.

"I'm going downstairs," she replied, turning around and putting her hands on her hips. "Do you have a problem with that?"

Jeff picked up her bra and tee shirt from the floor and held them out to her.

She giggled. "So *that's* what I was forgetting," she said. "I knew there was something."

She came over and took the articles from his hand, then without putting them on, headed for the door again. This time, before he could stop her, she opened it and stepped out into the hall.

Jeff hurriedly finished dressing, then followed her. By that point she had made it all the way downstairs, and was sitting in the front room, still topless. Fortunately, the house was still deserted.

"Aren't you a little cold?" he asked.

"Aren't you a little warm?" she countered, reaching for his shirt.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, but with a grin on his face.

"Come sit down by me," she told him, and he willingly obeyed. She pulled him in and began to kiss him.

Apparently she had a bit of an exhibitionist in her. Jeff didn't mind at all. If she wanted to go around topless or even fully nude in front of him, he was more than happy to let her. It reminded him a little of Rachael.

"So do you think we ought to let your family in on our secret?" she asked as soon as she pulled away from him.

"Er..." he said.

Kari laughed. "I meant that we're boyfriend and girlfriend now. I wasn't suggesting we tell them how far we've gone."

"Right," he chuckled. "Of course."

"So what do you think? I mean, if we think we can handle the teasing from Brit."

"Sure," he smiled. "Let's get it over with. Besides, it will be a refreshing change to be teased by her about something I'm not sensitive about."

They heard the sound of the car in the driveway. Fortunately, the curtains were closed, or Allison and the girls would be able to see everything. Kari hurriedly put on her bra, and just barely finished throwing on her shirt when the front door opened. She took his hand and lay her head on his shoulder as Allison, Brit, and Lissa walked in and glanced over at them. Allison and Lissa pretended not to notice, but just as expected, Brit wasn't about to pass up this opportunity.

"Ooh, look at the lovebirds!" she teased.

"Hey, I resent that," Kari grinned. "We're not birds."

"But you're in love!"

In response, Kari leaned in and kissed Jeff on the cheek. "I can't deny that," she said.

Lissa came down and sat next to her. "So Jeff's finally got himself a girlfriend," she said in a playful voice.

"Finally?"

"He's been fantasizing about you for years," his sister laughed.

"Lissa!" he exclaimed, growing red.

"Don't be embarrassed, Jeff," Kari told him. "I'm flattered."

"Really?" he asked.

"Really. I just wish you had made your move earlier. Think of all this time we've wasted."

"Well, we're not going to waste any more," he promised.

"In fact, we'll have to make up for lost time," she told him, then put her hand to his cheek, drew his head gently to the side, and kissed him deeply on the lips.

Brit giggled as she watched them, but said nothing.

When the kiss ended, Jeff suddenly realized that there were three pairs of eyes on the two of them.

"Don't you guys have anything better to do?" he asked them.

"Not really," said Allison. "We're just having fun watching the show. And by the way, Jeff, I'm impressed with your new dedication to scholasticism."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you finished studying your math, and decided to study a little chemistry."

"Chemistry?"

"Yes. The chemistry between a boy and a girl," grinned Allison.

"I think that's my new favorite subject," Kari said, then threw her arms around his neck and kissed him again.

It was too bad when Kari had to leave later that night; Jeff was enjoying himself tremendously. Kari gave him one last, long, deep kiss that lasted at least three minutes, then she followed Allison out to the car. Jeff headed back to the couch and plopped down on it, grinning and not caring who saw it.

Brit tried to tease him, but for once she had no power over him. He simply agreed with everything she said, since it was all true. She gave up after about ten minutes, and headed upstairs to her room.

Lissa came and sat down beside him, putting an arm around his shoulder. "I'm so happy for you, Jeff," she said. "Kari seems like a really nice girl."

"She's wonderful," he said.

"So is she everything you imagined her to be?"

"More."

"Wow! She really must be something then, because you had really put her on a pedestal. It's so good to see you finally get the girl you've been in love with for years. You're such a great guy, you deserve to be happy."

"Thanks, Lissa," he smiled. Then he thought of something else. "But Lissa, what about you? You deserve to be happy too. Isn't there any guy that you'd like to have as your boyfriend?"

"None that I know of," she replied. "I guess my happiness will just have to wait a little longer."

Seeing the look of concern on his face, she said, "Oh, don't worry, Jeff. I'm not planning on becoming a nun or anything. I'm just waiting for the right man to come along, that's all. It will happen when it happens, and in the mean time, I'm not too worried about it."

Jeff smiled. "Okay. Just don't wait too long, because I want you to be happy."

Lissa reached over and hugged him. "Thanks," she whispered with a smile on her face.

"Geez, Jeff!" said Brit, who had just come back into the room. "I guess Kari wasn't enough for you, so now

you have to move on to your own sister."

Lissa grabbed a pillow and threw it at her, laughing. Brit ducked out of the room.

Naturally, the conversation at the dinner table that evening centered around Jeff's new relationship with Kari. Brit of course made a bigger deal out of it than it really was, claiming that she had "caught" them smooching.

Jeff was in too much of a good mood to get mad at her, so he replied, "Oh, that's not the half of it. You should have seen us before you got home."

"Really?" asked Brit with a delighted grin. "What did you do?"

"That's not the type of thing a gentleman mentions in civilized company," he said smugly.

"Oh, that's okay. We're not civilized."

"I know *you* aren't," he teased.

Jeff didn't know what to expect from his dad; after all, this was the first time Jeff had ever been involved in a romantic relationship. And Lissa, though older, had never openly had a boyfriend. Jeff wondered if his father would get angry, or be shocked, or embarrassed. But Greg seemed to find it all quite amusing, especially Brit's reaction to it. That seemed to suggest at least a little approval, so Jeff didn't worry about it any more. For once in his life, things were perfect.

That evening, as he was getting ready for bed, Lissa knocked on his door and came in. She sat down in the chair by his desk. "Jeff," she said. "I wanted to ask you something."

"What?" he smiled.

"I couldn't ask you earlier today with Brit around, because it's kind of personal. It's about Kari."

"What about her?"

Lissa sighed. "Did you two have sex?" she asked.

Jeff blinked in astonishment. It was the last question he expected. Unfortunately, he was never a very good liar, so if he tried to deny it, she would know.

He decided to turn it into a joke instead. "Why, are you jealous?" he grinned.

"A little," she admitted.

"What? Are you serious?"

"I'm just thinking back to those times we fooled around. Remember?"

"Yeah," he nodded. "That was fun."

"But I guess now that you've got a girlfriend, we can't do that any more."

"Lissa, I'm sorry."

"No, it's all right, really. I'm happy for you, Jeff. And I don't want you to worry about me. I'm not interested in having a boyfriend right now, but I think it's great that you have a girlfriend. It's just what you need."

"So you're okay with it? If it bothers you at all..."

"It doesn't."

"Because I couldn't stand to have you mad at me. I..."

"You what?"

"Oh, I guess it won't hurt me to say it. I love you, Lissa. I've loved you my whole life. Kari's absolutely wonderful, but if I had to give her up to keep my big sister from hating me..."

"Don't say that, Jeff," she said, but she couldn't hide the smile on her face. "I don't want you to give her up. I like her too, and I think you should keep her for as long as you can. Okay?"

"Okay," he smiled.

Unfortunately, Jeff and Kari didn't get another chance to be alone together for a few more days. Crystal wanted to come over and swim, so for the next few days they relaxed by the pool after the lessons.

Kari's scores continued to improve, and it was no longer a sure thing for Jeff to beat her on the tests. While he still outscored her the majority of the time, she was never far behind. With Allison's help, both of them were by this time getting A's on most of the daily tests.

His ego was saved by the fact that he was now consistently lifting heavier weights than Kari on all of the machines, including the bench press. It also helped that she seemed to notice the difference in his physique from before, and commented on it often. She liked to feel the muscles in his arms, and he of course enjoyed any kind of physical contact with her.

During this time, Jeff remembered what Allison had told him about how to treat Kari. He looked for little things he could do for her. A lot of it was the traditional chivalrous actions like opening the door for her or complimenting her on her looks. But there were also the little touches, like holding her hand as they sat together, or hugging her whenever he got a chance. He even snuck kisses whenever the others weren't

watching, and sometimes when they were.

Whenever they sat together on the couch, Jeff put his arm around her and she lay her head down on his shoulder. Sometimes he put his fingers to her cheek and gently stroke it, which she seemed to enjoy, judging by the contented smile on her face whenever he did that.

Brit and Crystal, of course, teased them any time they got affectionate, but neither Jeff nor Kari paid them any mind. They were too much in love to let their little sisters bother them.

One day after the math lessons Allison said she was going to take Brit and Lissa to the mall, and Kari said she wanted to stay home and study a little more with Jeff. As soon as the girls climbed into the car and disappeared down the hill, Kari attacked him with her lips.

After a five-minute session that left Jeff gasping for breath, she released him.

"So do you want to go swimming?" asked Kari.

"I was hoping for... you know," Jeff replied.

"Oh, there will be plenty of time for that. I just want to get in the pool for a few minutes."

"I suppose that's all right."

Jeff headed up to his room to put on his swimming trunks, then met Kari downstairs in the hall, and they headed out back to the pool.

As soon as they descended the stairs to the pool deck, she began stripping off her clothes.

"I hope you don't mind," she said. "I forgot to bring my swimsuit."

He stared in shock and delight as she dropped her clothes on a chair and stood there in front of him wearing absolutely nothing.

Kari turned out to be quite the exhibitionist. As soon as she was completely naked, she spread her arms and turned slowly around in a circle to give him a great view of her body.

"What do you think of my swimsuit?" she asked.

"I think I'll wear one to match it," he said, dropping his swimming trunks.

She giggled as she saw his hardening cock. "I'll take care of that later," she said. Then she held out her hand. "Come join me in the pool, Jeff."

He took her hand and the two of them descended the stairs into the water. He had never swum naked before; it felt refreshing and liberating. Having a girl like Kari there with him made it especially nice.

As soon as they were deep enough, she dove forward and swam toward other end of the pool. Jeff followed her, ending up treading water next to her as they smiled at each other.

"This is my first time skinny-dipping," Kari told him. "It feels nice."

On impulse, he reached out and squeezed one of her breasts under the water. "It sure does," he grinned.

"Hey, if you're going to do that, I'm going to do it right back," she said, diving under. He watched her swim toward him, then suddenly she had her hand wrapped around his stiffening member. She stroked it a couple of times, then released it and rose once more to the surface.

"How did you like that?" she asked.

"You can do that any time you want," he replied.

"Good; I was planning on it."

"Well, maybe I'll get you first," he said, then put his hands on her shoulders and shoved her under the water. She reacted by moving in and wrapping her arms around his chest and pulling him down with her.

He found himself in the delightful position of having his body entangled with hers as they struggled and fought playfully. The water even at the deep end of the pool was shallow enough that they could both have their heads above the surface by standing on their toes, so there was no danger. He just loved to feel her body rubbing up against his.

They stayed under only about ten seconds, then released each other and rose back up and emerged from the water. Kari gave him no chance to catch his breath, but immediately wrapped her arms and legs around him. He managed to stay on his feet, and ended up just holding her in his arms.

"I think I like this game even better," he told her.

"Me too. I think we're both winning."

"Well we can't have that now, can we?" he laughed, then let himself fall backward, dunking them both under the water again.

They continued to wrestle, struggle, and try to push each other under for fifteen minutes, their horseplay alternating between innocent and naughty as they kept finding unique ways to rub up against each other. By this time, Jeff was as hard as a rock, despite the chill of the water.

Eventually, Kari got tired of playing in the pool and headed for the ladder. Jeff watched her as she climbed out of the water, displaying her cute little ass for him. He quickly followed, and they headed for the towels.

They couldn't even manage something as simple as drying each other off without ending up in each other's arms hugging and kissing. Somehow they ended up in one of the deck chairs, Jeff relaxing on his back and

Kari lying on top of him with her lips pressed against his and her warm body all over him.

"So are you ready to go upstairs?" Jeff asked.

"My, you're impatient," she giggled. "Not just yet."

"Oh, come on!"

"The pool's a little cold. I want to do something to warm me up."

"I can take care of that," he told her with a smile.

"Tempting," she replied, "but I was thinking more of the hot tub."

"That sounds nice too."

"Come on then."

They retrieved their clothes and towels from the ground then climbed the stairs back up to the back door. Still wearing nothing, they made their way down the stairs to the rec room, where they immediately headed to the alcove with the hot tub. Stopping only long enough to toss their towels and clothes in the corner, they climbed into the tub. It felt very nice after the chill of the pool.

Kari sat down on Jeff's lap, his erect cock pressed against the crack of her ass. He immediately reached around and fondled her breasts, while at the same time leaning forward and kissing her on the neck and shoulder. He remembered how much she had liked that when they had showered together a few days ago, and her reaction this time was similar, tilting her head to the side to give him better access.

He let one of his hands slide down her body toward the center of her sex. She sensed his intentions and spread her legs to accommodate him. His fingers found her slit and he began to rub her there. He found that he liked to stimulate her like that; he enjoyed the thought that he was the one to give her such pleasure, especially knowing that no one else had ever done it to her.

After a few minutes of that, she turned around to face him as she straddled his lap. His hand returned to its previous position between her legs, but this time she reciprocated by reaching down and grasping his cock, slowly pumping it up and down. She grinned as she saw the look of pleasure on his face. He threw his head back and let the feeling overtake him.

Kari leaned in and kissed him on the chest, arousing him even more. He let her tease him all over his chest with her lips, relaxing and enjoying the sensation. As she worked him over like that, she continued to stroke his cock, and he knew that if she kept it up, he couldn't last much longer.

"Oh god, Kari, you'd better stop," he told her.

"I guess that means it's time to go to the bedroom," she grinned, releasing him and standing up. Jeff rose to

his feet, then on impulse picked her up in his arms and helped her over the side of the tub. He then climbed out after her.

They didn't even stop to get dressed, but just dried themselves with the towels, then grabbed their clothes and headed upstairs to the bedroom. Kari immediately jumped onto the bed, lying back and offering herself to Jeff.

Despite his earlier impatience, he wanted to draw this out as long as possible. Even the short trip up the stairs had been sufficient to cool him down enough that he could hold out for a while. Instead of pouncing on her and drilling her right there, he leaned over the bed and kissed her, touching nothing but her lips. She closed her eyes, apparently enjoying it.

He moved down to her chin, then to her neck, knowing how sensitive she was there. Her breathing became heavier as he continued down to her chest, moving in the direction of one of her luscious tits. He worked ever so slowly toward it, advancing only millimeters with each kiss. She began to moan softly in anticipation, and he enjoyed watching her chest rising and falling with each deep breath.

It took him almost a full five minutes to get to her nipple. When he flicked his tongue against it, she squealed in pleasure.

"Jeff!" she cried out. "That feels so good!"

But he wasn't through with her. With one of his hands he reached for the other nipple, tracing around it lightly with his fingernail. This caused her to actually go into spasms as she gasped for breath. She was apparently extremely sensitive there. Taking that as a good sign, he continued to circle the nipple, teasing her with the intensity of it all. She grasped the bed hard, digging her fingers into the sheets with shaking hands.

After a few minutes of that delightful torment, he moved his hand down her body, slowly toward her sweet, beautiful pussy.

"Oh god, not there!" she gasped as he neared it.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"If you touch me there you'll set me off."

"Then I'd better get inside of you, quick," he grinned.

"Oh, yes! Take me, Jeff. Take me now!"

He climbed onto the bed and positioned himself over her. For a few seconds, he just stared down at her gorgeous face as she stared back up at him with an adoring smile. He gently lowered himself down on top of her, positioning his cock at her feminine entrance. She gasped as he pushed into her, first with only shallow strokes, and then bit by bit going deeper with each thrust.

Her legs were thrown wide open to help the penetration, and he took full advantage of it, driving his full length into her moist, hot depths. Her body reacted to his, and soon they fell into a passionate rhythm.

He bathed her face with kisses, planting them all over her cheeks, forehead, and lips. She had her eyes closed and her mouth open wide as she gasped in each breath. Jeff could feel every inch of her body against him, his nerves intensified by the pleasure of the act. He knew it wouldn't be long before they drove each other over the edge, consummating their love.

Suddenly, the door opened and Allison walked in. "Oh, shit!" Jeff exclaimed, quickly climbing off of Kari and throwing the blanket over them both.

"So this is what you call studying?" Allison said. "I might have figured you'd be studying 'chemistry,' but you've gone way beyond that. I'd call this more 'biology.'"

"What... what are you doing home so early?" asked Jeff.

"Tonight's dinner requires some advanced preparation. I left Brit and Lissa at the mall so I could come home and start getting it ready. I came upstairs to check on you, and here I find you having sex."

"Please don't tell my dad, Mrs. Primdale," Kari pleaded, frightened.

"All right, I won't tell him, on one condition."

"What's that?"

"Stop calling me Mrs. Primdale. It makes me feel so old. Call me Allison."

Kari stared at her. "Really? That's it?"

"Well, what do you want me to say? You want me to make you be my slave? You want me to put on a black leather dominatrix outfit, tie you to my bed, and whip you? Okay, I'll admit that might be kind of fun for a while, but it would get boring too quickly."

"Allison!" Jeff exclaimed.

She laughed. "I'm just kidding, Jeff. You really need to learn to lighten up."

"But you're not angry at us?" asked Kari.

"Why should I be angry? Don't most teenagers your age have sex?"

"Yes, but... not in front of their mothers."

"I'm not his mother. I'm his stepmother."

"I don't see..."

"The difference is that I'm twenty-four years old, too young to be thought of as a teenager's mother. You don't see me as a mother figure, do you, Jeff?"

"Er... not at all."

"So that's it then. Oh, and by the way, Jeff, just so you know, the locks on these bedroom doors are easily picked, so don't expect them to hold back someone determined to get in."

"Why did you pick the lock?" asked Jeff.

"Because I wanted to see you two fuck, that's why."

"Allison!" he exclaimed in embarrassment.

"In all seriousness, have you ever done it with someone watching?"

Kari grew red. Jeff felt just as embarrassed. This whole thing had gone horribly, horribly wrong! What was Allison doing? She had tried so hard to get him a girlfriend, and now that he had one, she was going to spoil the whole thing!

"This is only the second time we've done it," Kari explained meekly.

"Don't be embarrassed, you two," Allison said. "Kari, I don't know if Jeff has told you this or not, but I'm not exactly the typical stepmother."

"I don't need to be told that. I can see it myself," she replied.

"Most stepmothers would try to hold back their sons' sexual development. Not me. I'm all for it. I think his interest in you is perfectly healthy. I just want to see the results of my efforts, that's all."

"Your efforts?"

"Just so you don't get any wrong ideas, it was never hands-on training, in case that's what you were thinking. No, I've just pushed him a little in the right direction now and then."

Kari glanced over at Jeff, confused by this whole encounter. "And what about me?" she asked. "Am I your stepmother's doing as well? What did she do, go through the yearbook and pick me out?"

"No!" Jeff exclaimed. Kari had hit too close to home. "I just... I just..."

"Tell her, Jeff," said Allison. "Tell her the truth."

"I've wanted to go out with you for a long time," Jeff explained. "But I was too shy to ask you out."

"Too shy?"

"Yes. I mean, what business does a guy like me have asking out a girl as gorgeous as you?"

Kari's frown of disappointment suddenly vanished, and she found it hard not to smile.

"So Allison offered to tutor you, to give us a chance to meet and get to know each other. That's all, I swear." As he said it, he realized that it really didn't sound so bad after all.

"Well, all I can say is that you're lucky to have such a wonderful stepmother," Kari smiled. "Allison, you've done some fine work on him."

"I just helped him along. He brought all the equipment himself."

Kari giggled at that. Jeff's shame was rapidly disappearing. There was still the awkwardness of being naked with his girlfriend with only a single blanket hiding them from his stepmother, but now that he had time to calm down, it was actually a little amusing.

"So what do you say? Do you mind an audience?" asked Allison.

Jeff groaned. Just when he was starting to feel all right about the situation, she had to do this!

"I think it's a little late now," said Kari. "Your walking in on us... well, let's just say I'm not in the mood any more."

"Sorry about that. Tell you what. Why don't we try again tomorrow?"

Kari and Jeff glanced at each other. In point of fact, he found the thought of having sex in front of Allison quite stimulating. Of course, he didn't know if he would be able to perform with her there, but he was actually eager to give it a try.

"What do you say, Jeff?" Kari asked timidly, as if not sure how he would take the question.

"You wouldn't mind?"

"To tell you the truth, it's... well, it's kind of a turn-on."

"Then it's settled," said Allison with a smile. "Of course, you're going to have to get comfortable with me here first. Why don't you take off that blanket?"

"Right now?" asked Jeff.

"Of course right now."

Kari grinned and dropped the blanket, exposing her body. Surprised, Jeff froze, just staring. His girlfriend

was naked in front of Allison!

"Come on, Jeff. Don't make me sit here the only nude person in this room."

He glanced once at Allison, seeing something on her face that surprised him even more. Eagerness? Lust, even? Though his member had been slowly shrinking after the initial embarrassment, it sprang right back up with the thought that Allison wanted to see him naked.

"Okay, you asked for it," he said, then threw the blanket aside, watching Allison's expression.

He was not disappointed. For one brief instant, her eyes lit up with delight. He could almost imagine her drooling as she saw his outstretched tool.

"Well, I can see one person in the room hasn't lost the mood," she said. Jeff glanced over at Kari, who was sitting there staring at his crotch. He loved the idea of their eyes on his body, especially both girls' at the same time! What he wouldn't give to make it much more physical.

"And Kari, I can see why Jeff likes you so much. You've got a beautiful body."

"Thank you," said Kari with an embarrassed smile.

"Well, maybe you're no longer in the mood, but I think Jeff needs a little care."

"What do you mean?"

"Come on, Kari. When a man's as hard as that, leaving him in that state without getting him off is cruel. If you're not going to let him stick it in your pussy, how about your mouth?"

"My mouth?" Kari asked, her eyes growing wide.

"Allison, I don't think Kari's ever done that before," said Jeff.

"You've never given a blowjob?" asked Allison.

"No. I've heard about it, but I've always thought it was disgusting."

"You should try it some time. Jeff loves blowjobs. The first orgasm he ever had was from one."

"Allison!" Jeff groaned again. The last thing he needed was for her to tell Kari every detail of his short yet sordid sex life.

"That wasn't... from you, was it?" Kari asked her. But from the look on her face, she found the idea fascinating rather than revolting.

"Of course not," Allison smiled. "I told you I never gave him any hands-on training. It was my sister."

Kari obviously didn't know how to react to that. She just stared at Allison in awe.

"So if you're not going to suck him, at least jerk him off," Allison said. "I'm tempted to do it myself, but you're his girlfriend, not me."

Kari continued to stare at her, blinking in surprise. Then slowly she tore her gaze away and turned to look at Jeff. "I suppose I can... just use my hand," she said.

"Oh, god, yes!" he exclaimed. Kari smiled, then wrapped her hand around his cock and began to stroke slowly up and down. Jeff collapsed back on the bed, the pleasure overcoming even the strength to sit up. Kari lay down next to him, her hand still grasping his member. Surprisingly, Allison came over and sat down on his other side, staring at the action between his legs. Jeff couldn't believe it. Allison was watching him get beat off by his girlfriend! She was mere inches from his naked body. If she wanted to, she could reach out without any effort and take Kari's place. Or she could lower her head, open her mouth, and...

That thought pushed him over the edge. He squealed in pleasure and erupted.

What an eruption it was! Half a dozen spurts shot straight up, a couple of feet into the air. Some of them landed on Kari's nude body, but others landed on Allison's face.

"Oh, shit!" said Kari, staring at Allison in shock. But Allison just broke down laughing.

"Okay, I'll admit, I didn't expect *that*!" she chuckled. Then she licked her lips, where some of his cum was dangling.

If possible, Kari's eyes opened even wider. "Did you just...?" she asked.

"He tastes a bit like his father," Allison replied nonchalantly.

"God, Allison!" Kari exclaimed. "I've never met a woman like you before!"

"I hope you mean that in a good way."

"Oh, I do. Your son is so lucky."

"He's not my son, remember?" Allison corrected. "Otherwise, this situation wouldn't be quite so humorous."

Kari laughed. "Good point."

"Okay, it looks like you two need to take a shower. And I need to wash my face. You don't mind if I'm in the bathroom while you're washing up, do you?"

"Not at all," said Jeff and Kari at the same time, then began to laugh.

Chapter 22

Experimenting

The scariest moment in Jeff's life happened the next day. Allen Williams had called the night before and asked Jeff to come over for a man-to-man talk. Under the circumstances, Jeff was pretty sure it had to do with his relationship with Kari. While he knew Allen pretty well by this time, it did nothing to quell his dread of that conversation.

After the math lesson the next day, Allison drove the two of them back over to the Williams house and dropped them off.

Jeff stood there staring at the front door for a second, petrified in fear. Kari opened the door, then turned around and saw Jeff just standing there.

"Come on, Jeff," she smiled. "Dad's not going to murder you or anything. He just wants to talk."

"He doesn't own a shotgun by any chance, does he?" asked Jeff.

Kari laughed. "Nope. Besides, he prefers to use a chainsaw."

"Oh, thanks. That really helps."

Kari grabbed his hand and pulled him into the house. Crystal was sitting on the couch, with a look of fiendish delight in her eyes. "Boy are you in trouble, Jeff," she grinned. "Dad's been sharpening his machete all morning."

"Very funny, Crystal," said Kari. "There's no reason for Dad to be angry at Jeff."

"Well, there wasn't until I mentioned a few things about you two," Crystal shrugged.

"What kinds of things?" asked Kari, her eyes growing wide.

"Nothing important. Just a couple of things I made up off the top of my head."

"Is it too late for me to run away screaming?" asked Jeff.

"Look, don't worry," said Kari. "Dad knows not to believe anything Crystal says. In fact, he's more likely to believe just the opposite."

"Exactly," Crystal grinned. "I told him Jeff's intentions were strictly honorable. Just like you said, he didn't believe me."

Just then, Allen appeared in the hall. Jeff nearly panicked at the sight. Despite the warm smile on the man's face, he seemed about three feet taller than the last time Jeff had seen him, and perhaps four feet wider in the shoulder.

"Good to see you, Jeff," he said, walking over and extending his hand. Jeff took it, expecting at any moment for his hand to be crushed to a pulp. But Allen simply shook it with a firm but painless grip. "If you don't mind, I'd like to talk to you alone for a minute. Kari, I'm taking Jeff up to my den. You stay here and keep Crystal from sneaking up and listening at the door."

"If she gets out of line, can I tie her up?" Kari grinned.

"Whatever it takes," Allen laughed. "Come on, Jeff."

The two of them ascended the stairs and entered a room off the hall with a large desk with a computer and a couple of office chairs. Jeff sat down in one while Allen took the other.

"So you're going out with Kari," Allen commented.

"Yes sir," Jeff replied. "I mean, we haven't actually gone out, like on a date, but... well..."

"I understand. And there's no need to call me 'sir.' That's for when you meet your girlfriend's father for the first time. But we're old friends. Call me Allen."

"Yes sir. I mean, Allen."

"Good. Anyway, whatever you call it, you and Kari are a couple. She's really fond of you."

"And I'm really fond of her."

"Yes, I kind of figured that from the first day."

"You did?"

"I was once your age, Jeff. So I know what it's like, and I can recognize the signs. You've loved her for a long time, haven't you?"

"Well... yes. I guess you could say I've been infatuated with her for years."

Allen laughed. "It's almost like there's some higher force at work."

"What?" asked Jeff, confused.

"As you're probably aware, my daughter is pretty popular at school. She has lots of girl friends, but she hasn't been very active in the dating scene. I was starting to worry about her. But I guess she was just waiting for the right man. And since you admit that you've been infatuated with her for years, it sounds like you've been

waiting as well. It took a sudden coincidence to bring you two together. It's almost like it was planned."

Actually, it *was* planned, but Jeff wasn't about to admit that to Kari's father.

"Anyway, I'm glad she's finally got a boyfriend. And to tell you the truth, I'm glad it's you."

"Really?" asked Jeff.

"Absolutely. I like you, Jeff. I've been teaching at that school for a number of years, so I've seen the kinds of boys who go there. There are quite a few of them that would worry me if Kari ever started going out with them. Heck, half the players on my basketball team fall into that category. But fortunately, you don't. You don't seem to be stuck on yourself, you're not afraid to admit your weaknesses, and most importantly, you make Kari smile. Every day after she comes home from your house, she's always very happy. You're good for her."

"Thanks," said Jeff, a little embarrassed by the compliment.

"Now there's one more thing I need to say, and I'm going to be blunt. I'm well aware of the fact that most people start becoming sexually active about your age. I don't like the thought of it happening to my daughter, but I can't ignore the fact that it's a real possibility."

Jeff's panic, which Allen had succeeded in banishing, suddenly flared back up again. Did he suspect?

"I wish I could discourage my daughter from having sex," Allen continued, "but I have to face the fact that it's going to happen with or without my permission. Teenagers don't like to be pressured by their parents, and if I were to put too much pressure on her, she would resent it and turn rebellious."

"So you want to talk me out of it instead," said Jeff.

"No, I'd probably have even less influence over you than over Kari. So based on the assumption that I can't really do anything about it, I'm going to just have to leave that decision up to her. The only thing I want you to promise me is that you'll do the same. Don't try to pressure her into it. Would you do that for me?"

"Yes sir. I promise," Jeff replied.

"Good. If and when it happens, I don't want to know about it. I suppose I'll always be protective of my daughter, but she's growing up, and there are some things that she's going to have to experience without me there for her. For those things, I'm going to have to leave her in your hands. I know I can trust you."

"Absolutely. I love Kari too much to let anything bad happen to her."

"Then I don't have to worry," Allen smiled. "Thank you, Jeff. I'm glad we had this talk."

"I'm just glad it didn't turn out like in my nightmares last night."

Allen laughed. "We'll leave that one for when you come to me to ask for her hand in marriage. Now get out of here. If I know my daughter, I'm sure she's missing you already."

Jeff stood up, and in much better spirits he shook Allen's hand again then left the room. He headed down the stairs, where he found Kari and Crystal sitting together on the couch.

"What, no bruises?" asked Crystal with a facetiously disappointed tone.

"He didn't want to leave any evidence," Jeff explained.

"Must have used electricity," she shrugged. "I use it on all my victims. There's nothing better for torturing someone without leaving a mark."

"You know, she's really obsessed with torture," Jeff told Kari.

"She picked it up from her big sister. Oops. I wasn't supposed to admit that."

"Okay, now I'm really starting to get worried," he said.

"Don't worry, Jeff. I like you. As long as you don't make me mad, you're safe."

"That just gives me one more reason to keep you happy. That and the fact that when you're happy, I'm happy."

Kari leaned in and gave him a kiss.

"Hey, if you two are going to get obscene, at least find some place private," Crystal grinned.

"Jealous?" asked Kari.

"Yeah, I'm jealous that I don't get to make a fool out of myself in front of other people too."

"Hey, you can make a fool out of yourself if you want. Just not with Jeff."

Jeff stayed at Kari's house for the rest of the day, although they didn't get the chance to do what they really wanted. That was all right; there was still plenty of time for that, especially now that Allison was in on their little secret.

In fact, that worked out nicely the next day. At the beginning of class, Allison said, "Today we're going to have two lessons. First, an introduction to trigonometry. Then, after I drop Brit and Lissa off at the mall, I'll come back and give you a second lesson. You pick the subject."

Jeff and Kari glanced at each other. "You mean..." Kari breathed.

Allison grinned. "That's exactly what I mean."

Kari began to turn red as she grinned. Obviously she was thinking of something very naughty.

"It looks like you have an idea in mind," said Allison.

"Well, yeah. I just..."

"You just don't want to be the one to bring up the subject. All right. Let me come right out and say it. I want to teach you two something about sex. So what is it?"

"Well..." said Kari. "The other day you said... you talked about using my mouth."

"Oral sex!" Allison exclaimed with a grin. "That's a great idea. Is it all right if Kari sucks you off, Jeff?"

"Hell yes!" he replied.

"Watch your language. There's a lady here, and you have to treat her with respect if you want to fuck her."

Both Jeff and Kari laughed. "Now *you* watch *your* language," Jeff told her.

"Hey, I'm not the one who wants to fuck her, so I don't have to treat her with respect," Allison shrugged.

Jeff at least didn't pay much attention to the lesson, as he spent the whole time fantasizing about what would happen afterward. Kari seemed to be daydreaming too, because a couple of times when Allison asked her a question, Kari simply blinked and said, "What?"

Still, Allison insisted on finishing the lesson, or at the very least putting in the time. That was unfortunate, because time seemed to slow down to an imperceptible crawl as Jeff waited for it to be over.

A million years later, Allison put down her notes and announced that they were finished for the day. Jeff and Kari grinned and stood up.

"Why don't you two go wait in Jeff's room while I drive the girls to the mall?" suggested Allison.

"That's fine with me," Kari said, taking Jeff's hand and kissing him. They headed up the stairs to his bedroom, where they lay down on the bed with Kari on top, and spent the whole time kissing while they waited for Allison to return.

It was about half an hour later when she knocked on the door and entered. Jeff and Kari sat up.

"Still have your clothes on I see," Allison commented. "That's good. It means you have self-control, which is important in sex."

"There are limits to self-control," Kari said. "And I'm about to reach that limit."

"Well then, let's not waste any more time. Strip."

The two lovers helped each other out of their clothes, admiring each other's bodies once again. Jeff thought Kari had the most beautiful tits he had ever seen, except perhaps Allison's. Still, he was willing to settle for second best, especially since he loved Kari so much. Allison was still an infatuation, but it couldn't beat the real thing.

He did notice the expression of delight on Allison's face as he dropped his shorts and exposed himself to her. That and the anticipation were enough to make him as hard as a rock.

"Okay Jeff," she said, "your part in this is easy. You just lie there and let Kari do all the work."

Jeff lay down on the bed, thrilled by what was about to happen to him.

"There's really not much to giving a blowjob," Allison said. "Just remember a couple of things. A man is most sensitive on the head, especially right underneath. Tease a man there with your tongue and he'll be completely in your power. But to really do it right, you have to suck it into your mouth as far as you can."

Kari climbed up onto the bed and positioned herself over him. She stared at his engorged member for a second as if unsure how to proceed.

"Here, let me help," Allison said. Then she did something that caught Jeff completely off his guard. She grasped his cock at the base and pointed it upward toward Kari's mouth.

"Oh my god, Allison!" Jeff exclaimed. Only in his fantasies had she ever touched him there. The feeling was incredibly thrilling.

Allison grinned. "You like that, don't you?" she asked.

"I love it!" he exclaimed.

"Well, hurry up, Kari. Unless you want to waste his orgasm on a handjob from his stepmother."

Kari stared at her in shock. Then she turned her attention back to Jeff's cock.

"So is he really going to..." she stammered.

"Have an orgasm?" Allison suggested, and Kari nodded. "That depends on you. You can stop at any time if it makes you feel uncomfortable. But if you really want to make Jeff feel good, you'll let him cum in your mouth, and you'll swallow it."

"Jeff, do you want me to swallow it?" Kari asked him.

"Oh yes!" he exclaimed.

"Okay," she smiled, then began to lower herself.

"The first thing you do," Allison instructed, "is tease the head with your tongue. Just flick your tongue against it a few times."

Kari opened her mouth and gently brushed her tongue against the head. Jeff groaned in pleasure.

"You see what that does to him?" Allison smiled. "Do it again."

Kari repeated the action, and Jeff couldn't help but groan once more. She giggled at the sounds he was making. "So it's that easy to make him feel good?" she asked.

"Have you ever had your nipples licked?" said Allison.

Kari glanced at Jeff and blushed. "Well, yeah," she mumbled.

"This is exactly the same thing. Pretend his cock is a girl's nipple and do what you think would make it feel good."

"Ew!" she said, growing even redder.

Allison laughed. "Okay, maybe that wasn't the best way to say it. I just meant, think of what feels good on your nipples."

Kari leaned down, and this time she ran the tip of her tongue all over the head. Jeff gasped at the sensation, especially when she brushed against that sensitive part on the underside. The stimulation was driving him wild.

"I've brought his dad to orgasm a couple of times just from tonguing it," Allison commented. "You can practice that on your own later. This time, Jeff said he wants to cum in your mouth."

Kari suddenly drew back, staring down at his cock, which was leaking fluid. "That's not..." she said, "that's not his cum, is it? I mean, he didn't have an orgasm already?"

"That's just his pre-cum," Allison told her. "It always does that during sex. It helps to lubricate the girl. And it's very tasty." To Jeff's astonishment, Allison reached in, ran her finger along the tip to scoop up some of the fluid, then stuck her finger in her mouth.

"Mmm," she smiled, and Kari and Jeff gasped. "What?" asked Allison. "It makes for a good appetizer before you get to the main course. Of course, there's not much, so don't waste it."

Experimentally, Kari reached out with her finger and did the same thing. When she put it in her mouth, Jeff nearly climaxed right there at the sight. Her eyes lit up with delight.

"That's not bad at all," she grinned.

"It tastes better right from the source," Allison told her, so Kari lowered her mouth again and began to lick him.

"Oh god that feels good, Kari!" Jeff groaned.

Kari continued to lick all over the head, smiling as she did so. Jeff was in heaven; this was one of the most wonderful feelings he had ever felt, especially coming from the girl he had been infatuated with for years.

"Don't neglect the rest of it," Allison told her. Kari nodded, then began to run her tongue up and down the shaft, pushing Jeff further toward bliss. His body was beginning to respond, his hips tensing up as she continued to stimulate him.

Kari stared up at him as she licked, smiling every time she made eye contact with him. She was really enjoying this! Of course, she couldn't be enjoying it half as much as Jeff was, but just the thought that she liked to do this for him excited him. That meant he could get her to do it again in the future. Just the thought of her doing it over and over and over again to him was driving him wild.

"I don't think he's going to last much longer," Allison said. "You'd better get it in your mouth. Just be careful to watch your teeth; the last thing he needs is to for you to scrape it."

Kari rose up above his cock, which was hard as a rock and pointed straight up by Allison's hand. Jeff knew that the pleasure was about to intensify, and he groaned in anticipation. Kari glanced down once at his dick, then lowered her mouth over it.

"Oh my god!" Jeff exclaimed as she enveloped it.

"Now suck," Allison commanded her. Kari obliged, and suddenly waves of pleasure washed over Jeff. Only once before had he felt such intensity, when Rachael had done this same thing to him. With Kari, though, it was different. Despite her lack of experience, his love for her made it a thousand times better. In his wildest fantasies, never had he imagined that one day she would actually give such pleasure to him.

He was moaning in pleasure now, his hips squirming uncontrollably. He watched as Kari's head lowered, taking him to the back of her throat. He couldn't believe she was actually deep throating him on her very first time! Then she rose back up again, nearly letting his dick slide from her lips, sucking hard as she did so and nearly sending him over the edge. She repeated the motion, each time causing the pleasure to spike just a little higher.

Meanwhile, Allison took her free hand and began to fondle his balls. She cupped them in her hand, rolling them back and forth in her fingers. Jeff shuddered with the new sensation; it was almost too much.

Kari suddenly changed her motion. She pulled back until only the head remained in her mouth, but she continued to suck on it. As she did so, she began to tease it with her tongue.

That did it. The sudden, unexpected stimulation drove him over the edge, and the pleasure began to peak.

"Oh god, Kari!" Jeff cried out. "I'm about to cum!"

"Now it's time to make your decision," Allison told her. "Either stop now or let him cum in your mouth. It's up to you."

Kari returned to bobbing her head up and down on it, but with renewed vigor and increased pace. Jeff felt the room spinning around him as the intense pleasure overwhelmed him. He groaned in ecstasy as he released into Kari's willing mouth.

She tried to swallow it all, but there was too much and some of it began to spill out the corner of her mouth and dribble down her chin. To Jeff's surprise and delight, Allison leaned in and licked it right off of Kari's chin. He groaned one last time from the erotic sight, then collapsed in exhaustion, completely spent.

"So how was it?" Allison asked Kari.

"Not as bad I had expected," she replied.

"So if you thought it would be bad, why did you do it?" Jeff asked.

"Because I want to make you feel good, silly," she replied.

Jeff smiled. "Kari, you're absolutely wonderful. Not only are you the most beautiful girl in the school, you're so sweet to me. I can't imagine what I've done to deserve you, but I must have done something right."

"Yeah, you introduced me to sex," she giggled. "Now I think I'm addicted."

"Well, we make a perfect couple, because I'm addicted too."

Kari scooted up next to him and lay her head down on his chest. Jeff wrapped his arms around her. He always liked to snuggle with her afterward, and it was clear that she liked it too.

Allison released his cock, then bent over and kissed them both on the forehead. "So you two will be all right without me?" she asked.

"We're just going to take a nap," Kari replied.

"Okay, I'll see you later. If you're still asleep when I have to go pick up the girls, I'll come wake you up." She headed for the door.

"Allison," Jeff said, and she turned around.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Thank you."

She smiled, then disappeared out the door. Jeff lay back and closed his eyes, letting sleep overtake him.

With the end of July and only one month left before school began, the trips to the mall came less frequently. Lissa especially wanted to stay home more often and play in the pool, because she had the job in the late afternoon and wouldn't get much chance to swim once school started.

That meant less time for Jeff and Kari to be alone together, but that was all right. When they had first started sleeping together, it had been new and exciting and they had wanted to do it as much as possible. Now that they had less opportunities, they found that the long periods in between meant that the sex maintained that same level of excitement.

Of course, swimming with Kari was enjoyable too, even with others around. The two of them made it a point to accidentally yet frequently rub up against each other in the water. Brit and Crystal never missed an opportunity to tease them about it when they caught them, which surprisingly didn't bother Jeff at all. Although Crystal's presence definitely increased the frequency of Brit's teasing, it also changed its character. Both of the girls were more flirtatious than mean-spirited. Jeff found that he actually enjoyed being teased by Crystal.

Part of that was because she was a very pretty girl, and even in just the few months since he had first met her, she was beginning to develop in all the right places. Her swimsuit, which had fit her perfectly earlier in the summer, was now stretched tight across her bust and hips. He found himself even a little attracted to her, although that was probably due mostly to the fact that she resembled her big sister so much. While he admitted his attraction, he entertained no notions of anything but a friendly relationship with her. She was still a little girl in his eyes, not yet even thirteen. And Kari was more than enough to keep Jeff occupied.

That didn't mean he didn't like it when Crystal pounced on him in the pool and tried to drag him under, or splashed him with water when he wasn't prepared for it. Once she even tried to pull his swimming trunks down, claiming that it was only fair because he had done it to Lissa. Fortunately, he had the drawstring tied tight so it didn't work. He took these actions as good-spirited fun, and with that attitude he enjoyed himself all summer.

On August third, Lissa turned 17. She invited over several of her friends for a birthday party, all girls of course. Jeff didn't think he had ever seen her with a boy who wasn't related to her, at least in the past few years. She seemed to do all right without them, though he was still a little concerned.

As it turned out, the older girls were just as flirtatious as the younger ones. Jeff remembered Brit's 12th birthday party a few months ago, and how all of her friends seemed to fawn over him. Lissa's friends were the same way.

That got him thinking. Before, girls tended to ignore him, but now they seemed to be more interested. These same girls, who wouldn't have given him the time of day a year ago, now actually talked and joked with him.

True, his freckled complexion, which had been his bane in his earlier years, had pretty much cleared up. And the exercising had made a noticeable improvement in his physique. But neither of those could explain the sudden shift in the girls' attitude toward him.

As he thought about it, he came to the surprising and delightful conclusion that the change in attitude had less to do with them than with him. The girls talked with him because he talked with them. They weren't afraid to be friendly because he was a friendly person himself.

He mostly had Kari to thank for that. She had helped him to open up, giving him a much-needed boost of self-confidence. Especially now that she was his girlfriend, he was no longer afraid to talk to girls since there was no risk of them mistaking his attentions and he wasn't worried so much about making a fool out of himself.

He had to credit Rachael too, though. She was the first girl who had shown any kind of attraction toward him, and it was because of her that he first began to realize that he *could* be attractive, even to someone as gorgeous as her. Granted, she was kind of a slut, but just the fact that she had wanted to have sex with him had opened his eyes to a new way of looking at things. He, Jeff Primdale, didn't have to be shy or afraid of girls; he wasn't ugly or repulsive. It was even possible that some of them liked him!

By the time the party ended, Jeff was feeling pretty good about himself. It wasn't conceit, necessarily, just good, honest self-esteem.

A few days later he got his next chance to be alone with Kari. Brit had gone over to Crystal's house, and Lissa's boss had asked her to come in to work a couple of hours early to help reorganize their filing system, offering to pay her overtime. That meant they had all afternoon together until Greg came home from work. After the math lesson, Allison told them to go fuck, so they hurried up the stairs and stripped off their clothes.

Jeff moaned in pleasure as Kari rode him. He lay flat on his back on his bed, Kari bouncing up and down on his cock. She had a similar smile on her face to what Jeff figured he himself must have.

"Oh, God, Kari!" he exclaimed. "You're such a good fuck!"

"Better be quiet," she teased, "or your stepmom might hear you."

"And I even forgot to lock the door," he laughed.

She continued to ride him, driving more and more wild with every motion. He could see that she enjoyed this position, and he enjoyed it too, especially since it gave him a perfect view of her naked teenage body. He reached up and fondled her tits, and she sighed in pleasure.

"Studying biology again?" asked Allison from the doorway.

"Oh, no!" Kari exclaimed in false fear. "Your stepmom just caught us fucking!" All three of them laughed.

Allison stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. She pulled up a chair and sat down next to the bed. "You know, Kari, if Jeff's anything like his father, I know what he would love to see," she commented.

"What's that?" asked Kari.

Allison leaned in and whispered something in her ear, too low for Jeff to hear it.

"You're not serious?" Kari asked, her eyes growing wide.

"Ten bucks says Jeff comes the instant he sees it."

"I don't have ten bucks to bet."

"All right, we'll make it no-lose on your part. If I win, I give you ten bucks. If I lose, you don't owe me a thing."

Kari considered for a moment. "Okay, it's a deal."

Allison glanced at Jeff for a moment. "Watch this," she grinned, then leaned over, stuck out her tongue, and licked Kari's breast.

"Oh shit!" Jeff exclaimed in delight. This was like one of his best fantasies come true!

Allison glanced over at him again. "Still going, huh?" she asked. "Well, Kari, do you want to go for best two out of three?" She didn't wait for an answer, but immediately dropped her head again and began to stroke her nipple with her tongue.

"Oh god, Allison!" Kari exclaimed with a wide grin on her face. "You shouldn't... Oh my god! You shouldn't be... Oh, please!"

Allison's hand went to Kari's other tit and began to fondle it. Kari's movements on top of Jeff grew faster and more violent. Then Allison lowered her head even more, down to Kari's stomach, and kissed her there. But she didn't stop. Her head went even lower, and Jeff, with shock and excitement, realized where she was headed.

"Oh my god!" Kari exclaimed. "What are you doing? Oh wow!"

To Jeff it seemed like it took Allison forever to move down Kari's body. Her hair covered up the view, but he could imagining Allison kissing Kari above the navel, then below the navel, then at her hair line, then...

Then he felt it, a tickling, teasing sensation at the base of his dick, and he realized that Allison was licking them both at the spot where he entered his girlfriend. Allison, beautiful, sexy Allison, actually had her tongue on his cock!

That was enough to put him over the edge. He cried out in ecstasy, and through his own screams he could

hear Kari matching him. Allison had given her an orgasm too!

Kari collapsed in his arms then, resting her head on his chest and staring at Allison, who was licking her lips.

"God, Allison, you're such a pervert!" Kari grinned.

"Maybe so, but you can't deny that you liked that. Was that your first time getting pleasured by a woman?"

"Well, yeah. I'm no lesbian."

"Not entirely, at least," Allison grinned, teasing her.

Chapter 23

Girlfriend For a Day

After that, Allison often joined them when they made love. She continued to leave her clothes on, and she never really got involved. Mostly she just watched.

Occasionally she ran her hands over Jeff's body, or even Kari's. Both drove Jeff into a frenzy. Kari surprisingly didn't mind a bit, even when Allison touched her in places that were hardly innocent.

Jeff was ecstatic to have the two girls that he had been lusting after in bed with him. True, he would have enjoyed it more if Allison took her clothes off as well, but just having her there was like a dream come true.

Kari and Jeff even started dating, if one could call it that. Sometimes they went with Allison and the girls to the mall or other places, during which times Jeff and Kari always found some excuse to run off together. Kari had her cell phone, so Allison simply called them when it was time to head back. It worked out well enough, and both Jeff and Kari agreed that they could consider it an official date.

For her 15th birthday on August 20th, Kari decided to have a private party, with just the Williams and Primdale families. Allison suggested they make it a pool party, and Kari agreed immediately. They all met together at the Primdales' pool for soaking wet fun. Even Allen Williams joined them this time; being a teacher at the high school, he had a summer vacation just like the others. The only one absent was Greg. Kari's birthday was on Tuesday that year, which was just another work day for him.

Jeff didn't get a chance to do what he *really* wanted to do on her birthday, so they had to wait a few more days until they managed to get a little privacy.

The end of summer vacation crept up on them, and before they knew it school started again. That unfortunately meant less opportunity for Kari and Jeff to be alone together. It was all right; they could still see each other at school and on the weekends.

A week before school started the varsity volleyball team held tryouts to replace the seniors who had graduated. Kari made the cut, as did her friends Jenny and Shelly. Jeff was happy for her; she had been excited about the tryouts for the past two weeks.

Her successes were not limited to only athletics, but included academics as well. The first day of classes, the Math teacher passed out a pre-test to gauge the students' competence. The next day he handed them back, graded. Kari got the highest score in the class, followed closely by Jeff.

Of course, word soon got out that the two of them were going together, and it became the talk of the school. Kari had always been a popular girl, and her new achievements served to enhance that popularity. Jeff, of

course, was held up as a god among the geeks and nerds of the school, for managing to get her to go out with him.

His friend Mike asked him about it in the halls one day. "So what's your secret?" he asked. "How the hell did you get a girl like Kari Williams to go out with you?"

Kari, who had been approaching from down the hall and happened to overhear the last bit of the conversation, squeezed past Mike and grabbed Jeff's hand. Mike stared open-mouthed as she flashed him a smile. "You could always try talking to the girl you like," she suggested.

"Uh..." he stammered.

"What are you afraid of?" asked Kari. "That she'll tell you to leave her alone? If she's that shallow, she's not worth having anyway, is she?"

A week later Mike started going out with Holly Stephenson, a gorgeous blonde who had just made the cheerleading squad.

With school taking up most of their time, Jeff and Kari didn't get to see each other as often as they would like, especially since Brit was always home after school and therefore there was no privacy. Fortunately, Allen coached basketball in the evenings so if they could convince Crystal to visit Brit after school, Jeff and Kari managed to have at least a little time alone.

The sex during this time was great. That was mainly due to the fact that they never knew when they would get another chance, so they had to make it memorable each time. It wasn't quite as playful as when Allison was around, but her absence made it more intimate. They would often lie together in each other's arms for hours afterward.

They were at least responsible enough to study together on most of these occasions. Usually they would start out with sex, then they would shower together, then open the books and study. While Jeff would have preferred to do it the other way around so that he had something to look forward to, that wasn't a good idea; if Kari's father came home early, it could end up being an awkward situation. Even though he had given his blessing to their relationship, Jeff didn't relish the thought of Allen walking in on them while they were in bed.

Lissa spent most of her free time these days filling out applications for college. There wasn't any real question about her getting accepted; being the responsible one in the family, she had excellent grades.

Things settled down pretty quickly into a routine with the new school year. September passed quickly, and before they knew it, October had begun. On the 11th, Crystal turned thirteen, and she had a party for all of her friends, including Brit. Jeff came too, but mainly to spend time with Kari. He still didn't like birthday parties for little girls, though admittedly thirteen was a bit too old to be considered little.

On Sunday a week later, Jeff had another chance to spend most of the day with Kari. Allison drove him over

to the Williams house. Kari answered the door, looking a little down.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"It's Crystal," Kari shrugged, standing out of the way so that he could come in and then closing the door behind him. "She's up in her room crying."

"Uh oh. What happened?" asked Jeff.

"Her boyfriend broke up with her."

That surprised him; he hadn't realized Crystal even had a boyfriend. If he remembered correctly, Kari had mentioned that Crystal didn't currently have a boyfriend the first day they met, so she must have started going out after that. Besides, the way she had been flirting with Jeff all summer, he had almost gotten the impression that she had a crush on him.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" he asked.

"I don't know... maybe. I was just talking with her a few minutes ago, and I think her confidence is shattered. She thinks there's something wrong with her."

"There's nothing wrong with her!" Jeff exclaimed.

"I know, but I think she needs to hear that, especially from a boy. Would you go talk to her?"

"Sure," he said. "Are you coming with me?"

"Yes. Let's go see her."

She led him up the stairs to Crystal's room, then knocked on the door.

"Go away," Crystal said from the other side.

Instead, Kari opened the door and led Jeff inside. Crystal lay on her side on her bed, facing away from them and sobbing.

"Crystal," said Kari. "Jeff's here. He's concerned about you."

"I don't want to talk to him," she insisted.

"But *I* want to talk to *you*," said Jeff. "I don't like to see you sad."

"Then go away and you won't have to see me."

"Let me rephrase that. I don't like to *know* that you're sad. I want to cheer you up."

"What can you do? You're just a boy. Boys are mean."

"Some boys are mean," he conceded. "But surely you don't think *I'm* mean."

"Yes you are."

"Why?"

"Because you won't go away when I tell you. You've come in here to make fun of me for crying."

"I'm not going to make fun of you, I promise. I'd be a terrible person if I did that. It's okay to cry. Even *I* cry sometimes. Just tell me what's wrong, and maybe I can do something to help."

Crystal sat up and faced them. Her eyes were red and puffy from her tears, and her hair was disheveled, but she made no move to fix it.

"Okay," she said meekly, staring down at the floor. "But not with Kari here."

"What--" Kari began, then glanced at Jeff, who shrugged. Silently, Kari slipped out of the room and closed the door. Jeff came over and sat by Crystal on the bed.

"So what was it you wanted to tell me that Kari can't hear?"

"I wanted to ask you something, something only a boy can answer."

"Okay."

"What's wrong with me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why don't boys like me?"

"What are you talking about? Who said they don't like you?"

"Well... Chad, he was my boyfriend, he broke up with me the day after we... I mean..."

Jeff was shocked. Was she really saying what he thought she was saying?

"Tell me, Crystal," he said.

"I don't know if I should."

"Are you worried I might be upset? Or angry?"

"No. That's why I wanted to talk to you alone, because Kari and Dad would both get mad at me if they knew.

I'm just embarrassed."

"Crystal, I promise I won't judge you. And I won't tell anyone else, if that's what you're worried about."

"Okay. Yesterday Chad and I slept together."

"Do you mean... you had sex?"

Crystal nodded.

Jeff put his arm around her. "Was it your first time?" he asked. Again, she nodded.

"Then he's not only the biggest creep in the world, he's also the biggest fool in the world."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Anyone who would give up someone as beautiful and wonderful as you has got to be pretty stupid. Whatever the problem is, it's not with you; it's with him."

"You're just saying that to make me feel better."

"I'm saying it because it's true."

"But I think he started going steady with me just because he wanted to... you know. Like I was some kind of conquest or something. And then once we did it, he didn't want to have anything to do with me any more."

That reminded Jeff of something Lissa had told him, about her own first time. Because she wasn't ready for it, she had had a bad experience, and it had bothered her for years. He realized that something like this could really be damaging for a girl, and Crystal was really vulnerable right now. Jeff decided immediately that he didn't like Chad. How could he hurt a girl like Crystal?

"There are boys out there like that," said Jeff, "but not all of them are. There are plenty of nice ones."

"I haven't met one yet."

"What about me? Don't you think I'm nice?"

"Oh, you're okay, I guess. You're good to Kari."

"Exactly. So let's have no nonsense about thinking there's something wrong with you, because there isn't. You just happened to fall in love with the wrong guy. It happens sometimes."

"So do you like me?" she asked.

"Of course I like you. You remind me of my little sister."

"But you hate Brit!"

"No I don't, I love her. We don't always get along, but that's okay."

"Just like you don't get along with me."

"What are you talking about? You think just because you like to tease that I don't like you? Sometimes your teasing is fun."

"You think so?"

"Absolutely. Crystal, not only are you a beautiful girl, you're also fun to be around. So don't worry about Chad. He made the stupidest mistake of his life by breaking up with you. He'll never find a better girl."

Crystal once more broke down into tears, but she threw her arms around Jeff's neck and sobbed into his shoulder. He wrapped his arms tightly around her and held her to him.

There came a knock at the door. "Is everything all right in there?" Kari asked. "I heard Crystal crying again."

"I think she's going to be fine," Jeff replied. "Crystal, is it okay if your big sister comes back in again?"

Crystal nodded.

"Kari, you can come in," he said, and she opened the door and entered the room. She came over and sat down on Crystal's other side.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

Crystal pulled herself away from Jeff, then wiped away her tears. "Better," she replied. "Thank you, Jeff. Even if you didn't mean all those things you said, I'm glad you said them."

"Of course I meant them," he told her.

"Kari, you're lucky you get to have Jeff as your boyfriend," Crystal said.

"That's the truth," Kari smiled.

"I just wish I could meet someone as nice as Jeff. Just once I wish I had a boyfriend who actually cared about me." Then she laughed. "I suppose there's no chance I could steal him away from you?" she asked.

Jeff grinned. It was good to see her in better spirits. "Unfortunately, if I ever broke up with Kari I would be just as stupid as Chad, so you're out of luck there. On the other hand, if *she* ever broke up with *me*, I'd be happy to take you up on that offer."

"Hey!" Kari complained, though jokingly.

"Just kidding," Jeff said.

"Oh, so you *weren't* serious then," Crystal grinned.

"Yes I was," he hurriedly replied, then glanced at Kari. "I mean, no I wasn't... I mean... Anyway, it sure was a nice warm day today, wasn't it?"

Both Kari and Crystal laughed. "Okay, let's stop tormenting Jeff now," Kari suggested.

"But he's so fun to torment," Crystal grinned.

"So does that mean you're feeling better?" he asked her.

"Much better. Thank you. Both of you. I still wish I had a boyfriend like Jeff, but at least it doesn't bother me so much any more."

"You know," said Kari, "I just had an interesting idea."

"Interesting in a good way, or interesting in an 'I should run away screaming' way?" asked Jeff.

"Interesting in a good way, of course. Crystal, you said you wanted to steal Jeff away from me."

"I was only kidding about that!" she said.

"Okay, but what if it wasn't stealing? What if I let you have him?"

"What if I have no idea what you're talking about?" Crystal replied.

"Kari, just what are you saying?" asked Jeff.

"Not what you're thinking. I have no intention of giving you up permanently. Just for a day. Say, next Saturday?"

"I'm still confused," he said.

"Jeff, I want you to take my little sister out."

"You mean... on a date?" asked Crystal.

"Exactly."

"You're serious?"

"Of course."

"But..." Jeff began.

"But what?"

"But *you're* my girlfriend, not her."

"Well, for a day, *she'll* be your girlfriend."

"I don't know..."

"So you don't want to go out with me?" asked Crystal. "What's wrong with me?" At least this time she asked it in a teasing, rather than depressed tone.

"Nothing's wrong with you," Jeff insisted, "except that I'm too old for you."

"No you're not."

"Yes I am. Look, Crystal. Don't take this the wrong way. I really do think you're a beautiful, wonderful girl. But I also told you that you remind me of Brit. And to me, she'll always be a little girl. She's my baby sister, after all. So even though you're a teenager now, I still think of you as a little girl."

"I'm not asking you to marry her, Jeff," said Kari. "Just take her to a movie or something. Come on. Won't you spend one day with her, for her sake?"

"Please, Jeff?" asked Crystal.

Jeff sighed. "Oh, all right," he replied. "I guess if you don't mind, Kari, I can take her out. And who knows? I might even enjoy myself."

"Just don't enjoy yourself too much," Kari smiled.

"Hey, this is your fault," he teased. "And she's going to be my girlfriend for that day after all. I might as well take advantage of the situation."

"Ooh, Jeff's naughty," Crystal joked.

"Not half as naughty as I'm going to be on our date," he grinned.

"I can't wait."

Kari rolled her eyes. "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea," she laughed.

Surprisingly, everyone seemed to be in favor of the date. Brit thought it was a great idea because Crystal had become her best friend and she didn't like to see her depressed. Lissa and Allison both told Jeff how proud they were of him for being willing to do this. Even Allen Williams thanked Jeff for cheering up his daughter,

though to him the whole situation was more amusing than serious. He might not have been so amused if he knew the reason why Chad had broken up with her, but from the very beginning Allen had liked Jeff. Since Kari was okay with the situation, Allen told Jeff he was the perfect boy to help Crystal get over her ex-boyfriend.

By the time the day arrived for the date, Jeff felt no more reservations about it. In fact, he was looking forward to spending time with Crystal. He hadn't had much chance to get to know her before; really the only thing he knew about her was that she was as bad as Brit when it came to teasing, perhaps even more so. While getting those two together hadn't quite turned out "apocalyptic," as Kari had put it, they did seem to be a bad influence on each other. They tended to team up on Jeff, so he avoided them as much as possible when they were together.

Since Kari had suggested he take her out, though, he was starting to see Crystal in a whole new light. Yes, she was still a little girl, but she was a beautiful little girl. She looked a lot like her big sister after all. And now that he thought back on it, the teasing was more flirtatious than malicious. Like he had told her, sometimes it was even fun.

He found himself actually looking forward to the date. Granted, if any of his friends saw him they would tease him mercilessly about "robbing the cradle" or something like that, but he actually wanted to get to know Crystal better. Maybe it was because closeness to Kari implied closeness to her family; the better he got along with them, the better his relationship with *her* would be. He also enjoyed the feeling that came from knowing that he was brightening up someone's day, especially a cute girl like Crystal. There was a third reason as well. Since he had gotten to know Kari, he had started getting over his shyness around girls, and he liked being around them. He actually found himself wanting to have friends of the female variety.

They made arrangements for the date. Since he was too young to drive, on Saturday Allison would drive him over to the Williams house to pick up Crystal. She would drive the two of them to the mall, where she would drop them off for the day. There were plenty of things to do there, certainly enough to fill the day with activities. He would borrow his dad's cell phone, and call her that evening when it was time to come home.

Friday night he called her to confirm the arrangements. Kari answered the phone.

"Hello," he said. "This is Crystal's boyfriend Jeff. Is she there?"

"She's busy right now," Kari replied. "But this is her stunningly gorgeous big sister. Is there something I can help you with?"

"Tempting," he said. "Tell you what. I've got a date with Crystal tomorrow, but I'll take you up on that offer later."

"Is that Jeff?" he heard Crystal's voice say in the background.

"Yes it is," Kari told her. "Your boyfriend wants a word with you."

A few seconds later, Crystal picked up the phone. "Hi, handsome," she said.

"Hi, beautiful. Are you all ready for tomorrow?" he asked.

"Every moment away from you is an excruciating torment."

"I know, but soon we'll be together, my love. So I'll see you at 10:00 in the morning?"

"I'll try to be strong until then. Only the thought that these moments of sadness will soon be over keeps me going."

"Oh god, I think I'm going to be sick," Kari's voice said in the background.

"Tell Kari this was her idea," Jeff said.

"Hey Kari, Jeff says this was your idea," Crystal repeated.

"Well, you don't have to be so enthusiastic."

"I only get Jeff for a day. I have to make the most of it."

"Okay, fine."

"So Jeff," said Crystal. "I'll be dreaming about you tonight."

"In that case, I'll dream about you too."

"Good. See you tomorrow."

"Bye."

Actually, he *didn't* dream about her, but considering that she was probably joking when she said she would dream about *him*, he didn't feel too guilty about it.

When he arrived at her house the next morning, she seemed to have mellowed a bit. He had half expected her to fly into his arms at the first sight of him, but instead she simply met him at the door with a smile. She looked as cute as ever, in a pastel blue blouse and a matching long skirt, sandals, and a pink bow in her hair. The bow was perhaps overdoing it; it made her look five years younger. But he liked the way she looked all the same.

Kari appeared behind her. "Hi, Jeff," she said. "Are you two ready for your big day?"

"I think we're going to have lots of fun," he replied.

"Well if you're going to do this, you might as well do it right," she grinned. She stepped forward, grabbed Jeff by one hand and Crystal by the other, and put their hands together. "There, that's much better," she said, stepping back. Apparently she wasn't as disgusted by this as she had pretended to be last night while the two of them were on the phone.

Jeff and Crystal glanced at each other, then they simultaneously broke out into a nervous laugh.

"Okay, I guess if I'm your girlfriend, it makes sense to be holding your hand," Crystal said.

"It works for me," Jeff shrugged.

Allen appeared in the doorway. When he saw Jeff and Crystal holding hands, he grinned. "Looks like you're taking this seriously," he said.

"Kari insisted," Jeff explained.

"Well, I guess this is the part where I'm supposed to say 'take care of my little girl' and then you say 'I will sir' and I say 'I know you will. I trust you.'"

"And then I say 'oh dad, you're embarrassing me,'" Crystal added with a grin.

"Sorry dear," said Allen. "I just want to know that you're in good hands. Well, you two have fun." He shook Jeff's hand, then waved at Allison who was sitting in the car in the driveway.

Jeff led Crystal out to the car, where he opened the back door for her and they both climbed into the back seat.

"You two make a cute couple," Allison commented.

"When a couple has been together as long as we have, they just naturally seem like they go together," Crystal explained. "Isn't that right, honey?"

"Of course it is, dear," Jeff smiled, playing along.

Allison drove them to the mall, then handed Jeff Greg's cell phone. "Call me when you're ready to be picked up," she said. "Or if there are any emergencies."

"Like if Jeff and I smooch for so long that he passes out from lack of air?" Crystal suggested.

"That's exactly what I was thinking of," Allison replied. "So I'll see you later tonight."

"Thanks, Allison," said Jeff, then took Crystal by the hand and headed for the front entrance.

The first thing they did was head to the theater to catch one of the early showings of a movie that Crystal wanted to see. Jeff wasn't too thrilled by it, since it was a chick flick and therefore on his list of movies to

avoid. But since he was doing this for Crystal's sake, he was willing to make that sacrifice. In truth, Crystal was the type of girl who was very nice to be with, no matter what he was doing.

As they sat together before the movie started, she sensed his dislike. "You don't like this kind of movie?" she asked.

Jeff shrugged. "I'm not big on romances," he explained.

"Unless you're involved," she grinned.

"Of course," he smiled back. "Especially with a girl as beautiful as you."

Crystal blushed. "Well aren't you the smooth talker!" she remarked.

"You bring out the best in me."

"You know, Craig here doesn't like movies like this either," said the girl sitting next to Crystal. She was a little older than Jeff, probably college-aged. Next to her sat a tall boy with glasses. "I know it's a pain for him to sit through it for two hours, but he's willing to do it to be with me. Make sure you let your guy know how much you appreciate it."

"Thanks, I will," Crystal replied, then turned back to Jeff. "Geoffrey dear, I really appreciate you taking me to see this movie."

"Anything for you, my darling."

Crystal laughed. "We aren't usually this lovey-dovey," she explained to the girl. "We're just being especially affectionate today."

"Hey, there's nothing wrong with being affectionate, is there, Craig dearest?" said the girl.

"Of course not, Paula my love," Craig grinned.

"So what's the big occasion today?" Paula asked them.

"Didn't you know?" asked Jeff. "Today is International Get-All-Mushy-In-Public Day."

"Sounds like my new favorite holiday," said Paula. "Craig might object to that; he doesn't like to show his emotions as much as I do. But he certainly makes up for it in private."

"So how long have you two been going out?" asked Crystal.

"A year and a half," Craig replied. "In fact, today's our eighteen-month anniversary."

"What about you?" asked Paula.

"A little less than that," Crystal said. "Jeff refused to date me until I turned thirteen. He said he's opposed to going out with pre-teen girls."

"So is that how old you are?" asked Paula. "Thirteen?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And what about you, Jeff?"

"He's nineteen," Crystal said before Jeff could respond.

That did it. Paula and Craig both stared at them in shock. Jeff was about to tell them she was lying, but then decided it would be more fun to go along with it.

"I like younger girls," he shrugged. "I don't think I've ever dated a girl over fourteen."

"And... you're okay with this?" Paula asked Crystal.

"Why shouldn't I be?" said Crystal. "Jeff is handsome, smart, funny, and great in the sack."

Jeff nearly lost it. It took all of his self-control to keep from bursting out laughing. Crystal was definitely a bold one!

It was almost too bad that they couldn't continue the conversation, but about that time the lights dimmed and the movie started.

She continued to hold his hand as they watched it, and even lay her head against his shoulder. The feel of her against him, the sight of her beautiful face so near, and even the smell of her perfume made it kind of hard to concentrate on the movie, but on the other hand, that really wasn't a big loss. He found that he much preferred to concentrate on *her*.

That was surprising, and perhaps even a little alarming. After all, Jeff was going out with her big sister. Although Crystal was pretending to be his girlfriend for a day, he was doing this as a favor to Kari. He was allowed to enjoy himself, but he wasn't supposed to be thinking of Crystal romantically.

Nevertheless, he found himself glancing over at her repeatedly, taking in the beauty of her face. There was something enticing about her.

He was surprised when the movie ended; he hadn't thought it had been that long. But the lights came on and the audience began exiting the theater.

Needless to say, Paula and Craig hurriedly left without saying anything more to Jeff and Crystal. He had meant to explain the truth to them, but they never gave him a chance. Still, the whole thing had been amusing.

After leaving the theater, Jeff and Crystal headed to her favorite sandwich shop to eat lunch. Kari and he had eaten there several times in the past, and he liked the food. He didn't mention that to Crystal, of course. It wasn't that he had anything to hide; he just didn't want to spoil the illusion by bringing up his real girlfriend.

As they were finishing lunch, Crystal got a sudden, mischievous gleam in her eye. Jeff asked her what she was thinking, and she replied that she wanted to go look at rings.

"Rings?" he asked.

"Yes. I know we're too young to get married, but we can at least start getting ideas for the future."

Jeff laughed, glad that she was enjoying this little charade and surprised that he was enjoying himself just as much.

They headed over to the jewelry store, where the sales lady gave them a suspicious look. Crystal played her role perfectly, pretending to be engaged to Jeff and looking through the collection of diamond rings. They spent nearly twenty minutes there, discussing which ones they liked the best. The sales lady, obviously hoping for a nice commission, was very helpful and courteous despite looking mistrustful of the two of them.

In the end, they thanked her and told her they needed to shop around some more, but would definitely keep the store in mind. As they were leaving, they saw Paula and Craig approaching the same store, but before Jeff could say anything, the other couple pretended not to notice them and instead turned around and walked the other way. Crystal actually did break down laughing at that point.

Across the hall, Jeff spied something that he thought would be amusing. He took Crystal over to the toy store, where there were Halloween spider rings in a jar by the register for a penny each. He bought two of them, then put one of them on his finger and the other on hers, explaining that this was just temporary until he could afford a real ring for her. She grinned and threw her arms around him, saying that it didn't matter whether the ring cost one cent or a million dollars; what mattered was that it was a sign of his love.

She was really getting into the spirit of things, and Jeff was more than happy to oblige her. She was so cute when fooling around like this.

They decided to spend the rest of the afternoon at the Mini Golf and Arcade. It was at the other end of the mall, so they began to head in that direction.

"Well if it isn't Jeff and Kari!" Jeff heard behind him. They turned around and found themselves face to face with Kayla Fallon. The smile on Kayla's face turned to a look of surprise when she saw Crystal.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I thought..."

"People mistake me for my big sister all the time," Crystal explained.

"So... um..." said Kayla. "What are you two doing here? And where's Kari?"

"We were just--" Jeff began, but Crystal interrupted.

"You won't tell her, will you?" she asked Kayla.

Jeff glanced at her, wondering what she meant by that.

"Tell her what?" asked Kayla suspiciously.

"Well... that Jeff and I..." said Crystal.

Suddenly, he realized what she was doing. Crystal always did like a good joke, so he decided to play along.

"Look. Kayla," he said. "I'd really rather prefer it if Kari didn't find out about this, all right?"

If Kayla looked shocked before, she was doubly so now. "Jeff, are you really going out with your girlfriend's sister behind her back?"

Jeff tried to look guilty. "No," he insisted. "Crystal and I are just friends. It's just that Kari can get jealous sometimes."

"Can I talk to you alone for a minute?" Kayla asked him. "Crystal, would you excuse us?"

Crystal shrugged.

Kayla led Jeff down the hall out of hearing range. "Jeff, what's going on here?" she asked. "She's your girlfriend's sister. And she's way too young to be going out with you. She's what, twelve? Thirteen?"

"She just turned thirteen two weeks ago," Jeff replied.

"So why are you doing this?"

"Well, you know, Kari's nice and everything, but she hasn't been very open to... certain activities."

"You mean you and Crystal are...?"

"Well..." said Jeff, trying to look even guiltier than before but inside having a great time.

"Jeff, I thought you were a great guy," Kayla told him, "but frankly, I was wrong."

It looked like he had overdone it, so it was time to tell her the truth. "Okay, this has gone on long enough," he replied. "Maybe Crystal should explain the situation to you."

"Yes, maybe she should."

Jeff waved Crystal over. She approached them with a smile on her face. "So did you tell her all the sordid details of our relationship?" she asked him.

"Kayla's about to crucify me, so maybe we'd better drop the charade," said Jeff.

"Oh, but it's so much fun!" Crystal teased.

"It's all fun and games until someone gets lynched," said Jeff. Considering Kayla's dark skin, it normally wasn't the most politically correct thing to say, but Jeff already knew it was a favorite catchphrase of hers. "Crystal, why don't you explain it to her? The truth."

"Okay, the truth," Crystal said, then addressed Kayla. "But I have to warn you, it's not as much fun as what you're thinking."

"Just tell me."

"The truth is, I was feeling a little depressed the other day. You know, boy problems. So Kari suggested that Jeff take me out on a date to cheer me up. That's all there is to it."

"Really?" asked Kayla, still dubious.

"Really," Jeff insisted. "Look, if you're at all worried about it, why don't you call her?"

"I think I will," said Kayla, then opened her purse and retrieved her cell phone. She dialed Kari's number then put it to her ear.

"Hi, Kari," she said. "It's Kayla. I'm here with Jeff and Crystal. Neither of them will give me a straight answer, so would you tell me, do you or do you not know that they're on a date?"

Through the phone Jeff could hear Kari laughing. Kayla couldn't suppress a smile. "Okay, I guess that answers that question. What's that? Yes, that's exactly what they told me. I mean, after they led me along for a bit making me think they were doing this behind your back. As long as you're fine with it. Okay, thanks. Bye." She closed the phone and put it back in her purse.

"It's a good thing we planted one of our confederates in your house to answer the phone," Jeff told Crystal. "I'm just glad we were able to find someone whose voice sounds so much like Kari's."

"Okay, very funny," Kayla chuckled. "You had me going there for a minute. You guys are naughty."

"I wish," said Crystal with a grin. "Unfortunately, that's where Kari draws the line."

Kayla rolled her eyes. "Anyway, it was good to see you two again. I've got to get going though, but I'll see Kari at school on Monday and I'll ask her face to face."

"Do we know anyone who looks like her?" Crystal asked Jeff. "I mean, with a little plastic surgery..."

"By Monday?" asked Jeff. "Not enough time. Oh well. It was fun while it lasted."

Kayla laughed, then headed down the hall.

Jeff and Crystal walked the other direction toward the Mini Golf and Arcade. He had only been there once, about four years ago. Unfortunately he had had a bad experience because Brit and he had gotten into a nasty argument and their parents had taken them out halfway through their game and vowed never to bring them back until they could learn to get along. In the Primdale household, that was generally synonymous with "never."

With Brit absent though, he figured he could survive. Granted, Crystal liked to tease as much as Brit did, but he actually enjoyed Crystal's teasing.

The arcade included the titular miniature golf course, along with some pool, foosball, and air hockey tables, pinball machines, video games, and a concession stand. All in all, it was a great place for a date.

Jeff paid the admission fee for the two of them at the mini golf course, and they collected two balls and two clubs. Jeff offered to let Crystal go first, but she asked him if he would show her how it was done. He placed his ball on the tee, lined up the shot, gave it a tap, and watched it overshoot the hole and bounce off the far wall and around the corner where it would be a difficult shot to save. Crystal giggled, but Jeff just shrugged and smiled.

"Your turn," he said.

Crystal stepped up to the tee and placed her ball. "Jeff, would you come here and show me how to hold the club?" she asked coyly.

He walked up behind her, wrapped his arms around her, and placed his hands on top of hers. She turned out to be very nice to hold like this, not that he had had any doubts.

"So you just draw your arm back a little," he said, demonstrating the move, "then give it a tap. You don't have to hit it very hard; as you can see from my shot, a little goes a long way. Got it?"

"I think so," she smiled. Jeff stepped back to give her room to swing.

When she knocked it right into the hole on the first shot, Jeff had the sudden feeling that she had asked for his help just so she could snuggle with him.

He managed to bank it not too badly on the second shot, which set it up for an easy putt on the third, putting Crystal only two strokes ahead.

"Jeff, would you show me again?" she asked on the second hole, that cute grin on her face that he was learning to love. Perhaps the first shot had been a fluke. So he took his position behind her, demonstrating the swing once again.

This time the hole was at the top of an incline. She took the shot, putting the ball at the top, about six inches

from the hole. Jeff, on the other hand, didn't quite get the ball to the top, and it rolled right back down, coming to rest a foot from the tee.

Crystal made it in two on this hole, and Jeff made it in three. They advanced to the next hole.

"Jeff, would you show me again?" asked Crystal, this time trying her hardest not to conceal her smirk. By this point it was obvious that she needed no instruction at all.

"You're ahead of me," Jeff replied. "Maybe *you* should show *me*."

"Okay," she grinned, coming up behind him and pressing her chest against his back. Both of them laughed as she took his hands and demonstrated a swing.

This time he bounced it off the windmill blade, while Crystal made it right on through on the first shot.

In the end, Crystal beat him by about twenty points, although half of that came from the dreaded Hole #5, with the hole at the top of a circular incline that Jeff took thirteen shots on while Crystal only took three. In fact, the only hole where Jeff beat her was #7, where he managed to get a hole in one.

"Okay, now my pride has been wounded," he told her at the end. "I want a rematch."

"Oh, don't feel so bad, sweetheart," Crystal told him. "Dad takes Kari and me here all the time so I've had lots of practice."

"Oh, so that's why you needed me to show you how to hold the club," he chuckled.

"Who says I *needed* it? 'Wanted' would be a more appropriate term. Anyway, I'd be happy for a rematch, but now that you know I'll beat your pants off, are you sure you're up for it?"

"That sounds like a challenge," he grinned.

"Okay then."

The two of them headed back to the entrance where Jeff paid for another round for both of them. This time he played more competitively, mostly keeping within one or two strokes of her score. Even at Hole #5 he made it in only four shots, and Crystal made it in three again. It wasn't until the ninth and final hole that he dropped back, losing by four this time.

"Good job," said Crystal. "If you keep this up, you might even beat me some time next year."

"Hey! I made up more than three-quarters of the difference this time."

"Just because you got lucky on Hole #5," she teased.

"I knew we should have gone bowling instead," he mumbled.

"Just so you know, I average 240," she smiled.

Jeff rolled his eyes. "Is everyone in your family better than me at everything?"

"Probably," Crystal told him. "But don't worry, honey. I still love you."

"Thanks," he said. "So do you want to get some refreshments? At least eating isn't competitive."

"Not the way *you* eat, at least," grinned Crystal.

"Okay, never mind then," he laughed.

"No, I was just kidding. Let's go get something to eat."

They handed in their clubs and balls and headed over to the concession stand, where they ordered a couple of root beer floats. They took them over to one of the booths against the wall to eat them.

"You know something, Jeff?" said Crystal as they ate. "I'm completely over Chad. You're absolutely wonderful."

"Me? I'm just an average guy. Nothing special about me."

"Except how good you are with the ladies," she smiled.

"Okay, I can't argue with you there," he grinned.

They finished their refreshments, then decided to play some air hockey for a while. Jeff did much better at this than he had done at golf; it had some definite similarities to ping-pong after all, and he had had plenty of practice on the ping-pong table at home. He managed to beat Crystal three games out of five.

It was growing late, and Jeff's feet were getting tired, so they agreed it was time to go home. They left the arcade and sat down on a bench in the middle of the mall. Jeff called Allison to come pick them up.

As soon as he ended the call and put the cell phone away, Crystal lay her head down on his shoulder.

"Thank you so much, Jeff," she said. "This is one of the best days of my entire life."

"It was fun, wasn't it?"

"I wish it didn't have to end."

"I know, but it's not like we'll never see each other again. You'll still visit Brit, and I'll still visit Kari."

Crystal laughed. "Isn't it considered rude to talk about other girls with your girlfriend?"

"Sorry," he said. "Okay, so let me rephrase that. You'll still visit Brit, and I'll still visit you. Unfortunately, I'll

end up spending more time with your big sister. She can really be annoying, monopolizing my time when I'd really rather spend it with my girlfriend."

"Much better," Crystal grinned. "Anyway, you've been great today. I know you didn't want to do this, but I appreciate that you went out of your way to cheer me up."

"I'll tell you a secret," he said. "I actually enjoyed myself. I'm glad you and Kari talked me into this."

"Well then, I guess there's only one thing left to do."

"What's that?" he asked.

Crystal stood up for just a second, then sat down sideways on his lap. Before he knew what was happening, she put her hands on his shoulders, drew him in, and pressed her lips against his.

His eyes opened wide for a second as he realized what she was doing, but he couldn't think of how he should react, so he did nothing. As she drew out that kiss, his initial shock gave way to pleasure, and he found himself slipping his arms around her back without thinking. He held her to him, and suddenly he realized that he had taken over, and now *he* was kissing *her*!

She obviously sensed it too, because she closed her eyes and relaxed in the warmth of his embrace. For one brief moment, he forgot all about Kari, and Crystal really *was* his girlfriend.

When the kiss ended, she drew back with a contented smile on her face. Jeff realized that he had a similar one on his own.

Then he remembered where they were, and why he was here with her. "Um..." he said.

"Why Jeff, you always know just the perfect thing to say to a girl," she teased.

"Crystal, what just happened?" he asked.

"Well dear, that's what's sometimes referred to as a 'kiss.'"

"But why did you kiss me?"

"Because that's what boyfriends and girlfriends do, of course."

"But we shouldn't..."

"Come on, Jeff. It was the perfect ending to a perfect day. Don't spoil it. I know this was all just pretend, but I wanted to do it once because I may never have another opportunity. Tomorrow you're going to be Kari's boyfriend again, and I'll go back to being a little brat. I knew if I didn't take the chance now, I would regret it."

He smiled. "Okay, I suppose it's all right. You just caught me off guard, that's all."

"It's little surprises like that that keep the romance alive," she laughed, then hopped up off his lap and sat down next to him, taking his hand once again in hers.

Chapter 24

An Early Christmas Present

It was almost a shame that the date had to end. If he didn't already have a girlfriend, he had to admit he would seriously consider getting involved in a more permanent relationship with Crystal, despite the difference in their ages. After all, were their ages really all that important? If they were ten years older, he wouldn't think twice about dating a girl two years younger than him. He mainly thought of her as a little girl because, as he had mentioned, she reminded him of Brit, and he remembered Brit as a child. It really wasn't all that long ago.

When Allison met them a few minutes later, she asked how the date went.

"It was fun," Jeff replied. "Except that Crystal couldn't keep her hands off me. Not that I blame her, of course. I just have that way with girls."

"Actually, it was the other way around," Crystal grinned. "You should have seen the looks people were giving us, when they saw the older guy groping the younger girl. I think some of them were about to call the police on Jeff."

"The only reason they didn't was because it was obvious the younger girl liked it so much," Jeff added.

Crystal shrugged. "I guess I just have a thing for child molesters," she said.

Allison laughed, then led them out to the car.

When Jeff met Kari at school on Monday, she took his hand and kissed him on the cheek. "You know, you really made an impact on Crystal," she said.

"A good impact, or a bad impact?" asked Jeff.

"Well, that depends on your point of view. She won't stop talking about you. You really cheered her up, you know that? She doesn't even mention Chad any more, only you."

"So I guess that's good then."

"Good for her, bad for me. Now I'm worried that she really *will* try to steal you away from me."

"You could always share me between you," he grinned.

"Okay, now I'm *really* worried," she laughed. "Maybe I'd better keep her away from you for a while."

Just then, Kayla approached them from down the hall. "Hi Kari," she grinned. "So I take it everything's still fine between you and Jeff after he took your little sister out."

"He did *what*?" Kari exclaimed with a shocked look on her face. "Jeff? Is this true?"

"We've been secretly going behind your back," he grinned. "I meant to tell you, but..."

Kari laughed, then turned back to Kayla. "We're joking of course," she said. "It was my idea in the first place. Crystal had just had a bad experience with her ex-boyfriend, and I figured the best thing for her would be to spend some time in the company of the sweetest, kindest boy in the world."

"Unfortunately he wasn't available, so she had to settle for me," Jeff said. "I was actually... what was it, ninth?... on the list."

"Don't be so modest," Kari told him. "You were seventh."

Kayla couldn't suppress a chuckle. "From now on, I'm not going to take anything you guys say seriously."

"Good idea," said Jeff. "Even *I* don't believe anything I say."

Now that everything was all straightened out, Kayla was just as friendly as ever. The date with Crystal had turned out to be harmless, or at least, *mostly* harmless. Jeff couldn't help but notice that Crystal's flirting had seemed to increase.

She wasn't as open or obvious about it as she had been on the date; she didn't try to hold his hand or (heaven forbid) kiss him again, for which he was grateful, and she didn't pretend they were lovers. She just seemed to be a lot friendlier toward him.

Brit noticed the difference, and suddenly her teasing, which she had previously reserved only for Jeff, was now redirected at her friend. It still all came back to Jeff however, because usually Crystal took Brit's teasing good-naturedly, sometimes pretending that all of Brit's claims were true.

Jeff found that he didn't mind it a bit. Even Kari, who he thought would be jealous, merely thought Crystal's attentions were cute. He took Kari aside one day and asked her about it, and whether it bothered her.

"As long as Crystal's preoccupied with you," Kari replied, "she's not going to get involved in a relationship with another Chad."

"But aren't you even the least bit jealous?"

"I trust you Jeff," she told him. "So there's no reason for me to be worried."

Her faith in him made him feel good, and he made a promise to himself that he would never betray her. Not that there was any chance of that, even without the promise. He loved her too much to ever go behind her back.

It was strange, in a way, that Jeff found himself surrounded by girls who liked him. Granted, only Kari and possibly Crystal had any kind of romantic feelings for him, but until the last year or so, he had never been very comfortable around women. Now he had Kari and Crystal, Lissa and Brit, and even Allison as good friends. Okay, so he still didn't get along with Brit, but he was learning to tolerate her a lot more than he used to.

Just like she had told him, Lissa seemed genuinely happy that he had found a girlfriend. Those few times that they had fooled around were in the past, a part of their lives that they had left behind. She no longer seemed interested in doing anything like that again, which was just as well.

That didn't mean she didn't love him any more, of course. She still liked to spend time with him, just talking. That was the one thing different about his relationship with her; she was the only one who would actually go out of her way just to talk with him. Allison, of course, had no problem holding a conversation with Jeff, but she didn't seem to *need* to talk to him like Lissa did.

Whenever he wasn't visiting Kari, Jeff always made sure he was there for his big sister when she came home from work in the evenings. Sometimes they sat on the couch and threw a blanket over themselves as they watched TV. Sometimes she laid her head on his shoulder, or even on his lap. On nights when she seemed particularly tired, he gave her a back rub, helping to ease out the tension from the day. Greg and Allison seemed to like seeing when he would do things like that for her. Allison even commented on how mature he was acting and how much she appreciated what he did for Lissa. Of course, that often turned into a lecture about how he should be treating Brit with the same respect and affection, to which Brit usually replied that if he ever tried to rub her back she would kick his teeth in. Needless to say, he kept his hands off his little sister.

As the weeks passed and the weather grew colder, those occasions with Lissa curled up next to Jeff under a blanket came more frequently. He enjoyed those moments; it was nice and warm, and she was very soft. Even though he had a girlfriend now, he still enjoyed it when Lissa was affectionate like that.

In November she got some good news: the college that she had been hoping for had accepted her application, and she even got a scholarship. The family celebrated by going out to eat at Lissa's favorite restaurant.

November passed surprisingly quickly, perhaps due to the fact that Jeff was enjoying himself so much with Kari. With the change in the weather both families spent more time at home, which meant less time for Jeff to be alone with her. Usually they found time for sex about once a week, and they made the most of it. This was usually when Brit went over to Crystal's house after school while Kari came over to Jeff's. With Lissa and Greg not arriving home until later, and Allison respecting their privacy or participating in their lovemaking, it made for some perfect opportunities.

One Saturday in December, Kari invited Jeff over to her house. Her father was out of town that weekend,

leaving only the two Williams girls and Jeff. By this time, Crystal was well aware that Jeff and her big sister were lovers, and she was surprisingly accommodating. At first the three of them sat together on the bed in Kari's room room talking, but when Kari asked if she wouldn't mind leaving the two of them alone, Crystal agreed, leaving the room.

Kari wasted no time, but immediately threw her arms around Jeff and began to kiss him passionately. He kissed her back, enjoying it and at the same time a little impatient to get on with the sex. He slid his hand down to the base of her shirt to pull it out from her pants.

"Wait Jeff," Kari said, drawing back. "Not yet."

"I'm sorry," he replied. "Do you want to take it more slowly?"

"That's not it," she grinned. "I have a surprise for you first."

"What kind of a surprise?" he asked.

"Well, it's a Christmas present, of sorts."

"Christmas isn't for a couple more weeks."

"So it's a little early. Once you see it, you'll be glad I gave it to you sooner rather than later."

Jeff chuckled. "Okay, now you've got me curious. Okay, where is it?"

"Close your eyes," said Kari with a grin.

"Oh, it's one of those presents," said Jeff. He obediently shut his eyes.

"No peeking," she told him. "It will spoil the surprise if you see it before it's ready."

"I'm not going to peek."

"Okay. Crystal, you can bring Jeff's present in now."

He could hear the door to the bedroom opening, and Kari's sister walking in.

"You naughty girls," Jeff laughed. "You've had her listening at the door this whole time."

"Exactly," Kari replied. "Okay. You can open your eyes now," she said. He did so.

He gasped. Crystal stood there, dressed only in a Santa Claus hat and a piece of red ribbon, strategically wound around her to cover her nipples and thigh. She had a bow over the top of each nipple.

"Merry Christmas, Jeff," said Crystal in the most seductive voice she could.

"So what do you think of your present?" asked Kari.

Jeff continued staring for a minute, still too shocked to respond. What did this mean? Was Kari really offering her little sister to him? And if so, should he accept? He loved Kari and had never even considered fooling around behind her back. On the other hand, Crystal was such a gorgeous girl, if a little young. He had to admit he had felt a little attracted to her, but had told himself he wouldn't act on it. But now, suddenly, he had the perfect opportunity, and even Kari was in favor it!

"Well?" Kari asked him.

"Um... I don't know what to say."

"Don't you like your present?" Crystal asked him in a teasing voice. "Kari and I worked so hard on it."

Jeff found himself so shocked that he could hardly talk. "I don't..." he stammered. "I mean... Kari, you actually... not that I... I mean Crystal's damn gorgeous, but... well..." He glanced at Kari. "You're all right with this?" he asked.

"Of course I am. I wanted to give you the best Christmas present I could, and in truth, I'm kind of curious to know what it's like to watch. Crystal confessed to me last week that she's had a crush on you at least since you went out with her, and probably even before that," Kari explained. "So the two of us cooked up this little idea. Now stop worrying about it, and just have fun with your new present."

"Seriously?" he asked.

"Seriously," Kari smiled.

Jeff was still conflicted. He really did think Crystal was beautiful, and he couldn't deny a little attraction to her, but he had managed to put it aside because he wanted to remain faithful to Kari. But now Kari was actually encouraging his infidelity!

As long as she was fine with it, he decided, he might as well take advantage of this opportunity.

"I think half the fun is going to be unwrapping it," Jeff grinned. "Of course, I can't wait to play with it, too." He grasped the ribbon between Crystal's breasts and pulled it down. The entire thing came loose and fluttered to the ground, revealing her beautiful 13-year-old body.

He had noticed her figure a couple of months ago on their date; she was just beginning to develop, and he could tell she was going to have a beautiful body one day. Now that he saw it without clothes to obscure his view, he realized that it was already beautiful in its own youthful way.

Her breasts were just starting to form; they were little more than swellings on her chest. She had the cutest little nipples, almost perfect circles no bigger than a penny. Her hips could stand to be a little more curvaceous, but he could tell that they were already starting to develop in that direction. She had only the

lightest trace of fuzz on her pussy; it hadn't had time to grow in yet. That meant it didn't conceal anything either. He had a wonderful view of the treasure between her legs.

"Oh my god Crystal," he gasped. "You've got a great body."

"Thanks," she replied, blushing. "You can touch it if you want."

"I want," he grinned, then reached out and put his hand on one of her breasts. She giggled at the contact. Her skin felt so soft and smooth. He couldn't wait to feel the rest of her.

"So how far are you two willing to let me take this?" asked Jeff.

"Sex?" Crystal asked Kari.

"Sex," Kari nodded in agreement.

"Okay!" Jeff exclaimed with a grin on his face. He wrapped his hands around Crystal's waist and pulled her in to him and kissed her slowly and deeply on the lips. He held it like that for the longest time, well aware of Kari's eyes on the two of them. When he finally drew back and glanced in her direction, Kari wore a grin on her face.

"Oh my god, that was so erotic!" she breathed.

Jeff returned his attention to Crystal, who had her eyes closed and a smile of contentment on her face, obviously still lost in that kiss. Jeff drew her in and hugged her. "Do you want to undress me?" he whispered in her ear, and she nodded.

Jeff released her, letting her take a step back. She grasped his shirt at the base and pulled it up over his head. He put his hands on his hips and grinned as she knelt down before him and reached for his belt. As soon as it was loosened, she unzipped his pants, exposing his boxer shorts.

"I knew it!" she laughed.

"What?" asked Jeff.

"Kari and I had a discussion before you started sleeping with her about whether you wore boxers or briefs."

"Do you talk about every boy's underwear like that?" he asked.

"Only the cute ones. Of course, Kari's known for months now, but she refused to admit I was right."

"So stop talking about it and take them off already," Kari told her.

Crystal grasped them at the waistband and with one motion dropped both his pants and his shorts to his feet. Her face lit up with delight when she saw his cock, which by now was hard enough to point straight out.

"Wow," she grinned. "That's so beautiful!"

"I got to touch you, so it's only fair that you get to touch me," Jeff told her, and Crystal immediately took him up on that offer. She slipped one of her hands around it, but it was too small to reach all the way around. So she took it in her other hand as well. Jeff stood still as she stroked it up and down with both hands.

"This is fun," she giggled.

"It's even more fun for me," Jeff told her.

"I'll bet," she replied, increasing her pace.

"Whoa, slow down there," he said. "You keep it up like that, and it's liable to blow up in your face."

"That would be funny," laughed Kari. "But I think Crystal would prefer to have it blow up somewhere else."

"Yes I would," she replied, letting it go. She stood up and crawled onto the bed.

Jeff followed her, wrapping an arm around her waist from behind and pulling her to him, causing her to giggle in delight. He half sat, half reclined on the bed with his head against the wall and Crystal on his lap. She squirmed around until she could press her body up against his, then wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him again.

"You guys don't mind if I take my clothes off too, do you?" asked Kari.

"Are you going to play with yourself while you watch us?" Crystal laughed.

"Actually, I was hoping to play with Jeff's present," she teased.

"Ew!" Crystal exclaimed, but with a grin on her face.

Kari began to strip off her clothes, and Jeff found it hard to resist watching her. Crystal, on the other hand, had other plans. She put her hand to the side of his face and turned it away from Kari and toward herself so that he was forced to give her his undivided attention. She drew in for another kiss, and Jeff was more than happy to oblige her. The warmth of her body, the feel of her tits against his chest and her little behind pressing down on his cock, and the pleasure of her tasty lips were arousing him like crazy. He was actually about to have sex with his girlfriend's little sister!

There was something about girls that age that he found so appealing. Maybe he was just a dirty old man at heart, but he felt that there was a certain kind of beauty in pubescent girls. Perhaps it was the fact that they were beginning to develop into sexually mature women while at the same time retained their girlish charm from their childhood. Whatever it was, he was excited by the thought of seducing Crystal.

She seemed to be just as excited, as her heavy breathing and flushed skin attested. Her kisses came rapidly, all over his face and neck. Jeff attacked her with equal ferociousness as they drove each other into a frenzy.

Her lips weren't the only part of her that he wanted to taste. He gently pushed her body away from him, then leaned in and wrapped his mouth around one of her nipples. She squealed with delight from the sudden sensation, thrusting out her chest to give him better access. He teased her with his tongue and even his teeth. While her boobs weren't as big as Kari's, they had their own charm.

"You taste delicious," he told her, and she giggled.

"Maybe I'll have to eat you one of these days in return," she told him.

"I'm looking forward to it," he replied, then moved to her other breast to stimulate it in the same way.

Across the room, he noticed Kari sitting in a chair, her legs spread and her hand rubbing herself between them. Apparently she was enjoying the show. He would make sure not to disappoint her.

He lowered one of his hands down between their bodies, sliding it against Crystal's almost hairless pussy. She gasped at the contact, and he started to rub her there. She was already wet, but he knew from his experiences with Kari that Crystal needed to be loosened up a little before he entered her, so he let his fingers tease her.

Her body responded to the touch, her hips beginning to rock forward against his hand as if trying to draw him into her. He spread her outer lips, then brought his other hand down to penetrate into her depths with one of his fingers. That caused her to groan in pleasure, so he began to slide it in and out. As he did so he continued his attentions on her tits, his lips moving back and forth between them every so often to make sure neither felt left out.

"Jeff," she whispered finally. "I'm ready. I want you inside me."

"And that's just where I want to be," he replied. She rose up a little and moved slightly down his body so that he could position his cock correctly. He pressed it against her opening, then let her lower herself slowly onto him.

Jeff found that he especially enjoyed the moment of penetration, those first few seconds when he entered the girl. It was such a wonderful feeling to take his cock, which had been aching for the act, and finally place it where it was meant to go. He loved the feeling as he penetrated into her hole, his cock suddenly surrounded by her softness and warmth.

He took a few gentle thrusts to push it deep inside her, causing Crystal to moan out loud. She pressed her full weight down on him until he was buried as far inside of her as he could go.

"Oh Jeff, that feels so wonderful!" she exclaimed.

"Yes it does," he agreed.

With Crystal on top, he let her take over. She rocked her hips up and down on him, and he fell in to her

rhythm with his own thrusts. With her sliding up and down on him like that, he knew it wouldn't be long before he reached his climax. From the sounds she was making, he could tell it was the same for her.

Kari couldn't believe how aroused she was getting watching her little sister screw her boyfriend. As she stared at their two bodies moving together in rhythm, she realized that she enjoyed seeing Jeff with another girl almost as much as she enjoyed having him herself. It was Allison's doing, naturally. She was just so open about sex, and all the social norms and taboos about it seemed to be nothing more to her than silly customs. Kari felt envious, maybe even a little jealous, about a woman with so much confidence and freedom.

It had seemed perfectly natural, a few weeks ago, for their conversations to turn to Allison's sex life with Jeff's dad, and some of the more interesting things they did. Hearing about their sexual escapades, sometimes involving other women, had aroused Kari more than she cared to admit. It was the tales of Allison and Greg and Allison's sister Rachael that really did it. Kari still had a suspicion that those stories were all just some fantasy. After all, Jeff's dad Greg seemed very prudish. But then, he had married someone like Allison, so deep down inside there must be something of a wild man inside of him. Maybe the sexy stories were true, and Greg's prudish attitude was the real fantasy.

That was when Kari got the idea of having Jeff have sex with another girl while she watched. Allison said it was one of the most liberating experiences, and Kari had wanted to feel that same liberation. The only problem was who the other girl should be.

That problem actually solved itself. The next time Jeff had come over to visit, she noticed just how flirtatious Crystal acted around him. Originally Kari had thought that it was just childish fun, the way kids always acted. But then as she thought about it, she realized that Crystal was a teenager now, not a kid. Kari remembered the way she had been at that age, with her hormones going crazy without much experience to rein them in. She had been attracted to just about every boy in school, and probably half the teachers. If Crystal were anything like that, then her attentions to Jeff were anything but innocent. Especially after Jeff's and Crystal's date, she seemed to really like him.

Kari's only hesitation was the thought of how much damage she might cause to Crystal. Her sister was so young after all. To be starting in on sex at that age could cause a lot of problems later on down the line. Still, if she was going to become sexually active, having someone like Jeff introduce her to that world was probably the best thing that could happen to her.

In the end, that turned out to be a moot point. When Kari approached her and asked her if she liked Jeff, the conversation had turned to sex and Crystal had mentioned that she wasn't a virgin. As young as she was, she had lost her virginity to Chad right before he broke up with her. When the details came out, Kari was furious with Chad, but at the same time, relieved that Jeff had been there to take care of her. Now Kari was even more happy that she had suggested that Jeff take Crystal out. It had obviously undone any damage that Chad had done to her, because she was always in bright spirits, especially around Jeff.

When she approached Crystal about the possibility of her actually having sex with him, Crystal was shocked at first that Kari would be willing to share him like that, but also very enthusiastic about the idea.

And now Kari realized she was glad she had made that decision. She had decided to do this just once to see if it really was as liberating as Allison claimed, or if she would find herself jealous at the sight of her boyfriend with another girl. But there was no jealousy at all, just an erotic, almost electrical feeling running through her body as she watched them.

She felt something strange as she watched Crystal's body bouncing up and down on Jeff's hips. It wasn't just Jeff that was exciting her, but Crystal as well! Of course, her little sister had always been beautiful, but now seeing her naked, with her tits jiggling and her breaths coming in gasps as pleasure wracked her, Kari felt chills running down her spine.

Her hands continued to rub at her sex as she watched her little sister, fascinated by the girl's sexy young body. She suddenly wished it was Crystal's hand, and not her own, stimulating her like this. Even the thought of Jeff doing it didn't excite her as much as Crystal, a shocking realization that nearly made her gasp.

Perhaps that was also Allison's doing. That time when she had felt the woman's mouth on her body had awakened something inside her. There was a certain dirty and yet extremely erotic feeling at the thought of such forbidden pleasure. Although it had all been for Jeff's benefit, she couldn't deny that she had enjoyed it, especially when Allison went lower.

Kari had enjoyed giving oral sex to Jeff so much that she hadn't thought about what it would feel like on her, but when Allison's tongue had brushed against her clit, she had felt something powerful and wonderful. At the time she had just thought it was the physical stimulation, but now as she thought back on it, part of it was due to the fact that a woman had done it to her. What she had thought would be disgusting had turned out to be thrilling.

She wanted to feel that forbidden pleasure again. She wanted to go beyond that, to explore it fully with another girl. Kari had let Crystal borrow Jeff; maybe Jeff would let Kari borrow Crystal.

She found herself on her feet moving toward the bed. Her body was acting on its own now; she had no control over it. Those feelings inside her, those base instincts, had taken over and were forcing her to act on them. She climbed onto the bed next to her sister, who had her eyes closed and her head thrown back. Jeff saw her, but he was too lost in the pleasure to do anything about it.

Kari reached out and put her hand to Crystal's cheek, drawing her head gently to the side. Crystal opened her eyes and saw her big sister moving in, an instant before their lips met.

Crystal gasped, but didn't try to resist. In fact, after about ten seconds, she even reached out and put her arm around Kari's waist.

Kari broke the kiss then, but only so that she could lower her head and kiss her little sister on her neck, causing both Crystal and Jeff to groan. Kari continued to move lower down Crystal's chest, then off to the side toward the nearest breast.

"Oh my god!" Crystal whispered, as Kari stuck out her tongue and ran it across Crystal's skin, starting just

below her collar bone and then ever so slowly toward the hardened nipple.

She traced around the edge of the darkened areola, one, two, three times. What she had thought would feel horrible and disgusting instead only aroused her. Her tongue then finally reached the end of its journey, teasing her little sister's nipple.

"Unnnggghh!" Crystal groaned as Kari slipped her lips around it and sucked. She loved how it felt in her mouth, how it tasted. And she especially loved the tremors that were racking Crystal's body at the sensation.

Jeff watched with excitement and astonishment as his girlfriend stimulated her little sister with her mouth. Only once before had he seen two women do something like that, and it drove him crazy with lust. He pounded into Crystal's sweet pussy with renewed vigor.

Now Kari took Crystal's nipple in her teeth, biting her firmly yet gently. She drew her head back, pulling Crystal's breast taut. Crystal cried out in pleasure and pain from the stretching sensation. Then Kari released it, and Crystal shuddered.

But Kari wasn't through. She brought her head in again, but this time she moved down to her sister's stomach, kissing and licking it. Unfortunately Jeff didn't have a good view with Kari's head in the way, but he sensed where this was leading, and the anticipation was even better than the sight. Kari's hair brushed against his own stomach, one more bit of stimulation to add to his already heightened pleasure.

He loved the raw, unbridled look of ecstasy on Crystal's face from the dual stimulation. She was lost in the pleasure, a pleasure normally reserved for girls much older than her. The thought of this little girl, hardly more than a child, naked and vulnerable before that pleasure, pushed him near the edge. He knew he wouldn't last much longer.

But there was one more thing he wanted to feel before he let go. He had to hold out just a little longer, as Kari made her way down, lower, to that special spot.

Suddenly, there it was, such a tiny sensation compared to the waves of pleasure that wracked his body but overwhelming in their implications. Her tongue against his cock, running from the base to the point right where he entered Crystal, and then beyond.

"Oh god!" Crystal cried out. "Not your teeth! Not there! I.... I...." Jeff suddenly realized what Kari was doing; she was nibbling on her little sister's clit!

That thought finished him, and he surrendered to the spiking pleasure. Through the haze of ecstasy her heard Crystal screaming as her own peak hit, and felt her body tense up and tremble. His cock jerked inside of her as it released its load deep into her body.

It lasted maybe fifteen or twenty seconds, but in that moment time seemed to stand still as the pleasure blocked out all awareness of the outside world. Only Crystal and Jeff existed, wrapped in an envelope of ecstasy.

Finally though, the pleasure began to ebb and he collapsed, tired and exhausted, back onto the bed. Crystal let herself fall onto him, letting her body press up against his. She lay her head against his chest, and he wrapped his arms around her back, knowing how much Kari enjoyed cuddling with him after sex and wanting to treat Crystal with the same affection. Besides, he liked it every bit as much as Kari did.

"I think I'll leave you two alone for a while," Kari said, climbing off the bed and picking up her clothes. "If you need me, I'll be downstairs."

Jeff watched her quietly slip out the door. Then he glanced down once more at Crystal, resting peacefully on his chest with a smile on her face.

"You know something?" she said. "You're much better at that than Chad."

Jeff laughed. "I've had lots of practice with your big sister. But Crystal, you're okay with this? I mean, I'm still Kari's boyfriend, so I'm not sure I can give you the attention you deserve."

"It's all right, Jeff," she insisted. "I understand, and I don't expect much from you. Although, I'm going to ask Kari if it's okay for me to have you all to myself sometimes. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

Jeff had to think about that for a minute. For years he had been infatuated with Kari, and now that he had her he was the happiest man in the world. Now suddenly, here was Crystal, a beautiful, sweet little girl who happened to be every bit as sexy as her big sister.

"I suppose if Kari agrees, then it's all right with me," he told her. "But you have to understand something. As much as I like you, and as much as I enjoyed making love to you, Kari's still my girlfriend, and I won't do anything like this without her permission. If I did, I would be no better than Chad."

"I told you, you're a *lot* better than Chad," Crystal giggled.

"I didn't mean it like that."

"I know," she smiled. "And I understand. If Kari doesn't want us doing this again, I suppose I can live with that. I would like to have you for myself sometimes, but I like it when Kari joins in too."

Jeff laughed. "Me too."

Chapter 25

A Special Gift

That night, as Kari was getting ready for bed, she heard a knock on the door. As she was already stripped down to her underwear, she hurriedly threw on her bathrobe, then opened the door. It was Crystal, wearing a large nightshirt like she usually wore to bed.

"Hi," Kari smiled. "Come on in."

Crystal entered the room and sat down on Kari's bed. Kari closed the door and took a seat beside her.

"Kari," said Crystal, "I want to talk to you about what happened today."

"With Jeff?"

Crystal nodded.

"It's all right," Kari told her. "I'm not jealous at all. In fact, I thought it was so erotic to watch you two."

"Oh, I wasn't worried about that," Crystal replied. "It was your idea, after all."

Kari laughed. "Yes it was. So what did you want to talk about?"

"A couple of things. You know I like Jeff a lot. Ever since that day he went out with me... well, I guess you could say I'm in love with him."

"I know," Kari nodded. "And that doesn't bother me either. After all, there's not much you could do with him behind my back that you haven't done right in front of me."

"So would you mind if... I mean, he's still your boyfriend... but could I... sometimes... be alone with Jeff?"

"For sex?" Kari asked, and Crystal nodded.

Kari smiled. "I think that would be all right," she replied. "It's surprising, but I'm not jealous at all. I love Jeff, but I love you too. You're my little sister."

"Thanks," said Crystal, hugging her. Kari wrapped her arms around Crystal's back. She remembered how much her sister had been hurt by her ex-boyfriend Chad, and how Jeff had come to her rescue. Perhaps Kari was a romantic, but it just seemed natural that that relationship should be allowed to flourish. As long as Jeff remained Kari's boyfriend, she didn't mind at all if Crystal borrowed him now and then. And in truth, she had found the threesome quite exciting. It was more than a little naughty, but that was what made it so fun.

Crystal drew her head back, but continued to hug her big sister. She gazed up into Kari's face. "There was another thing too," she said.

"What is it?"

"Well... when we were there together, you... um..."

Now Kari understood what was bothering her, and she felt a little guilty. On an impulse, she had done something that she probably shouldn't have, and now Crystal was confused.

"Are you talking about when I... licked you?" Kari asked.

Crystal nodded.

"I'm sorry, Crystal. I shouldn't have done that. I don't know what came over me. If I had known how much it would bother you--"

"But it *didn't* bother me," Crystal interrupted. "That's just it. It felt... well, it felt good."

"Really?" asked Kari.

"Really. I just wanted to know why you did that. I've heard of girls who like other girls, but... Kari, does that mean you're that way?"

Kari found herself growing red. The question was awkward, doubly so because she didn't know the answer.

"I'm sorry," Crystal said. "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"It's all right. After what happened today, you have a good reason to ask that question. I'm just not sure if I can answer it."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know. If I said yes, would it bother you?"

"Not really," Crystal shrugged. "It's not like it's something completely new to me. I've suspected there are a couple of girls at my school like that."

"Well, I've experimented a little," Kari told her. "No more than what I did to you."

"And you didn't think it was gross?"

"Not at all," smiled Kari. "I was surprised that it didn't creep me out at all. Did you know that a lot of boys like it when girls do that kind of thing together?"

Crystal giggled, but she nodded. "I heard that. I wasn't sure if it was true or not."

"It is. And Jeff's one of the boys who like it. That's why I did it, to please Jeff."

"Oh," Crystal said. "So you don't... I mean, you don't feel... a certain way toward me."

Kari blushed again as she realized that Crystal might have been thinking that all day.

"I love you, but only as a sister," she answered.

"I love you too, Kari. I just didn't know if maybe you... Never mind."

"Look, maybe we shouldn't talk any more about it. I just made a stupid mistake."

"It wasn't a mistake," Crystal insisted.

"What do you mean?" asked Kari, shocked.

"You did it for Jeff, right?"

"Right."

"So it's all right. I like to make Jeff happy too. If you want to keep doing that to me when he's around, it's okay."

"What?" Kari asked, shocked.

"Really. I told you it felt good. I've never done anything like that with another girl before, but now that it's happened, I... I really don't mind."

"Um... Crystal..." Kari stammered. "I don't... Well..."

"What?"

"I don't know what to say. You're serious about this, aren't you?"

"I told you I liked it. It was fun."

"Are you saying you want to do it again?"

Crystal nodded, a little shyly. Kari stared down at her little sister, her cute little sister with those big brown eyes and adorable smile. She saw her for the first time as something different, something more than just her sister, but a potential love interest. She shuddered at the thought, but couldn't tell whether it was out of disgust or arousal.

"What?" asked Crystal.

"I..." Kari breathed, but was unable to say anything else. What was coming over her? Was she actually considering having sex with her own sister? The thought of doing it with another woman, instead of disturbing her, actually sent thrills through her. The fact that it was her sister made it all the more arousing.

She made up her mind. She would give it a try, just to see if she liked it. With Crystal so willing, Kari might never get another chance like this again.

"Do you want to do it right now?" Kari asked, astonished at her own boldness.

"Okay," Crystal smiled.

After a momentary hesitation, Kari unfastened her robe and let it fall to the floor, exposing her body to her little sister. Crystal stared at her, and Kari found she enjoyed being gazed at like that.

"Now your turn," Kari said. Crystal nodded, then slipped the nightshirt over her head. She wore no bra underneath, which left her bare except for a pair of cotton panties.

Kari realized in that moment just how beautiful her sister was. For a thirteen-year-old girl, she had an amazing body.

"Crystal," she said.

"What?"

"You're very pretty."

Crystal blushed. "You're just saying that because I look like you," she giggled.

Kari laughed. "Do you think I'm pretty?" she asked.

Crystal nodded.

"Do you think I have a nice body?"

Crystal glanced down at her. "I suppose... I suppose so. I've never really been interested in girls' bodies before."

"Me neither. But I like yours."

"Really?" asked Crystal.

"Look, we're about to do something sexual together, so let's not be shy about it. I really think you're a sexy girl."

Crystal smiled. "Thanks," she said, a little bashfully.

Kari put a hand to her little sister's cheek. The two girls gazed into each other's eyes for a second, then Kari leaned in. Crystal closed her eyes, realizing what was coming. Kari pressed her lips against Crystal's, and the two girls wrapped their arms around each other.

All of Kari's inhibitions melted away. It felt so wonderful to touch her sister's body like this. Crystal was such a sweet, gorgeous girl that she loved very much. She was still just learning about sex, and Kari wanted to help her explore her passions and feelings.

When their lips parted, Crystal lay back in Kari's arms, her eyes still closed and a smile on her face. "Oh my god!" she breathed.

"What?" asked Kari, gazing down tenderly at her cute little sister's beautiful face.

"I can't believe how good that felt," Crystal replied.

"It felt good to me too," Kari said. "I guess we're a couple of lesbians after all."

Crystal giggled.

"What?" asked Kari.

"That word," Crystal replied. "I used to think it was so dirty. But now it gets me excited."

"Say it," Kari grinned.

"Lesbian," said Crystal.

"Say... 'I'm a lesbian.'"

"I'm a lesbian," her sister repeated with a smile.

"That's right," Kari told her. "You're my little lesbian."

"I'm your little lesbian," Crystal agreed. "Come kiss me again, you big lesbian you."

Kari lifted her head and brought their lips together again. The two sisters kissed deeply and passionately. This time Crystal opened her mouth, to Kari's surprise. But Kari wasn't about to waste that opportunity. She slipped her tongue into her little sister's mouth, and Crystal responded by teasing it with her own.

Kari couldn't believe how good it felt to be doing this with another girl, especially her sister. The excitement was building inside of her, the thrill of doing something so completely wrong. It didn't hurt, of course, that Crystal was absolutely gorgeous.

She withdrew her lips just long enough to move down to Crystal's chin, and kissed her there. Crystal sighed as Kari moved on to her neck. Ever since she had tasted Crystal earlier that day, she wanted more. There was

something so erotic about putting her mouth on her sister's body.

She kissed her all over the neck, then lowered her head further. Crystal leaned back in Kari's arms, giving her big sister access to her chest. Kari took full advantage of it, holding her with one arm while fondling her tits with the other as she suckled on them. She ran her tongue all around the girl's nipples, listening with delight to Crystal's breathing growing heavier and feeling the nipples harden from the stimulation.

She loved the way Crystal's chest rose and fell with each breath, pressing against Kari's lips. When Kari flicked her tongue against her little sister's nipples, Crystal trembled, causing the slightest jiggle in her breasts. They weren't big enough to do more than that, but Kari found it exciting all the same.

"If I had known it was so fun to do this with you, I would have kept you away from Jeff and helped you get over Chad myself," Kari grinned.

"Well, I'm completely over him now," replied Crystal. "But don't stop trying."

Kari slid her free hand down Crystal's body. Sensing where it was headed, she opened her legs, exposing her sweet little down-covered pussy. It was already wet to the touch. Kari ran her fingers over it, rubbing it gently and slowly pushing the lips apart, a little further with each stroke. Crystal's body responded automatically, her thighs tightening up and pushing forward in rhythm to Kari's hand.

The hard little nub was beginning to peek out from the top of the slit, and Kari focused her attention on it. She knew how sensitive she was there, and she had learned yesterday that Crystal was just as sensitive, if not more so.

Crystal's breathing became gasps and then moans as Kari teased her clit. She loved to hear those sounds and know that she was the cause of them.

Then Crystal reached out one of her hands and fondled one of Kari's breasts, and because she was lying in her arms, all she had to do was turn her head to the side and take the other nipple into her mouth.

Kari gasped at the contact, made especially pleasurable because it took her by surprise; she hadn't been expecting it. Crystal giggled at the noise Kari had made, but her lips remained firmly latched onto Kari's breast. She began to suck, sending tingles through her big sister's body.

"Crystal," said Kari. "Do you want to try something?"

Crystal nodded.

Kari laid her gently down on the bed, then lay down next to her the opposite direction. "Are you up for a little oral sex?" she asked.

Crystal grinned. "At the same time?" she asked.

"Exactly," Kari replied. "Get on top of me and stick your pussy in my face."

Crystal rolled over, pressing her body against Kari's. Crystal's beautiful thirteen-year-old thighs ended up in just the perfect position, and Kari took advantage of it. She opened her mouth and pressed her tongue against the girl's slit.

She was rewarded by a similar gesture from Crystal between her own legs. Kari gasped again at the sensation. It was absolutely heavenly! She spread her legs to give Crystal plenty of room to work.

Kari brought her hands up and placed them on her little sister's pussy lips, which by now were so wet that they almost dripped in her face. She spread them apart and drove her tongue inside. Crystal gave a startled squeak and her whole body convulsed, then both girls laughed. Kari began to lick her all over, inside and out.

Crystal copied her big sister's motions, and Kari felt the pleasure spike from the invasion of her tongue inside her sex. She couldn't believe how good it felt!

Both girls began to moan as they tongue-fucked each other. At first they worked slowly and even a bit hesitantly, but as one, they increased their tempo and attacked each other's bodies with more and more energy. The pleasure built gradually but powerfully inside of Kari until she thought she couldn't stand it any more. Every nerve ending in her body was working to drive her into a frenzy.

She speared Crystal's pussy again and again with her tongue, working with ferocity now. It was almost like a contest, a race to see who would drive the other one over the edge first. Kari both loved to pleasure her little sister like this and to be pleasured by her. The love she felt for her, the excitement of the mutual stimulation and the thought of just how naughty this was worked inside of her, building up to what she knew would be a powerful orgasm. She almost couldn't wait to reach that point, but at the same time, she wanted so much to make her little sister feel that same pleasure.

In the end, Crystal cheated, if one could call it that. Of course, she did nothing but what she had learned from her big sister. Just as it seemed that Crystal was about to explode into orgasm, the younger sister took her older sister's clit between her teeth and nibbled gently on it.

"Oh god!" Kari actually screamed as the sudden stimulation compounded her already heightened arousal. Her body began to tremble, especially her legs which took all of her willpower to keep from closing on Crystal's head. The obscene pleasure raced through her, overwhelming her completely.

Somehow she managed to continue licking her little sister, and Crystal reached her peak even before Kari's had subsided. Kari felt her little sister's juices dripping into her mouth, and she eagerly lapped them up. Both girls continued to stimulate each other until their orgasms ended.

Crystal rolled off of her big sister, and the two of them lay there panting from the exertion. Kari's head was spinning from the most powerful orgasm she had felt since her first time with Jeff. Right now she was about to pass out.

After a minute or so, Crystal scooted around on the bed and climbed back on top of Kari, this time their faces together. She lowered her head and took Kari's lips in her own.

If there was any lingering taste from her own pussy, it was so similar to Crystal's that she couldn't tell the difference. She just relaxed and enjoyed the kiss, feeling the warmth and love from her little sister and returning that love with all her heart.

"I love you, Kari," said Crystal.

"I love you too," Kari replied.

"So does that mean we can do this again some time?"

"That means I want to do this every time we get the chance," Kari grinned. Crystal lay her head on her shoulder, and the two sisters fell asleep in each other's arms.

Kari visited Jeff the next day. She took him aside and confessed to him what Crystal and she had done. Jeff could sense the worry in her voice; perhaps she was concerned that he would be angry at her for going behind his back, or perhaps she thought he might think her disgusting and immoral.

The truth was that he was a little uneasy about the fact that they were sisters, but the thought of the two gorgeous girls in steamy lesbian action was more than enough to make up for any concerns he had for the incestuous aspect of it.

"God, that makes me horny!" he told her, and Kari burst out laughing.

"So you don't mind?" she asked.

"As long as you let me watch some time."

"You know, my dad's coaching basketball almost every night. Crystal and I are alone in the house most of the time after school, when I don't have volleyball of course. Why don't you come over on Tuesday?"

"Tuesday it is," he grinned.

The three of them rode home on the bus together to the Williams' house. They had barely closed the front door behind them when they started stripping off their clothes. Naked, they headed up to Kari's bedroom for the fun.

Kari and Crystal began to kiss each other passionately as they climbed onto the bed. Jeff watched in fascination and arousal as the two girls lay down, pressing their naked bodies up against each other. Crystal lay on top this time, and after a couple of minutes she began to move down Kari's body.

Jeff couldn't believe how erotic the sight was. He had seen plenty of pictures and videos of lesbians; Allison

still liked to browse porn with him, though not with the same frequency as before now that Jeff spent most of his free time with Kari. Images and movies, however, were nothing compared to the real thing. It was especially exciting because both girls were ones he had sexual feelings toward, and on top of that, they were sisters!

He gasped almost as loud as Kari did when Crystal took one of her nipples in her mouth.

Kari groaned as Crystal worked over her body with her mouth. She gasped and shuddered each time Crystal touched one of her sensitive spots, which was quite frequent considering she was kissing all over her chest while rubbing between her legs.

Jeff lay down next to Kari as Crystal continued to pleasure her big sister. Kari turned her head and smiled at him, then reached out and grasped his hardened manhood in her hands. She slowly stroked it up and down, heightening Jeff's pleasure.

Crystal lay down in the opposite direction of Kari, then slipped over on top of her. Jeff watched in growing excitement and arousal as the two girls began to pleasure each other with their tongues. He had a great view of Crystal spreading Kari's outer lips and thrusting her tongue inside.

Both girls rocked their hips forward reflexively as the waves of pleasure filled them. Jeff's body was similarly responding to Kari's touch, and he knew he wouldn't last long like this. She certainly knew how to use her hand!

The girls moaned into each other's pussies, a chorus of lust and sexuality that served to drive him wilder with arousal. The sight of the girls in such forbidden passion, the sounds of their lovemaking, and the touch of Kari's hand on him all joined together to push him closer and closer to the edge.

Kari was the first to lose it. She cried out in ecstasy, her body shuddering from the overwhelming pleasure. Crystal wasn't far behind, with a similarly powerful climax. Both girls' entire bodies tensed up as they lost themselves in the pleasure, then they let go and collapsed as their strength gave out.

Seeing the girls pleasure each other to orgasm nearly put Jeff over the edge too.

"Oh my god!" he gasped as Kari's hand continued to pump him.

Crystal glanced over at him and grinned. "Let's not waste that," she said, then rolled over off of Kari and lay on her back with her legs spread.

Jeff knew an invitation when he saw one, and he wasn't about to pass up this opportunity. He maneuvered himself on top of her and positioned his aching cock at the entrance to her pussy, then pushed it inside.

It took only a few thrusts before he climaxed. His cock twitched almost violently as he shot his load deep inside her. Then he collapsed on top of Crystal, kissing her tenderly on the lips as he let the exhaustion overtake him.

As soon as he rolled over off her body, Kari leaned over and began to lick her between the legs again, hungrily slurping up the cum that dripped from her pussy. Jeff watched in fascination at the sight. He should have found it disgusting, but instead it was very erotic.

After she finished with Crystal, she cleaned Jeff with her mouth too. That was almost enough to get him hard again, but unfortunately he was completely spent.

He had only a couple more opportunities to be with Kari and Crystal before Christmas vacation started. For Jeff, Christmas was just another day that year. It wasn't that he didn't like the presents, or being with his family. It was just that he enjoyed himself with Kari and Crystal so much more. Greg had insisted that they keep Christmas a family day, so they weren't allowed to go over to the Williams house or invite the girls over.

It was also unfortunate that vacation for the students also meant vacation for Allen, because there was no chance for wild sex with Kari and Crystal the whole two weeks.

Kari, however, gave him a late Christmas present at the end of the vacation, telling him that he had to open it in secret. It turned out to be a disc that he loaded onto his computer, which contained dozens of pictures of Kari and Crystal making love together. He decided it was the second best Christmas present ever, next to the one the girls had given him a couple of weeks before Christmas, of course.

Once school started again, there were more opportunities for Jeff to get together with the girls. Sometimes when Kari had volleyball practice or matches, he would spend time alone with Crystal. She was always eager to have fun. Crystal had a lot of energy, and Jeff was glad he had been working out and building up his stamina, or he wouldn't have been able to keep up with her.

It was pretty much that way all through January. Sometimes he had sex with Kari alone, sometimes with Crystal alone, sometimes with both of them, and sometimes he would simply watch while the two girls had sex.

It was during these times that he got comfortable having multiple orgasms. Of course each of the girls expected him to cum inside of them, so he had to do it at least twice. Sometimes Kari brought him to orgasm with her mouth beforehand, so that after a short rest he would last longer once he got inside of her. She also taught Crystal how to perform oral sex on him. Crystal was just as good as her big sister at it. Jeff especially loved it when one of the girls lay in his arms and kissed him while the other sucked his dick.

Of course, Jeff wasn't the only one to be the center of attention. Now that Kari and Crystal were exploring their lesbian tendencies, it was just as common for Jeff to fondle and kiss Kari while Crystal licked her pussy, or for Jeff to fondle and kiss Crystal while Kari licked her pussy.

Jeff began to experiment with giving the girls oral sex as well; after all, they had been nice enough to do it for him, so he figured it was only fair to reciprocate. From the very first moment that he tasted Kari's pussy,

he found that he enjoyed it. It was especially exciting to see Kari's body react to the stimulation, watching her squirm as he teased her to orgasm.

Crystal was even more fun, because she tended to move around a lot more than Kari, plus she was louder. He could really tell how much she was enjoying it by the volume of the sounds she was making.

One position that they tried exactly once was with Kari licking Crystal while Crystal sucked Jeff. The problem with that was that Crystal had a tendency to clench her teeth when she got excited, which didn't work out so well for him. He ended up writhing in pain and clutching his groin for several minutes while Crystal apologized profusely and Kari held him in her arms. He was sore for a few days, but afterward he was able to look back on it and laugh with the girls. Of course, they never tried it again.

Brit sometimes came over to visit Crystal when Jeff visited Kari, but because her presence limited what Jeff and the girls could do, more often he came alone. If it bothered her, she didn't show it. In fact, it was not Brit who brought it up, but Crystal, one evening in February after Jeff and she had made love. They were lying in each other's arms when she mentioned it.

"Jeff," she said.

"Yes?"

"I'm feeling a little guilty."

"Guilty? What for? Kari says it's okay, and even if you enjoy sex it doesn't mean you're a bad person."

"Oh, I'm not worried about that. It's just that, well, Brit's my best friend, and it seems like I'm spending all my time with you instead."

"You have a point, although I can't really complain."

"Why don't you like her?"

"What are you talking about? She's my sister. I love her."

"How come you fight all the time, then?"

Jeff sighed. "Everyone asks me that. Even me. The truth is, I don't know. Maybe we've been doing it for so long that it's just become a habit."

"Have you tried being nice to her?"

"Lots of times. It usually works, for a while. Then she'll tease me to the point that I become mad, and I'll say something I regret, and she'll run to her room crying."

"Maybe you need to do something really special for her."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. Her birthday's coming up next month. Think of a great gift to give her."

"I don't have any money for that kind of thing."

"Your dad's rich. Ask him if he'll help."

"But if I did that, the gift would be from Dad, not me."

"Then give her something that takes a lot of effort. Make something."

"Make something?"

"Yeah. Something she'll really enjoy."

"Hmm... I'll have to think about that. Thanks, Crystal. It really touches me that you're looking out for my little sister like that."

"What was that?" she asked with a grin. "I got to the 'touch you' part and started fantasizing there for a second." She slid her hand down to his crotch and grabbed his cock. Jeff laughed, then rolled over on top of her and began to kiss her.

He got the idea later that week when he went to Brit's room to talk to her to see if he could somehow find a clue as to what she would really appreciate. He found her sitting on her bed sketching in her sketchbook. As soon as he entered, she closed it and glared at him. Ever since he had insulted her drawing skills a couple of years ago, she hadn't let him see her sketches. It was a long time to carry a grudge, but he admitted that he deserved it. He had hurt her deeply by mocking the thing she was most proud of.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt you while you were drawing."

"You don't care about my drawings."

"Yes I do, Brit. How can I make you see that? I'm sure you're a wonderful artist."

"Yeah, you say that now when you can't see my drawings. But the last time you *did* see them, you said I couldn't draw."

"That was over two years ago!" he complained. "Why won't you forgive me for that stupid comment I made? I wasn't even serious."

"I don't care. You shouldn't have said it."

"You're absolutely right. I shouldn't have said it. It bothers me that you won't share with me something you enjoy doing so much."

"Good!"

"Okay, fine. I've apologized, so I don't have to feel guilty any more. I just wish I could do something to show you that I'm interested in your art."

"Go away," she snapped.

"Fine." He stormed out of the room and closed the door behind him. That hadn't gone so well. But at least now he had a direction to go on his special birthday gift for her. It needed to be something art-related. But what?

He headed downstairs to grab a snack, and found his father in the kitchen. Greg was sitting at the table reading a newspaper.

"Oh, Jeff," he said. "You're just the person I wanted to see. I've got a project for us to work on this summer."

"What kind of project?"

"I want to tear down that guest house out back."

"Tear it down?"

"Yes. We haven't had a guest there since your stepmother and I got married. It's just taking up space. It would open up a lot of room in the back yard that we could use for something else."

"Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe a small pond or a garden or something."

Jeff shrugged. "Fine," he said. "I think if we--" Suddenly he froze as an idea came into his head.

"Hey Dad," he said. "I was wondering..."

"What?"

"Instead of tearing down the guest house, can I have it for a project?"

"What kind of project?"

"Well, I want to do something special for Brit's birthday, and I just thought of a great idea. Can I turn the

guest house into an art studio for her?"

Greg gasped.

"What?" asked Jeff.

"It's just that... this is the first time you've actually gone out of your way to do something nice for your sister."

"So can I do it?"

"Well, I think your heart's in the right place, but this will take a lot of effort. And money."

"I'm not worried about the effort. That's the whole point, really."

"Well in that case, you don't have to worry about the money either. If you're willing to devote yourself to this task, I'm willing to fund it."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. I'm proud of you. Just the thought of her face when she sees what you've done is worth the cost. I'll even help with the work."

"Thanks, Dad," he smiled.

The guest house was one room, but quite large. It had two beds, a couch, an old television set that no longer worked, a small kitchen, and an unusually large bathroom for a guest house. Greg had turned off the water to it years ago, but after restoring the water and running some tests, it seemed to be in surprisingly good condition.

The first thing they did was move all of the furniture out, because they needed to paint the walls. With their current color, they tended to give the light a yellowish tinge, something to be avoided in an art studio. Jeff spent the next couple of evenings painting them stark white, then let them dry and air out for a few days.

The carpet was all right; it was a neutral gray, so they left it as it was. However, they brought in a stack of sheets that they could lay down on the floor to protect the carpet from any spills, especially if Brit decided to graduate from drawing to painting.

Then they began to bring in the supplies, filling the kitchen drawers with pencils, pens, charcoals, chalk, water colors, paint brushes, and of course, stacks upon stacks of paper of all sizes and shapes. They placed jars for water to rinse paint brushes into the cupboards, as well as cleaning supplies and various other equipment.

The next part of the project was to create a small office in the back of the room for her to work in. They invested in three desks: a large one with plenty of room for working on her drawings, one with a tilted surface in times when she preferred not to have to hunch over the table, and a smaller office desk with room for a computer with a combination printer/scanner/copier. Greg had the new computer delivered to his office downtown so that he could bring it home when Brit wasn't around.

That left only the studio itself to finish. They brought in a large vertical frame that they could throw sheets or other coverings over to create various backdrops. They rolled this up against one of the walls. Then they brought in the couch that had been in there previously. It was still stylish, and had wheels so it could be rolled into place for someone to sit in to have their portrait done. They also included a couple of chairs and small tables for portraits or still-life, all of which could be rolled into position. For lighting, Greg purchased three lamps on adjustable poles that Brit could position however she wanted. They stored these out of the way in the corner.

Finally, they acquired an adjustable easel for her to work on to complete the studio.

All this was done while Brit was out of the house. They closed and locked the guest house whenever they finished work for the day so as not to leave any sign of what was going on inside.

During the month that they worked on it, Jeff hardly spent any time at Kari's and Crystal's house. He explained it to Kari at school one day, and she seemed enthusiastic about the project. Then she leaned in and whispered that she would just have to get Crystal to satisfy her needs in the mean time.

Of course, there wasn't much time for that because as Kari passed the word on to her sister, Crystal immediately schemed to get Brit out of the house as much as possible in order to give Jeff and Greg plenty of time to work on the project. During that time, Brit spent far more time over at the Williams house than Jeff did.

Jeff didn't mind, especially since Kari told him they would make up for lost time after it was over.

Allison and Lissa helped out some, although Lissa rarely had time, with her after school job keeping her away from the house until the evenings. Because it was Jeff's project, the whole family deferred to him, even Greg. It was a thrilling experience for Jeff, the first time he had had any kind of authority. He did surprisingly well.

Because they could only work on it while Brit was out of the house, it took them right up until the day before her birthday to complete. When it was finished, though, it looked even better than he had originally imagined it would.

Jeff couldn't wait to see her face when he presented his gift to her, but in the mean time, something else important came up. That afternoon, Greg sat the family down in the living room. "Allison and I have been talking," he said, "and we've come up with some plans for this summer. Of course they're just tentative for now until we get your input, but I think you'll all like them."

All of the children grinned in anticipation.

"With Allison's time taken up tutoring Kari all last summer, we had no time to go camping," Greg continued. "Since I wanted to make it an annual event, we're going to make up for it this year by going twice. Once in June, and once in September."

"Just before school starts?" asked Brit.

"Actually, just *after* school starts," Allison replied. "The weekend after we drive Lissa to school."

"I take it we're not doing it to celebrate getting rid of her," Jeff commented with a grin, and Lissa childishly stuck her tongue out at him.

"No," replied Allison. "Just the opposite. I don't think I'm wrong when I say that we're all going to be sad to see her go. So I suggested to Greg that we do something fun to take our mind off of it. This will help to give us something to look forward to."

"Do I have to share a tent with Jeff?" asked Brit.

"What, you don't want me to protect you from all the scary noises?" he asked her.

"I'm too old to be scared by noises any more," she told him. "In case you hadn't noticed, I'm going to be thirteen tomorrow."

"Really?" he joked. "I'd forgotten all about it. I wonder if there's still time for me to get you a present."

"Don't bother," she said. "I wouldn't like it anyway."

"Don't start fighting, you two," Allison told them.

"Now as for the camping trip in June," Greg said, "Jeff and Brit will especially like this one. You see, we've invited Allen Williams and his girls to go with us."

"Now I'm *really* getting excited," Jeff said.

"Calm your hormones," Allison told him. "One thing you're *not* going to do is sleep in the same tent as Kari."

Brit and Lissa giggled at that. Jeff just smiled and shrugged.

"Can I sleep with Crystal?" asked Brit.

"We'll see," Greg told her. "But there's a third event that we need to talk about. Lissa will be graduating this June, and we'd like to do something fun for her, especially since she won't be here when we go camping this September. Lissa, how would you like Allison and me to take you on a trip to Hawaii?"

"Really?" she asked, her face lighting up with glee.

"We can do it for your birthday in August," he replied.

"Oh thank you!" she exclaimed, dashing over and throwing her arms around him.

"Hey, it was my idea," Allison grinned. Lissa released her father and hugged her just as tightly.

"How come everyone gets to do fun things on their birthday but me?" asked Brit.

"Would you settle for a very special birthday present this year?" Jeff asked her.

"Not from *you* I hope," she teased.

"Don't be mean," Allison told her.

"It's all right," Jeff smiled. "Hey Brit, ten bucks says you'll love your new present even though it's from me."

"No deal. You would probably give me a great present out of spite, just to win the bet."

"Of course, I could always take it back," he shrugged

"No!" she hurriedly exclaimed. "I was just joking. I'm sure I'll like it."

"We'll find out tomorrow," he replied.

Brit was restless that night, obviously excited about her birthday the next day. She spent the rest of the evening trying to trick Jeff into revealing his present to her. It didn't work, and she had to go to bed without knowing.

The next day was Saturday, so they had the whole day for activities. She invited several of her friends over, including Nat Ross, the Dover twins, Rick's little sister Amy, and Crystal and Kari. While he didn't mind any of the girls, he was especially happy to see Crystal and Kari there.

They played several games, some perhaps a little childish for girls that age, but as soon as Allison took the first turn on the ones they were hesitant to play, suddenly everyone wanted a turn. Allison just had that way with people. Nat, being the most energetic and dextrous of the group, won most of the games, but since the point was to have fun, no one seemed to mind.

It was too bad it was still a little too cold to uncover the pool, because some of Brit's friends were very cute, and he wouldn't mind seeing them in swimsuits. They were mostly the same girls she had invited over for her last birthday, but ever since that date with Crystal, he had begun to look at girls that age differently.

Kari caught him staring occasionally, but rather than being upset, she was merely amused. Most of the times she interrupted him by kissing him.

They tended to flirt with him as well, which Kari also thought amusing. The Dover twins weren't particularly obvious about it; their flirting was limited to flashing him their cute smiles and the occasional joke. Natalie, of course, climbed all over him, but since she was always so vivacious and energetic all the time, he figured it had less to do with flirting and more to do with getting rid of excess energy. Amy was the least flirtatious; for as long as Jeff could remember, she had had a sort of childlike adoration for her brother Rick. Jeff thought it was cute and even funny because Rick used to be embarrassed by his little sister who was always hanging around with him. That had changed in the past couple of years though; Rick had apparently given up on trying to be mad at her and didn't let it bother him anymore. Jeff sometimes wished he could get over his differences with his own little sister that easily.

In the afternoon, they brought out the presents for Brit to open. Jeff didn't pay much attention to the gifts she received from the others; he was thinking too much of his own gift for her. He just watched her, seeing the delight on her face with each gift and wondering what her reaction would be when she saw her new art studio.

He got more and more restless as she opened the last few of her presents, until finally she reached the end, and he could stand it no more.

"And now for my present to you," said Jeff. He held out his hand.

"What?" she asked.

"Come here."

She took his hand (something he usually avoided whenever possible) and asked, "Where are we going?"

"You'll see," he smiled, leading her down the hall to the back door. The others followed.

Once outside, they descended the stairs to the pool deck and then crossed the lawn toward the guest house. Nat, of course, climbed down the railing instead of using the stairs.

Jeff stopped in front of the door to the guest house, and glanced down at his sister.

"In there?" she asked. "Why is my present in there?"

"Open the door and you'll find out," he replied.

A little confused, she turned the knob and pushed the door open. She stared around for a second as if trying to look for her present, then suddenly her eyes lit up with realization and delight.

"Welcome to your new art studio," he grinned.

She squealed with excitement and literally jumped on him, wrapping her arms and legs around him. "Oh, Jeff!" she exclaimed. "It's absolutely perfect! Thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you!"

As she hugged him, she happened to brush her cheek against his, and he felt moisture there. She was actually crying.

"Now do you believe me when I say I care about your art?" he asked her.

"I believe you, Jeff!" she replied. "I love you so much."

"I love you too."

Chapter 26

Modeling

After her birthday, Brit spent most of her free time in the studio. Within a couple of weeks, she had the walls covered with her drawings, and sketches all over her desks. Jeff taught her how to scan her drawings into the computer and keep track of them in a database. He was amazed at how talented she had become in the last couple of years. Walking into the studio was like walking into a fantasy world; he found himself suddenly surrounded by fairies and unicorns and magical landscapes of all kinds.

Landscapes were her specialty. Her vivid imagination really came out in these drawings. There were waterfalls in the deep forest, distant peaks hiding in the clouds, beautiful sunsets over sparkling seas, and rocky alien worlds with planets shining down from starlit skies.

It was during these days that Brit began to use live models. Allison was the first to suggest it, offering herself to be the first guinea pig. Jeff asked if he could watch their first time, and both girls agreed, though warning him that it would be pretty boring. That didn't bother him; it was just another excuse to look at Allison.

He helped to set up the lighting, taking instructions from Brit and suggestions from Allison. She had considered becoming a professional photographer after all, and the same rules for lighting in photography applied to drawing.

Jeff suggested that Brit take a picture first, so that they could compare the drawing later and see where she needed to improve. Surprisingly, Brit agreed. It was the first time she had agreed to any suggestion of his involving her art in years. That made him feel good; it was a sign that she had truly forgiven him.

As it turned out, Brit had a real knack for capturing the essence of a person in her drawings. When she was finished and she let Jeff and Allison see her handiwork, they were both astonished. It looked just like Allison!

She had added her own touch of fantasy, of course, turning her into a fairy in a long, flowing robe and gossamer wings. Instead of sitting on the couch, she sat on a tree stump in a forest. It was one of her best works yet.

Then Allison suggested that Jeff model for her next. Jeff didn't want to, but Allison promised she would stay there to keep Brit from teasing him. He grudgingly conceded, and sat down on the couch.

He wasn't particularly excited about just sitting still for the hour that it took for Brit to draw his portrait, but on the other hand, Allison's presence there made it bearable.

When Brit finished, she giggled as she turned the easel around to let him see the results of her handiwork.

Jeff was not surprised in the least that she had turned him into a devil, complete with pointy beard, horns, cloven hooves, barbed tail, and a pitchfork.

Once upon a time, he would have gotten mad at her for that. However, he had mellowed in the last year, especially since meeting Crystal and seeing how teasing could actually be fun. "Looks like you really brought out my inner self," he told her with a grin.

Needless to say, he never modeled for her again.

Lissa did, though, and soon the fairies and mermaids and angels in Brit's pictures all started to look like either her sister or her stepmother. Both girls were very pretty, and Jeff enjoyed coming out to visit Brit in her studio, surrounded by their faces.

Something changed between Jeff and Brit after that. She didn't tease him half as much as she used to, and when she did, it was all in fun. More often than not, they actually spent time together without getting into an argument. Perhaps Brit was just growing up, and gaining a certain degree of maturity. Or perhaps his special gift to her had had something to do with it. Or maybe the change was in Jeff himself; certainly the time spent working on the studio had made him think of her less as a bratty little girl and more as someone that he wanted to make happy. She really did have a pretty smile after all, and it made him feel good to see it.

In April, Allen Williams came over to discuss plans for the camping trip coming up in a couple of months. He brought Kari and Crystal along, and they left the adults to go out back to the studio. Crystal and Brit often spent their time there whenever she visited, and several portraits of Crystal joined those of Allison and Lissa on the walls.

This time Brit asked Kari if she wouldn't mind modeling. Kari was all for it. She sat down on the couch and smiled, looking as beautiful and radiant as ever.

Brit turned her into an angel this time, with feathery wings and a glowing halo. Jeff commented that that was just perfect; she could complement his devil picture on the wall. Brit laughed, agreeing with him. The Angel-Kari went up on the wall next to the Devil-Jeff, boyfriend and girlfriend portrayed as complete opposites.

Greg and Allison were ecstatic to see Jeff and Brit getting along. The children still sometimes argued, but their teasing had become much more good-natured. All in all, the mood in the Primdale household had lightened, and it looked like it would stay that way for some time.

About a month after Brit's birthday, Greg was sitting in his bedroom reading while Allison worked on her computer. They had been sitting like that for about twenty minutes when Allison suddenly began to chuckle. Greg glanced over at her.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Well, how would you like to spend the weekend surrounded by beautiful nude women?" she replied.

"Is this another one of your ideas to help break me out of my shell?"

"Actually, the idea isn't mine this time. Remember Kristen and Roberta from our honeymoon?"

"Of course. Did you get another email from them?" He knew that Allison had been keeping in contact with them by email over the past couple of years, though he himself hadn't conversed with them since the getaway on Maui.

"Yes I did," Allison replied. "Kristen's been talking about going independent with her modeling career, and it looks like she's finally doing it. She's setting up a website specializing in tasteful pictures of nude women. She herself is going to model for it of course, and she has about a dozen other models scheduled for some photoshoots this weekend. But her photographer canceled. She says she was unable to get anyone else at the last minute, and she's getting desperate. She can't afford to cancel with the models because she'd have to pay them whether they pose or not."

"And she wants *me* to take the pictures?"

"Basically, yes. She's offered to fly us down to LA, all expenses paid, plus the fee she would have paid the photographer, and a bonus on top of it for coming through for her at the last minute."

"Wow. She must *really* be desperate if she wants me to photograph the models."

"You're a better photographer than you give yourself credit for. Besides, she's going off of the pictures you took on our honeymoon."

"That's right, I remember that you sent them copies."

"So what do you think?"

Greg considered. He really didn't have any objections. He had no plans for the weekend, so it wouldn't conflict with his schedule. However, he had a slight moral qualm about gawking at naked ladies, especially since he was already married. But it sounded like his wife was even more enthusiastic about it than he was.

"All right," he nodded. "I'm in. As long as we can find a babysitter for the kids, because I am *not* going to bring them along."

Allison laughed. "Oh, I'm sure they wouldn't mind," she teased. "Jeff especially."

"Very funny."

Arranging a babysitter turned out not to be a problem. They simply invited Allen, Kari, and Crystal to spend the weekend at the Primdale mansion. Jeff and Brit were particularly excited about the idea because it meant spending time with Kari and Crystal. Of course, with Allen there it would be impossible for Jeff to find time

to have sex with Kari and/or Crystal, but he didn't let it bother him. Just being with the girls was fun, with or without sex. And ever since he had gotten to know Allen better, the two of them got along great. He couldn't believe he had ever thought Allen was scary.

Greg and Allison didn't tell the children where they were going; they just gave them a vague "going away for the weekend" and left it at that. Jeff was no fool though; he had figured out that that was code for "getting naughty." He liked to fantasize about what they would end up doing that weekend, though he had to admit that his fantasies were probably much wilder than the reality.

On Saturday morning, Greg and Allison drove to the airport to catch a flight to Los Angeles. It was a short flight, really just a commuter flight, but Kristen had paid for first class seats for them. Greg was usually pretty frugal; though he could easily afford first class every time he flew, he usually just stuck to coach when he traveled on his own dime. However, he wasn't about to pass up this opportunity, since Kristen was paying for the tickets.

As they disembarked from the plane, they caught sight of a familiar face in the crowd of the airport. Allison grinned, then dashed over and gave Roberta a hug. "It's really good to see you," she smiled.

"You too," replied Roberta. She looked good; she hadn't changed much since they had last seen her in Maui. Her attire consisted of a conservative yet stylish business suit, rather anticlimactic considering that the last time they saw her she had been wearing nothing at all.

They collected their bags, then Roberta led them out to the limo that Kristen had hired for them. It appeared that Kristen had spared no expense in bringing them out. Greg wondered if that was because she thought he expected that kind of service because he was on the board of directors of a large corporation. Truth be told, he would have been satisfied taking a taxi.

Roberta explained that she was taking them to a large mansion that would serve as the headquarters of the site, as well as the location of the first set of photoshoots. It belonged to a wealthy uncle of Roberta's who was happy to rent it to Kristen and her for a share of the profits from the website. Plus free lifetime access to the site, of course, and the right to visit at any time, including during photoshoots.

Greg chuckled. "I'm sure he takes advantage of it quite often."

"I'm sure he will, once we actually get the site up and running. We haven't taken any pictures yet."

"So tell us about this website," said Allison as they rode.

"Oh, it's going to be great," Roberta replied. "It's all run by the models themselves. Kristen of course is in charge, but each of the girls has a role to play in the business beyond just looking good without her clothes on. It's not just pictures, but articles as well, all written by the models themselves, of course. Our writers, editor, graphic artist, even our computer system administrator are all models. The basic theme of the site is

promoting the idea that smart women are sexy, so each of the models also operates a forum to discuss things related to her expertise. We only hire models who are not only beautiful, but talented in some other area as well. Journalism, computers, sports, physics, travel, music, you name it."

"Sort of a Miss America type thing," commented Greg. "Good looks is not enough."

"Exactly," said Roberta.

"And what about you?" asked Allison.

"Me too," she smiled. "I've never done any nude modeling myself, but Kristen says I have the face and body for it. I'm also in charge of hiring. My official title is Human Resources director, but it sounds much more prestigious than it really is, since the business only has a dozen employees. My particular forum on the site deals mostly with job hunting and interviewing skills."

"Well I'm going to feel out of place," Greg laughed. "I'll be the only one there who's not going to get naked in front of the camera. I'm sure your viewers wouldn't appreciate *that*."

Roberta laughed. "Probably not. But don't worry about not fitting in. You're a contractor, not an employee, so you can keep your clothes on."

"So what about the pictures? Kristen used the word 'tasteful' in her email, but that still covers a broad range."

"That's a good question. It's not just photographic nudity, but eroticism. Some of the sets will be solo, with perhaps a little self-stimulation, and others will be lesbians. I'll be getting together with Kristen, for instance. But we're not talking raunchy closeups here; the purpose is to show off the beauty of the female body. A good rule of thumb is that if this were a movie, it wouldn't get any more than an R rating. The girls themselves decided on the themes and locations of their own photoshoots, and some of them are pretty creative. They'll explain it to you at each shoot, what mood they're trying to capture and things like that. Pretty much they're going to just do what they want, and you stand behind the camera and take the pictures. You might give them suggestions, but in the end, the girls have the final say."

"I think I understand," he nodded.

When they arrived at the mansion, Greg couldn't help but admire the posh, luxurious accommodations. A stone wall surrounded the grounds, which had been turned into a beautifully maintained garden by what must have been an army of gardeners. The mansion itself stood at the end of a long driveway, a large building not unlike an old English country house, though much more modern in construction. He knew he himself could probably have afforded a house this big if he wanted it, but he also knew that with it came a certain lifestyle. Everything about the mansion screamed of southern California glamour and excitement, not the kind of environment he wanted to raise his kids in. No, the upper middle class home they lived in, along with public schooling instead of exclusive private schooling, gave the children the opportunity to grow up as normal American kids rather than pampered and spoiled rich kids who never worked a day in their life.

Still, he couldn't help but feel a wistful longing for the life he could have had. He could still have it if he truly wanted it, but that was all just a fantasy.

The limousine pulled up into a roundabout in front of the house encircling a stone fountain. They got out, and the driver took their bags and carried them around the side of the house.

"We've got a guest house out back with a dozen rooms," Roberta explained. "Most of the models who have flown into town from elsewhere have rooms there. After you have a talk with Kristen, we'll take you back there to give you some time to get ready. The photoshoots aren't scheduled to begin until this afternoon."

She led them through the main doors of the mansion, into a large hall not unlike the one in the Primdales' mansion back home. They were just beginning to look around when Kristen emerged from a door off to the side. She hugged Allison and Greg, then kissed Roberta. As with Roberta, images of her without her clothes on flashed through his mind, but he kept them to himself. Not that it mattered; he would likely get to see plenty of her naked by the end of the weekend.

"Greg, Allison, would you follow me, please?" she asked. "Roberta, could you give Kathy a call on her cell phone? Her flight was delayed a couple of hours so we may need to rearrange her shoots. Debbie's already in town, so you could see if she wouldn't mind moving hers up to this afternoon."

Roberta nodded, then Kristen led the Primdales through the mansion into a comfortable office similar to Greg's den at home. Like his, she had set up a couple of couches for a less formal atmosphere. They took one couch while she plopped down in the other.

She sighed. "Sorry I'm not more sociable," she apologized. "Last minute details keep getting in the way. It takes a lot of work to run a business."

"I can certainly understand that," Greg grinned.

"Anyway, here's the situation," said Kristen. "I kind of lied in the email."

"You mean you don't need a photographer?" asked Greg.

"Oh, I do," she replied. "That part was true. But the part about not being able to find anyone else was a lie. I'm surprised you didn't see through it. What photographer in his right mind would pass up a chance to take pictures of a bunch of naked women?"

"Good point," he laughed. "So why did you want me in particular?"

"Well, the truth is, I didn't want you. I wanted Allison."

"But Greg's the better photographer," Allison replied.

"No, you don't understand. I was kind of hoping you wanted to do some modeling."

Greg stared at Kristen in shock. True, he had photographed Allison in front of Kristen before; he had even taken pictures of Kristen herself. But this was different because it was professional.

"I'm sorry I didn't mention it in the email, but I was afraid I might scare you off if I did," said Kristen. "So I wanted to tell you in person. Look, you don't have to decide right away; I still want you to take the pictures, Greg, and I'll pay you just like I promised. But if you're both willing, I'll add a standard modeling fee on top of it for pictures of Allison."

"Why do you want me in particular?" asked Allison.

"Are you kidding? A gorgeous woman like you? This kind of website is only as good as its models. Supply and demand and all that. You supply the photos, and the demand for the site is going to shoot up. You would be our first guest model."

"I think maybe I want to discuss it with Greg in private before I commit," said Allison.

"That's fine," Kristen nodded. "Look, I know you've taken pictures like this before. I have some of them in fact. The ones from Maui that you sent us. By the way, I'd be happy to pay you just to let me publish those on my website too, but I'll understand if you say no. It was your honeymoon after all."

"Well, I'm leaning toward yes," said Greg. "That is, if Allison is willing."

"I'm willing," Allison grinned.

"But I'm just not sure if I'm comfortable with nude pictures of my wife on the Internet," he qualified.

"Tell you what," said Kristen. "I've got a release form here that each model has to sign, granting me permission to publish the images. If she doesn't sign the release, I can't legally put the pictures on my site. If you want, we can take pictures of Allison, then you can decide at the end of the weekend whether to sign the release. Just keep in mind that I'm running a professional site here, so unless I can publish the pictures, I won't pay you for them."

"Oh, the money's not the problem. I've got more money already than I know what to do with. Just give me some time to think it over."

"All right. Look, the first photoshoot isn't scheduled until this afternoon, so why don't you two go out back to the guest house to unpack your things and talk it over? I'll send someone over to fetch you for lunch and you can give me your answer then."

"That sounds fine," he smiled. "Allison, what about you?"

"You already know my answer," she replied with a wink.

"Good," said Kristen. She picked up a couple of sheets of paper and handed them to Greg. "Here's the schedule. We've got a couple of shoots this afternoon, and quite a few tomorrow. I've tentatively penciled in

Allison in a couple of spots where we have a break. Like the rest of the models, she'll need to come up with her own plans for her photoshoots, so before we start this afternoon, I'll give you the grand tour to help you get some ideas."

"Sure thing," smiled Greg.

"All right. Lunch is in about half an hour. I'll have someone show you to your room."

The three of them stood up and left the room. Out in the hall, they ran into another beautiful woman, no doubt one of the models. Kristen smiled when she saw her, then gave her a hug. "You made it!" she said. "Nicky, this is Greg and Allison. Greg's our stand-in photographer, and I'm trying to convince Allison to model for us. Greg and Allison, this is Nicky. She's in charge of wardrobe and makeup."

"Wardrobe?" asked Greg with a grin. "What wardrobe?"

"While the models do eventually get naked, it's always fun to have something to take off," Nicky explained.

"Good point."

"Nicky, be a dear and show Greg and Allison out back to the guest house. Number four. I'll send someone out to fetch everyone for lunch when it's ready."

"Sure," Nicky smiled. Then turning to Greg and Allison, "It's this way." They followed her through the house.

"So Allison," said Nicky, "Kristen's talked about you. She said she had you in mind from the very beginning. The way she described you, I thought she was exaggerating. She sounded like a teenage girl talking about the boy she has the hots for. But then, that's just Kristen. You knew she's a lesbian, right?"

"Yes, she was with Roberta the first time we met her."

"Right. So anyway, now that I've seen you, I can see she didn't exaggerate one bit."

"Well, I'm flattered," Allison beamed.

"I'm afraid I won't be much use to you, if you decide to model for us. I might do a little touch-up on your hair, but really I would just stick with the minimal amount of makeup for you. It's hard to improve upon perfection, after all."

"Okay, who's the one sounding like she's got a girlish crush now?" Allison joked.

Nicky laughed. "Oh, don't worry about me. Unlike a lot of the models, I'm a hundred percent heterosexual. I'm living with my boyfriend in Sacramento, although I could definitely get used to life here in the mansion."

Right about then, they emerged from the house into the back patio, which included a large pool, outdoor

showers, and a tennis court off to the side. In the other direction stood another building, smaller than the mansion itself but still larger than most homes. Nicky led them toward it.

"That's the guest house?" asked Greg, astonished. It looked more like a block of condominiums. Once again he had a slight twinge of envy. He could probably afford a mansion much like this one, if he were willing to trade in the conservative family values of an upper-middle-class lifestyle for a glamorous life in the fast lane. But he couldn't do that to his children.

Nicky led them to their room, which turned out to be more like a small apartment. It looked nice and cozy inside. They found their bags set neatly against the wall just inside the door.

"I'm just two doors down in number six in case you need anything," Nicky said. "Or just knock on any of the doors and try to find someone who's in. The girls are all really nice, and I'm sure they'd be happy to help you with whatever."

"Thanks," they replied, then closed the door.

"So what do you think?" asked Allison as soon as they were alone. "Should I let the whole world see me nude?"

"Actually, they already have," replied Greg. "Or are you forgetting the infamous video?"

Allison laughed. "Good point. So do you think I should do it?"

"This is kind of like seeing you with another woman," he said. "It still kind of bothers me, but it's just too damn sexy for me to say no."

"So you don't mind my pictures going up on the Internet?"

"I'm still a little hesitant. The thing that worries me is what would happen if people we know ever saw those pictures?"

"Well then, just answer the question. What would happen?"

"I suppose... not much, really. We might get a few glances every time we go out, but then, we do anyway. You tend to turn heads even with your clothes on. And I mean that in the best possible way."

"Thanks," she grinned. "What about work? Would it interfere with any promotions or anything? Does the corporation want to maintain a certain respectable image?"

"Oh, I don't think there's really a problem there. I'm pretty anonymous outside of the boardroom, so it wouldn't hurt the company's image at all. I might get teased about it a little; the other board members are human beings after all, but I don't think it would hurt anything. Look, I think we should go ahead and do the photos, then at the end we'll decide whether to sign the release."

"Sounds good to me," Allison grinned. "This is going to be fun."

They ate lunch in a large dining room with some of the other models who had arrived to do photoshoots that weekend. They all introduced themselves, but there were enough that Greg had no hope of remembering their names. It really didn't matter at the moment; their names were on the itinerary that Kristen had given him listing all of the shoots for the weekend. After lunch, they had about an hour before they had to go to work, so Kristen took them and some of the other models through the house showing them the various rooms. She especially wanted Allison to get a feel for the place so that she could come up with ideas for what she wanted to do when it was her turn to get naked.

The first photoshoot was out by the pool. The temperature was in the mid 70's, a little warm for April even in Los Angeles, but Kristen had trusted the forecast and scheduled some outdoor shoots during the warmest part of the afternoon. This set involved a couple of blondes named Lisa and Wendy. Kristen, wearing a loose robe because her photoshoot was coming up, met Greg, Allison, and the two bikini-clad models out by the pool. Nicky also accompanied them; she would be there for all of the photoshoots in case the models needed a last-minute wardrobe or makeup adjustment.

They had a camera set up on a tripod already, but Kristen explained that they had just set it up quickly; he still needed to position it and adjust it. Greg took a few minutes to try it out from different angles, having the girls lie down in the lawn chairs where they would spend most of their time in the shoot so that he could see how the angle of the sun affected the shadows. He also wanted to get the right background; in one direction it had the pretty greens of the lawn, including a row of palm trees, which seemed like the obvious choice. He tested to make sure that the natural lighting would work in that direction; Kristen said they could use reflectors if need be, but it turned out that they weren't necessary. With the sun high in the sky, it really didn't matter much which angle they shot from.

As soon as he announced that he was satisfied that he had everything set up the way he wanted, the girls took over. They had obviously rehearsed this before. At first they just lay there sunbathing in their bikinis as Greg took pictures. Then they sat up and glanced at each other with sly looks. Lisa turned around and faced away from Wendy, who set to work untying Lisa's bikini from behind. She did it slowly and deliberately so that Greg could get a number of shots in, and he got one particularly nice photo with Wendy pulling the string straight out from Lisa's back, a moment before it came undone. They finished removing the bikini top, exposing Lisa's gorgeous chest to view. She made sure to keep her hands to the side so that she wouldn't cover anything up, and Greg got in a number of great shots of her topless.

Then the two girls turned around, and Lisa started working on Wendy's swimsuit. Unfortunately, most of the action this time was faced slightly away from the camera, but it did show off Wendy's back and the bow in the bikini string as Lisa pulled on it. As soon as it came undone, Wendy slipped it off, but this time she posed a little more demurely, with her body facing away from the camera but her head turned to the side as if to gaze at Lisa out of the corner of her eyes.

That didn't last long. After a couple of shots like that, Wendy turned around, and the two girls faced each other. Greg had to pause them for a moment as he moved the tripod about a foot to the left so that Lisa wouldn't block the view of Wendy's body, then they continued. The two girls took each other's hands and gazed into their eyes with loving smiles on their lips. Then they slowly leaned in for a kiss. Greg made a suggestion that they pause just an instant before their lips met, so that he could capture the sexual tension of the almost-kiss. He took a couple of pictures of them in that position, then they continued. He felt himself growing hard as he watched them kiss one another with tenderness and passion.

When they started rubbing suntan lotion on each other's backs, the excitement sent chills through his body. Somehow he managed to keep taking the pictures without grinning like an idiot at the sight, even when Wendy slipped her hands around and started fondling Lisa's breasts. The two girls hugged and groped and kissed each other, growing increasingly more passionate as time wore on. They kept it tasteful though; no doubt Kristen had imparted her vision of the site to all of the models.

The shoot ended before they got into anything really heavy, which was almost disappointing. But Greg had to abide by the rules Kristen had to set up, so he kept it professional. That didn't stop Wendy and Lisa from thanking him with a couple of kisses on the cheek, made all the more fun by the fact that they did it before putting their bikini tops back on. He stood there shocked for a second, until the girls giggled at his reaction.

"That was my doing," Allison confessed. "After lunch I asked them to do it, just to see your reaction."

"My reaction," he said, "is hoping that you talked to some of the other models as well."

"I didn't, but maybe Kristen can make it a new rule."

"I like it," Kristen grinned. "From now on, the models have to give the photographer a kiss after every photoshoot."

"Aren't you afraid that some of the girls won't like that rule?" he asked. "I mean, I assume that some of them are... well..."

"Lesbians? Oh, don't let that worry you. You'll notice that I'm next on the list, and I'm a lesbian myself. I wouldn't ask my girls to do anything I wouldn't do."

As she slipped out of her robe, Greg removed the memory card from the camera and handed it to Roberta, who stood nearby. She placed it in a plastic case labeled "Wendy and Lisa by the pool," then handed him a new card.

With Kristen's photoshoot, Greg had to take a more proactive role. She climbed down into the swimming pool, going under for a second and then coming back up dripping wet. She asked Greg about the lighting, and he had to walk all the way around the pool to determine the best angle to shoot her at. The glare of the sun reflecting off of the water caused a problem, as did the height difference between Kristen and the camera. The best angle to shoot her from involved putting the camera almost on the ground, which wasn't a position Greg could keep up for very long.

"It would almost be best if we could do it from in the pool itself," said Kristen. "You didn't happen to bring a pair of swimming trunks with you, did you Greg?"

"Unfortunately, no," he replied.

"Well, there's an easy solution," said Allison. "Remember, I'm not a bad photographer myself."

"You wouldn't mind?" Kristen asked her. "You can borrow a swimsuit if you want. I'm sure we could find one that fits you."

"Who needs a swimsuit?" Allison grinned, unfastening the buttons on her blouse.

After stripping off all of her clothes, she followed Kristen into the pool. Roberta handed her the camera, asking her to be especially careful with it, since it wasn't waterproof. Allison moved around a little until she got Kristen positioned between her and the backdrop of trees that they had used for the previous photoshoot, then began to snap pictures.

These ones were a little more innocent, since they involved only one woman, but she was still nude. Mostly Kristen just ran through some of the more traditional poses, with her hands either at her side, or on her hips, or behind her head. She didn't dare splash around for fear of getting the camera wet, but she did float on her back a little. Mostly she stayed in the shallow end, both to keep the more interesting parts of her body out of the water and because she didn't want Allison following her into the deep end with the camera.

A few times Allison reached over and adjusted Kristen's hair, and for some reason Greg found that sight to be surprisingly erotic. There was something about two naked women touching each other in nonsexual ways that affected him even more than a full lesbian show. Simple touches like that were one of the differences between men and women. Greg would never think of putting his hand on another man's hair; it was just too affectionate. Women, however, could get away with it. He had a sudden insight then, as to why lesbians excited him, a completely straight man, so much. If affection with the same sex was a hallmark of femininity, then didn't that mean that lesbianism was femininity taken to the extreme? And if he was attracted to femininity, then it was natural for him to be attracted to the ultimate expression of it.

Eventually this photoshoot also ended, and the two women climbed out of the pool. Roberta handed them each a towel, and they dried themselves off. Instead of putting her clothes back on though, Allison asked if they had an extra robe. "Since I'm going to have to get undressed again anyway," she explained.

"I almost forgot," said Kristen. She came over and kissed Allison on the cheek. "Since she was the photographer this time," she explained. "Sorry Greg."

He shrugged. It thrilled him almost as much to see her kiss Allison as if she had kissed him instead.

Most of the other photoshoots that day took place inside. During the summer they might shoot a lot more outside, but in April there were really only a couple of hours during the day when it was warm enough.

There was one exception. At sunset, one of the models posed out front, splashing around in the fountain in the driveway. With clever use of lighting from the mansion, the flash from the camera, and the orange glow of the sunset in the distance, it gave the whole scene an almost surreal look.

Greg marveled that Debbie, the model, didn't seem cold at all, so he asked her about it. She smiled and told him with a little pride that she was from Edmonton, Alberta. After spending a few winters in Edmonton, this was nothing. She said that back home, people started wearing long pants when the temperature dropped to five below zero. Whether that was a joke or not Greg didn't know, but Debbie appeared to be perfectly comfortable sitting naked in a water fountain at sunset.

That night after supper, Allison got her chance to do some modeling. She decided to model in the billiard room, shooting pool in the nude. She had had plenty of time to practice with their own pool table at home, so it felt comfortable for her. Even without her clothes on, she played a decent game. Nicky, who had accompanied them on all of the shoots and had made up Allison's face, said she ought to challenge Allison to a game later. Apparently Nicky was quite the pool player.

"But you have to take your clothes off too, just to make it fair," Allison replied.

That gave Greg a sudden inspiration. He asked Nicky if she minded doing it right then and there, so he could photograph them together. With Kristen's approval, Nicky stripped out of her clothes. Allison re-racked the balls to start over, and they actually played a full game in the buff while Greg took pictures. Once they got into the game, they pretty much ignored him completely, which worked fine. It gave the whole thing a more spontaneous feel to it.

Nicky won, being the more experienced player, but Allison didn't make it easy. In the end, it really didn't matter who won, since it was all for the sake of the camera anyway.

Afterward, Nicky gave Greg a kiss on the cheek, but Allison wasn't content with just that. She grabbed him and pulled him in for a full-on, deep, passionate, open-mouthed kiss. Greg wasn't used to being this affectionate in public, but he had been having so much fun that day that he decided to just enjoy it.

The final photoshoot for the night involved Nina, a young brunette of about eighteen or nineteen, wearing a lacy white bra and panties, in one of the bedrooms of the mansion. She had her hair in pigtails to make her look even younger. It reminded Greg of the Pajama Club, with the very youthful girls pretending to be in their early teens.

Completing the illusion, Nina posed with a large teddy bear. The childish toy emphasized her youth, and the size of the bear seemed to diminish her in contrast.

The sequence of photos was almost story-like, telling the tale of Nina pretending the bear was her lover and slowly seducing it. While it could have been vulgar and tasteless, she kept it charming and even humorous. At first she lay on the bed next to the bear, then she glanced over at it. With her eyes still glued on it, she slowly ran her hands all over her body as if getting turned on by the sight. Eventually she reached over and took on of its paws in her hand, and lay there for a couple of shots in an absurdly romantic pose.

Growing bolder, she rolled over onto her side facing it, and turned it so that it faced her as well. She scooted in closer, took one of its paws, and placed it on her hip as if it were caressing her. Greg took a couple of great pictures of her with a dreamy look on her face, as if enjoying being stroked by her companion.

She sat up and brought the animal with her, so that the two of them sat face to face. She put the bear's arms on her hips again and threw her own arms over its shoulders. Then she leaned in and kissed it.

Kristen had to help her with the next part. She put the teddy bear's arms behind Nina's back and slipped them under her bra strap. They held just long enough for Kristen to duck back out of the shot and Greg to take the picture, before the paws slipped back out. That was all they needed, because Kristen then unfastened the strap and Nina placed the bear's arms on her shoulders as if trying to take the garment off.

Soon she had it lying on the bed next to her, revealing her chest to the camera and her artificial lover. She threw her head back and pressed the bear's head to her neck to simulate it kissing her. Greg got quite a few shots with the bear kissing down Nina's body. When it reached her panties, he took a few pictures simulating it stripping them off of her, then she tossed them aside. She spread her legs then and placed the teddy bear between them in a simulated missionary position. Greg got some great shots of simulated sex, before Nina arched her back and screwed up her face, pretending to have an orgasm.

To add one final humorous touch, they did a last shot with the two lovers lying together in bed with Nina offering her teddy bear a cigarette.

"That has to be the best photoshoot so far," Kristen commented as Nina threw her robe back on. "Pretty creative, Nina."

"Thanks," Nina grinned. "I thought it was fun."

"Well, you're sure to get a lot of comments on your forum on the site about it." She turned back to Greg and Allison. "And good job to you too. I'd call that a successful day."

"I'm glad I could help," Greg grinned. "Seriously. I'm *really* glad I could help."

Everyone had a good chuckle over that.

Since it was getting late, all of the models retired to the guest house. Greg and Allison followed suit, heading out back to their own room to get some much needed privacy.

As soon as they closed the door behind themselves, Allison immediately started stripping off her clothes. "Did that get you as hot as it got me?" she asked him with a grin. "No, don't answer that." She reached out and grabbed him by the crotch, causing him to jump back with a chuckle.

"Nice and hard," she commented. "Just the way I like it. I'll tell you one thing, I'm not going to let you go to sleep until you fuck me silly."

"And if I refuse?" he joked.

"Well then, I'll just have to get one of the models to take care of me. I kind of had my eye on Debbie. What do you think? Do you think she'd be willing to go down on me?"

"I think it's a moot point, because she's not going to get the chance," he grinned, pulling his shirt over his head. "Tonight it's just you and me."

"Are you sure? I mean, I'm starting to like this 'Debbie' idea. Maybe we ought to invite her over for a nightcap. Followed by a threesome."

"You're starting to get into one of those moods again," said Greg. "I'd better get you good and fucked before you make a fool out of yourself."

"Well, get on with it already," she demanded, stepping out of the last of her clothes and reaching for his pants.

He did.

The next morning, they woke to the sound of Roberta knocking on the door announcing that breakfast would be in twenty minutes. That didn't give them a lot of time to get ready, but neither of them were about to complain since it meant that they would have to shower together. Greg, still excited by all of the nude women he had been exposed to throughout the previous day, couldn't keep his hands off her. She didn't seem to mind, except to warn him that if he got her riled up they would end up missing breakfast.

As it turned out, they were the last ones to the table. Some of the models flashed them a knowing grin. He just shrugged and smiled.

After breakfast they started in immediately on the photoshoots. They were much like the ones on Saturday, some more creative than others but all of them extremely erotic. His favorite involved Roberta in a French Maid outfit with Kristen as the mistress of the house. She started letting her hands wander over the maid's body, which led to both of their clothes gradually coming undone and falling to the floor until they finally gave up all pretense and lay down on one of the sofas to kiss and grope and fondle each other.

Allison did another set of pictures, this time on the bearskin rug in front of the fireplace in one of the sitting rooms. Using the natural lighting from the windows, it made her skin almost glow. He loved seeing her like this, so beautiful and sexy.

There were several more photoshoots, all before lunch. That would leave them plenty of time to pack up their things and return to the airport in time for their flight that afternoon.

After the last of the photoshoots, Greg and Allison returned to their room to pack. It was almost a shame to

have to leave; Greg had really enjoyed himself, and from the grin on his wife's face, he could see that she had too.

They returned to the dining room for lunch, and this time the conversation was much more lively now that they had had a chance to get to know everyone a little better. Afterward, Greg and Allison met with Kristen in her office again. This time, Kristen sat down behind her desk.

"This has been fun, hasn't it?" she smiled.

"It sure has," Greg agreed.

"So what do you think, Allison? Can we add your pictures to the site?"

"That's up to Greg," Allison replied. "I'm all for it, but I won't sign the release unless he agrees." Then she turned to him. "So how about it, dear?"

"Oh, all right," he sighed. "I guess even if someone I know sees them, a few naughty pictures won't do any harm to my reputation. Heck, I might go up in the estimation of some of my friends. I'll bet half of them already wish they were in my place, and if they ever saw these pictures that would only increase their jealousy."

Kristen pushed a couple of documents across the desk to Allison. "The first one is the release for the pictures we took this weekend, and the second is for the photos from Hawaii. I'll understand if you want to keep the honeymoon pictures private."

Allison glanced at Greg, who merely shrugged. Allison then signed both sheets.

"Great!" Kristen smiled. "Now for one last thing. I don't expect you to say yes, but I would probably regret it for the rest of my life if I didn't at least ask. Allison, you're gorgeous, smart, and talented."

"If you're proposing, it would probably be smarter to do it with my husband out of the room," she joked.

"No, I didn't mean it like that. What I'm saying is that you're the type of woman that this site is all about. We could use someone like you as a full-time photographer. Greg, this is in no way a discredit to your work. You did remarkably well too, especially on short notice. It's just that your wife has the other qualification of being a model-caliber woman. So Allison, I'm offering you a job."

"I certainly appreciate the offer," said Allison. "And if you had asked me a couple of years ago before I met Greg, I would have immediately said yes. But I have a family to look after now, and I'm afraid that I just couldn't commit to flying down here regularly. I'm sorry."

"That's okay. No hard feelings. Like I said, I didn't think you'd agree. But anyway, I've got the pictures, and so you both have done plenty. Thank you so much."

She wrote out a check and handed it to them, then they left the office. They said their goodbyes to all the

girls, then collected their bags and rode back to the airport with a couple of the other models who were flying out at about the same time.

Greg almost wished that Allison had agreed to take the job. It would have meant more weekends in LA surrounded by beautiful nude women. But she was right; their family came first.

The kids were just getting ready for bed when their parents arrived home. Allen, Kari, and Crystal, of course, were still fully dressed and sitting in the living room, since they were supposed to sleep at their own home that night.

Brit and Lissa asked their parents about their trip, but Greg and Allison spoke only in vague terms, never actually explaining what they had done. They didn't have much time to discuss it, since the kids had school in the morning. So Allison kissed them all and sent them upstairs to bed. Allen took his girls and, after saying his goodbyes, drove them home.

A few minutes later, Allison went up to visit with Jeff for a minute. He had already climbed into bed, but was sitting up and reading.

"So how was the weekend?" she asked.

"Fine," he smiled. "Kari and I had a lot of fun. Not too much though," he qualified. "Not with Allen in the house with us." It had taken him a while to stop calling him Mr. Williams, but eventually he had come around, and now it was Allen.

"Yes, I can certainly understand that that would limit your activities," she chuckled. "And how did Brit and you get along?"

"Actually, we hardly fought at all. A little, just for old times' sake, but not a lot."

"I'm glad. I think after that present you gave her, she's finally starting to like you."

"Well, let's not exaggerate," he joked.

"Anyway, I had another reason I wanted to come up here and talk to you," said Allison.

"Why?"

Allison grinned. "I just wanted to tell you that there's a new website that will be starting up in a couple of weeks that I'd like to look at with you."

Chapter 27

Fun at the Swimming Hole

All of the kids grew more and more excited over the next couple of months as the school year drew to a close. It was especially nice because they had the camping trip to look forward to. Kari and Crystal had never been camping, and Allen said he hadn't gone since he was a boy.

Greg invested in another three-man tent, and Allen bought one just big enough for himself. The original plan was to have Greg and Allison in one tent, Allen in another, the Williams girls in a third, and the Primdale children in the fourth. However, Brit pleaded with them to let her sleep with Crystal, so they relented and said she could bunk in with the Williams girls.

That didn't bother Jeff; it would give him some time alone with Lissa. That didn't mean they would do anything naughty like last time. They were past that. They had just been two kids experimenting. He still liked to be alone with her though; she was nice to talk to and nice to hug. Maybe they would snuggle together in the tent again. That was innocent enough.

On the last day of school Allison picked them up and drove them home. Lissa was the happiest of them all; she was finished with high school forever. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy it; it was just that she was looking forward to starting a new life.

A week later they all went to her graduation ceremony. The Williams family joined them; although they had no one graduating, Kari and Crystal had become almost like part of the family, so it was only natural for them to be there for Lissa's big day.

Allison was almost in tears for the whole event, and when they met Lissa afterward and the hugs started, she broke down and let the tears flow. Jeff couldn't remember her ever being so emotional; certainly he had never seen her cry. But despite the tears, she kept a smile on her face.

The camping trip was scheduled for the following weekend. Greg had Jeff help him pack the equipment early on Saturday, then they took Allison over to the Williams house to help Allen pack as well, since he wasn't used to camping and needed a little assistance. Kari and Crystal lent a hand as well, curious and enthusiastic about the whole thing.

By the time they finished, it was noon, so Allen invited Greg and Jeff to stay for lunch. Greg called home and made arrangements with Allison. She was to fix lunch for the girls then help them get ready, and in an hour she would take the van and drive it to the Williams' house, where they would caravan into the mountains to the same campground they had gone to a couple of years before. Allison jokingly said that they were getting dangerously close to letting the secret out; it had been her family's favorite when she was younger, but now too many people knew about it.

Brit asked to ride with Crystal on the way up, and Greg quickly agreed. It would keep her from fighting with Jeff during the trip after all. Kari, on the other hand, rolled her eyes, joking that with the two of them to gang up on her she might not survive the trip. When Greg offered to let her take Brit's place in their van, she jumped at the chance, claiming that it was to get away from Crystal and Brit, but making no secret of the fact that it was really to be with Jeff.

The trip to the campground proved to be uneventful. Jeff really enjoyed himself, sitting between Lissa and Kari. Lissa was fun to talk to, and Kari of course was nice and affectionate, holding his hand and even laying her head on his shoulder. He was having so much fun that he didn't even realize they had been on the road that long when suddenly the two vehicles were pulling into the campground.

Like before, it was deserted. They parked the cars, then everyone climbed out. Jeff yawned and stretched, taking in a nice deep breath of the clean mountain air. Kari grabbed his hand again and glanced around excitedly; this was a new experience for her.

"I have an idea," said Allison. "We've got to set up four tents this time, so why don't we take two campsites that are next to each other? Adults in one and children in the other."

"Who are you calling a child?" demanded Lissa playfully.

"You're still seventeen for another month and a half, dear," Allison replied. "Until then, you're technically a child."

"Okay, I guess you're right."

"Anyway, that way the kids can stay up talking as long as they want, even between the tents, and it won't bother those of us who want to get some sleep."

"That works for me," said Allen. "Any objections?"

Everyone seemed to be in favor of the idea, so they picked two sites that were near each other and began to unload the gear. Greg and Allen set to work on the adults' tents, while Allison helped the children with theirs. It took them about half an hour to get all four tents up, then they all grabbed their sleeping bags and other personal items and stowed them inside.

"So did you say there's a swimming hole nearby?" Kari asked Lissa as soon as they finished setting up the camp.

"Yes there is. Do you want to go swimming?"

Kari nodded.

"I want to go too," said Crystal.

"Why don't we all go?" Lissa suggested. "Jeff, Brit, you too?"

"Sure," Jeff said.

"I guess I can stand to be near Jeff for a little while," Brit shrugged.

The girls headed into the tent to change into their swimsuits while Jeff headed over to the other site to let the grownups know where they were going. Greg told him to make sure everyone was back by five for dinner, which would give them a couple of hours to swim. Jeff asked if he could borrow some of the lawn chairs that they had packed just in case they wanted to sit out in the sun to dry off, then headed back over to the other campsite where Lissa was just emerging from the tent, wearing shorts and a tee-shirt over her swimsuit and carrying a towel. Jeff ducked inside and changed into his swimming trunks also, then emerged to find the girls waiting for him.

He stopped by the van to retrieve the three lawn chairs that the adults weren't using, then they all headed down the trail to the swimming hole.

It was just the way he remembered it from a couple of years ago. The sand on the shore was nice and soft, the sun felt warm, and the water looked cool and refreshing. Kari spread out a beach towel and suggested they all put their shirts and shorts on it so they wouldn't get dirty. Jeff set up the lawn chairs as the girls stripped down to their swimsuits.

Kari, of course, looked absolutely stunning in her green and yellow swimsuit. Lissa had filled out very nicely; she would certainly be turning a lot of heads at her new school in the fall. Crystal was really developing a beautiful figure. The most surprising, though, was Brit. He hadn't realized it until now, but she was starting to develop very nicely as well. Her breasts were still little more than bumps on her chest that pushed out the top of her swimsuit, but they gave her upper body a very pleasing shape. Her hips were starting to grow into a nice curve. Her shape reminded him of Crystal's, which he found attractive. In fact, when Jeff was honest with himself, he had to admit that in her swimsuit, Brit looked downright sexy.

The younger girls enthusiastically dashed out into the water. Jeff and Kari followed them, taking their time. As usual, Lissa remained in the shallows a little longer, moving very slowly toward the deeper part.

When Jeff was up to his chest, he slipped under the water for a second. While under, he reached out and pinched Kari's behind. Even submerged beneath the surface he could hear her give a startled squeak. He came up, laughing, and she slapped him playfully.

"Is Jeff getting fresh?" asked Brit with a grin.

"No more than usual," Kari replied.

"Will you get fresh with me next?" Crystal giggled.

"You want me to pinch you too?" he asked.

"Oh, is that all you did?" asked Crystal with a deliberately disappointed look on her face. "In that case, no

thanks."

Brit and Crystal swam up to him, then stood nearby. Both girls had a mischievous gleam in their eyes, and he knew he was in for some teasing.

Brit leaned in and whispered something in her friend's ear, and Crystal nodded.

"Hey Jeff," said Crystal. "I have boobs now. Are you going to try to pull down my swimsuit?"

Brit giggled, but Jeff burst out laughing. So that was their game. They were going to try to embarrass him. That was an obvious reference to the comment he had made last year when Lissa had told them that he had "accidentally" pulled down her swimsuit.

If they were going to play those games, he was going to play them right back, and he intended to win.

"If you insist," he said, then reached for her.

Both girls squealed and dashed away from him. Brit dove into the water and swam as fast as she could, while Crystal merely ran, splashing through the water.

Jeff stopped his pursuit, certain that they would be back. They never missed an opportunity to tease him, and this time Crystal at least would get what was coming to her. If she was going to taunt him about losing her swimsuit, he would take her up on that offer. It wouldn't be the first time he had seen her naked after all.

Kari and he talked for a few minutes as the younger girls splashed and played a little further off. Lissa continued to remain in the shallower spots, submerged only to her waist in the water. Jeff leaned back and floated on his back for a minute, relaxing in the warmth of the sun and the coolness of the water.

Not entirely unexpectedly, a torrent of water crashed over him and he stood back up to see Brit and Crystal standing nearby and laughing at him. Naturally they had not been able to resist splashing him.

He lunged forward, but the girls scattered. This time he continued to pursue Crystal. She squealed and fled from him, giggling each time he nearly caught her.

"Help me Kari!" she cried out. "Jeff's trying to pull down my swimsuit!"

Kari just shrugged. "You brought it on yourself," she smiled. "Besides, now that Jeff's my boyfriend I'm on his side."

"Traitor," Crystal accused.

After a few minutes of chasing her, Jeff gave up the pursuit. He was too tired to keep it up for long in the water. He headed back toward Kari.

"What about me?" asked Brit with a grin as he passed her. "I have boobs too now."

While Jeff had never really had any inclination at all to see Brit's body, he had no intention of ending this game before they did. To do so would be to admit defeat.

"If you insist," he said, then leaped toward her. She squealed and tried to run away, but he managed to catch her wrist so that she couldn't flee.

"Do it, Jeff!" Crystal taunted. Jeff slipped a couple of fingers under the shoulder strap of Brit's swimsuit and pulled. She immediately threw her arms up across her chest so that all he managed to do was pull the strap off her shoulder. Brit half shrieked, half giggled as she tried to fight him off. Behind him he could hear Crystal, Kari, and even Lissa laughing.

Then there was another splash behind him, but he couldn't afford to divert his attention or Brit would make her escape, so he simply ignored it.

A moment later he felt a pair of hands on the waistband of his swimming trunks, and suddenly they were yanked down to his knees. In shock, he released Brit and tried to turn around to see who had pulled his trunks down. Crystal stood up, emerging from the water.

She wasted no time, but jumped on his back. He took a step to try to steady himself, but with his legs tangled in his swimming suit, he stumbled and fell, going under.

As he was submerged in the water, he felt someone else approaching. Now two pairs of hand reached for him. One pair caught him under the arms and lifted his head and torso up out of the water, while the other grabbed his trunks and pulled in the opposite direction. Before he could react, his suit slid down his legs and came off, and he found himself naked, being held in Kari's arms while he stared in surprise at Crystal holding his swimming trunks triumphantly in her hand.

"Fair is fair," she grinned.

Behind him he heard Lissa laughing at his misfortune, but Brit began to blush and turned around to face away from him. Fortunately the water here was several inches above his waist; she probably hadn't seen anything.

"Give me that," he demanded, reaching for Crystal, who giggled and tossed them over his head. They landed behind Kari in the water.

Kari immediately released him and pounced on the garment, snatching it up. Jeff turned around and chased her, but she tossed it toward Brit. It sailed over his sister's shoulder and landed on the water in front of her.

She obviously heard him splashing toward her, because she squealed and grabbed it, then wadded it into a ball and threw it backward over her shoulder, not caring where it landed. It ended up next to Kari again, so Jeff turned around and chased after her. This time she didn't try to get rid of it, but instead raced away from him. He was faster, and quickly gained on her. He had just about caught her when she finally threw it away, this time toward Lissa in the shallower water.

Jeff realized that to reach her he would have to wade into the water that wouldn't cover his waist, which would expose him to everyone. Of course, everyone here had seen his body before except Brit, and she was shyly averting her eyes.

Lissa picked it up, and for a moment she hesitated, as if trying to decide what to do with it. She looked at Jeff, and he realized she was torn between trying to be nice to him and continuing the game. No doubt she didn't want to do anything to harm her relationship with him and trying to decide whether this would anger him.

To ease her apprehension, he shrugged and smiled at her. Seeing that, she grinned back, but instead of throwing it away, she turned around and headed for the shore.

Kari and Crystal laughed, and even applauded. "What happened?" Brit asked, still facing away.

"Turn around and see for yourself," Kari told her.

"No way!" she said.

Lissa reached the bank, then turned around and held up Jeff's swimming trunks tauntingly. Jeff stood there in the water, still covered up to his waist, deciding whether to go after her.

"Go get her, Jeff!" said Kari with a laugh.

"Oh, you'd like that, wouldn't you?" he asked her.

"You bet I would. So would Crystal, right?"

"Right," her sister agreed.

"And maybe Lissa and Brit would like it too," Kari grinned.

"What do you mean?" asked Brit.

"Lissa's got his swimming trunks on the shore," Crystal explained.

"Oh my god!" Brit giggled.

"And Jeff is just about to go after her," Kari added. "Why don't you turn around and watch?"

"Ew, gross!" she exclaimed, causing the girls to giggle again.

"Come get them, Jeff," Lissa teased, holding his swimming suit up.

"I will," he warned.

"Come on then."

"I am," he replied. He hesitated for a couple of seconds, then splashed toward her.

Kari and Crystal actually clapped as his lower body came into view. He ignored them and headed straight for the shore. Lissa laughed, waving the garment in front of her tantalizingly.

When he reached the bank, she dashed to the far side.

"Turn around, Jeff!" Crystal said.

"What was that?" he asked, turning to face them. Both the Williams girls laughed as they saw his nude body, completely exposed to their view.

"What's going on?" asked Brit.

"It's okay," Kari replied. "You can look now, Brit."

Jeff was about to warn her that Kari was lying, but before he could, Brit turned around.

Her eyes went wide as she stared at his cock. She froze, apparently unable to take her eyes off it. He realized that this was probably the first one she had ever seen, at least, not since they were kids and took baths together.

"Well aren't you going to come get your swimming suit?" asked Lissa in a teasing voice.

Jeff turned toward her and began moving slowly in her direction. He was actually enjoying himself, and wanted to draw this out as long as possible.

"What's going on here?" a voice demanded behind him. Reflexively, Jeff turned around, then suddenly wished he hadn't. Allison stood there at the trail head, a stern look on her face.

Everyone froze. The splashing in the water ceased and the laughter from the girls cut off. Jeff felt his face burning as he realized just how bad this looked. It wasn't the fact that he was naked in front of her that bothered him; she had seen him like that before. More importantly, though, he was naked in front of the girls, including his sisters.

"I can't leave you guys for a few minutes without you getting naughty," Allison said. "It's a good thing I came to check up on you, or there's no telling what kind of trouble you'd get into." She glanced past him at Lissa, then held out her hand. "Lissa, give that to me," she ordered. Lissa quietly and sheepishly slipped past him and handed the swimming suit to her stepmother.

"I must protest this kind of horseplay," Allison said, and both Jeff and Lissa nodded. He opened his mouth to apologize, but she held out her hand to cut him off.

"Unless I'm involved," Allison grinned, then to his astonishment, shoved his swimming trunks down the front of her tank top.

Kari and Crystal cheered. Lissa broke down laughing. Brit stood there gaping.

A couple of years ago, Jeff would have been so embarrassed he would never have recovered. But now he decided he would go right along with it. After all, Allison was the one keeping him naked.

"Keep it," he shrugged, then sat down in one of the lawn chairs. "Hey Kari, do you want to sit in my lap?" he asked.

"Can I take a turn after Kari?" Crystal giggled.

"Actually, I was going to give my turn to Brit," Kari grinned.

"That's gross!" Brit exclaimed.

"Oh, don't pretend you don't want to," said Crystal. "You've been staring at his dick just like the rest of us."

"I was not!" she insisted, growing red and turning back around.

"Well maybe Allison would like a turn," said Lissa.

"No thank you, dear," Allison replied. "I think I'll take a different seat." She strode over and sat down in the chair closest to Jeff, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to sit there with him nude.

"So you don't mind Jeff being nude?" Lissa asked her.

"Why should I mind? Apparently the rest of you don't mind, or you wouldn't be playing this game."

"Well then you won't mind if *I* take off my swimsuit either," said Kari. She immediately began to strip down.

"What are you doing, Kari?" Brit demanded, blushing again.

"Skinny dipping," she replied. "It's nothing Jeff hasn't seen already."

"You mean you and he have..." Brit stammered.

"Had sex?" Kari finished for her. "Yes we have." She finished removing her swimsuit and wadded it into a ball. "Hey Jeff, catch!" she called, then tossed it to him. It landed in his lap.

"Hand it to me, Jeff," said Allison, holding out her hand. "I'll be the keeper of the swimsuits."

Jeff tossed it over to her. She took it and removed his from her shirt, then placed them on the beach towel on the ground beside her.

"Well if Kari's going to do it, I'm going to do it," said Crystal.

"But you and Jeff haven't... I mean..." said Brit.

"Who says?" Crystal grinned.

"You're joking, right?"

"I'll tell you all about our sordid affair later," Crystal winked, slipping out of her swimsuit and tossing it over to Allison.

"Well, since everyone else is getting naked, I might as well too," Lissa shrugged. She slipped her hand beneath the strap of her swimsuit and pulled it down, exposing her chest to view. This was a little different, because she was completely out of the water and therefore there was nothing to hide her body from anyone's eyes.

Lissa's body was just about fully mature now. She had a little more hair between her legs than the last time he had seen her, although still not really that much. Her hips had filled out nicely, and her breasts were a little larger. Her swimsuit went into the pile with the others.

"Hey Allison," said Jeff. "Aren't you going to go skinny dipping too?"

"Of course not. Somebody here has to maintain some sense of dignity."

"Oh very funny."

"What about you, Brit?" Crystal asked. "Don't you want to take your clothes off too?"

"Not with Jeff here!" she said.

"Oh, come on. I know you secretly fantasize about being naked with him."

"No I don't!" Brit insisted, growing red. "Jeff's the last person I would want to see me naked!"

"So that's it then," said Allison. "Now that I have everyone's swimsuits, I think I'll head back to camp."

"Hey!" Lissa said.

"Just kidding," Allison grinned. "Of course, anyone who wants their clothes back will have to be nice to me."

Lissa headed back out into the water, but Jeff rested in the chair for a few minutes longer, watching the girls splashing around. At first, Brit merely stood away from them with her back turned, obviously too shy to play with the other girls while they wore no clothes. When Crystal pounced on her back, she squealed and dashed away. After that, though, she joined in on the fun with the others.

Jeff didn't want to get left out, especially since Kari and Crystal seemed to be jumping on each other and the other girls, trying to push everyone under the water. He thought it would feel really nice to have them do that to him. So he got up from his chair and waded into the swimming hole toward them.

Crystal wasted no time, but immediately pounced on his back. Kari grabbed him around the front and together the girls tried to pull him under. He was more than happy to let them play that kind of game, since it meant that he was sandwiched between their naked bodies.

He wrapped his arm around Kari's waist, then let himself fall backward, dragging both girls with him as he went under the water. Crystal untangled herself from his back and he let go of Kari, and the three of them regained their footing and stood back up, coughing and spluttering and laughing.

Next the two Williams girls attacked Lissa, who hadn't yet gone all the way under the water. Jeff watched in delight as the three naked girls clung to each other, their bodies intertwined. Although it was just fun and games, he loved to see nude women rubbing their bodies against each other.

He glanced over at Brit to see her reaction. It made him wonder if she even knew about lesbians. Perhaps the thought never occurred to her that this horseplay could be in any way sexual. But she simply giggled as the three girls toppled over into the water.

When they came after her, though, she squealed and tried to escape. Crystal jumped on her back again, but this time with Kari's help they managed to drag her under. It wasn't quite as fun as watching them with Lissa; after all, Brit still had her swimsuit on.

After being victorious over all three of the Primdale children, Kari and Crystal gave up on that game. The effort had tired them out, and they relaxed in the water for a few minutes.

Jeff glanced over at Allison to see what she thought of all this horseplay. She looked a little drowsy, which wasn't surprising considering it was a warm day and she was just sitting there in the sun.

That gave Jeff a wicked idea. "Hey Crystal," he said. "Come here. I want to tell you a secret."

Crystal waded over to him. He leaned in and put his mouth next to her ear. "When Allison isn't looking, go splash her," he whispered.

Crystal giggled at that, then nodded.

"What did you say?" asked Brit, approaching them.

"Here, I'll tell you," Crystal offered. She whispered in Brit's ear. Brit's reaction was exactly the same as Crystal's, and Jeff realized that he had just managed to harness their teasing for his own nefarious purposes. He almost felt like throwing his head back and laughing maniacally.

Jeff continued to watch Allison as the two girls gradually and nonchalantly moved closer and closer to shore.

That had two benefits for Jeff. Not only was he about to see Allison get soaked, but it also gave him a better view of Crystal's body as she waded into the shallows.

The warmth of the sun and Allison's relaxed position in the lawn chair were having their effect on her. Jeff watched in excited anticipation as she began to nod, her eyelids drooping. Crystal and Brit both paid attention, awaiting their chance.

Finally, Allison closed her eyes and lay her head back. The girls waited about a minute longer, then nodded to each other. Both of them bent over and swung their arms through the water, catching a massive spray and sending it hurtling toward the woman in the chair.

Allison gasped and leaped to her feet when it hit, and everyone else burst out laughing. Kari even applauded. Allison stood there with an angry look on her face for a second, then she too began to laugh too.

Suddenly, it was Jeff's turn to gasp as he saw the effect that the water had on her tank top. It clung to her body, very tightly and very transparently. She obviously wore no bra; her breasts were completely visible, especially the dark area around her nipples.

She caught him staring, then glanced down at her chest. He expected her to become embarrassed or tell him not to look. Instead, she merely grinned and said, "I'll bet this was Jeff's idea."

He shrugged. "You know me. I couldn't pass up an opportunity like this. You know, if it bothers you, you could always take it off and let it dry out."

Allison laughed again. "Wouldn't you like to see that!" she said.

"Yes I would," he replied teasingly.

"Too bad," she said. "Your fantasy is just going to have to remain a fantasy."

"Can't blame me for trying," he grinned.

Allison sat down again, but made no move to cover herself, to Jeff's delight. Of course, had she done so it would have taken much longer for her shirt to dry, so she really had no choice.

Jeff's attention was diverted by the sound of splashing nearby. Crystal had jumped on her sister's back and was scrambling up onto her shoulders.

"You know what this means, don't you?" Crystal grinned at Jeff.

He nodded. "Come here, Brit," he said.

"I'm not going to touch you while you're naked!" she insisted.

"Come on, Brit. We can't have a battle without you," Kari told her.

"No way."

"What's the matter?" asked Jeff. "It's not like you're going to be anywhere near any part of me that should bother you. Or maybe you want me to get on *your* shoulders."

"No!" she exclaimed with an exaggerated look of horror on her face.

"Then come climb onto mine."

Brit considered for a moment. "Okay, fine," she said.

Jeff turned around and leaned over so she could get on his back, then climb onto his shoulders. Once she had positioned herself correctly, he stood back up and headed toward the Williams girls.

Once there, Crystal and Brit immediately began to push each other, and Jeff and Kari did the same. The four of them fought, laughing as they struggled to topple each other over. Jeff had a slight advantage; Crystal and Brit were about the same weight, but Jeff was quite a bit heavier than Kari and therefore their center of gravity was lower.

In the end, Brit managed to get a good push on Crystal which knocked her off-balance. Kari couldn't quite step back in time to save them, so the girls plunged into the water. Brit clapped with glee and bounced up and down on Jeff's shoulders.

Kari and Crystal emerged from the water. As soon as they wiped the water from their eyes, they glanced at each other. That one glance was all they needed. They charged forward and grabbed Jeff. Brit squealed as they wrapped themselves around him and knocked him over. He went under the water in a tangle of three girls' bodies.

It was getting late, so they decided to get out of the water and dry off. Allison's shirt was nearly dry by this time and far less transparent than it had been earlier (unfortunately, in Jeff's opinion).

No one wanted to put their clothes back on just yet, so they stood and sat around in the buff as they let the water drip off their bodies. Jeff sat down in one of the lawn chairs, and Kari came over and sat down on his lap. That felt very nice, especially when she leaned in and began to kiss him.

He was aware of Brit's and Lissa's eyes on him, but at the moment he didn't care. He was too wrapped up in the kiss. His only hesitation was that maybe Brit was too young to see this; the two of them were naked after all, even though they weren't exactly having sex.

In the warmth of the sun, it only took them about fifteen minutes to dry. It was a shame to have to get dressed again, but they had to get back to camp after all. He wondered what their fathers' reactions would be if they strolled into camp naked like they were. He nearly laughed until he imagined the look of rage that would surely be on Allen's face if Kari and Jeff walked up holding hands, especially if he also held Crystal's!

With that disturbing thought, he hurried and got dressed.

Chapter 28

Nocturnal Encounter

Allison and the kids returned to the campsites, where Greg and Allen sat talking around a fire that they had built in preparation for cooking dinner. They had some nice coals going, so Allison announced that it was time to start fixing dinner. She said she would be preparing Dutch Oven Pizzas, a recipe her father had invented years ago when she was just a girl. It sounded delicious, so the kids were more than happy to lend a hand when she asked if they would like to help her cook it.

It consisted of pre-prepared pizza dough that they had stored in the cooler, topped by pizza sauce that she had mixed up that morning before leaving for the camping trip, pre-grated mozzarella cheese, and the usual toppings of pepperoni, mushrooms, olives, green peppers, and onions. Because most of the work had been done beforehand, it was very simple to fix. They really just had to cut up the vegetables and throw everything together in the dutch ovens.

They had brought two of the cooking pots because one wouldn't make enough pizza to feed both families. They set these on the coals and let them cook for a while.

As usual with everything Allison did, it turned out absolutely perfect. Everyone ate with smiles on their faces, savoring the delicious meal.

The heat of the day began to drop quickly after dinner, so everyone put on warmer pants. For the most part they kept their swimsuits on under their clothes; it was just easier that way, since they would be changing into their night clothes in a couple of hours anyway.

Kari headed back to the van to retrieve a couple of board games that were favorites at the Williams house, and the two families sat around playing for the rest of the evening as the shadows lengthened and the temperature dropped.

When it was too dark to play without extra light, Greg lit the propane lantern to give them another hour or so to continue visiting and playing games.

Eventually they had to go to bed though. Lissa led the rest of the kids back to their own campsite, where Kari, Crystal, and Brit climbed into their tent while Jeff and Lissa climbed into the other one.

Brit and Crystal continued to talk for a while in the tent. Brit noticed that Kari seemed a little restless, even anxious, and wondered what that could mean. But she didn't seem to be mad at the girls for talking, so Brit decided not to worry about it.

After about half an hour, Kari finally spoke up.

"Brit," she said. "There's something I have to do, and it may come as a shock to you."

"What is it?" asked Brit.

"I'm going to go visit your brother."

"Visit? You mean...?"

"I mean have sex with him."

"Oh," said Brit, thinking about what Kari had said.

"I know this is awkward," said Kari. "I was hoping to wait till you went to sleep, but it looks like you and Crystal will be up late talking, so there's no chance to sneak out without you knowing about it."

"It's okay," said Brit. "Look, everyone still treats me like a little kid, but I'm thirteen now. And you already admitted that you've been having sex with him, so why should it bother me that you're doing it now?"

Kari smiled. "You're right, Brit. I'm sorry that I treated you like a kid."

"Don't worry about it," said Brit. "So is Lissa coming back here then?"

"No, Lissa's staying with Jeff and me."

"What?"

"Lissa said she wanted to watch, and I agreed."

"Why would she want to watch? Jeff's her brother."

"I know. I guess she's just curious, that's all."

"Oh. I suppose that's okay then."

"Well, wish me luck," Kari grinned.

"Good luck," Brit and Crystal both said, and Kari slipped out of the tent.

Jeff lay on his back, his big sister curled up next to him with her head on his shoulder and one arm thrown over his chest. They had opened up their sleeping bags and lay them together like they had done on the camping trip a couple of years ago.

The two of them were always affectionate with each other when they were alone together. Jeff really loved his big sister, and was already feeling sad that she would be leaving for college in a few months. So when

Lissa had suggested they sleep together tonight, he was more than happy to accept.

He had wondered for a moment whether she intended to seduce him, and whether he would refuse her or not. He had Kari, of course, but Lissa had been the first one to explore his sexuality with him, and it would have been so nice to bring that to fulfillment. But he would never go behind Kari's back like that, no matter how much he wanted it.

In the end, it was a moot point. After they lay out their sleeping bags, she simply lay down in his arms, making no move to touch him in any sexual way. It was almost disappointing, but at the same time he was relieved that he wouldn't have to tell her no.

"Jeff, I'm going to miss you," she said. "When I leave for college, I mean."

"I feel the same way," he told her. "But I'll see you at Christmas. And next summer, of course."

"I know, but it just won't be the same."

"It's too bad you couldn't have picked a school closer to home. One where you could still live here with us."

"I'll tell you a secret. I picked one far away because I want to start over. I want to throw away the old Lissa and become a different person. Do you remember... Oh, maybe I shouldn't tell you this."

"What?"

"Well, do you remember that night when Rachael babysat us? That night when she stayed with me?"

"Yes."

"Don't take this the wrong way, but when that happened I started to see the world from a different perspective. I'm not talking about as a lesbian, because I'm not. I just mean, I think I've been sheltered all my life, and I got too comfortable. I'm ready to try new experiences."

"I guess that makes sense," he smiled. "I think it will be good for you. Just promise me you'll always love us."

"I will, Jeff."

"Then I promise I'll always love you too."

"Thanks," she said, hugging him tightly.

Suddenly there was a sound at the entrance. Someone was fumbling with the tent flap.

"Who...?" Jeff began, but Lissa put a finger to his lips to silence him.

"It's a surprise for you," she whispered.

"A surprise for me?"

Suddenly, Kari's head appeared in the opening. "What have you two naughty kids been up to?" she whispered with a grin.

"Come on in," Lissa told her. "Jeff, Kari and I plotted this. I told Kari she could spend some quality time with you tonight if I could watch."

"You want to watch?" Jeff gasped.

"Jeff, I love you. I want to have one more intimate moment with you before I leave for school in a couple of months. Since there are certain lines that I know we shouldn't cross, this is the next best thing."

"And you're all right with this?" he asked Kari as she stepped inside and closed up the flap behind her.

"As far as I'm concerned, she can join in if she wants," Kari grinned. "You know me."

Jeff laughed. "Okay, good point."

Jeff sat up, and Kari sat down on his lap, facing him and straddling his hips. For the first few minutes they just hugged and kissed with their clothes on. It was often like this when they made love, at least when they weren't rushed; they liked to take plenty of time to enjoy it. They would usually kiss each other tenderly and enjoy the warmth of each other's bodies through their clothes. It helped to build up the anticipation for when they undressed later.

It was the same tonight. With the adults in the other campsite and all of the kids in on the secret, there was no need to hurry. Sometimes Jeff enjoyed this part of their lovemaking the most of all. He loved kissing Kari, and with their clothes on the erotic nature of the act was kept to a minimum, leaving only the love between them.

Not that he had anything against sex; he enjoyed that part as well. But that was a more physical act, and the pleasure tended to crowd out the emotional parts for him. It was only afterward, in the seconds and minutes following the orgasm, when the pleasure faded, that there was enough room in his emotions for him to really feel his love for her burning strongly again.

Jeff glanced over at Lissa, who knelt on the floor of the tent nearby, a smile on her lips. Apparently she was enjoying the show, despite the fact that nothing had really happened yet.

Kari noticed it too. "Should we give Lissa something to remember?" she asked.

"Absolutely," Jeff agreed.

Kari reached down and grasped the bottom of his tee-shirt, then pulled it up over his head. She then bent

down and kissed him on the chest. Jeff held her to him, enjoying the feel of her lips on his skin. Sometimes she was wild and unrestrained, but this time, it was tender and gentle.

When she pulled back and gazed into his eyes, Jeff knew he could wait no longer. He slipped her shirt up over her head as well. She still wore her swimsuit from earlier in the day, unfortunately, not that that would last long. He kissed her neck and then her shoulder, reaching up to pull down the strap to give him better access. She responded with a contented sigh.

When he reached for the other strap, she giggled. "Now I know how your sister felt when you did this to her," she said.

"Believe me, it wasn't anything like this," Lissa grinned.

Jeff continued to draw the straps downward off her shoulders, watching as the top of her swimsuit folded over to follow the straps down her body, exposing her chest bit by bit. First the tops of her breasts came into view, then her cleavage, then her nipples, and finally they sprang free. He didn't stop until he had her stripped down to her waist, and she pulled her hands out of the straps and wrapped them once more around him.

"So what do you think?" Kari asked Lissa.

"If I were a connoisseur of boobs, I'd say you've got a great pair," Lissa laughed. "But I think Jeff's opinion is more important that mine in this case."

"I have to concur," said Jeff, trying to sound formal. "The overall quality is definitely superior."

"Superior to what, Lissa's?" asked Kari.

"Hey!" Lissa exclaimed, with a laugh.

Jeff slid one of his hands up to her chest and cupped her breast. Kari grinned at him as he began to fondle it gently. She leaned in and kissed him again, and he responded by opening his mouth and letting her tongue slide inside.

She drew back with a sparkle in her eyes. "Stand up," she told him.

Jeff knew what was coming, and he was more than happy to comply. Kari climbed off of his lap to give him room to rise to his feet. Standing in the center of the tent where the ceiling was the highest, he still had to lean over a little, but he didn't mind the awkward position considering how good he was about to feel.

Kari grabbed the waistband of his sweatpants and pulled downward. When she reached his feet, he stepped out of them. Now he stood in only his swimming trunks. Kari reached for these as well, then glanced over at Lissa.

"Looks like your sister wants to see this as much as I do," she commented.

Jeff looked at Lissa, who wore a grin on her face. She shrugged, letting them know she wasn't going to deny it.

With a quick motion, Kari dropped his shorts, revealing his hardened cock. Both girls' eyes lit up with delight upon seeing it.

"So what do you think if *that*?" Kari asked her.

"If I were a connoisseur of cocks, I'd say he's got a great one," Lissa giggled.

"Oh, don't be shy. Admit you like it."

"He's my brother!"

"If he were my brother, I'd be taking advantage of the situation," Kari told her.

"Yeah, that's easy for you to say. You're his girlfriend."

"Hey Kari," said Jeff. "Do you want to show Lissa how you like to take care of me?"

"Why am I not surprised you want to do that?" Kari laughed.

"Can you blame me?"

"Okay. Lissa, take a look at this!" she opened her mouth, leaned forward, and took his dick into her mouth. Immediately she began to suck.

"Oh my god!" Lissa gasped. "I've never seen... I mean..."

"It's called oral sex," Jeff told her.

"I know what it is," Lissa replied. "I just didn't realize that you two were into that."

"It's just too bad we're not going to do it to the end," he said, "or we'd *really* give you something to see. But tonight I want to give her as much pleasure as she gives me. Speaking of which, you'd better stop now Kari, or I'm liable to go off."

Kari drew back and smiled up at him. "On the other hand, we haven't had much chance to be together lately. Do you think maybe you're up for doubles tonight?"

"You bet I am!" Jeff exclaimed.

"Doubles?" asked Lissa.

"Once in my mouth and once in my pussy," Kari explained.

"Are you serious?" Lissa asked, astonished. "You would really let him... I mean... in your mouth?"

"Why not? It tastes so good! You should try it sometime."

"Uh, no thanks," she laughed nervously.

"Your loss," said Kari, then slipped her mouth back over Jeff's cock.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I think I'd better lie down for this. If my strength gives out and I topple over, I could end up pulling the tent down.

Kari nodded, but refused to release him from her mouth. She continued sucking as he slowly went down on his knees, then maneuvered himself onto his back on top of his sleeping bag.

He glanced over at Lissa, who watched the action with a mixture of shock and excitement. Jeff could hardly believe he was getting a blowjob right in front of his sister's eyes!

That thought added to the thrill, and his body began to respond, his hips rising up to push into Kari's mouth. She wrapped her hand around the base to keep him from penetrating too deeply in his enthusiasm. They had learned the hard way that when Jeff got excited like that, he tended to thrust forward a lot. He had accidentally shoved the tip of his cock against the back of Crystal's throat, causing her to choke and spit him out. At the time, it was anything but humorous, especially for Crystal, but afterward they laughed about it. Crystal herself joked that it was payback for the time she had accidentally bitten him.

They decided that because Jeff had no control over himself when he was in that state, they would have to take precautions, hence the hand on the base. Jeff didn't mind, especially when Crystal used her hand to jerk him off into Kari's mouth. Those were some of the best orgasms he had ever had.

With Kari's tongue stimulating him as she sucked, he knew he wouldn't last long. Lissa, surprisingly, lay down on her side, resting her head in one of her hands as she stared at the action. Like this, she was only about a foot away. Jeff could even feel her breath on his cock.

That was enough to do it. "I'm going to cum," he said, as usual giving Kari fair warning. To date, she had never taken her mouth off of his cock when he did so, but he continued to do it anyway to prepare her for the blast.

She gripped him tighter and sucked hard, and the pleasure began to spike. Jeff gripped the ground tightly as his body tensed. He clenched his teeth and forced himself not to release too soon. The longer he held out, he knew, the more intense the climax.

Eventually his body won out over his willpower, and his cock jerked. The first spurt fired into Kari's mouth, and she smiled. The second spurt came, and she hummed in delight. Over and over he released his load, and she swallowed as fast as she could.

It was still a little too much. Some of his cum leaked out of the corners of her lips. It was just a few drops, and as she let his spent cock slip out of her mouth, she scooped them up with a finger.

She brought it to her mouth and stuck out her tongue, but then she suddenly stopped and glanced at Lissa with a gleam in her eye. She held out her hand with the cum-coated finger extended. "Want to try it?" she asked.

Lissa stared at her, and Jeff was shocked to see not revulsion or embarrassment on her face, but nervous excitement. He realized that she was actually considering it!

"I..." she stammered, barely more than a whisper. She glanced down at the finger, then shuddered. A moment later she leaned forward and took Kari's finger in her mouth.

"Oh my god!" Jeff groaned. That sight was so erotic that he almost had another orgasm right there. Lissa glanced over at him with Kari's finger still in her mouth, and giggled.

"Good girl," said Kari. "Now you've really given your brother something to remember you by."

After the fantastic oral sex, Jeff had to rest for a few minutes. Kari took that opportunity to strip the rest of the way out of her clothes, then lay down with her head on his chest. Surprisingly, Lissa lay down on the other side. Even with Lissa's clothes on, it still felt very nice. He loved his sister, and enjoyed these moments of closeness.

They lay together for about ten minutes before Kari reached down and began to stroke his cock again. In their experimenting, she had learned just how to touch him to bring him quickly to full arousal. It did the trick, and soon he was completely hard again.

Jeff wasn't idle during this time either. He had been similarly been working on her pussy. He had become quite an expert at rubbing girls like that, with both Kari and Crystal to work on. He had watched Kari play with herself, and then he had watched Crystal play with Kari. There was a kind of connection there that could only be felt between two girls, since Crystal did to Kari what she would do to herself to give her pleasure. That was the most educational of all; it was one thing to watch Kari stimulate herself, but it was something quite different to watch someone else do it for her. He had copied Crystal's movements until he had learned exactly what Kari needed and how to read her reactions to speed things up or slow them down.

Now she was quite wet, and as his fingers probed into her, he knew that she was ready for him. Jeff kissed her gently and then gazed into her eyes for confirmation. She smiled and nodded.

"So how do you want to do this?" he asked. "I want to give Lissa a good view."

"I have an idea," she replied. "Sit up."

Jeff rose into a sitting position, and at Kari's request spread his knees slightly. Kari then stood over him, straddling his legs. She lowered herself along his body until she knelt over his lap, one leg on each side of his

hips. With a grin, she took his dick in her hands and pointed it up toward her awaiting slit, then lowered herself until the tip brushed against her.

She pressed downward again, and he felt himself slide an inch inside of her. She took a deep breath and smiled, getting used to the feel of it. Then she lowered herself some more, inch by inch until he was all the way in.

"God, that feels wonderful!" she breathed.

"Yes it does," he agreed.

She moved her legs forward until she was no longer kneeling, but sat with her full weight on his lap. That pushed him in the slightest bit more, which only served to increase the pleasure. She slipped her hands onto his shoulder, then brought them together behind his neck, locking her fingers. Then she leaned back, exposing her beautiful torso to his eyes.

"Is that a good enough view for you, Lissa?" she asked.

"Very nice," Lissa replied.

Ever so slowly, Kari began to rock her hips forward and back. It was a wonderful sensation, nowhere near as intense as her mouth but beautiful in its own right. It was a gentle, peaceful rhythm that was just right for his second time that night.

Lissa watched with a smile on her face, obviously enjoying the sight. Jeff wondered what was going through her mind right now. After all, one of the participants was a girl and the other was her brother. Why should she get any kind of enjoyment out of this?

"Do you two mind..." Lissa breathed. "Do you mind if I... take my clothes off too?" she asked.

"Be my guest," Kari told her. "Is that okay with you, Jeff?"

"That's fine," Jeff replied. Actually, he was more than happy to see her naked again. He had thought that today at the swimming hole would be his last opportunity, but this was one more chance. And she had such a nice body.

She quickly slipped out of her clothes. Jeff watched her with delighted interest as she did so, loving the sight of her boobs and pussy as they came into view. She had a very nicely developed body, perhaps above average for a girl her age, not that he had much to compare it with other than the teen porn stars he had seen on the computer. He thought Lissa's body looked even better than theirs, though.

As soon as she removed the last of her clothes, she sat back down on her knees, her hands in her lap. She continued to watch as Kari slowly fucked Jeff.

Although he would have preferred to have Kari's chest up against his, he found that this space between them

opened up some interesting possibilities. He reached up with both of his hands and began to fondle her tits. She cooed in delight as he touched her there, and Jeff grinned. His fingers worked over the nipples, pulling at them and pinching them gently, making them hard to the touch. If there was one part of Kari that he enjoyed the most, it was her breasts. They were so beautiful to look at and fun to play with, especially knowing that she got just as much pleasure out of it as he did, or probably even more.

He was so wrapped up in teasing her body with his hands that he almost didn't notice Lissa moving from her spot beside them. She slipped behind Jeff, and suddenly he felt her body pressed up against his own.

"Lissa, what--" he began, but she cut him off.

"Just relax," she told him, slipping her arms around him and holding him tightly to her.

"She's right, you know," Kari smiled. "There's nothing better than snuggling with two people that you love very much."

Jeff sighed. It did feel nice. With Lissa's warm body against his back and Kari's hot, tight cunt wrapped around his cock, he couldn't believe how wonderful it felt.

Kari began to increase the tempo now, and Jeff recognized that as a sign that she was getting more excited. He wondered if Lissa was doing it to her. He already knew that Kari liked to have sex with Jeff and Crystal at the same time, so maybe it could be generalized to having more than one partner.

Did that mean that Kari was attracted to Lissa? That thought, oddly enough, disturbed him very little. On the contrary, it excited him. Would that one day come to fruition? He could just imagine the two girls locked in a tight embrace as they made passionate love to one another.

His own body was responding to that erotic thought as his hips rose up to thrust into Kari. The two of them moved as one now, their bodies reacting to each other as if guided by a single consciousness. It was always like this with Kari; they had been making love to each other long enough that they no longer consciously reacted to each other's needs, but simply worked together in perfect unison.

She began to moan now, but at a volume only slightly louder than a whisper. She knew she couldn't afford to be any louder than that or their parents might hear. As they continued to make love, it increased in pitch if not volume.

Lissa began to run her hands all over Jeff's chest, massaging him gently. That contact helped to increase the pleasure, and he knew he was getting close to another orgasm. Kari, thankfully, was near her peak as well. Usually if he had already had an orgasm earlier, she would reach her climax first, but he always loved it when they did it together.

He began to gasp in his breaths as he approached the edge. Kari bit down on her lower lip to keep from screaming and he knew she was just about there.

Suddenly, he felt Lissa's hands lowering along his abdomen, down over his stomach and finally slipping between Kari and him. That sudden contact was enough to drive him over the edge. Both Jeff and Kari suddenly grasped each other tightly as their bodies reached orgasm together. His manhood throbbed inside her as her pussy tightened around him in a viselike grip.

They held onto the pleasure for as long as they could, until it began to ebb and their bodies relaxed once more. Jeff kissed Kari tenderly as they held each other close.

"Um... Jeff?" said Lissa.

"Hmm?" he asked.

"Do you mind? My hands are trapped."

Jeff glanced down to see that they were, indeed, caught between Kari's and his bodies. They three of them burst out laughing, and Kari released Jeff and climbed off his lap. Lissa pulled her hands free.

"And now the most important part," said Kari.

"What's that?" asked Lissa.

"The snuggling."

Jeff lay down and Kari rested once more against his chest. Lissa watched them for a second with a hesitant look on her face, then she sighed and lay down also in his arms. They drew up one of the sleeping bags on top of them, and drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 29

First Kiss

While Jeff and Kari were making love, Brit and Crystal sat in the other tent talking.

"Can I ask you something?" said Brit.

"Sure," Crystal smiled.

"Today when we were swimming, when you said you and Jeff had had sex, were you joking?"

"No," Crystal grinned.

"Really?"

"Really," she replied. "I had been lusting after him since he took me on that date. Finally Kari gave in and let me have a turn with him. We've been fucking ever since."

Brit blushed. Crystal knew that she wasn't used to such language, and she was most definitely not used to hearing about sex.

"And what about Kari?" asked Brit. "Does she know?"

Crystal wondered whether she should tell Brit the whole thing, about Kari joining in, about what happened between the two girls afterward. She didn't know how Brit would take it.

In the end, she decided to tell only a part. "Kari watched," she replied.

"Oh my god!" said Brit. "You mean, right in the room with you?"

"Right in the room. She sat in a chair."

"But didn't that bother you?"

"Actually, it made me horny," Crystal grinned, and Brit giggled.

"Anyway, Jeff's great in bed," said Crystal. "He's gentle and sweet, but strong and sexy too."

"Are we talking about the same Jeff?" Brit laughed.

"You may not realize it, but Jeff's really a great guy," Crystal told her. "You should take advantage of it more often."

"What do you mean?"

"When's the last time you hugged him?"

"I don't know. I don't feel like doing it very often."

"Well, that's the problem. Jeff's very nice to hug. He's also nice to snuggle with and talk to, and just be around. You're just too busy fighting with him all the time to let him be nice to you."

"Jeff's never been nice to me," Brit insisted, although she knew it wasn't true. There were those occasional moments when he was kind and gentle, just like Crystal said. But too often the two of them just bickered and argued. It was sad in a way. Crystal was right; sometimes Jeff was nice to hug.

"Well, I just think it's sad that you two don't get along," said Crystal, "because you're missing a great opportunity."

Brit sighed. "Maybe you're right," she conceded. "We've just been fighting so long that we do it automatically, even when we have nothing to fight about. I guess he is kind of nice to be around sometimes."

"Plus he's a great kisser," Crystal mused, more to herself.

Brit giggled. "Okay, that's where I draw the line though."

"So you're telling me you don't harbor any secret fantasies about kissing him?" Crystal grinned.

"Ew!" said Brit. "You're so disgusting, Crystal!"

"I know. But it's so much fun."

"Well, Jeff's the last guy in the whole world I would ever kiss."

"So do you have your eye on someone else? Maybe a boy at school?" asked Crystal. "I'll bet some of them are good kissers too."

"I don't know. After what happened with you and Chad... I guess I'm a little scared."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Crystal sighed. "Brit, can I ask you a personal question?"

"You've already been asking me personal questions," Brit laughed.

"Good point. So you shouldn't mind this one. Have you ever been kissed?"

"If you're not talking about my dad and mom, then no."

"Do you know how?"

"Sure. You just put your lips together."

Crystal laughed. "Yes, that's the basics of it. But it's *how* you do it that's important."

"What do you mean?"

"Well... how can I put this into words? Um... I don't know. It would be easier to show you."

"Too bad Jeff's busy," Brit grinned.

"Yeah. Too bad. But actually, it might be better if I kissed *you*."

"Me?" asked Brit, astonished. "But..."

"But what?"

"But we're both girls!"

"Exactly. So it won't mean anything. If you were a boy and I kissed you, it would mean I was in love with you, or at least that I liked you a whole lot. But since you're a girl, we can go ahead and do it."

"I... I don't know..."

"Come on, Brit. How are you going to learn if you don't practice? I mean, what will happen when you finally meet a boy you like and he wants to kiss you? Don't you think you should learn how to do it first?"

How indeed? Crystal had a very good point. And after all, they were just girls. It just meant they were practicing, not that they liked each other in the same way that girlfriends and boyfriends liked each other. "I guess... I guess you're right," said Brit.

"Come here," said Crystal with a smile, leaning in. Brit took a deep, nervous breath, then brought her head forward.

The two girl's lips touched, and suddenly her nervousness melted away. Crystal was her best friend after all, and it felt so comfortable kissing her. In fact, it actually felt nice.

This is my first kiss! she suddenly realized, and that thought filled her with delight. She was glad it was with someone like Crystal, someone she could be comfortable with. The girl was right. If she had waited until she was with a boy she liked, she would be a mass of nerves, probably too shy to go through with it. At least with Crystal she didn't have to feel that way.

The two girls drew apart, perhaps a bit reluctantly. Crystal smiled at her. "See? That wasn't so bad," she said.

"I guess not," replied Brit.

Crystal suddenly grinned, and Brit knew she had something in mind. "Do you want to try something else?" she asked.

"What?" asked Brit.

"Do you want to try French kissing?"

"What's that?" asked Brit. Crystal burst out laughing, but Brit didn't think it was very funny. Seeing the look on her face, Crystal suddenly cut off the laugh.

"You mean you really don't know?" she asked.

"Look, Crystal, you're always teasing me about how I've led a sheltered life and I don't know anything. Okay, I admit it, it's true. Are you satisfied? So just tell me."

"I'll show you instead," said Crystal.

Brit shrugged. The two girls moved in again and pressed their lips together. This time, Crystal opened her mouth and Brit felt something between them pressing against her own lips. With shock, she realized that it was Crystal's tongue!

She jumped back. "What are you doing?" she demanded.

"That's French kissing," Crystal explained.

"But that's so gross!"

"The boys just love it. Jeff especially."

"You mean Jeff really let you do that to him?"

"He does it to me right back. I love it."

Brit considered. While the idea seemed disgusting at first, she imagined what it would feel like to let a boy put his tongue in her mouth, or even better, to put her own tongue in the boy's mouth. It would probably feel quite strange. But if the boys liked it, then maybe it wasn't so bad after all. Maybe she just needed to get used to it.

"We can try again if you want," she said.

"Okay," Crystal grinned. "But you have to open your mouth too this time."

Brit nodded. The two girls leaned in once more. This time, Crystal reached out and gently pulled Brit to her, and their bodies locked in an embrace. Their lips met and both girls opened their mouths. Brit felt Crystal's tongue enter her mouth and touch her own. It felt funny at first, but as Crystal held her there, she realized that

it wasn't bad at all. She stuck out her own tongue, running it all over Crystal's. There was something very personal, very intimate about it. That was probably why people liked it, because it was sharing something that would be gross if done with someone who wasn't at least a good friend. In that way it was a lot like sex, she realized, something else she was inexperienced with. She knew about it on a technical level, but had never experienced it herself.

That was one thing, at least, that Crystal couldn't practice with her. She was surprised that she felt disappointed about that. But there was nothing to be done. One day she would meet a boy who would teach her all about it. Until then, she would have to be patient.

Crystal's body seemed unusually warm, and Brit wondered if she had a fever. From this close she could tell that Crystal's face was flushed, and as they hugged each other she could feel the girl's heart beating quickly in her chest. What was wrong?

Brit broke the kiss and drew back. "Are you okay?" she asked, concerned.

"I'm just fine," Crystal replied in a strange, breathy tone.

"You sure?"

"Why wouldn't I be?"

Brit shrugged. "Okay, if you say so."

Crystal smiled warmly at her. "Is it okay if we try that again?" she asked.

Brit nodded. "Okay," she replied, leaning in again.

The two girls kissed some more, and Brit noticed that Crystal's reaction was the same. She wondered what could be causing that. Was it something to do with the kiss? Inexperienced as she was, she really couldn't tell.

One thing she did know was that she liked it. After her initial discomfort with Crystal's tongue touching her own, she decided that it was actually kind of fun. And with a sweet girl like Crystal to help her experiment, she knew she could just relax and enjoy it.

The hugging was nice too. Especially here in the cold mountain air, the warmth of her friend's body against her own soothed her. The two girls were practically sitting in each other's laps, arms wrapped around each other. She had decided to practice with Crystal in order to be ready when a boy wanted to do this with her, but right now, that was the furthest thing on her mind. She thought it would be nice just to keep kissing Crystal like this.

That thought suddenly alarmed her, and she pulled back. What was she thinking? She wasn't supposed to be enjoying it *that* much! They were both girls after all.

Crystal stared at her for a minute, noting the look of concern on Brit's face. Then she sighed.

It's too bad, she thought, *that Brit's not interested in girls.*

Brit had stopped the kissing a little earlier than Crystal had hoped. It felt wonderful and exciting, but unfortunately Brit was too reserved to let herself really enjoy it. There was no love there, just an uneasy and reluctant willingness to experiment. Perhaps Brit had sensed that Crystal was having too much fun, or perhaps she felt guilty, or perhaps she just didn't like it. For whatever reason, Brit had pulled away, leaving Crystal unsatisfied.

She decided to just let it go, despite wanting to continue. The two girls immediately returned to talking and laughing, as if the kissing had never happened. To see them now, one would have no idea that they had just been smooching a few minutes ago. Crystal caught herself staring at Brit several times as the two girls talked. She had been friends with Brit for a year now, but in these past few months, things had begun to change. It wasn't noticeable, at least to anyone except Crystal, but ever since that first time the two Williams sisters had made love, Crystal had begun to think of girls differently.

Brit was a very pretty girl, and very fun to be with. She was a little naive at times, but that was all part of her charm. Crystal liked how Brit looked, with her long, blond hair, big blue eyes, and little pouty lips that Crystal now knew were very nice to kiss. The boys at school were starting to notice her, which sometimes made Crystal jealous. Brit was *her* friend.

"You know, Brit," said Crystal, "I'm glad you're my friend."

"Just because it gives you an excuse to go after my brother," Brit laughed.

"I'm serious, Brit. I like you. Just like Jeff, you're fun to be around."

"Thanks," smiled Brit. "I like you too."

"Plus it gives me an excuse to go after your brother," Crystal grinned.

Brit laughed again. "Exactly," she said. "Crystal, did you really have sex with him?"

"I told you I did, didn't I?"

"And that wasn't a joke?"

"No it wasn't."

"But..." Brit began, then stopped.

"What?" asked Crystal.

"Well... I saw Jeff's thing this afternoon."

"His dick?"

"Um, yeah. Wouldn't it be too big? I mean, if you're anything like me, it wouldn't fit."

Crystal almost burst out laughing. Brit really didn't understand.

"You have to loosen it up first," Crystal replied.

"Loosen it up?"

"Yeah, like when you play with yourself."

Brit blushed again. "I don't play with myself," she insisted. "That's dirty."

"And it's so much fun."

"But... I mean..."

"Brit, do you mean to tell me you've never touched yourself like that?" asked Crystal.

Brit shook her head.

"Oh," said Crystal. Then she had a wonderful idea. "Do you want me to show you how?" she asked.

Brit's eyes grew wide. "That's gross!" she said.

"No it isn't," Crystal insisted. "It feels really good. I take it you've never had an orgasm either."

Again she shook her head.

"Well once you do, you'll be addicted, just like I am. I'll show you."

"You don't have to!" Brit hurriedly said, but Crystal wasn't about to pass up this opportunity. The thought of stimulating herself with Brit watching excited her beyond belief. Maybe Brit would want Crystal to teach her. Maybe the two girls would do it together. Maybe that would lead to something more. That thought drove her crazy with lust.

Crystal made up her mind then. Perhaps not tonight, but one of these days, she would seduce Britney Primdale!

With that thought in mind, she pulled her tee-shirt over her head, then unfastened her shorts and slipped them off. Then she grasped the straps of her swimsuit and pulled them down, finally lifting her legs and letting the garment come free. There she sat, naked, in front of Brit.

She could see the girl sneaking glances at her body, and it felt good. She wondered if Brit had any lesbian

tendencies. More likely, Brit didn't even know anything about that.

Crystal decided to have fun with her. "So what do you think of my boobs?" she asked with a grin.

"Ew!" said Brit, turning away.

"Ew?" Crystal repeated. "What's wrong with my boobs? Jeff really likes them."

"There's nothing wrong with them," Brit said.

"So you think they're pretty?"

"I don't know."

"Tell you what. Why don't you show me yours, and we'll compare."

"No way!"

"Brit," said Crystal. "There's nothing wrong with showing me your body. We're both girls after all. It would be wrong if one of us were a boy, but we're not."

"Well..." said Brit, hesitantly. That was a good sign. At least she was considering it.

"Don't be embarrassed, Brit," Crystal soothed. "Haven't you ever been curious about how your body compares to other girls' bodies?"

"I've seen other girls, in the shower after P.E. class for instance."

"But you haven't taken a nice, long look, have you? So you don't really know. Come on. It's perfectly okay. Kari and I have done it. So it's no big deal, really."

"Okay," Brit sighed. Crystal watched in eager anticipation as Brit pulled her shirt off over her head, then took off her shorts as well. That left only her swimsuit.

A little sheepishly, she slipped her swimsuit off. Crystal tried not to stare or show her delight as the girl's body came into view.

Her breasts were little more than swellings on her chest, but that was what made them so cute. They were nice and perky, with beautiful nipples. Crystal had a sudden strong desire to reach out and feel them. She wanted to run her hands all over Brit's body, to tickle and massage and tease her, to kiss her on her lips and neck and chest, to slip her nipples into her mouth and suck on them.

Then she glanced down between Brit's legs, and her excitement spiked. Brit's pussy was small and nearly hairless. The little hair that she had was light in color, though not quite as light as that on the top of her head. Crystal's was quite a bit darker, though part of that was due to the fact that she had more. Brit was just

starting to develop after all.

Her little slit was just a line, closed up tightly with not even a trace of her clitoris at the top. Crystal would love to change that, to rub her and lick her and bring the little bud out of its hiding place, out in the open where she would stimulate it to the ultimate pleasure.

She knew, however, that she couldn't afford to go too fast. The last thing she needed was to scare Brit off. No matter how much she wanted to make love to her friend tonight, she realized that it would take weeks, or even months, of work to bring her around.

Still, she could have at least a little bit of fun tonight.

"See? That wasn't so bad, was it?" asked Crystal.

"No, I guess not," Brit replied.

"Okay, now let's see... I think my boobs are a little bigger than yours." With that, she put her hands to her chest and cupped her tits in them, staring down. "Of course, that doesn't mean anything right now. We'll check our progress again in a couple of years. Besides, I think Jeff secretly likes small boobs."

Brit giggled, perhaps still a little nervously but at least willing to find humor in the situation.

"Neither of us compare to Kari in the boob department, though," Crystal grinned.

"And even Kari doesn't compare to someone like Allison," Brit responded.

"Have you ever seen her boobs?"

"No. But it's obvious when she wears tank tops or even tee-shirts sometimes."

"Especially wet tee-shirts," Crystal laughed, and Brit joined in.

"So anyway, you wanted me to show you how to play with yourself," Crystal commented.

"*You're* the one who wanted to show me," Brit insisted.

"Oh yeah." Crystal lay back on her sleeping bag and put a hand between her legs.

"You don't have to do that!" Brit exclaimed.

"What's wrong?" asked Crystal. "Aren't you curious?"

"Well... It's kind of embarrassing."

"Why? I'm the one doing it, not you. Just watch, Brit. I'll show you how it's done, then you can try it."

"I'm not going to try it!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, you're no fun. Well, at least you can watch me, then you can do it some other time when you're alone."

Crystal let her hand rub up and down her slit, very slowly at first. She gazed up at Brit, imagining what it would feel like to have her do it for her. That thought made her shudder in delight.

"What was that?" asked Brit, sensing the motion.

"Just a naughty thought," Crystal replied. "When you play with yourself, you should always have a naughty thought in mind. It makes it so much better."

Her hand on her pussy and those erotic images of Brit in her mind made her wet in no time. She spread her legs even wider, and this time her knee made contact with Brit's. That simple touch was enough to drive her wild. It was just their legs, but it did mean that their naked bodies were actually touching!

She started to moan as she touched herself. She wanted so much to close her eyes, but at the same time, she wanted to keep staring at her friend. The young girl was absolutely beautiful. Crystal wanted to hug her and kiss her and lay her down on the bed and make love to her.

That would have to wait for another night, though. She knew how innocent Brit was; it wouldn't do to hurt her just for the sake of one night of pleasure. And there was no guarantee that it would even work out; more likely she would scare the girl off and make her an enemy rather than a lover. Crystal decided to be patient with it. Her own hand, or her sister, or her sister's boyfriend, would have to satisfy her needs for now.

She let her fingers spread her lips, opening her up to Brit's view. The girl continued to watch, her eyes momentarily growing wide at the sight. Crystal loved to see that look of surprise on her face. Amazingly, there was no revulsion or disgust there, only curiosity.

"You see, Brit?" asked Crystal. When you get excited, your pussy gets wet. It helps the dick slide inside."

"Oh my god," Brit whispered.

"And you loosen up a lot. It's still a tight fit, especially with a guy like Jeff and a girl like me, but that makes it all the more pleasurable."

"Oh," said Brit. "I suppose... I suppose that makes sense."

Crystal had a sudden surge of boldness. "Here, I'll show you," she said. She reached over and grabbed Brit's hand.

"What are you doing?" Brit demanded.

"Feel it," Crystal told her.

"I'm not going to feel it!" insisted Brit. "That's gross!"

Crystal released her. "Oh, all right," she said. "Well, why don't you feel yourself then? Just do what I'm doing and you'll know what it feels like."

"I don't know..." Brit mumbled.

"Come on, Brit. I promise I won't tell anyone. This will be our little secret."

"I don't think I can."

"Don't you trust me?"

"Sure I trust you. I just... I don't feel right about it."

"Look, why don't you just try it for a few minutes. If you don't like it, you can stop."

Brit stared at her for a second, then she took a deep breath and nodded. She lay down on her own sleeping bag and spread her legs.

Now their legs overlapped, and Crystal nearly jumped at the contact as Brit's upper leg ended up on top of her own. Brit's legs were silky smooth, and very nice to the touch. It took all of Crystal's self-control to keep from reaching out and touching them right there.

She watched in fascination as Brit put her hand between her legs. The girl began to rub, but with stiff fingers and mechanical movements.

"No, not like that," Crystal said. "You have to relax. Remember, you're doing this to feel good. Be gentle with yourself, the way you would want your boyfriend to be. Watch me."

Brit glanced down between Crystal's legs as Crystal continued to rub herself. Brit started up again, but with a much softer and more natural motion than before.

"Very nice," Crystal commented in delight, loving the sight of this gorgeous little girl pleasuring herself.

"What?" asked Brit.

"I mean, very good," said Crystal. "That's the way to do it. How does it feel?"

"Well... I don't know..."

"At least tell me whether it feels good."

"Okay. It feels good."

"Are you getting wet?"

"Um... yeah."

"Good. Now close your eyes and imagine a big, strong hunk of a guy putting his dick inside of you."

Brit shuddered, and Crystal grinned. Apparently the mental image had done its job.

"Wow!" said Brit. "You're right. Having a naughty thought really does work."

"You bet it does," Crystal said.

Brit needed no encouragement after that. Her breathing began to grow heavier as her hand continued to stimulate herself. Her other hand unconsciously went to one of her boobs and she pinched her nipple between her thumb and forefinger. Crystal was tempted to do the same for her other nipple, but restrained herself out of fear of the girl's reaction.

Some other night, she told herself again.

Brit's body was starting to respond to the stimulation. Her hips were moving of their own accord. Crystal watched in erotic fascination. What if Brit had her first orgasm tonight? What if Crystal was there to witness it? She was sure it wouldn't happen; Crystal hadn't achieved orgasm until she had masturbated several times. A girl's body had to get used to the sensation before it would surrender itself to the pleasure like that.

Crystal, however, had no such problem. In fact, as she watched her friend fondling herself in bed next to her, the pleasure began to mount in her own body. Her breaths were coming in gasps now and she knew she wouldn't last long.

Without even thinking about it, she reached out and grabbed Brit's hand, pulling it away from her breast. She moved it down in the space between them and held it firmly. Brit opened her eyes and glanced over in surprise at Crystal, who was nearly at her peak.

Her body locked up and she squeezed Brit's hand tightly. She shut her eyes and opened her mouth, but through sheer willpower managed to hold back the scream that would undoubtedly wake everyone in the camp. She felt her body spasming as she exploded into her climax, waves of pleasure spreading out from her hips to fill her whole body. She felt light-headed and dizzy as her other senses shut down, overwhelmed by the extreme pleasure.

It lasted only a few seconds, then began to ebb. Crystal let out the tension in her body, sighing out the breath that she had been holding. She let herself relax, but she continued to grasp her friend's hand as exhaustion overtook her.

She turned her head to the side and smiled weakly at Brit, who was staring at her in astonishment.

"Was that... was that an orgasm?" she asked.

Crystal nodded.

"And that's what will happen to me if I keep doing this?"

Crystal nodded again. "It's the most wonderful feeling in the world," she said. "Of course, it's even better when someone else causes it."

"Like Jeff?" asked Brit.

"Exactly."

Brit continued to watch her for a while longer, no longer stimulating her own body. It made Crystal wonder what she was thinking. Was Brit thinking how nice it would be to let Crystal do it for her? No, probably not. The thought had probably never occurred to her to do it with another girl.

"So are you done then?" asked Crystal.

"I suppose so," replied Brit. "I don't think I could have an orgasm with someone watching."

"Not the first time, anyway," Crystal grinned. "But once you're used to it, you'd be amazed at how much it helps the mood." She yawned and stretched. "I'm tired," she commented. "An orgasm takes a lot out of you."

"So do you want to go to sleep now?" asked Brit.

"Yes," Crystal replied. "Would you do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Let's open up our sleeping bags and put them together. Then we can sleep in the same bed. It would be nice and warm that way."

Brit gazed at her with a puzzled expression for a minute, then shrugged. "Okay," she said. "I guess that would be all right. We're just girls after all."

"Just girls," Crystal repeated. She sat up just long enough to open and spread out her sleeping bag, then lay down again. Brit lay next to her, and the girls drew up the other sleeping bag as a cover. Crystal rolled over, then leaned in and gave Brit a kiss on the cheek.

"You're my best friend," she said.

"Thanks," Brit replied, blushing.

Crystal closed her eyes and smiled. *Not tonight,* she decided. *Tonight we'll just sleep in each other's arms.* That would have to be good enough for now. There would be other opportunities, slumber parties and sleepovers. She would continue to work on Brit, slowly and gradually. And then one night the two of them

would become lovers.

Chapter 30

The Loss of a Sister

Brit woke up early in the morning to a pleasant sensation. She lay with her eyes closed for a while, just enjoying it. Finally, as sleepiness fled from her, she opened her eyes to discover just what felt so good. She lay on her back, and Crystal had rolled over on top of her, the girl's head on Brit's chest. Crystal's body felt warm and soft against her own.

It was a little embarrassing though, since they were both nude. She tried to gently push Crystal off of her without waking her, but unfortunately, it didn't work. Crystal's eyes opened. She stared around groggily, they glanced up at Brit and smiled at her.

"Morning already?" she asked.

"Yep," Brit replied. "I'm going to get dressed."

"Do you have to?" Crystal whined. "Can't we just lie here for a few more minutes? It feels so nice."

"Crystal, we're both naked!"

"That's okay, because we're both girls, remember?"

Brit sighed. Crystal did have a point. It would be different if one of them was a boy, but this was all right. Still, she felt a little uncomfortable about the whole thing.

"I think it's time we got up," she insisted.

Crystal gave a little groan of disappointment, but she rolled off of Brit. The girls hurriedly threw on their clothes for the day, then Brit unzipped the tent opening and stepped outside into the cool mountain air. She yawned and stretched.

Crystal followed her, then headed over to the tent where Jeff, Lissa, and Kari slept.

"Knock knock," she said.

"Don't come in. We're not decent," Kari's voice replied.

"Well, you'd better hurry and get decent," Crystal said. "The grownups aren't awake yet, but they have a perfect view of this campsite once they get up. Imagine Dad's reaction if he sees you coming out of Jeff's tent."

There was the sudden sound of scrambling inside the tent, and both Brit and Crystal began to giggle.

Kari did make it out of the tent before the adults, and so did Jeff and Lissa. They headed over to the picnic table and huddled together for warmth, talking and joking until Allen, Greg, and Allison emerged from their tents. Ten minutes later they had a nice campfire going, and they all stood around it eating oatmeal and drinking hot chocolate.

After breakfast, Jeff and Kari decided to go explore one of the nearby trails. Greg told them to be back by lunch time, so they agreed and headed away from the camp before Brit and Crystal could ask to come with them. Jeff and Kari wanted some time alone.

They hiked about a mile and found a nice open meadow to rest in. By that time, the chill of the morning had burned off, so they lay down in the sunlight and just held each other for a while, hugging and kissing until it was time to head back.

They arrived back at camp just as their parents finished fixing lunch. Everyone ate, then most of them headed back to their tents for a quick nap.

Later, they all went back to the swimming hole to cool off. This time, unfortunately, Greg and Allen joined them, which kept the horseplay to a minimum. On the other hand, Allison decided to swim too, which certainly brightened up Jeff's day. He loved to see her in a swimsuit.

Crystal and Brit still pounced on everyone and tried to dunk them, which was fun of course, and innocent enough with their suits on that neither Greg nor Allen tried to discourage it. In fact, Brit even included Greg in the fun, and Crystal included Allen. Both of them were caught off their guard by their daughters and ended up being pushed under, to everyone's amusement.

They spent some time drying off in the sun after that, then headed back to break camp. This time Greg had to get back to work on Monday so they couldn't stay an extra night.

Brit and Kari traded places once more for the drive home, which suited Jeff just fine. He kept his arm around Kari for the whole trip. It was a shame when they pulled into the Williams' driveway to drop her off and retrieve Brit, but Kari said she would ask her dad if Crystal and she could visit Jeff and Brit the next day.

When Allen went off to basketball camp a couple of weeks later, that gave Jeff a perfect opportunity to spend time alone with Kari and Crystal. At first Greg was reluctant to let him go visit them without a chaperone, but Jeff convinced him that there wasn't much chance for him to get into any trouble with Kari while her little sister was there. It was a complete lie of course; he planned to get in a *lot* of trouble with Kari, and Crystal too, for that matter.

Despite the fact that she loved having sex with him, Crystal insisted that he bring Brit over every other time. She still felt a little guilty about spending so much time with Jeff and not as much time with her best friend.

Jeff was happy to oblige her. Brit was surprisingly accommodating; when Kari asked if the younger girls would leave Jeff and her alone for a while, Brit and Crystal headed outside to play. Sometimes Jeff and Kari would have sex during these times, sometimes they would just hug and kiss and maybe grope each other a little, and sometimes they would just sit and talk. Their relationship had matured to the point that there was no longer any rush to go to bed together; while they enjoyed it of course, it was more important just to be near each other.

Sometimes Kari and Crystal visited the Primdale house as well. They often spent their time out back in the pool just like the previous summer. Jeff loved to swim with the girls, especially with Brit and Crystal acting so flirtatious. He liked it when Crystal jumped on his back, because he could feel the soft curves of her body through her suit.

Strangely enough, he felt similarly when Brit did it to him. Ever since the campout, he had been noticing her body more and more, especially when she wore a swimsuit. She had become a beautiful girl, despite still being a brat. He didn't let those feelings bother him; there was nothing wrong with thinking his little sister was pretty, and even sexy. It didn't mean he was going to act on it.

Sometimes Kari and Brit would trade places for a day; Kari would visit Jeff while Brit visited Crystal. Greg insisted they never do it the other way around while Allen wasn't home; he didn't like the idea of Jeff and Kari alone in the same house together without a chaperone.

That didn't stop them from having fun, though. After Lissa left for work in the afternoons, there were over two hours before Greg returned home, with only Allison, Jeff, and Kari in the house, and Allison turned out to be just as open to joining them when they made love as she had been the previous summer. She stayed true to her promise of never letting Jeff see her naked, and she limited her sexual contact with him to putting her hand on his cock, and she never gave him an orgasm alone; it was always with Kari's help. In that way, she could at least claim that it wasn't her that had done it.

Jeff's sixteenth birthday meant a new kind of freedom; the first thing he did was go down to the DMV and get his driver's license. Having the license meant he didn't have to depend upon other people to go where he wanted. It also meant that he could take Kari out without having to be chauffeured by Allison, Greg, or worse, Allen.

Of course, he still had to borrow one of the family vehicles. Greg told him that he was willing to buy Jeff a car just as soon as he found himself an after-school job, but Jeff wasn't in any hurry. Allison was more than happy to let Jeff borrow her car any time he wanted, and getting a job would mean spending less time with Kari and Crystal.

Greg did tell Jeff that he was not to drive at any time when there was no adult at home. He wanted to make sure if there were any problem with the car, for instance an accident, a breakdown, or having it towed, that Jeff would be able to call home and get hold of them right away. Jeff thought that was reasonable.

With only a couple of months left before she had to leave, Lissa spent as much time with her family as possible. She would often play games with Jeff and Brit when they were both around. When Brit visited Crystal however, Jeff and Lissa would just sit and talk. For some reason, he found that to be one of the most enjoyable things to do with her.

She often visited him in his room at night. They lay on the bed together talking, sometimes into the early morning hours. Once, she even fell asleep like that, and spent the night in his bed with him.

That didn't mean there was anything sexual between them. After the camping trip, their relationship was strictly a brother-sister love, albeit a strong one. They talked about what had happened in the tent, and both of them had come to the same conclusion: that even though they were nude, what they had done was merely intimate, not sexual. Jeff and Kari had had sex. Jeff and Lissa had not.

Jeff had a dilemma that summer. While he wanted to spend as much time with Lissa before she left, he also wanted to be with Kari. It seemed like every day he had to choose between them. Usually he visited Kari on the days when Lissa wasn't going to be around much, such as when their dad and stepmom took her shopping for luggage.

Sometimes, though, he just felt like going over to the Williams house, especially when he knew Allen wouldn't be around. Often when Lissa found herself alone with Brit and Allison, the two sisters would go out to the studio, where Brit would draw another fantastical picture of her. By now Lissa had been turned into fairies, sorceresses, angels, princesses, and even a witch or two.

One day after Brit had finished drawing her, Allison stopped by. She took a look at the picture on the easel and smiled. This time, Lissa had been turned into a mermaid, sitting on a rock with a sunset over the ocean behind her and her golden tresses strategically covering her breasts in the traditional fashion with mermaid pictures.

"Absolutely beautiful," she commented. "I love to come out here where I can be surrounded by your fantasies, Brit. You're such a great artist."

"It helps that I have a good model," Brit grinned, and Lissa smiled at her.

"I don't mind posing for someone with the talent to make me look great," Lissa replied. "I think what's happening is that Brit's imagination is too big to be contained by her mind, so it's overflowing and spilling out into her hand, and out through the pencil onto the paper."

"That's exactly it," Brit grinned.

"Well, it's too bad I can't stay longer, because I'd love to see what else you can come up with, but I have to get ready to go to work. Why don't you draw Allison this time? I'll bet she'd make a great mermaid."

"Maybe some other time," Brit responded. "My hand's getting sore from drawing all day."

"Okay. I'll see you two tonight," said Lissa, then slipped out the door.

"You know, that's the first time I've seen you draw a mermaid," Allison commented.

"It's because they're usually topless or have a shell bikini," Brit explained with a laugh. "I guess I'm not comfortable drawing naked or nearly naked girls."

"Well that won't do," said Allison.

"What do you mean?"

"If you're ever going to be a serious artist, you're going to have to learn to do nudes."

"Nudes?" asked Brit, starting to turn red.

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about," Allison told her. "It's a very legitimate subject in art. The human body is fascinating. The subtleties of shape, the beauty, and even sometimes the ugliness."

"But... isn't that... dirty?"

"Not a bit. If you'd like, I could buy you a few books on the subject."

"You mean like dirty magazines?"

Allison laughed. "Brit, there's a difference between art and pornography. Not that pornography doesn't have its place. Look, next time I'm out shopping I'll stop by the book store and get you some books so you can start reading through them."

"But what if Dad finds out I have them?"

"We can solve that problem easily. I'll ask his permission first. All right?"

Brit nodded. "I suppose that would be okay."

"Good. While we're on the subject of nudes, I have a great idea. Probably the best way to start is with photography. First so you can get used to having a nude model in front of you, and second so that you can ignore the form and concentrate first on the pose. It will help you develop an eye for the lighting especially."

Brit laughed. "Where am I going to get a nude model?" she asked.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? When I was in college I helped pay my way by working as a nude model for a professional photographer."

"Really?" Brit gasped. It wasn't that it surprised her; it was more that Allison wasn't joking about doing nude photography in the first place.

"I think he worked for an offshoot of *Lecher* Magazine. Anyway, that was a while ago, but I still don't mind taking my clothes off if you'd like to take some pictures."

"I don't know..." mumbled Brit. The idea was strangely compelling, but also a little embarrassing.

"Come on, it will be fun," Allison grinned.

Brit nodded. She quietly headed back to her office, where her camera sat on one of the desks. Allison grabbed the tripod from the corner and set it up. After mounting the camera on it, the two girls moved the screen and the couch into place.

By this time, Brit had learned enough about lighting that she was able to position the lamps herself. As she did so, Allison began to undress. Brit tried to avoid looking at her as she did so, but Allison noticed her averting her eyes, and laughed.

"There's no need to be embarrassed about seeing me without my clothes on," she said. "You're going to have to look at me in order to take the pictures anyway."

"I know. It's just that... well, for one thing, I've never seen you nude before. And I'm just not used to it."

"Don't you shower with other girls after P.E. in school?" asked Allison.

"Well, yes, but that's different."

"Why?"

"For one thing, they're all my own age. They're not fully developed, grown women. And for another, I don't take pictures of them."

Allison laughed again. "Yes, that's usually frowned upon in junior high locker rooms."

Brit giggled. Allison always knew just how to lighten up any situation.

"Well, let's just get it over with," said Allison, as she removed the last of her clothing. "Go ahead and take a nice, long look at me. Then there will be no need to be embarrassed any more."

Brit gazed at her stepmother, who spread her arms wide and smiled. She really did have a beautiful body, Brit realized, not that she had much basis for comparison. As Brit had mentioned, she had only seen the bodies of younger girls before. In fact, Lissa was the oldest girl she had seen naked.

She noticed something else strange. Allison had no hair between her legs. Brit wondered about that. Was it some kind of medical condition? Did she shave it off for some reason? Brit knew from personal experience that when girls reached her age they began to grow hair down there; she herself had a little. So probably Allison had deliberately shaved it off.

Brit decided not to ask about it. It was Allison's choice, so why should Brit second-guess it?

"So do you want to direct the poses, or should I just have fun with it?" asked Allison.

"I'm no expert," said Brit. "Why don't you go ahead and do what you want?"

"Okay," Allison grinned. She sat down on the couch, then half-reclined on her side, facing the camera. She bent her top leg slightly, bringing it forward and down over the other one so that the knee just barely touched the cushion. She supported her upper body with an arm on the armrest of the couch, and placed her other arm at her side, her hand resting on her hip. She wore a slight smile on her face as she stared directly at the camera. The pose was simple and natural, perhaps a little sexy but at the same time very innocent.

Brit adjusted the lighting just a little and had Allison lift her chin slightly, then snapped a picture. She nearly giggled at the thought that she had just done something she had never done before. She had taken a photograph of a naked woman.

Allison raised one of her arms and put her hand behind her head. The slight contortion of her body made her chest stick out just a little, causing it to look a bit fuller than it really was. This pose was somehow sexier than the last one while still maintaining a degree of innocence. "Artistic" was the word that seemed to come to Brit's mind, and now she could see what Allison meant by the difference between art and pornography. These poses were designed to show off the natural beauty of the human body without intending to be arousing. Perhaps it was slightly erotic, or more precisely, it would be slightly erotic if Brit weren't a girl. She could definitely understand how Jeff might be turned on by it though.

After she took the picture, Allison sat up and glanced around. "Let's see..." she said. She glanced over at the desk.

"Would you mind bringing me that book?" she asked Brit, pointing to a paperback that Brit had been reading earlier that day.

Wondering what Allison had in mind, Brit went over and retrieved it, then came back and handed it to her stepmother. Allison lay down on her back, her head propped up on the armrest of the couch and her hair spilling down over the side. She opened the book and gazed down at the pages as if reading it, then lifted one of her knees. It was a nice, relaxed position, and one that wouldn't have been arousing in the least were she wearing clothes. But without them, there was a certain erotic quality to it. Now Brit was beginning to understand a little bit about the irony of nude art. Innocent poses could sometimes be every bit as sexy, if not more so, than lewd or vulgar displays. There was something definitely appealing about the subtle sexuality of a beautiful woman in a relaxed, serene atmosphere like this.

After Brit took this next picture, Allison sat back up and handed the book back to her. Brit set it down on the desk and came back. Allison had taken her next pose. This time she sat up straight with her arms spread out along the back of the couch, with one leg crossed over the other. She had pulled her hair to the side and over her shoulder, a look that Brit thought was very pretty. The demure pose of her legs contrasted the open and almost inviting posture of her upper body. Brit took the next picture, starting to enjoy herself.

"So when you posed before, you know, in college," she said, "was it like this? I mean, was it just innocent poses like these ones?"

Allison smiled. "No," she said.

"Oh," said Brit, unsure how to take that response.

"Brit," said Allison, "I know you don't like to be told that you're too young, but the truth is, I don't feel comfortable discussing the details with you. At least, not until you're a little older. Don't get me wrong, I never did any hardcore pornography. Most of the pictures were like these ones, with a slight difference that I don't want to go into right now. Do you mind?"

"I guess not," Brit replied, a little disappointed.

"Thanks."

Allison tried out several other poses for Brit, keeping them all very clean. Brit no longer had any hesitation about photographing her stepmother nude. It was actually rather fun. She wondered whether she could get Crystal to do it for her some time. That thought actually did make her giggle. Knowing Crystal, she would probably love to do it.

After finishing the photo shoot, Brit came and sat down next to Allison on the couch, running through the pictures on the viewfinder on her camera. Allison critiqued each one, telling what she liked about it and what she didn't. Not surprisingly, Brit had done an excellent job with the framing and composition. Allison had taught her quite a lot about photography as a supplement to her drawing.

"Maybe next time, you'd like to be the one to pose," Allison suggested.

"Oh, I couldn't!" Brit said, blushing.

"Why not? You could see it's no big deal. And I'll bet you would make an excellent subject."

"But... what if someone saw those pictures?" she asked.

"We'll use your camera, so you'll have complete control over them. If you want to erase them afterward, that's fine. I just think it would be fun, that's all."

"Well, we'll have to see," said Brit. Now that Allison had brought it up, Brit wondered what it would feel like to pose nude in front of a camera like that. She shuddered at the thought of it, partly out of nervousness, but partly because the thought excited her. With someone like Allison, it might not be so bad. Allison was warm and friendly, and would keep the atmosphere professional. On the other hand, it would also be fun to do it with Crystal. She had already taken her clothes off in front of her best friend after all. Crystal would make all kinds of crude or naughty jokes, but on the other hand, it would all be in fun.

"Thanks, Brit," said Allison, as she rose to her feet, still naked.

"For what?"

"It feels good to do that again. I haven't done it in at least five years."

"You mean you actually *like* taking your clothes off for the camera?"

"Sure," Allison smiled. "It feels liberating to go naked like that. If not for Jeff being here, I'd probably run around naked all day."

Brit laughed. That would be a sight to see.

"You know, your father is good with a camera," commented Allison. "I wonder if I can get him to come out here and borrow your studio some time when you're not around."

"You naughty girl!" Brit teased.

"It's fun to be naughty with Greg," Allison winked, reaching for her clothes.

Later that day, Brit transferred the pictures to her computer. She decided to use them for reference, possibly turning Allison into a mermaid. That first pose would be perfect for that. She figured she might as well go all out; this time she wouldn't leave the boobs covered.

Of course, that picture wouldn't go up on the wall. She would keep it in a drawer in her desk, where she kept all of her embarrassing mistakes. She couldn't quite bring herself to throw them away, because she sometimes liked to go back and look at them again to compare with her recent drawings to see just how far she had come since then.

With preparations for the Hawaii trip coming up, there were no more opportunities for Allison to pose for Brit, nude or otherwise. About a week before the trip, Greg gave Jeff and Brit some good news; he had already made arrangements for Allen Williams to watch them for the duration of the trip. The kids would stay at the Williams house the whole time. That meant Jeff would have to sleep on the couch of course; there were no spare bedrooms, and since Brit would be sleeping with Crystal, there would be no way to have Kari move in with her little sister temporarily to free up a room.

Jeff didn't mind at all. He remembered that the couch in the front room was very comfortable. Of course, he usually had Kari on top of him when he lay on it, which could make *any* couch comfortable.

They all packed their bags the day before the trip, since they had to get up early in the morning in order to make their flight. They got to bed early to get a good night's sleep.

The next morning, they threw their bags in the van, then drove to the Williams house. Kari and Crystal met them at the door with grins on their faces. Greg helped unload Brit's and Jeff's bags, then after a quick word with Allen, he returned to the van, waved goodbye, and drove off with Allison and Lissa to the airport.

Despite having no opportunity for sex, Jeff enjoyed himself that week. He never got tired of spending time with Kari, and now that he was with her from early morning until the time they went to bed at night, he was in a great mood. Not even Brit's teasing bothered him. Of course, whenever Crystal was around the teasing was more flirtatious than malicious, or he might not have been so pleased. Plus, when Kari suggested that Jeff and she give the girls plenty of things to tease them about, he was more than happy to take her up on the offer. Between the kissing, the hugging, the holding hands, the wrestling, and the back rubs, there was no shortage of fodder for the girls' jokes.

The nice thing was that Allen didn't seem to mind Jeff getting friendly with his daughter. He had already told Jeff that he approved of their relationship, and had even implied that it would be okay for Jeff to have sex with her. Still, Jeff tried not to get too physical whenever her father was in the room.

A week later, the three older Primdales arrived in the van to pick up Jeff and Brit and take them home. It was a shame to leave, but it didn't mean he wouldn't see Kari and Crystal again, just that he wouldn't be sleeping in the same house.

Because Lissa had turned eighteen in Hawaii, she hadn't had a birthday party, so the family threw her a late one the day after they got back. One thing that everyone was happy about was that since her birthday was during the summer, she would probably have at least a couple more at home where her family could celebrate it with her.

That left about a month before Lissa had to leave, and for some reason, that month went by far too quickly. As the day approached, Jeff found himself wishing she didn't have to go. He had known it would have to happen eventually, but that didn't mean he had to like it. He had known her all his life, so it was like losing a part of himself.

His gloom was tempered by an announcement from Allison. She had just gotten off the phone with her sister Rachael, who would be riding back with Greg and Allison after dropping off Lissa. Rachael would spend two weeks at the Primdales' home. That got Jeff excited as he considered the possibilities.

Brit brought up the point that they had been planning to go camping the weekend after Lissa left, but Allison said that although Rachael wasn't a big fan of camping, she had agreed to go along with them so as not to ruin their vacation. With everything settled then, Jeff actually began to look forward to those two weeks.

Lissa quit her job a couple of weeks before her departure date, both to give her more time to get ready, and to spend more time with her family. During those weeks, it was not uncommon to see her belongings strewn about the living room floor as she went through them dividing them into three piles: things to take with her, things to leave behind, and things to throw away. Brit helped her with the task, partly because she was free to take anything from the "throw away" pile that she wanted.

School began for Jeff and Brit on the Tuesday before Lissa was to leave, much to their disappointment. It felt much like the beginning of their other school years, with the sadness of the end of summer and excitement of seeing their friends again, but this time the sadness was disproportionate. Not only did it mean less time to

spend with their big sister, it was also the last major event before her departure.

The only good thing, in Jeff's opinion, was that he got to see Kari every day now. In fact, by a stroke of luck it turned out that she shared all of his classes with him but one. Granted, two of those had assigned seating which meant he didn't sit anywhere near her, but in the others they sat together every day.

Now that he was old enough to drive, Allison said he could drive her car to school every day as long as she didn't need it, assuming he took Brit to the junior high first. Allison preferred to use the van when going shopping or running errands because it was roomier. That suited Jeff just fine. Any car was better than none, and he no longer had to ride the bus. He could even tolerate Brit's presence for the duration of the drive, especially since he often stopped by the Williams house and picked up Kari and Crystal too.

The day before Lissa had to leave, Greg sat the family down in the living room to talk to them. "Jeff," he said, "you've probably noticed that we haven't made arrangements for a babysitter. That's because I think you're old enough and responsible enough to take care of things on your own. There's plenty of food in the house, so you shouldn't have to go shopping while we're gone. You have the phone numbers for the Beauforts and Allen Williams in case you need anything. And you have the keys to Allison's car. If you can promise me that you'll take care of your little sister, you two can stay by yourself."

"I promise," said Jeff with a grin. The only babysitter in the last couple of years that he actually liked was Rachael.

"Brit, do you promise you'll listen to Jeff and do what he says?"

"Do I have to?"

"Yes you do. Jeff, you're not to take advantage of it, all right? You have to promise to only tell her to do things if it's for her own good."

"Sure," Jeff shrugged.

"Okay, I promise then," said Brit.

"Then it's all settled," Greg smiled. "Now I don't have to worry about either of you two."

Jeff woke up the next day in a gloomy mood. He knew he had run out of time with his big sister; that afternoon she would be leaving, not to return until December. It didn't help that it was raining. Greg mentioned at the breakfast table that according to the weather man, the storm would last all day. Jeff almost wished it would turn into a hurricane, closing the school and forcing him to stay home where he could visit with Lissa all day. Unfortunately, it was not to be. He grudgingly drove Brit to school, then headed to the high school.

All that day he stared out the window at the rain. Kari sensed his mood, and tried to cheer him up. It partially worked; with her beautiful face smiling at him, it was impossible to stay depressed for long. Still, any time she wasn't deliberately trying to keep him happy, his melancholy returned.

After school, the two of them climbed into his car and headed to the junior high to pick up their little sisters. They dropped off Kari and Crystal at the Williams house then headed home in a gloomy silence.

The van was mostly packed by that time, with only a small overnight bag of Lissa's sitting in the hall by the front door. They found the rest of the family sitting at the dining room table talking.

"Oh good," said Greg. "You're home. We need to get going pretty soon, but I wanted to give you two one last chance to see your sister before she leaves."

"Thanks, Dad," Jeff replied. "I'm glad you waited for us."

"Look, I'm not sure if we really should leave you two alone," said Greg. "The weather report says that this storm is going to be pretty big."

"Oh, we'll be all right," Brit said. "Jeff has the car keys, and we have your cell phone number."

"Well, maybe we could hire a babysitter."

Jeff wouldn't have opposed that idea if the babysitter was Rachael, but she wouldn't be arriving until Greg and Allison got back.

"Dad, there's no need for a babysitter," said Jeff. "Really. If you want to call and check on us later just to put your mind at ease, go ahead."

"Jeff's big enough to take care of himself," Allison encouraged. "And I know he won't let anything happen to Brit. Right, Jeff?"

"Right," he agreed.

"Good. Then it's all settled."

"Fine," said Greg. "Jeff, you just make sure she gets to bed by nine. Oh, and while I think of it, even though Allison's leaving the keys to her car, you're not to drive it except in an emergency."

"Fine," he agreed, reluctantly.

"And you are not to invite any friends over. I don't want to come back and find out you've trashed the place in a wild party."

"Don't worry, Jeff doesn't have any friends," Brit teased.

"Shut up," he told her, to which she merely stuck out her tongue.

"And don't fight," Allison said. "You're also not to murder each other while we're away."

"Oh, sure, take all the fun out of it," Jeff complained in mock disappointment.

"Okay, I'll wait until after you get back before I shove a knife through his head," Brit grinned.

Allison rolled her eyes, and Greg sighed in exasperation.

"About that not inviting friends over, can't I even invite Kari over?" asked Jeff.

Greg considered. "I'm going to have to say no," he said. "It's not that I don't trust you, but there's a certain appearance of propriety that we have to maintain. It's not a good idea for a boyfriend and girlfriend to be alone in a house for too long without a chaperone."

"What about Crystal?" asked Brit.

"I think Crystal's fine. If she wants to come over and play with you that's all right."

Jeff thought that was a little unfair, but on the other hand, Crystal was the next best thing to having Kari over, so he didn't push the point.

"So we'll see you two Sunday night then," said Allison, hugging them both.

"I won't," said Lissa, looking a little sad. She immediately threw her arms around Jeff. "I'm going to miss you so much," she told him. "You take care of yourself, okay?"

"You too," he replied. When she pulled away, Jeff was surprised to see tears in her eyes. He felt a lump forming in his throat, but he refused to cry, especially in front of Allison.

Then Lissa hugged Brit. "I'm going to miss my baby sister most of all," she said.

"I'm not a baby," Brit protested.

"To me you'll always be a baby," replied Lissa. Then she drew back. "I love you both, and I already miss you."

"It's not like it's forever," said Greg. "You'll see them at Christmas time."

"I know, but that's three months away."

"I wish you didn't have to go," said Brit.

"I'll tell you what," Lissa smiled. "I have an idea that will help us all."

"What is it?"

"I want you both to try harder to be nice to each other."

"Do we have to?" asked Brit.

"No you don't, but I promise that if you do, you won't miss me so much, because you'll have each other. I know you love each other, so all you have to do is put forth an effort to show it. Even just a little effort will make a big difference. And if you do, then I don't have to worry about you two because I know you'll look out for each other. Will you do that for me?"

Jeff and Brit glanced at each other, as if the idea were abhorrent to them.

"Okay," said Jeff, and Brit's eyes momentarily turned to surprise, and possibly even a little delight.

"I guess if Jeff does, then I will," said Brit.

"Good," smiled Lissa. "Now I can leave without worrying." She picked up her bag and headed out the door. Greg and Allison followed.

Jeff and Brit stood at the door as their parents climbed into the van and Lissa into her car. The two vehicles pulled out of the driveway and headed down the hill, leaving Jeff and Brit in a house that suddenly felt very empty.

Part 2

Little Sister

Chapter 31

A Disturbing Revelation

As soon as the car was out of sight, Brit broke down into tears. Instead of fleeing to her room, though, she threw her arms around her brother. He rolled his eyes. He considered making some disparaging comment, but decided not to. After all, he was feeling just as sad as she was that his big sister was gone. At least Lissa had been someone he could talk to; she was intelligent enough. But as far as he was concerned, Brit was just a little girl. They really had nothing in common. It wasn't that he didn't love her. Quite the opposite, in fact. When they used to play together as kids, they always enjoyed themselves. It was only these last few years, since their mother had left, that things had changed. Part of it was that they were both teenagers now; they were different people than they had been once upon a time.

Later, after Brit had dried her tears, they ate dinner without speaking much, only engaging in the most superficial conversation: "How was your day?" "What do you think of your new classes?" "How do you like your teachers?" That sort of thing.

After dinner, they cleared away the table settings and then headed into the living room. Maybe there was something good on TV.

But just as he was about to sit down, Brit put a hand on his arm. "Jeff?" she asked.

"What do you need, Brit?"

"Lissa said we have to be nice to each other, remember?"

"Sure."

"So I have a way you can be nice to me."

"Okay, what is it?"

"I have to do a report on Hawaii for school, and I need some pictures to go along with it. There were some good ones that Dad took on their vacation this summer, so I need you to help me find them on Dad's computer."

"You've only been in school four days and already you have a report to do?"

"Well, it's not due until next month, but I wanted to at least get an idea of what I was going to do. I need the pictures to help me with that."

Spending the rest of the evening looking through old vacation photos with his little sister was not his idea of

a good time. "I don't know," he said. "I don't think we should be poking around Dad's stuff without his permission. Why can't you wait until he gets back?"

"Please?" she asked, flashing him that look that she always gave him when she wanted him to do something. It always worked on Greg, and usually on Jeff, too. But he was still worried about getting into trouble.

"You're thirteen years old," he told her. "Don't you think you're getting too old to use that look?"

"Not if it still works," she replied with a grin.

"Oh, all right," he sighed. "I'll help you find your stupid pictures."

She immediately jumped up from the couch and threw her arms around him. Caught off his guard, he stumbled backward, and then fell to the floor with her on top of him.

She lay there giggling, and Jeff, once the initial shock wore off, also began to laugh.

"You're the best brother in the whole world," Brit told him once she got her giggling under control.

"Dang!" Jeff replied in mock disgust. "My evil plan to be the worst brother in the whole world isn't working."

She stuck her tongue out at him, then climbed off of him. Jeff sat up, paused for a second so as not to get a head rush from too much movement all at once, then rose to his feet. Brit skipped into Greg's and Allison's bedroom, followed by her brother.

Jeff took the seat in front of the computer and turned it on. Rather than pulling up a chair from across the room, Brit plopped down on his lap.

"Hey!" Jeff exclaimed.

"What?" asked Brit.

"You really need to grow up. Only little girls sit on people's laps."

"Oh, you're no fun," she complained.

"Fun? I'm the one you're sitting on. Maybe if you were fifty pounds lighter I wouldn't mind."

"Are you calling me fat?"

"Yeah, you're so fat that you don't get blown away by the slightest breeze."

Brit laughed and elbowed him playfully in the stomach, but she made no move to get off of his lap.

They waited a few second for the computer to finish booting up, then Jeff took the controls and began to

search for the vacation photos from the previous summer. He browsed through folders full of work documents, old letters, and the occasional spreadsheet. Finally he found a folder labeled "Vacation Photos," so he opened it up. Inside were two sub-folders: "Main" and "X." Quickly glancing through each one, he saw that they had roughly the same number of pictures, and the dates on the files suggested they had all been taken about the same time. He opened the "Main" folder and started going through the pictures.

There were the usual shots of Greg, Allison, and Lissa at the airport, at their condo, in the streets, and everywhere else they had gone. Interspersed with these were more scenic pictures of waterfalls, beaches, flowers, and sunsets. Naturally these shots had turned out really well, considering how talented both Greg and Allison were with a camera.

Brit grabbed a piece of paper from the desk and began jotting down the file names of the pictures she wanted for her report. She only needed about four or five, but she ended up with nearly twenty, so they had to go through them all again to narrow down her selections.

Ten minutes later, she had five good pictures for her report. "Thanks, Jeff," she said, smiling with delight. "I'm going to have the best report in the class."

"Yeah, well, you owe me one," he replied.

She turned back to the computer screen. "So what's in the X folder?" she asked.

Jeff had almost forgotten about it. It was probably just more pictures, and Brit already had enough. Looking through vacation photos wasn't his thing, so he was reluctant to even open it and have to start all over again if she found some more pictures that she liked. But now that she had brought up the subject, there was nothing he could do. He went to the X folder and opened the first file.

It was a photo of Allison, on a sailboat, wearing a tiny little bikini. She relaxed against the railing with a bright smile on her face and the deep blue ocean behind her stretching away in the distance. Once again Jeff was struck with just how beautiful she was. And with Greg's skill with the camera, this picture could have come straight out of a magazine.

She reminded him of her sister Rachael in the picture, especially that night in the hot tub. He remembered it so clearly; how could he forget? If possible, Allison looked even more lovely than her sister.

"She must have left most of her swimsuit at home," Brit giggled. "She only has a few scraps left."

"Maybe the rest got blown out to sea," laughed Jeff, then clicked to the next picture. It was similar to the first, but she had her head back, and the wind was whipping her hair to the side. The pose thrust her chest into prominent view, covered only by the tiny bikini top.

Though he had seen quite a bit more of her in the infamous video, this picture was beginning to have a significant effect on him. He felt a kind of warmth spreading through him, as well as a pressure down between his legs. Unfortunately, Brit was sitting right on top of it, so she would almost certainly feel it if it

got any harder. Still, he was eager to continue.

The next few pictures were much like the first two, with Allison in poses ranging from innocent to seductive. Jeff couldn't believe just how sexy she was! And to think that she was living in the very same house as him, and that he could see her whenever he wanted. Unfortunately, he would never get to see her like *this*, but at least the pictures existed. He decided that he would have to secretly make a copy of them and put them on his own computer to look at whenever he wanted.

About ten pictures in, she posed with her arms behind her back as if untying her bikini top. Jeff's heart began to pound in his chest, and he was so hard now that there was no way that Brit could not feel it. He wanted so much to keep going, but on the other hand, he felt guilty about seeing these pictures. After all, they were private. She had not given him permission to look at them, so it felt like he was betraying a trust. He hesitated, wondering whether he should continue.

"Jeff?" Brit asked, sensing his hesitation.

"I... don't think we should go any further," he stammered.

"Why not?"

"Well, you see what she's about to do."

"Oh, come on. We've already looked at this much. We might as well finish."

"No. I think we should turn it off and pretend we never saw them."

"There's no reason not to continue. I'm a girl, so it's nothing I haven't seen before, and you're just going to sneak in here some other time when you're alone and look at the pictures anyway."

"I am not!" he snapped.

"It's true. Even if you don't think you will right now, some day when the temptation gets to you, you're going to come into this room, start up the computer, and stare at the pictures. I know you think Allison is the hottest woman you've ever seen. There's no way you would pass up a chance like this."

As Brit spoke the words, Jeff realized that she was right. Knowing that these pictures were here, he wouldn't be able to withstand the temptation for long. No doubt he would give in the first chance he got.

"All right, but you have to promise never to tell anyone," he finally conceded.

"I promise," grinned Brit.

Taking a deep breath, Jeff clicked to the next picture.

It wasn't quite what he had hoped; at this point Allison's top was undone but it still hung loosely about her

neck, covering her breasts. She had a slightly embarrassed grin on her face as if she had been caught doing something she shouldn't.

"Go on," breathed Brit, and in almost fearful anticipation, Jeff continued to the next photograph.

Suddenly, there she was, completely naked from the waist up, her magnificent breasts exposed to their eyes. Jeff's heart beat in his chest faster than ever as he stared at her gorgeous body, and he felt about ready to explode out of his pants.

He had never thought of his father as the sexual type; Greg had always been stern and hard. But here was proof that there was another side to him; he was very much a man. Who wouldn't want to take pictures of a beautiful, topless woman? For the first time in his life, Jeff was jealous of his dad.

"Ooh, I think my big brother likes it," Brit giggled, squirming around on his lap. The sensation was both exhilarating and painful with his cock constrained as it was.

"Stop it!" he scolded, and Brit settled down, leaning back against his chest.

"Don't get too excited," she told him. "You're liable to blow a fuse or something."

"Well, just don't move around so much."

She grunted noncommittally, and Jeff continued to the next picture.

Allison was certainly putting on a show as they advanced through the photos. She was striking all kinds of poses, some quite erotic.

"I had no idea Allison was so naughty," Brit commented.

Jeff had known for quite some time, but he wasn't about to mention the video he had seen of her.

"Actually, there's nothing naughty about this at all," he said instead.

"Oh, come on. She's almost naked," Brit insisted.

"So what? These pictures weren't meant for us; they were only meant for Dad. He's probably the one taking the pictures, in fact. Since she's his wife, if she wants to get naked in front of him, there's nothing wrong with that. And if he happens to have a camera, and she doesn't mind..."

"Oh, so you're defending her," Brit teased. "You must be in love."

"I am not!"

"Well, you have to admit, these aren't your average vacation photos. Speaking of which, I wonder where Lissa was during all this?"

Jeff shrugged. "Dad and Allison probably left her at the condo so they could be alone together. She was probably just sitting out by the pool all day working on her tan."

"Probably," Brit agreed. "I wonder if she's seen the pictures, though."

"I'm sure she hasn't. She's just as prudish as Dad."

"You forget, Dad's the one taking the pictures."

"You know what I mean." He clicked to the next photograph.

Suddenly, Brit gasped. Jeff's eyes opened wide. The timing couldn't have been more perfect considering what they had just been talking about, and the implications were shocking. This picture was not of Allison, but of Lissa!

At least she wore a swimsuit. It was a one-piece, quite conservative in fact. But the setting was the same. She stood against the same railing as Allison.

"That means..." Brit stammered, but somehow couldn't finish the sentence. She didn't need to; Jeff knew exactly what she was going to say. Lissa must have been there for the whole photo shoot!

Once again, Jeff was tempted to shut down the computer and never speak of it again. It was one thing for Allison to get naked for her husband. Regardless of how erotic it was, it was all perfectly moral and clean. But to do it while his daughter was there... that was crossing some kind of line. Suddenly the whole thing took on a dirtier air.

"Do you think..." said Jeff. "Do you think we should stop now?"

"I don't know. I'm starting to feel kind of funny about it."

"Embarrassed?"

"Sort of. But also... excited. I know we shouldn't be doing this, but I don't want to stop."

"All right. Then we'll go on," Jeff decided.

The pictures of Lissa were more subdued. While Allison had beamed a bright grin throughout the whole affair, Lissa had only the trace of a smile on her face. These pictures looked somehow more glamorous. The poses were subtle and yet at the same time just as sexy as Allison's. There was something extremely erotic about the demure way in which she held herself.

Still, Jeff was starting to grow bored. He wished there were more pictures of Allison, especially if she took off the rest of her bikini. Lissa was beautiful in her own way, but these pictures couldn't beat a naked woman.

Then they stumbled onto another picture that gave them pause. She continued to lean up against the railing,

staring out into the distance, but this time she had one of the straps of her swimsuit off her shoulder. Her opposite hand held it as if she were beginning to undress.

"You don't think..." said Jeff.

"She wouldn't," Brit insisted. "Not with Dad there."

Another idea struck Jeff just then. "But what if Dad isn't there?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"It only takes two people to take these pictures. One to pose and one to hold the camera. All this time we've assumed Dad was the one doing it. But maybe it's just Allison and Lissa there."

"You mean Allison was posing topless for *her*?"

"Why not? Maybe they were just having fun. Like you said, it's nothing they hadn't seen before. They're both girls after all. Maybe Allison's pictures were going to be a surprise for Dad, and then Lissa wanted to take a turn modeling. Maybe these pictures were supposed to get erased, and Allison just hasn't gotten around to it. I'll bet Dad hasn't even seen them, and he's not going to."

"Good point," Brit said, letting out a sigh. Jeff shared her relief. The thought that their father would take that kind of picture of his own daughter, their sister, was too much to think about. It was revolting, but Jeff had to admit that that was only because it was his dad, and not Jeff himself with the camera. He had already proven that he didn't mind fooling around with his big sister. But that was just kids experimenting. For a father to take naked pictures of his daughter, though, was something quite different. What if, just what if, it were true? It was all so forbidden, but that was what made it all the more intense.

"So if she gets naked, we'll know it was just Allison and her on that boat," Brit stated.

That added one more layer of complexity to Jeff's feelings. Maybe the pictures weren't meant for Greg, but they most certainly were not meant for Jeff! He had already seen Lissa naked in person, so it wasn't as if this would be a new experience for him. But two things made him hesitate. First, he felt like it was invading her privacy, and second, with Brit there with him it was a little awkward. What would she think if he continued looking at those pictures? But the idea also held a kind of fascination for him. There was something deliciously naughty about the whole thing. Lissa was certainly a beautiful girl; he had already admitted that he was attracted to her. He would like nothing more than to see naked photos of her. But at it was, it was all so wrong and yet at the same time so stimulating! Admittedly, he had fooled around with Lissa a little bit, but that was just experimentation by a couple of teenagers who didn't know what they were doing, and they hadn't done anything in years.

"You must think this is really weird," Brit told him, no doubt guessing at his feelings.

"Yeah, really weird," Jeff repeated. "She's my sister. I've never really wanted to see her naked." That was not

exactly true; he had had his fantasies, but had only taken a couple of small steps toward fulfilling them.

"What about at the camping trip in June?"

"That was different. We were all just playing around, not posing for pictures. What about you? You're the one who left your swimsuit on when the rest of us took them off. Don't you think this is weird?"

"Me? You forget, I'm a girl. So to me, it's just a big 'So what?'"

"Oh yeah."

"If you want, we can stop now. Or we can go on and find out for sure. What do you think?"

"Let's just go long enough to find out if she's actually going to take her clothes off, and then that's it."

"Good enough."

They didn't have to wait long. In the very next picture, she had her swimsuit down to her waist, exposing her breasts. Jeff gaped. He had seen her naked only a few months before, but here she was, posing topless in a photograph, exposing her gorgeous body. In its own way, it was just as beautiful as Allison's. A little less developed perhaps, but that youthful quality made it all the more appealing. He felt that familiar stirring between his legs again, an unconscious reaction that he knew was completely inappropriate considering who he was looking at.

"I guess it's Allison taking the pictures," Brit said.

"Yeah," Jeff agreed, unable to tear his eyes away from the screen. His own sister! He knew he shouldn't be seeing this, and he certainly shouldn't be enjoying it. He should be turning off the computer in disgust. But somehow the feelings of utter revulsion were completely absent. All he wanted to do was see more of her like this.

"So that's it then," Brit told him.

"What?"

"You said we would just continue until we found out if she took her clothes off."

"But her clothes aren't all the way off!" he protested.

Brit laughed. "Oh, so you're saying you want to see the rest of her," she teased.

"No!" Jeff denied, but he knew it was a lie, and he was pretty certain Brit knew it too.

"Just wait till I tell Lissa that you want to see her naked," Brit giggled.

"I don't want to see her naked!" he exclaimed, but the redness of his face gave him away. "And you're not going to tell, because you would have to admit that you looked at these pictures."

"Good point. Okay. It will be our secret that you're horny for your own sister."

"Shut up."

"So are we done, or are you going to keep going until she's completely naked?"

"I'm not going to go any further if you're just going to tease me."

"Oh, all right. I won't tease you. I promise."

"Okay." He clicked to the next picture. In this one, Lissa was still topless, but she had her finger in her mouth and her chin down. With her big, bright eyes looking directly into the camera, it gave her a shy look, but at the same time very erotic. Maybe Allison had suggested the pose, but it appeared that Lissa was a natural at this kind of modeling. Jeff just couldn't believe that about his sister; she had always been so mature, so serious. In fact, he would have expected this kind of activity more from Brit than from Lissa. At least Brit knew how to have fun. Sometimes he wondered whether Lissa did.

"I've always thought Lissa had nice boobs," Brit commented.

"Brit!" Jeff exclaimed.

"It's just a comment. I've seen them plenty of times before, you know. I've always been a little jealous. Do you think I'll have boobs like that when I'm her age?"

With his little sister sitting on his erection and his big sister half naked on the screen in front of him, the last thing he needed right now was to turn the conversation to Brit's boobs. And yet the comment threw a mental image into his head that he couldn't ignore. It was both awkward and thrilling at the same time.

To ease the tension, he decided to make a joke out of it. "I don't know," he said. "I'd have to see them first. Take off your shirt and bra and I'll give you my honest opinion."

"Okay," she agreed, untucking the bottom of her shirt from her pants.

"I was only kidding!" he exclaimed, swatting her hand away. Brit broke down in a fit of giggles, and he realized she was kidding too. Once again she had gotten the better of him.

Mumbling under his breath, he clicked to the next picture. As they advanced through the photos, Lissa continued to show the contrast between Allison and her. While Allison had been bold and outgoing in her pictures, Lissa's photos were softer and more glamorous. Allison's could have been taken from the pages of *Lecher* Magazine, but Lissa's were more appropriate for a nude photography exhibition. Even though she was naked above the waist, there was something simple and innocent about these pictures.

After about ten more pictures, they switched over to Allison again. This time she had one of her hands down the front of her bikini bottom as if fondling herself, and her mouth open wide in a grin as if she were enjoying herself.

"Oh," said Brit. "She's... um..."

"Touching herself?" Jeff asked. It didn't shock him the way it did his little sister; he had seen many pictures like this since he had started browsing for porn.

"Yeah," Brit replied. "Crystal... um..."

"What about Crystal?"

"She... well... she showed me..."

"She showed you?" Jeff gasped. He had heard that girls that age sometimes experimented with each other, and that thought was a frequent fantasy of his, but he had never thought of Crystal and Brit doing it!

"Yeah," Brit said, blushing. "On the camping trip. While you and Kari were... well... you know. Crystal showed me how she touches herself."

"And what about you?" Jeff asked, then suddenly realized he shouldn't have. What business of it was his if Brit liked to masturbate?

"Well... I've done it a couple of times," she said. "Just to see what it was like. Crystal says there's nothing wrong with it, but I... I just don't feel right about it."

When Jeff didn't make any further comment, Brit simply accepted it and let him continue.

A few pictures later, Allison discarded the rest of her bikini completely, and stood there absolutely naked. Of course, Jeff had seen her like this before in the video, but still, he enjoyed the view.

Brit, however, pointed out something that Jeff hadn't caught, mainly because he was so used to seeing it in the images he looked at on the Internet. "She doesn't have any hair down there," said his sister.

Jeff had already seen that in the infamous video, so he hadn't really noticed this time.

"But I thought girls are supposed to grow hair down there once they're no longer kids," Brit commented. "Lissa does, and I've got a little myself, although not as much as her. I expect I'll get more when I get older."

"Well, apparently Allison shaves," Jeff told her. Rachael was the same way, as he knew from direct experience. It had intrigued him then, but now it seemed to him perfectly natural.

"She shaves?" Brit inquired. "You mean she shaved it all off?"

"Obviously."

"Why would a girl want to do that?"

"Well, sometimes it's so they don't have hair sticking out when they wear a tiny swimsuit, like the one Allison was wearing in these pictures. Some girls say it feels good, either for them or for the man, when they... well... you know."

"When they have sex? You can say it, Jeff. I'm thirteen; I know what sex is."

"You do?" he asked, astonished.

"Not from experience, of course," she giggled.

"Oh," he said. Her words had given him a shocking mental image, but that was just because he had misinterpreted them. Naturally she would still be a virgin at her age, not that Jeff had been much older when Rachael had seduced him.

"Right. When they have sex," he said, trying to shut out that mental image and especially trying to keep from admitting that it aroused him. "And some men like to see women without hair down there, so she might shave it off if Dad's like that."

"Oh. I guess that makes sense." Brit seemed to accept the answer. She was being surprisingly mature about the whole thing.

Jeff clicked to the next picture. Lissa was back, and this time she was also completely naked. Again as if to show the contrast, Lissa had a neat and healthy growth of hair between her legs.

So there it was. She had gotten naked for the pictures after all. Jeff was already too hard to get any harder at the moment; and besides, the thrill of first seeing her topless had been far more exciting than seeing the rest of her, especially since he was the type of guy who favored breasts rather than pussies, not that he had anything against either one.

"How many more picture are there?" Brit asked.

Jeff checked. "A couple dozen," he replied. "Now we've seen what we came to see. Should we finish them?"

"We might as well," Brit said. Jeff shrugged, trying to appear casual. In truth, he was anxious to see where the rest of the pictures would go. After all, both girls had taken all of their clothes off, and there were still plenty of pictures left.

When he clicked on the next one, he froze. This was almost as shocking as the first one with Lissa. It showed both girls together. They stood next to each other, facing forward, and holding hands.

"Um... Jeff..." said Brit. "Who's operating the camera?"

That was what he wanted to know. He was pretty sure his sister was thinking exactly the same thing as him. Was it possible that their father had been taking the pictures all along? The horror of the thought that he would photograph his own daughter naked returned, but there was a certain hypocrisy that took off some of the edge. After all, wasn't Jeff himself sitting here looking at those very same pictures? Wasn't he aroused by the sight of his sister naked on that boat? There was no difference between a brother having those feelings for his sister and a father having them for his daughter. They were wrong in either case. Still, he didn't want to admit it, so his mind groped for any other explanation.

"Maybe..." he said, "maybe it's another girl. Someone they met there."

"Or another man," said Brit, but Jeff shook his head. "I don't think Allison would pose naked for any man except Dad, and I know Lissa wouldn't."

"But if she's willing to do it for Dad..."

"We don't know that for sure. Like I said, it could be another girl. Or maybe they've got the camera on a tripod, with a timer."

"Yeah, maybe that's it," agreed Brit, with a note of relief in her voice. Apparently she didn't like the thought of their dad seeing Lissa nude any more than Jeff did. "I bet if we continue we'll find out that that's the case."

"Of course," said Jeff, though without confidence. What if it wasn't a tripod, and his worst fears were true?

In the next picture, the girls faced each other, with both hands clasped. They looked directly into each other's eyes, but Jeff couldn't read the expression on their faces.

In the next one, they had taken a step closer to each other. This time, their hands rested on each other's hips. Jeff's heart skipped a beat. This was getting dangerously close to some of the lesbian pictures he had seen on the internet. That brought a sudden surprising thought to mind. Allison had introduced him to those pictures, so she knew about them and in fact, was not disgusted by them. Was it possible that she herself had those tendencies? He didn't know why he hadn't seen it sooner. After all, her sister Rachael liked women; she had come right out and admitted it to him. Did that sort of thing run in the family?

He remembered that time on the camping trip a couple of years ago when Allison and Lissa had gone swimming. They had been naked, and hugging. His first reaction had been to think that they were lovers, but when Lissa told him her first time was with Rachael, he had decided it must have been more innocent than he had originally thought. And although Lissa had been seduced by Rachael, she had felt bad enough about it that he figured her first time would be her last time. But now it looked like maybe he was wrong.

If so, the next few pictures could get very interesting. He didn't know if he wanted to continue. If Lissa and Allison were going to do something naughty, he wasn't sure he wanted to know about it. And yet at the same time, the thought turned him on more than anything he had seen so far. Ever since Allison had introduced him to the concept, he had had a fascination for lesbians. And now, to see both his stepmother and his sister doing those things...

His hand was literally trembling as he turned to the next picture.

He thought he was going to faint. He hardly heard Brit's gasp of shock; the room was starting to spin around him. It seemed like everything he had taken for granted was being turned on its head. All this time he had thought of Lissa as just his boring old sister, and even though he had wanted to see Allison naked for a long time, to see her like this was almost overwhelming.

In the picture, Allison had her hand on Lissa's tit!

"What is she doing?" Brit demanded, and she sounded as shaken as Jeff felt. "Girls aren't supposed to do that to other girls!"

"I think we should turn the computer off and forget all about it," Jeff told her. "We've taken this way too far."

"No, don't. I... I just want you to explain it to me."

"I don't know if you're old enough, Brit," he replied.

"Don't give me that. Everyone always tells me I'm not old enough. How am I ever supposed to find things out if that's all anyone ever says when I ask?"

Jeff considered. She really wasn't much younger than he was when Allison had explained it to him. And after all, it was too late now; Brit had already seen the photo. To leave her without an explanation now would be worse than to tell her.

"All right," he conceded. "I'm going to tell you something, but you have to promise never to bring it up again."

"Okay, I promise."

"You're thirteen. So you're at the age when you're starting to get interested in boys, right?"

"Right."

"Okay, well, some girls instead get interested in other girls."

"Ew!" Brit exclaimed, a look of revulsion on her face. "You mean, in the same way?"

"In exactly the same way. I know it's a little hard to believe, but that's the way it is. Girls who are like that are called lesbians."

"So you mean Allison and Lissa are lesbians?" she asked, nodding toward the computer screen. "Does that mean... does that mean I'll end up like that?" She had a look of horror on her face at the thought. "After all, Lissa's my sister. Is it something that runs in the family?"

"First, I don't know if they're that way at all."

"But on the screen!"

"Think of it this way. Neither of us thought Lissa would be the type of person to pose for nude pictures, right?"

"Right."

"But we were wrong. Apparently she's willing to do it under certain circumstances. Maybe Allison talked her into it. Or maybe Allison looked like she was having so much fun that Lissa wanted to try it out. So maybe this is the same thing. They're just experimenting, that's all."

"But why? I mean, it's so disgusting!"

Jeff thought about that. Why would two women who were heterosexual do a lesbian pose together? The answer came immediately to mind.

"A lot of men like to watch lesbians," he explained. "Maybe they're just doing it for..." but then he realized, if it was a man there, it was most likely their father!

Brit was looking a little pale. In fact, she looked like she was about to cry. She knew what he was about to say. Jeff could understand her reaction. If their father was there, and they were posing like that for him, that meant he was getting turned on by it. By his own daughter! Jeff could almost accept the idea of Greg taking nude pictures of Lissa. After all, weren't there nudist colonies all over the world, where families would go together? Family members naked with each other wasn't necessarily wrong or evil. And the photos of Lissa had been relatively benign. But the thought that their father was seeing his own daughter in a sexual way was shocking to the point of being frightening. And that Lissa would submit to such a thing was impossible to imagine. Yet here was proof right on the screen before them.

He put his arm around Brit and pulled her in to him. She turned and buried her face in his shoulder. She was trembling as much as he was, but he realized that it was for a very different reason. She was feeling overwhelmed, even betrayed. He felt the same way. But as he continued to view that picture, he realized that there was something else there that Brit most certainly did not feel. Jeff was aroused by it!

A few minutes later, Brit looked up at him. "Tell me something," she said, in a surprisingly calm voice. "You said some men like to watch lesbians. Does that include you?"

Now Jeff could add embarrassment to the list of emotions he was feeling right now. It was a very long list. But she asked it so innocently, he knew he had to tell her the truth.

"Yes," he said.

"What about this picture that you're looking at right now?"

Jeff sighed. He could try to deny it, but knew he wouldn't be able to hide the insincerity.

"The honest truth? Yes. It's exciting me."

Brit giggled, something he had not expected.

"So you like looking at Lissa and Allison doing... lesbian things to each other?"

"You know I like looking at Allison doing anything at all. So in her case, I'd love to see her doing lesbian things with any girl, even Lissa."

"And what about Lissa?"

"I'm not so sure. Up until today, I had never thought of her in that way." Again, that was not completely true, but at least he hadn't thought about her in that way in a long time. "But now... I don't know. It's a little hard to explain, mostly because I don't really know how I feel."

"But it's possible that you like seeing her like that."

"It's possible."

"So maybe... maybe it's not so unusual then for family members to think of each other that way."

"Brit!" he exclaimed.

"No, really. Maybe Dad was feeling the same things you're feeling right now. Maybe he would love to see Allison doing it with any girl, even Lissa."

"It sounds like you're condoning this."

"Well, is Dad any worse for taking the pictures than you are for looking at them?"

"Hey, that's not fair."

"Why not?"

"Well, because... because it just isn't!"

"Look, maybe we've got this all wrong. Why do we think all of these things are bad?"

"I don't know. They just are."

"Maybe they aren't. You've said lots of times that Dad's too strict. He and Mom, our real Mom, are the ones that raised us to be perfect little angels. But that rotten bitch ran off with another man, and Dad's taking naughty pictures of his daughter. So maybe everything they've told us is a lie. Maybe there's nothing wrong

with bad language, or slutty clothes, or lesbians, or even fathers who get turned on by their daughters, or brothers who get turned on by their sisters."

"Okay, Brit, I think you've seen enough. You're starting to get some wrong ideas."

"So what? Apparently Daddy doesn't think they're wrong."

"We still don't even know if he's on the boat."

"So let's keep going until we find out."

"I don't know..."

"Come on, Jeff. I think we both need to see the rest of the pictures so that we can find out just how far Dad's willing to go, so that we can make a better decision."

"But just a few minutes ago you looked like you were about to throw up when you saw this picture."

"I know. I thought it was disgusting."

"But you don't any more?"

"I thought it was disgusting because I thought it was wrong. Now I don't know what's right and wrong any more. That's why I have to see the rest of the pictures. Because if Daddy doesn't think it's so bad, why should I?"

"That's exactly why people say you're too young. Because you get these crazy ideas in your head."

"So far I haven't heard any argument from you except that it's wrong. But you won't tell me why. Probably because you don't know."

"All right, fine. We'll look at the rest of the stupid pictures. But we're going to need to talk about this later."

"That's fine."

Still reluctant to show her any more but realizing that he wasn't going to get out of this without her seeing everything, he clicked to the next picture. This time, the girls had closed into a loving embrace, and their mouths were locked in a passionate kiss. Jeff's erection, which had subsided a bit during the argument with Brit, now sprang back up.

He had expected his little sister to gasp in shock again, or throw up, or even run away screaming. Instead, she continued to sit on his lap, watching the pictures in silence. He wondered what kind of effect these pictures were having on her mind. A few minutes ago she was horrified to find out that there were girls out there who liked girls, and now she was watching her own sister and stepmother engaged in these acts. What was she thinking? Was she thinking that if it was good enough for Lissa, it was good enough for her? Would Brit

herself turn out to be a lesbian, all because Jeff let her look at these images?

In the next one, Lissa had raised her face to the sky, and Allison had dropped her head to kiss her on the neck. It was quite an erotic image, but Brit laughed out loud.

"I didn't know Allison was a vampire," she grinned, and Jeff joined in the laughter. Yes, now that she mentioned it, it did look a bit like Allison was sucking Lissa's blood.

She went even lower in the next photograph, this time reaching one of Lissa's breasts. She had her tongue pressed against the nipple.

"Wow. That must feel good," Brit commented.

Jeff was shocked. "You want to have a girl lick you like that?"

"No, not a girl necessarily. I just know that my nipples are very sensitive. To have someone lick them would be incredible."

Once again, an image popped into Jeff's head, this time of a girl licking Brit's nipples like on the screen. As erotic as the thought was, he shook his head to clear it. He was already crossing a line by thinking of Lissa in a sexual way. He didn't need to be thinking of Brit like that.

In the next picture, the lick had turned into a suck. Lissa's nipple had disappeared completely into Allison's mouth.

"Oh, wow!" breathed Brit, squirming around on Jeff's lap, which had the effect of sending a jolt of pleasure through him. The pleasure was enhanced by the implications of Brit's tone of voice. She was actually getting excited by these pictures!

It was too late to stop now, though. He clicked to the next one, which had the roles reversed, and Lissa was sucking Allison's tit! That was surprising; it was just possible that their sister might agree to being photographed in a situation where she was receiving pleasure from another woman, but to put her mouth on part of that woman's body was impossible to believe! But it had happened, as evidenced by the picture.

As they continued, the pictures grew more and more intense as the girls groped and fondled and licked seemingly every part of each other's bodies. Brit was obviously getting more and more aroused by the pictures; her body felt hot against him, her breathing was rapid almost to the point of hyperventilating, and there was the distinct odor of her sweat in the air. Jeff himself was faring little better, but at this point he really didn't care whether Brit knew it or not. Since they were both turned on together, neither of them had any cause to be embarrassed about it.

A dozen pictures later, they received the proof they had sought. The lesbian scenes were over, replaced by a photo of Allison and their father. Greg still had his swimming trunks on, but Allison was completely naked. They stood next to each other, arms around one another's waists.

Then the picture changed to one with Allison turned toward him with her hand on his crotch. The bulge in his shorts was shown in clear outline.

"We're back to acceptable behavior again," Jeff commented. "They're married. They're allowed to do that."

"Don't forget who's holding the camera," Brit told him.

"Good point."

Finally, in the third picture with Greg, Allison had pulled down his shorts. This time Brit did gasp. To Jeff, it was nothing he hadn't seen before on the Internet, but this might be only the second time she had seen a cock. There was something perverted about the fact that the first two she had ever seen belonged to her brother and her father.

It was hard and fully extended, and Jeff realized that it was about the size of his own, perhaps a little above average in length but nothing like some he had seen in various pornographic images.

Allison had a grin on her face, and she gripped it like she had in the previous picture, only this time there was nothing between her hand and the engorged member.

Jeff clicked to the next picture, and this time he gasped as well. Allison and Greg faced each other, but Allison was on her knees in front of him! The tip of their father's penis was just inches from her lips. She gazed up into his eyes with a mischievous look. Was she really going to do it, right in front of his daughter?

"Ew!" exclaimed Brit as soon as Jeff clicked to the next picture. It was just what he had imagined. She had the tip of his dick in her mouth, and she was sucking away. Greg had his hands on the back of her head and smiled down at her.

"Is this another one I need to explain?" asked Jeff, and Brit nodded.

"All right. You said earlier that your nipples are very sensitive. It's the same thing with a man's penis. That's what makes sex so pleasurable for a man. But for most men, the most intense pleasure they can feel is to have a woman suck on it, like she's doing in the picture."

"Really?" asked Brit.

"Yes."

"And does he...?"

"Does he cum? If the girl is willing, yes. Some girls don't like the taste of it, but some do."

"And do they swallow it?"

"Again, it depends on the girl."

Brit was silent for a moment, then she spoke up again. "Jeff... have you... have you ever had a girl do that to you?"

That was an awkward question! But right now, he felt that he could be nothing less than fully honest.

"Yes," he admitted.

"Kari?"

Jeff hesitated. He didn't like to talk about his sex life with her, because she might feel he betrayed his trust. But it was pretty obvious since she was his first and only girlfriend.

"Yes," he repeated.

"Wow!" Brit said. "I'm learning all kinds of things today. Thanks for telling me the truth, Jeff. I want you to know I really appreciate it."

There were several more pictures of Allison sucking Greg's cock. In some it was buried up to the balls in her mouth. Her nose touched his belly just above his dick. In others, she held the head gently between her teeth. She licked it in some, sucked it in others. The shots ranged from close-ups showing only his cock and her face, to full-body shots that showed him from head to toe. Jeff and Brit continued to grow more and more aroused by the photos.

Then another surprising image came, though in hindsight, they should have expected it. This time Allison obviously had the camera, because Greg and Lissa were the stars of this picture. They were both naked, but other than that it was completely innocent. No, that was no entirely true; Greg was still erect, probably from the blowjob that Allison had been giving him. Father and daughter stood next to each other with hands clasped, similar to the first one with Allison and Lissa together.

When Jeff clicked to the next, he had a momentary shock. It was almost like looking in a mirror. Greg sat in a chair with his daughter on his lap. It was surprisingly like the position Jeff and Brit shared. The thing that was both thrilling and shocking, however, was that, based upon his own current situation, he knew that his father's cock must be touching some part of Lissa's anatomy in the picture.

Greg stood for the next picture, carrying Lissa. One arm supported her under her knee and the other under her shoulder. Another jolt of pleasure shot through Jeff as he could clearly see one of her tits pressed against his chest. The thoughts of disgust had just about disappeared, leaving only the thrill of the forbidden. He half hoped that the two of them would get into some much more nasty poses.

He realized that he just might get his wish when he turned to the next image. Though it was far from a lewd pose, it was one step closer, and yet at the same time there was still something innocent about it. Greg and Lissa faced each other, hugging in an affectionate embrace. If they had been clothed, the pose would have been nothing more than a tender father-daughter hug. But with them naked, with their bodies pressed against each other, it was almost obscene.

Jeff was nearly overcome again. This was his own father, and his own sister! Being naked together was one thing, but this was something far beyond that. Jeff remembered what it felt like from that time in the bath tub, with Lissa's breasts rubbing against his naked chest. He knew it was wrong to think of it, but at the same time, obviously Greg didn't think so. The jealousy returned, along with an increased excitement.

Brit was similarly affected. Her breaths came in uneven gasps, and Jeff almost thought he felt her heart pounding, despite the fact that she faced away from him. He noticed that one of her hands had subconsciously gone between her legs, and she was starting to rub herself down there. No doubt she could feel very little through her jeans, but it wasn't stopping her hand from going through the motions. She was starting to make little moaning noises, perhaps not even realizing she was doing it.

This was so wrong. Not only was he looking at pictures of his father and sister naked together, but his other sister was playing with herself right on his lap! Worse still, he was just as aroused as she was. He was sure she could feel his engorged member beneath her. Maybe that was just contributing to her arousal, a thought that, in some perverted feedback loop, contributed to his own.

He was almost afraid to go to the next picture. As soon as he clicked it over, he realized he had good reason. This time, Lissa knelt in front of her father in almost exactly the same pose as Allison had done previously. If past history was any indication, the next picture would be insane!

"Oh my god!" Brit gasped. "Oh my god! Oh my god!" She sounded like she was on the verge of orgasm. Jeff wasn't far away himself.

"Are you ready for the next picture?" he asked.

"Yes!" she shouted. "Do it, Jeff! Do it!"

Taking a deep breath, he clicked it over.

Everything they had expected, maybe even hoped, came true in that one instant. The final line had been crossed. No more was there any doubt about how naughty these pictures were. Lissa had her mouth full of her own father's cock!

Chapter 32

A Change of Attitude

Brit cried out in ecstasy, her body tensing up. Her hips raised right up off of Jeff's lap as her body straightened. She held that position for a few seconds, not even breathing, then finally collapsed back onto him.

"Oh god!" she exclaimed. "What just happened to me?"

Jeff was stunned. Had she really just climaxed, right there? And did she not know what it was? He had a momentary temptation to tease her about it, then realized that that would be too cruel, even for him. She would run to her room crying, and he would feel bad the rest of the day. She might even be mad at him for several days after that, not a pleasant thought. And right now, he felt an unusual closeness to her; the last thing he wanted to do was hurt her. So he decided to just be honest and frank with her.

"Looks to me like you just had an orgasm," he told her.

"Really?" she asked. "Is that what it feels like?"

"You mean you've never had one before?"

She shook her head. "I never knew it could feel this good." She lay there panting against his chest for a few more minutes. Jeff didn't know what to do, so he just wrapped his arms around her and held her there in a tender embrace. He remembered his first orgasm, in Rachael's willing mouth. Afterward, he had felt so exhausted he just wanted to lie there forever, and it felt so good to have someone there with him to hold. Though it was a little inappropriate, he felt that Brit deserved the same treatment.

She lay in his arms long enough that he half thought that she had fallen asleep. He had to admit, watching her lie there in his arms was certainly calming. He realized with a bit of yearning that these moments with her were too few. Normally the two of them couldn't stand being in the same room together, but every so often, when they hugged or she slept in his bed for instance, he realized that he really did love her. When she wasn't being bratty, she really was a cute little girl, and it felt so nice to hold her in his arms like this.

No, she was not so little any more. Just a few minutes earlier she had just stopped being a child. If she was capable of having an orgasm, then she had a certain degree of maturity, at least physically if not emotionally. He wondered if this would change things between them, with him realizing that she was growing up.

Brit turned over and lay her head against his shoulder. Jeff's hand instinctively went up and he stroked her hair. She sighed; apparently she liked that.

This reminded him of the times when they were kids and she used to come and crawl into bed with him.

Those were the times when he felt closest to her. But there were other times when they were almost at each other's throats. Sometimes he had teased her even to the point of tears. Now he felt a sudden guilt for all those incidents. She was his little sister; he was supposed to protect and watch over her, not hurt her.

"Brit, I'm sorry," he said.

"About what?" she mumbled without opening her eyes or taking her head off his shoulder.

"About teasing you all those times when we were growing up."

"What?" she asked. "What brought that on all of a sudden?"

"I just... this just reminded me of when you used to sleep with me when we were kids. Remember that?"

"Yeah. I miss those days."

"Me too. You used to do it even after I had spent all day teasing you. I was really mean back then, wasn't I?"

"Still are," she giggled.

"Hey, that's not fair."

"Sorry. I couldn't resist."

Then she lifted up her head and gazed into his eyes. She had a trace of a smile on her lips, and although her eyes were watery, she didn't look sad at all.

"Thanks for being there with me," she said, then gave him a quick peck on the cheek and climbed off of him and headed out of the room.

Still wondering what he should do at this point, he decided to view the rest of the images. Unfortunately, that was the last one of Greg and Lissa together. Allison replaced Lissa and continued to suck him off. Under most circumstances, Jeff would love to see these pictures. But after seeing that last picture with Lissa, and surprisingly, without Brit there to share it with him, the images no longer interested him. He quickly browsed through to the last one, then switched off the computer.

When he ascended the stairs to his room, he could hear the shower going. That was to be expected; Brit had just climaxed in her pants, so it was bound to be a bit messy.

He headed to his bed and plopped down on it, exhausted in his own way. This was more than just a physical exhaustion, it was emotional as well. He couldn't get that picture out of his mind! His own father, who had raised them in a sheltered environment for all their life, had done something sexual with his own daughter. There was a word for that: incest. It was one of those things that people just didn't do, that only existed as fantasies on the Internet. Maybe some people engaged in such acts, but those were perverts who lived a completely different lifestyle. It wasn't something one expected to discover about his own family.

But he couldn't lie to himself. When he saw that image, he had felt no revulsion, only excitement. He himself had those very feelings, and furthermore, he himself had done a few things with Lissa. He had rationalized that away by claiming that they had just been adolescents full of hormones and just learning about sex. Even during that last camping trip, it was still just an experiment. The contact between Lissa and Jeff wasn't even particularly sexual, just intimate. Despite those encounters with her, the truth was that the idea of incest in general sickened him.

But maybe it wasn't so unnatural after all. Maybe it was just the idea of the forbidden so close to home that had aroused him. Maybe it had nothing to do with Lissa at all. He was perfectly happy to admit that he thought Allison was hot, so it was perfectly natural for him to get aroused by those pictures of her leading up to it. So maybe his excitement at the taboo pictures was just a continuation of that, especially with those photos of Allison and Lissa together. Those lesbian scenes were enough to break down his resistance to seeing Lissa like that, so when their father joined in, maybe those feelings weren't so unexpected after all.

And as he thought about it, maybe that was exactly what had happened to Greg on the boat. Perhaps his own feelings followed a similar pattern: first seeing Allison naked, then seeing Lissa naked, then the two of them together.

The warm water of the shower helped to relax Brit so that she could think more clearly. Something had happened to her today that she couldn't ignore. Yesterday she was a child, but today she had begun to grow up.

It wasn't that she didn't know about sex. She at least had a technical understanding of it, even if she had never done it herself. Admittedly, she had been experimenting with giving herself those pleasurable feelings for months now, ever since Crystal had shown her how on that camping trip. She expected to one day complete that journey with a boy, but until now she had never experienced the extreme pleasure of an orgasm.

She wondered why, today, she had finally achieved it. It was especially confusing because she hadn't been physically stimulated to it. Something about the situation had pushed her over the edge. Was it the pictures? Was it Jeff?

She giggled at the thought that her mean older brother had done this to her. After all, they had never gotten along. Why should his presence have anything to do with it?

On the other hand, she had to admit that it had felt nice to sit on his lap, especially after she had climaxed and he wrapped his arms around her. His big, strong arms had encircled her, making her feel safe and protected. For a few minutes at least, she had forgotten all about how terrible he was to her. During that time, the only thing she felt toward him was love. Sometimes Jeff could be so sweet. When he had apologized for all the times he teased her, for instance, she had felt his sincerity and his love. She smiled when she thought of that. Despite the fact that he rarely showed it, she had known all her life that he loved her, but for some reason, right now that knowledge made her feel really good inside.

Jeff loves me! she thought with delight.

That still didn't answer the question as to why she had experienced her first orgasm. Perhaps it had to do with the pictures that they had been looking at. She had felt disgusted most of the way through, but she couldn't deny that it had also aroused her. She had incontrovertible proof of that. When she had seen Lissa and Allison together, something had stirred within her. To think that women actually did those things to each other! Perhaps if she had learned about it any other way, it would have been merely revolting, but to know that her stepmother and her very own big sister had engaged in those acts brought it so close to home that she had been nearly overwhelmed by it. And yet, the sheer horror of the idea had a fascinating aspect to it that thrilled her. It was so intense, so strange, so forbidden, that she couldn't tear her eyes away from the screen.

Then came the next pictures, with her father. It was only the second time that she had seen a cock before; she hadn't even seen pictures of one. She didn't know how her daddy's compared to other men's except that it was about the same size as Jeff's, but she found the sight quite erotic, especially when Allison had begun to play with it. She was mature enough to understand that the two of them naturally had sex, but she hadn't expected to actually see it. Then when Allison had begun to suck him, that had taken her to a new level of excitement. It was no wonder that the images of Lissa and her daddy together had had such a profound effect upon her. In just a few minutes, she had learned about lesbians, oral sex, and incest. Those photos had completely changed her entire concept of sex. Not only was there so much variation to it, but her own family was exploring some of the more extreme aspects. To know that Greg and Lissa had acted so contrary to their natures and done these things had been such a shock that she had been unable to wrap her mind around the concept. Everything she had been taught since she was a child had suddenly shattered, leaving her exposed to the depraved world that was just opening to her, and without that knowledge to anchor her, her basest feelings had taken over, pushing her beyond her ability to withstand. That was what had happened to her, she realized.

She also realized that it could have been much worse. If she had discovered those pictures alone, without Jeff there to soften the blow, she might have been tormented by them. She could imagine herself, curled up on her bed crying at the horror. It would have been as if she had been violated, although emotionally rather than physically. All of her beliefs, her ideas of sex, even her concept of right and wrong, would have been violently torn from her. Only Jeff had spared her from that.

Because he loves me! she thought again with a warm internal glow. He had been there for her when she needed him most, and no matter how much they teased each other, she realized that she was glad he had helped her take her first steps into the world of sex. It was just too bad that he couldn't stay with her to the end of that journey, because right now she didn't want to follow that path with anyone else. Unfortunately, that was every bit as bad as what her daddy and Lissa had done, though for some reason it didn't disgust her in the same way.

By now she felt much cleaner, so she turned off the water and stepped out of the shower, reaching for a towel. She felt an urge to stay naked, to just go and lie down on her bed without her clothes on. It seemed a shame to cover herself, but she knew she had to talk to Jeff. There were too many thoughts running through her mind right now, and she knew that only he could help her sort them out.

Jeff was lying on his bed when Brit knocked on the bathroom door. He hadn't heard the shower turn off, but with his thoughts so confused, that was to be expected.

He told her to come in, which she did. She wore only a towel, and her long, golden locks hung down straight and damp from her head. Seeing her like this was nothing unusual; sometimes after she showered she would open the door to his bedroom first before heading into her own bedroom to change. But this seemed different somehow, probably because now he realized that she was a sexual being. She had just proven it a few minutes ago, after all. In truth, she looked downright sexy.

She came and sat on his bed next to him. Without thinking, he put his arm around her waist. Though it was an innocent gesture, it wasn't the type of thing he was used to doing.

Brit didn't seem to mind at all, but leaned in and lay her head down on his shoulder. "I wanted to thank you again," she told him. "I don't suppose many girls are fortunate enough to have their big brother with them the first time they... you know," she giggled.

"Probably not," laughed Jeff, realizing just how absurd the situation was in hindsight.

"You're not going to tell anyone, are you?" she asked.

"What, that you're growing up? It happens to everyone."

"But not like this."

"No, not like this," he agreed. "But don't worry. Even if I wanted to tell somebody, I couldn't without revealing that I saw those pictures. And I don't think that's something I'll ever do."

"Me neither."

"I know. Those were private photos, and we really shouldn't have looked at them."

"Jeff, did it bother you that I... well..."

"Bother me? No, not really. It just means that I know you're not a little girl any more. Maybe I'm just a little sad because you really were the cutest little girl, but now that's all over."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry, Brit. It's all a part of growing up. And in case you're feeling embarrassed that this happened in front of me, don't be. I suppose I should feel awkward about it, but I don't."

"So it doesn't bother you that it happened while I was looking at those pictures of Dad and Lissa?"

"Does it bother *you?*" he asked.

"Well, no. Not really. I guess it just happened because the whole thing was so overwhelming. I'm just glad you were there to explain things to me."

"Me too. I don't want to think of what would have happened if you had found them on your own."

"It could have really hurt me," Brit agreed.

"Exactly. So are you okay with it now?"

"I don't know. I mean, this is going to change things around here, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, now that we saw Daddy and Lissa... doing things. Now that we know about them. Do you think we'll ever be able to look at them again without feeling that there's something wrong about them?"

Jeff sighed. She certainly had a lot of wisdom for a thirteen-year-old. That was something he hadn't really thought about.

"Maybe it will change things," he told her. "But no matter what they've done, they're still our father and sister. Do you love them any less because of this?"

"Well... no. Not really."

"Then maybe we should just let them have their little secret. It's just something they do that really isn't any of our business. Everything else about them is the same, isn't it?"

"I suppose so. Does that mean we should just pretend this never happened?"

"I think if we act like it never happened, we'll find it's not as hard to forget it as we think. Besides, Lissa's gone now, so maybe this is the end of their relationship. I think the best thing to do is to never talk about this ever again, okay?"

Brit nodded. "Okay," she said, then looked up at him. "I was right. You *are* the best brother in the world."

The storm hit full force just after dark. He hadn't noticed it creeping up on him because he spent most of the evening watching television with Brit. But when the electricity in the air threw static in with the image, he started to notice. He could hear the wind howling outside, as if trying to force its way into the room. Rain pelted the rooftop, and outside the window he could see it overflowing the gutters on the roof and falling in sheets to the ground. Every few seconds, lightning turned the night to day, and the roar of thunder followed immediately, sending vibrations through the floor and rattling the windows.

Jeff did his best to ignore it, concentrating on the TV instead. Brit tried to pretend that it didn't bother her, but he noticed that she kept inching closer to him on the couch, as if just being near him could keep the storm at bay.

An hour later, a sudden flash of lightning knocked out both the lights and the TV. Brit jumped, then tried to laugh it off. In the darkness, Jeff could hear her breathing a little heavier than normal. She had always been a little scared of storms. Usually Lissa would say a few soothing words to her, maybe wrap her arms around her for a few minutes, and then Brit would be just fine. Jeff had never been good with comforting words, so he didn't even try.

"Well, that's it," he said instead. "The power's out. They'll fix it, but probably not until morning."

"Do we have any candles?" Brit asked.

"Sure. They're in the closet. But we might as well not even use them. I think I'm going to go to bed now anyway. It's a little early, but without the power on, there's nothing else to do."

"I might put one in my bedroom anyway," she said.

"Aren't you too old for a night light?" he teased.

"Well, the storm's got me a little nervous. It will just be for tonight."

Jeff reluctantly agreed. As he stood up to head for his room, Brit reached out and took his hand. "Do you mind helping me? I can't see anything."

"I can't either," he said. "I'm as likely to lead you into a wall as up the stairs."

"As long as you run into it first," she laughed.

Jeff let his hand close around hers, noticing that she was trembling. With his other hand outstretched, he began to feel his way through the darkness. Surprisingly, they made it to the closet without any mishaps. There were shelves in there, and he seemed to remember that the candles were on the second shelf from the top. He fumbled around and found one. Fortunately, it was already in a candle holder.

The matches were a different problem. They were in a drawer in the kitchen. Still holding her hand, he led her through the dining room, only stubbing his toe on a chair once. Ironically, the lightning helped. He reoriented himself during the brief flashes, and made it to the drawer with the matches without any further problems. He struck one and lit the candle. After that, they were able to see clearly. He was about to drop her hand, but she squeezed it tightly. "Just till we get up to our rooms," she said. "I'm still a little scared."

He handed her the candle, then led her back out to the great hall and up the stairs to her bedroom.

"Thanks," she said, giving him a hug and then disappearing into her room. He turned and made his way down the hall to his own.

Despite the darkness, it didn't take him any longer to get ready for bed, since he just stripped down to his boxer shorts and left the rest of his clothes, as usual, on the floor. Even with the storm, the leftover heat from the day lingered, so he decided not to wear a shirt. He dropped down on his bed, leaving the covers off, and tried to ignore the lightning and thunder.

The rain didn't bother him. He actually found it soothing. And the thunder didn't scare him; it just made it hard to sleep. Staring up at the ceiling in the dark, he found himself wondering when the storm would die out. As time passed, it didn't lessen at all, but boredom and tiredness started to overcome him, and he began to feel drowsy despite the storm. He was just about to drift off to sleep when he heard a knock at his bedroom door.

"Come in," he said. The door opened, and immediately a soft glow filled the room. Brit placed the candle on the pedestal on top of his dresser and stepped into the room. Apparently, she'd already gotten ready for bed as well. She wore a pair of tiny little cotton panties with designs of pastel-colored unicorns on them, and that "I wear my emotions on my sleeves" shirt that he had bought for her a couple of years ago. She had naturally outgrown it since then, so it was tight enough against her chest that it did nothing to hide her youthful figure, and the outline of her nipples poking through the fabric made it clear that she wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts weren't particularly big, but her shirt stretched tight against them. It wasn't cut low enough to reveal even the tiniest trace of her developing breasts, but because it was too small for her it was short enough on the bottom that it didn't quite cover her navel, much less her panties. Jeff found himself admiring her smooth, long legs. Overall, it didn't leave much to the imagination. Once again, he realized how much she'd grown up in the last year. She had always been a little shy about her body; he hadn't seen her in her underwear for years now, since before she was old enough for it to bother her. He wondered why she was suddenly willing to let him see her like this, and at the same time, the sight aroused him. He quickly suppressed those feelings. They were perfectly natural, but dangerous.

"I can't sleep," she said. "It's the storm. Can I... can I sleep in your bed tonight, like I used to?"

Once again he remembered how when they were children, she would often sneak into his room at night and sleep in his bed with him. Even though they teased each other constantly, for some reason she felt an attachment to her big brother. After their mother had left them a couple of years ago, Brit had stopped sleeping with him. Maybe she felt she was too old. Maybe in her preteen years she was beginning to assert her independence. Maybe with a new stepmother Brit wanted to be seen as mature and independent. Jeff found himself actually remembering those days with fondness. There was something soothing and relaxing about holding a sleeping child in one's arms.

He looked down at the bed. It was barely big enough for one person, let alone two. But when he looked into his little sister's big blue eyes, he found it difficult to refuse anything she asked him.

"Just for tonight," he offered. Brit grinned, then blew out the candle and quickly climbed into bed with him. She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, taking him by surprise.

He expected her to lie down on the edge of the bed away from him, but instead she curled up next to him and

lay her head on his chest. She draped one of her arms across his body. He could feel the warmth of her cheek on his bare chest, and her thin clothes allowed him to feel every inch of her body pressed up against his. Her breasts were firm, and he could just barely make out the feel of her nipples. As she brushed her legs against his, he noticed that they felt every bit as smooth as they looked.

He wondered if she realized how much she was turning him on. In some ways, she was very innocent. She probably had no idea how sexy she'd become in the last year. In a way, he was glad she was his sister. It meant he would probably have a lot more opportunities to see her like this. But it also meant that it could never go beyond that. For now, he was just content to hold her in his arms as they both slept.

"Jeff?" she suddenly said.

"Yes, Brit?"

"Do you remember, a few years ago, when we first met Allison, how you teased me one day and I went to my room crying?"

"I remember it happening more than once. I told you I was sorry."

"No, I don't mean that. Do you remember what she said she did to cheer me up?"

"Not really."

"She said she told me to think of all the things you did that proved you love me."

"Oh yeah, I remember that. It was probably a short list, which makes me feel bad because I wish I had spent more time making it longer."

"Don't feel bad, Jeff. There were a *lot* of things on the list. You would be surprised. But do you know what the first thing I said was?"

"I don't know."

"I said that when we were kids you used to let me sleep in your bed sometimes. I don't know if you remember this or not, but I mostly did it after you had been particularly mean to me." So she was thinking the same thing he was. Maybe she missed those days as much as he did.

"I do remember," he said. "I always wondered why. I would have figured those were the times you hated me most."

"It's because of what you always said when I slept in your bed."

"I don't remember, what did I say?"

"You said, 'I love you. Good night.' I know it was just words, and you just said them automatically, but I

wanted that reassurance that you still loved me."

His heart went out to her at that moment. She was such a sweet, emotional little girl, so vulnerable sometimes. He had to remember that, because she was so easy to hurt. On the other hand, something as simple as telling her he loved her could brighten up her day.

"You know I'll always love you, Brit," he said. "You're my little sister."

"Thanks," she said. "I just wanted to hear you say it again. Good night."

"I love you. Good night," he whispered.

"Mmm..." hummed Brit, and he could almost feel her smile.

It seemed a shame not to let her get to sleep, but Jeff knew that there was something else he had to ask her, and it might be a long time before he got another chance like this.

"Brit," he said.

"Yes, Jeff?"

"When I said I was sorry about teasing you, what I really meant was... well... do you think after all these years it's too late to start over?"

"Start over?"

"I mean, are we too set in our ways that we can't change? I'm tired of teasing you, because I just end up hurting you, and then I feel bad. And sometimes when you tease me it hurts me too."

"I don't want to hurt you, Jeff."

"And then there are these times, like right now, that I wish we could be like this to each other more often."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you're not going to believe this, but I actually like to hug you."

"Really?" she giggled.

"I'm serious, Brit. And I like it when you lay your head on my shoulder. I even like it when you sit on my lap, strange as it may seem."

"I like those things too," she replied. "It feels nice."

"But because we tease each other so much we don't get those chances very often, and right now I feel a little

sad about so many missed opportunities."

She glanced up at him. "So you think we should stop teasing each other?"

"Not completely," he told her. "Let's just cut it back a little. Okay, a lot. A little teasing can be fun, but we have to be careful that we don't step over the line."

"And what about the other stuff?"

"What stuff?"

"The hugging, and sitting on your lap and stuff."

"We can do that as much as we want."

Brit smiled. "Okay, I'm going to take you up on that offer, starting now." She managed to get an arm around his neck and hugged him tightly. He put his arms lovingly around her and hugged her back. It felt so nice that neither of them wanted to let go, and in that position they drifted off to sleep.

When the first rays of dawn streamed through his window in the morning, he woke to find her almost completely on top of him. Her head lay just below his chin, so he could feel her breath on his neck. Her shirt had ridden up so that it barely covered her breasts, and her bare stomach was pressed against his. Her crotch rested against his thigh, and he could feel her mound under her panties.

He went to nudge her awake, and put his hand on her waist. For a moment, he lost control and began to caress her. Then she stirred, and he immediately pulled his hand away, pretending to be asleep.

She lifted her head off of his chest. "Jeff," she whispered, and he slowly opened his eyes. Gazing up at her soft face, he began to realize why their dad called her his angel. Her hair tumbled over one side of her head, draping down to tickle his chest. The sweet, innocent smile on her pouty little lips and her large, lovely blue eyes made her seem more a fairy creature than a real person.

"Thanks for letting me sleep with you," she said. "I love you." She gave him a kiss, this time on the lips, then rolled off of him and skipped into the bathroom to take a shower.

"I love you too," he whispered.

Chapter 33

Shower Fun

The storm had passed during the night, leaving only a fresh, clear morning. Jeff could see blue sky as he stared lazily out the window, still too relaxed to get out of bed. Across the room his clock blinked 7:21, but that just meant the power had come back on 7 hours and 21 minutes ago. He picked up his watch from his nightstand and saw that it was after 9:00. Still, he just wanted to lie here for a little longer. He thought of now nice it had felt to have his little sister sleeping there with him. She hardly weighed a thing, so he didn't mind her on top of him, and her warmth and softness were both relaxing and thrilling. In fact, when he was honest with himself, he found her actually quite arousing. Especially now that she had taken her first step into the world of sex, albeit a small step, he realized that she was no longer a child. Her body was developing, as well as her emotions. He wanted to be there with her every step of the way, both to protect her, and... But those thoughts were dangerous. Maybe it hadn't been such a good idea to let her sleep with him after all. It was awakening unnatural desires in him that he found difficult to suppress.

Brit finished her shower and entered his room again, this time fully dressed. She sat down on his bed next to him, just gazing down into his face with a smile. When she put her fingers to his forehead to smooth away a hair that had fallen down over his face, he was surprised to notice how even such a simple little touch thrilled him. It was as if she were a different girl. This wasn't the little Britney that was fun to torment, but a different girl, a beautiful, vulnerable girl that needed his love rather than his teasing.

Just then the phone rang. "I'll get it," offered Brit, then hopped up and skipped out of the room. Jeff listened to her muffled voice coming from downstairs as she answered it and talked with the person on the other end, though he couldn't make out anything she was saying. Then she hung up and headed back up to his room.

"That was Crystal," said Brit. "She wanted to know if she could come over today. I told her yes. She's bringing her swimsuit so we can get in the hot tub."

Jeff was of mixed feelings about it. Crystal could be as bratty as Brit sometimes, except when screwing him, of course. Even so, he wouldn't have minded having her over, especially in the hot tub. But with Brit here, things could get awkward. Crystal was a notorious flirt, and she might end up giving away their secret.

Still, she was Brit's friend, so even if he refused today, she would have plenty of other opportunities to come over, so it was futile to try to stop her.

"Great!" he said, trying to sound not too enthusiastic and not too averse. "As long as I can get in the hot tub with you."

"Deal," said Brit.

Jeff took his turn in the shower, then got dressed and went downstairs for breakfast. Not being the greatest chef in the world, he simply put out cold cereal and milk and let Brit help herself. During breakfast they talked and joked, but there was no denying that it was different from the way it used to be. For one thing, their teasing was more good-natured rather than hurtful. Jeff always knew how to get her mad, but this time he carefully avoided those topics.

Then Brit went quiet for a moment, and he realized that she was thinking about something. She looked like she wanted to ask him something, but wasn't sure if this was the right time. Then she managed to work up the courage.

"Jeff? Can I ask you something personal?"

"Sure," he said with a friendly smile.

"And you promise you won't get angry?"

"Okay, I promise."

Brit took a deep breath. "Is it true you've had sex with Crystal?"

Jeff just stared at her, dumbfounded. How did she know? Of all the questions she could have asked then, that was the one he was least prepared to answer.

"I... I don't... Maybe I shouldn't tell you," he said.

Brit shrugged. "I guess that means yes," she commented. "Otherwise you would have denied it right away."

Her logic was impeccable.

"So how did you find out?" he asked.

"Crystal told me."

"Oh." That made sense. The two of them were best friends, after all, so Brit would be the first one Crystal would share such a secret with. He hoped she hadn't told too many other people.

"Don't worry, I won't tell anyone," said Brit, sensing his nervousness.

"Um, thanks. Brit, um... I think we need to talk about this."

"Why?"

"Because now you know I've been sleeping with your best friend. And since she's coming over in a few minutes, it might be a little awkward."

"Oh, don't worry about that, Jeff. If you two want to flirt with each other in front of me, that's fine. It doesn't bother me, really."

"You sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Okay, but if we get a little carried away and you feel embarrassed at all, go ahead and tell us to stop. I don't want you to be mad at me, and I don't want to hurt your friendship with her."

"Yeah, because if we weren't friends any more, she'd have no excuse to come over and see you," Brit grinned. Jeff laughed. Yes, she had a point there.

Breakfast was just about over when they heard a car drive up. Jeff got up and headed to the door, reaching it just as the knock came. He opened it and saw Allen Williams and Crystal standing there.

"Oh, hi, Mr. Williams," he said with a smile. "Hi, Crystal. Come on in."

"Actually, I have to go," said Mr. Williams. "I just wanted to walk Crystal to the door. Is it true that your parents are out of town?"

"Yeah, they drove my older sister to college."

"Lissa's in college already? Wow. I remember when she was Crystal's age in my P.E. class back when I was teaching at the Junior High. Time really does fly."

"Yeah, I can't believe it either."

"Okay, look Jeff, you're the man of the house today, so I want you to promise me you'll take care of my little girl."

"Daddy!" Crystal whined. "You're embarrassing me."

All three of them laughed, remembering the conversation on the doorstep of the Williams house nearly a year ago, the day that Jeff had taken Crystal out on a date.

"Anyway, I'm almost fourteen," Crystal said. "I can take care of myself."

"I know you can, dear," replied Allen. "I just want Jeff's word, that's all."

"Don't worry," said Jeff. "I promise to take care of her."

"Good. So it's settled. I'll be back around 7:00 tonight to pick her up. I'll see you later, Jeff." He shook his hand, then turned around and headed back to the car. Jeff waved as Mr. Williams drove off.

Crystal skipped into the house, then upon spying Brit, she headed into the dining room and sat down in one of the chairs.

"Hurry up and finish eating so that we can get into the hot tub," she said.

Jeff entered the room. "Not for at least an hour," he said.

"It's just a hot tub, not a pool," Crystal told him.

"I know, but Brit and I need time to digest our breakfast first. We wouldn't want to get cramps. Why don't you two go into the living room and watch cartoons?"

Brit laughed. "Apparently he thinks we're still little kids," she said.

"Oh, I'm sure he doesn't see *me* as a little kid," said Crystal with a wink.

"Why, because he's had sex with you?" asked Brit.

Crystal froze, staring at her. The she suddenly started to laugh. "Oh, so you two have had a little brother-sister talk about that, I see. Well, our secret's out, Jeff. Maybe we ought to give her a demonstration."

"Oh, very funny, Crystal."

"Well, I'm going to go change anyway. When you're finished with breakfast, meet me downstairs. We'll play some pool or something for an hour."

She got up out of the seat and headed into the bathroom. By that time, Jeff and Brit had both finished eating, so Jeff took the bowls and put them in the sink, then ran some water over them. He would put them in the dishwasher later; with only two people at home right now, there wouldn't be enough dishes for a full load until some time tomorrow anyway.

Crystal appeared at the bathroom door, wearing the tiniest green and yellow bikini he had ever seen. It made him wonder what kind of a perverted clothing designer would make such a thing for a thirteen-year-old girl in the first place. It showed off every curve of her impressive body, doing more to emphasize her charms than to hide them.

Brit stared at her. "That's a nice little bikini you're wearing," she said. "With emphasis on the 'little.'"

"It's not my favorite, but I thought Jeff might like it," she grinned. "What do you think, you big hunk of a man?"

"Of all the swimsuits I've seen you in, I'd have to say that this one's my favorite."

"All right, you two go ahead and change, and I'll meet you downstairs."

Jeff and Brit headed upstairs and changed in their rooms. He was very eager to head back down to the rec room with Crystal. He wanted to just stare at her body all day. With his mind occupied on the fantasy as he hurried out of his room, he didn't look where he was going. As he was exiting his bedroom, he bumped into Brit, who was coming down the hall after changing. The two of them fell to the floor, his little sister on top of him.

"Sorry," he said. Brit's look of surprise slowly faded into a smile as she gazed down at him. He had seen that look before; it was the same one she had on her face when they woke up that morning.

He realized he had his hands wrapped around her waist, and immediately released her. He stumbled to his feet, then took her hand and pulled her up.

It was then that he realized what she was wearing. It was a bikini not much bigger than Crystal's, though hot pink rather than green and yellow.

"Um, I don't think I've seen that swimsuit before," he commented, trying to sound casual. In fact, he was thinking just how good she looked in it.

"You like it?" she grinned, then spread her arms wide and twirled around in it to give him a great view from all angles. He was fascinated by how perfect her body was. Yes, she was thirteen and just beginning to develop, but she was developing in all the right places. If anything, her body was even more lovely than Crystal's!

She caught him staring, and laughed. "Am I embarrassing you?" she said.

"No, of course not," he replied.

"Good. Now come on." She grabbed his hand and led him, dazed, down the stairs.

Crystal was standing there waiting for them. As soon as she saw them, she smiled. "Hey, Brit, I didn't know you had a swimsuit like that!" she said.

"Allison bought it for me this summer," she explained. "She told me I'm not supposed to wear it in front of Dad."

"Yeah, it might give him ideas, the old lecher," laughed Crystal, but Jeff and Brit didn't join her. If anything, they looked a little guilty. Jeff could guess what Brit was thinking, because he was thinking the same thing. If he was willing to do sexual things with Lissa, maybe he had unnatural thoughts for Britney as well.

"No, it's because Dad doesn't think thirteen-year-olds should be trying to look sexy," Brit said, covering for them. If Crystal had noticed their hesitation, she didn't press it.

"Oh, it definitely looks sexy, don't you think, Jeff?"

"What?" he asked. "Oh, sure. I suppose so."

"Oh come on, admit it," Crystal teased. "You don't just 'suppose' something looks sexy. You either think so right away, or you don't. So which is it?"

"Okay, fine. That swimsuit looks sexy."

"Or in other words, Britney looks sexy in it, right?"

"Sure."

Brit blushed, but she had a grin on her face.

They headed over to the pool table and started the game. Crystal racked up the balls, then asked, "did I do that all right?"

"Looks fine," Jeff told her.

"So in other words, you're saying I have a nice rack?"

The three of them burst out laughing at that. Crystal was such a flirt.

Since there weren't too many variations of pool that allowed for three players, they decided to make it informal and just try to knock the balls into the holes, not caring who won or lost. It was just as well; Jeff couldn't focus on the game with Crystal flirting with him every second. When it was her turn to shoot, she would lean over and deliberately arch her back and stick out her ass in a sexy pose. When it was his, she would stand right in his line of sight with her cue in front of her, resting against, or even slightly inside, her cleavage. She squirmed around ever so slightly but enough to make his pulse race. When he asked her to get out of the way, she asked, "Oh, am I distracting you?" in a sultry voice that made it clear that she understood in exactly what way she was distracting him.

Brit just giggled as she watched this teasing going on; just like she said, it didn't bother her. In fact, she seemed to be enjoying it every bit as much as Crystal. Jeff, on the other hand, was trying his hardest not to think about it.

Finally, Jeff announced that the hour was up, and they could go get in the hot tub now. They opened the screen, and all three of them climbed in.

Not surprisingly, Crystal scooted right up next to Jeff. Brit sat across from them. After the episode with the pool table, he found the water extremely relaxing. He closed his eyes, leaned back, and let it soothe him. His thoughts went back to that fateful night with Rachael, when he had sat in this very tub with her. It had been one of the best experiences of his entire life.

A few minutes later, Crystal scooted away from him to the center of the tub. At the motion, he opened his eyes and looked at her. She raised her arms up over her head and yawned, stretching. The movement thrust her chest out, causing a wave of desire to wash over him. Then she glanced down at her torso.

"You know, I've never really liked this swimsuit," she said. Before anyone could say anything, she reached behind her, untied her top, and took it off. Jeff grinned; she had a great body for a thirteen-year old.

Brit's reaction was just the opposite. "Oh my god, Crystal, what are you doing?" she exclaimed.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" she asked, standing up and removing the panties as well. "I'm taking off my swimsuit."

"But... with Jeff here..." Britney breathed, staring at her.

"So what? Didn't I already tell you I've fucked him before? And this isn't the first time you've seen me naked in front of him, so what's the problem?"

"But... oh, I don't know. It just seems so wrong."

Crystal ignored her, standing up and slipping the bikini bottoms down and off her legs. Then she sat back down and glanced at Brit with a mischievous grin.

"Why don't you two take your swimsuits off also and see how it feels?" she suggested. "I bet you won't think it seems wrong then."

"You're such a pervert, Crystal," said Brit.

"You don't think so, do you, Jeff dearest?" asked Crystal, batting her eyelashes at him.

"Of course not, love," he said, then kissed her. He was feeling particularly daring right now, and the thought of being naked with Crystal, with his little sister watching, was terribly exciting.

"I'll tell you what, Brit," he said. "I'll take my suit off if you take yours off."

"I can't believe you just said that!" said Brit.

"Oh, come on. Or should I tell her what you did yesterday."

"Jeff! You jerk!"

At that, he suddenly felt guilty. He had meant to just tease her with it, but he realized that it was too much like kissing and telling. The last thing she needed was for him to blab it to her best friend.

"I'm sorry," he said. "That was in extremely poor taste. Forgive me?" Then, to loosen up the situation, he batted his eyelashes at her the way Crystal had done to him.

Brit broke down laughing at the absurd gesture, and suddenly everything was all right again.

"So what do you say, you two?" Crystal said. "Are you going to get naked, or what?"

"I don't know..." Brit mumbled, but it was obvious she was considering it.

"Well, I know what I'm going to do," said Jeff, then stood up out of the water.

"May I do the honors?" asked Crystal, and Jeff turned to face her.

"Oh my god!" Brit exclaimed as she realized what was about to happen. Jeff was surprised to see not disgust on her face, but excitement.

For a moment, he hesitated. This was just supposed to be a game, all in fun. Part of it was that he just wanted to see what her reaction would be. But maybe seeing her brother naked could be harmful to her. She was only thirteen, after all.

Before he had a chance to change his mind, Crystal grabbed his trunks and yanked them down. His member, already hard from the sight of Crystal's bare torso, sprang free.

Brit gasped, staring at it. It was as if she couldn't take her eyes off of it. And why not? She had seen those pictures of her father's, but his was probably the only one she had seen in person.

Jeff made no move to sit down. He was enjoying this every bit as much as she was. So what if she was his sister? If she didn't mind, why should he? Besides, this show was mostly for Crystal's benefit, not Brit's. But he wondered if that were really true.

"Now your turn," Crystal told Brit.

"No way!" she said.

"Oh, you're no fun," complained Crystal. "The rules are no swimsuits in this hot tub."

"Fine, I'm leaving," said Brit, rising up out of the water.

"You're not getting out of it that easily!" Crystal exclaimed, pouncing on her. They both tumbled back down into the water, wrestling. If Jeff thought he was aroused before, he was doubly so now, seeing the two teenage girls, one naked and one mostly so, wrestling in the tub. Crystal was trying to reach around and untie Brit's top, and Brit was squealing and fending her off the best she could. Both girls giggled like crazy. Jeff sat back down in the opposite end, giving them plenty of room to wrestle around. He wasn't about to interfere with this!

In the end, Crystal won out. She yanked off Brit's top and threw it out of the tub. The two girls continued to struggle, and Jeff was getting even more excited watching their bare tits rubbing against each other as they fought. The grin on Brit's face told him she was enjoying this too, and he suddenly wondered if she was actually deriving any pleasure out of the feel of Crystal's body. He knew that Crystal wasn't averse to being with other girls, but Brit had only yesterday looked physically ill when she first encountered that concept. More likely, Jeff thought, she was just taking this as childish horseplay. The thought probably never occurred

to her that touching another girl's body like that was anything wrong.

Crystal nearly turned Brit upside-down getting her bikini bottom off, but in the end it too was tossed over the side. Brit, now completely naked, rose up out of the tub coughing out the water she had swallowed and putting her hands to her head to smooth back her hair. Jeff just stared in awe at her gorgeous body as torrents of water ran down it. Though he had never seen her like this before, he realized that Brit's body was every bit as beautiful as Crystal's. Maybe even more so.

She had a skinny little waist, but that was something he had seen while she was still wearing her bikini. Her breasts, just starting to develop, were small and perky, and jiggled ever so slightly as she moved. She had tiny, well-defined nipples. Below her tits Jeff could see the slightest trace of her ribs, an indication of her youth leftover from childhood. With time, that would disappear as she filled in a little more. She had the cutest little flat stomach with a perfectly positioned navel. He allowed his eyes to wander lower, where her pussy was covered in just the lightest trace of fuzz. Her hips curved beautifully down to her legs, which were just slightly on the scrawny side.

As Brit opened her eyes, she caught him staring at her, and broke into a laugh. "Okay, fine," she said with a deliberately pouty face that couldn't quite hide her smile. "I'm naked. Are you satisfied?" She sat back down, but Jeff was delighted to see that the water didn't quite reach her tits, leaving them displayed perfectly to his view.

"I don't think Jeff is satisfied just yet," said Crystal, sliding over to him. "In fact, maybe he and I can satisfy each other right now." She pressed her lips against his. She shoved her tongue in his mouth, and he teased it with his own. It felt so good, especially as Crystal moved in closer and rubbed her body up against his. It was too bad that Brit was here, or he would grab hold of Crystal right now, lift her into his arms, take her up to his room, and make love to her.

"Come on, you two!" said Brit from across the pool. "Can't you control your hormones for five minutes?"

Jeff stepped away, embarrassed. But Brit wore a grin on her face; it was obvious this wasn't embarrassing her at all.

"Sorry, I didn't know you wanted a turn," Crystal teased.

That did it. "Crystal!" Brit exclaimed, her face turning red.

"You know what I would like to do?" asked Crystal. "I'd like to jump in the shower with Jeff. There's too much water here hiding things from view."

Jeff had no objections. But he didn't think it would be fair to his little sister. Crystal was, after all, her best friend. "What about Brit?" he asked.

"She can come too," Crystal joked.

"Okay," said Brit, catching them both off guard.

"What?" Jeff asked.

"She offered, and I'm simply taking her up on the offer. What's the problem?"

"Well, the problem is..." Crystal stammered, but couldn't think of anything to say.

"Look," Brit explained, "we're all naked anyway, so what's the big deal?"

"But I was hoping for a little bit of privacy," said Crystal.

"So you could fuck Jeff? Who's stopping you?"

"Wait. You mean, you wouldn't mind if we did that right in front of you?"

"Jeff and I don't have any secrets from each other. I know all the intimate details of his sex life anyway, so what does it matter if it happens right in front of me?"

Crystal grinned and turned to Jeff. "You want to do it in front of an audience again?"

It actually seemed surprisingly natural. He had rarely had sex with Crystal when there wasn't someone watching, either Kari or Allison, or both. So this would just be one more person in on it. And the fact that it was Brit, his sister, well, in truth, he couldn't think of anyone he wanted more to share this with. He was closer to her than even to his own girlfriend.

"Sounds fine with me," he said.

The three of them got out of the tub. Once again he was treated to a view of his sister's beautiful naked body. There was still that voice of caution in the back of his head, but he figured that it was too late to stop from crossing this line, and as long as he didn't take it any further, no more harm was being done.

Of course, he still had a raging erection, but nothing could help that. He noticed that Brit kept stealing glances at it as the three of them headed into the bathroom.

They left a trail of puddles and watery footprints, but that couldn't be helped. At least it was all tile between the hot tub and the shower. He would get a mop afterward and clean it up.

He was the first to the shower, so he turned it on and let it warm up before stepping into the spray. He stood in the shower, letting the relaxing warmth of the water wash over him. Brit climbed in and moved to the other side of the tub, but Crystal moved right up next to him and pressed her body up against his. Jeff glanced at Brit, who wore an amused rather than disgusted look. Apparently she had no qualms about this whole thing, so he decided that he wouldn't either.

Crystal stood there in his arms, letting the water wash over both of them for a minute. Then she turned her

head around and looked back at Brit. "You're not getting any water back there," she said. "Come up here and join us."

"I'm not coming up there with you in the way," Brit said.

"Fine. We'll get out of your way. Come, Jeff." Crystal grabbed him by the now rock-hard penis and led him to the other end of the tub where Brit stood. His sister scooted past them, though in doing so she momentarily rubbed up against Crystal. Upon seeing that, Jeff's cock jumped, almost freeing itself from Crystal's grasp.

As soon as the two of them reached the other side of the tub, Crystal pulled his head down toward her and whispered in his ear, "You liked that, didn't you?"

Since he couldn't deny it-- Crystal had felt it, after all-- he merely nodded his head.

Brit was standing in the water, her eyes closed as it ran down over her hair. Jeff loved the sight of her standing there, face lifted toward the ceiling, her arms up and her hands running through her hair, with streams of moisture running over and around her luscious little body. But he couldn't allow himself to think those thoughts, so tore his gaze away and kissed Crystal instead. She reciprocated, first with a deep, lingering, passionate kiss on his mouth, then a little peck on his chin, then a more tender and caressing kiss on his neck. Jeff sighed, closing his eyes and letting her take over.

She moved lower now, kissing his shoulder, then his collar bone, then down to his chest. He didn't need to feel the warmth of the water any more; her kisses were all he needed on his skin. She leaned down and kissed him along the breastbone, moving down toward his stomach. He glanced down at her, suddenly wondering just how far she was going to go. Then he raised his eyes to see Brit standing there watching, a look of fascination on her features. Was this right, to let his sister see this? But he realized that she had already seen it in photographs; this was just the same thing in person.

Crystal kissed him on his stomach, then stuck her tongue playfully in his navel, causing him to laugh. The motion slapped his penis up under her chin, and she giggled as well. Then she knelt down and gazed up into his eyes, and he knew exactly where this was leading.

He watched in delight as she took his cock in her hand, then lowered her head and closed her lips around it. He groaned in pleasure as he felt her begin to suck.

Jeff put his hands behind his back and clasped them tightly there to avoid giving in to the temptation to grab her head and ram his cock down her throat. He would give Crystal full control; to do otherwise would risk hurting her. He put his head back and closed his eyes, letting the pleasure wash over him just like the water from the shower had. This was marvelous, to be pleasured by this wonderful teenage girl, and to have his sweet, beautiful sister share this experience with him. If he died right now he would be a happy man.

Then he felt something on his chest, and opened his eyes. Brit had moved in close, and was running a wash cloth over him. She gazed into his eyes with both adoration and a question, was it all right for her to be doing this? He answered her with a loving smile, so she continued.

Somehow, without him even realizing it, he removed his hands from behind his back, and placed them on her hips. Her eyes went wide with surprise for just an instant, then she allowed herself to be pulled in closer until there was only about a foot between his chest and her exquisite breasts. Her thigh was right up next to the back of Crystal's head, but Crystal made no sign that she even noticed it, continuing to suck. Jeff gazed into Brit's eyes as the pleasure deepened, just basking in the love between them. As he had been there for her when she first ascended to the heights of ultimate pleasure, it was only right that she should share this moment with him. It would be wrong not to. This was his sister, his beautiful, sweet, perfect sister, that he loved more than anyone in the world!

As he reached his peak, he cried out in joy. How he loved her in that moment! This wonderful feeling, this exquisite pleasure, was her gift to him, a product of her very presence. His sister! His sweet sister!

Then reality began to return, and he found himself with Brit clutched tightly to his chest, her rear end stuck almost comically out behind her so as not to put too much pressure on Crystal's head. Then he realized it was not Brit who had given him the orgasm, but Crystal. What was he thinking?

He immediately released his sister and allowed her to regain her footing. "I'm sorry," he told her. Brit stared at him for a second as Crystal slid her mouth off of his cock and stood up. Then, as one, all three burst out laughing.

"I think Jeff kind of got caught up in the moment," said Brit.

"Yeah," he agreed. "You're an amazing cock sucker, Crystal. You drove me so wild I completely lost control."

"Maybe we ought to do this alone from now on," said Crystal. "It seems a little dangerous for bystanders." They all chuckled at the joke, and any embarrassment they might have felt completely vanished.

There was another thought, however, that Jeff couldn't ignore, though he kept it to himself. It was an uneasy, almost disturbing thought. Why, in the throes of ecstasy, had his mind been on Brit?

"I think I need to go lie down for a minute," he said, to excuse himself. In truth, he needed a few minutes alone to collect his thoughts.

"Yeah, I'm not surprised," Brit commented. "That's the kind of thing to drain a man." She and Crystal giggled at the double meaning.

He stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel to dry himself off.

Chapter 34

Roommates

Lissa had a lot of time to think as she sat alone in her car, following the familiar van toward their destination. She had mixed emotions about leaving home; obviously she was going to miss her family, but she also looked forward to starting a new life at school.

Allison, Greg, and Lissa had spent Friday night in a motel, then gotten up in the morning and continued their trip. They hadn't quite had time to reach the Craven home to pick up Rachael Friday night, but they were getting close now. Greg and Allison had originally planned to pick up Rachael on the way back, but Lissa had insisted that she wanted to see her aunt again, so they changed their plans.

Lissa remembered the last time she had seen Rachael, how the girl had introduced her to lesbian sex. The truth was that no matter how disgusting Lissa thought it was, she couldn't deny that it was also a fond memory. Not that she would ever do it again, of course.

It wasn't the last time Lissa had done something sexually adventurous. Normally she was a clear-headed, intelligent girl who thought her way through every action. But occasionally she did something completely unexpected, usually at the instigation of someone much more spontaneous, Rachael in this case.

But she also couldn't forget that vacation last month, that sailing trip where she had gone a little crazy with Allison and her father.

It was Allison, she realized, that had brought on the whole thing. She had asked Greg to take pictures of her in her new bikini, and Greg had enthusiastically obliged. That didn't surprise Lissa; Allison looked especially sexy wearing next to nothing.

Somehow the conversation had led to a discussion of how Greg liked to photograph Allison nude, and Allison had come up with the idea of taking a few of those pictures right there. Greg had hesitated, since he had his daughter there, but Lissa assured him that she didn't mind a bit. It wasn't the first time she had seen Allison's naked body after all. And of course, Allison's fun-loving and cheerful attitude about the whole thing was contagious, and soon they were all laughing and having fun with it. Any nervousness they had originally felt disappeared.

When Allison had suggested that Lissa do some modeling too, it sounded fun, so soon she found herself posing for the camera. It felt nice and even a bit sexy, especially with both Allison and her dad commenting on how photogenic she was. She had never intended to strip off her swimsuit for those pictures, but somehow in the relaxed and humorous atmosphere, it seemed like the most logical progression.

It was almost like they were drunk. Not with alcohol, but simply with excitement. With nothing but empty

ocean for as far as they could see, they were in their own private world, a world where they could get away with anything. And they did. Like a wild party where the cheering of the crowd and intense peer pressure could get people to do anything and everything, the three of them had succumbed to the increasingly naughty mood.

The photos with Lissa and her dad together had been just the next step in the joke that was getting out of hand. She felt so thrilled to be doing something so completely contrary to her usual reserved nature, that she just couldn't refuse when Allison had suggested it. It was just good-natured playfulness that had culminated in those naughty pictures. She also couldn't deny that she had felt a certain pride at seeing the excited look in her father's eyes as he held her nude body to his own. *Her own father* was getting excited by her.

It had taken quite a bit of coaxing on Allison's part to have them take those pictures to their logical conclusion, and after that final photo with Greg's cock in Lissa's mouth, he had refused to do any more. Yes, the joke had gotten way out of hand, and after that they toned it down quite a bit. Lissa had, however, watched in fascination as Allison finished the job that Lissa had started, sucking him off until he ejaculated in her mouth. It was the first time that Lissa had really thought about her father as a sexual being. Seeing it first hand turned out not to be as disturbing as she had expected.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the van in front of her turning off of the freeway, which meant they were near the Craven home. She followed as it made its way through the streets, eventually pulling over to the curb in front of the house that she recognized from pictures that Allison had shown her.

Rachael immediately dashed out of the house to greet them, throwing her arms around Allison's neck to hug her, then moving on to Greg and Lissa. Mr. and Mrs. Craven followed, less enthusiastically but no less huggable. She hadn't seen her grandparents since the wedding.

Rachael seemed excited to be going to visit her sister's family, which wasn't exactly surprising. Lissa suspected she was particularly anxious to see Jeff again.

The Cravens offered to feed them, so they all ate lunch as they talked and laughed and caught up on old times. There was plenty to talk about, but unfortunately, they had to get going. Lissa had to check into her apartment, and there was the drive home for Greg, Allison, and Rachael, especially since they were going to take the scenic route.

"Do you mind if I ride with you, Lissa?" asked Rachael. "I'll have plenty of time to spend with Greg and Allison over the next couple of weeks, but I don't know when I'll get another chance to see you."

"I'd like that," Lissa replied.

"Just behave yourself," Allison warned her, and Rachael laughed.

"Allison still thinks of me as a little kid."

"You'll always be my baby sister," Allison smiled at her.

"Come on, before she tries to change my diaper," said Rachael, hurrying into the passenger seat of Lissa's car.

As soon as the two vehicles pulled out of the driveway, Rachael brought up the subject that Lissa had been anticipating.

"So how's Jeff?" she asked.

"You know, I underestimated you," Lissa replied.

"What?"

"I figured it would be five seconds before you started talking about him. You held out for ten."

"I've been practicing, building up my stamina," Rachael laughed. "So am I that transparent?"

"Well, unless you've changed since I last saw you, I know you've got a one-track mind."

"Oh, come on. I don't think of boys twenty-four hours a day."

"You don't?" asked Lissa.

"No. Sometimes I think of girls."

"Good point," Lissa laughed.

"So anyway, how is he?"

"He's got a girlfriend now. Her name's Kari Williams, and she's really a nice girl."

"I hope she's not the jealous type."

"You're not exactly subtle, are you?"

"Subtlety's always been my weakness."

"Anyway, if you're planning anything, that's between you, Jeff, and Kari. And Allison, I suppose, since she was the one who got them together. You know what a slow mover Jeff is; Allison almost had to drag him kicking and screaming into the relationship. So I doubt she'll be too happy about you coming between them."

"Who said anything about coming between them? I'm willing to share Jeff if Kari is. By the way, is Kari good-looking?"

Lissa rolled her eyes.

"So now that you've spoiled my vacation," Rachael said with a laugh, "I guess I'll have to start making

backup plans. By the way, you're looking good these days, Lissa."

"Whatever's on your mind, I'm not interested. Besides, there's no time. The next time we stop the car, it will be at my new apartment, and then you'll head home with Dad and Allison."

"That gives me a great idea. Have you ever done it while driving?"

"Rachael!"

"Just kidding."

"Well, not to spoil your fantasies, but that time between us a couple of years ago was just an experiment. I'm not interested in that kind of a relationship with any girl."

Rachael shrugged. "Your loss," she said. "By the way, Brit doesn't have a boyfriend, does she?"

"She's only thirteen!" Lissa exclaimed.

"What? I didn't mean anything by it," Rachael said with an innocent smile.

"Liar."

"Anyway, I've only got two weeks to work on her, so it doesn't look like that's going to happen."

"It only took twenty minutes for me."

"I know. You folded surprisingly quickly. Are you sure you're not harboring some hidden tendencies?"

Lissa laughed. "I'm sure, but if I ever change my mind, you'll be the first to know."

"I can't wait."

They continued to talk and joke as they drove. Despite Rachael's flirting, Lissa found that she actually enjoyed the girl's company. She was as easy to talk to as Allison was. Plus there was that memory of that night they had shared, a couple of years ago...

Sometimes that memory bothered Lissa, but usually she looked back on it with fondness. She didn't think she was in danger of ever becoming a full lesbian, though admittedly she had now been involved in two such incidents. But she remembered how nice Rachael had been, how gentle and understanding. It hadn't been anywhere near as unpleasant as she had expected.

When they finally pulled into the parking lot for the apartment complex several hours later, Lissa felt relief. The trip had been long, and although Rachael's presence had made it fun, it was good to finally be at the place that she would call home for the next few months.

Lissa had opted for off-campus housing because she thought the dorms were too small. These apartments had room for four students each, with two bedrooms. That meant Lissa would have three roommates. The apartment building itself had a large glass door leading to what looked like a lobby. The office, however, was in a building by itself in the corner of the parking lot. Greg pulled the van into a spot in the 'Visitors' section of the lot, and Lissa pulled her car in next to his.

Rachael stopped her before she opened the door. "Lissa, I have one more thing to say to you."

"What's that?"

"A word of advice. You don't have your mommy and daddy to look after you any more. So make the most of it. I told you that you needed to learn to be spontaneous, to break out of your shell, to go a little wild even. Well, here's your big chance. Don't waste it."

"That's probably the opposite advice that Dad would give me."

"Basically, yes. So you're going to have to make a choice."

"Don't worry. I'm going to be open to new experiences. You know, broaden my horizons. Who knows where it might lead?"

"Good for you," Rachael smiled, then the girls opened the doors and climbed out to meet Allison and Greg.

"We made it," said Greg. "Let's go check in, then we'll unload your bags."

The four of them made their way across the parking lot toward the office. A girl was just coming out of it, and she smiled as she passed them. *That's a good sign*, Lissa thought. *At least people are nice enough here to smile at strangers.*

Entering the office, she saw a man sitting behind a desk with a name tag reading "Tony Bullard." He was probably in his thirties, with dark hair and glasses.

"Can I help you?" he asked.

"Hi," she said. "I'm Lissa Primdale, and I'm here to check in."

"Do you know your apartment number?" he asked.

"207 I think," she said.

The man stopped for an instant and stared at her, as if appraising her. "You did say 207, right?" he asked.

"That's right."

"Okay, just a second." He typed something on the computer. "All right. Lissa Primdale, apartment 207.

Looks like you prepaid your security deposit and first month's rent," he said, sounding oddly disappointed. "So you don't owe anything until October." He handed her several sheets of paper. "Just sign the bottom of each of these. You're welcome to look them over first while I go get your key." He stood up and went into the back room.

Greg, Allison, and Lissa sat down in some chairs against the wall, and Lissa went over the papers. They were pretty standard: check-in form, post-check-in inspection form, application for parking permit, and several more similar items. She signed them all and then waited for the man to return.

He did so after a few minutes with a key and a small, laminated card in his hand. Taking the papers from her, he handed her the key. "Welcome to Riversky Apartments, Lissa," he said. "Here's your key, and here's your parking permit to put on your dashboard so you don't get towed. If there's anything you need, I'm here in the office all day Monday through Friday. Oh, and have your roommates explain about drawing straws," he added.

"Drawing straws?"

"It's sort of an inside joke. I'd hate to see you left out of the fun."

"Thanks."

They left the office and headed back to the van to retrieve her things.

"Did you see that guy?" Allison commented. "Checking out your daughter. Couldn't keep his eyes off of her, the creep." But she said it with an amused rather than offended tone.

Surprisingly, Greg laughed. "He must have gotten this job so that he could ogle college girls. Lissa, you might want to keep your window shades closed. He probably carries a set of binoculars wherever he goes."

"Or maybe I'll go pay him a visit some time and see if I can get my rent reduced," joked Lissa. "I bet if I'm *really* nice to him, I could stay here for free."

"That's what I did when I was your age," Rachael said. "The rent money I saved went to sex toys instead."

The four of them laughed.

By this time, they had reached the van. Despite coming from a wealthy family, Lissa really didn't have much stuff. Just two suitcases and a box of miscellaneous items in the van, and in her car a few dresses on hangars that she didn't want to wrinkle by packing them away. Greg took the suitcases and Allison took the box, leaving the dresses for Lissa and Rachael to carry. They headed inside the building, looking for the stairs to the second floor.

The lobby was really a rec room, with wide screen TV, pool table, a small fridge and microwave in the corner, and plenty of couches for lounging around. There were several girls in there who looked up

momentarily as the three of them passed.

They climbed the stairs to the second floor, then looked for apartment 207. They found it at the end of the hall. Lissa fit her key in the lock and opened the door.

It was nice and spacious, with a large living room and a kitchen off to the side with a table that had a few odds and ends from some of the other girls living there. There was a TV in the corner as well as a bookshelf, and two couches. A hall led to three doors, two of them opening into bedrooms. The third was closed, but she could hear water running behind it as if someone were taking a shower.

They dropped the stuff in the living room and took a moment to rest on the couches.

"Well, this is it, honey," said Greg. "Is there anything else you need?"

"No, I think I'll be fine. Thanks."

"And don't forget to call home often, sweetie," said Allison.

"Well, don't expect me to call tomorrow night crying and blubbering about how I miss you and I want to come home and all that," she laughed. "I think I'm going to like it here."

"Well then, I think we'll take off," said Greg, rising to his feet. "I love you."

"Love you too, Dad," she said, kissing him on the cheek.

Greg hugged her, then Allison hugged her, then Rachael hugged her, then getting into the spirit of things, Rachael hugged Greg, to everyone's amusement. Then the three of them turned and headed out the door. Lissa sat down on the couch, a little tired from the trip.

So this was it. Her first time away from home. Yes, it was a little sad; she was beginning to miss everyone already, but it was also a little exciting. There were plenty of things to do here, and Dad wasn't here to keep track of her or get after her whenever she had a little fun.

Not that it could ever replace serious study, though. The important thing here was to get an education. She was determined not to forget that. But that didn't mean she couldn't have fun too.

She heard the shower turn off in the bathroom, so she took a deep breath and put a smile on her face. First impressions were always the most important, and she wanted her new roommates to like her.

Then she heard something she didn't expect from behind the bathroom door. Voices! That meant there were at least two people in there. And at least one of them had been taking a shower.

She decided not to be shocked by anything she saw. One of her roommates probably had her boyfriend in there with her. So what? Lissa had admittedly led a sheltered life for eighteen years, so it was high time she started taking a broader view of the world. If one of her roommates liked to shower with her boyfriend, what

business was it of hers?

The door opened, and she could hear footsteps coming down the hall. Well, this was it. She was about to meet one of her roommates. It might be awkward for them to know that she had been there while they were in the shower together, but Lissa would just shrug it off like it was no big deal. It was best to start out on good terms.

As soon as the two people came into view, Lissa nearly gasped. It wasn't a girl and a boy, but two girls!

They were dressed only in towels, and their hair hung wetly down their backs. One of them was a blonde, with pretty green eyes and well-developed lips. The other was brunette with shoulder-length hair. She was actually the prettier of the two. Her eyes were brown, but large and bright.

"Um, hi," said the brunette a little sheepishly. "Who are you?"

It wasn't quite what Lissa had expected, but the same actions applied. She smiled and rose to her feet. "Melissa Primdale," she greeted warmly.

"Oh, you're my new roommate!" the brunette exclaimed, her face lighting up with a smile. "I'm Megan Harrison." Then she laughed. "You kind of caught us at a bad moment."

"I'm Meg's girlfriend, Sandy Weller," greeted the blonde. "I don't live here; I've got my own apartment. You'll meet your other two roommates later."

"Oh, I'm pleased to meet you," said Lissa, still not sure what to make of the situation. If they were both wearing towels, then they had both been in the shower at the same time. And that meant...

"In case you're wondering," said Megan, "yes, we're lesbians. I hope you don't have a problem with that."

"Of course not," Lissa smiled, trying to sound positive, though she was still a little nervous about the whole situation.

"Let me guess. You've never met a lesbian before," said Sandy.

"Well, not really," Lissa replied. That wasn't completely true; both Allison and Rachael had bisexual leanings, and Lissa herself had experimented with Rachael and posed for some naughty pictures with Allison, so she could at least partially relate to these two girls. But neither of those had been serious.

Sandy laughed. "Well, then, Meg's going to have to teach you a thing or two. Maybe she'll even get you to convert."

Lissa started growing red, and the girls burst out laughing. "Oh, I'm just joking," Sandy grinned. "Don't mind us. We're a couple of flirts. Never take anything we say seriously."

Actually, Lissa was no stranger to those kinds of jokes; Rachael was the same way, and Lissa had had to

endure her presence the whole trip.

"Come on, then," said Meg. "Let me show you to your room." She picked up one of Lissa's suitcases and headed down the hall. Lissa picked up the other and followed her. Sandy brought up the rear.

The bedroom was about the same size as Lissa's room back home, but this one had two beds. That meant she only had about half as much room as before, but then again, she hadn't brought every last possession. And she certainly wasn't going to start complaining about the accommodations; the last thing she needed was a spoiled rich girl attitude.

"You and I get to bunk together," said Meg. "Julie, our last roommate, moved out because she couldn't handle all the wild sex Sandy and I were having when she was trying to sleep."

Sandy playfully slapped her on the shoulder. "That's not really true," she told Lissa. "Actually, Julie moved in with her boyfriend."

"This is your bed," Megan indicated, pointing to one of them, "and this is mine," she said, indicating the other.

"Here, let me get my stuff off of it for you," said Sandy, who grabbed the duffel bag that was sitting on Lissa's bed. She set it down on the floor.

"Well, Meg," said Sandy, "it looks like we're not going to have as much privacy as we thought, so I think I'll go home now."

"I'm sorry," said Lissa. "I didn't mean to spoil anything. Look, I can leave if you want, and come back later."

"For a girl who's never met a lesbian before, she's taking this really well," Sandy commented. "I like this girl."

"Melissa, you need to rest," said Meg. "I'm sure you had a long trip. It's okay, I'll see her some other time."

Sandy reached into her duffel bag and pulled out some clothes. She set them on the nearby dresser, then let her towel drop to the ground.

Lissa tried not to look; it wasn't really polite. But she caught a few brief glances. Sandy really had a beautiful body. She had well-developed breasts, though they looked surprisingly firm. Her pubic hair had been shaved off, just like Allison's. It occurred to Lissa that it was better that way for... dared she even think it? Oral sex.

Then Meg took off her towel too. She wasn't as fully developed as Sandy, but her body was beautiful in its own way. She had very slender hips that gave her a nice, graceful curve. She was also shaved. Her most distinguishing feature, however, was a tattoo. It was designed to look like a lipstick stain, right over her nipple!

Grinning, Megan turned to Lissa. "What do you think?" she asked, fondling her breast right below the tattoo.

"Uh..." said Lissa, and the two lesbians broke down laughing. Then Meg turned to Sandy, caught her around the hips, and pulled her body to her own. Lissa watched, astonished, as they pressed their nude bodies up against each other and kissed passionately.

The sight of such forbidden lust sent a tingle through her body. That two girls would do it right in front of her was surprising, but also exhilarating in a way. This was something that Dad would never allow; if he knew about her roommate, he would have taken her right out of the apartment and made other plans. In a way, just being here with the two girls was liberating. She had wanted to broaden her world view, and this was certainly doing it. She found she actually enjoyed looking at them.

Then the two girls pulled away. Meg glanced at Lissa and noticed her staring.

"I think she enjoyed the show," she commented. "We'll have to give her a full performance some time."

Lissa tore her gaze away, growing red. Meg and Sandy laughed again, then started dressing.

"Rule Number One in this apartment," said Meg as she stepped into her panties, "is that clothes are optional."

"You just made that up," Sandy accused.

"No, actually, I've told it to both Monique and Alya. It's not my fault if they don't take me up on it. So it's up to me to make sure the rule doesn't get forgotten."

"Meg's quite the exhibitionist," Sandy explained. "At least when I'm over, she spends most of her time naked, even in front of her roommates."

"It's Sandy's fault," said Meg. "She gets me so hot, I find my clothes far too stifling. I hope it doesn't bother you."

Lissa shrugged. She was determined not to let it bother her. So what if another girl was naked in front of her? She had seen just as much, if not more, in the high school locker room. And the fact that the girl was a lesbian didn't change anything. Maybe she enjoyed showing off in front of a bunch of girls, but so what?

"Yes, I can see you're going to fit in nicely here," smiled Meg.

After the girls finished dressing, Sandy gave Meg a long, slow, passionate goodbye kiss, then headed out the door. Lissa spent the rest of the afternoon unpacking as Meg showed her which half of the closet was hers and which drawers in the dresser.

Once she got over the initial shock of her roommate being a lesbian, she found Meg actually easy to talk to. The girl was pleasant and outgoing, talking about herself only enough to get Lissa to open up and do the same. In a way, she reminded her of Allison. She had that same easygoing manner and jovial spirit. Lissa had never really put much thought into how she would act if she met a lesbian, but as it turned out, she felt completely at ease with Meg. Maybe it was because of that time with Rachael. In fact, now that she thought

about it, Meg reminded her more of Rachael than of Allison, at least in the teasing and flirting.

By the time she was through unpacking her belongings, the afternoon had given way to evening. Meg offered to fix dinner for them both, since Lissa hadn't had time to go shopping for groceries yet, and Lissa of course accepted. She helped her new roommate prepare the meal, continuing their conversation as they worked.

They were just about to sit down to eat when another girl opened the front door and came in. "Monique!" Meg said. "Come meet our new roommate."

The girl walked over to them. She had long, blond hair tied back in a ponytail, and a thin, almost elfin face with large eyes and small lips. She wore a baseball cap on her head, and a green tee-shirt and denim shorts.

"Hi," she smiled. "I'm Monique Duplaix. You're Melissa?"

"Yes I am, but I go by Lissa."

"Oh, good. That takes us back down to only two M's in the apartment again. I was afraid we were either going to have to kick one of us out or have Alya change her name to make a theme out of it."

"So your name, Monique," commented Lissa, "are you French?"

"French Canadian," she explained. "At least, my parents are, though I've lived in British Columbia on the other side of the country from the French part since I was three, so I didn't really grow up with much French influence."

"Yeah, the only thing French about Monique is her kissing," Meg smirked.

"Oh, like you'd know," countered Monique.

"I'm sorry, did I say that out loud?" asked Meg with fake shock. "I was just fantasizing there for a second."

All three girls laughed at the joke.

"So I see Meg's already taken to you, Lissa," said Monique. "Has she converted you yet?"

"While I appreciate your confidence in my skills, Monique," said Megan, "Lissa's only been here a couple of hours. I don't work *that* fast."

"Must be slowing down in your old age," Monique teased, then turned to Lissa. "Anyway, don't let her bother you, it's just her way. She's hit on all of us at one point or another. Just don't take her seriously and you'll be fine."

"I haven't even started and you're already undermining my efforts," complained Meg in mock indignation.

"Oh, and since you're sleeping in the same room as her," added Monique, "be careful of her trying to slip into

your bed after you're asleep."

Lissa laughed. She was surprised to find that she actually enjoyed this playful banter, rather than feeling embarrassed about it. Maybe it was because Meg had been so friendly and charming that Lissa felt no threat.

"Oh, that's all right," Lissa replied. "I usually sleep with a gun under my pillow. Loaded with silver bullets, of course. You know, for werewolves and stuff."

"Oh, we don't have too many werewolves around here," said Meg. "The vampires keep the population down."

"Hey, don't be spilling my secret!" Monique said, and all three girls burst out laughing.

After a few more laughs, Lissa felt right at home with her roommates. Monique had that same friendly, easygoing manner as Meg.

Since Meg had made plenty of food, she offered to let Monique share the bounty. The three girls sat down at the table and began to eat, still talking and joking with each other.

"You guys are great," Lissa said. "To tell you the truth, I was a little nervous about coming here. I've never really been away from home. But now that I've met you, I'm happy to be staying here."

"It's Meg's doing," said Monique. "Her friendly attitude has rubbed off on all of us. It's really quite contagious." Then, under her breath, she added, "Hopefully that's the *only* thing contagious about her."

"Why, you little snot!" Megan exclaimed, but it was all in fun.

"So when do I get to meet our other roommate?" asked Lissa.

"I've been emailing Alya over the summer," Monique replied. "In her last email, I think she said she wouldn't be back until tomorrow. How many hours away is it now, Meg?"

"How should I know?"

"Haven't you been counting?" asked Monique. Then to Lissa, she explained, "Meg's got this ultra crush on Alya."

"I do not!" Meg countered.

"Don't deny it. I don't blame you. Hell, if I were a lesbian, I'd have a crush on her too."

"You make me so horny when you say things like that," Meg grinned.

"So when are you going to get working on her? A girl that looks that good can have her pick of all the men in this school. If I had a boyfriend I'd be afraid of bringing him back here, because one look at Alya and he'd drop me like a rock. Now if Meg would do her job and get Alya to switch over, I wouldn't feel quite so

threatened."

"I'd like to, but I've already got a girlfriend," Meg replied. "Sandy would kill me. Now, if Lissa would be willing to take Sandy off my hands..."

"Uh... no thanks," said Lissa, growing red.

Meg shrugged. "Well, it was worth a try. Sorry, Monique. You're out of luck. On the other hand, maybe *you'd* like to start going out with Sandy."

"You're disgusting, Meg."

"I do my best."

"So what is there to do around here?" asked Lissa, changing the subject.

"Well, let's see..." said Meg. "There's the Sapphire Succubus Club, of course. It's that lesbian strip club down on 15th street. No men allowed."

"Really, Meg, you're too much," laughed Monique.

"What? She wanted to know. Anyway, you just head down 15th and look for the picketers. All those morally upright people who apparently think only men should be allowed to watch naked women dancing. Apparently some people have nothing better to do than to stand outside of the club with signs."

"She doesn't need a lecture, Meg," said Monique.

"Of course, you have to be 21 to get in," Meg continued, "but I could hook you up with a fake ID from the same guy that got Sandy and me ours. You're welcome to come along next time we go. Now that I think of it, you know what would be fun? We can go on amateur night. If you're a good dancer and willing to take your clothes off, you might even win a prize."

Lissa turned red. The thought of dancing, naked, in front of a bunch of lesbians...

"Give her a break, Meg," Monique chided. "You're embarrassing her."

"Hey, she asked."

After dinner, Lissa decided she needed to go shopping, since she needed to get food for tomorrow. Monique asked if she could go with her, since she didn't have a car and needed to catch rides with her roommates when she got a chance. Lissa was glad for the company since she didn't know her way around the city yet.

As it turned out, she really didn't need a navigator since the grocery store was only four blocks away. But Monique's company was nice anyway. The two girls talked about their respective families and their interests in movies and music.

They bought their groceries and headed back to the apartment, then unloaded the goods in the kitchen and pantry. By that time, it was getting late. Lissa then headed back to her room, where she found Meg lying on her bed naked, reading from a textbook.

"So that Rule Number One wasn't just a joke then, I take it?" Lissa asked.

Meg grinned. "I was completely serious. So if you want to take your clothes off, go ahead."

"The only place I'm going to take my clothes off is in the bathroom," Lissa smiled. "Sorry to disappoint you."

"That's okay; I know how to pick a lock," Meg shrugged, and Lissa laughed.

"Anyway, how long do you plan to stay up?" asked Lissa. "I was hoping to get to bed early tonight; I've had a long day. But if you want to stay up and read for a while..."

"So you want to go to bed?"

"Yes."

"How can I refuse such an offer?" asked Meg, making as if to stand up.

"I didn't mean it like that!" Lissa exclaimed, growing red.

"Sure, just build up my hopes and dash them," frowned Meg. "Oh well. At least I can fantasize about you. Just don't be surprised if I start moaning your name in my dreams. I've used up my quota of fantasies about Monique and Alya, so I need a fresh victim."

"As long as it stays in your dreams, I don't care what you fantasize about."

"Dreams will have to do for now. We'll work on something more tangible later." She closed her book and set it on the night stand, then yawned, stretched, and lay back on her bed.

Lissa grabbed a tee-shirt and shorts from the dresser, then headed into the bathroom to change. When she returned, Meg glanced over at her.

"Well that's boring," Meg commented. "I was kind of hoping for a see-through nightie or something."

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I don't own a see-through nightie."

"Oh. Well, maybe I'll get you one for Christmas."

Lissa laughed. "It doesn't mean I'll wear it."

"Don't you know it's rude not to wear clothes that someone gave you as a gift?"

"Considering the alternative, I think I can handle a little rudeness."

"Your loss," Meg shrugged.

Lissa switched off the light and climbed into her bed. "Good night, Meg."

"Good night, cutie."

Lissa let herself drift off to sleep, just the tiniest bit nervous that Meg might try something during the night.

Chapter 35

Spending the Night

Greg had mixed feelings about Lissa being gone. On the one hand, he was proud that she had grown up into a fine young woman, ready to move on to the next stage of her life. On the other hand, he was really going to miss her. When he said his final goodbyes to her, he almost broke down crying right there. Somehow he had managed to put on a good face though, so that she wouldn't worry.

Having Rachael spend a couple of weeks with them would definitely help his mood. As he listened to Allison and her sister gabbing as they drove back home, he wondered if Rachael would be up for some more fun like the last time she visited. Seeing Allison and Rachael going at it, and then having them make love to him, had been one of the most erotic experiences of his life. He still didn't approve of lesbians; if either Lissa or Brit ever got involved with another girl for instance, he would go ballistic. But that made it all the more exciting to watch Allison and Rachael. It had a certain forbidden quality that enhanced the sight.

The difference, he supposed, was that lesbians excited him. With his wife, he was *supposed* to get excited about her, so it didn't bother him to see her with another woman. With his daughters, the excitement wasn't supposed to be there, so that left only his disgust and opposition to the lifestyle.

But he had failed on that account too. He had actually gotten excited, and even aroused, at the sight of his own daughter. On the sailing trip, he had let down his guard a little, and ended up taking nude pictures of Lissa. That much at least could have still been somewhat innocent. There were plenty of nude beaches in Europe, and it wasn't uncommon for families to go there for outings. There wasn't anything inherently wrong with fathers and daughters being naked together. But then when Allison suggested he photograph the two girls together, he had been so excited that he had agreed immediately, leading to a series of pictures that were far from wholesome. He remembered his conflicted feelings as he snapped those pictures one after another, both disgust and arousal at the same time.

But that was nothing compared to what Allison suggested next. When she took over the camera and had him join Lissa, he had done it not only willingly but enthusiastically. They had laughed about it, treating it as just a joke, like children doing silly poses. But he could not deny that it had thrilled him to touch his daughter like that. She had even...

Even now he found it difficult to think about that last picture, both because it thrilled him beyond belief and because it shamed him that he had let it get so far out of hand. Somehow after that, he had managed to work up the willpower to refuse to go on, so Lissa put her clothes back on and they took some more photos of Allison. At least he had stopped it before even more happened. He didn't know where it would have led, but it could have been the biggest mistake of his entire life. What would happen if Jeff or Brit saw those photos? It might tear the family apart.

He knew that Jeff had seen that video of Allison; she had confessed to Greg that she had let him watch it, just to get it out of the way. Greg wasn't exactly happy about it, but Allison made the convincing argument that Jeff would probably stumble across it someday anyway, so it was better for Allison to explain the situation to him ahead of time and then let him see it.

But that was a different situation altogether. For one thing, the video had been made in the past, before Greg even met her. There was no taking it back. For another, it was just between two consenting adults who were not related to one another. True, the fact that he was her student added a certain forbidden touch to it, but that was nothing compared to a father and daughter touching each other sexually.

As the sun sank toward the horizon, he realized that he had something else to consider. It would take another day to arrive back home, which meant the three of them would have to spend the night in a motel. The last time they had spent the night under the same roof, they had gotten really naughty. He was all for doing it again, but wasn't sure if the girls were up for it. Maybe that was just a one time thing, a little fooling around without the expectation of another encounter.

"I hope you don't mind, Rachael," he said, "but if you thought that I always stay in a five-star hotel when I travel, you're going to be disappointed. I'm just going to look for a motel along the way somewhere for tonight. I haven't planned far enough ahead to even know which town we'll be sleeping in, much less book a reservation." He hoped the subject of lodgings would lead to a discussion of sleeping arrangements, giving him some clue about whether Rachael intended to spend the night with them or not.

"That's fine," Rachael smiled. "This is a road trip. You're not *supposed* to sleep in a five-star hotel, or it ruins the whole feel of it."

"Good point."

They turned off of the freeway at the next town and searched for a motel. They found one that looked decent enough, so Greg pulled into the parking lot. He shut off the engine, but instead of getting out of the car, he turned to Allison. "Look," he said, "um, I've been trying to figure out how to bring up this subject, and I've kind of run out of time, so... um..."

"It's all right," Allison smiled, taking his hand. "Don't be embarrassed. You can tell us anything."

He sighed. "Okay. I might as well get it over with. We have to make a decision. I mean, it's really up to Rachael. Should we get two rooms... or one?"

Rachael gave him a smile. "I can see now why you were so worried. I guess I should have made it clear last time we were together just what the situation is between us. I like you, Greg. A lot. But I'm not ready for any kind of long-term commitment. Last time I visited you, we fooled around, but it really didn't mean anything. I mean, I really enjoyed myself, and I wouldn't be opposed to doing it again one of these nights while I'm visiting. But for now, I think it's better to get two rooms. I hope you're not disappointed."

"Oh, that's fine. I mean, I really would have liked doing it again, but you're right. We need to talk about it

first. Especially since a lot of it has to do with what Allison thinks."

"Oh, I'm not opposed to it," Allison added. "But I agree with Rachael. Before we get together again, we need to talk about it, and figure out just how things stand between the three of us. Is it going to be some kind of semi-permanent relationship, or just an occasional fling? I don't want anyone to have any wrong expectations. Why don't we talk it over after we get home?"

"All right. Let's get our two rooms," Greg smiled.

The three of them climbed out of the car, stretching their arms and legs. Greg glanced over at the girls, loving the sight of them with their backs arched as they stretched. It tended to pull their shirts tight against their chests, a sexy pose if he ever saw one. Whether they were aware of it or not, he found it extremely arousing.

They entered the lobby and walked up to the desk, where an attractive young woman sat. "Two singles please," Greg said. "Together, if possible."

"Sure," she smiled. She turned and typed something into the nearby computer. "Rooms 19 and 20. That's this first building," she said, pointing out the window, "second floor, far end."

Greg handed her his credit card. Allison and Rachael took the two keys that she gave them and headed out to the car to grab what luggage they needed for the night while Greg finished filling out the paperwork. After he finished, he met the girls out by the car, and they all went upstairs to their rooms.

"Did you see the way she was flirting with you?" Allison asked Greg.

"A gorgeous hunk like Greg?" Rachael grinned. "How could she resist?"

Greg just chuckled. When Allison and Rachael got together, they were bigger teases than even Brit and Crystal.

"She was kind of cute. Maybe you ought to invite her up for a nightcap," Allison suggested.

"Very funny," he said.

"Well, if you don't, maybe I will," said Rachael. Greg just rolled his eyes.

After depositing their luggage in the rooms, they decided to go out to eat. Despite Rachael's insistence that a road trip was all about cheap accommodations, they at least went to a nice sit-down restaurant rather than grabbing a couple of burgers at the nearest fast-food joint. A friendly and pretty young waitress served them, and Greg just knew he was going to get teased about her afterward. It didn't bother him; by now he was used to Allison teasing him about pretty girls that they happened across, and although Rachael seemed to always intensify the teasing, it was really just a matter of degree. Greg was tempted to flirt with the waitress just to see their reactions, but he knew he could never go through with it.

Of course, they picked up on the fact that he left a large tip. He could have pointed out that he usually tipped

generously, but actually he enjoyed the girls' teasing.

By the time they returned to their rooms, it was getting late, and they had a long drive ahead of them the next day so they didn't have decided to just turn in. Rachael gave them both a goodnight hug, then disappeared into her room while Greg and Allison entered theirs.

"I think I'm going to take a nice, hot bath before bed," Allison said. "It's been a long day, and a soak in the tub is just what I need."

"That sounds nice," commented Greg. "Care for some company?"

Allison hesitated. "Well, okay, but I'm too tired to do anything really fun tonight. Once we get back home I'll make it up to you though. I'll bet I can even talk Rachael into joining us. She really likes you, I can tell. I don't mind taking a bath with you tonight, but I'm too worn out to get frisky. Is that all right?"

"Does washing each other's backs and giving each other shoulder massages count as frisky?" he asked with a hopeful look.

"I think that's fine," she smiled.

They both rummaged through their suitcases until they found their bathrobes. They carried these into the bathroom, then Greg started the water running. While the tub filled, they took the time to remove their clothes. Greg loved to watch Allison undress; although she normally didn't turn it into a striptease (except on special occasions), she had a certain grace that turned the simple act into something sexy and erotic. When she unfastened the buttons on her blouse then threw her shoulders back to let it slide off, it thrust her chest forward in the most alluring way. Her chest was, in his opinion, tied for first place for her best feature, along with her eyes and her hair. Then when she placed her foot on the side of the tub to roll down her stockings, it was like his own private burlesque show. Her pants came next, leaving her clad only in her underwear. She certainly had the face and body of a lingerie model. Or a nude model, for that matter. No wonder their friend Kristen had schemed to get her to take her clothes off for the camera. Greg and Allison had since taken a look at the web site, and he still thought Allison was the best looking model on it. And that had nothing to do with the fact that she was his wife.

My wife, he thought. They had been married over two years now, and he still couldn't believe it. Allison, the most perfect woman in the world, was his wife. Greg Primdale, just a regular guy (okay, a quite wealthy regular guy), had somehow managed to marry a woman who was every man's fantasy.

It was more than just her physical appearance; gorgeous looks could only go so far to make up for a nasty personality. When he had first met her, he had been wary that her admittedly gold-digging attitude meant that she would expect to be waited on hand and foot, giving nothing in return. In a blind passion, he had agreed to marry her, but he could have called it off at any time before the wedding. What really made her special was her caring and devoted attitude. She wanted him to enjoy himself, and she seemed to enjoy herself with him as well. And of course, she was great with the kids. When it came right down to it, her face and body were merely the icing on the proverbial cake. She was exactly the type of woman he would want for his wife, and

for the mother of his children.

Is this what happiness is? he suddenly wondered. Everyone sought happiness in their own way, but often it came from an unexpected direction. Greg had a loving family, a beautiful and exciting wife, no shortage of money, and pretty much everything he had always wanted. He had married Allison without any expectation that there would be love between them, and somehow that lack of love had no impact on his happiness at all.

Allison slipped into the bath, giving out an audible sigh as she entered the warm water. Greg followed her, slipping in behind her. He reached around and drew her in to him, hugging her tightly. His cock, already stiff from the sight of her undressing, pressed up against her back, but she didn't complain. As long as he didn't get too "frisky" it was all right.

"This feels nice," she said. "Like sitting in the hot tub back home. I don't think I'm ever going to want to take a bath without you again."

"Be careful," he chuckled. "I just might take you up on that offer."

She lay her head back and closed her eyes. Greg leaned forward and kissed her neck at that sensitive spot just where it met the shoulder. He knew she loved it when he kissed her there, and the moan that escaped her lips was very satisfying.

After a couple of minutes of snuggling together, Greg reached up and placed his hands on her shoulders, massaging them firmly but gently.

"Mmm, that feels good, Greg," she sighed. "Keep doing that."

He was happy to oblige her. He loved to touch her skin; he loved the feel of it in his hands. She had the softest, most perfect skin in the world. He rubbed her all over the shoulders, adding kisses to the treatment which caused her to give out little moans of pleasure. As he worked her over, he could feel her relaxing under his ministrations, almost to the point of falling asleep.

After a few minutes of massaging her, he picked up the wash cloth and began to run it over her back, gently and tenderly washing her. She seemed to like this just as well, as evidenced by her occasional sighs and the smile on her face. He was happy to do this for her; it didn't cost him anything, and in a few minutes she would return the favor.

He continued to kiss her as he washed her back; she was just too gorgeous not to. She seemed to enjoy that, but when he reached around and started to wash her front, that was where she drew the line.

"Let's not get started with that," she smiled. "You're likely to get me all worked up, and then I'll never get to sleep tonight."

"Can't blame me for trying," he grinned sheepishly.

"I would have been disappointed if you hadn't," she replied. "But now it's your turn."

They traded places, and Allison put her hands on his shoulders to massage them like he had done to her. He scooted back against her; he loved the feel of her breasts on him, and wasn't going to pass up this opportunity. She didn't seem to mind, but simply continued to work over his shoulders.

She borrowed his idea of kissing him as she worked, which suited him fine. The kisses were more tender than passionate, more relaxing than arousing. Sometimes that was exactly what he needed though.

She ran the washcloth over his back, a soothing and tranquil sensation. The feeling was heavenly; he would have to remember this. He decided that he really *would* take her up on her offer to bathe with him more often.

Unfortunately, the water was starting to get cold. After only a couple of minutes, Allison suggested they get out and go to bed. Grudgingly, Greg climbed out of the tub. Though more relaxed than he had been earlier, he was still quite aroused. Without hope of relief until tomorrow night, he knew tomorrow would be a difficult day for him. Unfortunately, there was nothing to do about it. Allison was right; if they fooled around tonight they wouldn't get the rest they needed.

They spent a few minutes drying each other off, then they left the bathroom. Without bothering to put any clothes on, Allison drew down the covers and climbed into bed.

"You expect me to sleep naked with you and not try to take advantage of you in the middle of the night?" he joked.

"Just think of how thoroughly I'm going to satisfy you tomorrow night in our own bed at home," she smiled.

"Are you kidding? If I think about that, I'm liable to jump on you and rape you right now."

He climbed into bed next to her, and she gave him a kiss on the cheek then snuggled against him. He reached over and turned off the lamp, and the two of them drifted off to sleep.

When he awoke, it was still dark. He reached over to discover that his wife no longer lay beside him. For a moment he wondered where she had gone. Then he felt something moving under the covers, down by his thigh. A moment later, something warm and moist enveloped his cock, which immediately began to harden.

"Oh god, Allison, that feels great!" he whispered.

"Think again," a voice said from across the room. It was Allison's.

"What--?" he began.

The mouth slipped from his cock momentarily. "You're so gullible, Greg," Rachael's voice said from between his legs. "You're so cute like that."

"Oh my god!" he gasped. "But you wanted a separate room, didn't you?"

"Of course I did. If I just slept in here with you, it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?"

"I slipped her the key to our room," Allison explained. "That's why I didn't want to do anything earlier; I wanted to make sure you were up for a little fun with Rachael."

"But what about all that talk of deciding beforehand--"

"We've already decided," Rachael interrupted. "Sorry, but we didn't give you a vote. From now on, let's just assume that whenever the three of us are alone together we're going to have sex."

He laughed. "I guess I could complain that you made the decision without me, but since your decision is the same thing mine would have been, I'm not going to second-guess it."

"Good," said Allison. In the darkness, he could hear the creak of the chair she was sitting in as she rose to her feet. He could just make out her outline as she crossed the room, then she turned on the light. Greg squinted in the sudden brightness.

"It's more fun to be able to see what's going on," Allison grinned. She lifted up the covers and tossed them aside, revealing Rachael's beautiful face as she continued sucking his cock. Rachael grinned up at him and winked.

Allison then climbed into the bed, curling up next to her husband and pressed her nude body against his side. Rachael's mouth returned to his cock, sucking it in and eliciting a groan from him.

Meanwhile, Allison began to attack his lips with her own as she ran her hand all over his chest, gently massaging him. Greg reached out with one of his hands and made contact with her breast. He let his finger circle her nipple, causing her to gasp in pleasure. He even felt a tremor run through her body, and he smiled at the effect he was having on her.

Of course, Rachael was having a similar effect on him as she sucked greedily on his cock. He had to hand it to her, she certainly knew how to give a blowjob. As she bobbed up and down on his dick, she made little moans of delight like a child eating her favorite food. It made him wonder how much of it was for his own pleasure, and how much was for hers? Could she actually enjoy sucking dick that much? Maybe she enjoyed it in the same way that he enjoyed teasing Allison with his fingers, seeing the reaction of her body and knowing that he was causing that reaction.

Either way, it sure felt good to him. His hips were starting to buck forward of their own accord; he had lost control of his body from the waist down, and it was now acting on its own. He just let it happen; while it might end up thrusting too deeply in a girl doing this for the first time; Rachael was obviously experienced enough to know what she was doing and know exactly what to expect.

He especially liked the way she used her tongue. Even as she sucked him off, she kept her tongue active,

running it all over the head. She alternated taking him deep with holding just the tip in her mouth while she teased it with the tip of her tongue. The result was an intensely erotic sensation that got him beyond excited.

Greg began to moan, which made Rachael work all the harder. He loved her enthusiasm; she really was a little nymphomaniac. As long as she targeted him, he had no cause to complain. It was still hard to believe that his wife was sharing him with her own sister, but then, that had always been Allison's way. She had never been the jealous type. He understood, at least on an intellectual level, that Allison believed that sex was no big deal. He wondered, though, if he would be so open-minded if she wanted to have sex with another man.

On the other hand, she could have sex with all the women she wanted, and he wouldn't care. Or rather, he would love to watch it. So maybe he understood her more than he thought. She had already put on a couple of lesbian displays for his eyes, and he wondered if she would do the same with her sister again tonight.

As if sensing the question, Allison started kissing down his body toward her sister. When she reached her destination, she licked Greg's shaft from the base to the point where it disappeared into Rachael's lips. Then she kissed her on the forehead. Rachael let Greg's cock slip from her mouth, then lifted her head and kissed her sister fully on the lips. The two of them kissed like that for a few minutes, letting their tongues tease each other, mere inches from his engorged cock. Then as one, they both lowered their heads and licked it all over. Greg groaned again at the sensation, loving how good it felt to have these two gorgeous women orally pleasure him.

Rachael sat up, then crawled forward so that she could straddle his hips. She took his cock in her hand and pointed it up toward her opening. She lowered herself slowly onto it, impaling herself on the stiff rod and groaning in pleasure as it entered her. Allison continued to lick him down there, this time concentrating also on her sister's body. Now it was Rachael's turn to groan as she raised and lowered herself on him.

After a few minutes of this, Allison crawled over and lay down on top of Greg, but face up.

"This is a position that Rachael and I came up with," she said. "You don't mind indulging us, do you, Greg?"

"Hell no," he replied, reaching around and giving her tits a squeeze, causing her to let out a delighted squeal.

Allison wrapped her legs around her sister's waist, and Rachael once again began to hump herself up and down on Greg's cock. As she did so, she leaned forward, kissing Allison all over her chest.

Greg wasn't idle during this time. His own lips were busy on his wife's neck. She moaned and gasped as both her sister and her husband bathed her with their kisses. Rachael even slid up and let her lips meet Greg's, just over Allison's shoulder. That lasted only a moment, as it was kind of a long stretch with Allison between them. Then Rachael lowered her head again and took one of Allison's nipples into her mouth.

The excitement of seeing two women, two *sisters* in fact, pleasuring each other like that, drove Greg wild with excitement. *What is it about such forbidden sex that appeals to me so much?* he wondered. This incestuous love between sisters, far from disgusting him, only fascinated him. Did that make him some kind

of lecherous old man, getting his jollies from watching immoral and depraved acts? If so, at least he was a happy lecherous old man, because the sight before him only served to intensify his own pleasure.

He reached out and squeezed Rachael's breasts, loving the feel of them in her hand. Though Allison's were bigger, Rachael's had their own charm. They fit her body well; any bigger and they would have seemed grotesque. Though both women were different, each had what Greg would call a perfect body.

Rachael put one of her hands between Allison's legs and rubbed her there. That caused Allison to cry out and wriggle around. Greg realized with delight yet perhaps just a bit of jealousy that Rachael was in one sense a perfect lover for Allison. He had read enough to know that women made good lovers for each other because they were more familiar with the physiology, knowing what felt good on their own bodies and therefore being able to transfer that knowledge to their partner. In Allison's and Rachael's case, they also had a long history together so they naturally knew what to do. Finally, being sisters, they had an emotional bond different, and perhaps stronger, than mere lovers, and because for a woman, sex was more emotional than physical, Rachael could love her in a way that perhaps no other person on the planet could, including Greg. He didn't begrudge her that though; Rachael might have been able to stimulate her on the outside better than Greg could, but he could penetrate her much more deeply than Rachael ever could with her tongue or her fingers.

Besides, the effect of Rachael's hand on Allison's body transferred partially to Greg as well. With Allison squirming all over him, she rubbed up against his chest and stomach, stimulating him to even greater heights. Between his wife's body writhing against him and Rachael's pussy squeezing his cock, he knew he wouldn't last much longer. Really the only question was who would reach their climax first.

That question was answered a moment later as Rachael's moaning elevated, signaling the onslaught of her orgasm. In her frenzied passion she attacked Allison's body ferociously with her lips, kissing her all over with reckless abandon. She also rubbed Allison furiously between the legs, and Greg saw a couple of fingers slip inside. That triggered Allison's own orgasm, and she screamed in ecstasy.

The chain reaction finally reached him. The sight and sound of the girls lost in the throes of passion, along with the tightening of Rachael's pussy around his cock as she tensed up her body in orgasmic bliss, set him off as well. He groaned one last time as his muscles tensed, thrusting deep inside of Rachael as he exploded.

"Oh god, I can feel it!" Rachael exclaimed as he pumped his load into her. "I can feel you cumming inside of me!"

His groan cut off in a hoarse grunt, and he collapsed again. The three of them lay there together, gasping each breath as every movement sent orgasmic aftershocks through them.

Suddenly, they heard a pounding on the wall. "We're trying to sleep here!" someone shouted from the next room.

The three of them broke out into giggles. "Sorry!" Allison exclaimed.

"I'm sorry too!" Greg added.

"Me too!" said Rachael, just to make sure the occupants of the next room knew that there were three of them there.

Rachael and Allison rolled off of him, then lay down and curled up in his arms, smiling contentedly.

"Okay, that settles it," said Rachael. "I'm going to have to sneak into your bedroom every night while I'm visiting you."

"You'll get no argument out of me," said Greg.

Chapter 36

Paying the Rent

Lissa was almost disappointed when she awoke in the morning, alone in her own bed in her new apartment with no sign that anything had happened to her during the night. Meg lay sleeping across the room, the blanket pulled down so that she was completely exposed from the waist up. Without realizing it, Lissa found herself staring at the girl. She really did have a beautiful body. And her face was lovely too. Unlike most straight girls, Lissa had no problem looking at naked women and appreciating their physical qualities. Allison had cured her of any embarrassment she might feel.

She felt a pang of longing as she remembered with fondness those times with her stepmother when they sat in the hot tub together or swam together or sunbathed together. Lissa enjoyed being naked with the woman; it was a symbol of their closeness that they could be completely exposed to each other without judgment or jealousy. She especially liked it when they hugged like that, feeling no barrier between them. When she closed her eyes she could imagine the feel of Allison's lips on her cheek, a simple little sign of affection that reminded her that Allison loved her.

She shook her head, then laughed quietly to herself. She hadn't even been here a day yet, and she was already pining for home. She had to be strong, to put those thoughts out of her mind, or she wouldn't last the semester.

She got up, then collected her clothes for the day and headed into the bathroom to take a shower, making sure to lock the bathroom door. She wasn't entirely sure Meg wouldn't try to sneak in with her.

She laughed at that thought. It was amusing especially because it was so embarrassing. What would her Dad say if she ended up in a compromising situation like that with a lesbian? Of course, knowing what she did about him, she wasn't sure he wouldn't get excited about it.

The water felt nice and refreshing, and chased away all of those thoughts. She just stood under the water, letting it soothe her. She always did enjoy taking a shower; it was a time to relax without any cares, without any worries, and without any restrictive clothing to restrain her. She could let the tension go in all of her muscles and just bask in the warmth of the water running down her body.

After the shower, she dried herself off and dressed in a tee-shirt and jeans, a nice and comfortable attire for walking in. Today she planned to explore the campus so she wouldn't be lost when her classes started tomorrow. She opened the door, almost surprised not to see Meg standing there listening or peering through the keyhole.

She found Monique sitting at the table eating a bowl of cereal. Lissa poured herself a bowl and sat down to talk to her. She found Monique, like Meg, easy to talk to. Monique liked to joke around, though not as much

as Meg. It made Lissa wonder about their fourth roommate. She asked about Alya, and Monique assured her that Alya was just as fun as the rest of them. Apparently the girl was gorgeous, but never took advantage of the fact. In fact, she preferred to study rather than chase boys. Monique had been her roommate for a year now, and not once had Alya gone out on a date. Monique jokingly said that that gave her a little hope of finding herself a boyfriend without having to worry about Alya stealing him away.

A few minutes later, Meg joined them, wearing a bathrobe but not bothering to close it, so that the entire front of her body was exposed. Lissa decided not to let that bother her; apparently Monique didn't seem to care, and Meg herself had warned her that she would be going around naked quite often, though Lissa hadn't really believed her at the time. Meg put a couple of slices of bread in the toaster, then sat down at the table with her roommates, joining in the conversation until the toast popped up.

The girls were pleasant enough that it was a shame to have to leave them, but Lissa really did want to have a look around the campus after all. She had printed a map off the Internet, and with that she headed up to the school.

Everything seemed so big compared to back home. Whereas her high school had been only one building, here there were dozens. Lissa wandered around, plotting out her route for the various days. Tuesdays and Thursdays were her light load; she started her first class, World History, at 10:00, and ended with Economics, which got out at 2:00. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were a little heavier, and unfortunately she had two consecutive classes halfway across campus from each other. It would make for a brisk walk trying to make it to that second class on time, not that she was afraid of a little exercise.

She stopped by the library to familiarize herself with it, knowing that she would be spending a lot of time there. After exploring it to get a feel for its services, she decided to head back home. She still needed to stop by the campus bookstore to buy the books for her classes, but Allison had suggested she not do that until the first day of classes, as sometimes the "required" books turned out not to be required at all, and she might find a friend in one of her classes to study with who would be willing to split the cost of a single textbook with her.

When she arrived home, she found both Meg and Monique gone, so she went back to her room to retrieve a book she hadn't quite finished that summer and had brought along with her to read. She plopped down on the couch in the front room and opened it.

She had been reading for about half an hour when the door opened and a girl she had not yet met entered. Though she had never seen her before, she realized that this must be Alya.

Meg's and Monique's descriptions of her were spot on. She was quite stunning. The girl had long, straight, dark brown hair that fell most of the way to her waist. Her eyes, though not as large as Monique's, made up in color what they lacked in size. They were a deep, vivid turquoise hue that almost sparkled under her long lashes. She had a small, slightly upturned nose and pouty lips, both of which added a childlike quality to her face. It was not the face of a supermodel; in fact, Monique's face was the more glamorous of the two. But Alya had a much more down-to-earth, honest beauty that gave her a certain charm through simplicity rather

than aloofness.

Her figure was not particularly full, but it was padded in all the right places. She had a slender waist and a flat stomach. She wore a tight tee-shirt that emphasized her figure, and a pair of form-hugging jeans.

Monique was right. Lissa had never planned to become a lesbian, but a girl as beautiful as Alya almost made her want to consider it.

"Hi," she said. "I'm Alya Barber." Her voice was a perfect match to her face and body. It had a soprano pitch with a soft, almost soothing quality to it and a friendly tone.

"Lissa Primdale. I'm your new roommate."

"Oh, of course. I forgot, Julie's not coming back, is she? So you said your name was Lissa?"

"Right. Short for Melissa."

"Got it. It's so good to meet you." She came over and sat in the chair across from Lissa. "So have you met the others?"

"I met them last night."

Alya smiled. It was the kind of smile that broke hearts. "So what do you think of Meg?"

"Very entertaining," Lissa told her.

"Oh, she is definitely that! And what about your first night here? Spending the night in a room with a lesbian. Or... I mean... you're not a lesbian yourself, are you?"

Lissa laughed. "No, Meg hasn't conquered me yet. And fortunately Monique warned me about her."

"Oh, Meg's harmless. She won't go any further than you're willing to let her, although admittedly we sometimes have to band together to beat her off, but that's what roommates are for. Fortunately, she hasn't been trying as hard since she started going out with Sandy."

"Yes, I met Sandy yesterday too."

Alya's smile turned into one of amusement. "So what did you catch them doing?" she asked.

"What?"

"Sandy only comes over to... well... to... spend time... with Meg."

Now Lissa could see why Alya found it so amusing. "Actually, they were in the shower when I arrived."

Alya laughed. "That must have been awkward," she grinned.

"Not as awkward as it could have been. My dad and stepmom had only left a few minutes earlier when Meg and Sandy came out."

"Oh, that would have been the best! I'll bet your dad would have loved it, at least. Were they naked?"

"No, both my Dad and stepmom were fully dressed."

Alya laughed. "No, I meant Meg and Sandy."

"I know, I was just kidding. Actually, they were wearing towels."

"Oh, so you haven't seen Meg's tattoo yet then."

Lissa blushed. "Actually, I have. She was more than happy to show it off later when she was changing."

"Well, if you've met Meg, you've seen her naked, and you haven't run away screaming, then it sounds like you'll fit right in here."

"I hope so. I know this sounds like junior high talk, but I hope you and I can be friends."

"Since we're doing junior high talk then, I'll be your friend if you'll be mine."

"It's a deal!" said Lissa. "So since we're friends, why don't *you* tell me what you like to do around here? I made the mistake of asking Monique and Meg, and Meg was only happy to share with me her favorite activities."

"I'll bet!" Alya laughed. "I'd love to give you a few suggestions, but I'm afraid I'm not much help there. I'm sort of a bookworm. I know, college is supposed to be fun, but I guess I'm too much of a nerd."

"Why is it that all the self-proclaimed nerds that I know are completely opposite of the stereotype?"

"What do you mean?"

"My stepmom calls herself a nerd, and she's about the most gorgeous woman I've ever met. My brother calls himself a nerd, and he's actually quite a handsome guy. And you call yourself a nerd, and just look at you!"

"I'll take that as a compliment," grinned Alya.

"I suppose it was," Lissa laughed.

Monique had been right. Alya was every bit as charming as her other roommates. Lissa decided that she was going to like it here after all. Even after just sitting here with this girl for five minutes, she felt like they were old friends.

Some people were just like that, Lissa decided. Allison was the extreme example; everybody got along well with her. Jeff of course felt really comfortable to be around. And she felt an immediate affinity for Alya, perhaps even slightly more than Monique or Meg. Perhaps that was because Alya was a lot like Lissa. She had admitted a certain inexperience with romantic relationships, favoring the company of books to men. Both girls were intelligent and pretty yet unassuming. Lissa could tell she was going to get along very well with Alya.

Meg and Monique both arrived home just before lunch time. Upon seeing Alya they hugged her, and then they all started asking each other about their summer vacations.

"I just saw Mr. Bullard," Monique said at a lull in the conversation. "He said he's waiting for payment."

Alya and Meg giggled.

"What's so funny?" asked Lissa. "Isn't Mr. Bullard the landlord?"

"Exactly," said Alya. "It means it's time to draw straws."

"Oh yes. He mentioned that when I checked in."

All three of her roommates laughed at that.

"He would!" Alya giggled.

"So what is it, a kind of game?"

"Yes, it's a kind of game, but I don't think you'll want to play this first time. Not at least until you know the rules."

"Are they complicated?"

"Not particularly," answered Monique, "but we only play this game once a month."

"Why is that?"

"Because the winner can only earn the prize once a month, that's why."

"Oh, stop teasing her, girls," Meg said. "Tell her the truth. Maybe she'll want to play this first time after all."

Alya and Monique glanced at each other, as if unsure to continue.

"Do you want me to explain it?" asked Meg.

"Go ahead," said Monique.

"All right. Lissa, this is a game that the three of us came up with last year when Julie didn't have money to pay the rent. As it turns out, Mr. Bullard is happy to accept... certain services... in lieu of payment."

"What kind of services?"

"Blowjobs," said Alya bluntly.

"Yeah, very funny," Lissa commented.

"I'm serious, Lissa. Mr. Bullard likes getting blowjobs."

"You mean you're not joking?" she asked, astonished.

"It's the absolute truth."

"So we made a deal with him," Meg continued. "Each month, one of the girls pays him by sucking him off. Then he lets us have the apartment for the rest of the month free. Originally we were going to take turns, but for obvious reasons I didn't want to do it. Now, if the apartment manager was an extremely attractive woman, I might be tempted, but he's not. So because I wasn't willing to take my turn, we decide things differently around here. Each month, the girls draw straws. It's all voluntary; you won't be forced to do it if you don't want to. The girl with the shortest straw does the deed, and the rest of the girls pay half of their monthly rent to her as compensation. We get reduced rent, and whoever takes care of Mr. Bullard actually makes money on the deal. It works out great."

"I see now," Lissa said, a little angry. "So that's what the old lecher meant. He told me to make sure you guys explained about drawing straws. 'I'd hate to see you left out of the fun!'" she quoted.

The girls all laughed. "Yes, that sounds like Mr. Bullard," said Alya. "Oh, come on, Lissa. You're right about him being an old lecher. Saying he wants you to join in on the fun was just his way of giving you a compliment. If he didn't like the way you look, he wouldn't have said anything."

"So... if I don't want to draw a straw, I still only pay half rent?"

"Exactly. Everyone wins. Of course, it's not quite as fun when there are only two girls drawing, but now that Julie's moved out, that leaves only Alya and Monique, unless you want to join in."

"And what happens if nobody wants to draw?"

"That actually happened once last year," said Monique. "April, I think."

"No, it was March, wasn't it?" asked Alya.

"Oh yes. You're right. Well, Mr. Bullard is a pretty understanding guy. He said we can decide each month whether to pay him normally or send one of the girls down to service him."

"So what do you think?" asked Alya. "Do you want to draw against us?"

"First of all, I'm not convinced this isn't some kind of prank. Second, it's really pretty disgusting. Third, I already paid my rent this month."

"We can take care of that," said Meg. "Come down after lunch and he'll write you out a check for a refund."

"Hey, that gives me a great idea!" Monique added. "What if Lissa comes with the winner to see for herself that it's not a prank?"

"Perfect!" Alya agreed.

"Wait a minute, what are you talking about?" Lissa complained. "I'm not going to watch you suck off Mr. Bullard. You guys are gross."

"Oh, come on, Lissa," said Meg. "I'll tell you what. Why don't we all go down together? I think it's as gross as you do. In fact, of all the girls in this room, I think it's fair to say I'm the one who would least want to watch it. But if all four of us go to see him, it won't be quite as bad for any of us."

"So you've never taken a turn?" Lissa asked her.

"Hell no! You couldn't pay me enough. So what do you say? Should we all go together?"

Everyone stared at Lissa with hopeful glances. She gritted her teeth.

"Oh, all right," she agreed. "If you all go, I'll go. But I'm not drawing straws."

"Great!" said Alya. "Now it's time to see who earns the rent this month. Meg, would you do the honors?"

Meg stood up and headed over to the cupboard, where she pulled out a box of toothpicks. She turned her back so the girls couldn't see what she was doing, then turned back around with the tips of two toothpicks sticking out of her clenched fist. She held out her hand to Alya, who grabbed one of the toothpicks. It was whole. Meg then opened her hand to reveal that the other one was only half a toothpick.

"Looks like I get a little extra spending money this month," said Monique. "That's good. I've just about drained my bank account buying my books for the semester."

After lunch, the four of them headed down to the office. They found Tony Bullard sitting at his desk reading a magazine. As soon as he saw them, his face broke into a grin. "All four of you?" he asked.

"Calm your dick," Meg told him. "We drew straws. Monique's going to do the deed, and the rest of us are here to watch. You don't mind an audience, do you?"

"Not if it's you three," he said. "So what's the special occasion?"

"Lissa didn't believe us when we told her about the arrangement," Alya replied. "So we're going to prove it. If you're lucky, maybe next time she'll draw against us."

"Speaking of which," said Meg, "Since Monique is taking care of it this month, you owe Lissa a refund."

"Sure," he shrugged. "I'll write out a check as soon as we're done. Now if you four ladies wouldn't mind accompanying me into the back room..."

He stood up and opened the door leading back into the back office. The girls all followed him in. It was a comfortable-looking den, not unlike a living room. There was a couch on one wall, a television set on the other, and a couple of file cabinets in the corner.

"The rule is that whoever does it has to be topless," Monique said, unbuttoning her blouse.

"The rest of you can take your shirts off too if you want," Tony told them.

"So I can have my boobs ogled by a man?" asked Meg. "No thanks. That privilege is reserved for my roommates."

Lissa blushed at the words; she was still getting used to Meg's teasing.

Monique finished stripping off her blouse, then handed it to Alya. She then reached behind her back.

"Need any help with that?" Meg offered.

"Hell no," laughed Monique. "Not from *you* especially." She unfastened the strap, then pulled it off, exposing her chest to view.

Lissa couldn't help but glance at her breasts. They were nice and full, perhaps halfway between Lissa's and Allison's in size. They contrasted her nice, thin waist, though not obscenely so. All in all, Monique really had a nice body.

"Gorgeous," Meg grinned. "You know, Monique, this is the first time I've seen your tits. They're very nice. You should be proud of them; don't cover them up, especially around me."

"I think I *will* cover them up, especially around you," Monique replied.

"You wouldn't mind waiting for a minute, would you?" asked Meg. "I want to run upstairs and grab my camera."

"You do and I'll shove it up your nose," laughed Monique.

"You can shove anything you want up any part of my anatomy you want," Meg winked.

"Never mind," said Monique, then knelt down in front of Tony and reached for his belt buckle. It only took a couple of seconds for her to unfasten it and unzip his pants. She dropped them to the floor, then reached up for his underwear. He winked at Lissa as Monique slipped them down, revealing his engorged cock.

"So Meg," Alya teased. "Is this the first time you've seen one of those?"

"Nope," replied Meg with a grin.

"Really?"

"Really. But I'm not going to say any more."

"Oh, come on," Alya pleaded. "Don't leave us in suspense."

"It's your fault for asking the question in the first place," Meg told her.

Tony, meanwhile, sat down on the couch and spread his legs. Monique positioned herself between his legs and took his cock in her hand. He groaned in delight at the touch. Lissa watched in awe as Monique lowered her mouth and stuck out her tongue, flicking it against the tip. That contact caused Tony to actually jump.

Lissa couldn't believe what she was seeing. It was only the third time she had witnessed oral sex, but now, her own roommate was doing it to the landlord! She thought back to that night that summer when Kari had done it to Jeff. Lissa had watched then in fascination as well. There was something extremely erotic about it, something thrilling in the sight of a girl with a cock in her mouth. She had loved to see the expressions on Jeff's face, the ecstasy revealed there. She had watched his beautiful cock disappearing into his girlfriend's mouth as she sucked on it.

Lissa had experienced a dick in her mouth only once, and only briefly. She wondered what it would feel like to actually get a man off with her mouth. Would it be as gross as it appeared on the surface? Or would the excitement of doing something so naughty and the thrill of causing a man that much pleasure overcome any disgust she would feel? On an impulse, she had tasted Jeff's semen that night when Kari offered it to her, and was surprised to discover that it didn't taste that bad at all. But would it be different with a man squirting it right into her mouth?

But her fantasies had outpaced reality. Monique was still just licking all around the tip, causing Tony to groan and squirm in delighted anguish.

"Wow, Monique," commented Alya. "When I do it I just get it over with."

Monique raised her head and glanced over at her roommate. "But this is so much more fun," she replied, then returned to the task at hand.

"This is horrible," Meg said. "I thought *I* was supposed to be the slut of the apartment. Now I discover I'm being beat out by my own roommate."

"That's okay," Alya grinned, putting an arm around Meg's shoulder. "If it will make you feel any better, I'll always think of you as a slut."

Now Monique changed her tactics. She began running her tongue up and down the shaft, licking it all over from the base to the tip. Lissa watched in astonishment. Monique was even better at it than Kari! An amused thought crossed Lissa's mind. She wondered what Kari would think if she came back at Christmas vacation and gave her a few pointers. She even giggled at that thought.

"Apparently Lissa's enjoying herself," Meg commented.

"I just had a naughty thought," Lissa replied.

"I think we're all having naughty thoughts right now," Alya told her.

Tony was obviously enjoying himself, probably more than the rest of them combined. With Monique licking him all over, he could barely control himself. His body was working on its own now, his hips rocking forward reflexively at the stimulation of Monique's tongue. He had his head thrown back and his eyes closed, and loud grunts and groans escaped his lips.

Finally Monique slipped his dick into her mouth. At first she worked on only the head, and Lissa stared in erotic fascination at the indentations in her cheeks as she sucked it in. Tony's groans increased in volume, not surprisingly for what was happening to him. Lissa wondered if she would ever decide to draw straws against the girls. The idea of performing oral sex on a man, at first shocking and disgusting, now seemed exciting. At the moment, if the girls asked to draw straws for the next month, she probably would.

She glanced over at her roommates. Alya seemed to be watching with the same fascination, while Meg wore a look of apathetic disinterest.

Monique started to move her head up and down now, taking a little more of the landlord's cock into her mouth on each downstroke. For some reason Lissa thought it looked a little comical, with her head bobbing up and down slowly. Tony obviously didn't seem to think so, judging by the sounds he was making. Monique kept her hand at the base of his cock, partly to stroke the part of his dick that she wasn't sucking, and partly to keep his involuntary motions from shoving it in too deep. Lissa remembered that Kari had done the same thing to Jeff.

That suddenly gave her a very naughty thought, and she nearly shuddered from it. Jeff would probably be willing to let her do this to him. And he was probably the only guy she would be comfortable giving a blowjob to. It was almost frightening how much that excited her, considering he was her brother.

It's just a fantasy, she told herself. Allison had said that fantasies were perfectly all right. Anything she came up with in her mind was harmless if she didn't act on it. Maybe next time she got a chance to play with herself she would use the thought of sucking off Jeff to stimulate her. Maybe he would even return the favor!

Monique had increased the tempo now. What had previously been long, slow strokes were now quick and

hard. The sharp, almost mechanical movements of her head looked almost obscene. No, considering what she was doing, they *were* obscene. She plunged her mouth down over the shaft over and over again, sucking harder, faster, and deeper than before.

"Oh god!" Tony cried out. "I'm going to cum!"

Monique kept her lips wrapped around him and worked him over as fast as she could. Lissa's eyes grew wide as Tony cried out and thrust his hips forward. He was having an orgasm right in Monique's mouth!

He grunted as his hips thrust several more times, each time a little less forcefully, until finally his body rested on the couch, not moving. He kept his head thrown back over the back of the couch as he panted in exhaustion.

Monique stood up and licked off a bit of his cum that had spilled out the side of her mouth and was running down to her chin.

"And that's all there is to it," she told Lissa. "I just made a month-and-a-half rent's worth of money. Not bad, huh?"

"Wow," was all Lissa could say.

Chapter 37

Adorable Little Sister

After Crystal left on Saturday afternoon, Jeff took Brit aside to have a talk with her. They sat together on the couch in the front room.

"Brit, I'm sorry for what I did today in the shower."

"That's all right, Jeff. It was obvious you had no control over yourself."

"So you're not mad at me?"

"Of course not. You're my big brother. I can never stay mad at you for long. Besides, I've had lots of opportunity to practice controlling my temper with you."

"I know, and I'm sorry."

"That was a joke, Jeff," she grinned. "I was just teasing you."

"Oh. So *that's* what teasing is. I got confused because I'm not used to it."

"Oh, ha ha," she said sarcastically, then stuck her tongue out at him.

He reached around her to try to get her in a headlock, but somehow it never got that far. He ended up with his arm around her waist and her head on his shoulder. She sighed, but made no move to pull away.

"Jeff?" she asked.

"What?"

"You don't mind having to be stuck babysitting your bratty little sister?"

"A week ago I would have hated it. But now..."

"What?"

"I don't know. Things are different."

"So what's changed between then and now?" she asked, looking up at him.

That was a difficult question to answer. Part of it was that they had decided to stop fighting with each other, but when Jeff was honest with himself, it was also because he was beginning to think of her differently.

Some of those feelings were just simple affection between brother and sister, pure and innocent. But some of them were inappropriate, although as long as he didn't act on them they were harmless. But that brought up another question: why did he now think of his sister in that way, when they had nearly been at each other's throats before?

"Jeff?" asked Brit when he didn't answer her original question.

"I'm sorry," he replied. "I was just thinking. I really don't know what's changed between us, but I think it's a good change, don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I've always loved you, but it's just in these last couple of days that I've started to *like* you. Does that make sense?"

"No, but it's the same way I feel about you, so I guess I'm not making any more sense than you are."

"It's official then. We're both insane."

He laughed at her joke, something he had done all too rarely before. It was like she was a completely different person, or maybe *he* was the one who had changed. Previously he had delighted in tormenting her, but now he found that he actually wanted to please her. She had the cutest smile, and it made him feel good inside when he knew that he was the cause of it.

He had a sudden idea. "Brit," he said, "I want to do something for you."

"What?" she asked.

"I want to give you a back rub."

"Really?" she asked, her eyes widening in delight.

"But you have to do the same for me," he told her.

"Okay!" she grinned. "In fact, you can go first."

"Really?" he asked. "You don't mind?"

"That way, after you rub my back I can just relax instead of having to go to work."

"Good point," he laughed, then slid off the couch and sat in front of her.

"Let's not go half-way here," she said. "Let's make it a full massage. Lie down on your stomach."

He was certainly not about to argue with that, so he grabbed a pillow from the couch and put it under his head as he lay flat. Brit immediately set to work massaging his shoulders, working out all of the tension. He sighed; it felt very nice. She seemed to be just as good at it as Rachael, and the feeling was extremely

relaxing. He closed his eyes and lost himself in the stimulation of her hands, forgetting all his cares and just letting the pleasure overtake him.

"You know, if we really want to do this right you need to take your shirt off," she said.

"My shirt?"

"Exactly. Don't you think it would feel better on bare skin?"

She had a good point, but he also wondered whether it was really a good idea to partially undress like that in front of her. On the other hand, they had both been completely undressed just a few hours ago; this was nothing in comparison.

He sat up and pulled the shirt over his head. After casting it aside, he lay back down again.

If he had thought her hands felt good before, it was nothing compared to now. There was something delightful about her little fingers against his skin that didn't really come out when the sensation was muffled by his shirt. It was like she was touching his very muscles, drawing out all of the tension and replacing it with calming softness. He sighed at the feeling.

Brit giggled. "You like that, don't you?" she asked.

"A lot," he replied. "Why didn't I think of having you do this to me years ago?"

"Because I would have said no, just to tease you," she laughed.

"Oh yeah. Well I think this feels much better than teasing, don't you?"

"I don't know..." she replied with a grin. "There's something immensely satisfying about causing you torment." She reached down to his sides and tickled him.

He yelped and jumped up, then grabbed her hands and twisted them around behind her back. She giggled as she struggled against him, but he was too strong. So she changed her tactics. He watched in delightful horror as she puckered up and leaned in toward his face, taking a lesson from what her big sister used to do to him when he was younger.

"Ew!" he exclaimed, pushing her away. But this meant releasing her hands, and she immediately threw them around his neck. He tried to take them off him, but she held on too tightly, and meanwhile that freed up her lips. As he realized what she was doing, he turned his head so that the best she could do was kiss him on the cheek. In the process, he lost his balance and fell over backward with her on top of him. She ignored this new position and kept kissing him on the cheek.

He no longer tried to stop her, at first because he was caught off his guard and didn't know how to react, and then later because it felt too good to stop. He just lay there as she kissed him, and even slid his arms around her waist and held her there.

She kissed him all over the side of his face, his forehead, and even his neck. It was an absolutely delightful torture.

About five minutes later she sat back up. "It's no fun when you don't fight back," she grinned. "I'm supposed to be punishing you; you're not supposed to enjoy it."

"Oh, I just thought it was a new kind of massage you were experimenting with," he said with a laugh. "An unusual technique, I have to admit, but I'm always up for trying something new."

"I'm not *that* kind of a masseuse," she giggled.

"Dang!" he said with mock disappointment. "Oh well. I like the traditional massages too. And since you got me all tense again by tickling me, you have to start over." That was a bit of an exaggeration; the kisses had helped to relax him. But it made a good excuse to have her start massaging him again. He retrieved the pillow and rolled back over onto his stomach.

Brit resumed her position, running her hands all over his back. After the interruption it felt particularly good. He closed his eyes and let the wonderful sensation overtake him. He just wanted to lie there for hours while she touched him like that.

He awoke a couple of minutes later to a quiet voice in his ear. Brit had climbed on top of him and lay with her head next to his. "Are you so bored that you fell asleep?" she whispered.

Jeff laughed. "Not bored. Relaxed. You're very good at this."

Brit lowered her head and kissed him on the back between his shoulder blades. "That's the trademark of a Britney Primdale massage," she giggled. "All right, now it's my turn," she said, climbing off of him.

"Okay," said Jeff, reluctantly sitting up. He still wanted to lie there and let her run her hands all over him, but on the other hand, he found he enjoyed doing little things to make her feel good too, and this would be a perfect opportunity.

To his astonishment, Brit suddenly pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it on the floor, revealing that she wore no bra. He stared open-mouthed at her completely bare chest.

It was only for a second, though, because she lay down on her stomach and slipped her hands beneath the pillow that she placed under her head.

"Uh..." he stammered.

"Go ahead, Jeff," she smiled.

"Uh..." he said again.

"What's wrong?" she asked, glancing up at him.

"You... um... you took your shirt off."

"So what? So did you."

"But you're a girl!"

"And what's wrong with being a girl?" she demanded.

"You shouldn't just go around taking your shirt off in front of people."

"I didn't. It's just you and me, Jeff. No one else is watching."

"But I can't... I can't put my hands on you like this."

"I thought you were the one who wanted to give me a back rub."

"I did. I do, I mean."

"Jeff, it's just my back. It's not like you're going to touch my boobs or anything," she giggled.

"I know, but..."

"Unless you want to," she added with a seductive smile.

"Brit!" he exclaimed, shocked.

She burst out laughing. "Come on, Jeff. I'm just teasing. Just pretend I'm Kari and you're doing this to her."

"That doesn't help," he said.

"What's wrong, Jeff? You think if you put your hands on me you're going to end up having sex with me?"

"No... not really. It's just that... well..."

"Well what?"

"I don't know. It just doesn't seem right."

"Fine. If you don't want to rub my back, I'll just have to turn over and let you rub my front instead."

"No!" he blurted out as she began to roll over. She stopped before she went too far, thankfully.

"Then rub my back," she insisted.

"Okay, fine!" he said. "You win."

"Thanks," she smiled, returning to her original position and closing her eyes.

He considered for a minute. Should he really do this? Should he really put his hands on his little sister's bare back? He reached out hesitantly, then stopped with his hand a couple of inches from her shoulders.

"I'm waiting," she said without opening her eyes.

Jeff slid his hands around her shoulders and she sighed in pleasure. He was surprised at how good it felt. She was so soft and warm. He began to knead her shoulders, running his hands up and down over them. From the smile on her face, she seemed to enjoy it, which made him happy. Just a few days before, he would never have thought that seeing a smile on her face could be so delightful, but now just knowing that he was making her feel good was its own reward.

He let his hands slide all over her bare back, loving the feel of her soft skin on his fingers. She was delightfully smooth. For a thirteen-year-old girl, her body was absolutely perfect, and he couldn't believe how lucky he was to be able to touch her like this.

Not that it's anything but a simple back rub, he told himself. *There's nothing wrong with wanting to make my sister feel good.*

She hummed in delight as he continued to rub her all over. He alternated between stroking her like he would pet a cat, and rubbing her more firmly, like a real massage. She seemed to enjoy both equally well, and he enjoyed doing it to her.

He was enjoying himself so much, in fact, that he lost all track of time. He had meant to massage her only for as long as she had massaged him, but when that point came he happily continued, just watching her smile and listening to her sighs.

It had to be at least twenty minutes later when he finally, reluctantly stopped.

"Okay, all done," he said.

"Not yet," she insisted.

"Brit, my hands are getting tired."

"You don't have to use your hands. Use your lips."

"What?" he exclaimed, shocked.

"You have to kiss me on my back like I kissed you."

He began to grow red. Surely that wasn't appropriate contact between them.

"I thought that was *your* trademark," he said, a flimsy excuse but the best one he could come up with.

"It is, but I give you permission to use it on me," she grinned. "Please, Jeff?"

He decided he could do it just once. It was just a harmless little kiss for his sister, after all. And her body looked so warm and inviting...

He leaned over her and lowered his head. As he pressed his lips to her skin, he realized that it felt really nice. He wanted to do it over and over again, to kiss her all over her back and neck, to turn her over and kiss her face, and then... and then...

He sat up quickly, alarmed at the direction his thoughts were headed. He shouldn't be thinking things like that about little Brit. She was just a child after all. And she was his sister.

"Thank you Jeff," she sighed. "I love you."

"I love you too," he whispered, then lay down next to her. Despite insisting that he was tired of massaging her, he put a hand on her back and began to stroke her tenderly. Her smile widened. In that position they fell asleep.

When he woke up later, he glanced over at his sister and nearly gasped. She had rolled over onto her back, exposing her pretty little chest to his eyes. He stared at it in shock, wondering what he should do. Should he wake her up and tell her to put her shirt back on? Should he grab a blanket and cover her himself?

One thing he *shouldn't* do was continue to stare at her. That wasn't right. He quickly averted his eyes, shutting them tightly. But the image seemed burned into his eyelids, and he could still see that beautiful little body just as clearly as if he had his eyes open. He shook his head to clear the image, which helped a little, but the main result of that was that now he was tempted to peek again.

She's my sister! he told himself. He shouldn't want to see her naked. He should be disgusted by the sight. Part of him was; part of him thought that it was completely wrong and that he was a horrible person for thinking of her like that. But that was the same part of him that used to tease her and be mean to her, the part that he had managed to repress these last couple of days. He didn't want to wake that part of himself up, because it could easily get out of hand and he would go right back to the way he had treated her before.

Against his better judgment, he opened his eyes. Once again, he found himself fascinated with her chest. Her tits weren't particularly big; they were just starting to develop after all. But there was a certain youthful beauty to them that was appealing, alluring, and (dare he even think it?) arousing. He wanted so much to put his hands on them and feel them. Slowly, almost unconsciously, he reached out.

No! he told himself. *You can't do this!* But his hand kept moving closer, closer, to her lovely breast. One touch. That was all he would need. One touch just to find out what it felt like. His hand trembled, mere inches from the goal, as he fought within himself.

Then his eyes went to her peacefully slumbering face, with a cute little half-smile on her slightly parted lips. She was so beautiful, and so vulnerable. What if he touched her and she woke up? He could really hurt her. After these past few days, he wanted nothing more than to make her happy, but this could do irreparable harm to her. What if she never smiled at him again because of this moment of weakness?

That terrible thought was enough to make up his mind. He withdrew his hand, relief flooding him as he realized he had just avoided a horrible, horrible mistake.

Just then she yawned and began to stretch, causing her breasts to jiggle provocatively with the motion. That was a close call! He closed his eyes to pretend to be asleep, probably the best thing, all things considered. It would avoid embarrassing her, and she would cover herself.

It didn't quite work out that way. As she stretched, her arm reached out and accidentally bumped against his nose, not hard enough to cause it to bleed, but hard enough to hurt at least. She immediately pulled her arm back, and before he could catch himself he reflexively put his hand to his nose.

"Oh, Jeff, I'm sorry," she said, and without thinking he opened his eyes. She lay there next to him, smiling brightly at him.

His eyes went to her chest once more; he couldn't help it. Then he felt himself growing red as he realized that he couldn't pull his gaze away.

She glanced down at where he was staring, and he expected her to scream, or slap him, or run away. Instead, she giggled.

"Oops," she laughed. "I forgot. Sorry about that." She rolled over away from him and grabbed her shirt. Still facing away, she hurriedly slipped it over her head. Then she turned back around and lay down again.

"I hope I didn't embarrass you," she said.

"Well, maybe just a little," he admitted.

"It's okay, Jeff. It doesn't bother me if you see me like that. I trust you completely." She scooted in close and snuggled up next to him. He put his arms around her and held her there.

She trusted him. Now he was especially glad that he had refrained from touching her. He made a decision that from that point forward, he would never do anything to betray her trust in him; he would always look after her and protect her, even if it meant denying himself his own desires.

For the rest of the day, Brit seemed extra affectionate. She kept looking for opportunities to hug him, as if trying to make up for the years they had lost. It seemed like she was well on her way to doing it.

Jeff let himself enjoy it. Hugs were fine between brother and sister, as long as they didn't go beyond that.

They ate dinner together without fighting once; on the contrary, they laughed and joked like old friends. There was still a bit of teasing, but all of the viciousness had gone out of it, leaving only good-natured banter.

That night, Jeff was getting ready for bed when Brit appeared at the bathroom door. This time she wore a tiny little bra and panties.

"Do you mind if I sleep in here with you again?" she asked.

Once again, Jeff wondered if she knew just how much she was turning him on. Was she completely innocent, or did she have other ideas in mind?

"There's no storm tonight, Brit," he said.

"I know, but it just felt so good last night that I wanted to do it again tonight."

Jeff considered. Despite the fact that he was beginning to think of her in ways that were not exactly appropriate, he had to admit that it had felt nice. He especially liked waking up to her beautiful face. And besides, it was all completely innocent, wasn't it? She was still, in a sense, a little girl. "Oh, all right," he answered.

Brit smiled, then skipped over to him and planted a quick kiss on his lips. "Thanks," she told him, then climbed into his bed.

This time there was more of her to feel; before, her torso had been covered by her shirt, but now only her little tits were covered. The rest of her bare skin felt very nice against his own. As she rubbed against him trying to find a comfortable position, he felt himself growing hard. That wasn't good; it wasn't right to have an erection while thinking about his little sister, especially with her right there in bed with him!

Worse still, Brit either deliberately or unconsciously lifted her leg slightly and slipped it over on top of him, and he suddenly felt her inner thigh come to rest right on his erection.

Her eyes suddenly opened wide. "Oh!" she exclaimed.

"Sorry," he told her, growing red.

Then she began to giggle. "Maybe I should be the one apologizing," she said. "I mean, it *is* my fault, isn't it?"

While it was a completely natural question, he found it difficult to answer. He didn't want to lie to her, but on the other hand, to tell the truth would be to admit that he was having naughty thoughts about her.

"Is it because of what happened in the shower today?" she asked.

"Well... sort of," he mumbled.

She giggled again. "Does my big brother think his little sister is sexy?" she teased.

"Brit!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Jeff. It's okay, really. I don't mind if you... you know."

"Look, maybe you shouldn't sleep in my bed any more," he told her.

"Why not?"

"Well, because of the effect it's having on me. I'm your brother, Brit. I shouldn't be... well..."

"Don't be mean, Jeff," she insisted, a frown on her face.

"Mean? I don't want to be mean to you. Look, this is the first full day we've spent together without fighting, and I don't want to spoil it. You know I'd do anything to make you happy, but I'm not sure this is a good idea."

"Come on, Jeff. I want to sleep with you. Please?"

"I don't know."

"Pretty please?"

"Brit..."

"Pretty please with sugar on top?"

"You're not going to give up on this, are you?" he smiled.

"Nope. The next step was going to be flashing you my puppy dog eyes."

Jeff laughed. "Since there's no way I would be able to resist that, I might as well give in right now," he conceded. "Just promise me one thing."

"What?"

"No horseplay. Just lie still. If just having you here in my bed is doing this to me, imagine what would happen if you were jumping around or climbing all over me or stuff."

Brit laughed. "Yes, I can imagine that, quite clearly in fact. That's a pretty funny mental image. But just so you know, I'm not afraid of you losing control and taking advantage of me, if that's what's worrying you. I know you love me too much to ever hurt me. And I love you too. It feels so nice to sleep with someone who cares for you so much, doesn't it?"

"Yes it does," he admitted. "I love you. Good night."

"I love you. Good night," she echoed.

She lay her head down on his chest again, and he drew up the blankets, then wrapped his arms around her and held her to him. It didn't take long for them to fall asleep in each other's arms.

For the second morning in a row he woke up with her lying on top of him. He loved seeing her there, sleeping peacefully against his chest. She had one of her hands on his shoulder, holding on to it as if for protection. Jeff reached around and put his hands on her back.

The movement woke her. She lifted her head and glanced around, then seeing where she was, smiled and let her head fall back onto his chest.

"Sorry for waking you," he said softly.

"It's okay, Jeff," she replied. "I like sleeping with you, but I like being awake with you even better. You don't mind if we just lie here for a while, do you?"

"Of course not. You feel nice and warm."

"Mm," she cooed, hugging him.

He began stroking her hair. She had nice, long, golden strands that felt soft in his hands. He hadn't noticed just how pretty it was before, but now he was beginning to notice everything about her.

She seemed to be noticing things about him too, apparently. "You've got nice muscles," she said, reaching out and squeezing his upper arm.

"Thanks," he said, not knowing how to take that.

"I bet all the girls at school are jealous that Kari's your girlfriend."

"I don't know," he shrugged. "I really haven't been paying much attention to them since Kari and I started going out."

"Does Kari like how strong you are?"

"I suppose so."

"If you were my boyfriend, I would like it."

"Well in that case, if you were my girlfriend, I would think your hair is absolutely beautiful."

"Really?" she beamed, raising her head once again and staring at him with a smile.

"Yep," he said, then in a teasing tone, added, "It's too bad you're *not* my girlfriend, because that means I *don't* think your hair is absolutely beautiful."

"Hey!" she giggled.

"I'm just teasing, Brit," he smiled. "Girlfriend or not, I really do like your hair."

"What about the rest of me?"

"Well, I think you have the most gorgeous left elbow I've ever seen," he said playfully.

"Oh, goody!" she laughed. "I've been taking good care of it, hoping that somebody would notice."

"It's working," he replied.

"Since we're on the subject, I'm very impressed with the little toe on your right foot," she giggled.

"Yeah, well I like your second tooth from the left on the top row."

"Well I think your earlobes look very tasty."

"Uh oh. I think my little sister is turning into a cannibal."

"I think I'll start with your nose, though," she said, sliding up along his body until she could lightly nibble on the tip of his nose.

"Ew! You're gross!" he said, laughing. She joined in the laughter, then once more slid back down and rested her head on his chest.

"You know, Kari's really lucky," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because she gets to have you as her boyfriend."

"But you get to have me as your brother, don't you?"

"I know, but sometimes I wish I had a boyfriend. Especially one like you."

Jeff didn't know what to say to that. Once again, it could be completely innocent, but ever since he had been thinking of her differently, little things she said seemed to take on new meaning. He decided not to worry about it; whether she was fantasizing about him or not really didn't matter, as long as he didn't let her act on those fantasies. He would just treat her like a big brother should, and in fact, like the best big brother in the world, as she had called him.

"Jeff?" she asked. "Suppose... suppose I wasn't your sister. Would you ever consider having me as your girlfriend?"

That was a little more obvious, but again, it could still be innocent. Maybe she just needed reassurance that she was attractive to boys. It still didn't make it any easier to answer the question though.

"You're too young to be my girlfriend," he replied, in order to not have to answer the more difficult question.

She wouldn't let it go at that, though. "But suppose I were your age, or you were my age. Then would you consider it?"

"But when I was your age, I was a completely different person than I am now. You remember how we used to fight. And when you get to be my age, you'll be a different person too."

"Okay, fine. You don't have to answer it if you don't want." He could tell she was disappointed, and maybe even a little angry.

"I'm sorry, Brit. I just thought it was kind of an awkward question. Brothers aren't supposed to think about their sisters like that."

"Who cares what we're supposed to do? Brothers and sisters also aren't supposed to fight, but we used to do it all the time."

She had a point.

"You really want to know the answer?" he asked, and she nodded. "Okay, yes. I would consider having you for a girlfriend. There, are you satisfied now?"

She grinned and hugged him.

"It's because I've always had a thing for elbows," he said, and she laughed.

"But seriously," said Brit, "I know you like my hair, but what about my face?"

"Honestly? You have a really cute face. I think it's your big eyes mostly. They make you look like a little puppy dog."

"You think I look like a dog?" she exclaimed in mock indignation.

"I didn't mean it like that!" he protested. "I just meant you look really cute, in the same way that a fuzzy little animal looks cute. Or maybe a little kid."

"Oh?" she asked.

"Not that you're so little any more," he hastily added. "In fact, the older you get the better looking you get.

Your cute little baby face is turning into the face of a beautiful girl."

"Really?" she grinned, enjoying the flattery.

"Really," he told her. "I think you're very pretty."

"You're so sweet," she smiled, hugging him again. "I love you."

"Well this is horrible," he joked.

"Horrible?" she demanded. "It's horrible that I love you?"

"Yes. The prettiest girl in the world tells me she loves me, and I can't do anything about it because she's my sister."

Brit giggled. She lay in his arms for a while longer, her cheek pressed against him. He gazed down at her cute little face, so serene and peaceful as his chest rose and fell with his breathing. Kari often liked to lie like that, especially after sex. It was the closeness, the intimacy, the physical contact and feeling of a lover's warm body. Unconsciously, he began to grow hard as he had a momentary, fleeting thought of Brit as his lover.

She noticed it too. "You're doing it again," she giggled.

"Maybe it's time for you to get off me," said Jeff.

"No!" she insisted. "I don't mind, really. I promise I won't mention it again. I just want to lie here with you a little longer."

"How long?" he asked.

"As long as possible. It's too bad we can't just stay here all day. It feels so nice."

He couldn't argue with that. "Maybe just a few more minutes," he told her.

"Thank you," she smiled, then kissed him on the chest.

Those few minutes expanded to fifteen, then half an hour, then finally an hour. They said nothing that whole time, but he gently stroked her back, causing her to hum in contentment. He was surprised to discover that he loved those little sounds she made; a few days ago they would have annoyed him, but now he felt overjoyed that he was able to give her that kind of simple pleasure. He found himself smiling at the very thought of making her happy. Right now he felt he could devote his life to that goal and be happy himself.

It was almost a shame that it had to end. Eventually Brit lifted her head again, then leaned in and kissed him quickly on the lips. She slid off of him and headed for the bathroom.

As she showered, he lay there on his bed, basking in the memory of her soft, warm body against his. She was

so sweet and so beautiful, and he was amazed that he hadn't ever realized it until now. Of course, he shouldn't be thinking of her in any sense other than as a little sister, but there was nothing wrong with recognizing her beauty. And there was certainly nothing wrong with brothers and sisters being affectionate toward each other. If he thought she was nice to hug, so what?

He was still thinking about her when he heard the water in the shower turn off. A minute later the bathroom door opened, and Jeff suddenly stared in shock. Brit stood there in the doorway, naked except for the towel that she was using to dry herself off. She stood facing him, giving him a perfect view of her body, hiding nothing from his eyes.

"Brit!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

"Drying myself off," she replied casually.

"But... I mean..."

"What?" she asked.

"But why do you have the door open?"

"To air out the bathroom. There's too much steam; I can't see myself in the mirror to brush my hair."

"But I... You shouldn't..."

She hung the towel on the rack, then walked over to his bed, as if completely oblivious to the fact that she had no clothes on.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Shouldn't you put something on?"

"I was planning to," she replied.

"But I shouldn't be looking at you when you're naked."

"Then don't look," she laughed. "Really, Jeff, I don't know what's bothering you. This isn't the first time you've seen me naked, after all. Don't you remember yesterday?"

"Of course I remember yesterday. But... well..." he stammered.

"Does it really bother you?" she asked.

"It's not that it bothers me. It's--"

"Good. Then there's no problem, is there?"

Before he could answer, she turned around and skipped back into the bathroom, where she finished drying off and then headed into her bedroom to dress. He continued to watch her, knowing that he probably shouldn't, but he just couldn't tear his eyes away. She didn't seem to mind, or even notice, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for her to be naked in front of him.

As soon as she finished dressing, she returned to his room, kissed him on the forehead, then left to go downstairs to breakfast.

For the rest of the day she acted just like she had the previous day, friendly and affectionate. He was amazed to realize that he preferred to spend time with his little sister rather than hide out in the library reading or even looking at porn on the computer. Maybe it was the novelty of actually *liking* her. Or maybe there was something more, something he refused to admit, even to himself.

In the morning they shot pool, and Jeff had the clever idea of letting her win to see what her reaction would be. He wasn't disappointed. As soon as she sank the 8-ball, she jumped up and wrapped her arms and legs around him, nearly knocking him over.

"I know what you did there," she told him with a wide smile on her face. "And I appreciate it. Thanks for letting me win." She kissed his cheek, then hopped down out of his arms.

Brit wanted to get into the hot tub then, and Jeff agreed with the half-joking condition that they keep their swimsuits on this time. He was delighted that she wore the same tiny little bikini as yesterday, which showed off all of her youthful charms while preserving at least a minimal amount of decency. They climbed into the tub and she snuggled up next to him, laying her head on his shoulder. Not surprisingly, it felt very nice.

After relaxing in the soothing water for several minutes, Brit came up with the idea of giving each other back rubs again, this time while they were in the hot tub. Jeff agreed without hesitation. He longed to feel her soft skin again, to run his hands all over her back.

He went first again, turning to the side to give her access to him. Her hands felt even better wet than they had dry. This time it was more like washing him than massaging him. That was something that he enjoyed doing with Kari. Sometimes they took showers together and washed each other's backs. It was both erotic and innocent at the same time, erotic because they were both naked and more than a little aroused, and innocent because it was something that could be done without even a hint of sexuality. Like now, for instance. It felt really nice to have Brit doing this to him, but that didn't mean there was anything sexual about it. Perhaps a better word was 'intimate.' It wasn't something that he would let just anybody do to him, only someone that he cared for, like his little sister.

Like before, she kissed him on the back to signal that she was through, so they began to switch places. Brit suggested that he face toward the center of the tub and put his legs together so that she could sit on his knees, which seemed to work out well. He let his hands run all over her back in the same kinds of motions that she had used on him. It felt so great to just touch her, especially with that smile on her face to show how much she enjoyed it.

He finished by kissing her on the back just above the strap of her bikini. Then she turned around and hugged him tightly, and he wrapped his arms around her and held her there for the longest time. Her almost nude body felt wonderful against his, and he wasn't about to let go until she did first.

She apparently had the same idea, so they ended up remaining in that position for at least fifteen minutes. Then she finally gave in and pulled away, and he reluctantly released her.

A few minutes later they left the tub. After drying off and changing, they headed upstairs for lunch.

The rest of the afternoon they spent playing card or board games. That was something that had always been dangerous in the past; their competitiveness often resulted in fights between them. But somehow, miraculously, they kept it civil and even cheerful. Jeff won more often than Brit, but it didn't seem to bother her like it did in the past.

After supper they adjourned to the living room to watch TV. Brit took her usual position on the floor, lying on her stomach with her chin in her hands. It was her usual position when watching TV, so he normally wouldn't have thought anything of it. But as he sat on the couch behind her, he found himself paying more attention to the way she lazily swung her legs in the air than to the show itself. He found it strangely compelling, hypnotic even, and felt like he could watch her like that for hours. In fact, he did.

The phone rang as their bedtime approached, and Jeff got up and answered it. It was Allison. She said that they would be home in about forty-five minutes, and that Rachael was eager to see them.

After talking with her for a couple more minutes, he hung the phone up and returned to his place on the couch, where he notified his sister that their parents would be back soon. She nodded and returned her attention to the television.

A few minutes later, Brit got up and walked over to him. "I'm cold," she said, and without waiting for a response, plopped down sideways on his lap.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, though half-heartedly. In truth, he liked the feel of her body against his. He grabbed the throw blanket on the couch next to him, and spread it over her. She sighed contentedly and lay her head against his chest.

"Jeff?" she asked a few minutes later without lifting her head. Jeff glanced down and saw that her eyes were closed.

"Yes, Brit?"

"Do you love me?"

"Of course," he said.

She didn't respond for a couple of minutes, and he wondered if she had fallen asleep right in the middle of his

answer.

"Jeff?" she asked again.

"What is it?"

"Will you say you love me every single day?"

What had gotten into her lately? Well, it was such a simple little request, and he wanted her to be happy.

"Okay," he replied. "I'll say I love you every single day."

Once again she remained quiet, but he could see a smile on her lips. She was so adorable lying there like that, cute and innocent and vulnerable.

"Jeff?" she asked again.

"What, Brit?"

"If I'm ever sad, can I come and cry on your shoulder?"

"Sure," he said. Sometimes she could be really quite exasperating. Then he realized, no, he really didn't mind these questions at all.

"Jeff?" she asked again two minutes later, and he was surprised at how annoying she wasn't.

"Yes, Brit?"

"If I were ever in danger, would you come rescue me?"

"Of course I would." He wondered where these questions were headed. Was there something else on her mind, or did she just need the reassurance that he loved her, like she had mentioned last night? He did love her, and if she needed to ask these questions in order to feel that love, then he was happy to answer them.

"Jeff?"

"Yes."

"If someone tried to hurt me, would you beat them up?"

"I'd pound their face in if they tried to do anything to my favorite little sister." Actually, he wouldn't, because despite the fact that he was now much more in shape than he used to be, he was still a little afraid of fighting. But there was no harm in letting her think that.

"Jeff?"

"What is it now, Brit?"

"If I ever needed a transfusion, would you give me some of your blood?"

He couldn't help but chuckle, and Brit began to giggle as well.

"Honestly, you have the strangest imagination, Brit," he told her. "I don't know where you get these ideas. But to answer your question, and all your future questions, yes, I would do anything to make sure you're safe."

"Would you even die for me?"

"Yes," he said without hesitation, and realized that, strangely enough, it was true. "You know, you can be so cute sometimes."

"You think I'm cute?"

"I think you're adorable." He leaned down and kissed her on the forehead. Once more she sighed, and then fell silent again, this time for good.

A few minutes later he could hear her breathing growing deeper, almost to the point of snoring, and realized that she had fallen asleep. He also felt sleepy, especially since her warm body against him relaxed him so much. He glanced down at her face, wanting to just hold her like this forever. He loved her so much!

About 9:30, he heard the car in the driveway, and realized that Greg and Allison were home. He stared around guiltily, then realized there wasn't anything wrong. Of course, he had never been the type of brother that would let his little sister sit on his lap, so they were bound to think that it was strange, but it was still really innocent. In fact, he wondered why he even felt guilty at all.

When the front door opened and Greg and Allison stepped through with Rachael and saw them, Jeff immediately put a finger to his lips. Then he pointed at Brit, curled up on his lap, soundly sleeping. Greg blinked a couple of times in confusion, then shrugged. Rachael just waved at him, but Allison wore a wide grin on her face. "That's so cute!" she mouthed silently. Then the three of them set down their bags and headed into the kitchen.

Jeff had decided just to act as if nothing were out of the ordinary, because if he tried to make up an excuse he would have just stammered his way through it, making it seem like there was something going on that shouldn't be. It seemed to do the trick, because the adults didn't make a big deal out of it.

A few minutes later Greg headed back out to the van to finish unloading it, merely glancing once at them as he passed. Allison and Rachael came over and sat down. Rachael sat on the couch next to him, and threw her arms around them both. "Oh, it's so good to see you again!" she whispered. Brit merely stirred, but Jeff hugged Rachael back.

"How's Brit?" asked Allison.

"What? Oh, she's fine," Jeff explained, then decided he needed to give them at least a minimal explanation. Despite his momentary guilty feelings, the truth was innocent enough. "She was just a little cold earlier while we were watching TV, so she came over and sat down by me so I could throw a blanket over the two of us."

"Sat *by* you, or *on* you?" asked Allison with a grin.

Jeff shrugged, trying to make it look like he didn't care one way or another. "That was her idea. Anyway, she fell asleep five minutes later, and I decided not to wake her."

Greg appeared at the door carrying a couple of bags. Allison hopped up off of the couch and went over to help him. Between the two of them, they moved the bags into their bedroom. Then they returned back out to the front room and sat down in a couple of chairs.

"Now this is something I didn't think I'd ever see," Greg commented. "I left you two alone expecting to come home to a demilitarized zone, but instead it looks like you two are getting along just fine."

"I guess Brit's not so bad after all," Jeff said.

"I've been waiting to hear you say that for thirteen years," Greg chuckled. "So were there any problems while we were gone?"

"None. The storm knocked the power out Friday night, but it was back on by the time we woke up on Saturday. Brit behaved herself surprisingly well. I think she's starting to grow up." That was an understatement. After what happened yesterday, he was very well aware of just *how* grown up she was.

"All right, Jeff, you've proven you don't need a babysitter any more. If you don't mind watching your little sister, from now on when Allison and I go out, you two can stay by yourselves."

Rachael actually looked a little disappointed by those words, but Jeff was happy.

"Thanks, Dad," he smiled.

"Good. I hate to wake her, but it's time you two went to bed. You've got school in the morning after all." He knelt down beside Brit and put a hand on her shoulder to gently shake her. "Angel, it's time for bed," he said.

Brit, still mostly asleep, made a sound of displeasure and pulled away from his touch, possessively clutching Jeff's shirt in her hand. Greg, Allison, Rachael, and Jeff all laughed, though quietly.

"I'll take her upstairs," Jeff offered.

"Thanks, son."

Jeff slipped one hand under her knees and placed the other one behind her back, then scooted forward until

he could stand up with her in his arms. She opened her eyes for a second and glanced around, then seeing where she was, she closed them again and let her head fall back against his chest.

"Good night," he told the others, then made his way upstairs with her.

He considered going straight to his room, but decided against it. With their dad and stepmom in the house, it was better that she sleep in her own bed. He somehow managed to open the door to her room, though he couldn't quite reach the light switch with both of his arms tied up. So he ignored the darkness and simply carried her over and laid her down gently on her bed.

"Not here," she whispered before he had a chance to withdraw his arms.

"What?" he asked.

"Don't leave me here. I want to sleep in your bed again tonight."

Actually, he had felt so relaxed with her on his lap a few minutes ago, he wanted to continue that feeling. Despite his reservations, he realized that he wanted her to sleep with him just as much as she wanted it.

"All right," he said. "Come on."

"Carry me?" she requested.

"What?"

"I'm so sleepy, Jeff. I want you to carry me."

"Brit, I almost broke my back carrying you up the stairs. This might just finish the job." It was an exaggeration, of course; a tiny bit of teasing left over from the old days.

"Please?"

She asked it so sweetly, he found it impossible to refuse her. He lifted her once again into his arms, causing her to giggle slightly. She put her arms around his neck to help steady herself. Then he made his way through the bathroom to his own room, where he laid her again on his bed. He was about to pull away, but before she removed her arms from around his neck, she pulled him down to her. She kissed him quickly on the lips, then let him go.

A little confused, he made his way back through the bathroom so that he could close and lock her door. It wouldn't do to have Greg or Allison walk by and wonder where she was.

His mind, though, was on that kiss. It could have been completely innocent. It was just a kiss between a brother and a sister, after all. Nothing wrong with that. But the way she had done it was a different thing altogether. She had deliberately maneuvered him to kiss him on the lips. Maybe that gesture was innocent as well, but it seemed only a tiny difference between that and a full, passionate kiss like between a boyfriend

and girlfriend. Kari had done the same thing to him several times, but of course she hadn't been content with a quick peck.

Well, maybe he was making something out of nothing. Maybe it was because it reminded him of Kari that he was thinking things he shouldn't. And maybe it was because, admittedly, he liked it a little too much, and he was projecting his own emotions onto Brit. It didn't matter that Brit kissed him on the lips, as long as it was quick like that.

When he returned to his room, he noticed that Brit had unbuttoned her shirt and was pulling it off, leaving only a bra. She then unzipped her pants and pulled them off as well. He couldn't help but feel a little thrill at the sight of her, and knowing that he was going to be in the bed with her in just a few minutes.

He took his own shirt and pants off, leaving only his boxer shorts. Then he slipped under the covers, and Brit snuggled up next to him, laying her head on his chest as she had done earlier in the evening. While that had felt nice, this was a different sensation entirely, feeling her mostly bare chest against his own.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" she whispered.

"What?" he asked.

"Aren't you forgetting to say something?"

"Oh yeah. Brit, I love you. And I'm not just saying that automatically this time. Good night."

"I love you too," she replied. "And I'm not saying it automatically either. Good night."

They both laughed, and then allowed themselves to drift off to sleep.

Chapter 38

It's Perfectly Natural

Jeff woke in the morning to see Brit's face smiling down at him. She was lying on top of him again, her chin resting in her hands and her elbows on the bed beside him, her face just staring at him. He grabbed her and hugged her, then gently pushed her off of him. As before, she kissed him lightly on the lips, and he made his way to the bathroom. He was beginning to wonder about those kisses. Were they innocent, or was there something more to them?

After showering, he entered his room again, where Brit was still lying on the bed. She hopped up and slipped past him into the bathroom.

A few minutes later, they made their way down to breakfast, where Allison and Greg both sat at the dining room table. Apparently Rachael wasn't up yet. Jeff took a seat, and Brit plopped down on his lap. Greg and Allison chuckled.

"Okay, what's up with you two?" asked Greg, but he kept the smile on his face.

"What do you mean?" Brit asked him.

"Before we left to take Lissa to school, you two were at each other's throats. Now we come back, and you're sitting on his lap every chance you get. What happened?"

"Why, can't a little sister sit on her big brother's lap if she wants?"

"Sure you can. I'm just curious."

Brit and Jeff glanced at each other. In truth, there wasn't just one reason for it. The incident with the photos, the storm, sleeping together, that shower... no, Jeff decided, that had nothing to do with it. But that was more self-delusion than anything.

"Oh, we might as well tell them," said Brit. Jeff had a sudden moment of panic. Just how much was she willing to reveal?

"It happened Saturday when Crystal came over," she continued, and Jeff's panic spiked. She wouldn't dare!

"Maybe we shouldn't be telling them about this," he said.

"Oh, Jeff, don't be embarrassed. You acted heroically."

Heroically? That was probably the last word he would use to describe his actions.

"Saturday afternoon we decided to go down to the park," said Brit, and relief filled Jeff. Whatever she was about to say was a lie. He didn't exactly like the idea of lying to Allison and his dad, but in this case, it was much better than the truth.

"Since we weren't allowed to drive, we had to walk. On the way back, we were almost hit by a car," Brit continued.

"You what?" Greg exclaimed, shocked.

"Yeah. It was some drunk guy swerving all over the road. He almost hit me, but Jeff pushed me out of the way, and he got hit instead."

Suddenly Jeff realized she had gone too far. Her little fantasy was harmless; maybe she had dreamt up this idea last night when they were sitting together on the couch. Her questions certainly suggested she looked up to him with perhaps a kind of hero worship. But how could he be just sitting here calmly if he had just gotten hit by a car a couple of days before? He decided he had better play along so he could cover it.

"I wouldn't exactly say he hit me," he explained, trying to sound casual. "I fell over, but that was just from the draft and being off-balance from pushing Brit out of the way."

"Well did you get the license number?" asked Allison. "That's still a hit and run."

"No, unfortunately," Jeff said before Brit could add anything to the fantasy. "I was more worried about seeing that the girls were okay. Especially with Brit crying the way she was."

"I was not crying!" she insisted.

"Well, you were about to. I think she was scared half to death."

"I wasn't either scared. I just... I just thought you had been hit, that's all."

"Well anyway," Jeff continued, "I didn't want you guys to worry, so I told Brit and Crystal we shouldn't mention it, not that I really expected Brit to be able to keep a secret," he added, flashing her an accusing yet playful look. "And in case you're wondering, I already decided that we're not going to walk to the park any more."

"Absolutely right," said Greg. "I'm glad you were both okay. I don't know what I would have done if I had lost either of you two."

"So I realized that despite all the teasing," said Brit, "Jeff really does love me after all. He's the best brother a girl could ever have." She threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly.

"And I had been missing Lissa all day," Jeff added. "So when I realized that I might have lost my other sister, and how much it would hurt me if she had been... well... I don't think I could bear to lose Brit like that."

Brit beamed as he said that, enjoying the flattery.

This was actually a perfect opportunity to preemptively defuse certain situations that might arise in the future. "Brit was so shaken up over the incident for the rest of the day that I let her sleep in my bed Saturday night. You know, like we used to do sometimes when we were kids." That would help later if Allison or their father ever caught them sleeping together. "So after that, I think she finally got it through her head that I'm not going to give her some fatal disease if she touches me," he joked.

"No, actually I just realized that after sleeping with him, I had probably already caught it, so there's no point in avoiding him any more, is there?" she shot back.

Jeff laughed. "Okay, you win that round," he said, "but you forgot about my secret weapon." He then tickled her sides. She squealed and hopped up off his lap.

The others joined in the laughter then.

"Well, you don't know how good it feels to see you two getting along finally," Greg smiled. "And Jeff, I'm proud of you for protecting my little angel."

"Oh, Daddy," she grinned, grabbing him around the neck and kissing his cheek. Then she sat down in a chair across from Jeff where he couldn't reach her to tickle her.

"So Jeff, Allison and I were talking," said Greg. "Since you're suddenly so mature and looking after your sister so well, we both agree that next time Allison and I go out, and if Kari's father agrees, you're allowed to invite her over. But only if Crystal comes over too. I'm still not sure I like the thought of you and Kari alone in the house together, but as long as there are four of you, it should be okay."

Jeff was *very* pleased with that idea. He wondered if Brit would be open to the idea of watching again, this time with both the Williams girls and him.

"But this privilege comes with a condition," Greg added. "It's because I like to see you and Brit getting along. So the privilege will be revoked the next time you make her cry."

"Excellent!" said Brit. "Now I can get him to do everything I want just by threatening to cry."

"And you are not to take advantage of this, young lady," Allison told her. "Trust me. I can tell when a girl's tears are real."

"But can't I make him be my slave just a little bit?" she teased.

"Sure you can," said Allison with a wink. "You just have to find another way, that's all."

"And I guess that ends my days of torturing her," Jeff shrugged. "Do you know anyone who wants to buy a set of hot iron pokers? Looks like I won't have much use for mine any more."

"I'll buy them," said Brit with a mischievous grin.

"I'd melt them down for scrap metal before I'd sell them to *you*!" he said.

"Daddy!" she whined. "Jeff won't sell me his torture devices! I think I'm going to cry."

A week ago, Jeff would have gotten mad over that kind of teasing from her, but now he just laughed with the others. Maybe his dad was right. Maybe this was what it meant to be mature. And he suddenly realized, maturity didn't have to mean getting all boring after all. In fact, it could actually be pretty fun. He was certainly enjoying Brit a lot more since he had adopted this attitude. She was still a little brat, but she was a cute little brat, and it really didn't bother him any more.

For the rest of the meal the conversation centered on the latest gossip from school. Kayla Fallon's sister was the new student body president at the high school. Mr. Nelson, Brit's homeroom teacher, had just gotten custody of his daughter Kimmy, so she was now attending the junior high, and in fact sat next to Brit in class. Steve Ross was taking Physics even though he hated science, and rumor had it that it was because he had a crush on Miss Walker, the science teacher. Not that he could be blamed; the same could be said about most of the boys at the high school. Jeff would have fallen into that category except that his fantasies had always been taken up by Kari and Allison, so there wasn't room for one more.

After breakfast they finished getting ready, and Allison drove them to school. Jeff entered the building and headed for his locker to retrieve his books for his first class. He spotted Kari down the hall standing and talking with a group of her friends from the volleyball team.

"Hi Kari," said Jeff, walking up to her.

"Oh, hi, Jeff!" she beamed. "How was your weekend? I suppose it was a pain babysitting my bratty little sister." She said the last with a knowing look in her eye.

"Oh, she wasn't too bad." That was more than a slight understatement.

"I don't know how you survived with two of them to gang up on you."

Jeff couldn't suppress a laugh. Her description was more accurate than she realized.

"Actually, Brit's starting to grow up. She's not nearly as bad as she used to be. I think Crystal is too."

"Well, Crystal told me all about it," said Kari with a grin. That wasn't surprising, and at least he knew now where things stood with Kari. Apparently she didn't mind.

"I deny everything," he said facetiously.

"So can I come over this Saturday?"

"I wish you could," he replied, "but my family's going camping. But next Saturday's free."

"Oh, that's too bad, because next Saturday the team was going to get together and do some extra practicing."

"Well, we may have to call the whole thing off," said Tracy, the captain of the volleyball team. "We can't find a court for that day. The basketball team is going to be using the gym, and we can't use the outdoor courts because they're re-seeding the grass, so the whole thing will be closed for at least two weeks."

"Doesn't Jeff's house have a volleyball court?" asked Jenny.

"That's right," said Jeff. "It's just sand, but it's perfectly usable." Actually, he was more than happy to have them come over. While it probably meant he wouldn't have any time alone with Kari, it did mean that he'd be surrounded by a bunch of girls, all of which were quite good-looking.

"Really?" asked Tracy. "Would you mind if we came over and used it?"

"I wouldn't mind, but I'll have to ask my Dad. He and my stepmom are going to be out of town. My aunt's visiting right now, and they'll be driving her back home. They'll be gone all Saturday and Sunday."

"Oh, well so much for that idea," said Kari.

"What's wrong?" asked Tracy.

"His dad's really prudish. I'm surprised he'd even let me go over when he's not there, much less a bunch of teenage girls. He'd probably worry about us all getting into some kind of wild orgy with Jeff."

The girls laughed.

"Well let's not count it out just yet," said Jenny. "Jeff, could you at least ask your Dad?"

"Sure," he shrugged. "But I'll doubt he'll give us permission to have a wild orgy."

"No, I meant letting us come over to your house to practice volleyball," she laughed.

"Dang!" he said in mock disappointment.

"But I like what you were thinking," she said with a grin and a wink.

"Okay, Jenny, stop flirting with my boyfriend," Kari said, but with a smile on her face.

"I flirt with everyone else's boyfriend, so why not yours?"

Kari rolled her eyes, then turned back to address Jeff.

"And don't forget the study group tomorrow," she said. Jeff nodded. They had started up this study group at the beginning of the school year with Kari, Jeff, Kari's friends Kayla and Vanessa, and Jeff's friend Rick. Kari had been inspired by Allison's private tutoring a couple of years ago, and so they had all agreed to help

each other out with anything they had difficulty with, so that they wouldn't have to suffer through the whole school year like Kari had done with math. They had gotten permission to use one of the classrooms after school every Tuesday. Allison agreed to let Jeff borrow her car so that he had a way to get home after studying.

He spent the rest of the day mostly daydreaming through his classes. He hadn't had much time to see Rachael last night, so he was eager to spend a little more time with her. Not that he would ever take things to the same level that he did that first time she had come over to babysit him; even if he had a chance to get her alone, he would never go behind Kari's back.

Surprisingly, he found himself wanting to spend time with Brit as well. That was something he had never expected, but he realized that he had really enjoyed his time with her all weekend. A change had come over both of them, but so far it seemed for the better.

After school he boarded the bus and sat down next to Brit. They talked and joked and teased on the way home, but somehow they managed to keep from slipping into an argument. Not once did they even hint at fighting, and by the time they walked in the front door, they were smiling and laughing like the best of friends.

Jeff was immediately hit by Rachael, who basically threw herself at him as soon as she saw him, wrapping her arms around him in a bear hug and almost knocking him over. Then she hugged Brit as well.

"Hey, stop attacking my kids!" Allison grinned from her position on the couch in the front room.

"Auntie Rachael is just happy to see them," Rachael replied. "I didn't get much chance to talk to you last night," she told them. "And you were asleep the whole time, Brit. I doubt you even knew I was there."

"I remember waking up for just a second and seeing you," she replied. "I'm sorry I wasn't more sociable."

"That's okay," Rachael laughed. "I'm usually that way that time of night too."

That's not exactly true, Jeff thought with a grin.

"You know, I was right about you," Rachael told Brit.

"What?"

"When I babysat you a couple of years ago, I just knew you were going to turn into a hottie."

Brit blushed at the words, but Rachael just giggled. "Oh, no need to be embarrassed," she said. "It's true, isn't it, Jeff?"

"What?" he asked. "Oh, I suppose so."

"See?" Rachael grinned. "Even Jeff thinks you're hot."

"I didn't mean it like that!" he exclaimed, and suddenly both Primdale children were bright red.

Rachael laughed and hugged them both. "Mission accomplished. I've managed to embarrass you both thirty seconds after seeing you."

The three of them headed into the living room to sit down and catch up on old times. They talked and laughed and, at least in Rachael's case, flirted. Jeff was determined not to let it bother him, and managed to laugh off all of her comments. She really hadn't changed much since he had last seen her. She looked a little older, but not by much, and her mannerisms were exactly the same as before. He found himself remembering that babysitting episode with fondness, especially the first night. Maybe he could find some way to get her alone some time while she was there. But no, he couldn't do that to Kari. Unless of course, he asked Kari for permission first. She had let him sleep with Crystal after all... Unfortunately, he couldn't think of any obvious opportunity coming up, so he had to abandon his fantasy.

About an hour later, Allison headed into the kitchen to prepare dinner. With their chaperone gone, Rachael became a little more physical, and pretty soon Jeff found himself wrestling on the floor with the girls and laughing as they tried to pin him. When Allison appeared again in the room, Rachael immediately sat up and wore a guilty look on her face.

"I wasn't trying to fool around with Jeff," she said with a grin. "And I certainly wasn't trying to seduce him. No sir."

Allison just rolled her eyes and walked back to the kitchen.

Greg arrived home a little later, and his seriousness toned down their friskiness quite a bit. When Allison announced that supper was ready, they all retired to the dining room.

When they sat down to dinner, Jeff decided to bring up the subject of the volleyball team.

"So Dad," he said. "I asked Kari if she wanted to come over next weekend, and she was wondering if she could bring the rest of the volleyball team over to practice."

Greg put down his fork and looked at him. He sat there for almost thirty seconds, as if considering. Jeff felt a little uncomfortable under his gaze.

"I promise I won't let them break anything," Jeff finally said.

"Oh, I'm not concerned with that," his father replied.

"Then I can do it?" asked Jeff.

"I don't know. I'm not exactly happy about the idea of a bunch of teenage girls alone in the house with you."

"Is that what you're worried about?" asked Allison. "I suppose it does seem a little inappropriate."

This didn't sound good. He had known that his dad would have some hesitation, but he figured Allison would probably be on his side, and might help to convince Dad. Unfortunately, it sounded like it wasn't going to happen after all.

"On the other hand," Allison added, putting an arm on Greg's shoulder, "you did tell him that he was allowed to invite Kari over."

"But not with a dozen of her friends."

"Well none of us seems to want to come right out and say it," said Allison, "so I might as well be the one. Greg dear, you're worried about Jeff taking advantage of some of the girls, right?"

"What? Oh, maybe just a little."

"Well, Jeff's already got a girlfriend, and she's going to be there. I doubt he's going to do anything with any of the others with her watching."

Jeff smiled inwardly. Actually, Kari would probably not be opposed to the idea at all, considering how much she liked to watch.

"Which leaves only Kari herself," Allison continued. "And I think it's more likely for him to find some time alone with her if there are only Brit and Crystal there. Since you're not opposed to that, I would think you wouldn't be opposed to having the whole volleyball team over."

"I suppose you're right," Greg said. "All right Jeff. I'm going to trust you this time, and I expect you to earn it."

"Thanks Dad," he said.

"And while I think of it, they're not to use the pool. Both because I don't want you alone with a bunch of girls with swimsuits unless there's an adult to chaperone, and because I don't want to take the chance of an accident happening."

Jeff could have brought up the fact that one of the girls, Shelly, had worked as a lifeguard during the summer, but he figured he was already lucky that his dad was letting them come over, and didn't want to push it.

"That's fine," he said instead.

After dinner Rachael fished a deck of cards out of her purse and the whole family played games all evening. Some of the games could be played by any number of players, but there was one that required exactly four. Brit offered to be on Jeff's team, and surprisingly, they didn't fight once.

Eventually, Greg announced that it was time for bed. Grumbling and whining, the children made their way upstairs. Greg headed to his room while the two sisters retired to Rachael's room to talk for a while.

He sat in bed reading until Allison came in and began to undress. He watched her with surprisingly little interest; his mind was elsewhere at the moment.

"I wonder what's gotten into the kids lately," he said.

"Isn't it obvious?" asked Allison. "Brit's got a crush on Jeff."

"What? But that's--"

"Perfectly natural for a girl her age," Allison interrupted. "You know me. I've spent more time around teenagers than anyone in this family. And I took some teenage psychology classes back in college, so I know the types of things that go on in their minds. The truth is that a lot of girls fall in love with their brothers at that age."

"Well, we have to put a stop to it."

"Why?"

"Because that's... well, that's incest."

"It would be if anything came of it. But you know Jeff would never hurt her. So what's going to happen? She's going to be a little extra affectionate with him for a while. Maybe a few weeks, maybe a few months, maybe even a year. Just keep your jealousy under control and things will be fine."

"Jealousy?"

"Yes, jealousy. I'm not talking about the kind of jealousy you would have if you caught me with another man. I just mean that for a while, Jeff's going to be her favorite guy in this house, not you. And you're going to notice the difference. You're going to want things back the way they were. That's what I mean by jealousy. But this is just a stage, and it will pass. Let her explore it naturally. A little flirting on her part won't hurt anything, and we can always jump in if things get out of hand, but don't worry about it in the mean time."

"But shouldn't we at least talk to them about it?"

"No, we shouldn't. If this is Britney's first love, then embarrassing her like that could be emotionally damaging to her. They'll be fine, I promise."

"All right. But I'm going to keep an eye on them."

"Good. I think it's wonderful that they have a father like you to look after them."

The next day as Allison and Rachael relaxed in the hot tub (naked of course) while the kids were at school and Greg was at work, Allison decided to bring up the subject.

"Rachael, I think I need your help," she said.

"*You* need *my* help?" Rachael teased. "What would you need my help for? You're the one living on easy street. Did I ever mention I'm jealous?"

"Just because I thought of it first," Allison laughed.

"Just give it a few more years and I might find a millionaire of my own. Let's see... Jeff should be old enough by then..."

"How awkward would that be, to have my sister as a daughter-in-law," grinned Allison. "But it wouldn't work anyway. I'd still get the family fortune."

"Yes, but then I'd just have to find a way to bump off you and dear old Dad, then it would all be mine." At this, Rachael gave a maniacal laugh.

"Well, I know I'm just signing my death warrant here, but the help I need just happens to coincide with your fiendish plan."

"Does Jeff need another babysitter?" she asked eagerly.

"Actually, this has to do with Brit."

"Really? I remember she was adorable at eleven, but now she's turned into a sexy little vixen. Of course, I don't think I've ever been with a thirteen-year-old girl before. At least, not since I was thirteen myself."

"You're such a slut, Rachael."

"Hey, you're the one who brought her up. If you don't want me to fuck her, what do you want me to do?"

"Calm your hormones. Your job is just to create the right atmosphere."

"Atmosphere for what?"

"I think you've seen the way Brit and Jeff have been acting toward each other."

"Yeah, they act like brother and sister."

"Actually, I was thinking they act more like boyfriend and girlfriend."

"Wait. What are you saying? You think they're fooling around behind your back?"

"No, and that's the problem. Jeff still thinks of her as his sister, but I think our little Britney is in love with her brother."

Rachael was silent for a minute, but Allison could almost sense her excitement. Rachael had always enjoyed trying new experiences. And this was one she had never experienced first hand. No doubt she would jump at the chance to live it vicariously through the children.

"Remember how we used to have fun like that?" asked Rachael.

"We still do," Allison grinned.

"We should get together again some time. But in the mean time, I take it you want me to play matchmaker with Brit and Jeff, like you did with Greg and Lissa?"

"That's not the same thing. With Greg and Lissa, we were just having fun. But, basically, yes. Just don't let on that you suspect anything, and *definitely* don't mention this conversation."

"All right. Leave it to me. You know, Allison, sometimes I don't understand you. You call me a slut, and yet you're the one living out your perverted fantasies with your new family. You're really going to fuck them up."

"I don't think so. They're just a little repressed. A little forbidden sex may be just what they need to loosen up. You would be amazed at the change that's come over Jeff since you helped him out a couple of years ago. Brit just needs a little of the same thing. I think the best thing for her is to lose her virginity to someone who loves her deeply, and it sounds like she's already made her choice."

"All right, since it's for a good cause, I guess I can help you out."

Allison laughed. "I've never known you to do something for a good cause. You're just agreeing to do this because you want another shot with Jeff."

"All part of my evil plan. Call it my payment if you want."

"Well, I don't know how eager Jeff will be. He's got himself a real girlfriend now. All I can promise is that if he's willing, I won't discourage him."

"And Britney too."

"What?"

"I just want the same promise, that's all. If she's willing, you won't discourage her."

Allison thought about it for a moment. She really had nothing against the idea of women making love to one another. She had done so herself several times. But Britney might not be so open to such a thing. Still, that was for Brit to decide herself.

"Okay, fine," she conceded. "But I'm not going to encourage her, either."

"Fair enough. So you just need to invent some excuse for leaving me alone with them, and I'll work my magic."

"I was thinking this weekend would be a good time."

"When we're camping? Not much privacy."

"You don't like camping anyway, so you won't mind if I figure out some way to leave the kids home and just have Greg and me go."

"Sounds like a plan," Rachael smiled.

Tuesday was much the same as Monday for Jeff. He continued to harbor fantasies of Rachael, especially now that he had visited with her and found her every bit as flirtatious as she had been previously. And of course, he savored his newfound friendship with his sister, and wanted to spend as much time with her as possible.

They ended up having to cancel the study group, because Rick, Vanessa, and Kayla all had other plans. That left only Jeff and Kari. Since the two of them often studied together anyway, it seemed kind of pointless to stay after school, so they agreed to just cancel it for the day. Kari did mention that she had a couple of questions in her Economics class that she wanted to go over with him, but since it would only take a few minutes, they decided to do it over at her house. As soon as the last bell rang, they walked out to his car. They climbed in, and Jeff pulled out of the parking lot to head for her home.

Mr. Williams was watching television when they arrived. He greeted Jeff with a warm smile and a firm handshake, and Kari explained that they were going to do a little studying. They headed into the kitchen and opened their books.

Kari was a little confused with the whole concept of supply and demand, so Jeff had to explain it to her. He couldn't claim to be an expert, but between the two of them, fifteen minutes later they both seemed to have a reasonable grasp of it. Kari asked him if he wanted to stay a little longer, but he said that since his aunt was visiting, he wanted to spend time visiting with her. So Kari walked him out to his car, where he gave her a kiss and then climbed in to drive back home.

When he opened the front door of his house, he suddenly froze. Allison and Brit sat on the couch, but as soon as the door opened they quickly pulled apart, both growing red with embarrassment. Jeff simply stood there in shock. For only an instant, he had seen what they were doing. They had been kissing!

"I thought you weren't supposed to be back until later," said Allison. Jeff just continued to stare.

Allison sighed. "Okay, I guess you caught us. Close the door and I'll explain everything."

Jeff nodded dumbly, then closed the front door and walked over to them.

"Have a seat," Allison said, motioning toward the easy chair across from the couch. Jeff plopped down, still in shock from what he had seen.

"It's really very simple," Allison said. "Brit, as you're no doubt aware, is starting to get interested in boys. She came to me with a simple question."

"About kissing?" asked Jeff.

"Exactly," Allison replied.

"I wanted to know..." Brit interrupted. "I wanted to know if it's okay for girls to practice kissing with each other."

"What?" asked Jeff, startled.

"Crystal and I did it once this summer," she explained.

"You did?" he asked, even more startled than he was before.

"It's okay, Jeff," said Allison. "I'll tell you what I told her. Girls practice kissing with their girlfriends all the time. Really, there's nothing unusual about it at all. It's just about learning something intimate with someone you trust."

Jeff relaxed a little. He had heard that somewhere, but he wasn't really sure whether he believed it. Maybe it was true after all.

Allison laughed. "Okay, I can imagine how this looked. But Brit was curious. She wanted to try it with someone else to see if there was a difference, so I offered to let her practice with me."

Jeff nodded. Probably what they had been doing was perfectly harmless, if what Allison had said was true. And he had no reason to believe otherwise.

"So where's Rachael?" he asked, deciding to change the subject.

"Out back, swimming," Allison replied. "I'd suggest we all go join her, but I just had a great idea."

"What?"

"It's a little different when two girls kiss as opposed to when a girl kisses a boy. I was showing Brit the basics, but for her to really learn, she needs someone of the male persuasion. We just didn't happen to have one present. Now that you've come home, though, that works out nicely."

"You want me to... to kiss my own sister?" he asked, stunned.

"Just for practice. Come on. Brit needs to know what it feels like to kiss a boy. I'm afraid I'm not much help

there. I've got lips at least, but I'm missing some of the other equipment," she grinned.

"No," he stated. "That's just... wrong."

Allison just looked at him for a minute, not saying anything. He felt uncomfortable in her gaze, as if she could read all his thoughts. Brit was too young, and besides, she was his sister! He couldn't just kiss her like that. There was something else, as well. Seeing the two of them together brought back memories of those pictures of Allison and Lissa. Was it really just as innocent as practicing, or did Allison have other things in mind? Brit had seen those pictures too; in fact she had been repulsed by them. She would certainly not let herself be seduced by Allison, would she? Suddenly Jeff felt something toward Allison he had never felt before: anger. It was different with Lissa. Lissa was older than him, and could take care of herself. But this was his little sister!

"Actually, there's probably a better way to do this," said Allison, but Jeff didn't want to hear it.

"Never mind," he growled.

Allison was taken aback. It was the first time she had ever been less than in complete control around him. Now her eyes opened in shock. There was something else there. Doubt? Worry? Maybe his anger had given rise to a suspicion in her. Maybe she was beginning to wonder whether he had seen those pictures. And just maybe she had a guilty conscience.

"I was thinking..." she stammered. "I was thinking it might be more appropriate to *show* Brit first."

Instantly the anger swept away as the implications of what she said hit him. He couldn't believe... Did she really mean...? His heart pounded in his chest; the mere possibility was overwhelming.

"I think you should kiss me first," Allison clarified, and Jeff nearly passed out. It was true! Allison, the most beautiful woman in the world, was asking him to kiss her!

"And then once Brit sees how it's done, you let her practice."

Immediately, his libido came to a screeching halt. So that was the catch. He could kiss Allison, but only if he kissed Brit afterward. Never had he had a more difficult choice to make. The temptation was there, very clear, beckoning to him. But the consequences!

It wasn't that he didn't find Brit attractive. The truth was that she was downright sexy. And he had even seen her naked, even touched her, although that had been a mistake. He couldn't deny that he had had some inappropriate thoughts about her, but there was still that stigma of incest. He didn't know if he could bring himself to kiss her like he kissed his girlfriend.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe just having her see how it's done will be enough."

"Nonsense. You only learn by doing. There's no point in having her watch if she's not going to practice

herself."

So there it was. Allison was giving him an ultimatum. Was it intentional? Did she really know how much he longed to kiss her?

Jeff turned to Brit. "You don't really want to practice... kissing... with your own brother, do you?"

"Why not?" she shrugged. "I need to learn with a boy, and I'd rather it be with someone I trust."

Jeff took a deep breath. So it came down to this. Well, it was just one time after all, and he had wanted to kiss Allison since he first laid eyes on her. For that opportunity, he was willing to make such a sacrifice.

"All right," he agreed.

"Good," smiled Allison. "Come here, Jeff, and sit down next to me."

Jeff did as he was told. Now that he had made his decision, he was eager to get on with it. Brit rose from the couch, then pulled a chair over so that she could watch them up close.

Allison turned to face him, and Jeff gazed into her beautiful face. He couldn't believe that this angel, this goddess, was actually going to kiss him! It was beyond belief.

"Now watch carefully, Brit," Allison said.

Time seemed to slow down for Jeff as she moved in, her hungry lips reaching for his own. One of her hands went to his head to draw him in to her. Their heads inclined slightly, then suddenly it happened. Their lips met and Jeff felt like he was dying. All the desires in his heart, all of his lust and passion came together in this one perfect moment. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her in to him, joining their bodies in a tight embrace. She reciprocated by putting her arms on his shoulders and drawing him, if it were possible, even closer. Her tongue explored his mouth and he eagerly toyed with it with his own. He could feel her heart beating against his chest, and he realized from her quickened pulse that she was just as excited as he was. That thought inflamed his desire even more. He didn't want to stop. He *couldn't* stop! He was lost in a world of passion and lust, unable to control himself, not that he even wanted to. He wanted to go on, to take the kiss to the next level, to see this to the end, to take her in his arms and make love to her for the rest of eternity.

"I think I get the idea," said a voice from somewhere far away, on another planet or maybe another galaxy. Then he felt a tapping on his shoulder. The passion began to subside as the universe once more aligned into reality. Suddenly, Jeff realized that he was lying on top of Allison on the couch, who had her legs wrapped tightly around his hips.

She seemed as dazed as he was as she blinked up at Brit, who knelt beside them with a grin.

Hurriedly, Jeff sat back up straight. Allison took a bit longer to regain her composure, straightening out her

clothes and hair, both of which had been mussed quite badly in the encounter.

"So," she said, trying unsuccessfully to sound nonchalant. "Now you see what a *real* kiss is like. Jeff, as it turns out, is quite the expert."

"Yes, I could see that," Brit commented, still grinning.

"Are there any questions?" Allison asked.

"Yeah, do you want me to leave you two alone for a while?" she teased.

"Don't be ridiculous. Anyway, now it's your turn." She stood up and let Brit take her place. Reluctantly, Jeff turned toward his sister. Well, he had agreed to this, and now he had to go through with it.

"Wait a minute," Allison interrupted. "Let's do this right. Jeff, put your arms around her waist."

Jeff nodded, and did as instructed.

"Britney, put your arms over his shoulders, and around his neck. This takes the kiss out of just the lips, and makes it a whole body thing. You don't get the full effect unless the entire body is involved."

Jeff nodded, then turned back to face his sister. She gazed up into his eyes with a childlike, innocent look. And yet there was something else in her big, deep blue eyes, a kind of longing, a kind of eagerness, a kind of love. He was suddenly stricken by how beautiful she was, in her own way. This delicate little girl was a sublime beauty. To be holding her like this actually felt surprisingly good. In that moment, he forgot all about his revulsion and discovered that he wanted to kiss her after all.

As their lips pressed together, he closed his eyes and let the feeling take him. This was quite a different experience from the kiss with Allison. With her it had been raw. It had been passionate. It had been lust-driven. But with Brit, it felt somehow more complete. Perhaps it was because he loved her so much, or perhaps because she was still innocent. But despite the forbidden nature of such an act, there was a surprising purity there, as if it had always been meant to be. He found himself floating in a sea of love for her, peaceful and serene, and for one moment, truly happy.

Then they drew apart, and Brit, her eyes still closed, sighed in pleasure. Slowly she opened them and gazed into his own with love and adoration. Jeff knew he must have the same look in his eyes, because he had exactly the same feelings.

"That was..." Allison breathed, awed by the sight. "That was... amazing. Brit, you're a natural, and Jeff, I know first hand that you're an expert, but together, you two... wow! I don't know when I've ever been so turned on by the sight of two people kissing before."

Brit giggled, breaking the mood. Reluctantly, Jeff let her go and sat back on the couch.

"It's too bad he's my brother," said Brit. "I could get used to this."

"Yeah, too bad," said Jeff. "I guess I'll just have to settle for tickling you." He reached in and dug his fingers into her side. Britney squealed with delight, laughing and trying to push him away. He continued tormenting her for about thirty seconds, then stopped and sat back again. Brit grabbed a pillow and swung it into his face. He pulled it out of her hands and sat on it.

"And that concludes our lesson on how to kiss a man," Allison said. "Your homework is to practice at least five times. And come prepared for tomorrow's lesson on how to undress a man."

Brit and Jeff both laughed.

Allison left the kids and headed into the kitchen to start getting dinner ready. Jeff and Brit continued to sit on the couch together. Brit scooted up next to him and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Thanks, Jeff," she said. "I know it must feel awkward to kiss your sister like that."

"Maybe just a little. I thought it would be gross at first, but actually it wasn't that bad."

"So did you like it?"

Jeff considered for a minute. That was a difficult question to answer. She was still his little sister, which meant that the forbidden nature of it was a little disturbing. On the other hand, he could no longer deny that he was attracted to her.

It's all right as long as I don't act on it, he thought, as he had several times before. But wasn't what he had just done to her, in a way, acting on it?

"I'm sorry if my question embarrassed you," Brit told him.

"Don't be. I'm not embarrassed. I just don't know how to answer it. Like I said, it felt a little awkward, but I think over all I liked it."

"Me too," she smiled. "Do you think... do you think maybe we can practice again some time?"

"I don't know, Brit. Maybe we shouldn't."

"You're afraid it might lead to something more?"

"Kind of."

"I trust you, Jeff."

"I know, and I appreciate it. I just wish I trusted myself as much as you trust me."

Just then, Rachael entered from the back door. As she stepped into the front room, she froze as she saw Jeff there.

She wore a bikini as small as the one he had seen her in a couple of years ago when they had fooled around in the hot tub. A towel covered her lower body, but he had a great view of the rest.

"I didn't expect you home so soon, Jeff," she grinned. "I'm not exactly dressed appropriately for your eyes."

"Yeah, if you had expected him, you would have gone topless," giggled Brit.

"Hey, you stole my best joke!" Rachael complained. "Just for that, I'm going to have to punish you."

"Oh yeah? How are you going to do that?" asked Brit.

"Maybe I'll take you up to your room and tie you to your bed," Jeff grinned. "Then Rachael and I can punish you together."

"No!" she laughed, jumping up off the couch and dashing out of the living room.

Jeff was about to pursue her when Rachael took advantage of her absence to grab him and kiss him deeply on the lips. She held it there for just a second, then pulled away.

"I've been waiting to do that again for years," she whispered. "Now let's go get your sister." She turned and headed for the hall, and Jeff followed.

Brit was already at the top of the stairs by the time he even left the room. He wasn't in any particular hurry; there was really no place for her to go, so he simply walked toward the stairs.

Glancing up, he noticed her leaning over the railing grinning down at him in a taunting manner. He had just about reached the stairs when he heard a loud crack above him, and then Brit screamed. He saw to his horror that the wooden railing had broken, and Brit was tumbling over the edge, flipping over so that she was bound to land on her head.

Jeff acted without thinking. He launched himself to the spot underneath her and opened his arms to catch her. He felt her body thudding into his chest, then the sensation of the world spinning around him for an instant, followed by a sharp pain in his head and then blackness.

Chapter 39

Brit's Hero

He drifted in and out of consciousness for what seemed like an eternity. His head throbbed in pain as images swam around him. He saw Brit's face, as white as a ghost, then Allison's and Rachael's, then a few faces he didn't recognize, and finally his father's.

When he awoke, he immediately recognized his surroundings as a hospital room. His family stood around his bed, staring at him with worry. Brit's eyes were swollen and red; obviously she had been crying. Allison held his hand in her own.

A man whom Jeff assumed was the doctor approached him.

"Hello, Jeff," he greeted. "How are you feeling?"

"Just fine," Jeff replied. "Although I'm a little concerned that I'm lying here in a hospital bed. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I think that means I'm not exactly in perfect health at the moment," he laughed.

His family noticeably relaxed, the worry in their faces turned to relief. Brit rubbed the tears from her eyes as the color returned to her face.

"And how much do you remember about what happened?" asked the doctor.

"I remember the railing breaking and Brit falling. I caught her, and then that's the last thing I remember."

"When you caught your sister, it knocked you over," his father explained. "You hit your head on the side of the stairs. You were out cold for a couple of hours. We were all worried about you. Britney was just about in hysterics for a while. I knew it was only a matter of time before that railing gave out. I should have fixed it a long time ago. I'm just glad you were there to catch your sister."

"So how long do I have to live, doc?" Jeff grinned.

"Oh, you're going to be just fine. You've suffered a rather severe concussion, that's all."

"Severe?" asked Allison.

"Yes. You were unconscious for an unusually long time, Jeff, but the fact that you're awake now and in good spirits is a very good sign. I don't think there's going to be any permanent harm, but just in case, I'd like to keep you here overnight for observations. Tomorrow morning we'll run a CT scan, and then if there are no indications that you're going to get worse, you can go home."

"Thank you so much," said Greg.

"Now, there are going to be some symptoms that may show themselves over the next few weeks. For the next day or so, you should stay in bed as much as possible. Also, because of the severity of this concussion and the length of time you were unconscious, there's a good chance that you'll experience what's called Postconcussion Syndrome. That's just a big, scary term that means headaches and/or dizziness after a head injury. They should go away on their own eventually, but in the mean time, you need to know what to expect. You may have episodes of fatigue or acute sensitivity to light or sound. If any of those happen, just lie down until they pass. It's all right to take acetaminophen or ibuprofen to take the edge off of the pain, but you'll just have to let the headaches pass on their own, say in about fifteen or twenty minutes."

He then turned his attention to Greg and Allison. "If he falls asleep during these episodes, he's liable to sleep very soundly. You'll find it a little difficult to wake him during these times, so I suggest not even trying. Just let him sleep; that's just his body going into an intensive repair mode. Give him about two hours, then if he doesn't wake on his own and you can't wake him yourself, call the hospital right away. Normally we suggest not leaving him alone for twenty-four hours, even when he sleeps, just in case there are any more severe symptoms. Because of the severity of this concussion and the high probability of headaches and dizziness, I'm going to suggest we extend that to a month." Then to Jeff, he added, "During that time, try to avoid any activities where you could suffer another head injury, such as contact sports. Back-to-back concussions like that have a high risk of developing long-term problems. And don't go swimming because of the chance you could faint and drown."

"You said a month?" asked Greg.

"Yes. I'd like to see him again in a month. By that time, he should be all better. If not, we'll have to make plans for some more extensive tests. So are there any questions?"

"Jeff?" asked Greg.

"What should I do at school if I start feeling dizzy?"

"I'll write you a note that explains everything," said the doctor. "You can give it to your teachers and the school nurse. If you start getting headaches or feeling dizzy, have someone take you to the nurse right away. Really all you need is a place to lie down for a while."

"I'll call Kari as soon as we get home," suggested Allison. "She can look after you while you're at school, and the rest of us can look after you when you're at home."

"All right," said the doctor. "If there are no more questions, I'll leave you with your family. I'll see you tomorrow morning, Jeff." He turned and left the room.

"Well, Jeff," said Greg. "I'm very proud of you. You've grown up so much in the last few days, it's amazing. A week ago you were still fighting with your sister, and now you've saved her life."

"To tell you the truth, I haven't really grown up all that much. If this had happened a week ago, I would have done exactly the same thing."

"Really?" asked Brit.

"I've always loved you, Brit. Just because I haven't shown it doesn't mean it's not true."

"I love you too Jeff," she said with a grin of delight.

"I think it's wonderful that you love each other so much," said Rachael. "I never had a brother, but if I did I would want him to be just like you, Jeff."

"If I had a brother I'd want him to be just like Jeff too," Brit giggled.

"Last I checked, he *is* your brother," Greg told her with an amused smile.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Then my wish came true!"

"Brit, did anyone ever tell you you're adorable?" Rachael asked her.

"Dang. I was going for 'horrifying.'"

"No, that was last week," Jeff said, and she stuck her tongue out at him. It was good to see her in better spirits. He hated to see her cry, and not just because that would end some of his privileges. Actually, now that he thought about it, this probably didn't count, because it wasn't because he was being mean to her.

"Jeff, if you don't mind, we didn't get to eat dinner yet," his dad said. "So we're going to run over and pick up some hamburgers or something. We'll get you one too. But we'll be right back."

"That's fine," he replied.

"Can I stay with Jeff?" asked Brit. "Just pick me up something and bring it back."

"I think that's all right," Greg told her. "As long as you two both promise not to fight."

"We promise," they both said together.

Allison released his hand, and Brit immediately snatched it up. As the adults left the room, Brit sat down in the chair that Allison had occupied.

Jeff lay back on the pillow and just stared at her for a few minutes. She stared back, a smile of adoration on her face. She was so lovely, and once again she reminded him of an angel, just like their dad called her. It made him feel good to know that she loved him.

It also felt nice to be holding her hand like that. It was just a simple gesture, but he enjoyed those little

affectionate things she did that told him how much she cared for him. He was glad she was his sister.

"Thank you, Jeff," she said after a few minutes.

"For what?"

"For saving my life, silly," she said. "I know a simple thank you can't possibly cover what you did for me--"

"No it doesn't," he replied. "But seeing that smile on your face does."

"You're so sweet, Jeff," she said, leaning in and hugging him. "I don't know what I'd ever do without a brother like you."

"I'm just trying to make up for all those times I made you mad."

"You've already made up for them."

"Don't say that, because then I don't have any reason to keep trying."

Brit giggled. "So now you can start working on getting ahead."

"That's a good idea, as long as you do the same for me."

"You saved my life. I owe you so much already that I'll never catch up."

"Well, let's not worry about who owes whom. Let's just agree to be nice to each other."

"Just be nice?"

"I don't mean just to not fight. I mean, be *really* nice to each other. You know, look for opportunities to make each other happy."

"I like that. You're already the best brother in the whole world, so I'll just have to try to be the best sister in the whole world."

"You already are," he told her.

"You're just saying that."

"No I'm not. These past few days have been absolutely wonderful, all because of you. I love having you as a sister."

"Thanks," she said, blushing.

Jeff began to feel a little dizzy, so he closed his eyes and lay his head back on the pillow.

"Are you all right, Jeff?" asked Brit with a tinge of worry in her voice.

"I'm fine. Just the first of my dizzy spells."

"Do you want me to call the nurse?"

"No. Stay here with me. Just keep holding my hand. It will pass in a minute."

As it turned out, it was about twenty minutes before he could open his eyes without the room spinning. Tears had returned to Brit's eyes as she watched him.

"It's all right," he told her. "You really don't have to worry about me."

"But I *do* worry."

"I know, and I appreciate it."

"I wish you didn't have to stay here all night."

"Me too. But I'll see you tomorrow."

"Not until after school. That's a long ways away."

"A week ago you would have said it was too short a time to be away from me."

"That was before you saved my life."

He smiled. It really did feel good to have this beautiful little girl looking up to him as her hero.

A few minutes later the rest of the family returned with dinner. It was just hamburgers and fries, but it really didn't matter; the company was the important thing. They all sat around eating and talking.

All too soon they had to leave. Brit didn't want to go, and protested strongly. However, visiting hours were over and they had to get home to bed. They said their goodbyes and left him there, Allison and Rachael promising they would come to get him the next day.

In the morning, the doctor came in to see him again. Jeff reported his dizzy spell the night before, but the doctor didn't think that was any reason to keep him another day. He checked his pulse and heart rate, shined a light in his eyes to check for pupil dilation, then ran half a dozen other tests on him. Then an orderly came in to take him to the radiology department for his CT scan.

The procedure was surprisingly painless. He just had to lie very still on a table with a glowing machine over his head for a couple of minutes, then it was all over. They brought him back to his room, where he found his

whole family waiting for him.

Greg explained that he had taken off half a day from work in case Jeff needed him, and Brit had stubbornly refused to go to school until Jeff came home. As a compromise, they had promised to pick her up at the junior high when they came to get him.

They made another appointment for the next month, then headed out of the hospital to the van. Jeff sat in the back between Brit and Rachael.

"So I was thinking," Greg commented as they drove home from the hospital. "The doctor said you shouldn't be left alone when you sleep, so maybe we should have you sleep on the couch. Allison and I could take turns sleeping in a chair."

"For a whole month?" asked Allison. "I don't mind doing it for Jeff's sake, but I would hate for him to have to sleep on the couch that whole time."

"Can you think of a better option?"

"I can," said Brit. "Why don't I sleep in Jeff's room?"

Greg glanced at Allison, then back at Brit. "No, dear," he said. "You're too young. He needs someone older to be with him."

"For what? It's just in case something bad happens, just like the doctor said. If it did, all I would have to do is come and get you."

"She has a point," Allison mentioned. "She really wouldn't have to do much at all."

"But Jeff's room is too messy to put a sleeping bag down."

"Oh, daddy," Brit laughed. "I could just sleep in his bed. I've done it before, remember."

Once more Greg glanced at Allison, as if seeking for some confirmation, but Allison merely shrugged.

"Jeff, you wouldn't mind?" asked Greg.

Jeff didn't want to sound too eager, though he was certainly pleased with the idea. "As long as she behaves herself," he said. "The last thing I need is to get into a fight with her."

"Brit, do you promise you'll be nice to your brother?" asked Allison.

"I promise," she smiled. "I'll be very very very nice to him."

"What about when he takes his shower in the morning?" asked Allison. "I know it's only ten minutes or so, but the doc said he's not supposed to be alone."

"I'll stay with him," Brit enthusiastically offered.

"Shut up!" Jeff exclaimed, hoping to sound disgusted. In fact, he felt just the opposite; if it weren't for the fact that his dad would never go for the idea, Jeff would love nothing more than to have Brit there with him. Especially if she were willing to get into the shower with him...

"That's something I hadn't thought of," Greg said. "I suppose I'm really the only appropriate person in this family to be with him."

That certainly didn't sound amusing. Jeff hoped another arrangement could be made.

Allison came to his rescue. "But you need to get ready to go to work in the mornings," she told Greg. "You don't have time to watch him."

"But it wouldn't be right for you or Brit to be with him."

"I don't think he has to have someone right in the room," said Allison. "I could wait in his bedroom, and as long as he keeps the door unlocked, he could give me a yell if he needs me. Besides, it's only for a few minutes a day. What are the chances of him having an episode during that time?"

"I suppose... I suppose that would be all right," Greg said. "What do you think, Jeff?"

"That's fine," he shrugged, trying not to show his enthusiasm for the idea and at the same time wondering if he could fake a headache one of these days and get Allison to come in and help him. But it was just a fantasy; he would never do something like that.

"All right," Greg agreed. "Now, there are a couple of other matters that need to be resolved. Obviously, I don't want you driving until you clear it with the doctor."

"That makes sense," Jeff replied.

"If you want, I'll drive you to school in the morning," Allison offered. "You too, Brit. That way you won't have to take the bus."

"Okay," both kids agreed enthusiastically.

"The other thing I was thinking," said Greg, "is that I'm not sure if we should be going camping with Jeff like he is."

"Don't you dare cancel the camping trip on my account," Jeff protested. "I'll be fine, I promise."

"But we'll be--"

"No more than half an hour from the nearest town," he interrupted. "I'll bet an ambulance could make it in twenty minutes if we need one, not that there's even a chance that we will."

"Oh, I'm not worried about that. I just don't think it's going to do you any good to be sleeping on the hard ground, even with a foam mattress under your sleeping bag."

"We're not going to be hiking in anywhere this time. We'll have the van right there. If it looks like it's going to be an issue, we can put the seat down in the back and I can sleep there. Remember that road trip we took a few years ago? That seat makes a really comfortable bed."

"I agree with Jeff," said Allison. "I'm really looking forward to this camping trip. I think he can survive two nights outdoors, even with his headache."

Greg nodded. "All right Jeff, if you think you're up for it, we'll stick to the plan. So that just leaves one more thing to discuss. Next weekend when we take Rachael back home, we need to make sure not to leave you alone."

"What did you have in mind, dear?" asked Allison.

"I was just wondering if we could take them over to Allen Williams' house while we're gone."

"But I already promised the volleyball team they could come over and practice," Jeff insisted. "They're counting on it."

"I know, but under the circumstances..."

"What circumstances? Almost all of them can drive, so they can take me to the hospital if they need to. And one of them, Shelly, worked as a lifeguard during the summer. She's taken about a dozen first aid classes. I really don't think there will be any problem."

"But maybe you should have an adult with you."

"Why? Shelly could do more than any adult could, even Allen Williams."

Greg considered. "That's a good point. But that's just Saturday. What about the rest of the time?"

"I'll take care of him," Brit offered.

"That's sweet of you, but I think we need someone older--"

"Everyone keeps saying I'm not old enough!" Brit exclaimed. "How can I prove myself if you won't give me a chance?"

"Do you know what to do if Jeff has a headache or a dizzy spell?"

"Sure. I help him lie down somewhere, get him some headache medicine, and wait it out. I heard what the doctor said, just like you."

"And what happens if he has worse symptoms? What if you need to drive him to the hospital?"

"You were planning to have us stay at Kari's and Crystal's house anyway, so I'll talk to Crystal today at school and have her ask her dad if he'll make himself available to call in case we need an adult. And if worse comes to worst, I can always call for an ambulance. I'll write down the phone numbers I need and stick them to the refrigerator."

Greg laughed. "You know, I think you're a lot smarter than I've been giving you credit for. All right, we'll stick to the original plan. As long as you both promise you won't leave the house."

"What about outside by the volleyball court?" asked Jeff.

"That's fine, as long as you're on the grounds."

"Okay then, I promise."

"Me too," said Brit.

He spent the rest of the morning lying on the couch as Allison and Rachael fawned over him. Greg dropped Brit off at school and returned to work, leaving him alone with his stepmother and aunt, which didn't bother him in the least. The concussion had sapped his energy, so he didn't have the strength to take advantage of Rachael's presence, not that he would have much opportunity to do anything with Allison there anyway.

At one point Rachael suggested that he turn over onto his stomach so she could rub his back, and he readily agreed. That was at least innocent enough that Allison wouldn't argue. He lay there for a long time as she ran her hands all over him. Even when his stepmother came into the room, she said nothing about it, so Rachael continued the massage. In fact, Allison even took over for a bit, to his delight. It was so relaxing that he fell asleep five minutes later.

When he awoke, he was lying on Greg's and Allison's bed, with Rachael there beside him, one of her arms flung over him. She flashed him a charming smile, and he smiled back weakly.

"We couldn't wake you," she explained. "We figured it would be better for you to be in bed, and we didn't dare try to take you upstairs. Allison's fixing lunch so she left me to watch you."

"While I appreciate the company, I fail to see how being in the bed with me offers any benefit over sitting in a chair or something," he said.

"Maybe it doesn't benefit *you,*" she grinned.

Allison then appeared in the doorway carrying a tray of food. "Okay Rachael, stop trying to seduce my stepson," she said, though in an amused rather than angry tone. "I'm sure he's not feeling good today." She set the tray down on the desk in the corner.

"That's the whole point of seducing him," Rachael replied. "To make him feel good."

Allison rolled her eyes. "Not today, Rachael," she said.

"Okay. Jeff, you don't mind if I seduce you tomorrow, do you?"

"Not a bit," he grinned.

"Don't encourage her," Allison laughed.

"It's not his fault," Rachael insisted. "His very presence encourages me."

"Rachael, I really don't think he's up for this."

"Let's find out if he's up," she said, sliding her hand down to his crotch.

Allison grabbed her hand and pulled it away. "That's not funny," she said.

"Come on, Allison. Don't be jealous. I'm willing to share."

"It's not about sharing," Allison said. "It's about not doing anything to exacerbate his condition."

"What do you have against exacerbation? I exacerbated last night. Several times, in fact."

"You really are too much, you know that, Rachael?" Allison laughed. "I think it's dangerous to leave you alone with Jeff."

"Then don't. You can join right in if you want."

Allison sighed. "You win," she said, then climbed up onto the bed and lay down on Jeff's other side.

"Allison, what are you doing?" Jeff asked, astonished.

"Not what you're thinking," she replied with a laugh. "I'm just staying with you to keep Rachael from getting too friendly."

"But... why are you getting in bed?"

"It's my bed."

"Good point."

"Actually, the truth is that I couldn't sleep at all last night."

"Why couldn't you sleep?"

"Because I was worried about you, of course."

"You were worried about me?" he asked.

"Of course, Jeff. You're my stepson, and I care about you." She reached up and began to stroke his cheek. "Every member of this family is dear to me, and I hate to see them hurt. Although admittedly, if it was a choice between you getting hurt like this or you not catching Brit..."

"Oh, so you like Brit more than me, do you?" he teased.

"No, of course not! It's just that that fall could have killed her."

"I know what you meant," he grinned.

"So my point is, after being up all night with worry, I think I deserve a nap. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course I don't mind," he smiled.

"What kind of a man would he be if he minded two gorgeous women lying next to him?" Rachael said.

"Pay no attention to her," Allison told him. "Just relax. If you want to go to sleep again, that's fine. That's what I plan to do."

"Stay awake, Jeff!" Rachael whispered, deliberately loud enough that her sister could hear. "When she falls asleep, we'll have our chance."

"Maybe I'm not so sleepy after all," Allison said, and Jeff laughed.

"Thanks, you two," he said.

"For what?" asked Allison.

"For making it fun."

"It's not really my definition of fun," Rachael said, "but I guess it will do." She leaned in and lay her head down on Jeff's chest. "That feels nice," she sighed. "No wonder Brit..."

"No wonder Brit what?" he asked.

"No wonder she wants to sleep in your bed this month. I'm jealous."

"Knock it off, Rachael," said Allison.

"Hey, you would be saying the same thing if you knew how good this feels. Come here, Allison." She reached out with her hand and grabbed her sister by the arm.

"I don't think that's such a good idea," Allison replied.

"Oh, don't be so shy."

"Shy? Now that's a first. I've never been called shy before."

"Compared to me?"

"Good point."

"Anyway, just try it. I'm sure you'll like it."

"I'm sure I will too. That's the problem."

"Come on. Just this once."

Allison glanced at Jeff, who gave her an encouraging smile. "Oh, all right," she said, then scooted in and lay her head on the opposite side of his chest. Allison and Rachael were almost nose-to-nose, and Jeff felt thrilled to have both of them lying there beside him. He slid his arms around them both. Surprisingly, Allison didn't try to stop him.

"See? Now isn't that nice?" asked Rachael.

"Very nice," her sister replied.

"What about you, Jeff?"

"Wonderful," he said.

"So now you can't say I've never done anything nice for you," Rachael grinned.

"I haven't been able to say that since that night you first babysat me," he replied, and the three of them broke out into laughs.

Allison closed her eyes. "You don't mind if I go to sleep like this, do you?"

"Not at all."

"Me too?" asked Rachael.

"Don't tell me you were up all night with worry for me too."

"No, I told you, I was exacerbating all night," she grinned.

Jeff laughed, then relaxed and closed his eyes. Unfortunately, he couldn't get back to sleep, but that didn't bother him a bit. With the two girls there in his arms, he was more than content just to lie there and bask in

the warmth and softness of their bodies. He especially enjoyed Allison lying there. In a way, by taking a physically inferior position she was symbolically elevating him to her level, or perhaps lowering herself to his. He had always worshipped her as someone far beyond his reach in beauty, intelligence, and charm. Yet here she was, lying here in his arms, treating him at the very least as an equal.

He lay there awake a full two hours, though it seemed like only a few minutes. Then Allison awoke, and upon seeing where she was and who she was with, kissed him on the cheek, causing him to blush. She didn't make a big deal out of his embarrassment, but simply thanked him. Then she gently nudged Rachael awake. Rachael yawned and stretched seductively (everything she did was seductive), then grudgingly climbed out of the bed.

"Oops," said Allison, spying the tray of food she had left on the desk. "I came in here to bring you lunch, but I guess I got a little sidetracked."

"I have the same problem whenever I'm around Jeff," said Rachael.

The three of them ate a late lunch, then they headed back out to the front room where Jeff could lie on the couch and watch television. He was still lying there in that position when Brit came home from school. The first thing she did was run over to him and hug him.

"How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Fine," he replied. "I took a long nap this morning, but so far I haven't had any headaches or dizziness."

"I hope it stays that way," she said.

"Me too."

The phone rang, and Allison answered it. It was Kari, wondering why Jeff hadn't been at school that day. Allison explained the situation to her, and asked if she wouldn't mind watching out for Jeff at school the next few weeks, to which she readily agreed.

Allison brought the phone over to Jeff so that he could talk to her for a minute, and he assured her that he was feeling fine. They talked for about twenty minutes, then Kari said she had to go. Jeff said he would probably be back at school tomorrow, so he would talk to her again then. He handed the phone back to Allison, who put it back.

For the rest of the afternoon, Brit refused to leave his side, but sat there on the floor next to him until their father came home from work and Allison called them all in to dinner. She asked if Jeff was up for eating at the dining room table, and he said that would be fine.

With Jeff mostly back to normal, the atmosphere in the house was much lighter than it had been in the hospital. The worry was gone from everyone's faces, and they laughed and joked like usual. The only difference was that Jeff didn't have much energy, so he simply smiled or chuckled weakly where before he

would have been laughing as loudly as everyone else.

He returned to the living room to continue to watch television for a couple of hours, lacking the strength to do anything else. At about eight, he said he was tired enough that he wanted to go to bed early.

"Come on, Greg," said Allison. "Let's escort him upstairs to make sure he makes it up there all right."

"Me too," said Brit, hopping up off of the floor.

"Just a minute," said Greg. He headed down the hall to his room for a second, then into the kitchen. When he returned, he carried a glass of water and a bottle of pills.

"Let's keep these in Jeff's room for the next month," he suggested.

The four of them made their way up the stairs. Jeff was able to climb them on his own, though in his weakened condition it was a little harder than usual. At the top of the stairs, Brit glanced over at the broken railing, then shuddered and took his hand.

Once they reached his room, she said she might as well change into her pajamas too so she wouldn't have to later, so she headed down the hall to her own room while Greg and Allison accompanied Jeff into his.

He changed into a tee-shirt and sweat pants in the bathroom, then headed back into his bedroom. He was just about to climb into bed when the worst headache he had ever felt pounded through his head. He sucked in his breath and closed his eyes tightly. He stumbled, but fortunately he was already at his destination so when he fell to his knees the upper half of his body ended up on the bed.

"Jeff!" Allison exclaimed in fright.

He kept his eyes closed tightly as he moaned in pain and writhed around. Allison hurried over and helped him the rest of the way onto his bed, while Greg opened the bottle of pills and poured four of them out into his hand. Allison helped Jeff into a sitting position as Greg brought the medicine and glass of water over to him. Jeff took them and swallowed all four of them with a single gulp from the glass.

"Are you going to be all right?" his dad asked, worried.

"It sure doesn't feel like it," he mumbled, although the pain was beginning to lessen. He lay back once again on the bed.

"The doctor said it should last only fifteen or twenty minutes," Greg told him.

"I know. I just hope I survive that long." He put his hands to his head and gritted his teeth.

As Jeff moaned in pain, Greg and Allison sat nearby, feeling helpless. Allison even had tears in her eyes. Neither of them liked to see Jeff in pain.

Brit entered the room, wearing a cute little set of light blue pajamas. As soon as she saw Jeff there moaning, her eyes filled with worry. "What's wrong with him?" she asked.

"He's just got a headache," Allison told her. "He'll be all right once it passes. I just wish there was something we could do."

"Do you mind if I try?" asked Brit.

"What could you do that we haven't already tried?" Greg asked her.

"I can't do anything about the pain, but I think I can at least get him in a better mood."

"All right, dear. Do what you can."

Brit moved over to the bed. "Jeff, I have a secret to tell you," she said. He opened his eyes and forced a weak smile. Brit leaned over and put her mouth up next to his ear, but instead of whispering anything, she suddenly nibbled on his earlobe.

Jeff burst out laughing. He grabbed her and pulled her over on top of him, and she gave a startled squeak. He hugged her tightly to him, grinning.

"I don't believe it," Greg breathed, astonished.

"But what about your headache?" asked Allison.

"It still hurts," he replied, "but Brit's made it feel a lot better. Brit, you should be a doctor when you grow up," he joked.

"Except that I wouldn't like to use my special treatment on too many people," she replied. "Only on ones who have earlobes that taste as good as yours."

They all laughed at that, and Greg's and Allison's expressions of worry turned to relief.

"I'll be all right now," said Jeff, "if Brit doesn't mind staying here with me for a while."

"I don't mind at all," said Brit. "I want to make you feel better."

Allison put a hand on Greg's arm. "I think he's going to be all right now," she said. "Since it's getting close to bedtime, we might as well leave them alone now and let them sleep."

"Are you sure?" Greg asked.

"Yes dear. Brit will come get us if he needs anything, won't you Brit?"

"Of course. But don't worry. I'll take care of my big brother."

With that, Greg and Allison left the room and headed downstairs.

"So Jeff," said Brit, "how bad does it hurt?"

"Nowhere near as bad as it did before you came in," he replied, and she beamed at the compliment.

"Thank you, Jeff," she grinned, hugging him.

"For what?" he asked.

"For letting me know that you like me to take care of you when you're in pain."

"I like you to take care of me any time."

"Really?"

"Really. Maybe I didn't before, but now I do."

She cuddled up next to him, and he wrapped one of his arms around her. It felt so nice that despite the headache, he had a smile on his face.

Brit was asleep by the time his headache passed, but he remembered that there was something he had to say to her anyway.

"I love you. Good night," he whispered, then closed his eyes and fell asleep himself.

The first thing he noticed when he woke up in the morning was Allison leaning over him. Somehow during the night he had rolled over and now lay with his head on Brit's chest. Her warm body against his cheek felt amazingly good, even through the cloth of her pajamas. She was stroking his hair the same way he had stroked hers before.

"How are you feeling, Jeff?" asked Allison.

"Much better," he mumbled. In truth, he felt so relaxed that he didn't want to get up.

She leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. "Are you going to be well enough to go to school today?" she asked.

"I think so," he replied.

"All right. Brit, go ahead and take your shower first. Let Jeff rest a little longer."

"But I want to stay with him!" she whined.

"I know you do, dear. I know how much you love your big brother. But you have to go to school too. Besides, I need to talk to him alone for a minute."

Jeff rolled over onto his back, and Brit climbed out of bed and headed for the bathroom. Once she disappeared through the door and closed it behind her, Allison took Jeff's hand. He had to admit, even something that simple felt good with Allison.

"You're amazing, Jeff," she said.

"What? Why?" he asked.

"This is the second time you've saved Brit's life. I'm beginning to think you're her guardian angel."

Jeff felt a little guilty; the first instance had been a fabrication. But she was still half right, so he smiled at the compliment.

"I mean it, Jeff," she continued. "You're very brave, and you're so good to your sister. I know you love her deeply, even if you didn't show it much before. Now I think that your love is starting to mature."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that you two seem to be getting along a lot better now. Brit really adores you, you know that? She's a really special girl, and now she has a wonderful older brother to look after her. Things have changed between you, but I want you to know that it's for the better. Don't ever second-guess it, okay?"

He still wasn't sure what she meant, but he agreed. She smiled and kissed him on the forehead again.

Chapter 40

Another Beautiful Nerd

Lissa had gotten through her first day of school just fine, and eagerly awaited her second. She had a light schedule on Tuesdays and Thursdays, which meant she would be finished with classes by 2:00 in the afternoon. Tuesday morning, she walked from her apartment to the campus, which was only three blocks away.

Her first class was World History, in the humanities building. Though it didn't sound particularly thrilling, she figured since she had to take it to fulfill her General Ed requirements, she might as well learn something. She entered the building, found her way to the large lecture hall, and sat down in a seat near the front as other students began to fill in around her.

A couple of minutes later, a rather good-looking boy slid into the seat a couple of seats down from her. He had straight, light brown hair and brown eyes. Lissa and the boy glanced at each other momentarily and smiled, then she turned and stared forward. To her side, the boy began to rummage through his pockets.

"Excuse me," he said, and she turned to look at him. "You wouldn't happen to have an extra pencil or pen, would you?" he asked.

"Sure," Lissa smiled, unzipping a flap on her notebook and retrieving a pencil to hand to him.

"Thanks," he said. "Can you believe a nerd like me actually forgot to bring a pencil to class?" he laughed.

What is it with all of these self-proclaimed nerds? she wondered. *They all turn out to be absolutely gorgeous.*

"I'm Matt Sorenson by the way," he greeted.

"Melissa Primdale," she replied, "but I go by Lissa."

"I like the name Melissa," he said. "My parents have a dog by that name." Then he laughed in embarrassment. "Er... that... didn't exactly... come out right," he mumbled. "I didn't mean to compare you to a dog."

Lissa had to laugh at that. He was at least off to a good start. Ever since she had met Allison, she had had a certain dislike for people who were too perfect. There was something charming about people who occasionally made mistakes, because it made them seem more human. She could never be comfortable around a person without flaws.

"It's all right," Lissa told him. "I like dogs."

Matt, however, punched himself in the head. "Stupid!" he mumbled.

"What are you doing?" asked Lissa.

"Nothing, just a little negative reinforcement. I was hoping to keep from making a fool out of myself for at least fifteen minutes (a new record for me by the way), and here I've blown it thirty seconds after meeting you."

Lissa laughed. He was funny, and actually quite charming in a self-deprecating sort of way. It made her feel very much at ease.

"You didn't blow anything," she told him. "And if you think you've made a fool out of yourself, well, I'm willing to give you a second chance. Let's forget the whole thing and start over."

"Great!" he smiled. "Hi. I'm Matt Sorenson."

"Melissa Primdale, but I go by Lissa," she giggled.

"Nice to meet you. So are you actually interested in history, or are you just getting this class out of the way?"

"Just getting it out of the way," she replied.

"Yeah, me too. So where are you from?"

"California," she replied.

"Hey, I'm from Michigan! We're practically neighbors!"

Lissa laughed. "How do you figure that?" she asked.

"From the perspective of someone in China," he replied smugly.

"Ah, good point."

"Besides, I was never very good at geography. For instance, I never could remember, is Madrid in Tibet or Egypt?"

"Neither, it's in Argentina," she laughed. One thing about Matt, he was definitely funny. She felt perfectly at ease with him, unlike most of the boys she had known back in high school.

She would have liked to continue the conversation, but the instructor walked into the class just then and began to talk about the class and what to expect for the semester. She was a woman, probably in her forties, with a somewhat stern look but a friendly tone of voice. She passed out the class syllabus and a worksheet to help them study for the next time.

As the instructor began to give the lecture, Lissa leaned back in her chair and listened. History had never been her favorite subject, but this didn't seem too bad. The lecturer seemed genuinely enthusiastic about the subject, which helped to keep the attention of the students. She spoke in a cheerful, friendly tone of voice, cracking jokes once in a while.

Lissa occasionally glanced at Matt during the class. He really was a good-looking guy, and had a certain charm about him. She wondered whether he would sit next to her again the next time. Part of the reason she had wanted to go to school so far away from home was to make a clean break with her previous life, a life where she had rejected the advances of all the boys in high school. Perhaps she had been a little conceited, thinking they weren't good enough for her. But that was a product of fear; inside she had always felt like a little girl scared of what could happen to her.

Coming to school was a chance to change that. For one thing, the men were more mature here. For another, such an enormous change in her environment was certain to have its effect on her, and she was more than happy to accept those effects. She *wanted* to start dating, perhaps even to start having sex.

She wondered if Matt would ask her out. If he did, she would say yes, she decided. He seemed nice enough, probably harmless. It would be a good experience for her to start getting involved in the social scene with someone like him.

Occasionally he glanced over at her too, she realized with a thrill. Maybe he was thinking the same thing she was. Maybe he was trying to decide whether he wanted to ask her out. Or maybe she was just reading too much into it. It could be that he just noticed her stealing glances, and wondered what that meant.

When the instructor began to wind down her lecture, most of the students started putting away their books and notes. Lissa closed up her notebook and stuffed it into her backpack. She packed light; all of her classes today were of the type that didn't require her to bring the textbook to class, so she had only a notebook and a couple of pencils.

Matt yawned and stretched. "I can see I'm going to have to get a good night's sleep before coming to this class," he said. "I don't know about you, but lectures like this always make me drowsy."

"Actually, I thought it was interesting," she replied.

"Well, I'm glad at least one of us got something out of it. I'm afraid I was dozing off through the whole lecture. I'm going to have to find someone to study with who can help me catch up on what I missed."

Lissa glanced at him, considering the implications of what he had said.

"That's a hint," he said with a hopeful grin.

"What?" asked Lissa.

"Well, I was wondering if you'd like to study together."

Lissa considered his request. Was it really a simple little request, or was there more behind it? Lissa was admittedly rather inexperienced in relationships; she hadn't had a boyfriend since junior high, and Jeff didn't count because he didn't play those silly games, and besides, he was her brother.

"You'd really like to study with me?" she asked.

"Well actually, I'd really like to ask you out, but I'm too shy, so maybe if I got to know you a little better in a less scary environment it would help to build up my confidence."

Lissa laughed. So he did have an ulterior motive. Still, now that he came right out and admitted it, she felt a lot better about the whole thing. "Okay, let's study together. Then when you work up the nerve you can ask me out and I'll say yes."

"Great! How does this afternoon sound? For studying, I mean. My last class gets over at 3:00."

"My last class is at 2:00, but I'll probably be in the library until 3."

"Okay, I'll meet you outside the library at 3 then. Is there any particular place you'd like to go to study?"

"I really don't know my way around the campus yet."

"Well, we could go to my apartment, if you can stand to put up with my roommates. And if you trust that my intentions are honorable."

"I don't know. Would you consider tricking someone out of their pencil honorable?"

"Oh yeah. Sorry," he grinned, holding out the pencil he had borrowed from her.

"Keep it. If you don't show up at 3, I'll know that that was all you were after," she laughed.

"Fair enough."

The two of them left the room and headed in different directions. Lissa had English class in a couple of minutes, so she made her way across campus to the building where the classroom was located.

She continued to think about Matt through the rest of her classes that day. He was really the first guy she had opened up to, other than her father and brother of course, since her bad experience five years ago. It was a little frightening, but she knew she had to get over it. He seemed nice enough. Besides, they were just studying together. Their relationship might never go beyond casual friendship. Even that would be good for her, though; she had had few enough male friends after all. She almost didn't know how to act around them.

Matt's self-deprecating charm helped with that, though. It was his imperfection, more than anything else, that attracted her to him. He wasn't afraid of screwing up or even making a fool out of himself, which aided her self-confidence because she wasn't too worried about making mistakes as well. After all, if he could, why couldn't she?

Not having time to return home for lunch, she went to the cafeteria to eat. As it turned out, she found Monique sitting alone at a table and joined her for lunch. The two of them talked, but Lissa decided not to mention Matt. There wasn't really that much to tell, after all. If things went well, he would meet her roommates soon enough, and if they didn't, there was no need to say anything.

She had one more class at 1:00, so she excused herself and made her way there. It was another lecture, but no handsome nerd sat next to her this time. She simply listened to the instructor until the end of class. She then headed to the library to study for an hour.

She had explored the building yesterday after her classes to get a feel for it. Being a studious girl, she figured she would spend plenty of time here over the next four years. It had a relaxed, peaceful atmosphere, just right for studying. There was a large room with cubicles as a dedicated study hall, but she preferred to just find a chair tucked away in the corner somewhere in the midst of the shelves.

She read for an hour, then headed outside. Promptly at 3, Matt arrived. "Hi Lissa," he greeted. "Are you ready to go study?"

"Yes, but I left my history book at my apartment. Do you have yours?"

Matt winced. "Unfortunately, I loaned it to a friend because he didn't have time to buy it yet."

"Well, why don't we go study at my apartment then?" Lissa suggested. "My roommates are pretty easy to get along with."

"That's fine," he agreed, so the two of them headed in the direction of Lissa's place. Matt was nice and cheerful as they walked, despite all of his self-deprecating comments. It was an odd juxtaposition of negative self-talk and a sunny disposition. Lissa could tell he wasn't the type of person to take himself too seriously.

They discussed their backgrounds. Matt had come from a middle-class family living in a suburb of Detroit. He had one older sister who was married and living in Wisconsin, but no other siblings. He was in the pre-law program and planned to go into corporate law later because, as he claimed, he was essentially lazy and figured he could make good money just sitting at a desk approving or disapproving company practices, and writing the occasional letter to people who were ripping off his company. He seemed so happy with his fantasy that Lissa didn't have the heart to tell him that it would probably be a lot more work than that.

They reached the apartment complex, then the two of them headed up to her apartment, where she opened the door and led him inside. Suddenly, three people froze in embarrassment. Meg sat on the couch, completely naked.

"Uh..." said Matt, staring.

Meg suddenly burst out laughing. "Lissa, I forgot to tell you rule number two about this apartment. It's okay to bring strange women home without warning us beforehand, but not strange men." She stood up and casually strode into the hall toward her bedroom.

"What..." stammered Matt. "What did she mean by that?"

"Meg's a lesbian," Lissa responded, giggling. "If you had been a girl, she would have been overjoyed to be caught naked."

"So she just... she just goes around naked like that?"

"Basically, yes. Look, it's not what you think. The rest of us are straight. We've just gotten used to her, that's all."

"Oh. Maybe I should go."

"I hope you aren't embarrassed, Matt. It was my mistake, not yours. And *nothing* embarrasses Meg, believe me."

Her roommate reappeared then, wearing a tee-shirt and shorts. "Okay, now that we have the obligatory accidental nudity out of the way, won't you introduce me to your friend, Lissa?" she asked.

"Meg, this is Matt Sorenson. I met him this morning in my history class, and we're going to study together. Matt, this is Megan Harrison, my completely-uninterested-in-men roommate. So don't get any funny ideas," she laughed.

"I'm sorry," Matt apologized.

"Oh, that's okay," Meg told him. "It wasn't your fault. On the other hand, I'm going to have to punish Lissa later. Maybe I'll tie her to her bed and have my way with her."

Matt grew red at those words, and Meg broke down laughing.

"I'm sorry, Matt," Meg said. "I like to joke around, and sometimes I go too far. That's just the way I am."

"Spend enough time over here at the apartment, and you'll get used to her," Lissa said.

"Speaking of which, you might not want to spend time here right now," said Meg. "Sandy's coming over in about half an hour."

"Sandy?" asked Matt.

"My girlfriend," Meg explained.

"I think Meg's right about not spending time here," Lissa commented. "If Sandy's coming over, she and Meg are probably going to... want some privacy."

"Don't get us wrong," said Meg. "We don't want to kick anyone out; we'll just use the back room so if you want to stay out here in front that shouldn't be a problem. I just know that some people get nervous knowing

that a couple of girls are getting naughty right in the same apartment."

Just then, Monique and Alya walked in the door. "Hi," Monique smiled, noticing Matt. "I'm Monique Duplaix," she introduced.

"Matt Sorenson," he greeted.

"And I'm Alya Barber," said Alya. "I'm guessing that Lissa's the one who brought you home, not Meg."

"Good guess," Matt replied with a grin. "Lissa and I just met today in History class. We were looking for a place to study, but apparently we can't use this apartment."

"Why not?" asked Alya. "We don't bite. Except Meg, and she only bites girls."

Matt gave a nervous laugh. "Exactly," he said.

"What?" asked Monique.

"Sandy's coming over," Meg explained. "And Matt doesn't seem like the type of guy who could handle being in the same apartment with a couple of girls engaging in steamy lesbian sex."

Matt blushed as she said the words.

"Meg, you're embarrassing him," said Alya. Then to Matt, "Don't let her bother you. She doesn't know the meaning of the word 'subtle.'"

"Sure I do," Meg grinned. "It means 'soft and squeezable,' doesn't it?"

"Nope, but I have a pretty good idea where you came up with *that*," said Monique. "All you think about are things that are soft and squeezable."

"No, sometimes I think about things that are pink and tasty," Meg shrugged.

"Meg!" Alya exclaimed.

"What? I was referring to bubblegum. What were *you* thinking?"

"Maybe we'd better leave," said Monique. "Meg's getting into one of her moods. She's liable to rip her clothes off any time now."

"Too late," Lissa grinned.

"What?" asked Alya.

"Matt and I happened to walk in on her when she wasn't expecting us, if you know what I mean."

Both Monique and Alya burst out laughing at that. "I wish I had been there," Alya said. "I would have paid money to see that."

"You would pay money to see a naked girl?" asked Meg, acting surprised. "Alya, I had no idea. But you don't have to pay money. All you have to do is ask."

"That's not what I meant!"

"Come on, Matt," said Lissa. "We'd better get out of here before Meg really gets going."

"Maybe you'd better stay," Monique replied. "Matt might be the only reason she's holding back. As soon as he's gone..."

"Sorry to abandon you, but I think it would be better if Matt wasn't here when Sandy arrived," Lissa said.

"Anyway, it was nice to meet you, Monique," said Matt. "And it was nice to meet you too, Alya. And it was entertaining to meet you, Meg."

Lissa hurried back to her bedroom where she retrieved her history book, then Matt and she disappeared out the door.

"Sorry about that," Lissa said as they descended the stairs.

"Oh, it was all right," laughed Matt. "As you probably guessed, I'm used to being embarrassed. It was a refreshing change that I didn't embarrass *myself* this time."

"Well, as long as it doesn't bother you. Anyway, where's your apartment?"

"Other side of campus."

"We'd better take my car then."

They climbed into her car, then she started it up and pulled out of the parking lot. Matt gave her directions to his place, claiming that if he managed to get them there without getting lost, it would be a miracle. As it happened, they didn't get lost once, and soon Lissa pulled into the visitor parking of his apartment complex.

They climbed out and headed through a short corridor to the stairs in the back that led up to a hallway with the apartments on both sides. When they entered the apartment, they found Matt's three roommates sitting on the couch watching TV.

"Hi, guys," Matt said. "I'd like you to meet someone. This is my friend Lissa Primdale."

One of them got up and came over to shake her hand. "Hello, Lissa," he greeted. "I'm David Bloom."

"Nice to meet you, David."

"And that's Walt Weber," Matt said, pointing to one of the other ones, who had his eyes glued to the television set.

"Hey Matt, why don't you ever bring pretty girls home?" Walt said without even looking at her.

David walked over and hit him in the back of the head. "Be nice," he said.

"I have to apologize for Walt," said Matt. "He likes to tease. If he calls you ugly, that's just a sign that he likes you."

"Actually, it's just a sign that you exist," David said. "It's no wonder he can't get a date."

Lissa laughed. "Oh, I know all about teasing. My little sister's a certified, world-class expert."

"Is she ugly too?" asked Walt.

"She's only thirteen, so don't get any ideas," Lissa told him.

"Oh, don't worry," he replied. "She's too old for me."

"You're sick!" said Matt. "Anyway, just ignore Walt. That other guy sitting there staring at you and drooling is Billy Chase."

"I am not drooling!" Billy exclaimed, growing red.

"Billy's never seen a real woman," Walt explained. "He even gets excited over the ugly ones."

"Go to hell!" Billy snapped.

"I plan to. That's where all the fun is."

"Anyway, it's really nice to meet you, Lissa," said Billy.

"You too," she replied.

"Anyway, let's go into the kitchen before Billy loses control and jumps on you," Matt suggested. Lissa followed him into the other room, where he cleared off the dishes left over from lunch, then pulled up a chair for her to sit down at the table. She withdrew her history book from her back pack and opened it onto the table in front of them.

"Hey, are you hungry?" asked Matt. "I can make us a couple of sandwiches. About the only thing I *can* make."

"Just don't drink the milk," Walt called from the living room. "I spit in it this morning."

"He's joking," Matt assured her. "But just to be safe, I've got a six-pack of root beer in the fridge. How does that sound?"

"Sounds great," she smiled.

He opened the fridge and pulled out a couple of cans, handing one to Lissa. He then set to work making the sandwiches for them, and in ten minutes they were sitting at the table eating and studying. They went over the questions on the worksheet, picking out the answers from the book and quizzing each other on the questions. As it turned out, Matt was very fun to study with. He came up with sarcastic and amusing answers to the questions he didn't know, and even to some of the ones he did.

He reminded her a lot of Jeff. They both had a bit of a shy streak, and perhaps a lack of self-confidence, but when they got comfortable and actually opened up, they were actually both witty and charming and funny and just nice to be with. Jeff could be exasperating sometimes, especially when fighting with Brit, but he was always respectful of Lissa, and they had a lot of fun together. Matt seemed to possess some of those same qualities. He wasn't haughty or arrogant, but always courteous and fun.

Walt more than made up for Matt, though, with random comments from the front room. Some of those comments were a little on the crude side, and more than once Matt apologized for his roommate's behavior. Lissa refused to let it bother her. She knew there were men out there like Walt; most of the boys in her former high school fell into that category. She simply laughed it off, occasionally throwing back a barbed comment when she could think of a suitable comeback off the top of her head.

It was a relief, though, when Walt headed out the door to his 4:00 class. David also had to leave, and Billy disappeared into the back room, leaving Matt and Lissa alone. They studied for another half an hour, then closed up the book.

"Thanks, Matt," said Lissa.

"What for?" he asked.

"For letting me study with you. It was fun."

"I never thought of studying as fun, but yeah, I guess it was. Does that mean you're not going to run away screaming and refuse to study with me again?"

"Does that happen often?" she grinned.

"Well the screaming part may be a bit exaggerated."

"Don't worry. I like you, Matt. I'm glad we met."

"You're just trying to get on my good side so that you can get your pencil back," he replied. "By the way, here it is." He handed it back to her. "Now that you don't have any ulterior motives, do you still feel the same

way?"

"Absolutely," she said.

"Well then, do you want to study again on Thursday?"

"Yes, but let's do it at my apartment this time. I think I can do without the comments from the peanut gallery."

"Just make sure you let Meg know I'm coming over this time," he laughed.

"Don't worry. I've learned my lesson." She stood up and placed her book back in her back pack. Matt opened the door for her, and Lissa stepped outside. She headed down the hall, a broad grin on her face. Matt was great. Even though they had just studied together, she was starting to get comfortable with him, which was really a new experience for her. It felt nice to finally have a friend of the opposite sex, especially one like Matt. She was the happiest she had been in a very long time.

Chapter 41

Pain and Lust

Jeff explained the situation with his headaches and dizziness to Kari as soon as he saw her at school on Thursday morning, and she agreed to help take him to the nurse's office if he needed it. He happened to share most of his classes with her, which worked out well. They stopped by the nurse's office before school started to explain it to her, and then they spoke to each of his teachers before class so that they would be prepared in case he had a sudden headache or dizzy spell.

That turned out to be a good decision, because in fourth period just after lunch, he suddenly felt a thundering pain inside his head. He raised his hand and told the teacher, who dismissed Kari and him. Because his headache was accompanied by dizziness, he wasn't able to walk on his own, but leaning on Kari for support, they managed to make it to the nurse's office without any problems.

This headache was even worse than the one last night, and he was moaning in pain by the time they reached the office. Mrs. Browning, the nurse, a kind-faced older woman, had him lie down on a soft cot. She gave him some painkillers, but it only slightly dulled the pain. Kari watched over him, worry in her face.

When it was clear that the pain was going to last more than just a few minutes, Mrs. Browning decided he had better go home for the day. She called Jeff's house, but there was no answer, so he gave her Allison's cell phone number. As it turned out, Allison and Rachael were out shopping. Upon hearing the news, Allison agreed to drive over to the school right away.

Mrs. Browning suggested that Kari return to class, so Kari told Jeff she would get any homework assignments he needed from the rest of his classes and stop by his home after school. Then she disappeared out the door.

Allison and Rachael appeared in the nurse's office about twenty minutes later. Allison immediately strode over and put her hand to his head to feel for a fever.

"He's all right now," the nurse told them. "He told me the doctor said he just needs to lie down for a while when these headaches come over him, but considering how bad this one was, I think under the circumstances he'd better go home for the day."

"Thank you," said Allison. "I think you're right."

"Oh, and Kari Williams said she would talk to his teachers and get any homework assignments he needs. She said she'll stop by this evening."

"How are you feeling, Jeff?" asked Rachael with genuine concern in her eyes.

"A little tired," he replied. "I just want to go home and sleep."

"I have to admit I never tried anything as drastic as a concussion to get out of school before," Rachael laughed. "You're an inspiration."

The women collected his things, and the three of them headed out to the car. Jeff climbed into the back seat, lay back, and closed his eyes. Between the rough night he had had and the headache today, he was exhausted.

As they drove home, Allison and Rachael talked, although in quiet voices so as not to disturb him too much.

"I'm sorry we had to cut our excursion short," Allison told her sister.

"Oh, it couldn't be helped. Besides, you know I like to spend time with Jeff."

"Too bad, because as soon as we get home, he's going straight to bed."

"Exactly."

"That's not funny, Rachael."

"I thought it was. Anyway, I had an idea. Since Jeff's going to be unconscious the whole time, there's really no reason for me to stick around, and I need to pick up a few groceries if I'm going to make you all dinner tonight. Do you mind if I borrow the car? You can stay and take care of Jeff, and I'll try to contain my jealousy."

Allison laughed. "All right. At least then I won't have to worry about you sneaking up to his room while I'm not looking."

They arrived home, and Jeff immediately climbed the stairs to his room. Allison and Rachael followed him just to make sure he was all right. Once he was tucked into bed, Allison leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. Before she could stop her, Rachael did the same. Allison rolled her eyes, then Rachael left the room and descended the stairs again. Jeff merely closed his eyes and allowed himself to drift off to sleep.

He awoke two hours later, his headache completely gone. He glanced around, but Allison was nowhere in sight. Part of him wanted to lie there in bed for a while longer, but another part wanted to get up and go look for Allison. He didn't get much chance to spend time alone with her, so he wasn't about to waste this opportunity sleeping.

He sat up, yawned, then rose to his feet and groggily made his way downstairs and looked around for her. She wasn't in the living room or the dining room, so he checked her bedroom. She wasn't there either. Normally he wouldn't worry so much about being by himself, but since the doctor's orders had been that he shouldn't be left alone, he wondered why Allison would leave the house when she knew that he was coming home soon.

His misgivings proved unfounded, however, as he exited the back door to the deck overlooking the pool and spied her down below in the water.

He sucked in his breath when he saw her. She had on the same tiny little bikini that she had worn on that sailing trip last summer.

She waved to him when she saw him, and he descended the steps to the deck. She swam over to him, then stood there in front of him in the pool, rivulets of water streaming down her perfect body.

"I know I'm not supposed to leave you alone, but on a day like this, it's a shame not to put the pool to good use," she explained. "Your Dad's probably going to have it covered in a few weeks once the weather gets too cold, so this might be my last chance. I had planned to be out here only a few minutes. I didn't expect you to wake up during that time."

"Do you mind if I join you?" he asked.

"That's probably not a good idea, Jeff. What if you have a fainting spell? You could drown. It's probably time for me to get out anyway."

"Oh, come on. Tell you what. I'll just sit on the edge and dangle my feet in. I'll even do it over the shallow end."

She considered for a moment. "Oh, all right," she replied. "Go get your swimming trunks on."

He smiled, then hurried up the stairs. This was an opportunity he didn't want to miss, and he really had no intention of just sitting on the edge. He might do it for a couple of minutes, but he would find some excuse to get into the water with Allison. He knew from past experience that she liked to horse around in the pool. While it was more or less innocent while she wore a more conservative swimsuit, it would be something quite different with her in that bikini.

He headed up to his room and quickly changed. Grabbing a towel out of the bathroom, he hurried downstairs, out the back door, and down the steps to the pool patio.

Unfortunately, a case of bad timing ended his fantasy. As he was about to head over to the pool, he began to feel dizzy. He had just enough time to reach the nearby deck table to steady himself and keep himself from falling.

Allison apparently noticed it. "Jeff!" she exclaimed. "Are you all right?"

"No," he mumbled, trying to stop the world from spinning. The feeling was scary; he couldn't focus, and his sense of balance was out of control. He felt that at any moment he would topple over, and on the hard concrete of the deck, that could be painful. The last thing he needed was another concussion.

He could see Allison hurrying to climb out of the pool. Not even stopping to dry herself, she rushed to his

side. Slipping an arm around his waist and draping his arm over her shoulder, she helped to steady him.

Even in his dizzy and panicked state, he felt an electric thrill from her touch. He had never felt her body against his like this. Of course, he had hugged her plenty of times before, but it was always when she was fully dressed. Now, they were both mostly naked.

"Let's get you somewhere where you can lie down," she said.

"The lawn chair's close," he commented.

"That's too uncomfortable. My bedroom's just inside the house."

A soft bed did sound nice, so holding onto her for support, he allowed her to lead him up the stairs to the deck and into the house. They left a trail of water on the floor; she had not had a chance to towel herself off. But she didn't seem to mind at all. They made their way through the house to the bedroom, where she helped him onto the bed.

He could see a strange look on her face as he lay there, something he didn't recognize. It was a look of uncertainty and indecision, but there was something else as well. Anxiety? Anticipation?

She turned away and headed into the bathroom. Not even closing the door, she grabbed a towel and began to dry herself off. Jeff watched her, not surprised that she could make even such a simple act look sexy.

Then she returned to the bedside, and he noticed that same look in her eyes. Suddenly, she climbed into the bed next to him.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Hush," she cooed, putting a hand out and stroking his cheek. "I'm going to take care of you. Just close your eyes and relax."

That was easier said than done. Closing his eyes was simple enough, but with his heart beating in his chest from excitement, he found it impossible to relax. At least with his eyes closed, his dizziness was minimized.

"My poor baby," Allison breathed, her hand sliding from his cheek to his neck, and then down to his chest. "My poor, sweet Jeff, who must be hurting so much right now."

Actually, there was no headache this time, only dizziness, but he decided not to tell her that.

"You were so brave to rescue your sister," she continued. "So brave, so strong." Her hand went to his upper arm. "Yes, very strong. I can feel those muscles. My little boy has grown up into a strong, handsome young man. I think I would be scared to be this close to you if you were anyone else. If you were to attack me, I don't think I could hold you off. You could do anything you wanted to me, and I wouldn't be able to resist you."

Jeff felt both uneasy and excited at the same time. That almost sounded like an invitation!

"Yes, you could easily overpower me," she breathed. "I would be completely helpless, and at your mercy. But I know you would never hurt me like that, would you, Jeff?"

His excitement turned to disappointment, but he still enjoyed just being this close to her.

"No I wouldn't, Allison," he replied.

"Of course not. My Jeff loves me, and wouldn't ever do anything to hurt me. He only uses his strength to protect." He could feel her moving next to him, and then suddenly he felt her body rolling over on top of him! It was the most exquisite feeling in the world, to have this half-naked beauty that he had lusted after for years with her body pressed up against his.

"Hold me in your arms, Jeff. Make me feel protected," she whispered.

He slipped his arms around her waist, thrilled to be touching her like he had always wanted to. He was tempted to take her up on her earlier offer, but wondered if she was as willing as she had seemed.

"That's right, Jeff. When you have your arms around me like this, I know you love me. You do love me, don't you, Jeff?"

She was beginning to sound like Brit. But he was enjoying this game, so he played along.

"Yes I do. I love you, Allison."

"And I love you too, Jeff. How could I not love such a brave, strong, handsome boy like you?"

Jeff just smiled, enjoying the attention. Right now he felt that he wouldn't mind the dizziness all the time if it meant that they could lie together, mostly naked, like this.

"Oh, but a boy in your condition shouldn't be wearing any constricting clothes that might hamper your breathing," she said, and Jeff suddenly realized what she meant. Her hands slid down his chest, past his stomach, and right to the waistband of his shorts. He gasped as her fingers slid under and made contact with the tip of his cock, which by now was fully erect. She continued to lower her hand down across the shaft, then took hold of the drawstring on his trunks and pulled on the end to unfasten the knot. Once more her hand reached inside his shorts and slid along his shaft, but this time she kept going, pushing his swimming suit down to expose his member to her view. Her eyes lit up with delight as she saw it, and he saw her actually lick her lips.

She lifted herself to a kneeling position just long enough to pull the garment the rest of the way off, then lay down once more next to him.

"I hate to see you in pain, Jeff," she breathed. "Do you want Mommy to kiss it better?"

He nodded enthusiastically. Allison slid her body up along his until her lips were at the level of his forehead. This had the effect of placing her marvelous breasts only inches from his chin, and he got a good closeup view of her cleavage. She kissed him gently on the forehead. "How does that feel?" she asked.

"Wonderful," he replied.

"Good. Mommy's going to make you feel so much better, better than you've ever felt before. Would you like that, my dearest Jeff?"

"Yes, Mommy," he smiled, playing along.

"Good. Now just relax and let me take care of you." She lowered herself to his cheek and kissed him there, causing him to sigh in pleasure. Then she lowered further to his neck. This time she did not kiss, but instead tickled him with her tongue. He gasped as the contact send tingles through his body.

"Did you like that, Jeff?" she cooed.

"My god, that feels great."

"I'm not done yet," she smiled. Then she crawled on top of him, causing his eyes to open in astonishment. He could feel her bare stomach pressed against his manhood, and he almost lost it right there. Though she had touched it a couple of times before with Kari, this time it was different, more sensual.

She lowered herself again, making sure to rub her hot, moist skin against him. Her lips went to his chest, and she started to kiss him all over.

"Oh Allison!" he exclaimed.

"That's right," she said between kisses. "I'm your Allison. Your mother. It's my job to take care of you, to see that you have everything you need. And right now I know *exactly* what you need."

He groaned in pleasure, as she flicked her tongue against one of his nipples. It was one of the most erotic feelings he had ever felt. She giggled as she heard the raw, bestial sounds he was making, but he didn't care. She was doing it to him, and she knew it.

She worked on his other nipple for a while, then lowered again. By this time, the head of his cock was at the base of her tits. As she kissed his sternum, she wiggled herself around on top of him so that his dick came in contact first with one, then the other of her breasts. It was getting harder and harder to hold back. She teased him that way for several minutes, then slid down again. This time he gasped as his member slipped under the string of her bikini and right into her cleavage.

Now she stopped kissing him and stared up into his eyes. She rubbed her body up and down him, sending wave after wave of pleasure through him.

"Look at me," she told him without stopping the rhythm, and he stared down at her as she gazed up with

adoration at him. "Can you see how much Mommy loves you?" she asked.

"Oh god yes, Mommy!" he moaned.

"And do you love your mommy?"

"I do!" he exclaimed. "I do, I do, I do!"

"Thank you, Jeff. You're the sweetest boy a mother could ever have. You're so sweet, I could just eat you up! In fact, I think I will."

She lowered herself again, and this time the bikini string snagged on the base of his cock, threatening to pull her top completely off if she wasn't careful. On the other hand, maybe that was the point. The head of his cock brushed against her chin, and he realized exactly what she was about to do.

At the other end of the house, they heard the door open. Allison blinked a couple of times as she stared at Jeff, then her eyes suddenly went wide as she realized what she had been doing. "Oh, Jeff!" she breathed. "I'm so sorry! I shouldn't have..."

She scrambled off of the bed and dashed into the bathroom, where she quickly threw on a robe. Jeff reached for his swimming trunks and pulled them on a moment before Rachael's face appeared in the bedroom door. She spied him lying there mostly naked, and for a moment he thought he saw her eyes light up with delight.

"Waiting for me?" she asked with a grin.

"As a matter of fact, no," said Allison, striding out of the bathroom, wearing her bathrobe.

Rachael noticed Allison's similar state of undress. "So what have you two been up to?" she asked.

"Absolutely nothing," Allison stated coldly. "I was out swimming, and Jeff was coming to join me when he had another one of his dizzy spells. I helped him into the house and put him in my bed because I didn't want him to have to go up those stairs to his own room."

"Oh," said Rachael, sounding disappointed. "So are you feeling better now, Jeff?"

"A little," he replied. "It wasn't a headache this time, fortunately, just dizziness."

"Good. I'm going to make a special dinner for everyone tonight, and I would hate for anything to spoil it for you."

"Thank you, Rachael," said Allison. "Come on, let's go to the front room. I'd like to talk to you alone for a minute."

As the two women left the room, Jeff lay back and thought about what had just gone on. So Allison had her little fantasies about him like he had about her. And she had just about acted on them. While it was fortunate

that Rachael had stopped them before anything happened, he couldn't deny that he was disappointed.

A few minutes later, Allison came back in. "Jeff," she said, "I'm sorry. Despite my innocent-sounding words, you and I both know what was going on, and we both know that it's wrong. So let's forget it ever happened."

"I don't want to forget," he replied.

"What you keep in your own mind is up to you, as long as you don't act on it, all right?"

"All right."

"Good. Rachael doesn't suspect anything. She's going to go sit in the hot tub for a while, but just because she's out of the room doesn't give us an excuse to do anything."

"I understand, and I agree."

"Good. And... I'm really sorry that I got you all excited and then left you like that. That's really not fair of me, but unfortunately there's nothing to do about it."

"That's okay, Allison. Maybe next time."

"Jeff!"

"Just kidding. I know, there won't be a next time."

"Exactly." She went to the dresser and rummaged through it looking for some clothes. After selecting a few items, she disappeared into the bathroom again and closed the door. When she emerged a few minutes later, Jeff couldn't help but wonder just how firm her resolve was. She wore a pair of denim shorts and a spaghetti-strap tank top that was low-cut enough to display a healthy amount of cleavage. It certainly did nothing to quell his arousal.

Allison stared at him for a second as if wanting to say something, then changed her mind and slipped out the door. Jeff lay there a few more minutes, then decided he had been there long enough.

Even though he had taken a nap, he was still exhausted. It had been a good idea for him to stay home that afternoon after all. He didn't think he would have been able to make it through the rest of his classes. He left the room and made his way to the front room. He had no energy to do anything but sit and stare at the TV.

Allison was already there, sitting down. She had her eyes focused on a spot on the floor until he appeared, at which point she turned her head in his direction.

Jeff came and sat down beside her. She hesitated for a minute, then put an arm around him. "Are you still tired?" she asked, and he nodded.

"Look, there are certain things we shouldn't do, but I think it would be all right if you laid your head in my

lap," she said, pulling him gently down. That actually sounded quite nice, so he turned and lowered himself until he lay on his back with his head cradled in her lap. It was extremely relaxing, and he soon found himself getting drowsy again. The last thing he remembered before falling asleep was her beautiful face smiling serenely down at him.

When Brit walked in the house, the first thing she noticed was Jeff, lying on the couch with his head in Allison's lap. He wore nothing but his swimming trunks, and her outfit, though less revealing, was quite sexy. Jeff's eyes were closed, and he seemed to be sleeping as Allison ran her hand through his hair. There was something not quite innocent about the whole scene.

"What are you doing?" Brit demanded coldly. She didn't know why it bothered her; she had seen Jeff with other girls before, and had even been with him when Crystal had performed oral sex on him. But this was different somehow.

Allison looked up at her, apparently startled by her presence. "Oh, Brit. I didn't see you come in." Was there a guilty look on her face? It was hard to tell.

"You didn't answer my question." What had Allison and Jeff been doing? Brit clenched her teeth as she imagined what might have gone on. Jeff had always been smitten with Allison; even Brit could see that. Only the fact that Allison seemed to have no interest in him had kept things from getting out of hand. But was it true? Was there more going on between them than Brit had thought? Maybe that was what bothered Brit about the situation. Allison could have Jeff any time she wanted, while Brit had to work hard to get him to come around. Kari was his girlfriend so Brit had to accept her, and Crystal was in a sense part of the secret, while Allison was competition, or actually, someone that Brit just *couldn't* compete with.

"Jeff had another one of his dizzy spells," Allison replied casually. "I had him lie down here. It seemed to calm him."

"Oh, is that all?" Brit demanded.

"What's gotten into you?" Allison asked her. "You seem angry about something."

"Well what do you expect?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Don't you?"

Allison's eyes suddenly turned to pity. "Brit," she said, "I think I know how you're feeling."

"No you don't."

"Please, Brit, don't do this," said Allison. "Am I not allowed to take care of my stepson? Jeff just needed a

little motherly attention right now. That's all."

"You're not his mother!" Brit shouted.

Jeff stirred, but didn't open his eyes. Apparently this was one of those deep sleeps that the doctor had mentioned.

"Jeff doesn't need a mother like you," Brit continued. "To him, you're just a--"

"Britney!" Allison snapped. "Don't you dare finish that sentence!"

"Go to hell!" Brit responded.

Allison stared at her for a moment. Then, slowly, tears started forming in her eyes. Brit was taken aback. She had rarely seen Allison cry before. The woman had always been so confident, so sure of herself, so perfect.

"I'm sorry, Brit," she said. "I meant it when I told you that I know how you feel. Because I'm jealous too."

"What... what do you mean?" Brit asked, in a more subdued tone. In truth, she was feeling a little guilty about bringing Allison to tears.

"I know how you feel about Jeff, and I know he feels the same way about you. You two share something special, a kind of love that very few people get to experience. It's something so beautiful that I wouldn't dare to come between you two."

"But I don't..." she started, but cut herself off. The truth was that she had been feeling inappropriate things toward her brother ever since Lissa left.

"It's okay, Brit," said Allison. "It's all right to lie to *me* about your feelings as long as you're honest with *yourself*."

Brit considered. It really sounded like Allison knew what was going on between them. Or maybe she was reading too much into it; they hadn't done anything after all.

"I have to admit, I see the way you and Jeff treat each other, and I get jealous. What you two share is something that I can never have."

"You have Dad," Brit said quietly.

"I know," Allison sobbed. "And he's good to me. Your father likes me, and we have a lot of fun together, but we've never been in love. He could give me up at any time, because he doesn't *need* me. Maybe he did at first, to help him get over your mother, but that was a long time ago. And a girl just wants to feel needed. I thought... when I married your father... that I could live the rest of my life without being loved. I thought it would be easy, but it isn't. So I have to take advantage of the few chances that I get, meager as they are. Right now Jeff needs someone to mother him. Please don't take away these few precious moments. They're

the only thing I have right now."

Brit's heart went out to her. So that was it. Allison had been working hard these past few years, trying to be absolutely perfect, but she wasn't getting the attention she deserved. Jeff had maintained a respectable distance out of necessity, and Brit hadn't really spent much time with her alone. Perhaps out of the whole family, only Lissa had truly been close to her, and now Lissa was gone.

"Oh, Allison," said Brit, sitting down beside her and throwing her arms around her neck. Allison allowed herself to cry into her shoulder.

"We *do* need you," Brit insisted. "All of us. Me, Jeff, and especially Dad. You say he's not in love with you, but have you even *asked* him?"

"Oh, I could never do that."

"Why not?"

"Do you ask every boy you like if he loves you?"

"I asked Jeff, and he said yes."

"That's not the same thing."

"Why isn't it?"

Allison sighed. "Because you already knew the answer. What if I asked your father and he said no?"

"Then you're no worse off than you are right now, are you?"

Allison laughed through her tears. "No, I suppose you're right. You know, you're starting to remind me of your big sister. Lissa always knew what to say to cheer me up. But I still couldn't ask your father because... well... just asking the question might put some kind of expectation on him. I don't want him to feel obligated to love me if he doesn't. That might spoil things between us, and I don't want to lose what I've worked so hard for. Even the slightest chance that I could lose this family terrifies me."

Brit nodded. "I know you've worked hard, and we all appreciate it. Maybe we don't come right out and say it all the time, but don't confuse that with a lack of gratitude. I think you're the best thing that ever happened to this family."

"Now you're exaggerating," said Allison, but she seemed to enjoy the compliment.

"No I'm not. I really think things are even better now than before our mother left, all because of you."

"So you're not mad at me any more?"

"Of course not. I just saw you two together and jumped to the wrong conclusion. And you're right. I really *was* jealous, because I know how much Jeff adores you."

"Not half as much as he adores you."

Brit smiled. "So you really... you really have no problem with me loving Jeff... in that way?"

"I told you I think it's beautiful. Sometimes I wish I had a brother that I could fall in love with, to help me explore those emotions without any uncertainty or fear of rejection. I've been hurt too many times. But I know Jeff would never hurt you, because he loves you in exactly the same way as you love him. He just doesn't realize it."

"And you wouldn't mind if we... took things a little further?"

"Not at all. Just be careful."

"Thanks, Allison," she whispered, kissing her on the cheek. "So it's settled."

"What's settled, dear?"

"I'll ask Dad for you."

"Oh, no, please, I couldn't," Allison said with a look of fear on her face.

"What? I'll do it when you're not there, and I won't tell him you wanted to know. It won't even be a lie, because I also want to know."

Allison considered. "Yes, I suppose that would be all right. If you would do that, I would be so grateful to you."

"Tonight then."

About that time, Jeff groaned. He opened his eyes, stared around groggily for a second, then sat up. Brit immediately came over and sat down beside him, throwing her arms around his neck.

"My poor big brother!" she said. "Allison said you had a terrible headache." It was an exaggeration; he had only had a dizzy spell. But that had never stopped her before. Jeff slipped his hand around her waist, to her delight, and kissed her on the forehead.

"I'm all right now," he told her. "I'm going to go get dressed."

"Do you need any help?" she asked, and he wondered what she meant by that. Once again, it could be completely innocent or it could have all kinds of naughty implications. He decided it must be the former; even if she was flirting with him she wouldn't say it in front of Allison.

"I'll be fine," he told her. "You stay here. I'll be back down in a minute and then you can be my nurse if you want," he grinned.

He got up off the couch and headed for the stairs while Allison went into the master bedroom, leaving Brit alone.

She didn't remain that way for long. A few minutes later, the doorbell rang, and she hopped up to answer it.

It was Kari. She held a notebook with a few papers tucked into it as well as two textbooks.

"Hi Brit," the girl said. "I came to bring Jeff his homework assignments. Is he around?"

Just then, he appeared a the top of the stairs, fully dressed. "Kari!" he exclaimed with a grin. "Come on in." He made his way down the steps and hurried over to her. As he kissed her, Brit noticed with surprise just how jealous she wasn't. She simply smiled and watched them.

"I've brought you your homework," Kari explained. "I wasn't sure if you had your economics book or not, so you can borrow mine."

"I've got a better idea," he said. "Why don't you stay and study with me?"

"I was hoping you would say that," she grinned. "I told my dad that I might not be back until later tonight, but I wasn't sure if you would be flat on your back all evening."

"I had a couple of naps this afternoon, so I'm fine unless I have another headache or dizzy spell. Why don't you stay for supper? Rachael's fixing something special."

"Sounds delicious."

It was. Rachael made shrimp in a garlic cream sauce, served over brown rice with salad and steamed vegetables. Apparently Allison wasn't the only one in her family who could cook. Everyone enjoyed the meal, and Rachael absolutely beamed with delight as they all complimented her on a job well done.

Surprisingly, Kari took to Rachael immediately. Of course, Rachael had that same extremely likable quality that Allison had, but Jeff wondered if Kari had forgotten that Rachael was the one who had taken his virginity. At any rate, the two of them seemed to get along great.

After dinner, Kari and Jeff retired to his room to work on their homework together. Greg went to his den, but Allison stayed on the couch reading. She gave Brit a wink, signaling that now was a good time for her to go talk to her father. Brit made her way upstairs and knocked on the door.

"Come in," he said, and she entered. She wasted no time, but came over and sat down on his lap.

"Brit!" he chuckled. "I'm trying to work here." But he made no move to push her away.

"Daddy?" she asked sweetly.

"What is it, darling?"

"I'm worried about Jeff."

"We all are. But the doctor said he's going to be just fine."

"I don't like it when he has his headaches. Sometimes I think I hurt just as bad as he does, just thinking about his pain."

"I know, dear. I don't like it either. But think of it this way. Do you think he would have refused to catch you if he knew it would make him feel that way?"

"Of course not," she giggled.

"Why not?"

"Because he loves me."

"Then in a way, you could say that the headaches are a symbol of his love."

"I like that way of thinking of it," she said with a smile. "But it still hurts."

"Tell you what. Since he loves you, I think you should do the same. So every time he has a headache, I want you to tell him you love him. I guarantee it won't hurt anywhere near as bad anymore, for you or for him."

Brit hugged him. "Thank you, Daddy. That's a great idea."

Father and daughter remained in that embrace for a few minutes. Greg really did have to get back to work, but ever since his wife left he treasured every moment with his family. Especially now that Lissa was gone, he only had one little girl left in the house.

"Daddy?" she asked again.

"Yes, angel."

"Allison's been really good to Jeff these past few days, hasn't she?"

"Allison's been wonderful."

"I don't want her to ever go away."

"Why should she go away?"

"Oh, I don't mean it like that. I was just wondering something."

"What is it?"

"Do you love her?"

Greg didn't answer right away. He continued to hug his daughter, gently caressing her back.

"I don't know," he finally said.

"How can you not know if you love someone?"

"Because I never really thought about it. Usually when a husband and wife get married, it's because they love each other already. With Allison, we were clear right up front that that wasn't the case, and there was no expectation that that would ever change. So neither of us has pushed the issue. We haven't even talked about it ever. In fact, this is the first time I've even considered it, so I can't really answer right now."

"When will you be able to answer?"

"I don't know. Maybe never."

"Daddy, that's not fair. Even if it takes you a few days, you should be able to figure out if you love her."

"Okay, you have a point. I'll tell you at the end of the week. But angel, don't be disappointed if the answer is no. Even if I don't, it doesn't mean I'm ever going to send her away. I like having her here."

She hugged him again. "Okay, Daddy. I love you."

"I love you too." He kissed her, and she hopped up off his lap.

She descended the stairs and entered Greg's and Allison's bedroom, where Allison lay on the bed looking at a magazine.

"I asked Dad if he loves you," Brit told her.

Allison looked up with a momentary flash of hope in her eyes. "And what did he say?"

"He said he needs time to think about it. He'll tell me this weekend."

Allison nodded. "That's not surprising. Your father has always been very cautious. I've been thinking a lot about it myself, and I don't know if I really want him to love me."

"Why not?" asked Brit.

"Because it wouldn't be fair. How can I expect him to love me if I don't even know if I love him myself?"

"What are you saying, Allison?"

"This afternoon I told you that I wanted to feel needed. I wanted to feel loved. But I never stopped to realize that love works both ways. I should be more focused on whether I love him than whether he loves me, don't you think?"

Brit shrugged. "Sometimes grown-ups can be so confusing."

Allison laughed. "I'll tell you what. Greg's thinking about it, and I'll think about it too. This weekend I'll also tell you whether I love your father or not. And then we'll all know where we stand."

Chapter 42

Naughty Fun

While Brit was in the den with Greg, Allison made her way up to Jeff's room to talk with Kari and him. "How are you feeling?" she asked Jeff, sitting down in an unoccupied chair.

"A little tired, that's all."

"And your head?"

"Just fine right now."

"Good. It breaks my heart to see you in pain. If there's anything I can do to help, just let me know."

"I will. Thanks."

Allison sat by him for a minute longer, as if she wanted to say something but was unsure about it.

"Jeff?" she finally said.

"What?"

"Do you think you'll be up for a little... physical activity this weekend?"

"You mean like camping?"

"Actually, no," she replied, and he could see she was a little embarrassed.

"I don't understand."

She sighed. "I'm talking about spending time with Rachael."

"You mean...?"

"Exactly. There's just no stopping her when she sets her mind on something. And right now that something is you."

"Oh really?" asked Kari, raising an eyebrow.

"Exactly," Allison nodded. "Kari, I wanted to ask when you were here because I know Jeff would never go behind your back on things like this. I also happen to know that you're open to letting Jeff spend time with other girls in certain circumstances. Like your sister Crystal for instance."

"Good point," Kari shrugged.

"So what do you think?" asked Allison.

"But on the camping trip," Jeff replied, "there won't be much opportunity--"

"Actually, I was thinking of having you stay home from the camping trip."

"Stay home alone with Rachael?"

"Exactly. I was thinking, if you weren't feeling well enough to go to school tomorrow, then you probably wouldn't feel well enough to go camping."

"You actually want me to ditch school?"

"Just this once. You're not to do it any other time. I just think we need an excuse to leave you home. And since we can't leave you alone, you'll need an adult to stay here with you. Rachael never did like camping, so she would be the perfect choice."

Jeff laughed. Then he had a sudden idea. Lately, Allison's attitude toward him had changed. She seemed to be much more open about flirting with him, and she had lost control with him a couple of times. He wondered what had started it. Probably the kiss. She had seemed to enjoy it as much as he had. With her new attitude toward him, she might be open to a little fun herself.

"And what about tomorrow?" he asked.

"What about it?"

"While Brit's in school and Dad's at work, that leaves only you, me, and Rachael."

"And?"

"Since you seem to have no problem watching Kari and me, I would think you wouldn't mind watching Rachael and me."

Allison grinned. "I hadn't thought of that. Good point. Now you're really starting to think with your dick."

All three of them laughed at that.

"Okay, I'll admit that it's tempting," she said. "Kari, it's really up to you."

She smiled. "I'll let you do it on one condition," she said.

"What?"

"That I can come over on Saturday. I'm sure my dad will agree, especially since there will be an adult in the house to chaperone us."

"I don't think she's going to do much chaperoning," Jeff grinned.

"Oh, I think she's going to chaperone you all night," laughed Kari. "And then I'm going to chaperone you all Saturday. We'll both chaperone you till you beg for mercy."

As it turned out, Brit nearly ruined the plan. The next morning he pretended to wake up with a headache and sent Brit to fetch Allison and his dad. Rachael accompanied them as they entered his room. Jeff told them that he wasn't feeling well enough to go to school, and thought he had better stay home from the campout after all. Rachael immediately offered to watch him, since she really didn't like camping anyway. Unfortunately, Brit insisted that she remain home as well.

"I thought you liked camping," said Greg.

"But it wouldn't be as fun without Jeff there," she complained.

"A couple of weeks ago, you would have preferred it *without* him there."

"No, I wouldn't have. Even if Jeff and I would have argued the whole time, when there are only adults around it gets really boring."

Jeff suddenly thought of something unpleasant, though he wasn't about to bring it up. He should have thought of this before, when he had plotted with Allison. With Rachael and him staying home, that left Brit alone with Allison and Greg. And that was exactly the same combination of people that had been on that sailing trip that summer, except with Brit in the place of Lissa. Was she afraid of something like that happening to her? Despite those pictures, Jeff couldn't quite see his father as a child molester, but he could definitely see how Brit might be a little fearful. He suddenly pitied her.

"I wouldn't mind Brit here to keep me company," he said.

"Well, maybe we should cancel the whole trip," Greg suggested. "It was supposed to be a family outing."

This was getting dangerously close to having the whole plan fall apart. Brit's presence might complicate things between him and Rachael, but at least she could be sent to bed early. But if everyone stayed home, the whole weekend would be ruined.

"I don't want that on my conscience," Jeff insisted. "I feel bad enough as it is. Why don't you and Allison just go and have a good time?" he said. "We can do it again some other time, after I'm feeling better."

"But it's getting late in the year. We probably won't have any more chances to go camping together."

"So then it's especially important not to cancel this one. Just go with Allison. It doesn't bother me, really."

Allison flashed Greg a hopeful glance. "I really wouldn't mind spending some time alone with you," she told him. "I haven't had you to myself in a while."

"But the kids--"

"We don't mind at all," said Brit. "Jeff thinks it's okay if you two go by yourself, and remember, I volunteered to stay home."

Greg glanced at Allison, then back at the kids. "As long as you won't feel left out, I suppose it's all right."

Jeff felt a surge of relief. His fun wouldn't be spoiled after all.

Greg and Brit had barely left the house when Rachael came up to his room and pounced on him. She attacked him with her lips, and he was more than happy to let her. She had her shirt and bra off and was working on her pants when Allison appeared in the doorway.

"Slow down, Rachael," said Allison. "He hasn't even gotten out of bed yet."

"That's the point," Rachael grinned.

"At least let him have some breakfast first. He's going to need to keep up his strength."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. Come on, Jeff. Let's go eat." Without putting her top back on, she took his hand and half dragged him out of bed.

The three of them descended the stairs and headed into the dining room, where the they found pancakes, bacon, eggs, and orange juice all ready. Jeff took a seat, and Rachael came and sat down on his lap, painfully mashing into his erection.

"Hey!" he said, though with a smile. He squirmed around until achieving a position where the pressure was relieved.

"What?" asked Rachael. "You've had Brit sitting on your lap all week. I was getting jealous."

"You're bigger than she is."

"Certain parts of me, at least," she grinned. "So tell me, Jeff, do you like big boobs like Allison's and mine, or little boobs like Brit's?"

"I'm not in the habit of peeking at her boobs," he replied. While that was technically true, he *had* seen her naked before. He wasn't about to tell Rachael that though, especially with Allison there.

"Okay, I guess that's fair. Just tell me, do you get as hard down there when Brit sits on your lap as when I do it?"

"No!" he said, growing red.

"Oh come on, Jeff. You can tell Auntie Rachael. You already admitted you think she's hot."

"I just meant that she's a very attractive girl for her age, that's all. There's nothing wrong with that."

"And there's also nothing wrong with getting aroused when an attractive girl sits on your lap."

"You really have a dirty mind, Rachael," he laughed.

"Just figuring that out now? Took you long enough."

The two of them ate breakfast together, Rachael of course continuing to flirt the whole time. Jeff was anxious to get on with the day's activities, but because Allison was taking her time, he decided not to forgo seconds on the pancakes.

After breakfast, Allison insisted on putting the leftovers in the fridge first, as well as loading the dishwasher. Jeff suspected she was doing it to tease him, drawing out the anticipation as long as possible. He didn't mind as long as Rachael made it up to him later.

Finally the three of them headed into Greg's and Allison's bedroom. While Rachael wouldn't have minded using Jeff's, the master bedroom was larger and cleaner.

Rachael was out of her clothes before Jeff even had his shirt off. Then she offered to help him undress the rest of the way, to which he happily agreed. She knelt down on the ground in front of him and pulled down his boxer shorts, finally releasing his cock. She grinned when she saw it.

"I think it's even bigger than last time," she said. "I'm really going to enjoy this." She opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around it.

"Oh god!" he moaned as the pleasure hit him.

Unfortunately, she only gave it a few preliminary sucks before letting it slip out of her mouth and rising to her feet.

"We don't want you to go off too soon after all," she said. "We have all day. I just wanted to see if it tasted as good as I remembered."

"Did it?" asked Allison.

"Even better. At this rate, in a few years it's going to taste like ice cream."

Jeff chuckled. He was more than happy to let Rachael taste it as much as she wanted. If only he could get Allison to do the same...

"Wouldn't it be more fun if you were naked too?" Rachael asked her sister.

"Probably, but I made a promise years ago that I wasn't going to cross that line with Jeff," she replied.

"Apparently having *him* naked with *you* wasn't part of that promise."

"Exactly," Allison grinned. "And Jeff doesn't mind, do you, Jeff?"

"Not a bit," he smiled. "Although I have to admit, I'm kind of disappointed that it isn't more of a hands-on experience."

"Oh, I can take care of that," Rachael said, grabbing his cock. "But anyway, Allison, I know that you've worn a bikini in front of him before, so that much (or that little, I should say) shouldn't bother you."

Allison considered. "Oh, all right," she replied. "I'll go get changed."

"We'll wait for you," said Jeff.

"Speak for yourself," Rachael grinned, sliding her hand up and down his shaft. "Better hurry, Allison, or the show might be over by the time you get back."

While Allison rummaged through her dresser drawers for the bikini, Jeff and Rachael climbed into bed. They lay there next to each other, kissing and groping. Rachael's hand immediately went to his cock and she started to stroke it, slowly and gently. Jeff put his hand on one of her breasts, rubbing and squeezing it.

Allison found the bikini and headed into the bathroom to change, leaving Jeff and Rachael to play with each other. He could hear her shuffling around in the bathroom as she undressed, but his more immediate attention was on Rachael. The girl was so gorgeous and sexy, and she was naked with him in bed right now. He wasn't going to pass up this opportunity.

After a few minutes, the bathroom door opened. Jeff glanced over and grinned. Allison stood there, wearing that tiny little bikini that she had nearly seduced him in earlier that week. It was very sexy, showing plenty of skin in all the right places.

Rachael seemed to enjoy it too. "God, Allison!" she said. "You're so hot. Come over here and join us."

Allison climbed onto the bed, lying down on the other side of Rachael from Jeff. She reached out and placed her hand on her little sister's breast. Rachael gasped, and not surprisingly, so did Jeff.

"I just realized something, Allison," said Rachael. "Jeff's never seen us perform."

"True, but I'm not about to do it in front of him. Remember my promise."

"You only promised not to let him see you naked. You can still ravish my body with your mouth. What do you say, Jeff? Wouldn't you like to see a nice lesbian incest show?"

"You bet!" he grinned.

"Oh, all right," conceded Allison. "But Jeff, you have to promise to behave yourself. No touching."

"He can touch *me* all he wants," said Rachael.

"All right. Jeff, you can do anything you want to Rachael, but I'm off limits, okay?"

"Good enough," he replied.

Jeff moved to the side to give Allison room to work. His stepmother climbed over on top of her sister, then lowered her body and kissed her passionately on the lips. Jeff's eyes opened wide and his heart began to pound. He was actually going to see Allison engaging in hot lesbian sex! And with her sister even. He couldn't believe the thrill this was giving him.

The two women continued to kiss, their bodies pressed against each other. Rachael wrapped one of her hands around Allison and let it rest on her ass, while she reached out with the other and took Jeff's cock in her hand. Jeff lay on his back to make it easier for her to stroke it.

Both of the women were getting into it now. Their tongues sought out each other's mouths. Allison smiled with contentment as Rachael kissed her, and Jeff could see that she was starting to rub her breasts against her sister's. Rachael sensed the motion and giggled.

After a few minutes of kissing and rubbing, Allison moved down slightly and began to lick her tongue against Rachael's neck, causing the younger sister to squeal with delight. Jeff remembered that was a trick Rachael had taught him the first time they made love. He would have never figured out on his own that a tongue on the neck could feel so erotic. It gave him shivers just thinking about it.

But Allison wasn't finished. She moved lower, kissing her sister on the collar bone and just below the shoulders. As she did so, she slipped her hand down between the girl's legs. Rachael spread her legs for better access, closing her eyes and breathing heavily.

Allison moved her head off to the side, kissing her in a straight line down her chest to one of her tits. Rachael began to moan now from the stimulation. It was such an erotic sight, Jeff just couldn't resist. As Allison took one of her sister's nipples into her mouth, Jeff leaned over and took the other one into his. Rachael cried out in pleasure.

They teased her breasts like that for at least ten minutes, listening to Rachael's breathing as it grew heavier and heavier until she gasped every breath. Her chest expanded as she inhaled, thrusting upward as if trying to drive her body into their mouths. Jeff and Allison got a rhythm going, beginning the suction just as Rachael was about to breathe in, and releasing the pressure as soon as she began to exhale.

Jeff loved to do this to girls; their reactions were extremely erotic, and he loved the feel of the nipple inside his mouth, especially as he toyed with it with his tongue. Rachael had gorgeous breasts, just perfect for sucking on.

"Take over," Allison told him, grabbing his hand and placing it on Rachael's other tit. Allison began to kiss her way down the underside of it, then toward her stomach. Rachael knew what was coming, and she moaned in anticipation, her mouth open wide in a smile. Jeff continued his work on her chest, suckling one breast while he fondled the other. He turned his head so that he could view the action going on below.

His stepmother was kissing her sister all over the stomach, sometimes up at the base of the sternum, sometimes just above the clitoris, and everywhere in between. Rachael's hips tensed up each time Allison neared her cunt, but Allison deliberately kept her distance.

Jeff knew what she was doing. He had discovered the same thing with Kari: the anticipation helped to build the pleasure so that when the physical stimulation actually came, it was all the more intense. Whenever he performed oral sex on her, he did almost exactly the same thing. He could sometimes bring her to multiple orgasms without even touching her pussy.

Crystal was different. She needed direct physical stimulation to climax. That could mean either Jeff's dick shoved deep inside her pussy, or Kari's tongue on her clitoris, or preferably both.

Finally, after what must have been an agonizing time for Rachael, Allison reached her goal. Rachael cried out in ecstasy and her hips bucked forward as her sister tongued her. She thrashed around on the bed almost violently. She grabbed the back of Allison's head and pulled her down, wrapping her legs over her shoulders. Her moans rose in pitch until they were screams.

After a few minutes, she began to calm down again, releasing Allison and relaxing. Jeff figured she must have reached her climax, though she had obviously been in the throes of ecstasy the whole time.

Allison lifted her head up and smiled at the two of them. Jeff rolled over until he lay next to Rachael on the bed, and Allison scooted up to lie on her sister's other side.

"So what did you think, Jeff?" asked Allison.

"That was incredible!" he breathed. "That's one of the most erotic things I've ever seen in my entire life."

"And now it's your turn, Allison," Rachael grinned. "I'm going to make you feel every bit as good as you made me feel."

"And just how do you plan to do that without me taking my clothes off?"

"Oh yeah," said Rachael. "Good point. Are you sure we can't change your mind?"

"Jeff's my stepson. I'm not going to let him see me naked."

"Okay, Jeff, turn around," said Rachael.

"Oh very funny," laughed Allison.

"What? Don't you trust him?"

"Of course I don't."

"Hey!" Jeff exclaimed.

"Sorry, Jeff," Allison apologized. "It's nothing about you personally, but you're a teenage boy, and that means that there's no way you would be able to stop yourself from peeking on a couple of lesbians having sex right in your presence."

"Plus if you're turned around, she won't be able to stare at your cock and fantasize about it being shoved up inside of her instead of my tongue," Rachael added.

Surprisingly, Allison laughed instead of growing red or getting angry. "You really have the most twisted mind of anyone I've ever met," she said.

"Easily. But I don't want you to lose out. We just need a way to keep Jeff from seeing us, some way that he won't be able to peek. Oh, I have it!" she exclaimed with excitement. "It's a little kinky perhaps..."

"Never stopped you before," said Allison.

"We just need a chair, a long piece of cloth, and a couple of pieces of rope."

"Oh my god!" Jeff said. "You're going to tie me up and blindfold me?"

"I promise I'll make it worth your while," Rachael told him.

"I don't know... It does sound kind of fun, but I'd be a little nervous."

"Don't you trust us?"

"You, no way," he grinned. "I know how much danger turns you on. But I suppose I trust Allison enough."

"So you don't mind?" asked Allison.

"Mind? Of course not. As long as Rachael makes good on her promise to make it worth my while."

"Oh, I will, believe me," Rachael laughed. She grabbed a wooden chair from the desk in the corner and brought it over to face toward the bed. "What can we use for a blindfold and rope?" she asked.

"I've got an old scarf," Allison replied.

"And there are some pieces of rope in Brit's room that are the right length," Jeff commented.

"Oh?" Rachael grinned. "Do you like to tie her up and have your way with her?"

"She's my sister!"

"That never stopped Allison and me. Remember when we used to do that to each other, Allison?"

"Do I ever! I always liked to be the one that got tied up."

"You two are really too much!" Jeff laughed.

"Actually, Greg told me something amusing," said Allison. "It seems that Jeff and Brit do have a little bondage thing going sometimes."

"What are you talking about?" Jeff demanded.

"Don't play innocent, young man. Sometimes when you're really in a sadistic mood, you tie little Britney to her bed, don't you?"

Rachael laughed out loud. "Oh my god, really?" she asked.

Jeff felt himself blushing. While it was technically true, there was nothing sexual about it at all. It was mean, admittedly, but it was just two kids playing around. Besides, he hadn't done it to her in years. That last time he had even threatened her with it had been over a year ago.

"That's different," he insisted. "I only do it when she deserves it, and only to tease her."

"Bondage and teasing," grinned Rachael. "Sounds fun. Maybe we can play that game with her tonight."

"No way!" he said. "If I know you, you'll take things too far."

"He's got a point," said Allison.

"Okay, fine," Rachael conceded. "We'll just have to settle for having wild and kinky sex in front of her. But anyway, we've been talking too long. Let's get you all tied up and blindfolded so Allison can get out of those stifling clothes."

Jeff had never thought a bikini could be considered 'stifling clothes,' but he certainly wasn't going to argue the point. He headed upstairs to Brit's room to retrieve the ropes that he used to tie her up. When he returned downstairs to Allison's and Greg's bedroom, he found they had already set up a chair in the corner.

"Have a seat," said Allison, taking the ropes from his hand. He immediately sat down in the chair, placing his arms and legs in position.

Allison thoughtfully retrieved some handkerchiefs from her dresser to minimise the chafing on his skin. The women set to work wrapping the ropes around his arms on the armrest, and his legs with the chair legs. He felt excited by the closeness of the two girls as they worked, chills running through him every time Allison touched him. He could feel the warmth of both of their bodies as they bound him, naked, to the chair.

After they secured him, Rachael stepped behind him and placed another handkerchief, rolled up, over his eyes and tied it behind his head.

"How's that?" asked Allison.

"Great," he said, testing the tightness of the ropes.

"Are you sure you can't see anything?" asked Allison.

"Nothing," he replied.

"And your arms and legs are securely fastened?"

He tried to lift first one arm, then the other, then each of his legs in turn. There was no way he could get free.

"Perfect," Allison said. "Now it's time for me to finish undressing."

"Wait a minute," said Rachael. Jeff could hear her moving around behind him. He suddenly felt her arms over his shoulders, running down his chest. She began to massage him.

"Come over here," Rachael suggested, and he could hear Allison stepping forward. "Closer," Rachael insisted. "Come right up to the front of the chair."

Allison followed her sister's instructions, and a moment later he felt her soft legs against the insides of his knees. This close, he could feel the warmth of her body less than a foot from him.

"Now strip!" Rachael ordered.

Jeff could hear Allison moving around, and he imagined her standing there naked, so close to him. If only he didn't have that blindfold! But then, without the blindfold, Allison wouldn't dare do this.

Something soft brushed against his cheek, and for a moment he wondered what it was. It felt like it was made of cloth and string and...

"God I love your tits!" Rachael breathed, and Jeff suddenly realized, it was Allison's bikini top. That meant she was topless in front of him. His heart began to pound in his chest.

Allison giggled, then removed the garment from his face. He couldn't believe she was doing this, actually getting naked with him!

A moment later he felt something else soft on his cheek, and knew it must be her panties. So she was completely nude now, and standing right in front of him. He couldn't believe his fortune, but at the same time, cursed the blindfold that kept him from seeing her in all her glory.

"Okay, Rachael, are you satisfied?" she asked.

"Beautiful," her sister sighed. "It's just too bad Jeff can't see this. But you've got an imagination, don't you Jeff?"

"I don't think it's possible for my imagination to compete with the real thing right now," he grinned.

"Why don't you give him something else to fuel his imagination?" asked Rachael. "Give him a kiss."

Allison was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Do you mind, Jeff? Does my baby boy have a kiss for Mommy?"

So it was back to this game then. He didn't mind; on the contrary, it was deliciously naughty. That meant Allison was in the same mood as yesterday, and he wondered just how far she was going to take it this time. The fact that he was tied up and helpless made it even better; it meant that whatever she did, it would be what she wanted.

"Come kiss me, Mommy," he smiled, and puckered up.

From the moment he felt her lips on his, he was in paradise. She put her hands to the side of his head, holding him there as she kissed him with passionate abandon. As one, they opened their mouths, and he felt her tongue slide in to toy with his own. It was the most un-motherly kiss he had ever felt.

"Did you like that?" she asked as soon as they broke the kiss.

"Oh my god, Allison!" he gasped. "Yes!"

"Be a good boy and maybe I'll give you a reward later," she teased. She put a hand on his cheek and stroked it for a second, then slid it down to his neck, then his chest, then his stomach. Jeff groaned as she took it away just at the last second.

"Come on, little sister," she said. "I want to feel that tongue of yours shoved up my cunt."

Jeff shuddered at that mental image. Now he really wished he could see. He had to be content to listen as the women climbed onto the bed. He could hear the sounds of them kissing, perhaps a little louder than absolutely necessary, but of course Rachael at least would exaggerate the sounds to tease him.

Interspersed with the kissing noises were moans and giggles as the two girls toyed with each other. He tried to imagine what was going on from the sounds, but they were generic enough that the girls really could be doing anything.

After a few minutes, the sounds changed. There was less from Rachael and more from Allison. His stepmother was breathing deeply, and her moanings became more sustained, no longer just short hums.

"What's that?" asked Rachael suddenly. "Wait a minute, Allison. I'm not done with you."

Jeff wondered what was going on. He wished he could see, but the blindfold kept him completely in the dark.

"Hey, where are you going, Allison?" Rachael asked again. "Oh my god! I thought you didn't want to do things like that to Jeff!"

He gasped as the implications of her words hit him. Did that mean that his stepmother was about to...

"Sorry, Jeff," said Rachael. "I've seen that look in her eyes before. There's no stopping her when she gets in these moods. You're just going to have to suffer through it. If 'suffer' is the right word."

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

Then he heard someone shuffling across the floor toward him, probably on her knees. A pair of hands suddenly touched his thighs, and he jumped. Then there was another sensation: a warm, soft, wet feeling at the tip of his cock.

"Oh my god, Allison!" he exclaimed as he realized what was happening. Her lips closed about his member and he felt her begin to suck.

He moaned as she moved up and down the shaft, taking as much in as she could and then sliding back until she had only the tip between her lips. She repeated the rhythm over and over and over again, sucking it hard and deep.

Jeff couldn't believe what was happening! Only in his wildest fantasies had she ever done this to him, and now it had become real. Allison, beautiful Allison, was pleasuring him with her exquisite mouth!

"Oh shit!" he shouted. "Oh Allison! Don't stop! Keep going!"

She giggled as she heard him call out like that, but she didn't break her rhythm. Although he couldn't see her with his eyes, he imagined staring down at her, gazing into those big, beautiful, lust-filled eyes over her sweet red mouth wrapped around his cock. The image was beyond erotic.

His helplessness only served to heighten his arousal. Unable to move, unable to resist, he knew it was all her own choice. She wanted this as much, if not more, than he did. No, that was impossible; *nobody* wanted this more than he did. But just the thought that she was taking him without giving him the chance even to say no felt wonderful. Not that he would have said no; it was just the thought that it was all her doing and none of his own.

Her hands weren't idle during this time either. She began to massage his hips, running them all over his lower body to stimulate the entire region. She sought out his balls, running her fingernail lightly over them to tickle

them. That only increased the stimulation and the pleasure.

She drew back once more and stopped, her lips wrapped tightly around just his head. She sucked in as hard as she could, though keeping only the end of his cock in her mouth. Then he felt her tongue dancing across the tip, driving him even wilder with lust.

He had given up on words and was now just moaning with animal passion as she tickled his balls with her fingers while she teased his dick with her tongue. Even Kari had never been able to give him such intense pleasure. Allison was so skilled at what she was doing!

He couldn't stand it any longer. He had to find release. As his cock swelled, she sensed his need, and suddenly jammed her face forward, impaling her throat on his cock. He screamed as he let it go, and she hungrily gulped it down, moaning her delight as he shot load after load straight down her throat.

He was in absolute ecstasy, not only because of the intensity of the pleasure, but also from knowing who was giving it to him.

"Allison!" he cried out. "Allison! Allison!"

The end was almost a relief when it came; the pleasure had so completely overwhelmed him that he almost passed out. As he gasped in air to soothe the pounding of his heart, his head flopped forward in exhaustion. Only when she was sure that he had given her all he had did she let his cock slip out of her mouth.

"Okay, you've had your fun, Rachael," came Allison's amused voice from across the room. "I'd appreciate it if in the future you didn't cause my stepson to call out my name in the height of passion."

Jeff began to laugh, though weakly. Of course. He should have known. Maybe it was because he wanted it so badly that he had allowed himself to be fooled. But naturally Allison wouldn't have done this to him. Rachael, on the other hand, loved a good joke, especially one as dirty as this.

"Sorry, Jeff," Rachael apologized from between his legs. "I just couldn't help myself. It was just a sudden idea that popped into my head, and I had to go with it."

"You're such a naughty girl," he grinned.

"Does that mean you're going to punish me?" she asked excitedly.

"I'm the one tied to a chair, not you," he replied with a laugh. "Maybe *you* should be punishing *me*."

"Tempting," said Rachael, "but I still haven't finished taking care of my sister."

He heard her moving away from him, then back onto the bed. For a few minutes there was mostly silence punctuated by little gasps or tiny moans from his stepmother. Those sounds increased in frequency and volume, though, and Jeff could imagine Rachael's lips and tongue running all over Allison's body. While his recent orgasm kept him from growing hard again, he shivered at some of those mental images, especially

when they were reinforced by the sounds coming from the bed.

A few minutes later, Allison sucked in her breath with a gasp, then let it out with a long, ecstatic wail. Jeff could hardly believe he was listening to her having an orgasm! There was something intensely satisfying about that sound coming from her. An orgasm was, in a sense, a loss of control. It was the body being overwhelmed by physical stimulation. Allison had always been such a powerful woman, always so self-confident and sure of herself. She was a woman far out of Jeff's reach. Now, listening to her lose herself in an orgasm showed another side of her, a more human side. She was capable of being consumed by her passions and desires, of losing control and loving it. While it didn't weaken her at all in his mind, it made her seem more approachable.

"God, Rachael, that was wonderful!" she breathed as she lay panting there afterward.

"Nothing's too good for my big sister," Rachael replied.

They lay there for a few more minutes. Now that the fun was over, Jeff felt anxious to get untied. He tried to be patient; he knew how exhausting sex could be, and wanted to give the girls a chance to recover.

Then he heard them moving around on the bed again, then it sounded like at least one of them is getting off.

"I think it's time for me to start making lunch," said Allison. "After what the three of us have been through, we need to recover our strength."

"So aren't you going to untie me?" asked Jeff.

"I don't know," said Rachael. "Maybe we ought to leave you here. Brit will be home in a few hours, and maybe she'll want a chance to get her revenge for all those times you tied her up. Then again, maybe she'll want to join in on the fun."

"More likely she'll run away screaming," he laughed.

"Well then I'll just have to tie *her* to a chair too. Then I'll have my way with her."

"You're disgusting!"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you wanted to do the honors."

"Hey! She's my sister!"

"That never stopped Allison and me."

"Oh. Um..." He really had no response to that.

Despite her playful threats, he felt hands fumbling at the ropes on his left wrist. A moment later he was free. He immediately took off the blindfold. To his disappointment, Allison had disappeared into the bathroom

already to put her clothes back on. Fortunately, Rachael was still completely nude, and as soon as she finished untying her, he grabbed her and plopped her down on his lap, then gave her a long, deep kiss.

"Maybe I should tie you up more often if it gets you into that kind of mood," Rachael said with a wink as soon as she pulled away.

"I'm always in that kind of mood when you're around," he told her.

"You're making me horny. You know, we never did get to finish what we started earlier."

"Sounds good to me," he said, and they moved to the bed.

Allison reappeared then, still in that bikini. "Still going?" she asked with a grin as she saw them kissing and fondling.

"We're going to keep going all day," said Rachael.

"Well, I need a rest," said Allison. "An old lady like me can't keep up with youngsters like you."

"You're not old!" Jeff exclaimed.

"Thank you dear," she smiled, then climbed onto the bed and lay down next to him. He rolled over onto his back, and both girls began to massage his chest. Rachael kissed him on the lips, then when she drew away, Allison took her place.

Jeff sighed as the two sisters continued to rub him and kiss him, suddenly feeling very relaxed. He was still a little tired from the blow job a little earlier, so he closed his eyes and let the girls take care of him. Although he wanted to stay awake, he fell asleep to the wonderful feeling of their soft, gentle hands all over him.

He groggily opened his eyes and glanced around the room. His stepmother lay cuddled against his chest, with her sister's body pressed up against her back. Allison still wore the bikini, while Rachael wore nothing.

Allison yawned, then glanced up at him with a smile. "I guess we all fell asleep," she said. "You were the first one, and of course it had to be one of those episodes where we couldn't wake you, so Rachael and I decided to take a nap too."

"After raping you in your sleep of course," Rachael added, opening her eyes. "That's all right, isn't it, Jeff?"

"Only if the next time you rape me you do it when I'm awake," he grinned.

"Take that up with Allison. It was her idea. I couldn't believe how many times she fucked you. Probably from three years worth of pent-up sexual frustration at living with you but not being able to lay a hand on you. But she made up for it today, believe me."

"She's kidding of course," Allison told him. "I only took my top off and rubbed my tits all over your body."

Jeff gasped.

Allison burst out laughing. "I'm sorry, I just had to see your reaction," she grinned.

"Tell her what we *really* did," said Rachael.

"Well, you know how Rachael has a thing for dangerous sex? You know, doing it in places where you could end up getting caught?"

Jeff nodded.

"Well, she insisted that I get naked with her so we could do it right on top of you."

"Holy shit!" Jeff exclaimed.

"All you had to do was open your eyes, and you would have seen your stepmother in all her glory, getting eaten out by her little sister as she lay on your chest. It was too bad you were fast asleep. Next time you ought to fake it."

"You know, I'm feeling suddenly very sleepy again," Jeff grinned, then closed his eyes and began to snore loudly.

"Nice try," said Allison.

"Dang!" said Jeff. "Oh well."

"Anyway, it's almost three o'clock," Allison told him. "Brit should be home pretty soon. We'd better get dressed."

"Why should the three of us get dressed?" asked Rachael. "There are three of us and only one of her. Make her take her clothes off instead."

"Very funny. Come on, Jeff. Imagine her reaction if she sees us lying nude on the bed."

"She'd probably run away screaming," he laughed. "That would be hilarious. Maybe we--"

"Don't you dare!" Allison grinned.

Jeff sighed, reluctantly climbing off the bed to go put his clothes back on.

Chapter 43

In Love At Last

When Brit arrived home, she immediately came over and sat down beside him on the couch, taking his hand in hers. "How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Just fine," he replied. "I had another long nap this afternoon, but no headache or dizziness. Thanks for your concern."

"I *am* concerned," she said. "I care for you, Jeff. And when you're not feeling well, it bothers me."

"I know," he smiled, putting an arm around her shoulders. "I'm so lucky to have a little sister like you."

She climbed up onto his lap and lay her head against his chest like she enjoyed doing. Jeff wrapped his arms around her. They sat like that for a few minutes until Rachael appeared in the hallway. "Oh, hi Brit," she greeted, coming over and sitting down beside them. "How was school?"

"Fine, except that I was worried about my big brother all day."

"Well, Jeff's doing great. We kept him in bed most of the time."

"Yeah, I'll bet you did," Brit giggled.

"You've got a dirty little mind," Rachael teased. "It wasn't like that at all." Then she winked and added, "Or was it?"

"Probably not. Allison would have kept things under control."

"Allison joined in."

"Oh yeah, right," laughed Brit. "Like I really believe that."

Rachael shrugged. "Suit yourself."

They continued to joke and tease for a while, and even Allison came in and joined in on the fun a few minutes later. Even with her insisting that everything Jeff and Rachael said was true, Brit still didn't believe it, but that was fine. In fact, they probably wouldn't have joked about if they thought she would.

Their teasing mellowed suddenly when Greg arrived home half an hour later, early from work. He wanted to get an early start so Allison and he could get the camp set up before dark and still have time to fix dinner. Fortunately, their bags were all packed; all they had to do was load them into the van. Despite Greg's

insistence that Jeff not exert himself, Jeff helped him carry some of the equipment out. He was kind of anxious to get his dad out of there so that they could get on with the fun.

Of course, the fun would be limited until Brit went to bed, but that was all right. Rachael was nice to spend time with even with Brit there to keep them from jumping all over each other.

"Okay, we're going to leave you three now," said Greg as soon as they finished putting the last of the gear in the van. "This is your last chance. Is it still all right if just Allison and I go camping?"

"Go have fun," insisted Jeff.

"We'll see you when we get back," said Allison, kissing each of them on the cheek. Then she followed Greg out to the van. Rachael and the kids stood by the door watching and waving as they drove down the hill out of sight.

As Greg and Allison drove to their favorite campsite, he noticed that she kept staring at him with a smile on her face. It was a little disconcerting; she normally didn't act like that at all. If he didn't know better, he would say she was infatuated with him. Of course, that couldn't be true; they had been married for three years already, and he couldn't think of anything that had changed between them.

He wondered what kinds of thoughts ran through her mind. He never claimed to understand women; any man who did was a liar. So there really wasn't much point in trying to figure out her thoughts. Still, he couldn't help but speculate.

Maybe Rachael's presence had something to do with her mood. Rachael had already joined Allison and him in their lovemaking a couple of times that week. Perhaps Allison was merely recalling those incidents with fondness. Or perhaps just having her sister spending time with them had something to do with it. He knew that Allison and Lissa had become very good friends, and Lissa's departure couldn't have been good for Allison, so Rachael's presence helped to ease her loneliness.

On the other hand, maybe she was just glad that the two of them had this time alone together. With all of the preparations for getting Lissa off to college, things had been really busy that summer. Sure, they had gone camping and vacationed in Hawaii, but at least one of their children had joined them on each of those trips. Now, after all of the preparations had ended and Lissa had gone off to school, they finally had a quiet moment to be alone together, just husband and wife.

God, she's beautiful! he thought as he glanced over at her. At times like these, he remembered the first day he had met her. The rest of the family had changed around them, but even after three years, Allison continued to thrill him. The passion still burned just as brightly as on their wedding night. He couldn't believe how lucky he was to be married to a woman like Allison.

Eventually they reached the parking lot for the campground, and they climbed out of the van. They retrieved

their tent and other equipment and headed back to the site. Though they had left late and it was already starting to get dark, they still had plenty of time to pitch the tent and prepare dinner. Allison moved in close and cuddled up next to him as they ate, keeping one arm around him throughout the meal.

He wondered what had gotten into her. She was always been fun to be around, but it seemed that she was acting a lot more affectionate tonight for some reason. Not that he minded, of course. She was very nice to cuddle with, even on a warm day like today.

After dinner they cleaned up the dishes and then sat down again. This time she sat right down in his lap, throwing one of her arms around his shoulder and smiling at him.

"Okay, what's up?" he asked with an amused smile.

"I'm just glad we get to spend this time alone together, and I'm trying to make the most of it."

"Suits me fine," he said, wrapping his arms around her waist.

They snuggled and talked for the longest time, just enjoying each other's company. The setting sun, though mostly hidden by the trees, turned the sky orange and bathed the campsite in warm colors. Greg sat there just gazing upon his wife's face, so close to his own and so beautiful. He thought she looked absolutely divine at these times with the last rays of sunlight illuminating her face and making her skin almost glow.

Soon, though, the dusk faded into night, and the lovely vision before him grew harder and harder to see. Still, as long as he could still feel her body against his own and knew that he would wake up to her face again in the morning, he had no cause to complain.

"You know what would feel really nice right now?" asked Allison.

"What?"

"A late night dip in the pond. Do you want to go swimming with me?"

Greg smiled. It certainly sounded nice; it was a warm night, and he wouldn't mind lying out in the water staring up at the stars. Besides, he knew the kind of swimsuits Allison liked to wear when it was just the two of them together. An image of her standing there, dripping wet in the tiniest little pieces of fabric flashed through his mind.

"What's the matter?" asked Allison. "You're staring."

"Sorry," he replied. "I'm just imagining you in a bikini."

"Well, now imagine me in even less," she said. "Because that's what you're going to see."

"You mean..."

"Exactly. But to make it fair, you're going to have to do the same."

Greg considered. He hadn't been skinny dipping since... now that he thought of it, he had *never* been skinny dipping. The closest he had ever come was sitting naked with Allison in the hot tub back home. He wasn't sure if he liked the idea of being exposed to the world like that; there was no guarantee that someone wouldn't happen along and see him. Of course, the last two times they had been to this campsite, they had had it all to themselves, and especially now that the season was pretty much over, that meant even less chance of being spotted.

In the end, the thought of watching Allison frolicking nude in the water outweighed any bashfulness he felt. "All right," he agreed.

They slipped on their sandals, grabbed a couple of beach towels, and then headed down the trail toward the swimming hole. Greg carried the battery-powered camp lantern so that they had plenty of light to find their way, but because the moon was nearly full they really didn't need it. When they arrived at the swimming hole, he hung it on a convenient tree branch as Allison spread the towels on the sand.

They stripped down on the shore, and Greg watched with delight as Allison's body came into view. Though he got to see that sight almost every night, he never tired of it. As he watched the sexy and enticing movements of her body, he couldn't help but grow aroused. His excitement became all too obvious in a moment when he dropped his shorts and stood naked in front of her.

She glanced over at him and grinned. "I'll take that as a compliment," she smiled.

"Oh, it is," he told her. "It's just that you have an amazing body. How did a guy like me end up with such a perfect woman?"

"You just happened to be in the right place at the right time. And you had enough money to attract me."

"Oh gee, thanks," he said. "I was hoping for something more along the lines of--"

"I'm glad you turned out to be the one," she smiled.

"That's better," he replied.

"I know. I was just joking about the first part. Seriously Greg, I took a big risk when I married you for your money, but it turned out to be the best decision I've ever made. If tomorrow you were to lose your fortune and end up homeless on the streets, I would rather stay with you than find another millionaire to marry. The money no longer matters."

"You're really serious, aren't you?"

She strode over to him, wrapped her arms around his neck, and kissed him. Greg held her to him, enjoying the feel of her body. But there was more to it than that, he realized. Sure, she was soft and warm and very

nice to hold and cuddle with. Sure, she had a beautiful face and magnificent body. Sure, she was fantastic in bed. But somehow, she was much more than the sum of her parts. Whether he was having sex with her, holding a conversation with her, enjoying a dinner out with her, or just sitting at home watching TV with her, there was something comforting and pleasant about her very presence. It was like all of the fun times they had had together somehow came back when he was with her, as well as hints of fun times to come in the future. He had married her because she was quite literally the most beautiful woman he had ever met, and she really knew how to make him feel good. He hadn't thought much beyond the thrill and excitement of the promise of years of great sex with her. But now he realized that in thirty or forty years when her beauty had faded and all those good times were behind them, he would be just as happy with her as he was now.

What did that mean? Certainly he hadn't felt that way when they first met. Either she had changed, or he had. Or perhaps both. There was a word that he was hesitant to use, because he wasn't sure whether it was true or not. After all, maybe she didn't feel the same way about him as he felt about her. Could those feelings work one way and not the other? Could that word really describe what they had between them?

That word, of course, was love.

Brit had been the first to bring it up. He hadn't really given it much thought until that conversation a couple of days ago, but now he couldn't get it out of his mind. Maybe during this past couple of years, with all the fun he had had with Allison, with everything they had shared, somehow Greg Primdale had fallen in love with his wife.

Allison splashed out into the water, and Greg waded out behind her. She dove under for a second, then emerged with water running down her body. Greg grinned as he stared at her. In the moonlight she looked almost surreal, like a fairy or an elf out of a fantasy world. Or perhaps he had spent too much time in his daughter's art studio lately. Either way, he loved the sight of her nude body.

He followed her out, letting himself gradually get used to the chill of the water. It really did feel nice, he decided. The darkness added a certain adventurous mystique, both eerie and yet peaceful at the same time. He decided that he liked swimming at night. Of course, the presence of his wife really helped as well.

She waded over to him and threw her arms around him again, kissing him passionately. No doubt about it, she was even more affectionate than before. Something had changed in her, and he was just beginning to suspect what that was. Maybe it was the same thing that had changed in *him*.

Suddenly, she leaped up on him and pressed down, laughing as she tried to dunk him. Somehow he managed to keep from going under, then grabbed her around the waist, lifted her off her feet, and tossed her backward into the water. She shrieked in mock terror right before vanishing under the water.

A moment later, he felt her arms wrap around his legs just at the knees, and she pulled on them, knocking him off balance. He found himself tumbling into the water as well.

They horsed around in the water like children for the longest time, and Greg found himself enjoying acting like a kid again. Once again, Allison brought out the best in him. At the very least, he knew he could just

relax and have fun with her, not worrying about acting like an adult.

Of course, their nudity made it a little less innocent than a child's game, and they spent as much time "accidentally" rubbing up against each other's bodies as trying to dunk one another. Once, when Allison was submerged and Greg was standing up, she even opened her mouth and took his cock into it momentarily, giving it a couple of sucks before she came up for air.

Finally, exhausted, they called a truce. They hugged and kissed some more, but if that was meant to relax them after their fun and games, it didn't work. At least, not for Greg. He found himself getting excited at the feel of her body against his.

Then they separated, to his dismay. Allison lay back on the water, and Greg watched her floating there for a minute. Then he too lay back, staring up into the moonlit sky.

It was a beautiful night. He could make out all of the major constellations, and the glow of the moon added its own breathtaking beauty. Lying out like this under the stars, with his ears underwater to dampen the sounds of the forest, he felt an almost timeless peace, as if the universe and he were one and the same. It was the same sky that had looked down on the world from the dawn of man, eternal and unchanging. Now, together with Allison, his wife, the woman he loved, he was complete.

Yes, he loved her. It was that simple. There was no longer any doubt about that, no wondering or analyzing or calculating. It had not happened just since his daughter asked him about it; he had loved Allison for much longer. He just hadn't recognized it until now.

The only question was whether she loved him too. He hoped that her flirting and cuddling and hugging and kissing tonight was a sign of that, but he could not be sure. Though they had never discussed it, now he really wanted to know. He would have to ask her, but only when the time was right.

They had been out in the water for over an hour when they finally decided to wade back into shore and make their way back to camp. Rather than get dressed, Allison merely wrapped her towel around her like a sarong. Greg shrugged, then wrapped his around his waist. They donned their sandals, then Allison took his hand and they made their way back to the camp. Greg noticed that she smiled all the way back, like a schoolgirl holding hands with her first boyfriend. It was the same way she had acted on their honeymoon, all giddy and excited. Once again he wondered what had come over her.

Back at camp, Greg headed for the tent to change, but Allison put her hand on his arm to stop him. He glanced at her to see what was wrong, but she wore a naughty grin on her face.

"There's no one around," she said, but that didn't really explain anything.

"And this is important because...?" he teased.

"Because no one's here to see me do this!" she replied, then grabbed his towel and yanked it off of him.

"Hey!" he exclaimed in embarrassment. But as soon as Allison took her own towel off, he suddenly didn't mind at all.

"After the cool water of the pool, I feel too hot to go around in stuffy clothes, wouldn't you agree?"

"Uh huh," he said, staring at her body. Despite being exposed to it the whole time at the swimming hole, the thought of seeing her nude all the rest of the evening until they went to bed excited him.

"Good. Then it's settled."

He placed one of the towels on the picnic bench, then sat down on it. Allison came over and sat on his lap again, which was a little awkward this time because he had nothing between her and his growing erection. She wiggled around a little until it found a comfortable resting spot poking up between her legs. Probably deliberately, she had maneuvered her body so that it brushed against her pussy.

"Greg," said Allison.

"Yes?"

"I'm glad the kids decided to stay home. I don't mind sharing you, but it's nice sometimes having this time alone together."

"Yes it is," he smiled. "I like spending time with you. And it's not just the sex," he added with a laugh. "Although I have to admit, it's definitely my favorite way to pass the time."

"We're good for each other, aren't we?"

"Absolutely. So you don't mind being with an older man like me? I mean, there are plenty of younger men--"

"Let's not think about what might have been. Maybe I would have fallen in love with a younger man if I hadn't met you. Maybe not. The only thing I know for certain is..." Then she cut herself off, apparently hesitant to continue.

"What?" he asked.

"Never mind. Let's just say you're enough for me. I'm really glad I met you."

"Me too."

"Greg?" she asked again.

"What is it?"

"I have a confession to make."

"Oh, so you have been seeing a younger man after all," he teased.

"I'm serious, Greg."

"Sorry. So what is this horrible sin you've committed?"

"It's not *that* horrible."

"Okay, tell me."

"Well, lately I've been thinking. I mean, since Lissa left. I really miss her."

"I miss her too, Allison. But we'll see her again. There's Christmas and next summer after all."

"I know. But in the mean time, I kind of feel like I've lost my best friend."

"You two were really close, weren't you?"

"We were. So it got me thinking... I mean... I've heard other couples, I mean, husbands and wives..."

"It's okay, Allison. You can tell me."

"Okay. When I heard a husband say that his wife is his best friend, or a wife say that her husband is her best friend, I think that's the most beautiful thing in the world. I even get jealous sometimes."

"But Allison, there's no need to get jealous, because that's exactly the way I feel about you."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Well then, maybe my deep dark secret isn't so bad after all."

"You still haven't told me that deep dark secret yet."

She sighed. "Okay. I know Brit had a talk with you the other day. And I know she asked you..."

"If I love you?"

Allison nodded. "I know because I put her up to it. I mean, she volunteered, but I kind of got the idea in her head. We've been together two years, and that should be enough time for any couple to decide whether they're in love. We just never got around to it because there was no pressure to do so. I mean, we were already married. I guess what I'm trying to say is... Greg, I'm in love with you."

He smiled and hugged her tightly to him. "Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I've just been afraid to say it because I was scared you might not love me back. Up until now I've been content just to leave things how they were, but it's just not the same anymore. Friendship with Lissa helped fill the gaps in my friendship with you, but I need more than that now. I need to feel loved. If you don't love me now, I'll understand, but can we at least make it a goal to work toward?"

"Allison," he said tenderly. "There's no need to make it a goal, because I'm already in love with you. How could I not be? You helped me through a painful time in my life, you've made me feel young again, and you've turned me into a better person. And you've done it all without asking one thing in return. You're a rare woman, one that maybe I don't deserve, but somehow I ended up with you, and that makes me the luckiest man alive. I've loved you for a long time; I just never began to recognize it for what it was until Brit asked me about it. And now I'm not afraid to say it either. I'm in love with you, Allison Primdale."

As he spoke the words, he could see Allison's eyes watering. As soon as he was done, she threw her arms around him and hugged him, letting the tears flow. He held her back, gently caressing her as he kissed her on the cheek.

Finally she drew back and wiped her eyes, smiling at him. "You don't know how long I've longed to hear those words," she said.

"Well, you're going to hear them a lot from now on," he told her. "I love you."

"That being the case," she smiled, "I think we should celebrate. Let's consummate our marriage, not just as husband and wife, but now as lovers too."

"I was thinking exactly the same thing," he grinned.

Allison wrapped her arms around him and kissed him on the lips. Greg basked in the thrill of that kiss, knowing that he would never forget it. Though it really didn't differ from the hundreds or thousands of other times they had done it, it was their first kiss after confessing their love to each other.

He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her to him, mashing her body up against his own, excited that he was about to have sex with the woman that he loved. There were no more doubts, no more questions, nothing to get in the way of their passion.

He lifted her into his arms and made his way to the tent. Unfortunately, he had to set her down in order to unzip the flap, but it didn't seem to spoil the mood. They climbed inside, and Greg zipped it back up.

As one, they lay down together on the sleeping bag. Greg rolled Allison over onto her back without breaking the kiss, then lay down beside her and let his hand wander to her breast. Only when she let out a moan did he draw back, gazing down into her gorgeous face.

"Damn, you're beautiful!" he breathed, and she smiled at the compliment. She even blushed. He couldn't believe it. Allison, Olympian goddess, perfection incarnate, the woman of his dreams, actually blushed when he told her she was beautiful. But love did strange things to people.

He let himself get lost in that beauty for a few minutes as he let his hand enjoy the feel of her skin. She reached up and stroked his cheek tenderly, and he couldn't help but turn his head to the side to kiss the palm of her hand. He could just lie here forever staring at her face, and he would be happy. But there was so much more to her, and he wanted to experience it all.

He lowered his head again, but this time instead of kissing her lips, he let his lips run all over her neck and shoulders. They had plenty of time, and he wanted to savor each part of her. She reached up and held his head in her hands, pulling it down to her, and he let her guide him. Tonight was for her, he decided. He would let her know just how much he loved her.

He kissed lower, toward the swelling of her chest. He planned to draw it out, making it last as long as possible, driving her into a frenzy of lust before he finally took care of her.

His lips moved over her chest, then down between her breasts. He circled them, kissing all around and watching for the signs of her body reacting to the stimulation. Her breathing was already growing heavier, and her chest heaved with every breath she took. Greg let his tongue brush against her skin, and he heard her gasp. He gave an amused chuckle, but continued his work.

Slowly he worked his way around her breasts, circling first one and then the other. He took his time, deliberately avoiding the nipples but moving in ever smaller circles toward the peak. She began to whimper as he kissed her, her body lost in the pleasure. Yes, he would make her scream in ecstasy by the time he finished with her.

He let his hands wander to her stomach, but didn't go any further. He didn't want to reach his goal too quickly after all. He wanted her to already be on the edge by the time he finally touched her there. He brushed his fingertips gently across her skin in an almost ticklish sensation, causing her to shudder and squirm.

He continued to kiss her breasts, still not quite at the nipples yet. Glancing up, he noticed that she had her eyes closed and an almost pained look on her face with her mouth open to bring in deep, heaving breaths. She was nearly there, nearly at the edge of the precipice. He wanted to make sure that once she reached that point, she would fall off the edge into an intense orgasm.

"Greg..." she groaned. "Please..."

That was his cue. He suddenly stuck out his tongue and flicked it across one of her nipples, at the same time squeezing the other between his finger and thumb. The sudden intensifying of the pleasure when she was already at the edge did just what he expected. She gasped in her breath, arched her back, and tensed up her body. She held that position, unmoving, for about five seconds as he continued to tease her nipples mercilessly with his tongue and fingers. Then a faint, almost imperceptible shudder ran through her body, building until her whole body shook. A hoarse whine escaped her lips, turning into a loud groan as the tenseness in her body finally vanished and she collapsed once again onto the sleeping bag.

"Wow!" she panted. "That was... that was..."

"That was number one," he grinned.

"Oh god!" she squealed in delight, realizing the implications of his words. Greg chuckled. He was far from through with her yet.

He left her breasts, and began slowly kissing down her body. Allison groaned, realizing where he was headed. He planned to bring her over the edge at least twice more tonight. By now he knew her well enough to be able to gauge her body's reactions and do exactly what she needed to achieve satisfaction.

He kissed her all over her stomach, making circles with his lips around her navel. This close to her body he could see and even feel every vibration that ran through her, and they were many. Even so soon after her first orgasm, the stimulation of his lips on her still caused her to quiver and occasionally gasp as he touched a particularly sensitive spot.

Her hands went to her breasts and began to knead them, perhaps an unconscious reaction. Perhaps she wasn't aware of what she was doing, but it really didn't matter. Since his job tonight was to make her feel good, anything she did to add to that pleasure was all right with him. She would reach her second climax of the night soon enough, with or without the extra stimulation of her own hands.

After working several minutes on her stomach, he lowered himself more, and she whimpered again in anticipation. He kissed below her navel, then at the point where the hair line would begin if she didn't keep it neatly shaved. He stuck out his tongue and ran it over that area, and her hips started slowly rocking forward as if trying to impale themselves on an invisible phallus. Greg could have given her relief then, but he wanted to tease her some more. He would have her begging for it before he reached his goal.

He kept his tongue out and ran it down her skin, but off to the side. He licked around her thighs, deliberately avoiding the center of her sex. Though he wanted so much just to open his mouth and devour it, he also knew that his patience would pay off. As with her breasts, the longer he denied her satisfaction, the more intense it would be when he gave it to her. And he wanted it to be so intense that she would never forget this night.

She spread her knees, and he kissed her on the inside of her thighs, careful not to get too close. There would be time enough for that later. There was plenty of dampness around the area, and not just from their earlier moonlight swim. She had already had one orgasm without even any direct stimulation of her pussy, and her body was preparing itself for another one. He would give it to her, but only when the time was right.

She whimpered every time she exhaled now, in both pleasure and frustration. He could tell she was enjoying this, while at the same time wanting to get on with it. In a minute she would be ready, then he would give her what she so longed for.

"Greg..." she cried. "I need..."

"What do you need?" he teased.

"I need you to..."

"Tell me, my love."

"I need you to lick my pussy!" she said.

"Say please."

"Please, Greg!" she begged.

It would be cruel to make her wait any longer, so he lowered his head, stuck out his tongue, and pressed it into her slit, licking from the base up to the clitoral hood at the top. He licked all over her clitoris, attacking it almost violently with his tongue.

Allison literally screamed as the orgasm that had been building so long overtook her. For the second time that night her body tensed up, but this one was more energetic, almost like a seizure as her hips thrust upward over and over again against his mouth. He loved the sight and feel of her in the throes of ecstasy, and he continued lapping hungrily at her, showing her no mercy until her body came down from the heights on its own.

She lay there quivering for a while as he kissed back up her body, this time continuing past her breasts and ending up at her face. He pressed his lips to hers, and she stuck out her tongue to twirl it against his own, tasting the remnants of her own juices.

"I love you, Greg," she whispered.

"I love you, Allison," he replied with a grin. "But we're not through yet. That was just number two."

"Oh god," she groaned. "I don't know if I can take any more."

"Well, you're going to have to, because I haven't even gone inside you yet."

She gave a weak smile. "In that case, I think I've got one more orgasm in me."

Greg rolled over on top of her. She spread her knees wide, opening herself to him. Greg had been ready for this since long before they had even entered the tent, and after two orgasms, no doubt Allison was as well. He positioned himself at her opening and lowered his body gently, slipping inside.

Greg let out a sigh of pleasure as he entered her, and he heard a similar noise from Allison. They both needed this; they both wanted it desperately. It was, in a sense, the crowning moment of their marriage, the consummation of their love and passion for one another.

He thrust into her, slowly at first. Allison gasped with every motion. They kissed each other eagerly, as if unable to get enough of each other's lips. Greg reveled in the feeling of her sweaty, hot body against his own, her arms thrown around his neck, pulling him close to her. She locked her legs around his hips, as if imprisoning him until he made her scream one last time.

He picked up tempo, thrusting deeply and energetically. Allowing himself to lose control, he attacked her face with his lips, loving everything about her. Her tight, hot tunnel felt amazing around his swollen cock as he pounded her right to her very soul. Allison cried out now as he thrust, wild sounds of ecstasy shattering the stillness of the night. Lost in their passion, they were like wild animals, creatures of the forest governed not by intelligence or reason, but by raw instinct. And right now that instinct was telling them to mate.

He lost all sense of time as the universe disappeared around them, leaving only the intensely pleasurable physical sensations and the naked emotion of their love. In this world, only Allison and Greg existed, wrapped in an envelope of flame and passion and unbridled desire.

But that world could not go on forever, nor did he want it to. In a moment it would explode around and inside of them in pure ecstasy. He felt it approaching, felt the building within him that told him that he was soon to reach the peak. He let it come, welcomed it in fact.

It burst forth, causing him to groan as his body tensed up. His cock throbbed inside of his wife, releasing his load deep within her body. At that instant all of the love he felt for her hit him. "Allison, I love you!" he cried out as his senses overloaded.

Somewhere in the distance, he could hear her screaming, not out of pain but out of pleasure, and he knew that she had reached her own climax at the same time. It was fitting that they should cum together, as if the universe had aligned itself perfectly to concentrate all of their love, all of their past, present, and future together, into this one moment.

Then that moment was over, but he had no regrets. There would be many more such moments in their marriage, made all the more special because they had fallen in love. As he calmed down from his climax, he collapsed on top of her, panting and gasping for air. He felt her own chest heaving from her similar exertion.

After a minute of cuddling like that, he rolled off of her. Allison lay down beside him, throwing an arm around him to hug him tightly and resting her head on his chest. He reached down and drew the covers up over them, then gave her one final kiss on the forehead.

As he wrapped his arms around his gorgeous young wife and held her to him, he smiled. They had two more days here, all alone in the woods with no children, no friends, no work, nothing to bother them. It was if they had put a great big "Do Not Disturb" sign on the entire forest, telling the world that they wanted this time to be alone together. He planned to take full advantage of it.

Chapter 44

Strip Poker

"Okay, you two, I've got some activities planned for this weekend," Rachael announced as soon as Greg and Allison had driven away from the house.

"I thought we were the ones who were supposed to come up with the activities," said Jeff.

"Oh, you'll like mine better. At least, I know *you* will. Brit, you probably will too. It depends on how far you're willing to go."

Jeff liked the sound of that. He could imagine the types of things Rachael might come up with.

"What kinds of activities?" he asked.

"Pretty much exactly what you're thinking," she replied with a sly wink.

"You two are disgusting!" Brit exclaimed. "Can't you keep your hands off of each other for two days? Let me guess. Tonight after supper you're going to send me to my room while you two have sex. Then tomorrow morning, you're going to send me to my room while you two have sex. Then tomorrow afternoon, you're going to send me to my room while you two have sex."

"Basically, yes," Rachael grinned.

"Aren't you afraid in his injured condition his brain will explode from all the sex?"

"Nobody's brain ever exploded from sex. Believe me, if it were possible it would have happened to me long ago. Besides, I don't want you to feel left out. I think you're old enough to join in."

Britney's eyes grew wide. "You're not serious!"

"How serious I am depends on how willing *you* are."

"You're sick!"

"In that case, I was just joking. Instead, we'll take things more slowly. I was thinking, tonight after dinner we'll play a game of strip poker."

"What? You mean... all three of us?"

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I'm sure you two would love to get naked together, but what about me?"

"I'm sure you'll enjoy it too. You just have to stop being so shy."

"I'm not shy!"

"Then it's settled."

Brit considered for a minute. "Okay, fine," she said.

"So let's hurry up and eat!" Jeff said enthusiastically.

Brit giggled. "Are you in a hurry to lose?" she taunted.

"I'll bet you'd like that," he replied. "I'll bet you're hoping I'll be the first one out."

"No way! You're such a pervert, Jeff."

"Hey, that's no fair," said Rachael. "*I'm* supposed to the be pervert here."

They made a light supper and sat down to eat. Jeff wasn't particularly hungry; he had slept all through lunch time, but eaten after he woke up just before Brit came home. Brit, of course, ate slowly, either out of nervousness for the game they would play later, or more likely, just to tease Jeff by prolonging it as much as possible.

It wasn't anything obvious of course, nothing that Jeff could point to and tell her not to do. That was the most frustrating part; he had to just sit there silently, or with the occasional vague "hurry up."

Eventually dinner did end, though. Brit headed upstairs to retrieve a deck of cards from her room, leaving Jeff and Rachael with a brief time to make out.

Once Brit returned, Rachael took the cards from her and shuffled them. "So here are the rules," she said. "The one with the worst hand has to take off an article of clothing. The others get to keep their clothes on. You're not allowed to put any clothes back on once we start the game."

"So we have to keep our clothes off for the rest of the game," Jeff nodded, but Rachael shook her head.

"Actually," she said, "I was thinking more like the rest of the weekend."

Brit's eyes grew wide. "You can't be serious!" she exclaimed.

"Of course I'm serious."

"You mean we're supposed to just run around naked all weekend?"

"Embarrassed?"

"No," Brit denied.

"Then what's the problem?"

"Fine," she said. "You're really perverted, Rachael."

"Guilty as charged," she grinned, then dealt the cards.

Jeff had never really understood the fascination of poker as a "strip" game. All the strategy of the game was in the betting, not the deal of the cards, which was mostly luck. So a good poker player had no advantage in variations where the money was taken out of it. But he wasn't going to point that out; he didn't want to spoil the fun, or worse, risk having them put the game away. Although he had seen Rachael nude all day, the sight of her body never grew old. And truth be told, he actually wanted to see Brit's again. It wasn't because of any sexual feelings toward her. He just thought she had a beautiful body.

He lost the first hand, which was fine. He had deliberately put on his jacket before they started the game, so he started pulling it off.

"Wait," said Rachael. "New rule. When you take off an article of clothing, you have to stand up and face the others."

Brit seemed about to protest, but Jeff shrugged, then rose to his feet and removed his coat, tossing it to the side. By that time it was too late for his sister to argue, so she kept quiet.

Rachael lost the second hand, but instead of removing one of her shoes, she took off her shirt. Both Jeff and Brit laughed at that. It was just like her. And since there were no rules as to which article to remove, it was perfectly fine.

Jeff and Brit kept mostly even for the next few hands, while Rachael lost a couple of extra. She of course removed her pants after her shirt, and only then began working on her shoes and socks. Jeff lost his belt and both of his shoes early, then Brit lost both shoes and a sock, then Jeff lost both his socks, then finally Brit lost her other sock. In the mean time, Rachael had lost both shoes and both socks.

On the next hand, Jeff was the loser. "This is why I don't gamble," he joked as he rose to his feet. "Because I always lose my shirt." The girls laughed at his joke, but he caught them both stealing glances at his bare chest after removing it. He didn't mind taking his shirt off, even though he wasn't allowed to put it back on again all weekend. Even if he lost all of his clothes, as long as the girls ended up topless he would be satisfied.

Now it was down to the fun part. If Brit lost again, she would have to take off her blouse, and if Rachael lost, she would take off her bra. Jeff only had to hold out a couple more rounds without losing, then he would get his wish. Of course, he only had two more pieces of clothing to take off, while Brit had four.

Rachael dealt the next hand. Jeff's hopes sank as he ended up with not even a pair. He kept the ace in his hand and asked for four new cards. His spirits rose when Rachael also took four and Brit took three. Jeff glanced down at his new hand, and almost sighed in relief. He now held a pair of Jacks, not the greatest hand but at least it had potential.

"Okay everyone, let's see 'em," Rachael grinned, laying her cards down. Brit had three fives, but Rachael had nothing. Jeff grinned.

"You seem particularly happy," Rachael commented, rising to her feet.

"This is the moment I've been waiting for," he replied.

"You hear that, Brit?" asked Rachael. "If you want to catch a man, Jeff's just given you a hint on how to do it. Apparently guys think it's sexy when girls take off their earrings."

Jeff opened his mouth and stared at her for a second, then closed it again. He hadn't even thought to look for jewelry.

Brit giggled for a second, then suddenly put her hands to her ears with a look of shock. "I forgot to wear earrings," she said, and Jeff laughed.

On the next hand, he ended up with a full house right off the deal. Rachael asked for two cards, and Brit asked for one. It wasn't the best sign, but he felt confident that his full house would at least save him from last place.

It did. Rachael had three fives, and Brit had a pair of threes and a pair of nines. They argued for a minute over whether two pair beat three of a kind, but fortunately Jeff remembered that they had a book of card games in the library. He went to retrieve it, then returned and scanned through it until he found the section on poker. As it turned out, three of a kind was better, so Brit had to take off her blouse.

Once again he had the chance to gaze at her figure. She was so cute, almost delicate. Her figure certainly couldn't compare to Rachael's, but it had its own youthful charm.

On the next deal, Jeff ended up with a pair of two's, the worst possible hand that actually counted for something. Since he was wearing only his pants and boxer shorts, that meant he would likely end up losing half his reserve. He was prepared for it, and in truth it didn't matter even if he lost everything as long as Rachael and Brit agreed to continue the game until there was a clear winner. That would mean that at least one of them would be nude all weekend as well.

Fortunately, Rachael came up empty-handed, with not even a pair. She stood and removed her other earring. Jeff looked her over to check for any other jewelry, but it didn't look like she wore any.

She caught him staring at her. "See?" Rachael said. "Jeff thinks I'm so sexy without my earrings that he can't keep his eyes off me. Just goes to prove my point."

Jeff laughed. A couple of years ago he might have blushed and tried to make up some excuse, but now he was feeling bold. "It has nothing to do with your earrings," he said. "I think you're sexy wearing anything. Or nothing," he added with a wink.

"Well then, maybe I should play to lose," she grinned.

"Would you two stop your flirting and get on with the game?" insisted Brit.

"Good idea," agreed Rachael. "Sounds like Brit's anxious to see one or both of us naked."

"That's not what I meant!" she said.

"Oh, you're anxious to get naked yourself?"

"Shut up."

Jeff and Rachael laughed. Rachael shuffled the cards, then dealt them. This time Jeff ended up with a pair of nines. He picked up another after asking for three cards. They all looked over their hand, then spread them out in front of them.

Brit had a pair of aces and Rachael had two pair. This time there was no arguing over whether two pair beat three of a kind, since it didn't matter anyway. Brit was the clear loser.

Jeff watched in excitement as she stood and unfastened her skirt. She let it drop to the ground, exposing her pretty legs and nice hips. She wore the cutest little white cotton panties with pink hearts dotted all over them. She hurriedly sat down.

"Sexy," Rachael commented.

"Hey!" Brit exclaimed, blushing and putting her hands in her lap to cover up.

"What? Don't be ashamed of your body, Brit. For a thirteen-year-old, you've got a great one."

"Never mind that."

Rachael shrugged and dealt the cards again. Jeff realized, they were all tied up again. Each of them had exactly two articles of clothing left. If his luck kept up, he might get both of the girls completely naked for the rest of the weekend. That would be a real treat.

His luck didn't hold up, however, at least for the next hand. He ended up with a pair of sevens, but Rachael had a pair of eights and Brit had a pair of Queens. Well, he was okay with that. He stood and dropped his pants, leaving only his boxer shorts. Seeing both of the girls in only their bras and panties had done its job; he couldn't hide the bulge in his shorts. It didn't bother him at all, since it was pretty much expected. Now they were all down to just their underwear, and while Jeff was at a disadvantage, fortunately none of the others had a clear advantage, so it was likely that they would both end up at least topless before the game finished.

"Let's take a break," Rachael suggested.

"Hey!" Jeff complained, a little too enthusiastically. Brit and Rachael both broke out into laughs.

"Looks like Jeff's getting eager to finish the game," said Brit with a grin. "I wonder why?"

"I just think he wants to see some tits," Rachael shrugged.

"Hey, I resent that," said Jeff. "I'm not that shallow. There's more to a girl than just her tits. I want to see a little pussy too."

Rachael stood up and headed into the kitchen. She returned with three cans of root beer, then handed two of them to Jeff and Brit. "I just thought we'd like a little refreshment," she explained. "Despite the fact that we're almost naked, I'm feeling kind of hot."

She pressed the cold can against her forehead for a second, then lowered it and pressed it against her chest between her breasts.

"Oh god," Jeff groaned at the sight, and Brit giggled.

"Better stop that," she told Rachael. "I don't think Jeff can handle much more of that."

"Good," Rachael winked.

The three of them drank their sodas, then dealt the cards again.

"New rule," Rachael announced.

"Why do I have the feeling this is going to be bad?" asked Brit.

"It's not bad. It's fun. The new rule is that the player with the second worst hand has to take off the article of clothing from the player with the worst."

Brit gasped, glancing over at Jeff. He wondered what that meant. Was she thinking about undressing him? Or him undressing her? Or maybe she was just looking to him to insist that they don't follow that rule.

If that was the case, she would be disappointed. He wasn't about to pass up this opportunity.

"Okay," he said.

Brit sighed. "Fine," she agreed.

So here it was. On this next hand, one of the three would have to lose something important. It was two chances to one that it would be one of the girls. And that meant she would have to be exposed to his eyes for the rest of the weekend. He grinned in anticipation as the cards were dealt.

That grin immediately fell from his face. He had nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Well, he still had a second chance. He kept the single King in his hand and asked for four cards. Rachael took three, and Brit also asked for four.

The new set didn't help him at all. He still had nothing. That meant he would be naked in front of the girls without them having to be naked themselves. He just had to hold on to the hope that they would continue the game with him out.

All three of them lay down their cards. Jeff gasped. Rachael had a pair of fours, but Brit didn't have anything either. It came down to her highest card being a Jack against Jeff's King.

"No!" she exclaimed, realizing that she had lost. Jeff couldn't contain his grin. She now had to expose her breasts to him. As he glanced again at the cards, he realized something else. *He* would have to take off her bra for her.

"That's not fair!" Brit said.

"What isn't fair?" asked Rachael.

"Well... I..." Brit stammered. "Why do I have to be the one to take my bra off first?"

"Because you lost," Jeff replied.

"But if I lose the next hand, I have to go completely naked."

"Then don't lose the next hand," he shrugged.

"Do it, Jeff!" Rachael grinned. Brit turned beet red, but reluctantly rose to her feet. Jeff stood up in front of her. He leaned in, feeling the heat of her body as he reached his arms behind her back. He remembered how nice it had felt to rub her back, especially with nothing between his hands and her skin. He made sure to let his hands rub against her a little as he unfastened the strap of her bra. Then he pulled it forward. He got only a glimpse of her cute little boobs as he removed the bra from her arms, then she immediately put her hands in front of her chest.

"Oh come on, Brit," Rachael insisted. "Don't cover yourself up. I told you that you have a great body. When you get a chance to expose it like this, you should take advantage of it."

"Don't tease her," said Jeff. "Remember, she's not allowed to put anything back on for the rest of the weekend, and she can't keep her arms in front of her the whole time."

"Good point," said Rachael. "Okay. Let's continue." She dealt out the next hand. Brit kept one hand in front of her as she picked up the cards with the other. This time Jeff had a pair of tens, a decent enough hand. He asked for three cards, but the three replacements didn't help him any. Brit asked for four, to Jeff's disappointment. It wasn't that he didn't want to see the rest of her, but if she lost this hand and Jeff lost the

other, that meant Rachael would win without having to take off even her bra. Rachael, unfortunately, took only one new card.

Brit stared at her cards in frustration. That wasn't a good sign. He lay his cards down, signaling the others to do the same.

Brit had nothing, just a single ace. To everyone's shock, though, Rachael had done even worse. Her highest card was a king. The suits showed what had happened. Four of them were diamonds, while the fifth was a spade. She had gambled on a flush, and lost. It wasn't the smartest move to make, considering that second place in this variation of poker was just as good as first. On the other hand, maybe she had played to lose after all.

Jeff was ecstatic. Now it didn't matter how the game turned out. He was guaranteed to spend the weekend with a couple of topless beauties.

"I know it's not as sexy as taking off my earrings," Rachael teased, "but here we go." She rose to her feet, then turned to Brit. "You wouldn't mind helping me out of this, would you?" she asked coyly. Brit gritted her teeth but couldn't hide the grin on her face. It was a comical mixture of anger, embarrassment, and humor. Jeff would have loved to see Brit reach around Rachael in what would end up being a lot like a hug between the topless girls, but instead she walked around behind her. Still keeping a hand to her chest, she fumbled with the bra strap with her free hand. It took her a couple of seconds to get it loose, then she took one end and walked around Rachael pulling it off of her. When she was finished, Rachael took it from her hand. Unlike Brit, she made no attempt to cover herself. In fact, as Brit was sitting down again, Rachael tossed it onto Jeff's face, then put her hands behind her head. "What do you think?" she asked.

Jeff took the bra off of his face and held it in his hand, staring down at it. "I don't know," he commented. "It's really not my size."

Both girls laughed.

"It might fit Brit better though," he said, tossing it at her. Brit squealed, swatting it out of the air.

"Gross!" she said.

"Anyway, I wasn't talking about the bra," Rachael said. "I was talking about my tits."

"Those *are* my size," he said. "I think they would fit very nicely in my hands."

"Jeff!" Brit exclaimed, blushing.

"What's wrong?" asked Rachael. "You can put them in your hands too if you want."

"Yuck!" she said, then everyone laughed. Rachael sat down.

Once again, they were all tied, each with only one last garment to remove. It was time to start eliminating.

On the next hand he got a pair of fives, so traded in three cards. That added a pair of sevens as well, an acceptable hand. When they exposed their cards, it turned out that Brit had three fours while Rachael had only a pair of Queens.

"Looks like I lose. I hate that," Rachael said in a tone of voice that suggested that she most certainly did not hate it. She rose to her feet and stood in front of Jeff. "Looks like you get to do the honors," she said.

Jeff wasn't about to argue. He knelt in front of her, hooked his fingers in the waistband of her panties, then dropped them to the floor. She stepped out of them, smiling.

"There," she said. "Much better. I hate wearing clothes, don't you?" she asked Brit.

"No!" Brit insisted.

"So now it's just down to you two."

"Maybe we should stop now," said Brit.

"Why?" asked Rachael. "Here's where it gets fun. The final showdown between brother and sister."

"That's exactly why. I don't *want* to play against just him. No matter who wins, one of us has to get naked."

"If you don't play, you forfeit," Rachael told her. "So what will it be? Play against Jeff, or take off your panties."

"Oh, all right!" she conceded. Rachael dealt out the last hand. Jeff ended up with a pair of threes. He asked for three cards, and got another three with it. That was a good hand. It looked like he was going to win after all, leaving Brit completely naked for the rest of the weekend.

Brit asked for three cards. That suggested she had a pair, but nothing more.

"I have you now!" he told her with a wicked grin. She stuck her tongue out at him.

"Fine. Show me your cards then," she insisted.

He laid his cards down in front of him. "Three threes," he said.

She lay her cards down as well. He stared in shock. Four twos.

"I..." he stammered. "But..."

Brit giggled. "I win!" she exclaimed, momentarily forgetting herself and throwing her hands up in the air triumphantly. Then she realized what she was doing, and hurriedly covered herself, blushing.

"Okay," he laughed. "Although I suspect Rachael stacked the deck."

"Would I do that?" she asked innocently. "I mean, right out here in the open where I couldn't get away with it."

Jeff rose to his feet and faced his little sister.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

"You had the second worst hand."

"But that's not fair! There were only two of us!"

"Rules are rules, no matter how many people are playing."

Brit glanced over at Rachael, who merely shrugged. Seeing no help there, Brit sighed, then reached up with her hands and pulled his shorts down, letting his cock spring free. She giggled at the sight of it bouncing around for a second until it came to rest pointing straight out.

"See?" said Rachael. "You won after all, Brit. Although somehow I don't feel like a loser."

"Neither do I," Jeff agreed.

"Let me see," Rachael grinned, reaching out and taking his dick in her hand. Brit gasped.

"Nope," said Rachael. "You don't feel like a loser."

"Well, now that the game's over, what are we going to do now?" asked Jeff with a grin, hoping Rachael would get the hint.

"Let's get in the hot tub," she suggested. It wasn't what he had hoped, but it sounded nice too. Besides, he was sure she would be more than willing to have fun with him after Brit went to bed later.

"Okay," he agreed. "Coming, Brit?"

She shrugged. "I guess so," she said.

Jeff reached down and helped her to her feet. Now that the rest of them were nude, she seemed to lose her self-consciousness, and took her hands away from her chest. Jeff kept stealing glances as they headed down the stairs to the alcove.

Jeff and Rachael climbed into the hot tub, but Brit held back. Rachael scooted right up next to Jeff, and he put his arm around her shoulders. Normally he would be a little self-conscious about being so openly affectionate in front of his sister, but it sounded like she was already well aware of what was going to go on later tonight anyway, so there really was no point.

"Maybe I'd better go put on a swimsuit on," said Brit.

"You're not allowed," Rachael insisted. "Remember the rules. You're not allowed to put on any more clothes."

"Okay, what about changing into just bikini bottoms then?" she said.

"Nope," Rachael smiled. "If you want to get in, you've either got to get in with your panties, or take them off. And if you take them off, you're not allowed to put them back on again for the rest of the weekend.

"But then... that whole strip poker game was pointless!" she complained. "We're all going to end up naked anyway."

"Any game where everyone ends up naked is never pointless," Rachael laughed. "Now come on, Brit. Don't be shy. Just take them off. It's not like you're covering much anyway; we can already see your boobies."

"Hey!" Brit exclaimed, throwing her arms in front of her chest again.

Rachael shrugged. "You can either take your panties off yourself or I'll take them off for you," she grinned.

"Okay, fine," Brit conceded. She reached down and slid her underwear down to the floor, then stepped out of it. "Satisfied?" she asked.

"Not yet, but your big brother will take care of that later," said Rachael.

Jeff watched as she ascended the steps to the hot tub. She really had a gorgeous little cunt, with just a trace of hair around the lips. It reminded him of Crystal's, which was very cute. He loved to run his tongue all over it as she squealed and bucked her hips, and he especially loved to shove his dick deep inside it and shoot his cum into her womb. He wondered if Brit's would feel the same way.

He mentally scolded himself for thinking things like that.

She slipped into the water, which, conveniently enough, was just deep enough to come up to her breasts, leaving them exposed. Surprisingly, she scooted right up next to Jeff.

"You're certainly not shy tonight," Rachael commented.

"Actually, it's the best place to keep Jeff from staring at my boobs," Brit laughed.

Jeff decided to be a little bold, and put his arm around her shoulders as well. He figured at worst she would playfully complain and then scoot away from him where he really *could* stare at her boobs, and at best she would let him leave his arm there.

As it turned out, she simply scooted in closer and lay her head down on his shoulder. Jeff loved it, with two very beautiful and very naked girls right up next to him in the hot tub. The only way he could think of that it might be better would be if Kari and Crystal were there too.

"Remember the first time we did this?" Rachael asked Jeff.

"Do I ever!" he grinned. "You were flirting like crazy."

"It was your fault. You refused to attack me. I had to try everything I could think of to get you in bed."

"Um... maybe we shouldn't talk about this," he said.

"Oh, it doesn't bother me," said Brit. "Look, we might as well come right out and say it. You two are going to have sex later tonight, right?"

"Well... yes," Jeff replied. "That is, if it's okay with you, Rachael?"

"When is sex ever not okay with me?" Rachael laughed. "Brit's being very mature about this whole thing. Maybe we should let her watch."

"No thanks," Brit replied. "But you two go ahead and have fun."

"Maybe we should start the fun right now," Rachael grinned, reaching over and taking his cock in her hand.

"Hey!" Brit exclaimed. "If you're going to get nasty right here, I'm leaving."

Rachael withdrew her hand. "Sorry. We'll wait until later."

They soaked in the tub for a while, no longer talking but simply enjoying the warmth of the water and the softness of each other's bodies. Rachael deliberately rubbed her leg up against Jeff's, which felt nice. On the other side, he could feel Brit's leg pressed against his as well. For some reason he thought that felt extremely sexy. He stayed hard throughout the entire time they were in the tub.

About twenty minutes later, he could hear both of the girls breathing deeply, and realized that they had fallen asleep. He felt so relaxed, he probably would have fallen asleep too if not for the long nap he had taken that afternoon.

He let them sleep for another ten minutes, then decided that they had been in the tub long enough. He gently nudged Brit awake.

"Just a few more minutes, Jeff," she mumbled.

"It's getting late," he insisted. "You need to go to bed."

She yawned and opened her eyes. "I guess I'm going to have to sleep in my own bed tonight," she commented.

"If you wouldn't mind."

She smiled. "Okay," she said. "You two have fun."

"Thanks for being so understanding, Brit," he smiled. "I'll make it up to you, I promise."

"I'm not doing it for you," she teased. "I'm doing it out of self-defense. I know that when you get horny you lose all control of yourself. It's a good thing you've got Rachael to take care of you, or I wouldn't be safe."

"Oh really?" asked Rachael with a grin. "Is there a little incident I should know about?"

"She's just teasing," Jeff hurriedly said. "You know Brit. She likes to joke around like that."

Brit stood up and let the water run down her body for a few seconds. Jeff couldn't help staring at her. He loved her flat tummy and cute little pussy, just a couple of feet in front of him. He could just reach out and...

"Are you just going to stand there, or go to bed?" he asked her, to get that thought out of his mind.

"Yes, mommy," she replied, then stuck her tongue out at him. Lately, even little teasing gestures liked that seemed sexy when she did them.

She climbed out of the hot tub, then headed for the cupboard in the wall to retrieve a towel. He continued to watch her as she dried herself off. She really was a beautiful girl, especially without her clothes on.

As soon as she finished, she headed out of the alcove. As she stepped up onto the carpet, she turned her head and glanced over her shoulder at them. For some reason, he found that pose extremely erotic.

"And this is just the first night," she said. "I wonder what Rachael has in store for us the rest of the weekend."

"Don't worry," said Rachael. "You won't be disappointed."

"'Night, Jeff," smiled Brit, then crossed the room and climbed the stairs.

"Finally, some privacy," Jeff grinned, reaching out and squeezing one of Rachael's tits. She giggled. "Not yet," she said. "We don't want to get the hot tub all messy, do we?"

"Sure we do," he exclaimed with a grin.

"Let's wait until Brit's asleep, then we can go upstairs to your bed."

Jeff shrugged. "Fine," he said.

"So tell me the truth. Seeing her without her clothes on like that gets you horny, doesn't it."

"She's my sister!"

"We already had this discussion. I admit that seeing Allison without clothes gets me horny. What about you

and Brit?"

He sighed. "Okay, I'll admit she's kind of sexy, for a girl that age. Satisfied?"

"So if she wasn't your sister, would you fuck her?"

"No, of course not!"

"Tell the truth, Jeff. You would, wouldn't you?"

"I guess I never really thought about it because she *is* my sister." That was a complete lie. Just a few minutes ago he had been fantasizing about her.

"Okay, I guess that's fair. Anyway, let's get out of the hot tub. That couch looks nice and comfortable. Just perfect for some heavy petting."

"Okay," he grinned.

They climbed out of the tub and dried each other off, making sure to rub up against each other as they did so. Then they headed over to the couch.

"Lie down," said Rachael. Jeff did so, and she knelt on the floor beside him, then reached out with one of her hands and grasped his cock. In return, he began to fondle her boobs.

"Let's give Brit an hour to get to sleep before we go up to your room," Rachael suggested, as she began to slowly stroke him.

"I don't think I'm going to last an hour if you keep doing that."

"Yes you will," she replied. "I know what I'm doing."

She kept it nice and slow, maintaining a steady, moderate level of pleasure. Any time he felt the tension rising, she recognized the signs and backed off. It was really a new experience for Jeff. Too many times he had been on a time limit when he had sex, and had to get it over with before one or more of their parents came home. That meant that the foreplay was designed to get the girl ready as quickly as possible. Rarely did he have the time to just relax and enjoy it like this.

He wasn't idle, though. His own hands worked over Rachael's breasts, squeezing and rubbing and pinching her nipples. After about ten minutes, she moved over him, placing one of her breasts over his lips as she rested her cheek against the back cushion of the couch. Jeff wasted no time, but took the nipple into his mouth and sucked on it.

Over the course of the next hour, they switched position several times. Sometimes Rachael took his cock into her mouth, but she mostly just teased it with her tongue instead of sucking on it, not wanting to get him off too soon. Jeff reciprocated by licking her all over her beautiful, hairless pussy. He sucked on her clit until he

felt her getting too excited, then let it go.

Mostly they just fondled and groped each other with their hands. They took turns lying on their chests on the couch while the other one massaged their back. They turned over to make it a front massage as well. Part of the time they just sat together and kissed each other.

Jeff found that he really liked this new way of making love. There was still the anticipation of sex, but this peaceful, relaxed intimacy was nice as well. Maybe he could get Kari to do it with him some time. She would probably be all for it, considering how much she liked to just lie in his arms afterward. She liked the closeness and intimacy sometimes even more than the sex itself.

Finally, the hour was over. Neither of them said a word, but Rachael took Jeff's hand and the two of them stood up. Together they quietly made their way up the stairs to the ground floor, then up again to the second floor. They headed down the hall toward the bedrooms.

"Shall we take the long way around again?" Rachael whispered. Jeff nodded.

It was just like before, and Jeff was surprised to realize that it was exciting him. He was beginning to understand Rachael's fascination with dangerous sex. Of course, it wasn't quite the same as before. This time if Brit woke, she would just laugh, tell them to get out of her room, and go back to sleep.

Rachael led him right past his own door and into Brit's bedroom, who lay there asleep, still naked and uncovered from the waist up. Jeff couldn't deny that he enjoyed seeing her nude body; he figured that was okay as long as he limited himself to just looking.

Rachael slid her hand down to Jeff's cock and took it in her hand. Rather than stroke it, though, she pulled on it gently, and he had no choice but to step forward. Leading him by the dick, she approached his sister's bed.

Jeff had a moment of panic. What was Rachael doing? Still holding on, she maneuvered Jeff to one side of the bed while she took the other side. He couldn't understand what her plan was until she leaned over across Brit and took him into her mouth.

Fear, excitement, and pleasure hit him all at once. Rachael was sucking him off right over the top of his little sister! What if she woke up and discovered them like this?

Using her mouth now instead of her hand, Rachael continued to maneuver Jeff, and he had no choice but to follow her lead. Any resistance might result in a struggle, which would either cause too much noise or end up with one of them falling on top of Brit, either of which would be disastrous. To his horror, Rachael positioned him right over Brit's head. In her sleep she had turned somewhat so that her head was right on the edge of the bed, which allowed Jeff to put his cock right over the top of it. And because she lay face up, she only needed to open her eyes in order to see it there, not six inches above her.

But Rachael wasn't done. Still sucking, she lowered her head, forcing Jeff to lower himself as well. Down they went, closer and closer to Brit's face. He realized that Rachel was maneuvering him right to his sister's

lips!

In a panic he began to pull away, but Rachael played her trump card. She gently closed her teeth around the head, and Jeff knew that if he pulled away now, it would be very painful.

He could feel Brit's breath on his dick now. Just a couple more inches. Was that really Rachael's goal? And what if Brit awoke when she felt him touching her lips? And what if he had an orgasm and Rachael couldn't swallow it all?

Suddenly he felt Brit's lips on the underside of his cock. Though she didn't move, he realized that this was the equivalent of Brit kissing it. His baby sister, kissing his cock!

The thought brought him over the edge. He tried to stop it, but he couldn't. His cock twitched as he shot his load into Rachael's hungry mouth, and he thought that surely the motion would wake Brit. Again and again he spurt, one of the biggest orgasms in his life. He stared down at Rachael's mouth in horror, wondering which one would be the one that finally leaked out onto Brit's face.

But as the pleasure diminished, he realized that Rachael had managed to swallow everything after all, to his immense relief. His heartbeat, which he imagined was loud enough alone to wake his sister, began to slow. Only after she was sure she had milked every last drop out did Rachael release him, and he immediately stepped back.

"She's been such a good sport about all this," Rachael whispered. "She deserves something special. Here's your reward, Brit." Then she leaned down and kissed her right on the lips.

Jeff just about grabbed her right there to push her away. Only the knowledge that he would make too much noise held him back.

Rachael held that kiss for probably thirty seconds, then raised her head once again. Brit sighed and licked her lips, and Jeff had another moment of panic. But still she didn't wake.

"She liked that kiss," Rachael whispered. "Probably thinking of you. And now she's got a taste of you to help her sleep."

They headed through the bathroom into his bedroom, closing the door behind them to give themselves a little privacy. It wasn't that they wanted to keep their activities safe from Brit; she already knew what they were planning to do. But it wouldn't do to have her peeking in on them.

"You really are a perverted girl," Jeff grinned. "I sometimes can't believe the things you do."

"I hope you mean that in a good way."

"Oh, I do. Unfortunately, this time it cost you. After that blow job, I'm not up for more sex right now."

"That's okay; I know how this works. Remember last time? First I suck you off, then we sleep for a couple of

hours, then you fuck my brains out."

"That works for me," he smiled, then the two of them climbed into bed. Rachael lay down in his arms and they let themselves drop off to sleep.

Chapter 45

Naughtier Fun

The feel of a pair of sweet, delicious lips pressed against his own brought Jeff back to consciousness. He smiled up at Rachael, who lay on top of him.

"So the fairy tales are true," she said. "You can wake someone with a kiss. I'm going to have to try that more often."

"Hopefully the person you try to wake won't mind you kissing them."

"I haven't met anyone yet, male or female, who didn't like me kissing them," she grinned with a wink.

"From you, I can believe that," he laughed.

"Anyway, it's time for sex."

"My favorite time," Jeff grinned, slipping his arms around her waist.

Rachael reached down between them and wrapped her hands around his cock, eliciting a groan of pleasure from him. He kept it as quiet as possible, not wanting to wake his sister in the next room. It wouldn't do to have her come in to see what was going on.

She rolled over onto her back and spread her legs. Jeff knew what to do; he leaned down and sucked one of her nipples into his mouth as he slipped his hand down between her legs. She gasped, but did not cry out; obviously she knew enough to keep quiet as well.

He licked down her body, ever so slowly moving toward the center of her sex. He had done this enough times to Kari and Crystal that he knew just how slowly to take it to draw out the pleasure as long as possible without making it frustrating. It seemed to work. He glanced up at her and saw an open-mouthed smile on her face as she breathed in deeply and heavily.

His tongue traced around her navel, and she shuddered at the sensation. Jeff always enjoyed those little involuntary responses from girls when he made love to them; he found them so sexy. Of course, he did very much the same thing when the girl reciprocated.

Finally he reached his target. Rachael couldn't hold back a squeak as he flicked his tongue against her clit. Fortunately it wasn't a loud one, and there was no chance that Brit might have heard it in the other room. He continued his ministrations, listening to Rachael's breathing growing heavier by the second.

By this time he already had a couple of fingers inside of her, stimulating her both inside and out. He knew it

wouldn't be long before she begged him to shove his dick up in her pussy. He was more than happy to oblige, but he loved to take his time in the foreplay as well. Kari would often have an orgasm before he even began to fuck her.

"Oh god, Jeff!" Rachael breathed. "You've learned so much since last time we did this. I can't believe how good this feels."

"It's going to feel even better in a minute," he grinned.

"Then don't waste any more time," said Rachael excitedly. "I've been waiting two years to feel your cock in my pussy. I don't want to wait any longer."

Jeff grinned, then kissed up her body again, this time running his lips between her breasts, then up to her neck, her chin, and finally her mouth. As he did so, he positioned his member at her entrance. She reached down and took it in her hand to guide it in.

A wide grin broke out on her face as he slipped inside of her. She wrapped her legs around him, then closed her eyes and let him take over, which he was more than happy to do. He began to thrust slowly and gently but gradually going deeper as he built up speed. Rachael held onto him, gasping with each breath as he fucked her. He enjoyed the feel of her body against his, so soft and warm.

Despite their previous orgasms that day, the thrill and pleasure was intense enough that it didn't take long before they both reached a climax. Rachael cried out, no doubt loud enough to wake Brit, but at the moment, Jeff didn't care. For all he knew, he might be making exactly the same sound. So lost was he in the pleasure that he wasn't aware of anything else.

It was too bad that it had to end, but he knew that they had all day tomorrow to continue. As the pleasure waned, he rolled over off of her. She smiled, then kissed him on the lips and lay her head down on his chest. Jeff wrapped his arms around her, then closed his eyes and let himself fall asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, he found not one, but two warm bodies in his arms. He opened his eyes and realized that Brit had crept into his bed while he slept. On the other side, Rachael continued to sleep peacefully. Both were naked.

For a moment, he was shocked. What was Brit doing? She knew that Rachael and he had just had sex. Wouldn't that thought have turned her off? Still, he couldn't deny that it felt good.

Rachael was the next to wake. She stirred and yawned, letting the blanket fall down to reveal her tits. She made no move to cover them, but smiled at him. "Thanks for last night," she said. "I've been longing to do that for months."

Then she spied Brit lying against him on the opposite side. Jeff wondered if she was going to get jealous or

make a scene. But instead, she put her hand out and gently stroked Brit's hair.

"Your sister's really adorable," Rachael commented.

"So it doesn't bother you that she's in bed with us?" he asked.

"Why should it bother me? It's not like I get to have you all to myself anyway. I don't mind sharing."

"I didn't mean that. It's not like you're sharing, because Brit and I didn't... you know. I just thought you might like a little privacy, that's all."

"Brit doesn't count. I already said last night that she's welcome to watch. She can even join in if she wants."

"Rachael!"

"Oh, I know. I'm a pervert. It's just that the thought of it makes me horny."

Brit began to stir. Jeff glanced down at her head that was resting against his chest. He always enjoyed waking up with her in his arms. This time was different, though. This time, he could feel every inch of her. Her soft tits and perky little nipples felt so good against him, as did her down-covered thigh, which was pressed against his hip. He couldn't deny that he felt a kind of attraction; if she weren't his sister he would be tempted to take her right now.

Her eyes opened and she glanced around, a little groggy. When she saw his face, she smiled. Jeff always liked her smile. Until a week ago, he had seen it all too rarely, but since then it was almost a constant part of her features. He didn't think it would ever get old.

"You don't mind, do you?" Brit asked him. "I was feeling a little lonely, so I wanted to sleep with you again."

"I don't mind," he told her, "except that we're... well..."

"Naked?" she giggled. "So? I see Rachael over there doesn't mind being naked with you. Hi, Rachael."

Rachael grinned at her.

"That's different," said Jeff.

"Why?"

"Because she's not my sister. Besides, Rachael and I... well... we got naked for a reason."

"I know. You had sex."

"And that doesn't bother you?"

"Of course not. Why should it bother me? It's not like it's the first time I've seen you--"

"Brit!" he exclaimed. That was supposed to be secret!

It was too late to cover it, though. Rachael's eyes lit up when she heard that.

"You mean you've actually watched your brother having sex?" she asked her.

"Well... sort of..." Brit mumbled, embarrassed that she had let it slip.

"Come on, tell me all the juicy details!" Rachael insisted with an eager grin on her face.

"It was last weekend, when Crystal came over."

"Who's Crystal?"

"Kari's sister," Jeff said. It was too late to hide things now, so they might as well tell the truth.

"You mean you had sex with your girlfriend's sister?" Rachael laughed. "You're amazing! How did you manage that without Kari knowing?"

"Well... actually, she *did* know."

"And she wasn't mad?"

"The first time was her idea."

"You're not serious!"

"That's just the way Kari is. Once she gets going, she's sometimes just as perverted as you are. No offense."

"I *am* offended," said Rachael with a grin. "No one's supposed to be as perverted as me."

"*I'm* telling the story," Brit interrupted.

"Sorry, Brit. Go ahead."

"Anyway, so the three of us got into the shower, and Crystal sucked him off. That's really all there was to it."

"Wow, step one without even my help," Rachael breathed, stunned.

"What?" asked Jeff.

"Never mind. So Brit, would you be interested in a repeat performance? This time with me instead of Crystal?"

"Sure," she smiled.

"Now wait a minute," Jeff insisted. "I don't know if I feel comfortable with this. I think maybe things are getting a little out of hand."

"What's the problem?" asked Rachael.

"The problem is that brothers aren't supposed to have sex in front of their sisters. It's just not right."

"Why?" asked Brit.

Jeff stared at her. He really had no answer to that question. He had always been raised to believe things like that, but at the moment he couldn't think of why it was supposed to be that way.

"I don't know," he replied. "But you just have to trust me, Brit."

"I trust you, Jeff," she said, "but it's not like you have an answer that is just too complicated to explain. You admitted that even you don't know. So maybe there isn't an answer. Maybe it's not even true."

"Well I for one am getting tired of just talking," Rachael grinned. "Jeff, I'm going to fuck you right now. Brit, you can stay here and watch or you can leave the room. It's your choice."

"I'll stay," she smiled, giving Jeff a kiss on the cheek. "It's all right, Jeff, really," she reassured him.

He was still a little cautious, but the thought of having sex with Rachael always made him lose his inhibitions.

Rachael sat up, throwing the covers off of them and exposing their bodies. Jeff was already growing hard, and Brit giggled when she glanced down and saw it.

"Don't look at me there!" Jeff told her, growing red.

"What's the matter?" she teased. "Am I embarrassing you?"

"Yes."

She rolled off of him and sat up next to him. He couldn't help stealing a glance at her cute little breasts. She had the most gorgeous little thirteen-year-old body he had ever seen, although admittedly he had only seen two, and Crystal's was a close second.

She caught him staring, and laughed. "Oh, I'm not allowed to look at you, but you're allowed to look at me?" she asked.

"Sorry," he said, turning his eyes away.

"Don't be sorry," she replied. "I don't mind."

Rachael put one leg over the top of him and knelt over his hips, straddling him. She reached down and took his cock in her hand, aiming it at the slit between her legs. "So you've seen a blowjob," she told Brit, "but have you seen actual sexual penetration?"

Brit shook her head, her eyes returning to his crotch. Jeff gazed up at Rachael with eagerness for the feel of her hot pussy.

Rachael slowly lowered herself until his cock pressed against her opening. There she hesitated for just a moment as she made sure everything was lined up properly. She gave Brit a wink, then slowly lowered herself a little more, biting her lower lip as he slipped inside her.

Brit's eyes grew wide as she watched him penetrate deeper and deeper into her. After his initial embarrassment had worn off, Jeff actually felt an erotic thrill at knowing that his sister was watching.

"Doesn't it hurt?" she asked, seeing him disappear completely inside her.

"Only if the girl isn't warmed up right, or if the boy isn't careful," Rachael explained. "That's why I like to be on top, because I can take it at my own pace. And Jeff's a great lover. He likes to take care of the girl's needs. If you ever get the chance to have sex with him, you'll see what I mean."

"Rachael!" Jeff exclaimed, growing red. But he was shocked to see that for a moment, Brit had had delight in her eyes when Rachael said those words.

Rachael began to move up and down now, slowly at first as she got used to the feel of him inside of her. Jeff let out a groan as she slid up and down his shaft, bit by bit increasing the tempo and the pleasure. He loved to fuck her; because she had been his first time, there was a special place in his heart for her.

Then she suddenly stopped, glancing over at Brit with a naughty gleam in her eye.

"I've got a great idea," she said.

"What?" asked Brit.

"Come sit down on your brother in front of me."

"Huh? Sit on him?"

"Yeah. Straddle him, like me."

"What are you doing, Rachael?" Jeff demanded.

"I just don't want Brit to be left out of the fun."

"Come on, this is wrong."

"Why? Because she's going to be sitting on you? A few minutes ago you had her whole body pressed up against you."

"But I... I mean..."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Brit, and climbed over on top of him just like Rachael told her, facing toward him. He found himself lying there with not one, but two beautiful women naked on top of him. With Brit's legs spread wide to straddle him, he could see her pussy lips opened like the petals of a flower. Those lips were actually touching his bare skin, and he felt a thrill rush through him at the thought of it.

Rachael put her hands on Brit's shoulders and pulled her in. For a moment, Jeff thought she was going to start fondling his sister, but it was just so that Rachael could put her mouth up next to Brit's ear and whisper something. Still, the sight of the two girls in a near embrace like that was extremely erotic, especially as he realized that Rachael's breasts must surely be pressed against Brit's back.

He couldn't hear what Rachael told her, but Brit grinned and nodded. Then Rachael released her.

"What did you say?" asked Jeff.

"I simply said that I'd like to see what Allison taught her the other day," Rachael replied.

"What Allison taught her?" asked Jeff. "I don't understand."

"You forgot already?" asked Brit playfully. "I'm insulted." She leaned forward, and Jeff gasped as she lay down on his chest, pressing her soft, beautiful body against his.

"Let's show Rachael how much I've learned," she grinned, and Jeff's eyes grew wide as he realized what she meant.

"But Brit--" he began, but she never gave him the chance to finish as she pressed her lips against his.

From the moment she kissed him, he knew he couldn't resist. It was absolutely wrong, he knew, but it felt so good that he had no power to do anything but let it happen. Her body and her lips worked together to drive him wild with passion for his little sister. All thoughts of disgust had vanished so completely that he knew they would never return. His only hesitation came from the knowledge that this was not appropriate behavior between siblings. Even that, though, was shoved off into a corner of his mind as he attacked her lips with his own.

This kiss was wilder and more physical than the one they had shared a few days before. It was more like the one with Allison. Gone was the innocence and purity, to be replaced by sexual abandon and raw lust. He couldn't get enough of his little sister.

He shoved his tongue into her mouth, and she accepted it eagerly by teasing it with her own. She made little

moaning sounds of pleasure as they devoured each other greedily. He loved the feel of her mouth on his, her beautiful face so close to his own, and her long, golden hair spilling around his head and enveloping them in a sheltered cocoon.

But there was more to her than just her face, much more. He could feel her whole body against him, so hot and soft. Her nipples were hard, and pressed into his chest. Further down, her sweet feminine opening was spread wide as she rubbed it against his lower torso, mere inches above where he entered Rachael. It almost felt like he was fucking Brit instead.

He closed his eyes and fantasized about it, about shoving his cock deep inside his little sister's pussy. God, wouldn't that be wonderful! He would make her squeal with pleasure as he brought her over the edge.

She began to rub up against him, matching her rhythm to Rachael's. The three of them fell into tempo, adding even more to the illusion. He reveled in the sensation of her breasts sliding up and down his chest, admittedly only a couple of inches but still enough to drive him crazy. He was losing himself now, unable to control himself at all. His hands went to Brit's waist, pressing her even harder against him.

Rachael also put her hands on Brit's body, running them up and down her back as the three of them performed their sublime dance. Rachael thrust her hips forward with each beat, shoving herself against Brit as if trying to fuck her from behind. Jeff wondered if Brit was feeling it, and if so, if she was enjoying it. The two girls had their pussies almost touching, after all, and maybe during some of those thrusts they actually made contact. He knew Brit had been horrified to discover that there were women out there who liked that sort of thing, but then again, she had been horrified by the incestuous pictures of their father and sister as well. Yet here she was, very nearly having sex with her own brother. Was it possible that she had turned completely around in just a week, and was able to take pleasure from such forbidden desires?

Jeff moaned in pleasure from the feel of Rachael's tight cunt wrapped around his cock, and Brit's soft body pressed up against his own. It was such an exquisite feeling to have both of them together with him like that. He almost couldn't believe how wonderful it felt.

He knew it wouldn't be long before he peaked, and he didn't try to stop it. He thrust deep inside Rachael, almost throwing Brit off of him in the process. She giggled, but kept kissing him.

His moans became a cry of delicious ecstasy as he climaxed. Rachael apparently felt it, and it pushed her over the edge. The two of them cried out as the pleasure overcame them, filling them deeply. Jeff closed his eyes, blocking out all other sensations.

As it began to ebb, he relaxed and sighed, a smile of joy on his face. There was something extremely satisfying about sharing this moment with his little sister.

When he opened his eyes, he found her beautiful face before his eyes, a look of affection there that made him feel nothing but love toward her right now.

"Did you like that, big brother?" she smiled down at him.

"Oh god, yes, Brit!" he gasped.

She lowered her head and moved her lips next to his ear. "Tell me the truth," she whispered, too low for Rachael to hear. "Was I at least partly responsible for your orgasm?"

"Well... maybe just a little," he replied.

Then she lifted her head again and stared into his eyes, giggling. "I was hoping you would say that," she said. She sat up, then climbed off him. As she strode toward the bathroom door, she turned her head and gave him a wink, then disappeared into her own room, closing the door behind her.

Jeff wondered what had come over Brit lately. Ever since Lissa left, Brit had been flirting with him like crazy. Most likely it was just a new kind of teasing; she would never seriously do anything with him. Or would she? He was starting to have his doubts.

As Rachael headed to the bathroom to take a shower, Jeff climbed out of bed and made his way downstairs. He picked up the phone and dialed Kari's answer.

"Hello?" she answered.

"Hi, Kari," he said. "You're coming over today, right?"

"That's the plan," she replied. "I'll probably leave in just a few minutes."

"When you get here, do me a favor. Don't knock; just come in. You'll see why once you're inside."

"Sure, no problem. Is it all right if I bring Crystal along? I figure she can keep Brit busy while the rest of us have more grown-up fun."

"Good idea," he answered.

"Of course, she said you owe her for this favor."

"I'll pay her back. With interest," he grinned. "Speaking of which, that reminds me. Brit's not really opposed to watching."

"She watched you last night?" asked Kari excitedly.

"This morning."

Kari laughed. "You'd better be up for another round with me."

"Don't worry. I will be. But listen. If we let Brit watch, you have to promise me something."

"What?"

"No lesbian stuff. You know how innocent she is. It was only last week that she first found out about lesbians. I had to explain it to her. I don't think it would be good for her to see it first hand right now."

"Always looking out for your little sister. You're a good man, Jeff."

"So do you promise?"

"I promise. And I'll tell Crystal too."

"Thanks, Kari."

Jeff lay on the bed half an hour later with Rachael on one side and Brit on the other. Despite the rules of the game last night, Brit had insisted on putting her clothes back on before the Williams girls arrived. Rachael protested for a while, but finally relented. Brit now wore a tee-shirt and a pair of shorts, but Rachael and Jeff still wore absolutely nothing. Suddenly, the door opened, and Kari and Crystal stood in the doorway with grins on their faces.

"Caught you!" Kari exclaimed.

"It wasn't me," Brit said, with a deliberately guilty look on her face.

"It was me," Rachael added.

"Come on in, girls," said Jeff. "There's no more room on the bed, but we can always start on a second layer."

"Actually, I was kind of hoping for a little more privacy," said Kari. "You don't mind, Crystal and Brit?"

"I guess that's our cue to leave," said Crystal. "Come on, Brit. Let's go out to your studio. But you owe me one, Jeff."

"Don't worry. That's the kind of debt that I think I'll enjoy repaying every bit as much as you'll enjoy collecting."

Brit climbed off the bed, then the two younger girls slipped out of the room. "Have fun," Crystal grinned at Jeff with a wink just before closing the door behind her.

Kari began to undress. "Do you know why I sent the girls away?" she asked.

"Why?" Jeff said.

"Because of what you told me on the phone. No lesbian stuff in front of Crystal. Rachael, rumors are that you like girls just as much as guys."

Rachael's face broke out in a grin. "The same could be said of you," she replied.

"Well, I still like guys better than girls, at least in Jeff's case, but I was kind of fantasizing last night about sleeping with the girl who took my boyfriend's virginity. Does that make me some kind of pervert, or what?"

"Whatever it makes you, I like it. Jeff, why didn't you tell me you had such a naughty girlfriend?"

Jeff laughed. "Because I was afraid it would make you so horny that you would try to steal her away from me."

"You were right," Rachael laughed. "But don't worry. If I steal her away from you, you always have Brit and Crystal to fall back on."

"What are you talking about? I mean about Brit."

"Don't act so innocent, Jeff. You'd fuck her in a second if you thought she'd agree to it."

"I would not!" he insisted, but even he didn't know if that was the truth.

Rachael ignored his protest, saying instead, "I'll bet she would, too. She's probably thinking about it right now."

"Oh, very funny."

"Well, if you don't believe me, that's your own problem. I just think you're missing an opportunity here."

"I doubt that," said Kari. "Jeff and Brit have been fighting with each other for years."

"Oh, but you didn't see what happened this morning," Rachael told her, grinning.

"Oh really?" said Kari, her face also breaking out into a smile. "Have you been cheating on me with your little sister, Jeff?" she teased.

"Nothing happened," he replied.

"Too bad. Thinking about that makes me horny."

"Me too," said Rachael. "Maybe we'd better get going."

Jeff sat up, then climbed off the bed. By this time, Kari was nude, and Rachael eyed her with lust.

"Actually, this works out fine for me," he said. "Rachael's already given me four orgasms this weekend, and I'm getting exhausted. If you don't mind, I think I'll sit this one out."

"Good idea," said Rachael. "Why don't you go spy on Crystal and Brit? Maybe you'll catch them getting

naughty together, then you can blackmail Brit into having sex with you."

"What is it with you?" he laughed. "For the last time, I have no intention of having sex with Brit."

"Just don't tell her that, or she'll be disappointed."

He just shrugged, a smile on his face. Rachael really was a tease. In her own way, she was just as bad as Brit.

He watched with delight as Kari climbed onto the bed and lay down next to Rachael. His aunt didn't waste any time, but immediately leaned in and kissed her passionately on the lips. He couldn't believe how erotic that looked, especially when he caught glimpses of their tongues exploring each other's mouths. Their bodies were just close enough that their breasts were touching, nipple to nipple.

As they kissed, Rachael's hand went to Kari's arm just below the shoulder, and Kari slipped her own hand onto Rachael's waist. She began to gently stroke her there, using only the lightest of touches. Rachael responded by lifting her knee to rest it over Kari's leg, slipping her foot behind it to draw her in closer. It was a very arousing sight.

If not for the fact that Jeff had already had plenty of orgasms in the past day or so, he would have been so turned on that he would have jumped into bed with them. As it was, he barely got a rise out of his cock. He just sat in the chair, watching in delight as the two girls made love.

He didn't know what it was about lesbians that excited him so much. Ever since Allison had introduced him to the concept a couple of years ago while browsing porn, he was always thrilled by the sight, especially when it was girls he knew. He especially enjoyed watching Kari with another girl, though that had been limited to Crystal and a little groping with Allison so far. He wondered if she had ever gotten friendly like that with any of the other members of the volleyball team. He knew that one of them, Gwen, was a confirmed lesbian, and proud of it. She was really a gorgeous girl, too. Kari and Gwen together would indeed be a sight to behold!

There were probably a number of reasons why he enjoyed such girl-on-girl action. For one thing, the idea of sex with multiple partners was a turn-on, and to get two girls together like that was only one step away from a menage-a-trois. For another thing, just the sight of a beautiful girl like Kari in orgasmic bliss, knowing that she was lost in pleasure like that, excited him. Of course, that meant either self-stimulation or a partner, and watching a girl getting pleasured by another man always caused a tiny, almost subconscious feeling of jealousy. After all, she wasn't deriving pleasure from Jeff, but from someone else. But to see it happen with another woman was something quite different. That made him the only man involved, albeit in merely a voyeuristic role.

Then of course, it was the whole idea of girls involved in forbidden passion. It was both so beautiful, and at the same time unnatural. He had always been a good boy, so on the occasions when he could shrug off his inhibitions and either watch or engage in something so naughty excited him to an extreme degree. That was probably the same reason why Rachael enjoyed taking risks, like sneaking naked into Brit's room after she was asleep.

That was also probably why he had been pushed over the edge by the feel of Brit's lips on his cock. It was one of the most erotic sensations in the world, to know that he was doing something so wrong with his little sister. Of course, he would never let that happen again. That was too much like taking advantage of her. He would never get involved sexually with her no matter how much he wanted to.

No matter how much he wanted to? That was a disturbing thought. When he was honest with himself, he realized that he *did* want to. It was partly because of that thrill of the forbidden, but also because in this past week he had begun to see her in a new light. She was absolutely adorable, but at the same time, downright sexy.

By this time, Kari had rolled onto her back, and Rachael was on top of her, kissing her neck and rubbing her between the legs. Kari moaned as the older girl worked her over. Rachael was apparently quite the expert at making love to a woman. With Kari and Crystal, it had all been experimental. They had mostly learned on their own what felt good. Rachael seemed to know just how to stimulate Kari.

She moved ever so slowly down Kari's body with her lips, only a couple of inches a minute. It was the slowness and anticipation that really did the job. Kari's breaths came in gasps as Rachael neared her breasts. When she finally did take one of the girl's nipples in her mouth, Kari's body exploded into orgasm. Jeff grinned; he loved seeing Kari get off like that.

But Rachael wasn't finished. She didn't even give Kari any time to rest, but moved to the other breast and sucked on the nipple. Within a minute, Kari was panting in pleasure again.

Kari's hands, meanwhile, were also exploring Rachael's body, touching her between the legs. Both girls were moist down there from the excitement, both lost in the pleasure. They paid no attention to Jeff sitting nearby; he might have not even been there for all they cared. That didn't bother him; he was content just to sit there exposed to this beautiful sight before his eyes.

As Rachael worked her way further down Kari's body, she turned her own body so that the two girls lay upside-down from each other. That allowed them to lie on their sides, kissing each other's stomachs as they moved toward the center of pleasure. It wouldn't be long now before they reached their goal, and then the real fun would begin.

They kissed and licked each other, inching slowly closer. Both of them sought out the other's cunt with their hands, running their fingers along the clit or gently pulling apart the lips with their thumbs. Rachael reached Kari's hair line and ran her tongue all along it, driving the girl insane with anticipation of the coming pleasure. Kari, meanwhile, was at the same point on Rachael's body, but there was no line since Rachael shaved her pussy. That left her silky smooth for Kari's tongue.

The two girls reached each other at the same time. Rachael rolled over onto her back, allowing Kari to take the dominant position. They moaned and gasped as they pleasured each other with their tongues, licking all over the clitoris or shoving it inside. Kari opened her mouth wide and took Rachael's whole mound into her mouth, and Jeff could see by the expression on her face that she was wriggling her tongue around in there.

Rachael had Kari's outer lips spread wide with her thumbs and flicked her tongue against the interior, lapping at Kari's juices.

Rachael hit her orgasm in just a few minutes, and she cried out so loud that Jeff wondered if Crystal and Brit could hear her out back in the guest house. She continued to attack Kari's cunt mercilessly, and the younger girl soon reached her climax as well.

Once it was over, Rachael rolled off of Kari, and they lay there panting from exhaustion, but both with wide grins on their faces.

"Wow, Rachael!" Kari breathed. "No wonder Jeff likes you! If I were a boy, I would have been the luckiest guy in the world if you were to take my virginity."

"I was just educating him so that he'd be ready for you."

"Well you did a wonderful job. With Jeff, and just now. To tell you the truth, I was the tiniest bit jealous when I found out that you were his first time. But as long as you're willing to take care of me like that too, I have absolutely no problem with it."

"Good. Then you won't mind me getting my pussy licked again right now."

"I don't know. My tongue's a little worn out from so much exercise."

"Mine too, but there is a third tongue in this room you know."

"Good point," Kari grinned, and both girls turned their heads to Jeff.

"What do you think, Jeff?" asked Rachael. "Are you up for a little cunnilingus with a couple of sex-crazed girls?"

"If it's you two, no problem," he smiled, rising up out of the chair and moving toward the bed.

Chapter 46

Dirty Pictures

While Jeff was having fun with Kari and Rachael, Crystal sat with Brit on the couch in her studio. The two of them had been talking for a while, letting the conversation drift from subject to subject, but purposely avoiding the topic of what was happening in the house.

Crystal would have been more than happy to talk about it, but if she planned to seduce Brit, she had to take things slow. Brit always got embarrassed whenever talking about sex, and the last thing Crystal wanted was to embarrass her. If she tried to push things, she might end up scaring off Brit.

Still, Crystal was getting anxious. It had been a couple of months now since she had come up with the idea of seducing her best friend, and she had made essentially zero progress toward that goal. Brit had no idea how sexy she was, even to other girls.

Crystal had one thing going for her, though. According to Jeff, Brit now knew about lesbians. That meant that she knew it was a different lifestyle, and not something horrifying and wrong. When Crystal finally did make her move, Brit would at least be able to frame it in some kind of context, and would therefore be less likely to be scared off by it.

After they had been talking for about an hour, Crystal decided to try her luck. She wondered if she could get her best friend to masturbate with her again.

"So does it bother you to know that your brother is getting his brains fucked out right now?" she asked.

Surprisingly, Brit giggled. "Does it bother you that your sister's the one doing it to him?"

"And don't forget about your aunt."

"Step-aunt," Brit corrected. "She's no relation to us, so it's okay."

"Yeah, but aren't you the least bit jealous?"

"Jealous?" Brit laughed. "Of who?"

"Kari and Rachael," said Crystal. "I mean, Jeff's a really good-looking guy, and I know what a great lover he is. Aren't you a little jealous that you're the only one in this house that he hasn't fucked?"

"No, he's my brother. Why would I want him to do that to me?"

"Do what to you?" Crystal teased. "Say it, Brit."

"Okay, fuck," said Brit with a nervous grin. "Satisfied?"

"So you don't want him to fuck you?"

"Of course not."

"Not even in your fantasies?"

"Well... I..."

"You can tell me, Brit," Crystal encouraged. "Look, if I had a brother, you can believe me that I would take full advantage of it every opportunity I got."

"Really?" asked Brit, astonished.

"Sure. Unfortunately, I'm stuck with just a sister, so I have to settle for her boyfriend instead."

Brit laughed.

"So tell me the truth. Have you ever fantasized about him?"

"Well... I don't know. This past week, Jeff's been so sweet to me, but up until last weekend, we couldn't stand each other. I mean, we love each other and everything, but we never really got along."

"I see. So things must have changed when we took a shower together."

"What do you mean?" asked Brit, blushing.

"He probably took one look at your body and decided he just had to get into your pants."

"You're gross!" Brit exclaimed, but with a laugh. She obviously knew Crystal was just teasing.

"Okay, so you don't fantasize about Jeff. Who do you fantasize about when you play with yourself?"

"Who do *you* fantasize about?" Brit countered.

"Jeff," Crystal replied.

"Oh yeah. Good point."

"But you have been playing with yourself, haven't you?"

"Um..." said Brit, growing red again.

"Come on, Brit. Tell me the truth. I'm your best friend."

"Okay," Brit sighed. "I've done it just a couple of times."

"And have you succeeded in having an orgasm?"

"I... well..."

"That means yes," Crystal grinned.

"I didn't say that!" Brit exclaimed.

"So have you?"

Brit nodded sheepishly.

Crystal nearly had an orgasm herself right there, with that mental image. To see Brit lying there naked, screaming in the throes of her climax... She suddenly realized that she could make her fantasy come true right here, right now, if she managed to do things right.

"Oh Brit, that's so wonderful!" she exclaimed.

"Why?"

"Well, I was a little worried about you. I remember last time we talked about it, it seemed to bother you that you had never had an orgasm. So did it feel nice?"

"Um... yeah," Brit replied.

"So tell me all about it."

"There's not much to tell. I mean, I know you've had an orgasm before. I saw it. So you know how it feels."

"You could always show me," said Crystal.

"I'm not going to show you!" Brit exclaimed.

"Come on. You've watched me do it. It's only fair that I get to watch you."

"No."

Crystal sighed. This wasn't going to be as easy as she had hoped. Brit was just too much of a prude.

"Okay. I can see it's embarrassing you," she said, "so we'll change the subject. Do you want to draw me again?"

Brit nodded, and Crystal could see she was relieved. Crystal almost always posed for her these days when she came over to visit, and Brit came up with the most imaginative drawings. If the two of them couldn't

make love, at least this was an activity that they both enjoyed.

Brit stood up and headed back to her office to retrieve her art supplies. For a moment, she hesitated, glancing back at her friend. Crystal wondered what she was thinking.

"I have another idea," said Brit. "Is it okay if we take pictures this time?"

"Sure," Crystal smiled. "You're starting to get into photography too?"

"Well, Allison... Yeah. Photography."

"That sounds fun."

"Um... Crystal?"

"Yes?"

"Would it be all right if... if you posed... nude?"

That both surprised and delighted Crystal. She would have never suspected that Brit would want to do that, the way she had been acting today.

"You want to take smutty pictures of me?" asked Crystal.

"*Nude* pictures," Brit clarified. "There's a difference between nude art and pornography."

"Sounds like you know all about it."

"Not really. That's just what Allison told me."

"Oh, so you've been taking nude pictures of her then?" Crystal teased.

She was shocked to see Brit nod. But if Allison had gotten naked with Brit, that meant...

That meant nothing. Crystal had seen paintings of naked women at the Museum of Art. She assumed that the models themselves had probably been nude, but that didn't mean that anything had gone on between them and the painters. Still, the thought that Brit and Allison might have done something naughty together thrilled her. Allison was a damn gorgeous woman, and Brit was such a cutie. To see them together...

It was just as well that she was going to take her clothes off, because she was beginning to feel warm. She slipped her tee-shirt off, then kicked off her shoes and leaned over to pull off her socks.

As she undressed, Brit retrieved her camera and tripod and began to set it up. Crystal noticed her stealing glances, and wondered if she was getting aroused. Unfortunately, it was more likely that she was just nervous to watch her friend undress. On the other hand, Brit was the one who had suggested it.

As soon as Crystal had finished disrobing, she gathered up her clothes and set them on one of the chairs out of the way. Then the two girls wheeled the background frame into place and covered it with a white sheet. Crystal then sat down on the couch.

Brit took a minute to adjust the tripod and camera while Crystal waited patiently. She was getting excited about this. Now Brit would have some naked pictures of her to ogle. She wondered whether the girl would actually look at them after taking them. Maybe Brit would masturbate to those images. The thought was driving Crystal crazy.

"We'll start out simple," said Brit. "Sit straight up in the couch, with your hands folded in your lap."

Crystal did as instructed. It wasn't a particularly erotic pose, just plain and ordinary. If not for her nudity, it wouldn't even be sexy at all. Still, this was just the first of a series of pictures.

Brit clicked the button on the camera. "Okay, now I want the same pose, but this time you should cross one leg over the other."

That's boring, thought Crystal. *We should try some really exciting ones.* She wondered if maybe she could get Brit to pose with her. That would certainly be fun. Nevertheless, she followed the instructions, and Brit snapped the next picture.

"Very nice," Brit commented.

"What, the pose or my body?" asked Crystal with a wink.

"The pose, of course. Why would I think your body's nice?"

"Hey, that's mean. Don't you think I have a nice body?"

"I'm a girl. I don't think like that."

"Just because you're a girl doesn't mean you can't think another girl's body is nice. For instance, I think you have a nice body."

"That's not something I want to hear right now," said Brit, but from the shy smile on her face, Crystal could tell she enjoyed the compliment.

"Whatever," Crystal shrugged. "Just remember, you're the one who wanted to take nude pictures of me."

"Okay, fine. You have a nice body. Satisfied?"

"Sure," Crystal smiled. "So what's next?"

This time, Brit had Crystal turn slightly to the side, then put her hands behind her head. She stepped in and helped arrange Crystal's hair so that it was thrown over one shoulder, and Crystal felt thrills running through

her at the thought that Brit was actually touching her. Granted, it was mostly just her hair, but for just an instant Brit's hand brushed against her shoulder, almost causing her to jump.

Brit then headed back to the camera and looked at her for a couple of seconds.

"Put your head back slightly," she said. "Just a couple of inches. Good. Now take a deep breath and... um... stick out your chest."

"Why, to make my boobs look bigger?" Crystal teased. Both girls laughed at that, which had the unfortunate effect of throwing off the whole pose, so they had to start over.

Eventually they got it, though. Crystal imagined that it probably looked very sexy. She would have to take a look at the results of these pictures afterward.

The next picture was very similar, except that Brit had her throw her head back even more so that she faced almost straight up, with her eyes closed and her mouth open. It was almost like yawning and stretching after a good night's sleep. In fact, after Brit snapped the picture, Crystal did actually yawn.

She was having fun with this. Not only was it so deliciously naughty, but she was getting Brit to look at her naked body, which meant getting used to it. From now on, every time she came over, she planned to have Brit take some more nude photos of her.

Next Brit had her lie down, her head on the arm of the couch. She put one hand up to grasp the back of the couch and the other one leisurely draped on the floor. One of her legs lay straight while the other had the knee bent and pointed upward. It was a very relaxed-looking pose, very peaceful and serene.

"How about this one?" Crystal suggested next, then did the same pose except that she removed her hand from the back of the couch and placed it between her legs. She lifted her face to the sky and stuck her tongue out to lick her upper lip. It was more than a little erotic, she knew, but she wanted to test Brit's reaction.

"Why am I not surprised you're starting to get dirty?" Brit laughed, then took the picture. Taking that as a good sign, she decided to be bold and go for it. For the next picture, she sat back up and faced forward. She lifted her feet and spread her legs, exposing her pussy to the camera.

"Ew, gross!" Brit exclaimed, though with a grin on her face. "I can see everything!"

"That's the point," Crystal replied.

Brit hurried and snapped the picture so that Crystal would close up her legs. But Crystal, feeling bold, instead simply lowered her feet to the floor but kept her knees spread wide. She slid one hand down to her cunt and began to rub herself.

"What are you doing?" Brit demanded, growing red.

"Just keep taking pictures," Crystal told her. She closed her eyes and leaned back against the couch,

continuing to stimulate herself. This would certainly give Brit some good photos to look through later! Once again she imagined her friend hidden away in the studio, flipping between pictures on her computer screen, always coming back to this set, her heart beating, her mouth dry, sweat glistening on her forehead as she let her fingers wander down between her legs to copy the motions of Crystal on the screen. Would Brit ever masturbate to these pictures? Probably not, but it made for a great fantasy.

Crystal was more than a little damp between the legs now as she ran her fingers over herself, rubbing at her clit and spreading her lips. She could hear Britney clicking the shutter, which made her feel even more aroused. That meant Brit had a permanent record of Crystal's naughtiness, that she could look at whenever she wanted. At least part of her fantasy would come true; even if Brit never looked at the pictures again, at least they would be there on the computer and available, in case she ever got the urge one night to come down here and flip through them.

You can have the real thing too, Brit, she thought, but didn't give voice to her fantasy. Patience was key. She had to take things slow.

That didn't mean she couldn't enjoy her own hands right now. She moved the free one up to her breast and massaged herself, pinching and pulling at the nipple. Her mouth opened in a moan as she pleasured herself for the camera, and for her best friend. Without her eyes open she couldn't see the expression on Brit's face, but she imagined the girl staring with barely-concealed sapphic lust. Maybe Brit was losing control right now. Maybe she would leave the camera behind and come over to the couch. Maybe she would kneel in front of Crystal, lean in, open her mouth, and...

"Oh god!" Crystal exclaimed as an intense orgasm racked her body. The thought of Brit tasting her like that had driven her wild with passion. She rubbed herself furiously as the orgasm hit, trying to draw it out as long as possible.

She could hear the click of the shutter on the camera as she lay there panting afterward, which meant that Brit had stayed back, unfortunately. Oh well. It was just a fantasy anyway; she hadn't really expected the girl to do any of those things. Still, the thought that she had been photographed right through the whole thing, including the climax, sent thrills of excitement through her.

She opened her eyes and found Brit staring at her with the smile of a shared secret on her lips. It seemed to say "I know what you did was naughty, but I won't tell anyone."

Crystal yawned. "An orgasm like that takes a lot out of a girl," she said.

"So tell me the truth," said Brit, "was this just a ploy to give you an excuse to play with yourself?"

"Of course not," Crystal replied. *I'd rather play with you,* she added mentally.

Then she got a sudden naughty idea. "Why don't we switch?" she asked.

"Switch?" said Brit. "You mean... you want to take nude pictures of me?"

"Sure," Crystal shrugged. "Come on. It will be fun."

"Okay," Brit grinned, surprisingly enthusiastic about the idea. Crystal grinned back with excited anticipation. She loved seeing Brit's body; it was so cute. She also knew from experience just how soft it was. She remembered how the two of them had slept naked together on the camping trip that summer, and how nice it felt to cuddle up against her. Crystal hadn't slept much that night; she had been too excited by the feel of her friend's young body against her own. Brit, on the other hand, no doubt thought nothing of it. They were both girls, after all, so there was nothing sexual in her mind about the position.

Crystal would soon cure her of that! The girl was too naïve for her own good. Soon enough the two of them would make sweet, passionate love to each other.

She watched as Brit stripped out of her clothes, enjoying the sight as more and more of the girl's beautiful body came into view. Though it wasn't the first time she had seen it, she still liked the look of her perky little boobs and her nearly hairless little cunt. She tried not to stare; she didn't want Brit to feel uncomfortable.

Finally the girl stood before her completely nude, and Crystal had a wonderful, unobstructed view. With her hair hanging loose about her shoulders and a slightly nervous smile touching her lips, she looked like a teen goddess.

They agreed that Brit would go through the same series of poses as Crystal had. That suited Crystal just fine; although she had a few other ideas that would look extremely sexy, some of the ones that Crystal had done would be enough to fuel her fantasies for weeks to come.

At first Brit seemed a little nervous, but a few encouraging words from Crystal soon calmed her. Once she got into it, she grew more and more enthusiastic.

When they came to the pose with her hands behind her head and her chest thrust out, Crystal made sure to spend extra time positioning Brit. She helped straighten out her hair as it cascaded down over her shoulder and neck, "accidentally" brushing the back of her knuckle up against Brit's nipple as she did so. Brit tensed up momentarily at that, but after Crystal simply continued on without making a big deal of it, the girl relaxed.

Crystal also placed an arm on her back and another one on her front just below her breast, to push her back a little for the pose. It felt very nice to touch the girl's body like that, even if it wasn't anywhere particularly sexual. She was tempted to slide her hand up to Brit's boob; it looked so soft and inviting. Only the fear of scaring her off kept her from doing it.

After positioning her just right, Crystal snapped the picture, and Brit lowered her hands so that they could go on to the next one.

Brit absolutely refused to open her legs like Crystal had done on her last few poses, no matter how much Crystal pleaded. So she didn't get to photograph Brit's pussy. That was too bad; it really was one of the most beautiful cunts Crystal had ever seen, with its light-colored, almost nonexistent covering of hair and cute little outer lips. On the other hand, there were plenty of other possibilities for pictures.

"All right then," said Crystal, "lie down instead."

"What?" asked Brit.

"Lie down. We'll do it a little differently. Trust me, Brit, you'll love this."

Brit turned to her side and lay her head back, then put her feet up on the couch. It was too short for her to stretch out all the way on the cushions, so she placed her feet on the arm rest.

"No, bend your legs instead," Crystal suggested. Then, feeling a little bold, she came over and placed one hand under Brit's knees and the other on the shins. She noticed just how nice Brit's legs felt as she positioned them the way she wanted them, and she made sure to take plenty of time to get them just right. Brit gave an embarrassed giggle as Crystal maneuvered her.

She spread the girl's legs slightly with gentle but firm pressure on the knees, and even slipped her hands down inside her upper legs for a moment, staying purposely close to the knees so that Brit wouldn't get frightened off. No matter how much she wanted to slide them down until they met at that luscious delight between, she forced herself to stay within certain limits.

She realized, though, that she could do it vicariously through Brit herself. She took one of Brit's hands and brought it down between her legs, excited and thrilled by the thought that her own hand was momentarily separated from Brit's pussy only by the girl's hand.

"What are you doing?" asked Brit.

"I want you to play with yourself just like I did," Crystal explained.

"What, you mean in front of you? In front of the camera?"

"Exactly," Crystal grinned, and Brit blushed. "Oh come on," Crystal insisted. "No one's going to see these pictures but you. And you've played with yourself in front of me before."

"But that was before... well..."

"Before you had your first orgasm?"

Brit nodded.

"And what's wrong with having an orgasm?"

"I don't know. I just think that would be too embarrassing to do on camera."

"Just give it a try," Crystal insisted. "Look, I'll be here for moral support. And you can't argue that it won't feel good."

"Well... okay," Brit replied. "But I'm going to keep my eyes closed and pretend that the camera isn't there."

She closed her eyes and began to rub herself with the hand that Crystal had placed between her legs. The embarrassed smile that still lingered on her face gradually changed to one of pleasure. She opened her mouth slightly to take in heavier breaths, which for some reason Crystal found quite alluring. There was something about a girl's open mouth, especially with a smile of pleasure on it, that really excited her. Perhaps it was just the thought that the heavy breathing meant the girl was aroused. Perhaps it was because it brought visions of what could be placed between those lips, like a boy's dick, or a girl's tits or cunt.

One day I'll put my own cunt there, she thought. *I'll have Brit lick me all up and down. I'll have her stick her tongue deep inside. I'll cum all over her face. And then I'll do the same for her.*

She wasn't idle during this time, but snapped a picture every few seconds. She tried to time it so that it was always just after Brit had inhaled, when her chest was most full and her back slightly arched, when the pleasure was most obvious.

"That is so sexy," she said, then realized she shouldn't have. It might give Brit the wrong impression. *Or the right impression.* But she noticed that the smile on Brit's face widened a little, and wondered whether that meant it was actually turning her on to hear it.

She decided to experiment a little. "You've got the most gorgeous body," she said, and Brit smiled again. "It would be a shame not to take all these photos of it," Crystal continued. "Your body is just made to be photographed. It's too bad we're going to keep these pictures a secret, because the whole world should know what a beautiful body you have. You could be a professional model, you know that? You could pose for *Lecher* Magazine. I'll bet they would pay big money for pictures of you lying like that playing with yourself. Or with boys. Or with girls," she added, testing just how far she could go without turning Brit off.

Brit, however, seemed to be lost in her own world now, not paying attention to anything Crystal was saying. So Crystal decided to be a little more bold.

"I'll bet the boys would all love to fuck you," she said. "Imagine them sticking their big cocks up your cunt. Imagine them licking you all over your body, from your tits right down to your sweet little pussy. If I were a boy, I would spread your legs, put my head down between them, and shove my tongue right up inside. I'd slurp you all over your pussy, and nibble on your clit, and spread your cute little lips and lick you inside and out. I'd pleasure you with my mouth until you came all over me, then I'd lick it all up. I'll bet you have the sweetest pussy juice in the whole world. I'll bet it tastes just like honey. I'd eat you out every day, three or four or five times a day. Heck, I'm tempted to do it even though I'm a girl."

Brit giggled, but kept her eyes closed. No doubt she thought Crystal was just joking.

Crystal found that the words were turning herself on too. Even thought she had just come down off of an orgasm, she found herself excited beyond belief to be watching a naked Britney Primdale pleasuring herself. She wanted so much to just jump on the girl and make good her fantasies. She tried to think of some excuse, any excuse, to involve herself in the action.

"Do you want to practice kissing again?" she asked. The words just came out of her mouth before she could stop them. As soon as she spoke them, she realized just how awkward they sounded, considering the timing.

"Right now?" asked Brit.

It was too late to withdraw, so Crystal decided just to make the most of it. "Yes, right now. I'll bet it feels really nice to kiss someone while you touch yourself, even if it's another girl."

"But... well..."

"What?"

Brit sighed. "Okay," she said.

Crystal's heart leaped in her chest. This was her opening! Today she would kiss her while she fondled herself. Maybe tomorrow they would lie in each other's arms while they played with themselves. And then maybe next time they would begin fondling each other. Soon they would make sweet, passionate love, bringing each other to new heights of pleasure. She would make Britney Primdale her little lesbian lover.

She left the camera and knelt down in front of the couch by Brit's head. She let her eyes run over the girl's body for a moment, wishing she could kiss her on more than just the lips. Brit had her mouth still open, an invitation for Crystal to use her tongue, which she was perfectly willing to do. For a moment, she thought of rising up and placing one of her tits in that mouth. That would be the most exquisite feeling, to have Brit suck on her nipple. But that would be going way too far. Brit would panic and push her away, and never speak to Crystal again.

Still, kissing her would be nice too. She leaned over and pressed her lips against Brit's.

Brit still seemed a little hesitant, at least at first. She still continued to play with herself, though, even when Crystal slipped her tongue into her mouth.

That's right, Britney, Crystal thought. *Go ahead and get yourself off while I kiss you. Give in to your desires and let yourself have an orgasm. Maybe next time I'll do it for you. I'll give you pleasure like you never dreamed was possible.*

She loved to kiss her friend like this. Though she had experimented a little with her older sister and found it quite enjoyable, there was something about seducing this inexperienced little girl that drove her crazy. Once Crystal had discovered the joy of lesbian sex, it was inevitable that she would want to share it with Brit. The two girls were best friends after all, and Brit was about the most gorgeous girl Crystal had ever seen. Plus she had a beautiful body, just right for playing with, or groping, or tasting.

Brit began to moan into Crystal's mouth, evidence of her arousal. It wouldn't be long now, and Crystal wanted to be there with her when she climaxed. She had never seen Brit have an orgasm before, and now she would get her chance.

It happened a couple of minutes later. Brit suddenly tensed up and gave out a long wail as Crystal continued to attack her lips with her own. That set off Crystal's own orgasm as she fantasized that maybe the kiss had something to do with it. Just the thought that she might have been the cause of the girl's pleasure excited her beyond belief.

Only after Brit collapsed back onto the couch panting did Crystal finally break the kiss. She stared at her friend, who lay there with a smile on her face and her eyes closed, exhausted from the intensity. The girl looked so beautiful, so innocent and yet so dirty at the same time.

Crystal couldn't help herself. She had to have Britney now. As the girl lay there panting from the exertion of her orgasm, Crystal reached out with one of her hands toward Brit's breast.

There came a knock at the door. Crystal immediately withdrew her hand, cursing the interruption but at the same time glad that it had stopped her. If she had gone any further, she might have destroyed her friendship with Brit.

"Who is it?" asked Brit, hurriedly reaching for her clothes.

"It's Jeff," came the reply.

"Come in," said Crystal with a grin on her face, wanting the see the reaction on his face when he walked in on them like that.

He opened the door and stepped into the room, wearing his bathrobe and a pair of sandals. As soon as he saw them naked in their compromising position, he suddenly froze, staring. Crystal was surprised to see that his eyes lingered more on Brit than on herself. Of course, he probably didn't get much opportunity to see his sister's body, so it was still new to him, while he had seen Crystal's plenty of times before.

"Um... what were you two doing?" he asked.

"We were just taking pictures!" Brit exclaimed, growing red.

"Of each other?"

Brit nodded.

"Nude pictures?"

"Why not?" she asked, defensively. "Allison says it's a perfectly legitimate genre of art; it's not necessarily pornography. She's even bought me a couple of books about it."

Jeff stared for a few seconds, as if trying to decide whether he believed her or not.

"It's true," Brit insisted.

"So Allison got you started on nude photography?" asked Jeff.

Surprisingly, Brit laughed. "I can see what you're thinking," she said with a grin on her face. "Yes, Allison posed for me. And no, I'm not going to show you those pictures."

"Maybe we could get Jeff to model for you," Crystal grinned.

"Yeah, if I want to break my camera," Brit said. "I don't think it could stand to see that."

"Probably die of pleasure when it sees my gorgeous manliness," Jeff retaliated.

"I know it almost happened to me the first time I laid eyes on him," Crystal added.

"No fair! Two against one," complained Brit. "Just because you've been having sex with him, now you have to take his side."

"I'm sorry, Brit," said Crystal. "I'm still your best friend. Do you want to kiss and make up?" she teased.

"No way, you pervert," Brit said.

"You can kiss and make up with *me* if you want," Jeff told Crystal.

"No, with you I want to kiss and make *out*."

He came over and sat down beside her, then leaned in and pressed his lips against hers. Brit watched for a couple of seconds, then turned away. "Ew, gross!" she said.

Jeff pulled back. "Anyway," he said, "Kari and Rachael and I are planning on going swimming. I came here to ask you two if you wanted to swim with us too."

"I didn't bring a swimsuit," said Crystal.

Jeff grinned. "Exactly," he said. "You might as well join us; you're already dressed for it."

"But Jeff, you're not supposed to go swimming," said Brit.

"I'm not going to get in the pool. I'm just going to sit on the edge."

"So we can all see your gorgeous manliness?" asked Crystal.

"Right!" he laughed, then turned and headed outside. Brit and Crystal glanced at each other momentarily, and then together they burst out laughing.

Chapter 47

Wild Party

Lissa sat in the front room of her apartment that night, all dressed up for her first date in five years. In a few minutes, Matt would arrive to drive her to a party that one of his friends was throwing.

The two of them had been studying together for over a week now, and he had finally "worked up the courage" to ask her out, as he had put it. He was so charming that she had immediately said yes.

Now as she sat there in the apartment awaiting his arrival, she felt extremely nervous. Fortunately, Alya was there with her; the girl had some studying to do but had opted to do it in the apartment after Lissa had confessed to her that she hadn't dated all through high school. From the very first day, Lissa had felt a bond with Alya, even more so than with Monique or Meg. She felt she could trust the girl with things like that.

Alya, of course, was more than happy to stay with her for moral support. She had even helped her pick out an outfit to wear. It wasn't that Lissa wasn't looking forward to the date; it was just that she was so unsure of how to act.

Alya gave her the usual vague advice about just being herself, but also added that if Matt didn't enjoy her company he wouldn't have asked her out, so there was no point trying to be something different from her usual self. That made Lissa feel a lot better.

When the knock on the door came, Alya gave her an encouraging smile. Lissa took a deep breath, then opened the door. Matt stood there, dressed in a nice button-down shirt and neatly pressed slacks.

"Hi Lissa," he smiled. "Are you ready?"

"Yes I am," she replied.

Matt peeked his head in the door. "Hi Alya," he said. "I'm just going to steal your roommate for a couple of hours if you don't mind. Sorry to leave you all alone by yourself."

"Oh, that's fine," she replied. "I've got a lot of studying to do. You kids go have fun."

"See you later," Lissa told her, then Matt and she slipped out the door. They descended the stairs to the parking lot, where he led her to his car, opened the door for her, then went around to the other side to climb into the driver's seat.

"So what can I expect at this party?" asked Lissa.

Matt shrugged. "I've never been to one of Seth's parties before, but from what I've heard it should be fun.

Anyway, we'll find out. If you don't like it, we can leave at any time."

"Oh, I'm sure it will be fine," she smiled. "I'm just not really a party girl."

"Well, I'm not really a party animal either, so even if we're a couple of misfits, at least we'll be misfits together."

Lissa laughed. "Fair enough," she said.

They drove through the streets until they reached the highway. "It's just a couple of miles out of town," Matt explained. "It's a mansion that belongs to Seth's uncle. Great place for a party, or so I've heard. I've never been there myself. He gave me directions, but knowing me we'll end up driving around lost for three days until we starve to death."

"You know that from experience, do you?" Lissa grinned.

"Oh, I get lost all the time, but I've only starved to death twice."

She laughed, feeling much more at ease than she had earlier. She didn't know why she had been so apprehensive; this was the same Matt that she had liked right from the first moment she met him. He was so comfortable to be around.

Despite his dire prediction, they found the house with no problem. It was at the top of a hill that reminded her of the drive up to her own house back home. In fact, the mansion reminded her of her own. There were about a dozen cars parked out front on the car port and even the lawn. Matt found a parking space on the grass, then turned off the engine. He got out, then hurried around to the other side of the car to open the door for Lissa. The two of them approached the house, Lissa in nervous trepidation but gratitude for the presence of Matt with her.

As soon as they entered, Lissa realized it was a mistake. Either Matt wasn't the shy and charming boy he claimed to be, or he was just as surprised as she was to see what was going on here.

It was a large room full of people in various states of undress. Most were about their own age, but there were a few older and even younger. Some of them were engaged in activities of a questionable nature.

"Hi," said a topless girl sitting at a table next to the door.

Matt stared at her for a second, then grabbed Lissa by the arm. "Bye," he told the girl, then hustled Lissa back out the door and to his car. They sat down inside, then glanced at each other. Seeing the expressions on their faces, they suddenly broke down laughing.

"The Matt Sorenson curse strikes again," said Matt.

"What do you mean?" asked Lissa.

"Just that all my first dates turn out to be disasters. No wonder I can't get a girlfriend. I'm really sorry about that, Lissa. I had no idea what kind of party it was going to be, really."

"I believe you," she smiled.

Matt sighed. "So... do you want to go get a bite to eat or something?"

Lissa considered. She had been shocked to see what was going on inside the house, but on the other hand, she had wanted to broaden her horizons. She couldn't keep being the shy little girl that she used to be. Something like this might be just the thing to help her break out of her shell.

"Lissa?" asked Matt again.

"Actually," she said, "I'm not really opposed to going back inside."

"Really?" he asked, astonished.

"Really," she replied. "That is, if it doesn't bother you."

He shrugged. "As much as I'd like to tell you that I'm a gentleman that wants to keep a nice girl like you away from this kind of place, the truth is, I'm a man. And any man that says he doesn't want to see naked people having sex is lying."

Lissa laughed. "That's one of the things I like about you, Matt. You're so honest."

"Then if you want to go in, that's fine with me. Just let me know if at any time you start to feel uncomfortable, and we'll leave."

"Okay," she smiled. "Thanks, Matt."

They left the car once more and headed to the front door. They opened it and stepped inside again. The girl at the table gave a friendly laugh.

"Didn't know what kind of party this was going to be?" she asked.

"More or less," Matt smiled.

"Well, you don't have to do anything you don't want to. You and your girlfriend are welcome to leave your clothes on and go have a drink at the bar or just sit and watch. By the way, do you want to buy a raffle ticket?"

"Raffle ticket?" he asked.

"Yeah. The winner gets to spend the night with my sister Amy. That's her over there. The cute little blonde sitting on the table."

"Um..." said Matt. "How old is she?"

"She just turned fourteen last week. Why?"

"Nothing," he said.

"Anyway, the proceeds help pay for the party so we can have more in the future. What do you say? Are either of you two interested?"

Lissa couldn't avoid thinking about the implications of the 'either of you two.'" It meant the raffle tickets weren't limited to just men. It both disgusted her that the girl would sell herself like that, and excited her to know that there really were no limits to what was going on here at the party. She knew she was about to see some pretty wild things.

"No thanks," Matt told the girl at the desk, then took Lissa's hand.

"You don't mind, do you?" he asked. "Normally I'm not so forward on a first date, but I'd feel bad if you got lost in here."

"That's fine," she replied. Actually, it was kind of nice to hold his hand like that. She couldn't remember the last time any guy held her hand. Matt's grip was firm but gentle, just the way she imagined it would feel.

They made their way through the crowd, glancing at all of the activities going on. There were half a dozen mattresses spread on the floor, with people lying on them having sex. Others stood around watching and cheering them on. Lissa spied a naked girl, probably about fifteen or sixteen, with her hands tied behind her back, on her knees sucking off a man who was probably at least twenty-one. She had a dog collar on her neck with a leash held by a topless girl about her same age. A girl slightly older than Lissa sat impaled on a man's cock on one of the mattresses while her identical twin sucked on her tits.

"Hey Matt!" someone called. Matt led Lissa over to one of the couches, where another man sat with his cock deep inside a younger girl who sat on his lap.

"Oh hi, Seth," said Matt. "This is my friend Lissa."

"Nice to meet you, Lissa," said Seth. "Any chance I can convince you to take your clothes off?"

Lissa began to turn red.

"Be nice, Seth," Matt told him. "Lissa's not that kind of girl. So how come you didn't warn me what kind of party this was going to be?"

Seth grinned. "Surprises are always more fun. By the way, have you met my sister Julia?" He reached around and fondled the breasts of the girl riding him.

"Your... sister?" Matt gasped.

"I lost a bet with my pervert brother," the girl explained with a grin. "So I have to do everything he says for a month. I had no idea what I was getting into, but as it turns out, Seth's a great fuck."

"And Julia's a great little cocksucker," Seth added. "Do you want to give her a try, Matt?"

"Um, I'm afraid I'll have to pass."

"Good," Julia said. "Not that I have anything against you personally, Matt, but Seth keeps offering me to all his friends. I've swallowed five loads of cum tonight already, and my jaw's getting kind of sore."

The two of them turned and made their way across the room. Lissa's heart was pounding in her chest, and not just from embarrassment and nervousness. The sight of brother and sister together like that, having sex, brought back memories and feelings. She had fooled around a couple of times with her own brother, and even once with her dad, but to actually see a pair of siblings engaging in incestuous sex like that excited and aroused her. She had never quite gone that far with Jeff, but seeing it first-hand almost made her wish she had.

They approached one of the mattresses to see what was going on. A girl was on her hands and knees between two men, one of which was ramming her hard from behind while she had her lips wrapped around the other's dick. A group of people had gathered around them, cheering them on.

On one of the other mattresses, a girl lay on her back with her legs spread. A second girl had her face buried in her crotch, and two others suckled her tits. Lissa's eyes suddenly opened wide. She led Matt through the crowd to get a better look at the girls.

There was no mistaking it. The girl getting pleasured was her roommate Meg!

Sandy was the one between her legs, but Lissa didn't know the other two. They all seemed to be enjoying it, especially Meg, who wore a look of extreme ecstasy on her face. She had her eyes closed and her mouth open wide in a broad smile.

There was something about that look that Lissa found thrilling. To see a woman in the throes of passion like that sent chills down her spine. It wasn't any sort of attraction to females, more a reflection of herself in her roommate. Lissa had never made that face herself; even when she brought herself to orgasm it wasn't as intense as what Meg appeared to be feeling right now. Perhaps it was something that could only be experienced through oral sex. Perhaps it was the knowledge that someone she cared deeply about was giving her that pleasure. Or maybe there was something about sex with another girl that intensified it.

No, Lissa had felt that particular form of pleasure herself, with her Aunt Rachael. So that couldn't be it. More likely it was that Lissa had always been too shy to let go of her inhibitions and let herself be truly free to experience such pleasure without worry or fear. Meg had no such problem. She didn't care what people thought about her; she simply did what she wanted, allowing herself to experience it fully. Lissa envied her.

Meg opened her eyes, and suddenly they turned to Lissa. They lit up with delight as the two roommates'

gazes met, and then Meg winked at her. Lissa found herself blushing. As soon as Meg closed her eyes again, Lissa took Matt's hand and led him away from there.

"Well that's got to be kind of awkward," Matt told her as soon as they were away. "Seeing your roommate like that, I mean."

Lissa shrugged. "Actually, it's not as awkward as you would think. One of those other girls is her girlfriend Sandy, and although I've never actually watched them have sex, I've seen them naked together, and even kissing. So this is more just a difference of degree."

They moved around the room to look at the other goings-on. Against the wall, two girls knelt next to each other, each with their lips wrapped around a different man's cock. Another girl stood between them with a marker in her hand. Above their heads was a dry erase board with two columns drawn on it, titled "Vicky" and "Linda." Vicky had seven hash marks under her name, and Linda had ten.

As Lissa and Matt watched, the man with his dick in Vicky's mouth suddenly grunted and began to shake, obviously having an orgasm. The girl with the marker added another hash mark to Vicky's score.

As soon as the man was finished, he turned around and left them there, merging back into the crowd. Vicky's eyes suddenly spied Matt. "Hey you!" she said. "Do you want to help me catch up? I'm down by two loads of cum."

"No thanks," he replied. "I'm with someone tonight and I don't think she would appreciate that."

"Your loss," she shrugged.

Matt nodded toward an empty couch against the far wall. "Do you want to go sit down?" he asked Lissa.

"Sure," Lissa smiled. The two of them jostled through the sea of bodies toward that couch. Lissa continued to glance back in the direction of the mattress where Meg lay, still panting. Sandy had crawled up and lay in her arms, tenderly kissing her on the cheek.

Lissa and Matt sat down in the couch, but stared around the room at all of the shocking sights. Their eyes met briefly, and they both gave an embarrassed laugh.

"So are you all right?" Matt asked her. "I mean, do you want to go now?"

"I'm fine," she said. "I'll admit I've never been to a party like this before, but as long as nobody expects me to do anything, I don't mind, really."

"You sure?"

"Positive. So what about you?" she teased. "Admit it. You're getting excited by all of this."

"Um..."

"Come on, Matt. Tell me the truth."

"Okay. Yes. I'm getting excited by all of this. Can you blame me? I'm a man. There are a bunch of naked girls here, and a lot of sex going on. So what do you expect?"

Lissa laughed. "At least you're honest. That's what I like about you. You never try to make yourself seem like something you're not."

A girl approached Matt. It was one of the ones who had been sucking on Meg's tits. "Hi," she said. "My name's Heather. Do you want to have sex?"

"Sorry," he said. "I'm already spoken for."

"Okay," the girl smiled, then turned to Lissa. "What about you?" she asked.

"Um... no thanks," Lissa replied.

"You sure? I'm great with my tongue."

"I'm sure you are. But I'm straight."

Heather shrugged. "Your loss. But hey, at least I earned ten bucks."

"What?" asked Matt.

"My friend Meg said she'd pay me ten dollars to proposition you two."

Matt and Lissa burst out laughing. "She would!" Lissa said.

"I just wanted to see the look on your face," said Meg, approaching them from across the room with Sandy's hand in her own. Both girls were still naked.

As Heather went off in search of someone else to seduce, Meg plopped down on the couch next to Lissa. Sandy squeezed in between Matt and her. Both girls put their arms around Lissa's shoulders, causing her to blush.

"I never expected to see you at one of these parties," Meg told her.

"If I had known what kind of party it was, I probably wouldn't have come," Lissa replied.

"We were just curious," said Matt, "so we decided to stay."

"Oh, by the way," said Meg, "Sandy, this is Matt. Matt, Sandy."

"Oh yes," Sandy grinned at him. "You're the one who walked in on Meg naked. She told me all about it."

"Um... that's kind of a moot point now, isn't it?" said Matt.

"Yeah, I guess it is," replied Sandy. "So Lissa, why don't you take your clothes off?"

"No thanks. I'm fine just the way I am."

"Oh come on," said Meg, reaching for the top button on her blouse.

"Hey!" Lissa exclaimed, slapping her hand.

Both Sandy and Meg giggled, but Meg thankfully removed her hand. "Just kidding," she said. "So anyway, were you surprised to see us here?"

"At first," Lissa nodded. "But then, I guess it's not so surprising after all. This seems like just the type of place to find you."

"Well, I'll admit it's fun, but not completely our style," said Sandy.

"Too many men?" asked Lissa.

"Exactly."

"The truth is," said Meg, "we wouldn't have come, except we found out about the raffle. Amy is the cutest little fourteen-year-old girl. Her sister said she's never done lesbian before, but is willing to try it if a girl wins. That's an opportunity that's too good to pass up."

"We bought ten tickets each," Sandy added. "I hope it's worth it."

"Me too. That's all the money I saved on rent this month," Meg said with a wink at Lissa. "Anyway, if either of us wins, we'll share her between us. You can get in on the action too if you want, Lissa."

"Oh, very funny."

"Speaking of which, don't you have a sister about that age?"

"Don't you dare!" Lissa grinned. "I'm not letting you within a hundred miles of Brit."

"There I go, fantasizing out loud again."

"Anyway, Meg and I were about to go upstairs," said Sandy. "Apparently there are all kinds of fun things going on in the different rooms. Care to join us?"

Matt and Lissa glanced at each other. Lissa shrugged.

"Okay," Matt agreed. "As long as we don't have to participate."

"That's fine," said Meg. "I plan to just watch too. Sandy always takes a lot out of me, especially when Heather and Carly join in."

The four of them stood up, then made their way through the crowd toward the stairs. It was a large staircase not unlike the one in the Primdale mansion, leading to a balcony overlooking the ground floor. A man and a woman, both nude, sat on a bench on this balcony, making out. Other people stood and watched the shows on the floor from a higher vantage point.

Meg led their group down the hall, where there were several open doors. She stopped at the first one, and the others crowded around her to peek in.

On the bed lay two women, one on top of the other, naked except for the ropes tying them together. They each had a vibrator shoved up inside her cunt. A man stood next to the bed, his cock between their lips, and they were licking it all over. As Lissa watched, the man spurted all over their faces. They cleaned each other, and him, with their tongues, then the man pulled up his pants and headed for the door.

"Go have a turn," he suggested to Matt as he passed them.

"Um... no thanks. We're just watching."

"I'm tempted to go have a turn," said Sandy, "but I'm sure there's a lingering taste of a man's cum on their faces, which doesn't sound too appealing. On the other hand, you probably wouldn't mind too much, Lissa."

"Oh yeah, right," Lissa laughed. "You forgot, there's always the fact that they're both girls, and I'm not a lesbian."

"Not yet anyway," Meg winked. "I'm sure you'll come around eventually."

As they moved to the next room, a door opened at the far end of the hall, and a couple of naked girls emerged, laughing and squealing. They bolted down the hall past Lissa and her friends, followed by a third girl carrying a rubber dildo.

"Looks like our apartment when I get into one of my moods, doesn't it?" Meg asked Lissa.

"You haven't gotten *that* bad yet," she replied.

"With emphasis on the 'yet,'" said Meg.

In the next room, a young girl, probably about Brit's age, sat in a chair, sucking the cock of a man who appeared to be in his mid thirties. Both wore blindfolds. A group of about six or seven people sat around the room in other chairs watching the proceedings.

The man's gruntings suggested that he was about to cum. The girl sucked hard and deep, and finally the man gasped and blew his load. She gulped it down as he shot about ten times in her mouth. Somehow she managed to swallow every last drop.

"Good job," one of the voyeurs congratulated. "Now take off your blindfolds for an extra surprise."

The man and girl did so, then stared at each other in shock.

"Dad!" the girl exclaimed in horror.

"Oh, shit!" the man said.

The audience cheered and laughed at their predicament. Lissa caught Matt giving a slight snicker.

"I'm sorry," he immediately said. "I know I shouldn't find that funny. It's just that..."

"It's all right," Lissa replied. "It just caught you off your guard, right?"

"Right," he said, apparently relieved that she was so understanding.

Actually, the reason she wasn't upset was because she was less shocked than he was. She had, after all, engaged in a similar activity with her father that summer. Of course, that had all been in fun, and nothing had really come of it but a couple of naughty pictures that had probably been deleted anyway.

They passed another room where two girls knelt together, facing each other, on some kind of machine on the floor. A third girl knelt on another one of the machines, which had some kind of phallic protrusion extending upward in front of her. Lissa saw the base of another of these protrusions disappearing inside her cunt. A low humming sound came from the machines, and Lissa realized that they were vibrating.

"Ooh, a double!" Sandy exclaimed. "Maybe we should come back later when one of them is unoccupied."

"A double what?" asked Lissa.

Meg and Sandy laughed. "It's called a Sybian," Meg explained. "Most of them are singles, not much fun. But with a double, two girlfriends can ride it at once."

"You mean you... well..."

"Sit on it and put the stick thingy up your pussy. It's a way to get a deep orgasm without all the fuss of using a man. Now you know what to buy me for my birthday, Sandy."

"Not unless I get to keep it at my apartment," Sandy replied. "You'll get your roommates to go doubles with you, and then you'll have no need for me any more."

Lissa laughed. "Well, I can't speak for my other roommates, but speaking for myself, you have absolutely nothing to worry about. Meg will never get me on one of those."

"Lissa's a more traditional gal," Meg explained. "She prefers a bed when I make love to her."

"What do you mean?" Lissa demanded. "You've never made love to me and you know it!"

"Oh, there I go again, fantasizing out loud."

"Okay, look, if you're going to start coming on to me, then Matt and I are leaving."

"I'm sorry," Meg told her. "I promise I'll be good."

"Until the next time we pass a room and you get all horny again," Sandy added with a grin.

"Hey, whose side are you on?" Meg insisted.

"Mine. I don't want you dumping me for your roommate."

"Nobody understands me," Meg whined playfully.

"Don't worry," said Sandy. "We still love you."

"You just need to cool off for a bit," Lissa added.

"Fine then. Let's go out back to the swimming pool. We can all take a dip."

"I don't have a swimsuit," Lissa said, then before Meg could make a comment about not needing a swimsuit, added, "but you knew that already."

"Can't blame me for trying," Meg shrugged.

"Well, I need a little fresh air, so we can at least go outside. Is that all right, Matt?"

"You're the boss," he smiled.

They all agreed, so they descended the stairs again to the main room and made their way through the crowd to the sliding glass door at the side of the house. It opened up to a large deck that ran around to the back and merged with the pool patio.

They made their way back to the pool, where there were a bunch of people swimming nude. All of the lawn chairs were occupied by two and sometimes three people, all engaging in sexual acts. A man sat on the edge of the pool while two women in the water licked his cock up and down. Next to them, another man had a girl up against the edge of the pool and was ramming her hard. Four girls were playing that battle game that Kari had introduced to the Primdales, with two of the girls on the shoulders of two others. They wrestled around in the water, trying to topple each other but also making sure to get in a lot of groping. There was even a girl riding a man on an inflatable raft.

In the corner of the pool deck was an outdoor shower, where two naked women were washing each other's backs. Sandy glanced at Meg with a grin on her face, then nodded toward the two. Meg shrugged, then the

two of them began to walk toward the shower.

Lissa and Matt followed, curious as to what Sandy had meant by that gesture. When they reached the shower, it all became clear.

"Hi," Sandy greeted the two women. "Do you mind if my girlfriend and I join you?"

"Come on in," one of the women grinned, moving aside to give them room. Sandy and Meg stepped under the shower.

"I'm Meg," Meg introduced. "And this is Sandy."

"Nice to meet you," the other woman replied. "I'm Gayle, and this is Nancy."

"Would you two be interested in trading partners for a few minutes?" asked Sandy. "You can take your pick."

Nancy grinned. "What do you think, Gayle? I've had my eye on Meg since I saw her on the mat earlier. And I think that tattoo is so sexy."

"That suits me fine," Gayle replied. "I've always had a thing for blondes. Come here, Sandy."

The girls paired up and began to make out. Lissa rolled her eyes. From what she knew of Meg, none of this surprised her at all.

Sandy glanced over at Lissa. "Why don't you join us?" she asked. "Let Matt go find himself a nice girl to fuck, and we'll make it a fivesome."

"Oh, are you bi?" Nancy asked Lissa.

She laughed. "No, I'm straight. Meg and Sandy have just got it into their heads that one of these days I'm going to switch over. They've been teasing me all night."

"Too bad," Gayle shrugged. "I'll bet you have a gorgeous body. Are you sure you won't at least take your clothes off?"

"I'm sure."

Matt and Lissa left them there and headed over to the outdoor bar, where a girl in a French maid outfit that did nothing to cover her breasts was serving drinks. They ordered, then took their drinks and sat down in the nearby lawn chairs.

"So how are you doing?" asked Matt. "We can leave at any time if you feel at all uncomfortable."

"Oh, I'm all right," Lissa replied. "In fact, I'm having a great time. I'm just glad you're with me."

He smiled. "So it doesn't bother you that Meg keeps making passes at you?"

Lissa laughed. "She likes to tease, but she's harmless. I sleep in the same room as her, after all, so she's had plenty of opportunity to attack me if she wanted. Really, I trust her completely."

"As long as you don't mind then. It's still early enough that we can go catch a movie or something."

"Thanks for looking out for me, Matt. But really, I'm fine."

They had been sitting there for about five minutes when they heard a loud voice, probably amplified through a microphone, coming from inside.

"Attention everyone," it said. "We're going to announce the winning number for the raffle tickets in five minutes. Everyone who has bought a ticket please gather in the front room."

Meg and Sandy hurriedly bade farewell to their new friends and hurried to dry themselves with some towels that were stacked nearby. Then they approached Lissa and Matt again.

"Come on you two," said Meg. "Let's go see if we won."

The four of them headed back inside, then Meg and Sandy went to retrieve their raffle tickets from the coat closet. They returned a minute later and gathered with the rest of the crowd around the girl Amy and the man who held the microphone.

A few minutes later the man raised the microphone to his mouth again. "And now to announce the winner of tonight's raffle," he said, "and a night of guilty pleasure with the lovely and adorable little Amy. Amy, would you come over and help me, please?" he asked.

The young girl sitting on the table hopped down and walked toward him, a grin on her face. All of the men in the room, and probably half the women, watched her with lusty expressions. Some even drooled.

The man with the microphone pulled an envelope out of his pocket and handed it to the girl. "Open it and read the number," he told her.

Amy unsealed the envelope, and pulled out a slip of paper.

"The number is..." she stated with a smile. "One-three-seven."

"That's mine!" Sandy exclaimed, raising one of her raffle tickets in the air. She pushed her way excitedly through the crowd, followed by Meg.

Cheers arose from the crowd, especially upon seeing that it was a girl who had won. Amy blushed, but to her credit, she didn't protest at the winner being a woman.

The man took the ticket from her hand and compared it with the number on the paper. "Looks like we have

our winner!" he announced. "What's your name?" He held the microphone in front of Sandy.

"Sandy," she replied. "And this is my friend Meg, who's going to share in the bounty."

The crowd cheered again at the discovery that it was going to be a threesome. Most of the men were probably hoping that they would do it in front of them.

"The bounty?" asked the man with the microphone. "Don't you mean the booty?" With that, he playfully slapped Amy on the rear, to everyone's amusement.

"That too," said Sandy.

"Okay, the rules are these. She's your sex slave until tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. We've got a room set aside for you two-- excuse me, you *three* upstairs, but you can go anywhere as long as you don't leave the premises."

Meg suddenly grabbed the microphone from his hands. "In that case, who wants to see this little girl get her first lesbian experience right here on the floor?"

The crowd cheered a third time, this time louder than before. Meg grinned, then handed the microphone back to the announcer. Sandy and she took the girl by the hand and led her over to one of the empty mats, where they had her lie down.

Lissa maneuvered her way through the crowd. For some reason, she really wanted to see this. The three girls got down on the floor.

"You won, so you get first pick of her anatomy," Meg told Sandy.

"Well then, I really want to taste that gorgeous little cunt," Sandy replied.

"It's all yours," said Amy, spreading her legs. Sandy lay down and lowered her head, then stuck out her tongue flicked it against the girl's clit. Amy's body jerked as she cried out.

The crowd went wild at the sight. The men especially began to cheer. Lissa shivered, for some reason aroused at the sight of the little girl getting pleasured like that.

Meanwhile, Meg got down on all fours over the top of Amy's body and lowered her chest to the girl's head. Amy took the cue and opened her mouth, sucking one of Meg's nipples into her mouth.

Lissa glanced over at Matt, who watched with apparent excitement. Lissa had a momentary flash of jealousy, but decided not to let it bother her. After all, he had already admitted to being a typical man, so there was no point denying that seeing three gorgeous young women going at it like this made him horny. Besides, of the three girls in front of them, Lissa didn't have to worry about two of them; neither Meg nor Sandy would have the slightest inclination toward stealing him from her. And he would probably never see the third girl again, so there was no chance of him getting with any of the girls.

She wondered what his reaction would be if she stripped off all of her clothes and joined the girls on the mat. She couldn't suppress a laugh at that absurd idea. Matt glanced over at her with a questioning look on his face.

"Never mind," she smiled. "I just had a naughty thought."

He shrugged. "I've been having naughty thoughts ever since we arrived," he admitted.

Meg moved her body forward, causing Amy to lick down her torso until she reached her pussy. Meg sat up, resting on her knees with her crotch above the girl's face. Then she spread her knees and lowered her body until she pressed against Amy's face.

With a grin, Amy opened her mouth and started to lick all over Meg's cunt. Meg groaned in pleasure, with that same look in her eyes that she had worn earlier when Sandy had done the same thing to her.

Keeping her head buried between Amy's legs, Sandy moved her arms up and grasped the girl's tits, squeezing and fondling them. Now Amy began to moan as well. Both Meg's and Amy's bodies were responding to the pleasure, their hips rocking forward and back.

It wasn't long before Meg finally cried out in ecstasy as an orgasm hit her. Lissa could see the juices running out of her pussy into Amy's willing mouth.

Amy, unaccustomed to being pleasured by another woman, took a few more minutes, but eventually she too exploded into orgasm. The crowd erupted into the loudest cheer yet. Then the girls, exhausted from the ordeal, lay down together on the mat. Amy squeezed in between the two older girls as they playfully fondled each other.

Lissa realized that she was flushed and breathing heavily. She couldn't believe how excited she had been to watch the event. She had never had any interest in other women, and although she had fooled around with Allison a little, it was only so that they could take some naughty pictures, all in fun. But seeing the three women had had its effect on her. She needed to get relief somehow.

Matt would probably be willing to help her out, she realized. But then, Lissa was still afraid of taking things too far. She still didn't know him all that well.

Am I such a slut that I'm actually considering having sex on my first date? she wondered. But no, it was really only because of the sexually charged atmosphere. If they had gone out to dinner or seen a movie, she wouldn't be having these feelings.

Right now a warm bath sounded nice. She could soak in the tub and give herself the relief she needed. That would be harmless enough.

"Are you okay?" Matt asked her.

"What?" she replied.

"Oh, you just looked a little... well..."

Lissa smiled. "I'm fine," she said. "Just a little tired. Is it all right if you take me home now?"

"Of course," he answered. "Let's go."

They headed to the front door, then exited and made their way to his car. He started it up and pulled off the grass and onto the road.

"Lissa, you're not mad at me, are you?" asked Matt as they drove home.

"Mad at you? For what?"

"For taking you to that kind of party. I really didn't know it would be that way, I swear."

She laughed. "No, it's all right. I'm glad you took me. Believe it or not, I actually had fun."

"Really?"

"Really."

"So hypothetically, if I asked you to go out with me again next weekend..."

"I would hypothetically say yes," she smiled.

"Well then, maybe I'll test that hypothesis in a couple of days when we study again."

They pulled into the parking lot where Lissa's apartment was. He offered to walk her to the door, so they entered the lounge and made their way up the stairs. Lissa gave him a final hug goodbye, then opened the door and went in, really looking forward to that bath.

Chapter 48

Art or Smut?

Kari and Crystal got permission to come over again on Sunday, to Jeff's delight. He hadn't had a chance to make love to either one of them on Saturday, and wanted another opportunity. Brit had insisted on sleeping with Jeff Saturday night, and although Rachael shared the bed as well, they had just cuddled, not had sex. In fact, with Brit there he insisted that they keep their clothes on.

In the morning, Rachael wanted to fuck him while Brit showered, but he knew there wouldn't be enough time, so he declined. To keep her from attacking him anyway, he had to promise to have sex with her later that day, though.

They were just finishing breakfast when Kari and Crystal arrived. The two Williams girls came into the dining room and sat down beside them.

"So what do you want to do today?" Kari asked.

"Fuck," Rachael replied.

Brit giggled. "Is that all you think about?" she asked.

"More or less."

"You can do that later," Kari told her. "I had something else in mind that I think would be fun. Brit, Crystal told me about the pictures you took yesterday. I was thinking maybe we should all go out to your studio and take some more."

"Ooh!" Rachael grinned. "Did Brit and Crystal take some smutty pictures?"

"*Artistic* pictures," Brit corrected with an authoritative air. "There's nothing smutty about nudity."

"Except that whenever I get nude, I want to get smutty," Rachael replied. "Come to think of it, I *always* want to get smutty."

Despite Rachael's apparent horniness, everyone agreed with Kari's idea. Jeff in particular was eager to get all of the girls naked. For some reason, that included Brit as well, a somewhat disturbing thought that he chose not to dwell on. Instead, he wondered whether they might end up taking some less innocent pictures after all. He would have no problem posing together with Kari, Crystal, or Rachael in various compromising positions.

The five of them slipped out the back door, descended the stairs, then headed across the lawn to Brit's art

studio. As soon as they were all inside, most of the girls began to strip. Brit and Jeff stood there watching with a grin, but kept their clothes on.

"Are you going to get naked with us?" Rachael asked Jeff.

"There's no point. Brit said she didn't want to take any nude pictures of me," he explained, secretly hoping she would change her mind.

"Yeah, I wouldn't let Jeff in front of my camera if you paid me," Brit said.

"Well then, I guess that means these pictures are going to be pretty boring," Rachael said.

"What about you, Brit?" asked Crystal. "Aren't you going to pose?"

"I'm the photographer," she replied.

"We can take turns being the photographer," Kari suggested. "That way you wouldn't have to be left out of the fun."

"Oh, all right," she said, and slipped out her clothes as well.

"Can I go first?" asked Crystal as soon as Brit had shed the last of her raiment.

There were no objections, so Crystal sat down on the couch. They had left the backdrop, lights, and tripod in place from yesterday, so there was no need to move around any of the equipment.

Crystal first posed in a relaxed position, lying on her side on the couch facing the camera. She propped her head up on her fist, and bent the knee on her upper leg forward and down so that it just barely touched the cushion. Her free hand rested gently on her hip. It was a pretty classical pose, simple and elegant, the type one would expect to find in an art gallery rather than a dirty magazine.

For the second pose, Crystal lowered her head and rested it on her arm. Her hand went up to lazily run through her hair, pulling it back away from her face. Brit snapped this picture, then Crystal sat up.

She leaned to the side, draping her arm on the arm of the couch to prop herself up, while she bent her knees forward and rested them on the cushion in front of her.

For a thirteen-year-old, Crystal had a very beautiful body. Jeff watched with delight as she posed for the pictures. He could watch her all day like this. However, he had kind of hoped that the photoshoot would degenerate into something a little less innocent, and as she continued with these simple, demure poses, he found himself growing bored.

That didn't last long. Not surprisingly, it was Rachael who suggested something a little more intimate. She was even more impatient than him when it came to sex.

"Okay, how about some with Kari and Crystal together?" she suggested. The girls were happy to oblige her. Jeff gritted his teeth. He had hoped for something more than just some innocent nude photos, but this perhaps wasn't the best alternative. He had told the girls not to do any lesbian stuff in front of Brit, but he wasn't entirely sure they remembered that. The thought of the two Williams sisters together brought back memories of those pictures he had seen on his father's computer a couple of weeks earlier, with Allison and Lissa together. They had started out innocently enough, but soon had degraded into a full-on lesbian show.

He could always put his foot down if things got out of hand, he decided. He would let the girls have their fun, but not too much. Brit was still an impressionable little girl, and the last thing she needed was to be exposed to stuff like that.

To their credit, the girls behaved admirably. It turned out that he didn't have to jump in at all. The first picture had them just sitting on the couch next to each other, both staring straight forward into the camera. It seemed to emphasize the similarities between the two sisters, a symmetrical mirror image. Although Crystal's body wasn't as developed as Kari's, their faces were so alike that they could have been twins. Perhaps one day in the future, when they were old enough that the two years difference between their ages no longer mattered, they might look identical.

The second pose made Jeff a little uneasy. They moved in a little closer and each put an arm around the other's shoulders. Again, it would be just a simple picture of two sisters, the kind that one could find in any family photo album, were it not for the fact that they had no clothes on. Jeff noticed that the sides of their breasts just barely touched. He glanced over at Brit to see her reaction, but apparently the implications of the contact went completely over her head. That was one benefit of being so innocent, he decided. Because she didn't understand certain things, she could be unaffected by such sights.

Jeff, on the other hand, had no such benefit. Fortunately his cock had already stiffened as soon as the girls undressed, or it certainly would have given away his excitement.

He found the third pose surprisingly erotic. They still faced forward, but this time, they put their arms around each other's waists. Crystal lay her head on her big sister's shoulder, and both wore a peaceful, contented smile. Again it was just a tender moment between sisters, made naughty only by their lack of clothes. It was these almost-innocent poses that turned Jeff on the most. Though not explicit, it hinted at an underlying sapphic love that boiled just beneath the surface. For some reason that excited him even more than seeing them actually going down on each other. There wasn't much that two women could do to each other that Jeff hadn't already seen between Kari and Crystal, but this moment of tender love was more erotic than all of that combined.

He supposed it had something to do with the emotions involved. Maybe he was just a romantic at heart, but the actual physical act of sex was just an emotionless act of mutual pleasure. With the girls holding each other tenderly like this, it was like looking into their emotions, or even their very souls, where he could see just how much they cared for one another.

For the next pose, they knelt on the couch facing each other, their knees barely touching. They took each

other's hands and gazed into each other's eyes. Once again, it was a tender look, a hint of romantic feelings between them but mostly just a quiet, peaceful, caring moment between sisters.

"Now let's see you hug," Brit suggested, and Jeff was shocked to hear her make the suggestion. Again, a hug between women was nothing dirty, but with them nude, it would be bare skin on bare skin.

Kari glanced over at him for a second as if to get confirmation that it was okay. Obviously she remembered the no-lesbian rule and wanted to make sure it was all right. Jeff thought about it for an instant, then nodded to tell her it was okay. He decided that he wouldn't veto any of Brit's suggestions; as long as she was calling the shots then whatever happened would not disturb her.

The two sisters rose up on their knees and wrapped their arms around each other. Their tits pressed together, then the rest of their bodies. Crystal ended up with her head closer to the camera than her big sister's, and Brit told her to lay it on Kari's shoulder and look directly into the camera. She did so, keeping that same content look on her face.

There was more sisterly love in that pose than lesbian lust, but it was still quite erotic. Jeff wondered just what was going through Brit's mind. Did she not understand the implications of their bodies touching like that? But then, she didn't already know that Kari and Crystal were lovers. Perhaps to her this was as innocent as it seemed on the surface. It was just two sisters showing their love for one another, and they just happened to be nude.

Once again he was reminded of that camping trip a couple of years ago when he had seen Allison and Lissa hugging like this at the swimming hole. He still didn't know what he thought about it. At first, he had suspected that they were lovers. But the way they acted toward each other in public suggested otherwise; they were just very affectionate toward one another. Perhaps two women could touch each other's bodies without it being anything sexual.

But then he had seen those racy vacation photos, in which Allison and Lissa had done just about everything imaginable to one another, and he began to wonder once again whether they weren't lovers after all. Either way, it didn't really bother him. In fact, the thought that they had been secretly engaging in lesbian sex behind everyone's backs excited him.

These photos with Kari and Crystal had much of the same ambiguous quality to them. While Jeff obviously thought of it in sexual terms, perhaps someone like Brit might not see anything sexual about two women touching each other's bodies. Was it a girl thing? He didn't know. Maybe he would ask Kari later in private.

Brit obviously went for the soft, loving, almost romantic poses, because in the next one, she had Kari sit at one end of the couch and Crystal lay her head in Kari's lap. Crystal lay on her side, facing away from her big sister, but Kari put a hand to the girl's forehead as if to brush away a stray strand of hair. Again Crystal gazed directly into the camera, while Kari smiled down at her sister.

They took one more picture together, and Jeff would have stepped in and put an end to it were it not for the fact that Brit suggested it. This time, both girls lay on the couch, Kari on her back and Crystal on top of her.

The younger girl lay her head down on the older girl's chest, and Kari wrapped her arms around Crystal's back. Kari stared up at the ceiling, while Crystal closed her eyes as if asleep. Brit snapped the picture, and then the girls sat up again.

"That was fun!" Crystal grinned. "Do you want to take Kari's place and take some more pictures with me, Brit?"

"No!" Brit said, her face growing red. Apparently she at least understood enough to be embarrassed about posing together with Crystal.

"I've got some ideas for pictures," Kari said, "but they're going to have to break the rules."

"What rules?" asked Brit.

"Specifically the one about not letting Jeff in front of the camera. I think you should take some pictures of him and me together."

"Ooh, what kind of pictures?" Crystal teased.

"Basically just what you're thinking," Kari grinned.

"Come on, Brit," Rachael pleaded. "I'd love to see some pictures like that."

Brit pondered for a second. Finally, she gave in. "Okay," she conceded. "I guess just this once I can survive seeing him without his clothes on." Jeff could have pointed out that she had seen him without his clothes on plenty this weekend, especially yesterday morning, but decided that that would be pushing his luck. He was happy enough just getting to pose with Kari. He figured it wouldn't be long before the pictures crossed way over the line between art and smut.

He stripped off his clothes as all four girls watched. He felt a certain exhibitionistic pride at exposing himself in front of the girls, including his little sister. He especially liked the way all of their eyes lit up when he dropped his shorts and let his rapidly hardening member spring free.

"Very nice," Rachael commented. "Kari, since this was your idea, you direct."

"Okay. Jeff, come over here and sit down next to me on the couch."

Jeff sat down, and Kari sat next to him. She took his hand in hers, and they both smiled into the camera. Brit gave a few minor instructions to set the pose correctly, then snapped the picture. It was really just an innocent pose, despite the fact that they were both nude. Furthermore, there was no way to hide Jeff's erection.

"I've got a great idea for the next one," Brit grinned. She headed into the back of the room to search through the cupboards. She returned momentarily with a bunch of plastic grapes, part of a set of plastic fruit that she sometimes used to practice still life drawings.

She had Kari sit at one end of the couch, and told Jeff to lie down with his head in her lap. She handed Kari the grapes and had her hold them over Jeff's mouth. Kari lowered them so that Jeff could take the bottommost grape between his teeth.

"A new twist on an old classic," Rachael grinned as Brit snapped the picture.

As soon as she released the shutter, Crystal skipped over. She lifted Jeff's legs and squeezed under them onto the couch so that his buttocks now rested in her lap. She took hold of his cock and began to stroke it.

"Oh god!" he exclaimed from the unexpected pleasure. Brit giggled, but she didn't seem opposed to taking another photograph, this one just like before but with the addition of Crystal.

By this time, they had crossed way over the line from art into smut, so they made no pretense at keeping the pictures innocent. For the next one, Brit told Jeff to sit back up, between the two sisters. He did so, slipping his arms around their shoulders. Both of them grabbed his cock and stroked it in unison. Brit took the picture just like the others, with an "I know this is naughty but that's okay" grin on her face.

"No fair," Rachael complained. She hurried over and knelt in front of Jeff, then lowered her head and took him into her mouth. He found himself surrounded by three gorgeous girls, and getting pleasured by all of them at once. In this pose, Rachael's head covered the action from the camera's view, but there was something particularly erotic about that for some reason.

Brit took the picture, and Kari and Crystal released his cock. Rachael, however, continued to suck on him.

"Hey!" Kari grinned. "That's my boyfriend you're blowing."

Rachael lifted her head just long enough to say, "I don't mind sharing."

Jeff suspected that Kari was going to protest, but she surprised him by kneeling down beside Rachael. The older girl let his cock slip from her mouth, then the two of them ran their tongues all over the shaft.

They made sure not to block the camera, giving Brit a great view of the action. She snapped several pictures as the two girls went down on him, and he felt a certain exhibitionistic pleasure at being exposed like this to his little sister's eyes. She seemed to enjoy it as well.

He noticed that the girls' tongues often met and teased each other. Technically, that was probably against the no-lesbian rule, but it didn't seem to bother Brit. It was really just incidental contact after all. As long as she was okay with it, he decided not to worry about it.

After a few minutes, Rachael raised her head again. "You want a taste, Brit?" she asked.

"Ew, gross!" Brit exclaimed, blushing again. The other girls laughed; none of them had really expected her to agree.

"Well if she doesn't, I do," Crystal said. Rachael moved aside to let her kneel beside him. Crystal picked up

where Rachael left off, licking his cock all over. Once again, the tongues of the two sisters occasionally met. That was nothing unusual; often when Kari, Crystal, and Jeff were alone together, they would end up in a similar position, and sometimes the two girls would get so turned on by each other's tongues that they would leave his cock completely and end up French kissing each other. This time they limited themselves to only the occasional brush of their tongues together, not enough to arouse any kind of suspicion.

As they licked him, they put their hands to good use, slipping them down between their legs and rubbing. During their usual get-togethers, the girls would stimulate each other, but this time they had to limit themselves to touching their own bodies. Jeff wondered what his little sister's reaction would be if the girls reached between each other's legs instead. He could imagine the disgusted or perhaps horror-struck look on Brit's face if she saw that. On the other hand, she had been fine so far with some touching between the girls, so maybe she wouldn't be as turned off as he thought.

"Okay, that's enough of that," Crystal suddenly said. "I can't wait any longer." She stood up, then stepped in front of Jeff, facing away from him but her legs straddling his lap. Kari noticed what she was doing, and took his cock in her hand to position it straight up. Crystal lowered herself, her pussy aimed straight for his upturned member. Kari helped to guide it to the right spot, and it slipped inside the girl's waiting cunt.

Jeff let her lead, not wanting to push too hard and possibly hurt her. She rose up and pressed back down a couple of times, going deeper each time until finally his cock was buried to the hilt inside of her.

"Take some more photos," Crystal told Brit. "Take some photos of me fucking your big brother."

Brit was happy to oblige her. As Crystal bounced up and down on him, Brit snapped away. Jeff reached up and placed his hands on Crystal's tits, fondling and massaging them. Crystal moaned in delight as he did so, keeping her legs spread wide so that Brit had a perfect view of his dick plunging deep inside of her.

They fucked like that for several minutes as the girls watched in delight. Jeff noticed both Rachael and Kari rubbing themselves, and even Brit was fidgeting as if wanting to follow their example. He noticed dampness between the legs of all of the girls, including Brit. Apparently she was getting aroused at the sight.

"Okay, Crystal, you've had your fun," said Kari. "Now I want a chance to fuck my boyfriend."

Crystal sighed, but she obediently climbed off of Jeff and stood aside. One of the rules that they had agreed upon when Jeff first began having sex with Crystal was that Kari could at any time tell Crystal to stop, and she would have to. Kari rarely wielded that power, mostly because she got off on watching the two of them fucking.

She took her little sister's place on Jeff's lap, and slid her pussy down onto his cock. Immediately she started to bounce up and down on it, and Jeff thrust upward to meet her. They got into a good rhythm as Brit photographed the obscene spectacle.

This was like a dream come true for Jeff. Here he was, in the presence of some of the most gorgeous girls he knew, fucking them one at a time. Even his sister's presence here enhanced the excitement. Her certainly

classified her in the same group as the others, as far as looks went. Until recently, he hadn't really thought about it, but now he really did think she was beautiful.

After several more minutes with Kari riding him, Brit interrupted them. "Before you go too far, I want to take some pictures of Rachael doing it," she said.

Kari sighed. "I suppose I could veto that," she remarked, "but this may be the last chance for a while that Jeff gets to screw his aunt, so I guess I'll be nice." She rose up off Jeff, letting his cock slip out of her cunt. Rachael took her place, and in a few seconds she was riding him every bit as hard as Kari had.

She was a lot more vocal about it than the other girls, but then, she had never been particularly shy about sex.

"Who's your favorite aunt?" she demanded as she rode him.

"You are!" Jeff exclaimed.

"Damn right I am. And who's the girl who gave you your first ever fuck?"

"You are!" he repeated.

"And who's the girl with the sweetest, tightest, most perfect cunt in the whole world?"

Jeff was about to give the same answer as the one for the last two questions, then in a moment of clarity realized that there was a better answer.

"Kari is!" he exclaimed. Everyone laughed, and Kari dashed over to give him a kiss.

"Okay, not exactly what I was hoping for," Rachael said, "but I give you full credit for loyalty. You've got a good man here, Kari. If I were you, I would never let him go."

"I don't plan to," Kari smiled, kissing him again.

"On the other hand, since I'm *not* you, I suggest you *do* let him go. That way I can take him," Rachael added.

"Sorry, but I already have dibs," Crystal told her.

"Oh well," Rachael shrugged. "I guess I'll have to settle for the occasional fuck."

She started bouncing up and down even harder, driving him into a frenzy. His earlier apprehensions about not having much fun had disappeared completely, replaced by the excitement of what had become an orgy, with him as the main attraction. He had already had sex with three of the four girls today, not that he had much hope of doing it with the fourth.

The thought of actually having sex with little Britney, his adoring and adorable little sister, caused his pleasure to spike, and he knew that he could hold on no longer.

"Oh god, I'm going to cum!" he gasped.

"Hey, don't stain my couch!" Brit exclaimed. Rachael immediately climbed off of him, but before he had a chance to be too disappointed, she knelt down in front of him and took his dick in her mouth. She sucked him hard, as if trying to coax out his orgasm as soon as possible.

It worked. He cried out as he erupted into her mouth, and she swallowed it down eagerly. Through the haze of his pleasure he could hear the familiar click of the shutter button on Brit's camera, and realized that she was capturing the whole thing. It turned him on even more to know that she was not only watching him climax, but recording it. Perhaps it was the thought that she might look at the pictures again some day. She might even masturbate to them. The mental image of his little sister naked and alone with her legs spread wide and her hands rubbing between them as she stared at those pictures intensified his already intense orgasm.

Rachael made sure to milk every last drop out of him, sparing the couch. Jeff lay there exhausted for a few minutes, too tired to even sit up. Kari knelt down by his head and ran her hand through his hair, lovingly caressing him. She was always so sweet and tender after sex, and although she hadn't been the one to get him off this time, she still liked to give him simple little pleasures like that.

After several minutes, Jeff worked up the energy to sit back up again. Kari sat down on the couch on one side of him, and Crystal on the other, both wrapping their arms around him. Rachael continued to kneel in front of him.

"Say cheese!" Brit grinned, and the four of them smiled into the camera. She snapped the picture, which was the most spontaneous one she had taken so far, but fitting well with the staged ones.

"Okay, now let's see some photos with Jeff and Brit together," Rachael suggested.

"Um..." Jeff began to protest.

"What's wrong?" asked Brit.

"I... I just think maybe that's not such a good idea."

"Why not?"

"Well, because... I mean... some of the pictures we've taken so far have been a little... risqué."

"We're all naked, and you're worried about a little smut?" asked Rachael.

"It's not smut, it's art," Crystal grinned, imitating Brit's voice.

"Hey!" Brit laughed.

"Anyway, what if we promise we won't do any really naughty pictures?" Rachael suggested. "Besides, you

just had an orgasm. There's a limit to how naughty you can get with your cock in that state anyway."

Jeff glanced at Brit. Rachael had a good point. So what if he posed nude with his little sister? They were nude already; it would just put them in front of the camera. Besides, after seeing those pictures of Kari and Crystal together, he realized that there were plenty of "innocent" poses that would feel very nice with Brit there with him.

"Okay fine," he said. Rachael and the Williams girls stood up, and Brit walked over to take their place on the couch.

"Can I take the pictures?" Crystal asked. "I've taken photos with this camera before, so I know how to operate it."

Brit nodded, so Crystal stepped behind the camera.

"You tell us how you'd like us to pose," Brit told her.

Crystal first had them sit side by site with their arms around each other's waists. Brit eagerly slipped her arm behind Jeff, who was a little reluctant but went ahead anyway. He decided that she was *very* nice to hold like that, especially without clothes on. Her soft, warm body felt very pleasant on his arm.

The next was the same, but with Brit's head on Jeff's shoulder. It was almost exactly the same pose as the one that Kari and Crystal had done earlier. Jeff leaned his head slightly to the side to rest it on his little sister's, and they both looked directly at the camera. He remembered the look on the girls' faces from the picture before and tried to mimic it, a kind of tranquil, relaxed half-smile. It wasn't hard; really all he had to do was think of how much he loved Brit, and it came naturally. After Crystal snapped the picture, he took a moment to look down at Brit's face, and saw the same expression there. He hoped it was because she was thinking the same thing as him, but of course there was no way to be sure.

For the next picture, Jeff scooted forward so that he sat on the edge of the cushion. That gave Brit room to kneel behind him. She rose up on her knees and leaned forward, pressing her chest against his back and slipping her arms around his neck in an embrace. He loved the feel of her body against his, especially her cute little breasts. They were so soft, he found himself wanting to take them in his hand and give them a good squeeze.

"Okay, now switch places," Crystal told them. "But don't kneel, Jeff. Just sit down and let her sit in your lap."

The thought of her naked little bum sitting on his cock was almost enough to bring it back to life. It was still too early for that though; after that amazing fuck with the three girls, he doubted he would be able to get hard again any time soon.

Brit sat down on him, and Crystal had her lean back against his chest. She told Jeff to put his arms around her tummy, and he held her there in a tender embrace. They held that position while Crystal snapped the picture, and even afterward, they continued to sit there in each other's arms for a bit longer than was strictly

necessary.

Sitting this close to his little sister, he suddenly noticed something about her that he hadn't thought of before. Not only did she look nice and feel nice, but she also *smelled* nice. As far as he knew, she wasn't wearing any perfume, but there was a compelling aroma about her that was so enjoyable to take in. In fact, he found it strangely alluring. He wondered if it had to do with the fact that she had been getting aroused earlier, and that scent was like a female animal in heat, designed to attract a mate. Whatever it was, he really loved it.

Crystal suddenly grinned at them, and Jeff knew she had just come up with a wicked idea.

"What?" Brit asked her.

"For the next picture, Jeff, I want you to put your hands on her boobs," she said.

"Ew!" Brit exclaimed.

"Um... I'm not sure that's such a good idea," said Jeff.

"Oh, come on. We're just having fun here. Don't spoil it."

Jeff and Brit glanced at each other for a second. Despite her earlier protestations, the look in her eyes held no revulsion, just a sense of questioning, as if to ask him whether it was all right.

Something occurred to him then that he hadn't thought of earlier. He had a sudden image of his father, stepmother, and sister in a similar situation last summer, but on a sailboat rather than in a studio. They too had taken pictures, gradually moving from semi-innocent to extremely naughty. He had thought that it meant that Greg and Lissa had been having an affair, but now he could see that that wasn't necessarily true. Had they just had fun, like the four girls and Jeff were doing right now? That would actually be a relief; he didn't like the idea of his father and his sister in an incestuous relationship like that.

That gave him the motivation to continue right now. If he could touch Brit in a semi-sexual way and not have it lead to actual sex, then it would lend more credibility to the thought that Greg could do the same with Lissa.

Jeff slid his hands up his little sister's body and rested them on her breasts. Brit giggled at the contact.

"No, don't cover the nipples," said Crystal. "The whole point of the picture is to see everything. There, that's good, just like that." She hit the shutter button.

Jeff was about to remove his hands, but Crystal stopped him. "One more picture," she said. "Brit, tilt your head to the side. No, the other side. Jeff, look down at her neck. Doesn't it look so soft and beautiful? Wouldn't you like to kiss your little sister there?"

He certainly *would!* Holding her in his arms and staring down at her body, he wanted nothing more than to kiss her all over and have her do the same to him. She was such a gorgeous little thing, so sweet, so soft and

warm...

Without thinking, he lowered his head and pressed his lips against her neck, right at the point where it met the shoulder. He knew from experience that Kari was especially sensitive there, and actually so was Rachael, come to think of it.

Brit giggled.

"Oh come on," Crystal told her. "You're spoiling it. This is supposed to be a romantic shot."

"Sorry," Brit said.

"I know," said Crystal. "Close your eyes. Pretend that Jeff isn't your annoying big brother, but your lover. All he wants is to make you feel good. He's warming you up so that he can worship your body all night. Now take a couple of deep breaths while you keep that thought in mind."

Brit breathed in, and Jeff could feel her body relaxing. She took a few more deep breaths, just like Crystal told her, and on the fourth one, Crystal snapped the picture.

"That is so erotic!" Kari commented, almost in a whisper.

Brit shivered. He could tell by the sound of her breathing and the heat of her body that she was really getting into this. Despite the fact that the picture was over, he continued to kiss her on the neck and shoulder.

"Now change positions again," Crystal ordered. "Jeff, sit on the couch. Brit, sit on his lap, facing him."

Brit stood up, and Jeff scooted his legs forward to place them on the floor. Brit tried to climb onto his lap, but had difficulty finding a place to put her legs. They worked it out by having him scoot all the way forward so he was just on the edge of the couch, then Brit straddled his waist and wrapped her legs around his back.

It was a good thing that he had just had an orgasm, because if he had an erection right now there would be no place to put it but straight up Brit's cunt. Even with him flaccid, he loved the feeling of her body against his. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and he placed his arms on her back to support her.

"I want to see you kiss, like you did this morning," Rachael told them.

"Ooh, were Jeff and Brit smooching?" Kari asked with delight.

"We were just... practicing," he insisted, realizing as he said it just how weak of an excuse it was.

"No need to explain yourself," Kari told him. "I find it incredibly hot. I want to see it."

Jeff glanced at Brit, who smiled and shrugged. She leaned in and puckering up. He took her up on that offer, letting his lips touch hers. As they kissed, Crystal moved the tripod to the side so that she could get them in profile. It was much better than just getting the back of Brit's head.

Jeff was in heaven. He loved to kiss his little sister like that; he didn't know why he had ever thought it would disgust him. There was something both pure and naughty about it, and he found the combination highly erotic.

Their bodies were responding too. Brit pressed herself tightly up against him, and he could feel her even start to rub her thigh against his in tiny, almost imperceptible motions.

Jeff let his lips leave hers and kissed her on the chin, then went lower, down to her neck.

"Oh Jeff!" she whispered, throwing her head back and pointing her face to the ceiling. Jeff worked his lips all over her neck and shoulder, even going as low as the collarbone. He wanted to go lower still, but there was still that little warning voice in the back of his mind. All this time, he heard Crystal snapping pictures.

"Put your hand on her boob, Jeff!" he head Crystal tell him. He lifted his hand and placed it on her breast, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"Oh god!" Brit exclaimed. "Oh god oh god oh god oh god!" Suddenly her body bucked, her legs tightening around his waist and tremors running through her. He felt a sudden rush of dampness against his crotch, and knew in an instant what it was. In shock and delight, he realized that she had just had an orgasm!

After it was over, she leaned forward and lay her head against his chest, her face lit up in post-orgasmic bliss.

"Excellent!" Crystal grinned, and took one last picture. "I love that look on your face, Brit. So beautiful, so tranquil. Nothing like an orgasm to relax you."

Brit giggled.

"Geez, Brit!" Rachael exclaimed. "I wish I could climax as easily as you. What was it that set you off?"

She opened her eyes and stared at the people around her, he face growing red as if she had forgotten that they were there.

"Um... she stammered. "Well, it's just that Jeff's... um... his hair... well, it tickled my... my..."

"Clit?" Kari asked with a grin. Brit nodded.

"I'm going to have to remember that," Kari said.

Brit giggled again, then Jeff released her and she got up off of his lap.

Jeff glanced at the clock in the corner. "It's getting late," he said. "If Dad and Allison broke camp first thing in the morning, they could be home at any time."

"Wouldn't that be fun to have them walk in on us like this!" Rachael laughed.

"I'll bet you'd love that," Jeff told her. "You get off on danger."

"I get off on anything," she shrugged.

As it turned out, Greg and Allison didn't arrive home until later that evening. The five youngsters got dressed and spent the rest of the day playing more innocent games in the house until Kari and Crystal had to leave.

As soon as Greg and Allison walked in the door, Brit skipped over and hugged both of them, asking them how the camping trip went. Both of them seemed very happy as they told of their adventures.

It was getting close to bed time, so Allison took the children upstairs to tuck them in. She accompanied Brit into her room so that Jeff could get undressed in private. The two girls sat down on the bed next to each other.

"So how is it coming along with Jeff?" asked Allison.

"Oh, bit by bit. You know."

"Good. I take it you haven't slept with him yet."

"Every night," Brit grinned.

"No, I didn't mean it like that."

"I know. So the answer is no. We haven't gone that far yet."

"Jeff will come around eventually. You just have to be patient."

"I still can't believe you're actually encouraging this, Allison. Aren't you supposed to be outraged that I'm in love with my own brother?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I'm supposed to be. But I've never done things just because I'm supposed to."

Allison reached down and brushed away a strand of hair that had fallen across her stepdaughter's face.

"Brit," she said, "I want to thank you so much."

"What for?"

"For doing what I should have done a long time ago. All it took was a little nudge to get your father thinking."

"About what?"

"Last night he confessed his love to me."

Brit's face lit up with a smile. "Oh Allison!" she exclaimed, sitting up and throwing her arms around her stepmother. "I'm so happy for you!"

"Me too," Allison said. "So now I owe you one. And I know exactly how to repay you."

"How?" asked Brit.

Allison grinned at her. "I'm going to help you seduce your brother," she said.

Chapter 49

Volleyball and More

Allison and Rachael sat naked in the hot tub together on Monday morning. As Allison rubbed her little sister's shoulders, Rachael gave a report on the activities that weekend. She explained that she had failed to get Jeff and Brit to make love, but that they had taken several steps in the right direction. Allison grinned as Rachael gave her all the juicy details.

Allison began to make plans for her own involvement in the sinister plot. So far, things seemed to be going well. Brit was more than willing, so it was just a matter of conquering Jeff. His problem was that he was too nice; a perfect gentleman in fact. It would be difficult to overcome that and get him to seduce Brit.

Her sister took her mind off of it by turning around and wrapping her arms around her. Their lips met, and before she knew it, Rachael was making love to her. Allison let her worries and cares disappear as she succumbed to the tender yet energetic ministrations of her sister. There would be plenty of time to scheme later.

Jeff didn't get much chance to be alone with Rachael for the rest of the week, and while she still flirted with him like crazy with the others around, she never took things too far. Greg, at least, probably had no idea that the two of them had done anything together.

It was really too bad; Jeff liked her, and since Kari had given her blessing to their relationship, the only obstacle to continuing it was finding time to be alone with her. Unfortunately, it was not to be for the rest of Rachael's visit.

That was especially true now that Brit was sleeping in Jeff's bed every night. Rachael might have found a way to sneak into his bedroom after everyone was asleep, but with his little sister there, that pretty much ended that possibility.

Still, he couldn't fault Brit for that, and besides, he liked sleeping with her. Although he couldn't take things as far as he had with Rachael, Brit was sweet and adorable, and so very very soft. He really liked waking up to her beautiful little face every morning, especially her smile.

The closest he came to getting Rachael alone was on Wednesday afternoon, when Brit went over to Crystal's after school. Unfortunately, Allison was home too, and when Rachael hinted that this gave them a perfect opportunity to continue where they left off on Friday, Allison would have none of it. She told them that the weekend alone with Greg was just what she needed to help her put her priorities in order. She announced with joy and even a little bit of pride that she was in love with Greg, and he was in love with her. That meant

that any of those activities would feel too much like cheating on him.

Jeff was happy for her, even if it meant that things would have to cool down a little between his stepmother and himself. In fact, it was probably better this way; a couple of times she had come close to doing something that could jeopardize her relationship with his father, and by extension, with the whole family.

That didn't mean that she didn't give Jeff plenty of attention and care when he had another dizzy spell half an hour after arriving home. He had been sitting on the couch in the front room talking (and flirting of course) with Rachael when it hit him, and he began to pitch forward.

Rachael immediately caught him to keep him tumbling off the couch. Allison happened to be walking by in the hall when it happened, and she rushed to his aid.

"Are you all right?" she asked with concern in her voice.

"Just dizziness this time," he explained.

"Rachael, help me get him to my bed."

The two women put his arms over their shoulders, and they shuffled down the hall to the master bedroom. Once there, they laid him on the bed, and he closed his eyes to help block out the spinning of the room.

"Thanks, Rachael," said Allison. "And now if you wouldn't mind, I'd like to spend some time alone with him."

"I'm jealous," Rachael grinned.

"It's not like that," Allison laughed. "I'm not trying to seduce him. I just want to talk with him, that's all. You don't mind, do you, Jeff?"

"Not at all," he smiled weakly. He always liked to talk with her.

Rachael shrugged, then left the room and closed the door behind her.

Surprisingly, Allison lay down on the bed next to him. Even more surprising, she grabbed him and gently rolled him over on top of her so that his head ended up on her chest. She wrapped her arms around him and held him to her.

"There, isn't that more comfortable?" she asked. Jeff had to agree. While the position could potentially be considered blatantly sexual, in this case he wasn't sensing any of that. It was really more like a mother cradling her son in his arms this time.

Still, he couldn't pass up the opportunity for a joke. "Not trying to seduce me, huh?" he teased.

She smiled. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Jeff, I'm a part of your family now, so when I say I

love you, it should come as no surprise."

"Well it does surprise me. I mean, I guess we've known each other for a while now, and you know how I feel about you, but I never really thought someone like you could ever have feelings for someone like me."

"There's that negative self-talk again. Jeff, I've really liked you ever since I first met you. And you've been wonderful to me this whole time. I appreciate the fact that you've not once tried to take advantage of me, no matter how much you've wanted to. Except that time last week, of course, but I can't fault you for that. I just let my feelings get the better of me. But we don't have to worry about that any more, now that I realized just how much I love your father."

"I think that's wonderful," Jeff told her.

"You see? That's just what I'm talking about. I know you still think of me in ways that maybe aren't the most wholesome, but you've always been a perfect gentleman. Because of that, I've never been afraid to be with you, so I could let myself enjoy spending time with you. But Jeff, I don't want to give you the wrong impression. I do love you, but I also love Lissa, and Brit and Greg. Do you see what I'm getting at?"

"You're not attracted to me; you just love me as a son."

She sighed. "Well, that's not entirely true either. I might as well be honest. I *am* attracted to you, Jeff."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. Last week should have made that clear. And I most certainly do not love you as a son, because I'm nowhere near old enough to be your mother," she smiled. "I guess it's more of a generic family-type love. It's not quite a brother-sister or a mother-son kind, but something like them both."

"Well, maybe that's the way I feel about you too. You're just so... comfortable."

"Physically or emotionally?" she laughed, giving him a quick squeeze.

Jeff laughed. "Both."

"Thanks. I guess I've just been feeling a little lonely since Lissa left. You know that she and I were best friends, right?"

"Right."

"And now she's gone, so I just need someone I can spend time with now and then. I have to admit, I'm a little jealous of Brit."

"*You're* jealous?" Jeff asked, astonished. "Allison, you're the type of woman that makes other women jealous."

"Well, I guess it's about time I found out what it was like then," she smiled. "I just see the way Brit's been hanging all over you ever since we took Lissa to college. And you don't seem to mind it."

"I'm sorry."

"Oh, don't apologize. You're her big brother after all. I think it's wonderful that you two are finally getting along. You know she's infatuated with you."

"She... er... what?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't mean she necessarily thinks of you as anything but a big brother. She's still partly a little girl, and needs someone big and strong to protect her. That's why she likes to sit on your lap or hug you. But she's also growing up, and starting to think about boys. Whether she realizes it or not, she's practicing on you."

"You mean like the kissing?"

"Exactly. But not just obvious things like that. I mean, she's been flirting and opening up her heart to you, because she feels safe with you. You'll neither reject her nor take advantage of her. She's learning how to become a woman, and you're helping her."

"I guess that makes sense. So what should I do then?"

"Let her flirt. Go ahead and flirt right back, in fact. Let her know that she really can be attractive to a guy like you."

"What do you mean?" he asked, suddenly a little alarmed. Did Allison suspect?

"I just mean she needs a little positive reinforcement. If you find yourself attracted to her, so what? It just makes the flirting that much more fun."

"But don't you think there's something wrong with that?"

"Not at all. It's not unusual for family members to be attracted to each other."

"It's not?" he asked.

"No it's not. You know about Rachael and me."

"Good point."

"So if you had romantic feelings toward Brit--"

"I don't!" he exclaimed.

"No need to be defensive. I told you I don't see anything wrong with it. It wouldn't be the first time

something like that has happened. Anyway, however you feel about her and she feels about you, I think it's cute the way she hangs on you all the time."

"So... hypothetically, if she did feel like that about me... and supposing I felt like that about her too..."

"I'd have to say it's much better than you two fighting all the time, don't you agree?"

"But what if she wants to take things further?"

Allison laughed. "Then I'd suggest you're probably better off not taking advice from someone who's already slept with their sister."

"Oh yeah."

"Listen, Jeff. Up to now, everything I've said is what any psychologist would tell you. For the rest, you're just going to have to make your own decisions. Just promise me one thing, okay?"

"What's that?"

"Don't hurt her. Britney is a sweet, vulnerable little girl. I couldn't bear to see her hurt."

"Neither could I."

So that was it. Although Allison hadn't come right out and said so, the implication was that a serious relationship between the two was impossible.

Or was it? None of his questions had really been answered, after all. Allison had said that flirting and being affectionate was okay, and even good for Brit. But to take things further...

No. He would never take things further, because that could really mess her up. He could never do that to her. So things really were clear after all. He could enjoy her company, he could enjoy hugging her and kissing her and letting her sit on his lap, and that would have to be enough.

On Friday afternoon, Jeff and Brit returned home to see Rachael with her bags all packed in the van, ready to leave.

"I wish you didn't have to go," Brit told her. "It's been fun with you here."

"I wish I didn't have to go too," Rachael replied. "But I'll make sure I come back to visit often. Take care of Jeff for me."

"I plan to take care of Jeff for *me*," Brit grinned, grabbing his arm.

"Hey!" Jeff complained, but made no move to pull away. The truth was that he liked it when Brit was affectionate with him.

Greg and Allison appeared in the hall, carrying the last of the luggage. "Oh good," said Greg upon spying the children. "You're home. I wanted to see you and make sure you got home all right before we leave." He set down the suitcase he was carrying and took Jeff by the shoulders.

"Jeff, you're the man of the house while I'm gone, so I want you to take extra special care of Brit."

"I will," Jeff nodded.

"Good. She's not a child any more, as you've probably noticed, but that doesn't mean she doesn't still need someone to watch out for her."

"Even a teenager can fall off a balcony after all," Brit laughed.

"Anyway, just treat her the way you've been treating her these past couple of weeks, and I think everything will be fine," said Greg. "I'd prefer it if you would do it without hitting yourself on the head this time, of course," he grinned.

Jeff laughed. "I think I've learned my lesson," he replied. "Next time I'll just let her fall."

"That's not nice!" Brit exclaimed, but she still wore a smile on her face.

"Just kidding," Jeff told her.

"And Brit," said Greg. "You need to take care of your brother too. Not so much tomorrow when Kari and her friends are over, but you're going to be alone with him for a lot of the time, and if he has another one of those headaches, you'll be the only one to help him. I'm still not sure it's a good idea to leave you two alone, but I'm going to trust you two to be able to handle things by yourselves. I love you both." He took both of them in his arms and hugged them.

"And I love you too," Allison smiled, hugging them as well.

"And I love you too," grinned Rachael, and hugged them, to everyone's amusement.

"So are we ready to go?" asked Greg.

"Just a minute. I had something I wanted to say to Jeff in private," Rachael told him. "Come on, Jeff." The two of them headed upstairs to his room. Once there, she grabbed him and pulled him in to a deep and passionate kiss. He accepted it willingly, reaching his arms around her back and hugging her tightly.

It was too bad when they had to separate, but they couldn't stay like that forever, after all. Finally Rachael stepped back.

"Oh yeah, I'm supposed to say something to you," she remarked. "Um... be good."

"You need to say that in private?" he grinned.

"No, but that's just the first part of the message. Be good, but only until next time I visit. Then I want you to be very very bad."

"That's more like it," said Jeff.

"And if you're at all worried about your ability to live up to my expectations, I'm not all that concerned about the first part. It's the second part that interests me."

"Why does that not surprise me?"

They left the room and headed back downstairs. Greg and Allison had just finished putting the last of the luggage in the van, so they all hugged each other one last time, then the three adults climbed into the vehicle. Rachael blew the kids a kiss as they started down the hill.

When Brit came into his bedroom that night she took her usual place beside him with her head resting on his chest. Jeff wrapped his arms around her and listened in delight for that cute little sigh of contentment she always made as she wriggled up next to him to get in a comfortable position. Lately he enjoyed every sound she made, especially the little, unconscious ones like that.

"Jeff," she said, "are you sad that Rachael's gone?"

"Sad?"

"Because now you can't... you know. Like last weekend."

He laughed. "Yes, I like to 'you know.' Quite a lot, in fact."

Brit giggled. "So are you going to try to get Kari alone some time tomorrow and 'you know?'"

"I doubt there will be much chance. The whole volleyball team will be here, and while they might not miss me if I were to disappear, Kari's supposed to practice with them."

"Crystal then?"

"What's with all this prying into my love life all of a sudden?" he asked, though he found it more amusing than annoying.

"I'm just curious. This whole thing is so new to me. I mean, I've learned about it in sex-ed, but I've never... um..." Then she grinned. "You know," she said.

Suddenly, Jeff remembered what happened with Crystal last year, and he realized that it would be all too easy for the same thing to happen to Brit. That thought frightened him.

"Brit," he said, growing serious. "Do you trust me?"

"Absolutely," she replied.

"Then you won't mind me giving you a little advice?"

"Of course not."

"I want you to be careful. I mean, there are guys out there who are... well, let's face it, they're pricks. All they want is sex, and they don't care who they hurt to get it. There might be some of them who will try to trick you, who will make you think they love you--"

"You're talking about Chad, aren't you?" she asked.

"Well... yes."

"Crystal told me all about him," Brit explained. "Mostly to contrast him with you."

"With me?"

"Yes. She told me all the bad things about Chad and all the good things about you." She laughed and added, "So I guess you have some good qualities after all."

"Oh, ha ha," he said sarcastically. "But seriously, be careful. It would break my heart if the same thing happened to you that happened to Crystal."

She glanced up at him. "Really?" she asked.

"Really," he replied. "Look, if a boy really cares about you, he won't try to pressure you into having sex with him. He'll let that be your decision."

"Was that the way it was with you and Kari?"

"Yes," he replied. "I didn't even bring it up until Kari said she wanted to. Of course, I sure didn't wait any longer once she did," he smiled.

"Thanks, Jeff. It's nice to have a big brother to look after me."

"Would you promise me something?"

"What?"

"I'm not going to tell you not to start having sex until later, because that's a decision that you have to make on your own. Just don't rush into it, okay?"

"How do I know if I'm rushing?"

That was a very good question, and he didn't know how to answer it.

"I don't know," he replied.

"Well then, I have an idea," she suggested. "Before I decide to have sex with any boy, I'll get your approval."

"I don't know if I want that kind of responsibility," replied Jeff. "I can't claim to be the best judge of character. What if I say yes and he turns out to be like Chad? You'll think I betrayed you."

"I would never think that, Jeff. I love you and trust you too much, and I know that everyone makes mistakes sometimes."

"But I don't want to make a mistake that will hurt you that badly."

"Okay, a compromise then. I'll at least let you meet him first. It won't be like asking permission; I just want to know what you think of him."

"Brit, do you really want me to stick my nose into your private business like that?"

"Yes I do, because I want someone I trust to help me make those decisions. I know I don't know what I'm doing, but it won't be as bad if you're there with me."

"I hope you don't mean physically," he joked.

She laughed. "Why not? I was there with you and Crystal, and then you and Rachael."

"Good point. But really, I think I know what you mean. You want me to give you advice and maybe confirm that you're doing the right thing."

"Exactly. I just want my big brother to take care of me."

"I will. I promise."

Brit sighed. "It's just too bad you're my brother."

"Okay, now you're not making sense," he said. "First you say--"

"I just mean that you're the only boy I know I can trust. I almost wish *you* could be my first time."

"Okay, that's just wrong, Brit," Jeff said.

"Don't be mad. I just meant that I don't think I'll ever trust another boy as much as I trust you, so no matter who I go out with, there will always be a little doubt."

"Brit, one day the right guy will come along, and then you won't have to worry any more."

"I hope you're right. But what happens if it doesn't go like that? What happens if I meet someone like Chad?"

"You just tell him up front that if he hurts you, I'll break every bone in his body."

"Even the ones in the inner ear?" Brit giggled.

"What?"

"We just learned about that in health class," Brit explained. "There are 206 bones in the human body, including 6 in the inner ear."

"If you want, I'll pay particular attention to those ones," he smiled.

"But Jeff, what if despite all that, he still turns out like Chad? Would you... would you do for me what you did for Crystal?"

"Um..." he stammered, embarrassed. Brit knew about Crystal and him having sex, after all. She had even been with them a couple of times. "Just what is it you're asking?"

"Just what you did for Crystal. You talked to her, and hugged her, and let her know there was nothing wrong with her. Then you spent time with her to show that you cared about her feelings."

"Oh," he said, relieved. "Yes. I would do that for you. I would do anything to make the hurt go away. I'll always be there for you."

"I love you, Jeff," she smiled, then leaned in and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. After returning to her original position, she closed her eyes and sighed. "Good night," she whispered.

"I love you. Good night."

The next morning, Jeff woke in a good mood. The comforting feeling of Brit's warm body and the thought of the house filled with teenage girls were enough to drive out all negative emotions, leaving him excited and cheerful.

Though he hated to disturb Brit when she slept, he also knew that the girls would start arriving about nine, and it was already almost eight. He had to make sure his sister and he showered and ate breakfast first.

"Brit," he said softly, gently shaking her. She grunted, then sleepily opened her eyes.

"Is it morning already?" she asked.

"Yes it is. Kari and her friends will be here in about an hour. Normally I would love to lie here with you for a while, but there's no time this morning. I'm going to take a shower."

"Okay," she said, then rolled off of him. Jeff got up, and Brit followed him into the bathroom. Rather than continuing into her own room, she leaned up against the counter.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"You're not supposed to be left alone, remember?"

"Um, you can just wait in the bedroom, like Allison did."

"Why? That's different because she's not related to you like I am. I'm just your little sister. We used to take baths together when we were kids after all, so what's wrong with me seeing you naked now?"

He couldn't quite figure out the logic of that, but he did know one thing. He didn't really think of her as just his little sister any more. Last weekend the two of them had practically had sex after all. Despite feeling guilty about that, he couldn't deny that he had enjoyed it, a little too much even. But the fact was that he had been naked with her several times before, so this was really nothing different.

"Okay," he shrugged, then began to strip off his clothes. He felt a little self-conscious with her watching him, especially with that look of delight in her eyes. What did that mean? Did she just like to be near him, or was there something else involved?

"You know, we could save time if we took a shower together," Brit commented as soon as he had his clothes off.

"Um, I don't think that's such a good idea," he replied.

"Why not? We could wash each other's backs."

That certainly sounded enjoyable, but he also knew they could end up getting into trouble.

"Remember what happened last time we were in the shower together," he told her.

"Oh yeah," she giggled. "But that was because of Crystal. I'm not going to do anything that would make you lose control like that." Then with a sly grin she added, "Not unless you want me to."

"Very funny," he said. "Anyway, you'd better stay out of the water. If I get dizzy and you have to help me to the bed, it wouldn't do for us both to be wet and slippery."

Brit laughed. "Now there's a mental image. But I guess I can see your point." She sounded a little disappointed, but she kept a smile on her face.

Jeff turned on the water and climbed into the tub, then pulled the curtain closed. In truth, he *wanted* Brit to shower with him. That was the problem. It wasn't something he was supposed to want. He should be disgusted by the thought. There was still a little revulsion, but it wasn't as strong as his desire to be with her in such an intimate situation.

After about ten minutes, he turned off the water and opened the shower curtain. Brit was already naked by this time. No matter how many times he saw her like this, he always enjoyed the sight.

He knew he should say something, but really there was nothing to be said. As he stepped out of the tub and reached for a towel, Brit took his place without a word, turning the water back on and closing the shower curtain.

The fact that it had happened just like that, without any comment by either of them, was a little disturbing. In fact, it had been altogether too *comfortable*. She made it seem like the most natural thing in the world. On the other hand, why shouldn't it be? They were family after all. To some families, nudity wasn't something to be abhorred or avoided.

He finished drying himself, then headed back into his room to put on some clothes. Then he headed downstairs to the kitchen to pour himself a bowl of cereal. Brit joined him about twenty minutes later, and they sat and talked over breakfast until the girls began to arrive.

Jeff knew them all, of course, because they were Kari's friends. Brit had never met them, however, so he introduced them to her.

Laurie McKay and Florencia Mendoza arrived first. Laurie was a good-looking senior with brown hair that she wore in a braid. Florencia, or Flor, as she liked to be called, was a foreign-exchange student from Spain, who was staying at Laurie's house. She had the most gorgeous, long, dark brown hair and brown eyes. While she spoke English fluently, she had a very sexy accent that Jeff liked to listen to. Brit found it amusing, especially when Flor showed off her skills by modifying her accent to sound French, then British, then Italian.

Next came Jenny, one of the girls that Brit already knew, because Kari had invited her over once to swim in their pool the previous summer while Kari was taking math lessons from Allison.

Kari and Crystal weren't far behind. As soon as they opened the door and Kari spied the other girls sitting there in the front room, her expression turned to one of disappointment.

"Dang!" she said. "I was hoping to be the first one here. That would give me some time to make out with Jeff."

"What a coincidence," grinned Jenny. "That's exactly what I was thinking." Apparently she was still as flirtatious as ever.

"Well in that case, I'm glad Flor and Laurie got here first," Kari replied.

"Not that it would have made much of a difference," said Jenny. "After all, if you were first, you still wouldn't have had any privacy with Brit and Crystal there."

"That doesn't matter," Kari shrugged. "They could make out together too if they wanted."

"Ew!" Brit exclaimed, giggling.

The doorbell rang, and Jeff went to answer it. This time it was Erica Bryant, a pretty girl with light brown hair and a smile almost as charming as Kari's. From what he understood, Erica was the volleyball team's secret weapon; she had a wicked spike and the uncanny ability to make nearly impossible saves. She would probably become the team captain next year after Tracy Kennedy, their current captain, graduated.

Finally the rest of the girls arrived. Tracy had gone around and picked up all of the girls who didn't have transportation. That included Gwendolyn Franks, Rebecca Barlow, and Shelly Hooper.

Tracy was tall and well-built for sports. While in other girls that might imply a bit of masculinity, Tracy was all feminine. Her taut muscles and long, athletic legs made her look a bit older than her seventeen years, but she was still quite beautiful. She had nearly black hair cut just below her shoulders, which she wore in a ponytail.

Rebecca was another blonde, though her hair wasn't quite as light as Jenny's or Brit's. She was a very studious girl; it was a well-known fact among her friends that she had earned straight A's ever since kindergarten, except for one B in fourth grade. Despite her academic achievements, she could hardly be called a nerd; for one thing, she didn't wear glasses, and for another, she took good care of her appearance. While there were prettier girls in school, she made up the difference through her makeup and her clothes.

Shelly, of course, was the only reason Greg had allowed the team to come over and practice. Jeff hadn't lied when he said she had taken a dozen first aid classes. Not only was she studying to become a lifeguard, but she was planning to go into pre-med in college. She was a pretty brunette with the look of a swimmer: muscular upper body and powerful legs. It was well known that while not with the volleyball team, she spent most of her free time swimming.

Gwen was a symbol of the inherent unfairness of life, at least to the boys in the school. She was beautiful, she was smart, she was friendly, she was outgoing. She was also a lesbian. Gwen had come out of the closet last year after she had earned a reputation for being stuck up because she refused to go out with any of the boys who asked her. She was nice enough when she rejected them, but because so many guys had asked her out and she had refused every single one of them, people suspected she thought she was too good for any of them. After admitting she was a lesbian, her popularity shot up dramatically, even if many of the boys in school thought it was unfair that they didn't have the slightest chance with a girl like her.

She immediately sat down next to Erica, putting an arm around her shoulders. "Hi, Erica," she said with a broad grin.

"Um... hi, Gwen," Erica replied a little timidly. That was nothing surprising. Gwen made no secret of the fact

that she had the hots for Erica, who always rejected her advances. For all her show, however, Erica was still Gwen's best friend, so it apparently didn't bother her as much as she pretended.

"Well, it looks like we're all here," said Tracy. "Anyone missing? No? Okay. So is everyone ready to practice?"

The girls all nodded their agreement.

"I'll show you the volleyball court," Jeff offered. The girls stood up and followed him down the hall to the back door.

The early morning chill had not quite vanished, so the girls who wore sweat pants over their shorts kept them on. Between them they had brought three volleyballs, so Tracy split the nine girls into three groups and ran them through drills.

Meanwhile, Jeff got out the large plastic water cooler and filled it from the faucet. He remembered they had some paper cups in the pantry, so he retrieved them, and Brit and Crystal helped him carry the cooler out back. They moved one of the deck tables from the pool to the lawn near where the girls were practicing and set the cooler on it.

Jeff sat and watched the girls practice. While he had plenty of other things he could do in the mean time, this was near the top of his list. He could watch Kari for hours, regardless of what she was doing, and he found that that applied to her friends as well. Although they were just hitting volleyballs back and forth, right now he found them very sexy.

It was nice that he had an excuse to watch them. Brit and Crystal had both asked if they could join in when they started playing an actual game, and Tracy had agreed. That meant that Jeff would be left alone if he were anywhere else, which was against the rules until the doctor said it was safe. While he could have brought out a book and read it, he was having too much fun just watching the girls.

It didn't hurt, of course, that most of the girls were nice and friendly, and a few of them openly flirted with him, Kari and Jenny being the prime examples. Kari had mellowed in the last year; she seemed to take Jenny's attentions toward Jeff in good humor rather than showing any kind of jealousy. That was probably due to Crystal; Kari not only allowed Jeff to make love to her little sister, she actually enjoyed watching it. A little teasing and flirting by other girls was nothing in comparison.

Soon Tracy called an end to the drills and they decided to start up an actual game. With Crystal and Brit, there were eleven girls, so they asked Jeff if he wanted to play and make it a six on six game. He had never been very good at volleyball, and wasn't in the mood to make a fool out of himself today, so he declined, opting to watch instead. Tracy wouldn't let him out of it that easily, and asked him to be the judge. He wasn't sure what that entailed, but she explained that he just had to decide in cases where it wasn't clear whether the ball had been out of bounds, or if it hadn't cleared the net. That seemed easy enough, so he agreed.

With an odd number of players, they decided to have a five on five game with one rotating out. In fact, to

keep it from becoming too competitive, they would even rotate between teams. They wouldn't even keep score.

That seemed to work out well, so there were very few disagreements as they played the game. The closest thing to a controversy happened when Jenny let the ball go because she thought it was going to be out of bounds, but it barely stayed in. Jeff called it the way he saw it, and she put her hands on her hips and pouted her lips.

"You would actually make a call against *me*?" she asked, though in a teasing rather than angry voice.

Jeff shrugged. "I'd make a call against Kari if it's the right call, and she's my girlfriend."

"Leave him alone, Jenny," Tracy told her. "It looks like he's got integrity."

Jenny laughed. "You don't really want me to leave you alone, do you, Jeff?" she asked with a sly grin.

"Whether he does or not, *I* do," Kari said with an amused smile on her face. "Go get your own boyfriend."

"Oh, but it's so much more fun to steal yours."

"Well, at least do it when I'm not looking," Kari shrugged.

"Okay. Hey Jeff, do you want to go inside so that Kari doesn't have to look?"

The other girls laughed. They were obviously used to this kind of teasing by Jenny.

Jeff, of course, played along. "You don't mind, do you, Kari?" he asked.

"Of course I mind!" Kari said with an angry frown unsuccessfully hiding an amused grin.

"Sorry, Jenny," said Jeff. "I guess I learned my lesson. If I'm going to cheat on my girlfriend, I can't let her know I'm doing it."

Brit and Crystal turned out to be decent players as well. Crystal, he knew, sometimes practiced with her big sister so she was pretty familiar with the game, and Jeff remembered years ago before his mother left that their family would often invite their friends over during the summer for a barbecue and games, which often involved volleyball. Not being particularly athletic, Jeff had rarely joined in, but Brit always did, and although she was just a little girl, she could usually hold her own. Neither Brit nor Crystal were in the same caliber as the other girls, but they at least didn't embarrass themselves too badly.

As the morning wore on and the day grew warmer, it became even more pleasant to watch the girls because they began to dress down a little more. Those who wore jackets and sweat pants removed them, leaving only their tee-shirts and jeans. In fact, Flor and Rebecca wore sport bras in place of shirts. Jeff couldn't help staring at their rather nice, finely toned, flat stomachs. Kari happened to catch him peeking, but she merely flashed him a knowing smile and turned back to the game.

At about noon, Tracy called a break. Jeff had already offered to provide lunch for them when he had agreed to let them come over, and Allison had bought some bread, lunch meat, cheese, and crackers a couple of days before in anticipation, knowing that Jeff was essentially useless in the kitchen. He retrieved these items and various condiments and set them on the kitchen table to let the girls fix their own sandwiches.

He made up a few pitchers of lemonade as well, one of the only things he could do in the kitchen. He admitted as much, to everyone's amusement.

"So should we continue the practice or call it a day?" Tracy asked everyone after they finished eating.

"Let's not go back out just yet," Laurie suggested. "I hear you have a rec room in the basement, Jeff."

"That's true. You're all welcome to go down there. We have pool and ping-pong, and a big screen TV."

"Let's go," said Laurie.

Jeff led them all downstairs to show them the room. They were suitably impressed with it. Flor immediately headed over to the pool table. "Anyone care for a game?" she asked.

"As long as we're not betting money," Erica responded. "Last time you cleaned me out. I nearly lost my shirt."

"Maybe you *should* bet," Crystal laughed. "I'll bet Jeff would love to see you lose your shirt."

"Oh, very funny," said Erica.

"Before we get cozy down here," Rebecca interrupted, "maybe we should all take showers. You don't mind if we borrow your bathrooms, do you Jeff? I don't know about anyone else, but I can really smell some of the girls."

"Hey!" several voices responded, but it was all in fun.

"Oh, I don't mind," replied Jeff, "but I don't think there's enough hot water for everyone. We've got four showers in the house, but if they're all being run at the same time, I don't think we'll have more than twenty minutes total, even if we turn the water down to minimum."

"So we'll have to double up," Gwen suggested.

"What?" asked Tracy.

"Oh, come on. It's not like we haven't all showered together at school anyway. Unless anyone has any objections."

The other girls glanced around nervously at each other, but nobody said anything. The fact that it was Gwen who had suggested it wasn't surprising, given her sexual preference.

"Then it's settled," said Gwen.

"Fine," Tracy conceded. "Everyone pick your shower buddy!"

Gwen immediately grabbed Erica's hand. "Oh, great," Erica complained. "I end up with the lesbian." It was all in jest, of course, and Erica couldn't suppress a grin.

"Come on, Jeff," said Kari, grabbing his arm. "Let's go take a shower." All the girls giggled.

"Er... maybe we shouldn't..." he stammered.

"What? Pretty much every girl in this room knows we've been sleeping together, so what's the problem?"

"Okay, fine, as long as nobody tells my Dad."

"Don't worry," said Tracy. "Your secret's safe with us."

"Brit, do you want to be my shower buddy?" asked Crystal with a grin.

She shrugged. "Whatever."

The rest of the girls all paired up. Since there were twelve people total that meant six pairs. There were four showers, but to reduce the hot water usage, they decided not to use the one downstairs by the hot tub. That meant they would shower in two shifts of ten minutes each. Jeff showed the girls where all the bathrooms were, and then Tracy assigned the shifts. Jeff and Kari, Brit and Crystal, and Gwen and Erica would shower first, and then the rest of the girls.

"Do you know what else would be fun?" Kari asked with a grin.

"I can imagine, you pervert," Laurie teased, and everyone laughed, including Gwen.

"Well, that too," Kari smiled. "I was just thinking, after our showers, why don't we just leave our towels on?"

"With Jeff here?" asked Tracy.

"Yes, with Jeff here," said Kari. "He can do it too if he wants."

"You really are naughty," Laurie told her. "Let's do it!"

With a few giggles, everyone agreed.

Jeff was extremely happy with that idea. It sounded like this weekend was going to turn out to be one of the best weekends ever. He went to the closet and brought out a bunch of towels for everyone, then Jeff, Kari, Brit, and Crystal headed upstairs.

"Have fun you two," Crystal winked as Jeff and Kari entered his bedroom.

In eager anticipation, he led Kari into the bathroom. They closed and locked the door, then Kari turned to him, wrapped her arms around his neck, and kissed him passionately. They held each other there for a minute, then drew apart.

"So did Crystal really suck you off with Brit watching?" she asked with a twinkle in her eye as she began to undress.

"Absolutely," Jeff replied.

"Oh my god, that makes me so horny. Maybe next time I can join in."

"That would be great!" he said.

"We could take turns. First Crystal and Brit can watch while I suck you off, then Brit and I can watch while Crystal sucks you off, then Crystal and I can watch while-"

"Don't say it!" he laughed, slapping her playfully on the rear. "You really are a pervert, you know that?"

"You can blame Allison for that. Ever since she started getting involved in our sex life, I've had a thing for making it public. It just turns me on so much to have more than two people involved, don't you agree?"

"Yes, I agree that it turns you on."

Kari laughed. "Don't you think it feels so much better that way?"

"I suppose there is something just a little exciting about it."

By this time they were naked, so Kari stepped into the shower and turned on the water. Jeff followed her in, grabbing her from behind and fondling her tits. She turned around, pressed her body up against his, and kissed him again. This time they held it for much longer than thirty seconds.

Brit stood in the shower, letting the hot water run through her hair. Crystal stood nearby, soaping up her body. The two girls both grinned, remembering their adventures a couple of weeks ago.

"So tell me the truth," said Crystal. "When I was giving Jeff a blowjob two weeks ago, were you jealous?"

"Ew!" Brit complained, but the grin never left her face. "He's my brother!"

"So what? Really, were you jealous?"

"Of course not."

"Not even a little bit?"

"Not even a little bit."

"Okay, my turn with the water." Crystal moved up, sliding past Brit. As they passed each other, for one brief moment their breasts rubbed against each other, and Brit felt a surprising thrill at the touch. *That's not right!* she thought. *I shouldn't be getting excited like that!* But she couldn't get rid of the feeling. It was both pleasurable and scary at the same time. Scarcely two weeks had gone by since she had learned about girls who liked girls, and now suddenly, she was starting to enjoy being naked here with Crystal, especially those little touches like that. Did Crystal know what she was doing? After all, if she thought it was disgusting, wouldn't she have at least made some kind of disgusted comment when they rubbed together? On the other hand, Brit hadn't said anything either. Maybe they were both too embarrassed to mention it.

Brit stole a few glances as Crystal let the water run over her body, washing the soap away. The sight of the girl's glistening body was awakening unnatural feelings in Brit, feelings she knew she shouldn't have. Her mind went back to those pictures of Allison and Lissa together, and she imagined herself in Lissa's position. It looked like the two of them had been enjoying themselves, and Brit was just starting to understand it. But how could she be feeling these things just two weeks after she thought it was absolutely disgusting?

"So when he grabbed you," Crystal commented, her mind still apparently on the previous weekend, "did it feel nice?"

"Oh, shut up," Brit told her.

The girls continued to wash, exchanging places a couple more times. Each time, Crystal made sure to rub against Brit. Now Brit was almost positive she was doing it on purpose. The thought excited her, but she was also a little fearful. That meant that Crystal was one of those girls that Jeff had told her about, those girls that liked other girls.

The implications of that were frightening. Brit was Crystal's best friend, and as far as she knew, Crystal had never hinted at having romantic feelings toward any other girl. Did that mean that Crystal was interested in *her*?

"So Brit," said Crystal. "I never did finish telling you about my sexual escapades with your brother."

"Forget it," Brit replied. "I've seen them."

"Oh, but there's more to the story. Do you know what Kari did the first time I fucked your brother?"

"Does it look like I care?"

"You should. It's very interesting."

"Oh, fine. Go ahead and tell me."

Crystal put her hands on Brit's shoulders and leaned in. Brit felt their bodies rubbing up against each other again. The touch was thrilling, this time especially so because it lingered. But it was only so that her friend could whisper in her ear.

"She sucked on my tits," Crystal whispered.

"You fucking pervert!" Brit exclaimed, pushing her away, but she couldn't hide the smile on her face. She hoped it looked like an embarrassed smile, although that was only part of it. In fact, Crystal's words had brought back memories of those pictures with Lissa and Allison, and how Brit had wondered what it would feel like to have someone, even a girl, do that to her. She knew that her own nipples were extremely sensitive, and she thought that if a person ever were to put their tongue on them, or especially suck on them, she would die from pleasure. And now here Crystal was, admitting that her own sister had pleasured her like that!

Or was it a lie? Crystal had become very perverted lately; maybe she was just teasing. Then again, Brit had seen first hand just how far Crystal was willing to go.

"What, do you have a problem with that?" the girl asked with a grin on her face.

"Well, yeah. She's a girl, *and* she's your sister."

"And she really knows how to use her lips. And her tongue. She licked me while she was sucking. But that's not the best part."

"I'm afraid to ask."

"After she sucked my nipples, she went down lower."

"Lower?" asked Brit, astonished.

"Yes. She licked Jeff and me at the same time, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, god! That's disgusting!"

"Actually, it was kind of nice. Do you want to hear another secret? I didn't even tell Jeff this."

"No," said Brit, but it was too late. Crystal leaned in again.

"It wasn't Jeff's dick inside me, but Kari's tongue on me that brought me to orgasm."

"I think I'm going to be sick."

"Does little Britney need to go lie down?" Crystal teased. "Maybe we could lie down together. I could make you feel *much* better."

"Geez, Crystal, first you go after my brother, then you start coming on to me. Who's your next target, my dad?"

"Well, if your stepmom doesn't mind sharing..."

"It was a joke!" Brit said, turning red.

Crystal giggled. "I just wanted to see your reaction."

There was a knock at the door. "Okay girls, time's up," someone said behind it.

"Okay, we're getting out now!" Brit called back. Then to Crystal, she said, "and it's about time, too. A few more minutes and you probably would have made a pass at me."

"You mean like this?" asked Crystal. Suddenly, she grabbed Brit by the head, backed her up against the wall, pressed their bodies together, and kissed her passionately on the mouth. Brit's eyes opened wide with shock, especially when Crystal's tongue entered her mouth. Brit's body tensed up, and she pressed her hands against the wall, unsure of what to do. Her heart was pounding in her chest, but out of fear or desire she didn't know. Crystal held that pose, kissing Brit and teasing her tongue with her own, until Brit began to relax. In fact, it really did feel good. Her nipples were tingling from the contact with Crystal's, and she could feel her friend's pussy rubbing against her own. She began to feel warm all over, but not from embarrassment, or even from the heat of the water. Slowly she began to lower her defenses, closing her eyes and letting the kiss continue. The stimulation of their bodies touching, the passion of the kiss, and the relaxation of the shower all combined to turn the horror to pleasure.

It seemed like forever before Crystal backed off. Brit stood there a minute later, her eyes still closed and and a sigh escaping her lips. It wasn't the first time she had kissed a girl; in fact, it wasn't even the first time she had kissed Crystal. But this time it was different. This time it wasn't just to practice, but because Crystal had *wanted* to kiss her! What did that mean? She was confused, but at the same time she had to admit that it felt quite nice. The fact that it was her best friend just added to her enjoyment. She found herself wanting to go on, wanting to do forbidden things with the girl.

"To be continued," Crystal winked, then turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. Brit, still dazed, slowly returned to reality.

Chapter 50

And Even More

It was too bad that the time was limited, because it seemed like Jeff had just barely gotten his cock inside of Kari when someone knocked on the door. "Quit fucking around in there," the girl on the other side of the door said. "Your time's up."

Jeff sighed. "I guess that's it then," he said.

"But you haven't been satisfied yet," Kari told him. "I can't just leave you like this."

"It will have to wait."

Reluctantly, she let Jeff's cock slip out. Jeff turned off the shower, and the two of them dried themselves off and wrapped towels around themselves. Then they left the bathroom to let Flor and Laurie take their place.

They headed downstairs to the rec room, where the rest of the girls were waiting. Brit, Crystal, Gwen, and Erica were in just towels, while the other girls who hadn't showered yet still wore their athletic clothes.

Some of the girls were playing pool, while others just sat around talking. Jeff and Kari found an open spot on one of the couches and sat down next to each other to join in the conversation.

As they sat and talked, Kari couldn't keep her hands off of him. She started by massaging his shoulders, then moved down to his arms, and finally to his chest. He was practically sitting on her lap as she held him back against her and fondled him.

The other girls kept stealing glances at their horseplay. Some of them seemed a little embarrassed, but others were obviously getting aroused by it. Crystal made no pretense of ignoring it, but stared at them with a grin on her face.

After ten minutes, the last shift of girls headed to the bathrooms, to be replaced by more girls in towels, to Jeff's delight. When the third group of girls returned, Kari leaned in to whisper in his ear. "Are you getting horny yet?" she asked. He chuckled, then nodded.

When Kari's hand slipped down inside Jeff's towel, he could hear somebody audibly gasp. Jeff slapped Kari's hand playfully. "Stop that!" he chuckled, and she withdrew her hand.

"What's the problem?" she asked. "Doesn't it feel good?"

"Sure it does, but there are other people watching."

"Oh, they don't mind, do you girls?"

Nobody answered.

"Okay, I'll reword the question. Anybody who wants to see me continue, raise your hand."

No hands went up.

"I'm serious," Kari said. "Do you want me to continue?"

"That's up to you," Tracy told her.

"Well if it's up to me, then I'm just going to rip his towel off right now, hop up on his lap, and fuck his brains out. Any objections?"

"What's gotten into you, Kari?" asked Laurie.

"Nothing's gotten into me. Yet. That's the problem."

All the girls giggled at her response.

"Tell you what. Why don't we start out simple. I'm going to take Jeff's towel off and show you what you're all missing."

"Kari!" Jeff exclaimed. But he was surprised to see the girls all staring, most of them with eager looks on their faces.

"If I don't hear any objections by the time I count to three, I'm doing it," Kari continued. Nobody spoke up.

"One..." she said with a grin, and the girls all remained silent.

"Two..." she continued, and a general murmur of excitement seemed to fall upon them.

"Three!" said Kari, then grabbed the knot in his towel and threw it open. Jeff found himself completely naked in front of the whole volleyball team.

"Oh my god!" gasped Flor, and it seemed that that pretty much summed up the reactions of the rest of the girls.

Kari's hand enclosed his member and she began to slowly stroke it. He was already hard, and this only served to increase his pleasure. Without removing her hand, she slid out from behind him and maneuvered around in front. With her free hand she loosened her towel and dropped it to the ground. Then she knelt between his legs and licked her lips.

"What are you doing?" asked Erica, astonished.

"I feel bad that Jeff didn't get satisfaction in the shower, so I'm going to give him satisfaction right here."

"But... with your mouth?"

"What's the matter? Haven't you ever given a blowjob before?"

"Well, no."

"You want to practice?"

"What? But that's so... so..."

"Okay, just watch first. Then whoever wants a turn can have one." She lowered her head and let his cock slip into her mouth. The feeling was exhilarating, as was the knowledge the he was doing this in front of a bunch of girls. They all looked like they were enjoying the show, even Brit. Some of the girls even started unconsciously rubbing themselves through their towels.

All too soon, Kari backed off, and he found himself still unsatisfied. But what Kari said next excited him all the more. "Let's play a game," she said. Jeff liked the sound of that. She always came up with the best games; her last one had resulted in him fucking Crystal.

"Here are the rules," Kari explained. "We all take turns sucking for 30 seconds. The one to make him cum wins. But you have to swallow it all, or you forfeit. Oh, and you have to be naked when you take your turn."

"Are you serious?" asked Shelly.

"Absolutely. Jeff, you just sit here and we'll take care of you. So who wants to be first?"

"Me!" exclaimed Crystal, dropping her towel. Jeff wasn't surprised; Crystal was the horniest little girl he knew.

"Maybe we ought to let Brit have the first turn," Kari grinned. Brit's eyes opened wide with horror.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, and all the girls laughed. "I'll just watch."

"Okay, then you can be the time keeper. Anyone have a watch?"

"Here," said Tracy, handing her watch to Brit.

"Okay, tell me when to start," Crystal told her, taking Kari's place between Jeff's legs.

"Okay... ready.... set... go!"

Crystal wasted no time but immediately gulped down as much of his cock as she could manage. Her technique was faster and rougher than Kari's; she slammed his cock against the back of her throat. The

gagging sounds she made as she did so added to his arousal. He was tempted to let it go right there, but realized that now that Kari and Crystal had already had a turn, the next girl to take a turn would be one that he hadn't ever done anything with. And the longer he held out, the more girls would get naked.

"Time!" called Brit, and Crystal gave one last, long draw on his cock, as if not wanting to let it go, then finally released it.

"My turn," said Jenny with a grin. The other girls all stared at her.

"What?" she asked. "It's not like the rest of you haven't been fantasizing about giving him a blowjob." She dropped her towel to the floor, revealing her beautiful, naked body. Though her tits were slightly larger than Kari's, Jeff thought Kari's looked better overall.

Jenny knelt between his legs and stared in glee at his stiff rod. "Just tell me when to go," she said.

"Okay, go," Brit told her.

Instead of engulfing him like Kari and Crystal had, she grabbed his cock at the base and ran her tongue all over the tip. Jeff groaned at the superficial yet powerful pleasure. It was almost a ticklish sensation, especially when she teased him on the underside of the head where he was especially sensitive.

"Fifteen seconds," Brit announced.

Jenny winked at him and let his cock slip into her mouth. Jeff gasped as she sucked; it was absolutely wonderful. He was used to Kari doing it to him, and while there was always something deliciously naughty about a girl Crystal's age pleasuring him like that, he was also growing used to her as well. To have someone new doing this, especially one as pretty as Jenny, was exciting and thrilling, especially knowing that his girlfriend was right there watching him.

He almost lost it, but just as the pleasure was beginning to peak, Brit yelled "Time!" and to his dismay, Jenny drew back. Oh well. At least that meant another girl would take her place. He forced himself to calm down, to let the pleasure wane. He didn't want to lose it too early, after all. He might survive a couple more girls.

"So who's next?" asked Kari. The rest of the girls glanced around nervously at each other.

"Oh, come on," said Jenny. "I did it. It's no big deal, really."

Still, no one spoke up.

"Tracy," said Kari. "You're our leader. So why don't you lead? As soon as the girls see you do it, I'm sure they'll all want a turn."

"Okay, fine," said Tracy. She walked over to Jeff and dropped her towel.

Jeff noticed now how muscular she was. While she was no bodybuilder, she had a leanness and firmness to

her that suggested strength. She had a flat stomach and breasts that were perhaps a little larger than average for a girl her age. It was actually quite sexy in a very different way than Kari's body was sexy.

She knelt between his legs, then glanced over at Brit for the signal to start. Brit raised one of her fingers in the air, waited a couple of seconds, then pointed at her.

Tracy wasted no time, but immediately slurped his cock into her mouth. Jeff immediately noticed the difference between her and the other girls. Not surprisingly, she had a more powerful suction. The inverted pressure was so strong it was almost painful.

There was also something extremely erotic about such a strong-willed, dominant girl subjecting herself to him like this. It reminded him of that time just over a week ago when Allison had very nearly done the same thing. That would have been a dream come true. It was just unfortunate that she hadn't finished what she started. The thought of Allison doing this helped to boost the pleasure, but he still wanted to hold out as long as possible. After that near orgasm he had had a minute ago in Jenny's mouth, he had managed to relax enough that it was like starting over from scratch, and he lasted the full thirty seconds. As soon as Brit signaled that the time was up, Tracy let him slide from her mouth and stood back up.

Kari had been right about the rest of the girls. Once Tracy had done it, the rest of them seemed to lose their inhibitions. Several of them volunteered to go next. Tracy picked Shelly, who immediately dropped her towel and knelt in front of him.

"Are you going to perform CPR on his dick?" asked Jenny, and everyone laughed.

"Well, in those CPR classes, one of the first things they teach you is how to blow," Shelly shrugged. She lowered her head and wrapped her lips over his cock.

Jeff couldn't believe how long he had held on so far. While Shelly's technique wasn't anything special, just the fact that he had been stimulated by so many girls was almost enough to make him cum. Only the fact that he had a break every thirty seconds to cool down kept him from being pushed over the edge.

He had almost reached his peak when Brit told Shelly that her time was up, and she lifted her head again. Jeff took a deep breath to calm himself. It was likely that he wouldn't last too many more turns.

"So who's next?" said Kari.

"Gwen, why don't you take a turn?" asked Erica. The rest of the girls laughed.

"Oh yeah, like I would ever do that," Gwen said.

"I'm serious."

"What will you give me?"

"What do you want?"

Gwen grinned. "If I do it to Jeff, you have to do it to me."

"Oh my god!" Erica exclaimed, growing red.

"I didn't think you'd agree to my terms," Gwen shrugged.

"Okay, I'll tell you what," suggested Erica. "We'll make it a wager. If you win, I mean, if you swallow his cum, then I'll... I'll kiss your boobs."

Gwen shook her head. "I'm not willing to take a mouth full of cum just for a little boob-kissing. If you want me to do this, you're going to have to kiss my boobs anyway. And that means on the nipples. If I *win*, however, in addition to that you have to go down on me. And you have to bring me to orgasm."

Erica grew even redder at that, but surprisingly, she nodded. "Okay," she said.

Gwen's face lit up in a grin. "Then I'll do it. Remember, Erica, you have to kiss my boobs no matter what."

"Okay, I'll kiss your boobs."

Gwen dropped her towel to the ground, standing in front of Erica. Jeff noticed Erica averting her eyes, trying not to look at her friend's body. The rest of the girls wore shocked or amused expressions on their faces.

Gwen walked over to Jeff and knelt in front of him. She stared at his cock with a look of half-revulsion on her face.

"Ready?" asked Brit.

"Just a minute," said Gwen. "I... oh, hell. Let's get this over with."

"Okay, go!"

Gwen lowered her mouth and gingerly took the head in. She grimaced as she did so, then began to suck.

Jeff had planned to let her win, because he would love to see Erica go down on her. He tried to give in to the pleasure, but the truth was, Gwen was a terrible cocksucker. Even if he didn't know she was a lesbian, he could tell she didn't enjoy it at all. She merely gave a half-hearted effort to suck on it, almost gagging from the taste even though she didn't have it very far in her mouth at all. The thirty seconds ended to his disappointment.

As soon as Brit called time, she stood back up and wiped the back of her hand across her mouth.

"I don't know if that was worth it or not," she said, then turned around to face Erica. "But at least I get to collect *something*."

Erica giggled nervously as Gwen crossed the room to her and stood in front of her, hands on her hips. "Time

to pay up," said Gwen.

Still giggling, Erica bent down. She paused with her lips an inch from one of her friend's nipples, then quickly moved in and kissed it. Then she drew back and grimaced as the rest of the girls laughed. She leaned in again, this time toward the other tit. She hurriedly kissed the nipple again, and stood back up. Everyone applauded her for the effort.

"Is that the first time you've ever done any lesbian stuff?" Kari asked her. Erica nodded.

"Well, if you ever need to practice..."

"Ew!" Erica exclaimed, laughing. "Now I've got two lesbians after me!"

"Tell you what," said Kari. "I'll stop coming on to you if you take the next turn on Jeff."

"Okay," said Erica, and slipped off her robe. She came over and knelt down between Jeff's legs. Brit told her to start, and she did so.

Erica used her tongue a little more than the other girls did, which was almost enough to send him over the edge. Still, he held out. He wanted to give as many girls as possible a turn. This wasn't an opportunity that came up every day, and he wanted to make the most of it. He could hardly believe he was getting blowjobs from almost the entire high school volleyball team.

Erica certainly seemed to enjoy it too, which surprised him. He had always thought of her as a little shy. On the other hand, he usually saw her in the company of Gwen, whose flirting often tended to embarrass Erica. That embarrassment could easily be misinterpreted for shyness.

Unfortunately, thirty seconds was just too short a time to get things really going, so the blowjob was cut short before she could work him up to a climax. That was all right, there were still a few more girls to go.

She lifted her head and glanced over at Gwen with a grin. "Do you need any more proof that I like men?" she asked.

"So who else wants a turn?" asked Kari. "Rebecca? Flor? Laurie?"

"No thanks," said Laurie. "I'm not really into oral sex."

"Neither am I," Flor agreed.

"I've got a boyfriend, and I'm not going to go behind his back," said Rebecca.

"I'll take him off your hands if you want," Jenny grinned, not surprisingly. She was known as a boyfriend-stealer among the kids at the high school.

"Oh, very funny," Rebecca told her.

"So that's it then," said Tracy. "That's the last of the girls."

"Not quite," Kari grinned. "Brit hasn't had a chance to join in on the fun. I think she should get a turn."

"Oh, I'm all right, really," Brit replied hurriedly.

"Come on, Brit," said Erica. "I had a turn, and I thought it was great."

She continued to refuse. The girls began to chant her name. "Brit! Brit! Brit!"

"Leave her alone, you guys," said Jeff, feeling sorry for her, but his voice was drowned out by the chanting.

"Oh, all right," Brit finally conceded, and the chanting came to a screeching halt.

"What?" asked Jeff.

"I'll take a turn," she replied.

"Look, you don't have to..."

"I want to," she said, and he could see the determination in her eyes now that she had made up her mind. She let the towel fall to the ground, and Jeff once more saw just how desirable her body was. And her face was that of an angel. Her golden hair, her big blue eyes, her luscious lips... He realized that in a moment, he was going to feel those lips wrapped around his cock for the first time.

Tracy took the stopwatch from her, and Brit came over and knelt down between his legs. She gazed up into his eyes, and he could feel the love there. Was she actually going to go through with this? Was she going to pleasure him with her mouth?

"Go!" Tracy said, and Brit's head lowered. He groaned in pleasure as she made contact, sliding it in between those beautiful lips. He realized in that moment that she was the best of them all. Perhaps she didn't have the skill of Kari or Crystal. Perhaps her inexperience kept her from giving herself fully to the task. Perhaps the stigma of incest held her back. But the forbidden nature of the act, his adoration for her, and knowing that she loved him deeply made this far more than the silly game they had been playing.

Crystal had a sudden idea. She hopped onto the couch next to him and leaned in toward his ear.

"Do it, Jeff!" she whispered. "Cum in baby sister's mouth! You know you want to. This is what you've been wanting since you were kids! You'll never get another chance like this, so don't waste it. Shoot your load down your sister's throat. Show her how much you love her!"

In the end, it was because he loved her so much that he held out. It took the greatest of effort not to let her win this game, but he managed to do it. She was doing this out of peer pressure; no doubt she hated it. He wouldn't add to her humiliation.

"Time!" said Tracy, to everyone's disappointment. Brit immediately pulled off of his cock and went over to sit silently on the couch. Even though she hadn't won, all the girls clapped anyway for her valiant effort, and she couldn't help smiling.

"Well, that's it then," said Kari. "Everyone's gotten a turn that wants one, and Jeff still hasn't been satisfied. I guess we'll have to start over again." She knelt down and took his cock into her mouth.

He erupted at the moment of the first contact. Caught off her guard, she began to gag, but somehow managed to keep it from leaking from her mouth. A moment later, completely spent, Jeff lay back against the couch in exhaustion.

It was almost disappointing that it had been Kari in the end who had won; he had had several orgasms in her mouth before, so it was really nothing new.

"Well that's a bit anticlimactic," commented Crystal, and everyone burst out laughing at the pun.

"Looks like Kari won," she continued, "but I really think Brit was the one who did it. It's too bad she didn't get to claim any of the prize. Maybe there's still some left."

"Sorry," said Kari as she released his now-limp cock from her mouth. "I took it all. And I don't think he'll be up for another round any time soon."

She stood up and turned to face the girls. "We've still got time to keep playing," she smiled. "Who wants to take Jeff's place?"

"You've got to be kidding!" Jenny exclaimed. "You don't mean..."

"I do mean."

"But we're all girls!"

"So? You afraid?"

"No, but it's just..."

"I'll do it!" Crystal volunteered. Somehow Jeff wasn't surprised. Crystal sat down on the couch, then raised her legs in the air and spread them wide. Some of the girls gasped at her boldness. Others looked extremely nervous.

"Geez, Crystal!" Erica exclaimed. "You really are a..."

"Slut?" Crystal asked with a grin.

"Yeah."

"Thanks."

Jeff wasn't sure he liked the idea of the girls getting all lesbian in front of his little sister. True, he hadn't explicitly told them they weren't allowed like he had last weekend, but he figured Kari and Crystal at least wouldn't try to start anything.

When he glanced over at Brit, however, his fears were put to rest. She simply watched the goings-on with an amused smile.

Maybe he was being too protective of her. Maybe it bothered her less than it bothered him. She glanced at him once, and, reading the worry in his expression, she simply shrugged as if to tell him that it was all right.

"I'll start," said Kari, to the other girls' astonishment. Jeff, however, knew that she had tasted Crystal's body before; he himself had been present. Kari knelt down between her sister's legs.

"You're not really going to..." Tracy breathed.

Kari smiled up at her. "Just tell me when to start."

"Okay. Ready... go!"

Kari opened her mouth and began to lick all over Crystal's pussy. The other girls gasped at the sight, and Jeff was surprised to see that some of them actually seemed to be turned on by it. Not surprisingly, Gwen was one of those.

Jeff always liked to see Kari and Crystal pleasuring each other like that. He had a thing for lesbians, especially when they were teenage girls who also happened to be sisters. Crystal was especially fun to watch when she was getting stimulated, because she tended to squirm and move around a lot. Kari loved to eat out her little sister, and was obviously enjoying the chance to do it in front of all of her friends.

"Time," said Tracy, and Kari stood up with a grin. Crystal gave a groan of frustration.

"Somebody hurry and take her place!" Crystal demanded.

Gwen glanced at Erica. "I'll do it if you do it," she said.

"Yeah right," Erica told her. "You'll do it anyway."

Gwen shrugged. "Good point."

"Okay, *I'll* do it if you do it," Jenny told her.

Erica's eyes grew wide. "Really?" she said. "But... you're not a lesbian."

"Hey, it's just a game," Jenny grinned. "Come on. It'll be fun."

Erica stared at Gwen for a second. Finally, she shrugged. "Okay, fine," she said.

"Me, then Jenny, then Erica?" Gwen suggested, and the other girls agreed. Gwen knelt down on the couch in front of Crystal.

As soon as Brit started the clock, Gwen lowered her head and licked hungrily at Crystal's pussy.

"Ooh!" Crystal squealed with delight as the older girl's tongue stimulated her. Although Gwen wasn't the most experienced lesbian, she at least had no reservations about licking the girl, and held nothing back. She not only licked around the outside, but also spread Crystal's outer lips and shoved her tongue into the hole. She teased her clit, causing Crystal's body to jerk uncontrollably. Crystal panted, almost gasping in every breath.

"Time!" called Brit, and Gwen gave one last parting lick, then stepped back to give Jenny room.

Brit started the clock again, and Jenny leaned in and went to work. She wasn't anywhere near as good at it as Gwen, but she still did it with enthusiasm. She kept a smile on her face as she licked all over Crystal's pussy, alternating long strokes from the base to the top with shorter, "tickling" licks right on the clitoris. Crystal's reactions were more subdued than with Gwen, but still revealed how much she was enjoying herself.

When Brit called time thirty seconds later, Jenny drew back, and Crystal groaned in disappointment.

"So how was it?" Tracy asked Jenny.

"Not bad," Jenny grinned. "Actually, I think pussy is rather tasty. Maybe I'll stop trying to steal all the girls' boyfriends, and start working on stealing all the boys' girlfriends."

"Let's stop talking and get down to business," Crystal insisted. "Come on, Erica. It's your turn."

Erica sighed. "All right, let's get this over with," she said. She leaned in and gingerly stuck out her tongue.

She let it run around the outside a few times, getting used to the feel and taste of it. Then she homed in on the slit, licking with short strokes. After a few seconds she grew bolder and sought out Crystal's little clit. She ran her tongue all over the bud, causing the girl to cry out in pleasure.

Had it lasted more than thirty seconds, perhaps she would have given Crystal an orgasm. However, Brit called time before she really had a chance to get into it, and she pulled back.

"Oh my god, I think I've died and gone to heaven," Gwen said. "I just watched Erica Bryant eat out a girl. It's just too bad it wasn't me." Surprisingly, Erica just laughed.

"Anyone else?" asked Kari. No one spoke up. "Laurie? Rebecca?" she asked. Both girls shook their heads.

Kari sighed. "Does that mean we need to start over?"

"I don't care what we do as long as someone finishes me off," Crystal insisted. "Come on, you can't just leave me like this."

"I'm not going to go again," said Erica.

"Neither am I," agreed Jenny.

"You two are no fun," said Gwen. "But in a way I'm glad. That leaves only Kari as competition, so I get plenty of time on her hot little pussy."

"I don't have to be competition, you know," said Kari. "Why don't we forget about the stopwatch and do her together?"

"Oh god, yes!" Crystal exclaimed.

Gwen grinned. "Sounds fine with me."

The two girls immediately went down on Crystal, who cried out in ecstasy as the two tongues worked her over. It didn't take long; after being stimulated so much all ready, it took only a few licks before Crystal screamed and tensed up her body. Kari and Gwen attacked her ferociously, increasing the intensity of her orgasm. The girl's body bucked as her climax overtook her. Gwen and Kari lapped up the juices hungrily as the other girls looked on in awe.

Finally, she collapsed back onto the couch, completely spent. She continued to pant from the exertion, her eyes closed and a broad smile on her lips.

"So who's next?" asked Kari. "Who wants to get eaten out?" All of the girls glanced around at each other. It was clear that quite a few of them were excited by the thought, but too nervous to volunteer.

"Me," said Brit timidly. Everyone's eyes turned to her.

"What?" Jeff gasped. "Brit, you're not serious!"

"Yes I am. You got to do it; why can't I?"

"Well... because... I don't know. I just don't feel right about it."

"It's my decision, Jeff."

He sighed. "You're right. Okay, if you want to, go ahead." He wasn't happy with it, but it was really up to her.

"Can I go first?" asked Crystal.

"Sure," said Brit.

"Hey, wait a minute," Kari said.

"Are you two going to fight over me?" asked Brit, giggling. "I could understand a couple of boys fighting over me, but not girls."

"I didn't mean that," said Kari. "I was just thinking, why don't we change the game?"

"Not right in the middle!" Crystal complained.

"Don't worry. You still get to eat out Brit. I just thought it would be fun to make it a race. You and Brit, and me and Jeff."

"I don't know if I'll be up for that," said Jeff.

"Trust me, you will," Kari winked. "Anyone else want to race?"

"What do you think, Erica?" asked Gwen.

"Uh..."

"Oh, come on. I'll do you. You don't have to do me."

"But... I..."

"Look at Brit," Kari told her. "She's never done it with a girl before either, and I doubt she's ever sucked off her brother. Do you want her to show you up?"

Erica blushed as she stared at Gwen.

"Okay, fine," said Erica.

"Good!" Kari smiled. "So we have three teams now. Let's make it a rule that no matter who wins, you have to keep going until you give your teammate an orgasm, okay?"

The others all nodded.

Brit handed the watch back to Tracy then sat down on the couch next to Jeff. Erica sat on his other side. Crystal, Kari, and Tracy took their positions on their knees in front of their partners. Both Brit and Erica spread their legs, overlapping Jeff's knees.

"All right, go!" Tracy said. The three girls leaned in and began the contest. Kari knew just how to pleasure Jeff, and went at it immediately, slipping his cock inside her mouth and sucking on it. She used her tongue, running it all over his dick as she sucked, especially tickling the sensitive underside of the head. It wasn't long before he was moaning with pleasure.

He glanced over at Brit, thrilled at the sight before him. She had her head back and her chest thrust forward, nearly gasping in every breath. Down between her legs, Crystal worked expertly. Her tongue ran all over his sister's cunt, sometimes spearing inside, sometimes licking it from bottom to top, and sometimes just teasing the hard little bud.

Little Brit is actually getting eaten out by a girl! Jeff thought with excitement. Any worry he had that she wouldn't be able to handle the lesbian stuff that so far had gone on was now completely removed. He had seen some pretty erotic things in the past couple of weeks, but the sight of his very own cute little baby sister taking pleasure from another woman ranked near the top.

She had the most beautiful pussy he had ever seen, so small and delicate, and still with only a little hair. Normally the lips were closed up tight, but Crystal was prying them apart to lap at the delights within. What he wouldn't give to be in Crystal's place right now!

No, he couldn't allow himself to think such thoughts. He was supposed to watch over and protect her, not abuse her like that. In fact, he really should be putting an end to this right now. But he couldn't bring himself to do it, not when he had an opportunity like this to see her getting pleasured by another girl.

To take his mind off of it, he turned his head to the other side to watch Erica and Gwen. Despite Erica's insistence that she wasn't a lesbian and her reluctance to have any kind of sexual relationship with Gwen, she certainly seemed to be enjoying herself. She had a wide, open-mouthed smile on her face as she stared up at the ceiling in a near daze. Gwen viciously attacked her cunt, her tongue probing wildly all over. She drove it so deep inside that it made Jeff wonder whether it was possible to take a girl's virginity with one's tongue.

Gwen's enthusiasm was probably due to her finally getting her dream fulfilled. She had been going after Erica for as long as Jeff had known them. Erica had so far rejected all of her advances, until today. He suspected that she wasn't as opposed to the idea as she claimed; perhaps she too was a lesbian deep down inside, but didn't want anyone to know it. But here among her friends and the unspoken agreement that anything that went on today was strictly confidential, she could relax her inhibitions and let herself experience Gwen's company just once.

It struck him odd that both Brit and Erica were having their first lesbian contact simultaneously with their best friends. He had known for almost a year that Crystal liked girls just as well as guys, but for some reason he had never thought that she might feel more than good friendship toward Brit. Only in the past week had he begun to suspect, ever since he caught them naked together in Brit's art studio. They had come up with a perfectly valid explanation, but it still got him thinking. Now he really did wonder if Crystal had been lusting after Brit for much longer. Surprisingly, it didn't bother him at all. He knew that Crystal would never hurt her the way she had been hurt by Chad, and that was the most important thing.

Brit's body was starting to react almost violently to Crystal's ministrations. She writhed on the couch, her hips thrusting forward in rhythm with her heavy breathing. Crystal matched her licks to that rhythm, causing the pleasure to come in waves. Brit's moaning grew to a frenzied pitch, and her friend redoubled her efforts.

"Oh god!" Brit cried out in a voice so high it was almost a squeak. "Oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god!" She squeezed shut her eyes as her body tensed up, a tremble running through the whole thing.

Jeff found himself incredibly aroused at the sight of her orgasm. He really didn't care about the game; just the sight of his little sister in the throes of ecstasy was a far better prize than any he could have won. Brit held her body like that for several seconds, then collapsed in exhaustion.

All the girls cheered. Crystal stood up and grinned, then took a bow. Then she leaned over Brit and gave her a delighted hug. Brit hugged her back, a satisfied smile on her face.

As soon as Crystal released her, Brit wrapped her arms around one of Jeff's and leaned in to rest her head on his shoulder. Jeff loved the contact; it was like that time two weeks ago when she had her first orgasm and afterward he had held her in his arms. She was just like Kari in that respect; she liked to cuddle after sex.

Erica was the second one to climax, not surprisingly since Jeff had already cum once today. Gwen drove her tongue deep inside her friend, and Erica's body tensed up much like Brit's had. She wasn't as vocal about her orgasm, but it was clear from the look on her face that she was climaxing.

Jeff wasn't far behind. His moans began to increase in volume and pitch as he felt the pleasure building.

"Hey, no fair!" Crystal complained. "You already got one load of his cum today, Kari."

Kari grinned and backed off. Crystal took her place, not a moment too soon. Jeff erupted into her mouth, and she drank it down with an eager smile.

After it was all over, Jeff lay tired yet satisfied on the couch with Brit and Erica both resting their heads on his shoulder. He felt like he could just lie here forever, happy and content.

"So now what?" asked Tracy. None of the other girls seemed to have any suggestions. The excitement seemed to be over.

"Jeff, since this is your house, you're the host," said Kari. "Don't you think you should be attending to your guests?"

"I'm so exhausted right now, I can hardly stand," he sighed.

"That's no reason to be rude."

"Okay, fine. Let me just go put on my clothes."

"While you expect the rest of us to run around naked? Don't be silly."

Jeff opened his eyes and stared at her. "Just what are you suggesting, Kari?" he asked.

"I'm suggesting that you behave as a host should. See to all the girls' needs. Isn't that right, girls?" she called

over her shoulder.

The rest of the team nodded their agreement, most with excitement in their eyes and a couple of them licking their lips. Jeff suddenly didn't feel all that tired at all.

The girls all split off into various activities. Flor and Erica went to the pool table while Laurie and Rebecca headed over to the ping-pong table. Kari, Brit, and Crystal just relaxed on the couch.

"What's behind the screen?" Gwen asked Jeff.

"Hot tub," he replied.

"Can we get in it?" Shelly asked him. That wasn't surprising, since she loved anything to do with water.

"Sure," he said, then went over and opened the screen. Shelly and Tracy immediately climbed into the tub.

"This is just the thing after a vigorous volleyball practice," Shelly remarked.

"Of course, it would be better if we had someone to massage our shoulders," Tracy grinned.

"Oh Jeff," Shelly called. "You wouldn't mind massaging our shoulders, would you?"

Jeff glanced at Kari, who gave him a smile. Now he understood what she meant by seeing to the girls' needs. He strode over to the alcove and stood behind the two girls. "Who first?" he asked.

"Me," Shelly insisted, so he stood behind her and put his hands to her shoulders. Rachael had taught him how to give a good massage like this, and he put her training to work, rubbing her and working out the tension.

"Oh, that's very nice," Shelly commented, closing her eyes.

Meanwhile, Flor and Erica had gotten out the pool balls and racked them up on the table.

"So who wants to play?" asked Flor.

"As long as we're not betting for money," Erica shrugged.

"Can we do teams?" asked Jenny. "I'd like to play too."

"You can be on my team," Erica hurriedly told her, casting a fearful glance at Gwen, who looked like she was about to volunteer. Apparently Erica still had some inhibitions left, even after being eaten out by her friend.

"I'll be on Flor's team," said Laurie.

"Good," Flor said. "Since we can't bet money, what are we going to play for?"

"The loser has to do something the winner tells them," Jenny grinned.

"Then I'm not playing," said Erica. "Unless I know up front what I'm getting into."

"How about we let Kari decide the terms then?" suggested Jenny.

"Me?" asked Kari.

"Yes. You're the most perverted here. Come up with something really naughty."

Kari grinned. "Okay. I've got it. The losers have to get up on the pool table and do a sexy dance. Together. And you have to be nude."

"Oh my god!" Erica exclaimed.

"Sounds good to me," Flor agreed. "With Erica nervous like that, she's bound to make plenty of mistakes."

"And I just might play to lose," Jenny grinned, winking at Jeff.

"I'll pay you twenty dollars to throw the game," Gwen told her. "I'd love to see Erica sexy dancing with another girl."

Jenny laughed. "I was just kidding about that. I'm far too competitive to lose on purpose."

As the girls started the game, Jeff continued his massage of Shelly's shoulders.

"A little lower in the front, please," she told him, and he happily obeyed. His fingers ran over her collar bone and almost reached the tops of her breasts. She sighed in contentment.

"A little lower," she repeated. Jeff could barely contain a grin of excitement. He let his hands slide down, this time over the upper curve of her breasts. He caught Tracy staring with a jealous look in her eyes, and figured he would have the chance to do the same to her.

"Lower," Shelly breathed. There was no mistaking what she was asking for, so Jeff gave up all pretense of rubbing her shoulders and simply slid his hands down her body to fondle her boobs. She sighed again as he worked them over, rubbing and squeezing and kneading them.

He caught some of the other girls staring and grinning, but he paid them no mind. He was more than happy to do the same to them too if they asked.

As he played with Shelly's boobs, he glanced over at the pool game. While either outcome would be entertaining, he favored slightly having Flor and Laurie lose, only because they both still wore their towels and would have to get rid of them if they lost. It was too early in the game to tell for sure, but unfortunately it did look like they were slightly better than their competition.

After a few minutes of groping Shelly, Tracy wanted in on the action. "It's my turn now," she insisted. Shelly glanced over at her, but didn't try to argue with her. Jeff switched positions, moving around behind Tracy.

"You can forget my shoulders," she told him with a grin, and he knew exactly what she meant. He reached over her and placed his arms directly on her boobs. He let his hands run all over them just like he had with Shelly, who now had that same jealous look in her eyes that Tracy had had earlier.

Jeff loved feeling the girls' tits. He never got tired of touching Kari like that, and the fact that he was doing it to her friends right in front of her added another dimension to his excitement. He enjoyed feeling up Crystal, but her tits were still hardly a handful, not that there was really anything wrong with that. They had their own youthful charm. But they couldn't beat the more developed breasts of the girls his own age.

He heard Erica give a disappointed cry, and glanced back over to the pool table. She had just missed an easy shot.

It was obvious that Erica and Jenny were losing. Flor and Laurie were just too good for them. Gwen was getting excited as she watched the game, especially the growing nervousness in Erica's features.

Suddenly, disaster struck for their opponents. Laurie was about to sink the final striped ball when she overshot and sent the eight ball careening into the corner pocket. All four of the players gasped at her misfortune.

"No!" she exclaimed, but Erica and Jenny cheered and gave each other high-fives. Flor just sighed in exasperation.

"I guess that's it then," she said, then loosened her towel and dropped it to the floor. Laurie glanced at her, then followed her lead.

"Not what I was hoping," said Gwen, "but this is good too."

"So it's a sexy dance then?" asked Laurie. "We'll need some music."

"I have just the thing," said Jeff. He headed over to the stereo cabinet and searched through the collection of music until he found what he was looking for. It was an R and B album that happened to have a song that sounded like it was composed with strippers in mind. He put it on and started it playing.

Everyone stopped what they were doing and turned to watch the show. Red-faced and grinning, Flor and Erica climbed up onto the pool table. They stared at each other for a second, then burst out laughing. Then they began to dance.

Where these teenage girls learned to dance like that, Jeff didn't know, but he liked it. They writhed and gyrated to the music, their hips swaying back and forth and their hands running all over their bodies. Flor really seemed to get into it, letting her eyes wander from person to person in the audience, looking them directly in the eyes. When her gaze fell upon Jeff, he shivered in spite of himself. Flor grinned and even

winked at him.

Laurie was a little more timid, but she also made a very sexy dancer. Seeing the two of them up there on the pool table, Jeff immediately began to grow hard again, despite his recent orgasm.

The dance culminated in Flor turning to Laurie and rubbing up against her. At first Laurie seemed shocked, then she too got into the spirit of things. The two of them continued to dance, grinding their bodies together. They wrapped their arms around each other and danced as one person.

It was too bad that it couldn't go on forever, but eventually the music stopped. Everyone in the room cheered. Flor and Laurie grinned again, then took each other's hands and bowed. Then climbed down off of the pool table.

Jeff turned off the stereo and closed the cabinet, then glanced back at the pool table. He would never look at it the same again.

Now that the show was over, everyone returned to various activities. Some of the other girls wanted to play pool, but without the same stakes. Tracy and Shelly stepped out of the hot tub, and Jeff showed them where to find towels to dry themselves.

"You know," Laurie commented, "Rebecca looks a little out of place. She's the only one still wearing a towel."

"And that's how it's going to stay," Rebecca replied with a grin.

"Not if I can help it," said Gwen, coming up behind her and ripping the towel from her body. Rebecca squealed and laughed, and the rest of the girls cheered.

"Hey Jeff," said Jenny from where she sat on the couch. "I have a cramp in my leg and I need you to rub it for me."

"Maybe I should take a look at it," Shelly offered, concerned. She was the closest thing they had to a nurse here.

Jenny just grinned. "Actually, it's the kind of cramp that only a boy can take care of," she said.

Shelly laughed. "Oh, *that* kind."

"No such thing," Gwen commented from across the room.

Jeff came over and sat down beside her. "Where does it hurt?" he asked. Jenny spread her leg, draping it over his own and "accidentally" bringing it into contact with his erection.

"Right there," she said, placing her hand on her inner thigh. Jeff slipped his hand onto her leg and began to rub it.

She smiled as he massaged it, obviously enjoying the contact. After a few minutes, she stopped him.

"Now the pain seems to have moved," she said.

"Where?" he asked.

"Here," she replied, placing her hand directly on her pussy.

"Well, I can take care of that too," he said with a smile. He slid his hand between her legs and let his fingers caress her there.

It didn't take long for her to get damp. Jeff sought out her clitoris, running his fingers over it and causing her body to respond by rocking forward. Her breathing grew deeper, and the smile on her face intensified.

"So Jenny," said Kari, interrupting them. Jeff stopped his ministrations and looked at his girlfriend.

"You've been flirting with my boyfriend all day," Kari continued. "Do you want to have sex with him?"

"What?" asked both Jenny and Jeff at the same time.

"I'm serious," said Kari. "You can have sex with him if you want."

"You mean here? In front of everyone?" asked Jenny.

"Why not? Does anyone have any objections?"

"He's your boyfriend," Tracy shrugged. "If you don't mind, I don't."

The rest of the girls seemed to be in agreement. Jenny glanced over at Jeff with a nervous smile. Jeff shrugged, so Jenny nodded.

"Oh, there's just one more thing," Kari told her. "You have to do it the way I tell you."

"What do you mean?" asked Jenny.

Kari lay down on the floor. "Come get down on your hands and knees over me," she said.

"Why?"

"Because while Jeff fucks you from behind, I want to play with your boobs."

"You're not serious!" Jenny exclaimed, growing red. It was the first time Jeff had ever seen her embarrassed.

"Of course I'm serious. You've got gorgeous boobs, and I want to feel them."

"I didn't know we had another lesbian on the volleyball team," Gwen commented.

"I'm not a full lesbian," Kari explained. "I mean, I have a boyfriend after all."

"Yes, but have you ever had sex with a girl before?"

"Only one so far," she shrugged.

"Who?" asked Jenny.

"Me," Crystal grinned.

"Your own sister?" Laurie gasped. "But that's--"

"Incredibly hot," Jenny interrupted. "I've got a big sister. Maybe I'll see if I can get her to do the same thing."

"So does that mean you don't mind me feeling your boobs?" asked Kari.

"I've seduced boys away from their girlfriends before, but this will be the first time I've seduced a boy and his girlfriend at the same time," she said, coming over and kneeling down over Kari's hips. She leaned forward and put her hands on the floor beside Kari's head.

Jeff needed no further invitation. He positioned himself behind Jenny and placed his cock at her waiting entrance. Kari reached down and helped hold it in place as he slowly pressed forward, sliding inside of her.

"Oh god, that feels nice," Jenny said. "I haven't been fucked in so long, I had almost forgotten what it felt like."

Jeff took several thrusts to get it all the way inside of her, then wasted no time but began to slam into her hard. Kari, meanwhile, reached up and fondled Jenny's breasts. Jenny sucked in her breath at the contact.

"Ooh, this is so nasty!" she said. "I like it!"

"Well, if you like that, you'll love this," Kari told her. She lifted her head and sucked one of Jenny's nipples into her mouth.

"Oh my god!" Jenny exclaimed with a grin.

Kari continued to lick, kiss, and grope her friend's boobs as Jeff pounded into her from behind. Jenny really seemed to enjoy the dual pleasure, surprising since she had never shown any lesbian tendencies before. But so far today, Jenny, Erica, and even little Brit had done some experimenting.

Jenny even surprised him by leaning down and kissing Kari fully on the lips. That sight drove him wild, and were it not for the fact that he had already cum twice today already, it would have been enough to push him over the edge.

Kari wiggled her body up a little and gazed at Jenny with a hopeful smile. Jenny apparently took the hint,

because she lowered her head again and this time licked one of Kari's tits. Jeff watched in fascination as the girl teased his girlfriend's body with her tongue and lips. She kissed, licked, sucked, and even bit it, causing Kari to squeal with pleasure.

Jenny was the first to reach her climax. She gave a loud cry as the pleasure tore through her. Jeff wasn't far behind, and he had his third orgasm of the day, pumping his seed deep inside her.

They collapsed on the floor then, lying next to Kari, who promptly went down on Jenny, sucking the cum from her pussy. Once she finished, she cleaned Jeff with her mouth as well, while the other girls looked on with fascination.

"God, Kari," Tracy commented. "I never knew you were so nasty."

"You should try it some time," Kari winked.

By this time, Jeff was totally exhausted, so he lay there with Jenny and Kari in his arms, too weak to move. He thought back on the events of the day, marveling at his luck, to be surrounded by all these gorgeous girls and even have several of them pleasuring him. It was really the perfect day, he decided. If he died right now, he would die happy.

Chapter 51

Jeff's Three Nurses

"Well I don't know about anyone else, but I'm up for a game of volleyball," Kari said.

"What?" asked Gwen. "We just showered."

"And some of us are already a little dirty," she replied. "Besides, the water's been off long enough that there should be enough hot water again."

"Well, I for one refuse to get back into my sweaty clothes," Rebecca said, and the rest of the girls agreed with her.

"Who said anything about clothes?" asked Kari with a wicked grin.

Everyone's eyes grew wide.

"You're not suggesting..." Laurie breathed.

"You realize, the back yard is completely closed off, and there aren't even any neighbors except down at the bottom of the hill. It's very private."

"You mean you want us to play volleyball *naked*?" asked Gwen.

"Exactly!" Kari laughed. "Come on. It will be fun." She glanced down at Jeff's manhood, that was beginning to rise again even after having been satisfied three times. "It looks like at least one person agrees with me," she said. "Everyone who wants to do it, raise your hand."

"Or some other appendage," Crystal giggled, glancing over at Jeff.

One by one, the hands went up until it was unanimous. Even Brit raised hers; she was one of the first, only beat out by Kari, Crystal, and himself.

"It's settled then," said Tracy. "Let's all go back outside."

"Wait a minute," said Shelly. "We've all just taken showers, so I don't think any of us is wearing sunblock."

"Good point," Tracy agreed. "Okay, girls. We'll meet outside in ten minutes."

"Jeff, would you mind rubbing the sunblock on me?" asked Crystal.

"Not a bit," he grinned.

"Me too?" asked Flor.

"I'll do it to anyone who wants me to," Jeff replied.

Several of the other girls accepted his offer enthusiastically. Not surprisingly, Gwen wasn't one of them.

"Hey Erica," she said. "Would you mind?"

"Yes I would!" Erica replied, trying to hide the grin on her face.

"You sure? I'll do you too."

"No thanks. I want Jeff to do me."

"I'll help you, Gwen," Kari offered. "As long as you do me afterward."

"You sure?" asked Gwen, though with a look of delight in her eyes. "Don't you want Jeff to rub the lotion on you?"

"I can have him do it any time."

Gwen agreed, and Jeff was treated to the sight of Kari and her rubbing each other all over their bodies. In the mean time, he found himself surrounded by naked girls who wanted him to put their hands all over them as well. He started with Crystal, rubbing the lotion into her back. She had wonderfully smooth skin, a product of her youth.

Not content to have him just cover her back, she made him do her front as well. That felt even nicer, especially when he squirted the lotion onto her small, developing breasts and rubbed it in. Although he had been having sex with her for close to a year now, he never grew tired of touching her.

He knelt down to work on her legs, making sure not to forget her lovely young thighs. She giggled as he ran his fingers over her down-covered pussy, but as much as he wanted to continue along those lines, there really wasn't time.

Once he finished and stood back up, she thanked him and gave him a hug. Then she headed over to Brit, who was watching from across the room.

"Feeling lonely?" Crystal asked her. "I'll rub lotion on you if you want."

"No thanks," Brit replied. "I can manage myself."

Kari and Gwen, by this time, were having a lot of fun. They were rubbing the sunblock into each other's skin at the same time, concentrating mainly on the naughty bits. Gwen was massaging Kari's boobs, while Kari had her hand between Gwen's legs. Jeff noticed Erica watching them with a surprising expression; he thought it almost looked like jealousy.

Now that he was finished with Crystal, he moved on to Flor. She had a gorgeous body, very soft and wonderful to the touch. It was too bad that she hadn't joined in the game earlier; she had beautiful lips that he would have loved to feel around his cock. Touching her like this was nice too, though.

After finishing her back, he asked her if she would like him to do her front as well, and she agreed. Jeff wasted no time, but immediately began to work the lotion into her magnificent chest. He massaged her breasts, noting that her nipples were hard when he ran his hands over them. That suggested that she was every bit as aroused as he was, but he didn't think it polite to mention it to her.

After Flor, he worked on Rebecca, then Laurie, then Jenny, and finally Shelly. The ten minutes had long since passed, but the girls were all having so much fun watching the proceedings that no one wanted to mention it.

After he finished with Shelly, he was the only one left without sunblock. Laurie suggested that since he was so nice to rub it on them, that they return the favor, so they began to put their hands all over him. He couldn't help grinning; it wasn't every day that half a dozen naked girls wanted to touch him like this.

Crystal, of course, made sure that she got to his cock before any of the others, She dribbled a healthy amount of lotion onto it and rubbed it in. It was probably more accurate to say that she stroked him, using the lotion as lubricant. He nearly had a fourth orgasm just from her hands.

After they finished rubbing lotion on each other, they headed out back to the volleyball court. Jeff took his seat at the net as the girls rearranged their positions to make a new rotation from that morning.

Jeff watched in delight as the girls played their game. Some of the girls were, frankly, quite bouncy. At first, most of the girls were a little timid without their clothes on, and there were quite a few bad serves and missed saves. As the game progressed, though, they got over their inhibitions and began to play competitively. Erica, in particular, was fun to watch. She had a surprisingly high jump, one of the reasons why her spike was so dangerous. Without her clothes on, it was a sight to behold indeed.

Even more amusing was when Rebecca went for a desperate save and did a face plant in the dirt. She stood up, the whole front of her body covered in sand. The girls all grinned and laughed as she brushed herself off. Of course, she got the last laugh when Tracy pointed out that the save had been successful and in fact had slipped over the net and scored her team a point.

Surprisingly, Jeff found himself more interested in Brit than in the rest of the girls. He thought her body was extremely beautiful for her age, and he just liked to watch her move. Maybe it was just that until recently he had thought of her as just a bratty little girl, and the novelty of thinking of her differently excited him. He had seen Kari's and Crystal's bodies plenty of times before, and while he enjoyed looking at the rest of the girls, he didn't really know any of them all that well and therefore seeing them nude gave him a more superficial excitement.

After half an hour, Tracy called a break, and everyone gathered around the water cooler for drinks. Some of the girls headed inside, either to use the bathroom or just to get out of the sun for a minute. Some of the

others hit the volleyball back and forth with each other for practice.

Ten minutes later, Tracy called everyone back to the net. Jeff took one last drink of water and headed back to his spot at the net.

Suddenly, Jeff stumbled. He made it back to the lawn chair before collapsing onto it as a roaring pain pounded inside his head and he felt the world starting to spin.

"Jeff!" Kari exclaimed, noticing what had happened and rushing to his side. The other girls stopped their game and gathered around him.

"He's having one of his headaches," Jenny said. "I saw it in class the other day."

"Are you going to be all right, Jeff?" asked Erica.

"I'll be fine in about fifteen minutes," he mumbled.

"Well this heat sure isn't doing you any good," said Shelly. "Come on, Kari. Let's get him inside."

She bent down and put an arm around him, and Kari got on the other side and did the same. Carefully, they lifted him off the chair. He was able to stand on his feet; he was just too dizzy to keep himself upright. With his arms over the girls' shoulders, he allowed himself to be led to the house.

At any other time, he would have been overjoyed to have his arms around two naked girls as beautiful as Kari and Shelly, but he was in too much pain right now to enjoy it. He closed his eyes to block out the sunlight that only added to the discomfort of his head and focused just on putting one foot in front of the other.

They made it up the stairs to the deck and entered the house followed by the rest of the team, and the sudden coolness made him shiver.

"Just put me on Dad's bed," he said. "I don't think I'll make it upstairs to my own room." They navigated him into the bedroom and helped him onto the bed. He lay down and sighed, his eyes still closed.

"I've got some ibuprofen in my duffel bag," Shelly offered.

"Thanks," said Kari. "That should help take the edge off the pain."

Shelly left the room, but Brit entered to take her place. The other girls hovered outside, watching him with concerned faces.

"I'll be all right soon, really," he told them to help ease their anxiety. "It's just the side effects of a concussion."

"The doctor says he'll have these headaches on and off for about a month," Kari explained. "They last about

fifteen minutes and then just disappear on their own. There's no reason to worry."

Just then, Shelly returned with a couple of pills and a glass of water. Kari and Brit climbed onto the bed, one on each side of him. They helped Jeff into a sitting position, and he downed the pills. Then they let him lie back down again.

"Let's give him some peace and quiet," Kari said. "Tracy, would you mind closing the door?"

"I guess you just want him all to yourself," Rebecca giggled.

"His sister's here to keep me from getting out of line," Kari replied.

"That didn't stop anything earlier today," said Jenny with a grin.

"All right, that's enough teasing. Can't you see that the man's in pain?" asked Tracy. She hustled the girls out the door, then stepped outside herself and closed it behind her.

Jeff suddenly found himself lying naked in bed with two beautiful women. Of course, he always enjoyed being like this with Kari, and lately he had started to have unnatural feelings for Brit. His cock, which had gone limp as soon as the pain hit him, began once more to swell.

Seeing it, Kari leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. "This isn't just a ruse to get me by myself, is it?" she whispered, but loud enough for Brit to hear.

Brit giggled. "Looks like Rebecca was right," she said. "You're not going to start any nasty stuff, are you?"

"Why? Do you want to join in?" asked Kari with a grin.

"Ew!" she exclaimed in playful disgust.

"If you don't mind, I'd like to just rest here for a bit," Jeff murmured.

"Of course," said Kari, growing serious again. "I'm sorry; I shouldn't be joking at your expense."

"Oh, that's fine. I just wish I was in a better mood to appreciate that kind of joke."

"Well, if you're going to just lie there, do you mind if I do the same?" asked Kari. Without waiting for an answer, she moved in and lay her head down on his chest. Her warm body against him felt very nice.

"Me too?" asked Brit, and lay down on the opposite side.

Too weak to argue with her about what was and wasn't appropriate contact between them, Jeff just gave in and sighed. He wrapped his arms around the girls and relaxed. His headache was beginning to subside, to be replaced by the wonderful feeling of two naked bodies pressed against him.

A couple of minutes later, there came a knock at the door. Kari and Brit both jumped at the sound, hurriedly scooting away from him as if feeling guilty. Kari got off the bed and opened the door.

Tracy stood there, fully dressed.

"How's he doing?" she asked.

"Better," Kari responded.

"Good. The girls have all agreed that it's time we headed home. We're going to leave in about twenty minutes. Kari, you and Crystal are welcome to ride home with us."

"Maybe I should stay," she said. "I could call my Dad to come pick me up later."

"Go ahead and give him a call, and let us know what he says."

Kari hurried out of the room to use the phone in the hall.

"Jeff," said Tracy, "the girls are all worried about you. This is the second time you've had these headaches."

"It's been a lot more than that," he replied. "But don't worry. They'll be gone in a couple more weeks."

"Still, we've had a talk. Crystal told us about what happened, about you saving your sister's life and all. While I don't have a big brother personally, some of the other girls do. Let's just say not every one of the girls would expect their brothers to do the same thing for them that you did for Brit. You're really a great guy."

"Thanks," he said, pleased at the compliment. It had only been in the last year or so that he had begun to come out of his shell, so most girls didn't even know he existed, much less think highly of him.

"Anyway, because the girls think you're so sweet, if you don't mind, we'd like to be your guardian angels. If at any time during school you have another one of these episodes, you just find one of us and we'll take care of you, okay?"

"Really?" he asked.

"Absolutely. Besides, we take care of our own, and since you're Kari's boyfriend, we'll watch out for you too."

"Thanks," he said, forcing a weak smile. Tracy nodded and closed the door once again.

"Is your headache going away yet?" asked Brit.

"A little bit," he replied. Despite the pain, Jeff was feeling much better with his little sister there with him. There was something so soothing about her presence.

"Come here, Jeff," she said, then lay down again next to him and pulled him over on top of her, placing his head against her chest. It was just the opposite position from when she usually slept with him, but this way felt nice too, especially with them naked. With his head just under her chin, her breast cuddled against his neck, and his hard cock against her leg, there was something extremely wrong about the position, but he didn't have the strength to fight those feelings right now.

"Do you hear that?" she asked. Jeff didn't know what she meant, so he listened for a moment. There was the sound of her breathing and her heartbeat, but that was it.

"Do you hear my heart?" she asked again.

"Mm," Jeff acknowledged.

"I want you to listen to that heart and know that it's filled with love for you. My sweet, wonderful big brother who saved my life. I belong to you now, did you know that? Because I owe you my life. And the first part of me that I give to you is my heart. So keep listening to it and know that it belongs to you and no one else. Not Daddy, not even me. Only you. I love you so much."

Jeff smiled. She really did have the strangest imagination. But he sensed the love behind the words, and her tone of voice was so soothing. Headache or no headache, he felt he could just lie here forever and be happy.

"I love you too," he said, and though he couldn't see her face, he could almost sense her face lighting up with a smile.

"I love you three," she giggled.

"I love you four," he replied.

"I love you infinity."

"Yeah, well... I love you infinity plus one. So ha!" he said.

"There's no such thing!" she laughed. "So that means I win."

"Oh, good point. Well, how about a tie then? Because I love you infinity also."

She hugged him tightly to her. "I like that," she said. "I think our love should always be a tie."

"Me too," he smiled.

"I really meant it when I said I belong to you," she smiled. "You could ask me to do anything and I would do it."

"Anything?" he asked in a teasing voice.

"Anything. Beat me, whip me, abuse me, humiliate me, I don't care. As long as I know it makes you happy, I'll enjoy it."

"Do you know what makes me happiest of all?"

"What?"

"Making *you* happy."

"Oh Jeff!" she grinned and hugged him again.

Just then, Kari opened the door and slipped into the room, still naked. Jeff wondered if she might get the wrong impression and have a fit of jealousy, but she simply climbed into the bed and snuggled up against his back, putting an arm around him.

"Dad says I can stay here for the rest of the day," she told him. "Just in case you have another spell."

"Did you tell him you were about to slip into bed naked with me?" he teased.

"Yeah, and he said it made him horny," she replied.

"Really?" Brit gasped.

"No, not really. You can be so gullible sometimes, Brit."

"That's not fair!"

"I for one think it's cute that you're so gullible," Jeff told her, and she grinned.

"Actually, it did feel kind of weird talking to my dad on the phone naked," Kari laughed.

"At least it wasn't in person," said Brit.

"Good point. So Jeff, is there anything you need? Anything I can get you?"

"No, I think I'm fine right now. I just need to rest, that's all."

"And your sister apparently makes a good pillow," Kari commented. "Maybe not as soft as *me* in places..."

"Hey!" Brit exclaimed, blushing, but she knew it was all in fun.

The three of them lay there together in silence for a few more minutes, Jeff just basking in the pleasure of the warm bodies lying next to him. His headache had just about faded entirely when there came another knock at the door. Crystal opened it this time and entered, still naked.

"The rest of the girls are leaving," she announced, "but I've decided to stay too. Is there room for one more on

the bed?"

She didn't wait for an answer, but immediately hopped onto the bed behind Kari. She crawled right over all three of them and lay down on the other side, resting her head opposite Jeff on Brit's chest, and pressing her own chest into Brit's side.

"Ew!" complained Brit playfully. "Get off me!"

"What?" asked Crystal as if there was nothing wrong.

"Don't touch me like that."

"I'm not doing anything your brother isn't doing," Crystal said. "Now, you might have cause to complain if I did something like *this*." She suddenly grabbed Brit's breast.

Brit pushed her away, laughing. Crystal, however, wrapped her arms around Brit's neck.

"Stop attacking my sister," Jeff grinned, grabbing Crystal and trying to pull her away.

"So is your headache gone?" asked Kari.

"More or less," Jeff replied.

"Good. So you won't mind me trying to stop you from attacking *my* sister." She rose up and pounced on Jeff.

The four of them wrestled around together, Crystal and Brit locked together in a position that was suspiciously like an embrace, and Kari "accidentally" rubbing against Jeff's rock-hard manhood numerous times as they struggled.

It was really too bad that he couldn't keep wrestling with them, but the headaches always exhausted him. He called a time-out, and the girls stopped fighting. They all wore concerned expressions on their faces until he told them that he just needed to rest for a while. Brit and Kari lay down on their sides next to him, but Crystal, being the boldest, climbed right up on top of him and lay her head down on his chest.

"No fair," said Kari.

"Why not?" asked Crystal.

"Because he's my boyfriend, not yours. Switch places with me."

"Yeah, but I'm lighter. Jeff doesn't need someone as heavy as you on top of him."

"You know, she's got a point," Jeff said.

Kari giggled. "Okay, but you owe me one."

"Just one?" asked Jeff. "I was hoping for two or three."

"It's a deal," she smiled.

With the three girls completely surrounding him, he closed his eyes and just enjoyed the feel of their bodies. Even Brit's seemed nice, although he would have to have a discussion with her about it later. It really wasn't appropriate for brothers and sisters to be naked together like this, even if it was just in fun.

Right now, though, he was too tired, and too relaxed for that matter, to worry about it. He could always talk to her about it later. He sighed and let himself drop off to sleep.

When he awoke, Kari was missing, Brit sat in the comfy chair across the room, and Crystal lay beside him. Brit had a book open in her hand and Crystal was asleep. Neither had bothered to put their clothes back on.

When his little sister saw him, she smiled. "So you decided to wake up finally," she commented.

"I wasn't asleep that long, was I?" he asked.

"It's after five."

"Oh," he said. "Another one of those long naps."

"Kari and Crystal were worried when they couldn't wake you, but I told them it's nothing unusual, especially after a bad headache like you had. Kari's in the kitchen making dinner."

"Thanks for looking after me," he said.

Crystal began to stir. She yawned, then glanced at him with a tired look on her face.

"Good morning, sleeping beauty," Jeff told her.

"You know, I could get used to waking up to your handsome face," Crystal grinned. "Tell Kari if she ever gets tired of you, I'll happily take you off her hands."

"It's good to know I have a backup," he teased. "I think I'll go see what Kari's up to, though." He sat up, then immediately lay back down again as his strength gave out.

"What's wrong?" Crystal asked, immediately concerned.

"Nothing, really. I'm just tired. Maybe I'll just lie here a little longer."

"Are you sure that's it?" asked Brit. "It's not a headache or dizziness?"

"It's all right," he replied. "I just don't have the strength to get up right now. I'm sure I'll be fine in a few minutes."

"You wouldn't lie to us, would you?" asked Crystal. "We're your nurses after all."

He grinned. "Oh, I see. You're the type of nurses that get naked with their patients apparently. I think I saw that in a movie once."

"That's us," Crystal grinned. "Although I might have to tell your dad that you've been watching the wrong kind of movie."

"What do you mean?" he asked innocently. "It was a documentary. I mean, it happens in real life after all. You three have proven it."

"Good point," Brit giggled.

"Let's try this again," he said, trying to sit up. It didn't work any better than the previous time.

"Jeff, this isn't normal," said Brit.

"I'm just tired," he insisted.

"Crystal, get Kari. We need to put him to bed."

"I'm already in bed," he protested as Crystal hurried out the door.

"Your *own* bed," Brit replied. "You shouldn't have exerted yourself today. I know it's kind of hard to control yourself when you're surrounded by naked girls, but you need to take it easy for the next few weeks."

"Yes mom," he teased.

"Jeff, I'm serious. I'd hate to see your condition worsen because you wore yourself out for no good reason. I don't like to see you hurt."

Jeff nodded. "You're right," he conceded. "And I appreciate it, Brit. Dad was right to leave me here with you."

"I'm just a nurse trying to take care of her patient," said Brit, blushing at the compliment.

Kari and Crystal reappeared in the doorway. Like the others, Kari had kept her clothes off too. She knelt down by the bed and put her hand to his forehead.

"I don't have a fever," he protested. "I'm just tired."

"This is my fault," said Kari. "I shouldn't have made you play all those stupid games today. I think we wore

you out."

"That's exactly what I told him," Brit said. "Except I wasn't trying to blame you. Nobody knew this would happen, so there's no reason to take the blame for it."

"Thanks, Brit. Still, I feel a little guilty."

"It doesn't matter whose fault this is. I think we should get him up to his bedroom though. If we don't do it before you two leave, I won't be able to manage on my own."

"Good idea," Kari agreed. "Come on, Jeff." She came over and slid her arm under his shoulders. Crystal did the same from the other side, and the two of them helped him into a sitting position.

"Hey, I'm not *that* tired," he said, but in truth, he was enjoying the attention.

Between them they managed to get him to his feet. He had to admit he could barely stand, but propped up on Crystal and Kari, he was able to walk out the door and down the hall.

The stairs were a little tricky. He had to stop and rest for a few seconds on each step. Kari told Brit to run into the kitchen and turn off the stove; it would take them a while to get him up to the second floor.

Ten minutes later, he stood at the top, and Brit hurried ahead and opened his bedroom door. Kari and Crystal helped him down the hall and into the bedroom.

"Put his pillow up against the headboard," Kari told Brit. "He needs to sit up to eat dinner. We don't want him spilling it all over himself."

"If he did, I'd lick it off," Crystal volunteered with a naughty grin.

"Yeah, I know you would," Brit giggled.

They got him into bed in a sitting position, then Kari headed downstairs. Brit and Crystal climbed into bed and sat on either side of him.

"Are you going to be all right, Jeff?" asked Brit.

"I'll be fine. A nice dinner and a good night's sleep should do wonders for me. You guys are so sweet. And that goes for Kari too. I ought to hit my head more often if it means I get to have you three take care of me."

"I think he did it on purpose," Crystal told Brit.

"Hey, can you blame me?" he shrugged, playing along.

A couple of minutes later, Kari returned, carrying a tray with four bowls of soup. She placed the tray temporarily on his desk. "Chicken noodle," she said. "I made it from scratch."

"Killed the chicken yourself, did you?" asked Jeff.

"I even raised it," she replied. "And I planted the carrots and peppers and celery. You were asleep a really long time."

"Wow, all that work just for me," Jeff grinned.

"Actually, it was just for me. I happen to like homemade chicken noodle soup."

"Sounds delicious anyway."

There was only one tray, so the girls had to get off the bed. Brit brought in a chair from her room so that the three of them would have places to sit, and Kari passed out the soup.

It was every bit as good as Jeff had anticipated. As he ate, he could feel the strength coming back to his limbs. There was nothing like a good dose of healthy food to invigorate him after an exhausting day.

After dinner, Kari gathered up the bowls and took them downstairs to wash them. Then she returned, but was too late to claim a spot next to Jeff because the younger girls had taken their previous positions in the bed next to him.

"Brit, would you mind?" she asked. "I want to snuggle with my boyfriend for a while."

"Crystal, would you mind?" Brit asked as she climbed off the bed. "I want to snuggle with my big brother for a while."

"Yes I do mind," replied Crystal. "You can snuggle with him all you want after Kari and I leave."

Brit grinned. "Okay, at least I get him all to myself." She sat down in the chair next to the bed.

Kari scooted in next to Jeff and kissed him on the cheek. Jeff turned his head to give her access to his lips, and she took full advantage of it. Crystal leaned in from the other side and kissed him on the neck and shoulder.

"Wow," Brit commented. "I knew you two sometimes shared Jeff, but it's different actually seeing it."

"This is nothing," Crystal said. "It's too bad Jeff's not up to full strength, or we'd *really* give you a show."

"I'm up to full strength," Jeff insisted.

"No you're not," Kari replied. "As much as I'd like to, we can't risk it right now."

"You're no fun," he said. "So Crystal, how about you?"

"I'm sorry Jeff, but Kari's right," she answered. "You're just going to have to settle for a little kissing and

groping."

"As long as I can grope you back," he grinned, sliding his arms around both of them and pinching their rears. Both girls jumped, then attacked him with their lips.

Jeff noticed Brit watching their horseplay with delight. He wondered what she was thinking right now. Was she just amused, or did she perhaps get any pleasure from seeing them like this. He knew Kari liked to watch; that was why she had let the other girls make use of him that afternoon. Was Brit the same way? Of course, the only man in the room was her brother, so maybe to her it was nothing but childish fun.

It was too bad it couldn't last, but Kari insisted that they calm down after about ten minutes. Jeff was getting too excited again. It was a shame, but when they helped him to lie down and then lay there with their bodies pressed up against his, he found that he enjoyed that just as much.

Oddly enough, in that rather provocative position they did nothing more than simply talk. Jeff had always found it easy to talk to Kari, and Crystal's teasing was always enjoyable. They spoke of nothing in particular, just holding a conversation the same as if they were sitting on the couch. To hear them, no one would think that they were actually lying naked together.

At about a quarter to seven, Kari sat back up.

"I think it's time for Crystal and me to get dressed," she suggested. "I asked my dad to pick us up about seven, and that's in fifteen minutes."

"Maybe we'd all better get dressed," Jeff suggested. "I don't think he'd be any more pleased to see me nude than to see you nude."

"You can if you want, but Nurse Kari says you should probably stay up here in your room anyway. If you went downstairs you would have no one to help you back up after we leave except Brit, and I don't think she could do it on her own."

"Good point."

Kari and Crystal headed downstairs to retrieve their clothes, leaving Jeff with Brit. "My turn," she said, then climbed onto the bed and lay down next to him.

Now was as good a time as any to bring up the subject of appropriate contact between them. "Brit," he said, "we need to talk."

"About what?" she asked.

"About being naked together."

"What about it?"

"Well... I'm not sure it's right."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because brothers and sisters shouldn't see each other like that. And they especially shouldn't touch each other's bodies."

"What, you mean like this?" she asked with a grin, then poked him in the shoulder with one of her fingers.

"You know what I mean."

"Oh, is this one of those 'stop touching me' moments? I thought we outgrew that five years ago."

"Come on, Brit. I'm serious. There are... certain parts of our bodies that..."

"Is this the birds and the bees talk?" she asked. "I already know all about that stuff."

"Brit, stop joking about this. This is important. We've broken too many rules already, and I think maybe it's time we started following them."

"Whose rules?" asked Brit. "If I don't mind and you don't mind, then why should we follow somebody else's rules?"

Before Jeff could answer, Kari appeared in the doorway, carrying her clothes. "Crystal's downstairs getting dressed," she said. "She'll keep a look out for Dad and tell us when he gets here." She started putting her clothes on.

"Kari," said Brit. "Jeff and I are having a disagreement. Maybe you can help us out here."

"Sure," she said. "What do you need?"

"Before I tell you, I need to ask Jeff something. Jeff, should we let Kari decide?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I'll promise to go by her decision if you promise too."

"I'm not sure that's a good idea," Jeff replied.

"Just because you're afraid you might lose."

Jeff sighed. "Oh, all right. We'll let Kari decide."

"Okay," said Brit. "Kari, do you think there's anything wrong with a brother and sister being naked together?"

Kari laughed. "If I thought that, don't you think I would be doing something about it?"

"See?" said Brit.

"Fine," Jeff conceded. Actually, he was almost glad that Kari had decided against him. He felt he had at least made the effort to set things right, despite the fact that he wanted so very much for them to be wrong.

Five minutes later, Crystal appeared at the door, fully dressed. "Kari, Dad's here," she announced.

"Okay. Bye, Jeff." By this time Kari had finished dressing. She leaned over and kissed him. "Brit," she said, "you take care of him for us."

"I'll take care of him for *me*," Brit grinned.

"And if you need anything, you can call us, any time of day or night. Jeff, are you going to be all right?"

"I'll be fine as long as Brit stays here with me. Thanks, Kari."

"You're welcome. I'll see you Monday at school."

As Kari left the room, Brit snuggled up next to him and kissed him on the cheek. Despite the fact that his girlfriend had gone home, Jeff felt no regrets as long as Brit remained by his side. She was such a sweet girl.

"How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Still really tired," he replied.

She rose up and leaned over him, her hair falling over the side of her face to brush against his cheek. These were the times when Jeff thought she looked the most beautiful, as she gazed down at him with that cute little smile.

"I love you," she said, then lowered her head and pressed her lips against his.

This time she didn't just give him a quick peck, but let it linger. Too tired to resist, Jeff let the wonderful feeling overcome him. He slid his arms around her waist, and she slipped on top of him, her warm body pressed against his. Something in the back of his mind said he shouldn't be doing this, but he ignored it. Right now, Brit was his.

Suddenly, she pulled back. "Wait, Jeff," she said. He immediately released her; if she wasn't ready for this he wouldn't rush her.

If she wasn't ready? What was he thinking? She would never be ready because it was absolutely wrong! Had he really just tried to seduce his own sister?

"I'm sorry," he said, embarrassed. He immediately took his arms off of her.

"It's okay," she replied, sliding off of him. "Look, we shouldn't do this."

"I know," he replied. "You're absolutely right."

"Jeff, you've had three orgasms today. The reason you're so tired is that you're exhausted, and probably even a little dehydrated. I'll bet that's why you had that headache. I want you to get a good night's sleep tonight, and then tomorrow I'll take care of you, okay? I promise."

Jeff stared at her. Was she really offering?

"Um..." he stammered. "I don't..."

"What?" she asked.

"Brit, are you really saying what I think you're saying? I mean, what are you talking about?"

"Sex," she replied frankly.

"Really?" he asked, astonished.

"Jeff, I told you I belong to you. You can do anything you want to me."

"I thought you were just saying that to make me feel better."

"I said it because it's true. Jeff, I could tell that you were getting excited there for a minute, and I know it's because of me, so that's something I can do to show you how much I love you."

"Brit, I'm sorry, but I don't want you to do that."

"You don't?" she asked, a little disappointed.

"I just got carried away there for a second. I lost control, like I did a couple of weeks ago in the shower. Remember that? Despite what Kari said, I don't think it's right for us to be in bed together like this. In fact, I think maybe we should put our clothes on now."

Brit turned away, a look of hurt in her eyes. "I'm sorry," she said. "This is really embarrassing. I just thought..."

"Oh, no, Brit. This wasn't your fault," he said, wrapping his arm around her again and holding her to his chest. "I'm the one who lost control. Look, you're a beautiful girl and I absolutely adore you. You know that, right?"

She glanced up at him with a hopeful look in her eyes.

"You can be so sweet sometimes," he continued, "and I'm flattered by your devotion, and that you're willing

to give yourself to me to make me feel good. Sometimes I wish you weren't my sister, because then I could take you up on that offer. But I don't want you to feel obligated to do that for me, Brit. I mean, you're still a virgin, aren't you?"

She nodded.

"So your first time should be special," he said.

"You could make it special," Brit replied.

"Not if you're doing it just because you feel like it's some kind of duty. And don't forget the guilt. I mean, you're my sister. It might be nice just in the moment, but afterward we would have to live with the consequences."

"We wouldn't necessarily feel guilty," she insisted.

"I don't want to take that chance, Brit. Remember that talk we had last night? Some day the right boy will come along, and he'll be able to give you what I can't. Until then, it's all right if we hug and snuggle and sleep in the same bed, but we can't take it beyond that, okay?"

"Okay," she said.

"I'm going to need your help on this," he told her. "I've lost control a couple of times, and that scares me because I could end up hurting you. If you feel at all uncomfortable with what I'm doing, just tell me to stop and I will."

"I know you will," she smiled. "I trust you, Jeff. And I love you."

"I love you too."

They lay there together in each other's arms for a while, then Jeff decided he had been in bed long enough. With his strength back, he wanted to get out.

Brit insisted that he stay in his room at least, reminding him that she was still his nurse and he had to do what she said. Amused by her tone of voice, he conceded that point.

They got out a deck of cards to play some games. Jeff facetiously suggested strip poker, then immediately declared them both losers. So they settled on blackjack instead.

They kept their clothes off as they played; Jeff could have insisted that they at least put their pajamas on, but the truth was that he enjoyed the sight of his sister's body. By unspoken agreement, they remained nude.

An hour and a half later, Brit announced that it was nearing bed time. When Jeff complained that it was only eight-thirty, she reminded him once again that she was his nurse, and said that he needed to get to bed early. He grudgingly returned to his bed, this time pulling the covers up over him.

"I'm going to take a shower," Brit said.

"You're not supposed to leave me, remember?" Jeff replied.

"Well, why don't you come in to the bathroom with me? I know it's not a good idea if you get in the shower with me, but you can just sit beside the tub."

"Maybe I'd better not. Look, just leave the bathroom door open. If I need anything, I'll yell."

Brit shrugged. "I suppose that would be all right," she said. She headed into the bathroom.

The truth was that Jeff thought seeing her in the shower would be too much for him. He remembered the last time, with the water running down her hot little body, beads of moisture clinging to her skin... He had lost control then, and he was pretty sure he would lose control again.

He tried to get that image out of his head as he heard the water turn on. He could clearly see her in his mind, stepping into the tub, running her hands through her hair, rubbing soap all over her, running her hands over her body. He was getting excited by the thought of it, and growing hard between his legs.

A few minutes later he heard the water turn off, and Brit appeared in the doorway holding a towel. "Any problems while I was gone?" she asked as she began to dry herself off. He tried not to stare, but he really enjoyed the sight of her running the towel all over her body. Everything she did lately seemed quite sexy, especially with her nude like that.

"I'm fine," he said, trying to sound casual.

She hung the towel back on the rack, then plugged in the blow dryer. That brought back memories of Rachael, and he instantly had a mental image of Brit running the dryer all over her skin. Or perhaps, Jeff doing it to her like he had done with Rachael, but with not even a bikini to hide her from his view.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately depending upon how one looked at it, she merely dried her hair. Jeff continued to watch as she did so. She had her back to him, but she smiled at him in the mirror.

When she was all finished, she turned out the light in the bathroom and entered his room again. It was only then that he realized that he had forgotten to put any clothes on. He had intended to at least put on a pair of boxer shorts and insist that she wear something to cover herself as well, but now it looked like it was too late.

"Brit, I'm not sure we should be sleeping together tonight," he said.

"What's wrong?"

"Well, we're... I mean..."

"I thought we already established that it's okay. And we've been like this all day anyway."

"Still, I don't think it's right for us to be naked together all night."

"Oh, don't be so shy. I don't mind if you don't."

He was already hard from his fantasies about her, and the thought of waking up with this beautiful angel's body pressed up against his only served to fuel his desire. But she was still his sister, and he didn't know if it would be appropriate.

In the end, his more base instincts won out. "Hop in, Brit," he said. Her face lit up in a smile as she came over and drew the covers back. As she did so, she caught a glimpse of his hard member.

"Doesn't that thing ever rest?" she giggled. "If I didn't know any better, I would think I'm turning you on." She climbed into bed and took her usual position with her head on his chest. Her body felt so soft and warm against his. This time, he could feel every inch of her breasts nestled up against his side. There was no mistaking that her nipples were hard. She had her crotch against his leg, and he could feel everything there too. She put one of her legs over his, and he suspected she did it purposely so that her thigh brushed against his dick.

"Now see, that's not so bad," she said. "This feels good."

"It sure does," he agreed.

"It's settled, then. From now on, we do this every night."

"You mean... sleep together? Naked?"

"Yes," she replied. "If Dad or Allison insist on tucking us in, we can always take off our clothes after they leave."

"But Allison wakes us up every morning so she can wait in the bedroom while I take my shower."

"So just set your alarm clock ten minutes early and we'll get our pajamas on before she comes in."

Jeff considered that idea for a minute. It really didn't have any drawbacks except his own discomfort at the idea of sleeping nude with his little sister. But as long as they didn't do anything inappropriate, he figured it was okay.

"Well... oh, all right," he said. Brit grinned and gave him a hug.

As they lay in bed together, Jeff knew he had to ask her about that day.

"Brit?" he said tenderly. "When the girls made you... you know..."

"Suck you off?" Brit suggested helpfully.

"Yeah. I hope you weren't too humiliated or disgusted. I'm really sorry; I should have put a stop to it."

"Oh, don't worry," she replied. "I know that when boys get stimulated like that, they lose all control of themselves. And besides, it wasn't as bad as I expected."

"But I could have... you know."

"I know. That was the point, silly."

"You mean you wouldn't have minded?"

"I would have won the game, wouldn't I?"

"Well, yeah, but then you would have had to swallow it."

"It's okay Jeff, really. Just knowing that I was making you feel good would have made it all worth it. I love you, Jeff. I like to see you feeling good. And if I'm the cause of it, all the better."

"Brit, don't talk like that."

"Why, is it making you horny?" she teased.

"No!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I'm just kidding, Jeff. But don't worry about me. It really doesn't bother me at all, okay?"

"Just as long as we understand that this is the last time we do something like this, no matter what kinds of games Kari and Crystal want to play in the future."

"But I like those games," she insisted.

"I like them too, but... well... they've already led to some things that brothers and sisters shouldn't do together."

"Oh, come on, Jeff. We were just having fun."

"I don't think that's the kind of fun we should have together."

"Yeah, you're probably right," she conceded. "But let's not talk about that right now, okay? I just want to snuggle with you."

"Brit..." he began, but didn't know what to say.

"What?" she asked.

For a second he hesitated, then decided to let everything wait until the morning. Perhaps then he would have

clear thoughts. "I love you," he said instead. "Good night."

"I love you too," she smiled. "Good night."

Chapter 52

Nights and Mornings with Brit

Sunday morning, Jeff awoke to the feeling of Brit lying completely on top of him, her lips pressed against his. He opened his eyes wide in alarm, then put his hands on her side and half-heartedly tried to push her away. He could have easily overpowered her, but his heart wasn't in it.

Brit lifted her head and gazed into his eyes. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"What's wrong?" he exclaimed. "You're my sister, that's what's wrong!"

"So?"

"So you shouldn't be trying to... to..."

She giggled. "Oh, Jeff, I was just practicing."

"Practicing?"

"Allison told us to practice kissing, remember?"

"But... but... not like this."

"Like what?"

"Naked. In bed. Remember what I talked about yesterday? I mean, we could end up... doing something we shouldn't."

"That's the whole point, silly," she giggled.

"Brit!"

"Sorry. I was just teasing you. Look, we're not going to do anything we shouldn't, because you wouldn't do that to me, right? I trust you, Jeff."

He found it impossible to argue with that. What was he supposed to do, tell her that she shouldn't trust him? His excitement was clear from his rapidly hardening cock, but that didn't seem to bother her as long as he didn't use it. Right now though, he wasn't sure that he wouldn't.

As he was thinking about that, Brit lowered her head and kissed him again. Instantly his resolve vanished. How was he supposed to refuse her when it felt this good?

Before he knew it, he found himself kissing her back. Her lips were so sweet and delightful, he just couldn't hold back. He kissed her deeply and passionately, almost violently. She noticed his reaction and giggled, kissing with just as much fervor. Their tongues teased each other as they continued their blissful encounter.

He wrapped his arms around her and squeezed her to him. How he wanted her in that moment!

"Did you change your mind?" she whispered, a loving smile on her face.

"About what?" he asked.

"About letting me take care of you."

He blinked in confusion for a few seconds, until he suddenly realized what she was talking about. "Oh my god, Brit!" he exclaimed, pushing her away. "We shouldn't be..."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and held onto him tightly. "I'm sorry," she said. "Please don't be mad at me."

"I'm not mad at you, Brit."

"You're not?"

"No I'm not. But please get off me."

She released him and rolled over onto her back. He glanced over at her, and couldn't help letting his eyes wander over her hot little body.

"Jeff, do you like being naked with me?" asked Brit.

"What?" he asked, stunned by the question.

"I mean it, Jeff. Do you like being naked with me?"

"Um... that's kind of a hard question to answer."

"Why? It's just yes or no."

"I know, but I don't want you to get the wrong impression."

"I guess that's an answer in and of itself."

"What do you mean?"

"If the answer was no, you would have said so. But since you have trouble answering it, the answer must be yes."

"I don't know..."

"More specifically, the answer is yes but you don't want to admit it because that might make me think you want to do naughty things with me, right?"

"But Brit, I *don't* want to do naughty things with you. That's just it." That was a complete lie, and he knew it. But he had to keep his feelings under control, because he couldn't risk hurting his little sister.

"It's okay, Jeff," she said. "If it will make you feel better, I like being naked with you too. Your body is nice and warm, and I can imagine our love for each other seeping through our skin. I can *feel* your love when there's nothing between us, as silly as that sounds."

"It doesn't sound silly at all," he answered. "I feel the same way. I just don't want you to think that I want to have sex with you or anything."

"I know. It's not about sex. It's just about closeness."

"Exactly," he smiled. "As long as we both understand that."

While her body certainly felt nice, he also knew he was in danger of enjoying it too much. He threw off the covers and sat up. Brit continued to lie there with an affectionate smile on her face as she gazed at him. He smiled back, then leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. Then he stood up and made his way into the bathroom.

As he showered, he couldn't help thinking about her offer. Brit was actually willing to have sex with him. All he had to do was ask. That would be such an amazing experience, to not only feel her body against his, but to actually penetrate her, to take her virginity. She would willingly give it to him, because she loved him so much.

No, that wasn't entirely true. If she made love to him out of a sense of obligation or gratitude, it would be wrong. She would be his sex slave, nothing more. He didn't want any kind of relationship with her in which they didn't treat each other like equals. He didn't want a submissive, always-giving Britney as a lover. He wanted to make it as much for her pleasure as for his.

That was a scary thought. Did he really want to make love to his little sister? Shouldn't he feel some kind of revulsion to that idea? Why should he suddenly be having fantasies of seducing her, when he had never gotten along with her until recently?

But that was an answer in and of itself. He had spent so much time focused on the bratty, whiny, annoying side of her personality that he had completely forgotten that she had another side to her, a vulnerable, trusting, affectionate side that loved him deeply. Being exposed to it was like meeting her again for the first time, and despite the fact that they were siblings, she really was kind of sexy when she was like that.

That was why he couldn't afford to let down his guard. He had to be strong. He remembered what Allison

had told him earlier in the week, about how she was just beginning to explore her sexuality, how she was practicing her wiles on him, either consciously or unconsciously. Whatever signals he was reading from her were just experiments. She didn't really want to make love to him after all. She just needed assurance that she could be attractive to boys. So he would tease and joke and flirt with her a little, hug her and let her sit on his lap and sleep in his bed, but that was all.

He finished his shower and dried himself off, then wearing only a towel, returned to his room. Brit still lay on his bed, but she had her eyes open and watched him.

After all they had been through that weekend, modesty was pointless, so he let the towel fall from his waist and went through his dresser to find the clothes he wanted to wear that day. He noticed her staring at him with a smile of delight as he stood nude in front of her, but decided just to ignore it.

While Brit took her shower, Jeff felt like fixing her a nice breakfast. Though his one and only time trying to make banana pancakes had resulted in disaster, he could at least throw some bread in the toaster and scramble some eggs. He was even feeling ambitious enough to fry up some ham.

Brit met him at the dining room table. She scolded him for leaving his bedroom without her (what if he had had a dizzy spell at the top of the stairs?) but seemed genuinely grateful for the effort he had put into fixing breakfast. They sat and ate, and the meal turned out not too bad after all.

Brit joined him this time in his daily workout. She laughed at how weak she was, but Jeff made no comment. A few weeks ago he would have teased her to tears about it, but now for some reason he couldn't bring himself to make a single disparaging comment about her.

They split their time the rest of the day between playing games in the rec room and looking at the pictures they had taken yesterday out in Brit's studio. Brit teased him about getting excited over those pictures, but he teased her right back, suggesting she print them out and hang them all over her studio to replace her drawings. They had fun imagining Greg's and Allison's reactions upon seeing them. Granted, Allison would likely have no problem with it, but Greg would almost surely ground them until they turned thirty-five.

In the afternoon, they sat on the couch in the front room and took turns giving each other shoulder massages. Brit wanted to do it without their shirts on, claiming that they had been naked so much with each other lately that there was no reason to be bashful any more. Jeff, however, insisted that they remain fully clothed. In spite of the fact that he still got excited every time he saw her nude body (or, more accurately, because of it), he felt a little uneasy about getting naked with her. He used the excuse that they didn't know when their parents would be coming home, which was a valid point.

Brit's hands on his shoulders felt so nice and relaxing that he began to drift off to sleep. She sensed his sleepiness and had him lay his head down on her lap. He was more than happy to take her up on her offer, and spread himself out on the couch.

He still lay there with his head cradled in Brit's lap when Greg and Allison arrived home. Allison immediately came over and knelt down beside the couch, putting her hand to his cheek.

"How are you feeling, Jeff?" she asked.

"I'm all right," he replied. "Just a little tired, that's all."

"Any headaches or dizziness?"

"I had a headache on Saturday while the girls were here, but Kari and Crystal and Brit all took good care of me. Brit makes a good nurse."

"See?" said Brit. "It was okay to leave me alone with him after all."

"Well then," said their father from across the room. "I guess there was no reason for me to be worried. Brit, I'm proud of you for being so mature."

"Thanks, Dad," she smiled.

"So Jeff, I take it you're not feeling up to helping me with the luggage?"

"No, I'm fine," he replied, then got up off of the couch and followed his father out to the van to retrieve the suitcases.

They ate a light dinner that night; there wasn't time to prepare anything fancy. At the dinner table, Brit told Greg and Allison about the incident with the headache on Saturday, conveniently leaving out certain details such as the fact that all the girls were naked. She gave it her usual flair, making it sound a lot more exciting than it really was.

Jeff found he enjoyed listening to her tell stories like that. Her excitement over relatively ordinary things was so cute. She had always been imaginative, seeing the world as an almost mystical place full of bright colors. He used to tease her about it, but now he felt almost envious, wishing he could see the world through her eyes. It seemed a wonderful place to live.

It was all a part of her childlike charm. She was so innocent, so imaginative, so affectionate. Despite the fact that she was growing up, she still retained a certain youthful character that was so adorable. How he had missed it all these years, he didn't know. All he knew was that it was impossible not to love her.

After dinner, they adjourned to the living room to watch television. Greg and Allison sat next to each other on the couch and Jeff took one of the easy chairs. Although there was room on the couch next to her father, Brit instead opted to sit on Jeff's lap.

"Hey!" he said as she plopped down on him with a giggle, but really he didn't mind it at all.

"Britney, dear," said Greg. "Don't you think maybe you're pestering Jeff a little too much?"

"You don't mind, do you big brother?" asked Brit.

"She's all right," Jeff said. "I owe her one for taking care of me this weekend."

Greg glanced at Allison, who merely shrugged. "Kids," she commented with an amused grin.

They watched TV for a couple of hours, then their parents sent them to bed. They had school in the morning, after all. Allison followed them up the stairs, then spent a few minutes in Brit's room talking with her. Meanwhile, Jeff stripped down to his boxer shorts and tee-shirt and climbed into bed, wondering if Brit planned to sleep naked with him again. She had said she wanted to do it every night, but maybe with Greg and Allison here, she would change her mind.

A few minutes later, Allison and Brit entered his bedroom through the bathroom. Brit had changed into her pajamas, and immediately climbed into bed with him. Allison bent down and gave each of them a kiss on the forehead. "Take care of each other," she told them, then turned off the light and disappeared through the door to the hall.

They waited until they heard her footsteps reach the bottom of the stairs, then Brit immediately threw the covers off and stood up. "Let's get naked," she whispered with a naughty grin.

Jeff laughed. So she was going to go through with it after all. Well, he wasn't about to argue with her. He did so enjoy feeling her nude body against his, despite the fact that they were siblings.

He watched her undress, growing excited at seeing her body exposed. For a thirteen-year-old girl, she had an absolutely stunning figure. It wasn't that she was overdeveloped for her age. In fact, she was really only about average. But there was something about the shape of her body that appealed to him.

He took off his own clothes, not even trying to hide his erection. They had a silent understanding about that; she knew he had no control over it whenever he saw her naked, and rarely commented about it except the occasional playful, teasing remark. It didn't bother her, and it didn't bother him.

She climbed into bed with him, pressing her hot little body up against him. He wrapped his arms around her to draw her in tightly, and drew up the covers over the top of them. They lay there in the darkness together until they drifted off to sleep.

He woke up in the middle of the night with an intense erection. For a moment, he lay there groggily, then as sleep drained away, he realized what was going on. He had rolled over onto his side, and Brit lay there beside him. She had curled up into the fetal position, and somehow had scooted down the bed so that her head was at the level of his crotch. He realized with both horror and excitement that she had her lips wrapped around his cock, and was sucking on it.

Jeff almost pulled away right there, but then he noticed that her eyes were closed, and other than the sucking motions of her mouth, she made no move. Was it possible that she was asleep? What kind of dream would she be having that involved sucking on his cock?

In one sense, it all looked very innocent. It reminded him of how she used to suck her thumb whenever she slept when she was a baby. Perhaps that was all this was. But it was certainly not innocent from his point of view.

"Brit," he whispered gently, to test if she was awake. She didn't answer. Then that was it. She was asleep.

It felt so good that he was tempted to let her keep sucking. But he couldn't do that to her, and besides, it was completely wrong. She was his sister after all. Slowly, so as not to wake her, he tried to pull out.

Brit made a sound of displeasure and sucked even harder. Jeff realized that he couldn't get away without waking her. That left an awkward dilemma; if he tried to stop her, she would wake up and realize what she had been doing. On the other hand, if she kept this up much longer, he wouldn't be able to hold himself back.

He tried again to pull away, but with the same result. Now he began to worry. If he didn't do something about it in a few minutes, he was liable to climax right in her mouth. In fact, he could feel the first stirrings of the buildup.

He tried a third time, but again she made that same sound and sucked harder, like a baby that didn't want its pacifier taken away. There was nothing he could do without waking her, and that would be the most horrible of all. If she realized what she was doing in her sleep, it would shame her terribly. She might even blame him for it, despite the fact that it wasn't his fault. What could he do?

It didn't take long before the intense sensation began its ascent to the peak. He was at a near panic as he felt the pleasure rising. How could he do this to his little sister? And yet, if he woke her while trying to pull away...

He clutched the bed tightly, trying to hold back the imminent explosion. But Brit continued to suck hungrily, sending waves of intense pleasure through him. He couldn't control himself. There was no hope. He realized that in a few seconds he would have an orgasm, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. Even if he pulled out now, he would just end up squirting all over her face.

Brit, I'm sorry! he thought as he erupted in one of the most intense orgasms of his life, made even more so by how much he had tried to hold it back.

"Mm," Brit hummed, and continued sucking. He saw her throat contracting and realized with astonishment that she was swallowing, even in her sleep! Was that even possible? How could she not be aware of what was happening?

After it was all over, she continued to suck even as his cock went limp in her mouth. Somehow she had swallowed it all without spilling a single drop. He couldn't believe his luck; she still slept like a baby.

When he tried to pull away again, she reacted the same as she had before, so he decided to just wait a few minutes. His little sister was bound to go into a deeper sleep, or shift positions, or do something to change the situation in a few minutes, and then he would pull out. Now that he had had his orgasm, there was no more

danger unless she woke on her own. With that comforting thought, he allowed himself to relax.

Unfortunately, relaxing meant falling asleep, and falling asleep with her lips wrapped around his cock meant erotic dreams. He awoke some time later with his dick as hard as it had ever been, and Brit was still sucking on it. The sight of her cute little face with her eyes closed and her pretty lips around him brought him back to a high state of arousal. He tried again to pull away, but it was a losing battle. Even now he felt the building of another orgasm, and in his exhaustion he didn't have the strength nor will to fight it.

Another unpleasant thought popped into his head. She had continued sucking even while he slept. What if she kept it up all night? What if, despite all of his efforts, she kept his dick in her mouth until the alarm went off in the morning?

He gave another effort to pull away, but Brit would have none of it. She kept him there, a prisoner in his own bed, and he couldn't hold back the next eruption.

He managed to keep from crying out, but for the second time that night he climaxed. There was nothing he could do to stop it, so he just let it happen, hoping that she would remain asleep just like last time. His cock throbbed inside her mouth over and over again, and she drank it down greedily. He felt terrible about doing this to her, but he was powerless to resist the pleasure of her mouth.

Afterward, he lay still, and she continued to suck. He was determined not to go to sleep this time until he had freed himself. If he could just stay awake until she stopped, he could pull out and turn over or scoot away from her. She need never know what had happened.

It was a good plan, but unfortunately in his post-orgasmic fatigue, he couldn't hold out. He felt sleepiness overcome him, and although he fought it, he eventually nodded off.

The third time came just before dawn. As before, he woke to the feeling of her lips wrapped around his hard cock. He couldn't believe she had been doing this all night, and that she hadn't awakened once during that time. After two intense orgasms, he thought he couldn't possibly be up for a third, but he felt so good like this, he thought he was going to scream. Brit could suck cock better in her sleep than most girls could awake!

He knew he couldn't last, and in truth, he didn't want to. Now that he had already committed the sin twice, he had no reason to go through with it one last time. And it would be the last time, because with the morning approaching, he couldn't afford to let it go any longer or she might wake up.

When he reached a climax, he didn't even try to hold back this time, but let it all out. As before, Brit drank it down greedily.

That was it. He had to put an end to it now. Waiting a few minutes to make sure she was still asleep, he ever

so slowly pulled away. This time it worked. She let him go without a fuss, and in relief he turned over. A moment later he quietly slipped out of bed; at least now it was late enough that he might as well get up, so he headed into the bathroom to take a shower, despite the fact that he wasn't supposed to without Allison waiting outside the door.

As soon as he was out of the room, Brit opened her eyes, smiled, and licked her lips.

Jeff was concerned that Brit would discover what had happened and feel embarrassed, or worse, betrayed, but as they talked at the breakfast table that morning, she gave no indication that she knew what had happened. She didn't even mention anything about her dreams, so he figured she didn't remember them at all. He felt relieved at that, but at the same time, guilty about what he had done in the first place.

If you only knew what a horrible person your big brother is, he thought. He hated himself for not having more self-control. On the other hand, what man could possibly hold back when a beautiful little girl like Brit sucked him off? How could he have resisted her?

The most disturbing thought was the realization that he had actually committed an act of incest. Unwholesome feelings, flirting, and even nudity were mere steps toward an unnatural relationship with his sister. But now he had crossed over the line. She had actually performed oral sex on him!

He decided not to worry about it. There was no harm done; she didn't remember a thing, and he had made a simple mistake that he wouldn't make again. He had vowed never to take advantage of his little sister, and as long as he kept that vow firmly in mind, there would never be another incident like that again.

He met Kari at school that morning, and all the members of the volleyball team gave him a knowing grin. It was the smile of a shared secret, a naughty secret. Shelly asked if he was feeling better, and he told her he felt fine. All he had needed was a good night's sleep.

All during his classes, he kept thinking about what had happened between Brit and him last night. Not being a religious person, he didn't really believe he would be damned to hell for what he did; he was more concerned with the consequences in this life. But really, there weren't any consequences except his own guilty conscience. As long as Brit never learned what happened, it was all right.

In fact, once he put his guilt behind him, he realized it was one of the most erotic experiences of his entire life. It ranked right up there with losing his virginity to Rachael and the first time he made love to Kari. He knew he shouldn't feel that way, but having his little sister suck him off was something he would never forget.

When he picked Brit up after school and drove her home, he had a hard time facing her. His guilt was still too strong. They rode home in silence, but Brit kept glancing over at him in confusion. Jeff couldn't get that image out of his mind of her lips wrapped around his cock as she sucked him to orgasmic bliss. How could he have been so terrible as to do that to his innocent little sister?

As soon as they arrived home, he headed upstairs to his room and opened up his books to start on his homework. Better that than to have to face her and confess what he had done.

Unfortunately, he heard a knock on the door, and Brit entered his room.

"Jeff?" she asked sheepishly.

"Yes, Brit? What is it?"

"Um... are you mad at me for some reason?"

He glanced at her, meeting her gaze for the first time all day. She seemed worried, but her eyes still held love and trust.

That was enough for him. She still loved him, and that was all that mattered. As long as she continued to love her big brother, he could suppress the guilt and allow himself to love her back. He would never tell her what he had done to her, partly because he feared that she would stop loving him, but more because he feared that it would hurt her. If confessing his mistake would put things right, he would do it without hesitation, but in this case, it was better to keep it secret.

He held out his arms to her. The worried look on her face turned to a smile, and she skipped over to him and sat down on his lap.

"I'm not mad at you," he told her. "I'm just a little confused right now."

"Confused?" she asked.

"About my feelings toward you. I've always loved you and I always will. That's not in doubt. It's *how* I love you that I'm not sure of. It's a lot different than it was even just a month ago. We were still fighting back then, and I guess I loved you more out of obligation than anything else, because you're my sister. Now, I love you because I'm seeing you as a different girl, so affectionate and caring and sweet. I know you've offered to be more than a sister to me, and sometimes I'm tempted to take you up on that offer. But I also know we can't do that. You say you trust me, but I'm not so sure any more whether I trust myself."

"It's okay, Jeff," she said. "If you just want me to be your sister, I'm happy being your sister. I just want you to know that if there's anything I can do for you, anything at all, I want to do it. So you don't have to worry about hurting me, because there's nothing you can do to hurt me. As long as it makes you happy, I'll do anything for you."

He kissed her on the forehead. "I know, and I appreciate it. Let's just be brother and sister for now, okay?"

She snuggled up against him. "Okay, big brother," she smiled.

It was amazing how just a few brief words could make things all right again. She had managed to say exactly what he needed to hear. He knew now that even if she had awakened during the night, she wouldn't have

been hurt or angry or afraid, because she just wanted to make him happy. Still, he had done something he shouldn't have, but in the end there was no harm done. He would never let it happen again, though.

By dinner time, they were good friends again. They laughed and joked just like they had been doing for the past couple of weeks, and there was no indication that there had been anything wrong between them at all.

When bedtime came along, they went up to their bedrooms. They sat together talking in Jeff's room while they waited a reasonable time to make sure their parents weren't planning on coming up to tuck them in, then Brit started to undress. Jeff wondered whether it might be wise to rethink sleeping in the buff together, but as soon as she removed her shirt and bra, he lost all resolve. How could any man resist a body like that?

They finished undressing and climbed into bed together. She too her usual place in his arms with her head resting on his chest.

Jeff lay awake for a long time, wondering if the same thing would happen tonight as happened last night. More importantly, he wondered what he would do if it did. He came to the conclusion that he would pull out even if it woke Brit. Better to have her wake and feel a little embarrassed than to ejaculate in her mouth three times again.

In the end, it didn't matter anyway, because the incident didn't happen. He merely slept peacefully straight through the night. He awoke in the morning to the sound of Allison calling Brit's name. He opened his eyes and stared up at the ceiling for a minute. The room was just beginning to lighten as dawn approached. He glanced down at Brit, who was just beginning to stir. For a moment there he caressed her back. Then she opened her eyes.

"Brit!" Allison called again, and Brit sat up. The movement exposed her breasts to his view, and he stared at them. No matter how many times he saw her naked, he still found her extremely alluring.

Then he heard the creak of footsteps on the stairs. Allison was coming up to them.

"You'd better get back to your room," he whispered.

Brit's eyes suddenly grew wide. "I forgot to lock my door last night!" she breathed.

The footsteps reached the top of the stairs and began down the hall. Brit threw off the covers, but Jeff grabbed her by the arm. "Too late!" he whispered. "She'll hear you!" He glanced around for anything that could help them out of this predicament. He heard the footsteps just outside his door, passing and nearing Brit's.

He spied a couple of tee-shirts on his floor near the bed; his clothes always ended up on the floor despite the fact that he had a perfectly good hamper nearby. He quickly grabbed them and handed one to Brit. They hurriedly threw them on as they heard a knock on Brit's door, and then the sound of it opening.

"Brit? Where did you go?" Allison asked.

The children lay back down and Jeff drew up the covers, an instant before Allison's head came into view through the double bathroom door. Jeff hoped that she wouldn't notice that Brit was wearing one of his shirts.

Allison walked through the bathroom into Jeff's room.

"Oh, I forgot," she said. "Brit's been sleeping with you."

That wasn't exactly the best way to put it, but Jeff nodded, trying to make it seem like he hadn't picked up on the double meaning.

"Yeah, I'll be glad when the month is over," he said. "This bed really isn't big enough for both of us at once."

"I know, and I appreciate you both being willing to make the sacrifice. Especially you, Brit, because it's for your brother's sake. I know you two don't always get along, but you've been wonderful this past couple of weeks. Anyway, Brit, I made your favorite, banana pancakes for breakfast."

"Yummy!" Brit exclaimed. "I'll be down in a minute."

Allison nodded. "And Jeff, wait for me this morning before showering," she instructed.

"Fine," he shrugged.

"Good. I've got to go finish setting the table for breakfast, but I'll be back in a minute. Brit, stay in here with Jeff until I come back. Then you can take your shower."

"Okay," Brit grinned. Allison smiled and left the room.

As soon as she was gone, the kids burst out laughing in relief for the close call.

"Next time, make sure you lock your door," Jeff told her.

They took advantage of her absence to finish dressing in their nightclothes. Then they got back into bed to make it look like they had been in there the whole time. A couple of minutes later, Allison returned, and Brit skipped into the bathroom to shower.

Jeff lay back on the bed, and Allison sat down in the chair next to him. She didn't say anything, but she didn't have to. Jeff enjoyed just being this close to her. He smiled and closed his eyes, relaxing in her presence.

When it was his turn to shower, he got up and headed into the bathroom. As usual, he didn't lock the door, in case there was an emergency and Allison had to come in to help him. He stepped into the hot water of the shower and closed his eyes, relaxing in the warm spray.

He was still standing there with his eyes closed when he heard the shower door open. He opened his eyes and

stared in shock at his stepmother, who was climbing into the tub wearing that tiny little bikini that he had seen her in a week ago.

"Allison!" he gasped, though in a whisper. She put a finger to her lips with a sly grin in a gesture of silence, then stepped in next to him until her breasts rubbed against his chest. He shuddered in delight at the touch, then again as his rapidly-hardening cock brushed against her crotch. She put her hands on his shoulder and leaned in to whisper in his ear.

"You slept naked with your little sister last night, didn't you?" she asked.

"What? No!" he denied. "We--"

"Don't lie," Allison giggled. "She had one of your shirts on, and it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. Plus I could hear you two scuffling around as if trying to put on some clothes before I caught you."

"All right. We were naked. You're not going to tell Dad, are you?"

"That depends. Did you have sex with her?"

"No!" he exclaimed. That much at least was true.

"But you wanted to, didn't you?"

"Please, Allison. Leave me alone. I don't want to talk about this."

"Okay, you two can have your little secret. Next time make sure you lock both doors, okay?"

"So you're not going to tell Dad?"

"I don't know... As your stepmother, I should probably report this. But I don't feel very much like a stepmother right now. I think if you're really nice to me, I can keep quiet."

"You're going to blackmail me?" he gasped.

"I just want to spend some quality time with you," she replied, then kissed him on the cheek. "For starters, why don't you let me wash your back?"

"I thought you said we weren't going to do this?"

"I'm a woman. I'm allowed to change my mind," she giggled. "Ever since you got together with Rachael and me last week, I've given up on trying to pretend I don't have feelings for you. I've been looking for an opportunity to get you alone, and now I have it. Brit and Greg are downstairs eating. They'll be there for at least fifteen more minutes. That should give me enough time to get you off."

"Oh god!" he said. "You're serious? But what about your promise?"

"I only promised that I wouldn't let you see me naked," she said. "I never said I wouldn't give you a hand job." She slid one of her hands down his body and grasped his rock-hard dick.

Jeff was in ecstasy. While she had touched him there before, it had always been to supplement the stimulation from another girl, such as Kari or Rachael. Now it was Allison, and Allison alone, who was giving him this pleasure. He couldn't believe it!

"Does Brit ever do this to you?" she asked as she began pumping up and down.

"I... don't..." he stammered.

"Never mind. If you told me, it might spoil the fantasy. Just close your eyes and pretend it's *her* hand that's doing this. Or maybe her mouth," she added with a giggle. "I'll bet Brit would make a great little cocksucker if she had a little training. Maybe now that she's mastered kissing, that can be the next lesson."

Jeff groaned in pleasure. The words were driving him wild. Although he had already felt that sensation, it still aroused him to think about it.

"That's right, Jeff," said Allison. "Imagine your sister's sweet little lips wrapped around your dick. Imagine her bobbing up and down on it. Imagine her beautiful blue eyes staring up at you in adoration as she gives you the ultimate pleasure. Imagine her delight when you show her how good she's making you feel by cumming in her mouth. That's right, Jeff. Cum in your baby sister's mouth. Shoot it down her throat. Let her milk it for all it's worth. You know she wants it."

"Oh god!" he groaned. "I can't... I'm not..."

"Just let your feelings take over," Allison smiled. "Don't worry about the consequences. If it's what you want, then why deny yourself?"

"Please... I..."

He knew he didn't stand a chance, with Allison stroking his cock and thoughts of his sexy little sister running through his head. It was unfair to have this much temptation. How was he supposed to resist? No one would blame him for giving in.

"No!" he shouted, and opened his eyes. He found himself staring up at the ceiling in his bedroom. Allison sat nearby with a surprised look on her face. From the bathroom came the sound of the shower running. He stared around wildly for a second, then realized what had happened. He had fallen asleep, and the whole episode was just a dream.

"Are you all right?" Allison asked.

"Um... yeah," he said, blushing. "Just a nightmare. How long was I asleep?"

"Only about five minutes. What was your dream about?"

"I'd rather not say," he replied.

Allison shrugged. "That's all right. I have dreams sometimes too that I don't like to talk about."

Jeff relaxed. Just a dream. He knew exactly where it came from. It was the last vestiges of guilt that he felt for what he had done to Brit Sunday night. Allison's presence in the dream had merely been a result of her close proximity and him thinking about her when he drifted off to sleep.

He had called it a nightmare, but the truth was that it was one of the more pleasant dreams he had had in a while. The thought of Allison stroking him like that, while saying naughty things about his little sister...

Brit opened the bathroom door a few minutes later, this time fully dressed. She headed across to her own room, and Jeff took her place in the shower.

He was almost disappointed when Allison didn't try to sneak in with him.

Chapter 53

Crystal's Slave

That Saturday, Allen Williams had a faculty meeting at the school all day. Unfortunately for Jeff, on Friday he had another severe headache, so when he asked if he could go visit Kari, his father said no. He thought it was unfair; he hadn't had a headache in almost a week. But Greg could be very stubborn sometimes, and apparently this was one of those times.

Brit was torn between wanting to visit Crystal and wanting to stay home with Jeff. The truth was that she hadn't had time to talk to Crystal in private since that kiss in the shower last weekend. She wanted to know what had gone through Crystal's mind, and if maybe Crystal had certain feelings for her. They had seen each other at school plenty of times, but always with other people around, so there was no time to talk about it. On the other hand, she really wanted to spend as much time as possible with Jeff these past few weeks. She loved being near him, loved sitting by him and laying her head on his shoulder, loved hugging him, loved sitting on his lap.

Jeff helped her make up her mind by insisting that she go have fun; they would have all night together after all. So she asked her father if she could go to the Williams house. At first he was reluctant, having just denied Jeff, but Jeff came to her defense, saying that he didn't mind at all. Greg agreed, so she called Crystal to make the arrangements, and then Allison drove her over and dropped her off.

Crystal greeted her at the door with a hug, then they headed upstairs to Crystal's bedroom. She told Brit that Kari was in her own room working on a term paper for her English class, which finally gave Brit the time she needed alone with her friend.

Unfortunately, now that the two of them were together without anyone around, she found it hard to bring up the subject. She hadn't really thought about what she would say or ask; in fact, she had thought that Crystal would be the one to start the conversation. It was Crystal, after all, who had initiated that kiss, and Brit had half expected her to immediately make a pass at her as soon as they were alone. But Crystal acted as if that kiss had never even happened.

They mostly talked about boys, especially Jeff. Crystal, of course, was more than happy to admit that she was completely infatuated with him, and Brit let that fact set the tone of the conversation. Lately she herself had begun to have some of the same feelings, but she wasn't about to mention it.

Strangely enough, she didn't feel jealous at all. Crystal was her best friend, so she liked to see her happy. If that meant having sex with Jeff, that was all right with Brit. Although she fantasized about him sometimes, she had never really felt a need to have any kind of exclusive relationship with him. Perhaps that was because she had already known that he was sleeping with two girls before she had begun to think about him in any but a sisterly way. Since neither Kari nor Crystal minded sharing him with each other, Brit figured that if she

pursued him, it wouldn't be at the expense of the other girls. Besides, only the fact that Kari wasn't the jealous type gave Brit any chance at all with Jeff, so she wasn't going to push her luck.

Crystal brought up the subject of her birthday the next Saturday, and said her dad had already given her permission to have a slumber party Friday night. She especially wanted Brit to come. Brit accepted immediately.

They joked and teased each other for a few more minutes, then Crystal came up with a suggestion. "I've got a game we can play," she said.

"It's not like the one Kari came up with when the volleyball team was here, is it?" asked Brit. "That was gross."

"So gross that you volunteered," laughed Crystal. Brit grew red. It was true; she *had* volunteered, and even let Crystal bring her to orgasm with her mouth.

"Anyway, that's beside the point," Crystal continued. "This game is a lot simpler. You and I wrestle. Whoever gets pinned has to be the other girl's slave for the rest of the day."

Brit's eyes opened wide for an instant, then she regained control of herself. A shiver ran through her body. If she lost, then Crystal could do anything she wanted to her, and she could imagine the kinds of things Crystal would do. It would be so horrible, so disgusting, so... thrilling. After all, if Crystal ordered her to do it, she would have no choice. She would be completely innocent. And if she happened to take some kind of pleasure from the things Crystal would make her do...

"So what do you say, Brit?" asked Crystal.

"Okay," she grinned.

"Good," said Crystal. "So the rules are--" Suddenly, she pounced on Brit, knocking her to the floor.

"--anything goes," she finished with a grin.

Brit fought back, managing to knock Crystal off of her. The two girls grabbed each other's hands and tried to push each other over. Crystal put her foot behind Brit's to try to trip her, but Brit took a step with her other foot and pushed forward, and suddenly Crystal was the one who toppled over. Brit jumped on top of her, but Crystal squirmed out from underneath her, then wrapped her legs around one of Brit's and tried to turn her over.

Brit managed to keep the advantage until Crystal suddenly grabbed the bottom of Brit's shirt and pulled it up over her tits, exposing her bra. Brit leaped up, trying to pull away as Crystal tried to remove the garment from her.

"That's not fair!" Brit complained.

"I said anything goes," Crystal laughed.

Brit managed to pull her shirt free from the girl's grip, and fortunately Crystal didn't try that again. It had served its purpose, though. Crystal was back on even footing with Brit.

The two girls closed again, and this time Crystal went all out, wrapping her arms around Brit and trying to lift her off her feet. Brit felt herself tumbling over, but she had enough intelligence to realize that her opponent was just as off-balance as she was. Although Crystal was above her, Brit used the momentum of their fall to her advantage. She rolled backward, carrying Crystal with her, and suddenly she ended up on top. She put her full weight on top of the girl, grabbed both of her hands, and pressed down on them.

She had Crystal pinned. All she had to do was count to three, and she would win.

"One," she said.

Crystal suddenly pushed her head up and mashed her lips up against Brit's, kissing her deeply and even using her tongue. It was a trick Brit had expected from the girl, and she was ready for it. All she had to do was hold on and not let it startle her into releasing her grip.

She released her grip.

Why she did that, she didn't know, but she was forced to admit, if only to herself, that it was deliberate. She had *wanted* to let Crystal escape.

Crystal, however, went for the kill. Instead of struggling out of Brit's grasp, she wrapped her arms around her, managed to get one leg up around Brit's, and rolled her over, all while keeping their lips pressed together. Brit suddenly found herself pinned underneath.

She tested her strength, pushing one of her arms up. Yes, she could easily get away. All she had to do was thrust with both of her arms to lift the girl off of her. She was too strong for Crystal to pin.

Instead, she lay there underneath, her arms against the ground and Crystal kissing her passionately. Brit's body began to grow warm as she felt the girl's body on top of her, and she felt chills running down her spine. Now it was just a matter of Crystal counting to three, if she could ever pull her lips away for that long.

What am I doing? thought Brit. *I can easily beat her!* But she lay there in that apparently hopeless position.

"One," Crystal said as she drew back for just an instant, then began to kiss her again. Brit pretended to struggle, but half-heartedly.

"Two," Crystal said again, then bit Brit gently on the lower lip. Brit tensed up, prepared to make one final effort to escape. It was now or never; if she didn't make her move, she would be forced to submit to Crystal's every perverted fantasy.

Now! she thought... and then let herself go limp again.

"Three!" Crystal exclaimed, then climbed up off of her. "I win!"

"Okay, fine," said Brit, sitting up and pretending to wear a disgusted look. "You win. I'm your slave."

"We're going to have so much fun," Crystal said with a wink.

"You're disgusting, Crystal," Brit said, but she couldn't help grinning.

"Exactly," Crystal told her. "But first, call me 'Mistress.'"

"Yes, Mistress," Brit grumbled.

"Come on, let's have a little enthusiasm."

"Yes, Mistress," Brit repeated, this time with a wide grin on her face.

"Much better. Now, if you're going to be a good little slave, you're going to have to wear the right uniform."

"Uniform?" Brit asked. "It's not going to be something humiliating, is it?"

"Of course not," said Crystal. "It's not something you haven't worn before."

"Good."

"In fact, you probably wear it a couple of times a day."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

"I'm serious, Crystal. I mean Mistress."

"So am I. Nothing. That's your uniform."

"What?" Brit exclaimed in shock. "You want me to be naked?"

"Exactly," Crystal grinned. "Your uniform is to wear absolutely nothing. And by the way, I'm going to help you put it on." She stood up and helped Brit to her feet. Then she stepped in close and put her hands around Brit's waist. She took hold of the bottom of Brit's tee-shirt.

"Put your arms up," she said.

"Yes, Mistress." Brit raised her arms above her head. Crystal pulled the shirt up and over, leaving Brit standing there with only her bra covering her tits. Then she stepped in again and reached around back, this time unclasping her bra. She drew it forward and off of Brit's shoulders, letting it fall to the ground, and Brit found herself bare from the waist up.

"Those look so tasty," Crystal grinned.

"Ew!" Brit complained, throwing her arms in front of her chest.

"I didn't say you could cover up, slave," ordered Crystal, and Brit reluctantly lowered her hands to her sides. Crystal reached forward, and Brit realized what she was doing. She felt the girl's hands on her breasts, rubbing and squeezing and kneading them. Brit couldn't believe she was getting felt up by another girl. Worse, she couldn't believe that she was actually enjoying it!

"Yes, I can see I'm going to have lots of fun with these," Crystal commented. "Just think. They're mine to play with all day. What do you think of that, slave?"

Brit found it hard to answer that question, so instead, she replied, "Yes, Mistress."

Crystal wouldn't let it go at that. "That's not the answer I want to hear," she said.

"What do you want to hear, Mistress?"

"I want to hear that you love it when I do this to you."

"I love it when you do this to me," Brit repeated, though still grumbling.

"That's not very convincing," Crystal insisted.

"I love it so much when you do this to me, Mistress," Brit grinned. "I want you to keep doing it to me over and over and over again."

"Now tell me you want me to put my mouth on them."

"Oh, Mistress! I would love for you to put your mouth on them. I want you to kiss them and lick them and suck them and bite them and taste them! Please, Mistress. Please suck on my boobs!"

"Now that's the kind of enthusiasm I like," Crystal grinned. "But that will have to come later. You haven't finished changing into your uniform yet."

Brit sighed. She was going to have to go through with it all the way. Well, she had made her choice when she let Crystal pin her. She put her hands to the front of her pants to unfasten them.

"Hold on, slave," said Crystal. "I'm supposed to do it, not you. Put your hands behind your back."

With a "Yes Mistress," Brit did as instructed. Crystal knelt in front of her and unfastened her pants. She then unzipped her zipper and yanked the pants down to Brit's ankles. Brit stepped out of them.

"I like your panties," Crystal grinned. Brit didn't think there was anything special about her panties; they were simple white cotton, pretty plain after all. But Crystal lifted a hand and touched her between the legs.

She jumped as the contact sent a thrill through her. She was really sensitive there, and apparently Crystal knew it.

"Do you like that, slave?" asked Crystal as she began to rub her through her panties.

"Yes, Mistress," Brit smiled.

"Do you want me to keep doing this?"

"Yes, Mistress."

But Crystal took her hand away, to Brit's disappointment.

"In a minute," said Crystal. "First we have to finish stripping you." She hooked a couple of fingers under the elastic waistband and drew Brit's panties down, exposing her tiny, virgin pussy to view. Crystal grinned when she saw it. "Scrumptious," she said. "Brings back memories, doesn't it?"

"Memories, Mistress?" asked Brit.

"Last week," Crystal explained. "When I ate you out. I knew I had to have you again some time."

Brit blushed. It was true, Brit had allowed her to do that. She was surprised at how good it had felt. Maybe she had some lesbian tendencies after all. Three weeks ago it might have bothered her, but right now she didn't feel disgusted in the least. She even felt eager to feel Crystal's tongue again.

As if sensing her desire, Crystal leaned in and planted a kiss right at the top of the slit.

"Ooh!" Brit exclaimed, her eyes lighting up in pleasure. "Thank you, Mistress!"

Crystal pulled back and giggled. "I think you're enjoying being my slave. Maybe we should make it permanent."

"I'm not enjoying it *that* much!" Brit said.

"Well, we'll just have to see if we can't change your mind by the time we're through. But first, I think a little humiliation is in order."

"Humiliation?" asked Brit, a little nervous about what that could mean.

Crystal went over to a chest in the corner and opened it up. Inside were a bunch of toys, probably left over from her younger days. She rummaged through it, searching for something in particular.

"Here it is!" she exclaimed, pulling out a dog collar with a six-foot chain leash attached.

"You wouldn't dare!" Brit said, her eyes growing wide.

"You wouldn't dare, *what?*" asked Crystal.

"You wouldn't dare, Mistress."

"Oh wouldn't I? I'm not content with having you as my slave. You're going to be my pet."

"You're mean!" Brit accused, but the truth was, she was enjoying this little game of Crystal's. Though a little embarrassing, it was also absolutely hilarious if she could look at it from a detached point of view.

"Yes, my cute little cuddly pet Britney," Crystal continued. "We'll have so much fun together. Maybe I'll take you for a walk around the neighborhood."

"No!" Brit exclaimed in playful horror.

"Now hold still, cute little cuddly Britney," said Crystal, reaching up with the collar. Brit stood there trying to look mad as Crystal fastened it around her neck, but unable to hide a grin or suppress a giggle. Crystal fastened it securely but not too tightly. It was surprisingly comfortable.

"There we go. Just perfect," Crystal smiled. The other end of the leash had a strap to go around her wrist, so she fastened it, linking Brit to her.

"If you're good, I'll let you cuddle with me later. And if you're *really* good, I'll let you sleep in my bed. What do you think of that?"

"Yes, Mistress," Brit replied.

"Good. Now come over here and show me how much you like being my pet."

"What do you mean?"

"How do dogs show affection to their masters?"

"I don't know. How?"

"By licking them, of course," Crystal grinned.

"Licking?" Brit gasped.

"Exactly. We'll start with my face for now. Maybe later we'll move on to other parts of my anatomy."

Brit approached her, still unsuccessfully trying to maintain an angry expression. She put her hands on Crystal's shoulders, leaned in, and quickly licked Crystal on the cheek, then stepped back, frowning in what she hoped looked like disgust.

"Just one lick? Don't you love your mistress any more than that?" Crystal demanded.

Brit stepped in and licked her again, but this time she continued. She started with Crystal's cheek, then moved on to her forehead, the other cheek, her chin, and then the tip of her nose.

"Now my lips," Crystal ordered, and Brit obeyed. She stuck out her tongue and ran it over Crystal's lips several times. Then suddenly Crystal opened her mouth and stuck out her own tongue. Brit took the hint and began using her tongue to toy with Crystal's. It was disgusting, but at the same time, knowing how much pleasure Crystal was receiving from it, strangely erotic.

Crystal wasn't content to leave it at that, though. She reached behind Brit's head and pulled her in closer, and suddenly Brit found herself French-kissing the girl. It was a lot like that time in the shower last week, just as horrifying and just as wonderful. She closed her eyes and abandoned her revulsion, giving in to the sapphic pleasure of the girl's kiss. She knew that before the day was out, Crystal would probably make her complete that journey, so she might as well enjoy it.

In fact, when Crystal pulled away, Brit felt a little disappointment that the kiss wasn't longer. Crystal really was a beautiful girl, and her lips were so luscious and tasty. Brit's experience with kissing was limited, but of the three people she had kissed-- Allison, Jeff, and Crystal-- she enjoyed every one of them. Each of them had been different. With Allison it had been experimental, a little awkward perhaps but still comfortable because of how much she loved and trusted Allison. With Jeff, it was like the whole universe was smiling down on them, pure and wonderful and beautiful. She could feel his love in that kiss, an overwhelming feeling that made her want to melt into him and become a part of him. With Crystal, however, it was both playful and naughty, a girlish secret shared between them, so dirty and yet so fun.

"So far you're being a good little slave," Crystal said.

"Thank you, Mistress," Brit beamed, determined to play the part perfectly.

"I think now it's time to show big sister my new pet. Come along now, little Britney. You know the way."

Brit strode out of the room, followed by her mistress. She headed down the hall to Kari's room.

"Now knock on the door," Crystal told her, and Brit obeyed.

"Come in," she heard Kari say from the other side. Taking a deep breath, Brit reached down, turned the doorknob, and pushed open the door.

Kari was sitting on her bed with one of her textbooks open. She glanced up, then grinned. "Brit!" she exclaimed with delight. "I love your new outfit!" she giggled.

Crystal stepped into the doorway. "I won a bet," she explained. "So now Brit's my slave. And my pet. Isn't she so cute and cuddly?" she asked, wrapping her arms playfully around Brit's neck.

"Oh, she's adorable!" Kari squealed, jumping off her bed and dashing over to throw her arms around Brit, who now found herself squeezed between two sex-crazed girls.

"Can I play with her too?" Kari asked Crystal. "I want to so badly. I want to pet her and scratch her and snuggle with her."

"Sure," she replied. "I like to share my things. I'm nothing if not generous, right slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," Brit replied.

"And you've got her trained so well," Kari said. "I'll bet she'll do everything you say."

"Of course she will, won't you, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"You know," said Kari, "I just had a thought. Even the most obedient pets sometimes get into trouble."

"What do you mean?" asked Crystal.

"I mean, I think we should take extra precautions with such a big and smart pet like this."

"What kinds of precautions?"

"Nothing too strong. I just think she's most likely to get into trouble if her hands are free. Let's tie them behind her back!"

Brit's eyes grew wide. "No!" she exclaimed, though still playfully.

"Great idea," Crystal agreed, ignoring her protest. Kari opened a drawer in her desk and pulled out a spool of nylon cord and a pair of scissors. Crystal told Brit to put her hands behind her back, and Brit obeyed. Kari wrapped the cord around her hands several times, loose enough that it didn't hurt but tight enough that Brit couldn't get away, then cut off the end of the cord and fastened a tight knot. Brit tested it, and realized that she really was helpless.

"Much better," said Kari. "Now she won't be able to cause any problems. So now what are you going to do with her?"

"I think it's time to give my new pet a bath," Crystal grinned. "Won't that be nice, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress," she smiled.

"A bath sounds really nice," commented Kari. "Maybe all three of us should get in the tub."

"Sure," said Crystal. "Brit, undress your mistress."

"What?" asked Brit.

"I can't very well get in the tub with my clothes on, can I? And since you're my slave, you have to see to my needs, such as dressing and undressing me."

"But... I can't. My hands are tied behind my back."

"Then I guess you'll have to use your mouth, won't you?"

Brit grew red. Well, she should have expected something like this from the girl. Crystal unstrapped the leash from her wrist and handed it to Kari.

"Start with my shirt," Crystal told Brit, who had no choice but to obey. Crystal's shirt was a plain, button-down type, so Brit leaned in and took hold of the flap around the top button with her teeth. She squirmed around trying to unfasten it, which resulted in her rubbing her face all over Crystal's chest in the attempt. All the while, Kari stood back and giggled at her efforts.

Eventually the first button came undone. Brit lowered herself to the second button. This time as she worked on freeing the button, she was forced to press her cheek right into one of Crystal's boobs. It was humiliating, but at the same time just a little thrilling. Judging by the smile on Crystal's face, she was obviously enjoying it.

Brit worked her way down her friend's body, unfastening each of the buttons and exposing more and more of Crystal's torso to view. Brit was very aware of the warmth and smell of Crystal's body, being intimately close to her as she finished her chore. Soon, the last button came undone, and Brit found herself on her knees in front of her friend. Crystal made no move to let the shirt fall from her shoulders, so Brit stood up, took the collar in her teeth, and drew it off, letting it fall to the ground, leaving her upper body clothed only in a bra.

"Now my pants," Crystal ordered. Sensing Brit's unvoiced protest, she added, "Just be glad my shoes and socks are already off. I don't think you would enjoy putting your mouth on either one."

Brit obediently knelt in front of her once more, and latched onto the front of her pants with her teeth. This time, she ended up with her nose pressed into Crystal's stomach just below the navel. Crystal giggled at this sensation, enjoying Brit's humiliation.

Brit managed to get the button unfastened, then thrust her mouth inside the flap to reach the zipper. Her teeth closed around it, and she could taste the tangy, metallic flavor. She lowered herself, pulling the zipper down and trying unsuccessfully not to let her nose touch Crystal's panties as she did so. As it turned out, she had to run her nose right down the front of Crystal's crotch in order to get the zipper down.

"You're pretty good at that, slave," said Crystal. "Have you done this before?"

"No, Mistress."

"Then you're a natural at it. Now finish taking my pants off."

This task proved a little awkward, as she had to move around Crystal and pull on the top of her pants in several places to get it off. Eventually, however, the garment fell to the floor around Crystal's ankles. Crystal stepped out of it, fortunately, because Brit would never have been able to get the pants free without help.

"Now my bra," Crystal grinned, and Brit grew even redder than she had been before.

"What's wrong, slave?" asked Crystal. "Don't you want to undress me?"

Brit knew there was only one acceptable answer. "Yes, Mistress," she replied.

"Then get to it. And by the way, it fastens in the front."

Brit gasped. She had hoped to just unfasten it from the back and then pull the straps off from the shoulder. But like this, she would have to shove her face right into her friend's chest.

There was nothing she could do about it. With a nervous giggle, she leaned in and reached for the latch with her teeth. Her nose disappeared inside Crystal's cleavage, and the girl's breasts pressed against her cheeks on both sides.

Then it came loose. Brit hurriedly drew back, then took one of the shoulder straps and pulled it off. The bra came free and fell on the floor.

"So far you're doing a wonderful job," Crystal praised. "Now for the last part."

"You're not really going to make me do that, are you, Crystal?" asked Brit.

"Call me 'Mistress,' slave. And yes, I am."

Brit knelt down once more in front of Crystal. She stared at the girl's panties, mere inches from her face. The bulge of the girl's femininity was outlined clearly. She had a sudden inspiration, and shuffled around to the side, where she would only be touching Crystal's hips.

Crystal wouldn't let her get out of it that easily. "From the front, slave!" she ordered. Resignedly, Brit moved around once more to kneel in front of her friend.

"Do it now," Crystal said, and Brit resignedly took the waistband in her teeth. She pulled down, her nose unavoidably brushing against the girl's swollen clitoris and her slit. Crystal shuddered from the thrill of the contact.

Then finally, the ordeal was over. Brit found herself kneeling in front of a completely naked girl. She started to rise to her feet, but Crystal ordered her to stay there.

"You know, I'm not sure if I'm in the mood for a bath any more," Crystal commented.

"After that whole time getting undressed?" asked Kari.

"Well, I'm not sure I'm all that dirty."

"Except for your mind, but a bath wouldn't help that," Kari teased.

"I wonder how I can find out if I'm dirty enough for a bath?" asked Crystal, and Brit knew she had some kind of perverted idea in mind. "It's not something you can really see, or hear, or feel. It's too bad I can't taste myself. I know!" she suddenly exclaimed with a smile. "I'll have my slave taste me instead!"

"What the *fuck*?" Brit demanded, suddenly forgetting herself.

"What the fuck, *Mistress*," Crystal scolded.

"Okay, what the fuck, Mistress," Brit repeated.

"It's easy," said Crystal. "Just stick out your tongue and lick me. Right there between my legs will do."

"You don't really expect me to..." Brit stammered.

"Do as you're told, slave."

Feeling so completely disgusted and yet at the same time, thrilled at what she was about to do, Brit hesitantly stuck out her tongue and leaned in.

At the first contact, Crystal shuddered in pleasure. Brit was surprised that the act that she thought would be so revolting was actually rather benign. It wasn't like Crystal tasted bad; it was a rather neutral flavor.

"Get in some good licks," her mistress told her. Brit decided that since she was already in this position, she might as well go all the way. She ran her tongue from the base of Crystal's slit all the way to the hard little nub at the top. She licked all around the girl's pussy, actually starting to enjoy the cute little spasms that she was causing in Crystal's body.

"I want a taste," said Kari.

"Wait your turn," Crystal told her. "Slave, stand up."

Brit rose to her feet, mere inches from her mistress's body.

"Now you have to let me see how I taste," said Crystal. "Stick out your tongue."

Brit did so obediently. Crystal leaned in and took Brit's tongue into her mouth, sucking on it. Brit couldn't help giggling at the sensation.

"Well, I don't taste particularly dirty," Crystal said, "but I think I'll still take a bath. Slave, go stand against the wall for a minute."

Brit did as instructed.

"So is it my turn now?" asked Kari, and Crystal nodded.

Kari knelt down in front of her sister, grabbed her by the ass, pulled her in, and thrust her tongue against her pussy. Crystal giggled as her big sister licked her up and down the slit.

Brit watched in fascination at this act of incest going on in front of her. Until recently she had been horrified to even think that things like that even happened, but with her feelings for her own brother and her awakening lesbian tendencies, she was willing to entertain the notion that it wasn't so disgusting after all. In fact, it was downright arousing. Even the word, incest, which had previously been dirty to her now inspired in her only excitement. Was there really anything inherently wrong, after all, with teenage sisters who ate each other out, or a girl who wanted her brother to take her virginity, or a father who had his daughter perform oral sex on him?

Crystal seemed to be enjoying it every bit as much as she had when Brit had done it. The girl closed her eyes and smiled, sighing in pleasure. The sight was extremely erotic.

All too soon it ended. Kari rose once more to her feet, then gave Crystal a long, drawn-out kiss. She stepped back and winked. "Can I borrow your slave to undress me now?" she asked.

"Of course," Crystal replied. "Slave, undress Kari."

Brit approached the older girl. She was a little more nervous about this than she had been with Crystal; after all, Crystal was her best friend and the two of them often played around, though admittedly never like this until today. However, she didn't know Kari quite as well. She was a couple years older, and furthermore, she was dating Brit's brother.

She knew she had to go through with it, though. She knelt down and took the bottom of Kari's tee-shirt in her teeth and pulled upward. Kari helped by kneeling on the ground and raising her hands above her head, and Brit managed to pull the shirt all the way off. She let it fall from her mouth onto the floor.

Kari stood up again. "Now my bra," she said. "Unfortunately, it's not as fun as Crystal's because it fastens in the back." She turned around to give Brit access to it.

Brit leaned in, grasping the fastener in her teeth. This felt even more uncomfortable than it had been with Crystal, because Kari was an older girl and not as good a friend to Brit as Crystal was. It wasn't quite as bad as doing it to a complete stranger, but it did feel a little awkward to have her nose pressed against the girl's back as she tried to unfasten the bra.

Finally it came undone. Brit took the shoulder strap in her teeth and pulled it off. Kari stood before her, completely topless.

It wasn't the first time she had seen the girl's body. The weekend that the volleyball team had come over, Brit

had seen all of it that she cared to. But this was different because the potential was there for something to happen between them. Before the day was through, Brit might even be Kari's lover!

"And now the rest," Kari told her. Brit sighed, then knelt down in front of the girl, who thrust her hips out toward Brit's face. Brit leaned in and began to work at the button in the front of her jeans. It was a little tighter than Crystal's, but she managed to get it unfastened without too much difficulty. She then took the zipper in her teeth and drew it down.

With a little difficulty due to Kari's hips being more curvaceous than her sister's, she managed to pull the jeans down to the ground, where Kari stepped out of them. Brit glanced up at the girl who was smiling down at her.

She took the waistband of her panties in her teeth and pulled downward. Once again, she had to rub her nose right up against the girl's slit in order to get them off. Kari giggled at the contact. Finally, Brit managed to pull them all the way down to the floor.

As Brit began to rise to her feet, Crystal put a firm hand on her shoulder to push her back down. "Stay there," she ordered.

"Yes Mistress," replied Brit.

"Like I said, I like to share my toys," Crystal grinned. "Slave, lick my sister's pussy."

Brit took a deep breath, then leaned in and stuck out her tongue. She pressed it up against Kari's slit, and the girl giggled in delight.

"I think she likes it," Crystal said. "Keep doing that, slave."

Brit continued to lick the older girl. Kari spread her legs to give her better access. At first the girl was nice and tight, but as Brit continued to work on her, she began to loosen up as her clit came into view. Although she had not been told to, Brit immediately began to work on it specifically, knowing how sensitive it was on her own body and assuming it was the same on Kari's.

"Wow!" Kari gasped as Brit licked her. She was getting wet, and Brit began to lap at the juices. Why she did that she didn't know; Crystal hadn't ordered her to after all. But now that she was resigned to having to please the two girls, she figured she might as well get into it. It wasn't anywhere near as disgusting as she had expected. In fact, the smell and taste of the girl, combined with the knowledge that this was so naughty, were actually quite arousing. Brit realized that she was getting wet between her legs herself.

"We'd better stop or I'm going to cum," said Kari. "I never knew little Britney Primdale was such a great little cunt-eater."

"I guess that means it's time for the bath," Crystal said.

They headed into the bathroom, where Crystal, thankfully, untied her hands and removed the dog collar. Brit rubbed her wrists; they had begun to chafe.

"Fill the bath, slave," Crystal ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," Brit replied, then turned on the water in the tub. She waited for it to get warm, then plugged the drain. As she stood back up, Crystal crept up behind her and wrapped her arms around her, groping her breasts. Brit gave a startled squeak at the unexpected contact, but didn't try to get away. She was her slave, after all.

When the water was deep enough, Crystal ordered her to turn it off, and she complied. Crystal climbed in first, sitting down and spreading her legs.

"Come sit in my lap," she told Brit, who stepped into the tub, then turned away from Crystal and began to sit down.

"Facing me."

Brit turned around, a little nervous but also excited. So here it was. Crystal was going to continue what she had begun in the shower last week. Brit sat down facing her friend, and at Crystal's instructions, put her legs up over Crystal's so that she was straddling her lap. Crystal's arms reached around Brit's back, drawing her in until their chests touched.

Once again Brit felt that tingle from the contact of their nipples together. It wasn't necessarily from the physical sensation, but from the knowledge of just how dirty, and yet how sexy, it really was. Her own nipples were starting to get hard, and she could feel Crystal's doing the same.

Kari then joined them, sitting behind Brit and spreading her legs out alongside them. She also moved in tight, trapping Brit tightly between their bodies. Kari's hands slipped between the two younger girls and moved right up under Brit's breasts, fondling and teasing them. It actually felt pretty good, especially with Crystal hugging her. She felt surprisingly relaxed considering the situation, although admittedly part of that was from the warmth of the bath.

Crystal leaned in and kissed Brit again, and this time she just let it happen, not trying to analyze it or worry about why her friend was doing it. By this point it was pretty obvious that the girl was trying to seduce her, and Brit realized she *wanted* to be seduced. She was just learning about the world of sex; first with her big brother Jeff and second with her best friend. Both of them were such wonderful people that she couldn't ask for a better way to be introduced to it. In some ways she still felt like a little girl, but she also wanted to explore these new feelings, these grown-up feelings, and she wanted it to be with people she trusted.

Brit put her own arms around Crystal's back and pulled her in even more tightly, kissing her friend back with passion. It was far too late to harbor any reservations about lesbian sex; she just wanted to touch and feel and rub and kiss her best friend. She wanted to experience her first orgasm at another's hand. She wanted to be someone's lover.

She could feel Kari's lips on her neck and shoulders, and remembered that the older girl was just as much a part of this intimate moment as the younger two. It felt surprisingly comfortable, considering that Kari was the girlfriend of the boy that Brit most wanted to make love to. But maybe that was part of it; she felt closer to Kari *because of* her relationship to Jeff, not in spite of it.

Crystal finally came up for air, and Brit leaned her head back and sighed. Crystal began to kiss her all over her face and neck as Kari worked on her from behind. Brit licked her lips, savoring the lingering taste of her friend there.

"Can I take a turn now?" asked Kari.

"Sure," Crystal smiled. "Slave, turn around."

That proved a little more difficult to do than to say, so Brit ended up having to stand completely up to do it. Both of the Williams girls gazed lustily at her body as she did so. She sat back down, facing Kari this time.

She knew what was coming, and wondered if it would be horrible or pleasant. With Crystal, it was just two girls experimenting. But Kari was older, and furthermore, she was Brit's brother's girlfriend. To have her up against her back was one thing, but to turn around and expose the front of her body to the older girl was something completely different.

The first thing Kari did was reach out and fondle her boobs. Brit didn't say anything, just letting the girl touch her like that. She didn't know how she felt about it; she was getting used to the sensation by now, so it neither disgusted nor aroused her.

Then Kari leaned in and wrapped her arms around her, pressing their bodies together and lowering her head for a kiss. Brit accepted it, even admitting Kari's tongue into her mouth. It was a lot like kissing Crystal; playful and naughty. Maybe the difference in their ages wasn't all that great after all; Kari was still a girl, and still liked to play around.

Kari's boobs were a little bigger than Crystal's, so it felt a little different to be touching her like this. She didn't know whether she liked the feel of Crystal's petite figure or Kari's more developed one. They both had their strong points.

Crystal slipped one of her hands around Brit's waist and slid it down between her legs. Brit gave a startled yelp, causing both girls to giggle. Then the pleasure of the contact overcame her, and she sighed, even spreading her legs wider to give her better access. Kari continued to kiss her as Crystal rubbed her cunt. It was the first time she had ever felt anyone's hand on her bare pussy but her own, and it felt ten times more thrilling. She knew that if Crystal kept it up, she would soon have an orgasm right here in the tub.

Unfortunately, the girl cut off after a few minutes. "The water's starting to get cold," she said. "Maybe it's time to get out."

"Maybe you're right," Kari agreed reluctantly. "I hope that doesn't mean the fun's over."

"Of course not," Crystal grinned. "In fact, now it's time for the *really* fun part," Crystal grinned.

"The really fun part, Mistress?" asked Brit.

"Yes. The part where you become a full-blown lesbian. The three of us are going to have wild and kinky girl-on-girl sex."

Chapter 54

Brit's Lovers

The three girls dried themselves off, then headed across to Crystal's room. Brit shuddered with anticipation, knowing what awaited her. She knew Crystal wouldn't do anything to her that Brit didn't want; if she protested enough Crystal would undoubtedly call off the game rather than risk their friendship. That was why Brit decided to keep going along with it. She knew she could quit at any time.

But these newly awakening feelings inside of her wanted to continue, wanted to explore this new world, with Crystal there to lead her along the way. It was the safest way to experience this change in herself. If she didn't like it, she could at least rationalize that she had no choice in the matter, that she had to obey Crystal's commands. But if she *did* like it, it could turn out to be a wonderful experience.

"Lie down on the bed, slave," Crystal ordered, and Brit meekly complied. She couldn't keep the grin off of her face as she did so, slightly embarrassed but also incredibly aroused by what was coming up.

Kari handed something to Crystal, who immediately held it up with a grin. It was the spool of nylon cord that they had used on her before the bath. Brit knew what that meant; the three of them were going to do a little bondage, and she would be the victim.

If Crystal expected a reaction out of her slave, she was in for a disappointment. It wasn't the first time Brit had been tied to a bed before. Jeff used to do it to her all the time. In the last few years he had stopped doing it, but it seemed like he had done it about every other week when they were younger and he was so much bigger than her.

"Now spread your arms and legs," Crystal demanded. Brit did so, obediently pointing all four of her limbs toward the bedposts. It was such a naughty position, an openness that suggested an invitation to explore her body.

Kari grabbed a pair of scissors from a pencil holder on Crystal's desk and cut four lengths of cord from the spool. Then the two sisters set to work binding their little captive. Brit giggled as they did so, unable to hide the fact that she enjoyed this game every bit as much as her captors did.

Once she was securely fastened, Crystal climbed onto the bed and lay down next to her. She leaned over and kissed Brit deeply on the lips, pressing her tongue inside her mouth. Brit closed her eyes and accepted it, really starting to enjoy herself.

Crystal pulled back, to Brit's disappointment. "You have the most luscious lips in the whole world," said Crystal. "They're just made for kissing. It's almost a shame to have to cover them up."

"Cover them up, Mistress?" asked Brit.

Crystal hopped off the bed and grabbed a large handkerchief from her dresser. "I'm afraid we're going to have to gag you," she said.

That was something Jeff had never done. Despite being horrible to her sometimes, he had drawn the line at covering her mouth and thereby taking away her ability to tell him to stop. Even back in the days when he used to torment her, he had at least made sure she had a way out.

The thought of being completely helpless and at the mercy of her friends, rather than frightening her, only served to heighten her arousal. For some reason that even she couldn't fully explain, she *wanted* to feel helpless. It was an ironic kind of freedom, to be able to let go of all of her guilt and know that everything that happened to her was not her fault. Only by surrendering herself completely to the whims of her captors could she allow herself to enjoy it without hesitation, because it would not be her who was causing it to happen, but someone else.

Crystal gagged her with a handkerchief that she retrieved from a drawer in the dresser, lifting her head long enough to tie a knot in the back. She asked if Brit was okay, and Brit nodded.

"She looks so cute all tied up like that," said Kari. "Maybe we should get out some toys to use on her."

"I don't think we have any of *that* kind of toy in the house," Crystal giggled.

"No, but I know of something just as good. I'll be back in a minute."

Kari slipped out the door, leaving the two younger girls alone together. Crystal climbed onto the bed again, this time reaching out and running her finger lightly over Brit's stomach, just under the ribs. Brit squealed and laughed; it tickled like crazy! Her wide open position seemed to enhance the sensation.

Kari returned a moment later with her hands behind her back and a mischievous grin on her face. "I've got something we can play with," she said.

"What is it?" asked Crystal with excitement.

Kari held out a cucumber that she had taken from the refrigerator. It was a small one, not much bigger around than Jeff's cock. Brit's eyes grew wide as she realized what they were going to do with it.

"Ooh!" Crystal squealed with anticipation, a broad grin on her face.

"You like that, don't you, little sister?" Kari grinned.

"I sure do."

Kari opened her mouth and licked the cucumber from one end to another. Then she slid it into her mouth, taking it to the back of her throat. She held it there for a second, then withdrew it.

"Jeff loves it when I do that to his cucumber," she grinned. "But I think this would be of much better use on our slave, wouldn't it?"

Brit shook her head, unable to speak through the gag.

"Don't worry," Crystal told her. "I'll warm you up first. And once it's inside, you'll thank us." She leaned down and began to lick Brit all over her thirteen-year-old cunt.

Brit gasped at the contact. Crystal certainly knew how to use her mouth! Despite her squeamishness at the thought of being pleasured by a girl and the anticipation of the cucumber inside of her, she couldn't help but get aroused. The girls' hands on her earlier had already done much to awaken her sexuality, and Crystal's tongue took it to the next level. She felt her body squirming reflexively, rising to meet her friend's mouth, and an involuntary groan escaped her lips.

"See? I knew you would like it," Crystal grinned, taking a momentary break from her ministrations. Then she lowered her mouth once again.

When Crystal spread her puffy outer lips with her fingers, Brit gasped. She was still learning about masturbation, still just rubbing herself, sometimes to orgasm. After that first time on Jeff's lap, she found it came much more naturally. This feeling was something new. Crystal was pulling her apart, opening her up to expose parts of her to the pleasure that she hadn't thought much about before. When the girl leaned down and actually stuck her tongue inside, Brit nearly lost it. It was the most exquisite feeling in the world.

Was this the same feeling as having a cock stuck inside of her? No, she realized that Crystal's tongue couldn't penetrate her nearly as deep, which meant real sex would be deeper and probably more intense. If so, she couldn't wait until her brother finally got around to having sex with her.

She let out a long, loud groan at that thought. Crystal giggled. "See, Brit?" she asked. "Remember what I told you about getting loosened up for the fucking? Whether you want to or not, your body's getting ready for it. I could go on like this forever, but I don't want you to cum until you've got that thing buried to the hilt inside of you."

"My turn," Kari said, then lay down next to Brit. She took a few licks at her clit, causing her to shudder, then brought the cucumber up and began to rub it against the slit. Brit continued to groan, especially as the bumps on the vegetable rubbed against her clitoris. That little extra stimulation was enough to shoot the pleasure up several degrees. By now she was groaning in ecstasy, waiting in eager anticipation for the needed release.

"Here comes the fun part," Kari grinned. She lowered the cucumber until the tip just touched the entrance to Britney's slit. Crystal reached up again and spread her lips.

Brit suddenly realized what was about to happen. She had been so caught up in the pleasure while Crystal and Kari had pleasured her that she had forgotten about the cucumber, but here it was again. But no! She couldn't let it happen! Jeff was supposed to be the first one to enter her like that!

As Kari pressed the end against her opening, she realized with horror that there was nothing she could do to stop it. She was bound and helpless, and couldn't even beg them not to do it. The thought that she was about to lose her virginity like that was too much for her, and she broke down into tears.

"Kari, wait!" Crystal suddenly exclaimed. Her big sister stopped, and both girls stared at the tears running down Brit's face. Kari withdrew the vegetable, and Crystal hurried and untied the gag, her own face reflecting worry and fear.

"Please..." Brit sobbed. "I don't want to lose my virginity that way."

"Oh my god," Kari gasped. "I'm so sorry, Brit. I didn't mean... I just wasn't thinking."

Crystal lay down next to Brit and kissed her on the cheek. "Do you want to stop now?" she asked. "Maybe we should end this game. You don't have to be my slave any more."

Brit turned her head to look at her friend. Her heart pounded in her chest and her breaths came in sobs, but now that the danger had passed, her panic was subsiding. Crystal was so sweet, coming to her rescue like that. And even the look on Kari's face showed how sorry she was that it had almost gotten out of hand.

"It's okay," Brit sighed. "We can keep playing. Just don't put anything inside me. And don't put the gag back on me."

Kari lay down on her opposite side. "You're a brave girl, Brit," she said tenderly, reaching up to stroke her cheek and wipe away the tears. "It's really all right if we continue?"

Brit nodded, even managing a smile on her face.

"Tell you what," Crystal suggested. "Let's let you rest for a minute. Kari, I don't mind if you shove it up inside *me*."

"All in good time," grinned Kari. "Weren't you paying attention to your own lecture? You need to get loosened up first. I wonder what would be the best way."

Crystal glanced down at her friend. "Brit," she said. "You know what I'm going to ask you, but I won't do anything that you don't want. Are you up for it?"

Brit smiled. "Yes, Mistress," she said.

That was all the encouragement Crystal needed; they were completely back in the game again. "Okay, slave," she said. "It's time to service your mistress." She raised her body up over Brit's, moving forward on the bed until her chest was level with Brit's head.

"Open your mouth," Crystal told her. Brit did so obediently. Crystal lowered her chest, aiming one of her tits directly at Brit's mouth. Brit realized what she was about to do, but rather than disgusting her, it thrilled her.

Crystal's breast touched her lips, the nipple slipping inside.

"Now suck!" Crystal ordered.

Brit closed her mouth around the nipple and began to suck on it. It was the first time she had ever had a girl's boob in her mouth, unless one counted breastfeeding as a baby. The nipple was already hard from previous stimulation, which for some reason, Brit found incredibly arousing.

This is it, Brit thought. *I'm now a lesbian.* That thought would have filled her with horror or disgust only a few short weeks ago, but now it felt so wonderful. She wondered how long Crystal had been fantasizing about this moment. How long had she wanted to seduce her? Maybe since that camping trip, maybe before. Maybe Crystal had been planning it ever since the two girls had met.

She loved the feel of the nipple moving around in her mouth as she sucked on it and teased it with her tongue. She loved the little shudders running through Crystal's body, and knowing that they were from pleasure that Brit was giving to her. She wanted to take that pleasure to the extreme, to make Crystal scream in ecstasy. What a delight that would be!

Crystal moved her body to the side and the nipple slipped out of Brit's mouth. But immediately the other one came into reach, and Brit eagerly sucked it into her mouth.

"Look at that!" Kari grinned. "I think she's enjoying this as much as you are, Crystal."

Brit realized it was true. It thrilled her to be doing this to a girl, especially one she cared about as much as Crystal. They had been the best of friends, and now they were taking that friendship to new heights. Right now, all that Brit wanted in the whole world was to make Crystal feel good.

Her eyes happened to glance up at Crystal's face, and she saw the look of pleasure there. For a moment their eyes met, and Crystal gave her a loving smile. Brit smiled back, showing how much she enjoyed making her friend feel good.

She couldn't get enough of the girl's pussy. It was strange to think that only a few short weeks ago, she had never even heard of this kind of pleasure, and now she was engaging in it and loving every minute of it. She could go on like this forever, just licking and nibbling and teasing.

She felt a new sensation between her legs, and for a second she panicked as she thought it was the cucumber again. But she realized with relief and excitement that it was actually Kari's mouth. She groaned as the girl began to pleasure her in the same way Brit was pleasuring Crystal.

She loved the feeling of Kari's tongue on her most sensitive spots. She had only experienced it once, last week with Crystal. Ever since then, she had been thinking about it, thinking about Crystal doing it to her again. She had even played with herself in the shower one morning with that thought in mind. When she came, she had nearly collapsed in the tub.

"Oh god!" Crystal groaned. "Brit, that feels so good! But I'm not going to last much longer, and I want to feel that cucumber inside of me first."

She climbed off of Brit, then lay down beside her and spread her legs. Kari discontinued her ministrations to Brit's cunt, to her disappointment. The older girl brought the vegetable up and began to rub it along the outside of Crystal's pussy.

"No need for that," Crystal said. "Just shove it in. Brit, you'll want to see this. Maybe you'll change your mind and want a chance too."

Kari placed the end of the vegetable against Crystal's opening, then ever so gently pressed it in. Crystal sucked in her breath as her lips spread to accommodate it. Brit watched in fascination as first just the tip, then more and more of it disappeared inside her friend. She found the sight extremely arousing, and not for the first nor for the last time wondered what it would feel like to be penetrated like that.

Several inches had entered Crystal when Kari began to pull it back, then thrust it in again. Crystal began to moan in pleasure, her eyes closed and her mouth open in a wide smile. The gleam in Kari's eye told Brit that she enjoyed stimulating her little sister like that. She leaned down and began to tongue the girl's clit.

Crystal's moans increased in volume and pitch then, and Brit recognized those sounds. They were the same sounds she had made when Kari and the other girls had tongued her to orgasm last week. It meant she was near her climax.

That was something Brit had seen several times already, but it sent chills through her body every time. Not only did it remind her of the pleasure her own body was capable of, but there was something so sexy about seeing a girl as beautiful as Crystal screaming in the throes of ecstasy.

She knew the exact moment when Crystal reached her peak, because the girl suddenly froze up, her body trembling and only a hoarse cry escaped her lips as her tenseness kept her from making any other sound. Kari jammed the cucumber inside of her as far as she could without hurting her, no doubt intensifying the orgasm.

It lasted about ten seconds, then Crystal's body went limp. She let out one last, shuddering sigh, then lay there panting with that smile still on her face.

Kari carefully withdrew the cucumber, then held it up to show Brit the moisture covering it. She winked, then licked it from one end to the other. "Delicious," she said.

"Oh my god!" Brit gasped, and Kari giggled.

Crystal rolled over, pressing her body up against Brit's. "I'm going to give you a treat," she said. "Kari may get my juices second-hand, but you get them right from the source." She once again rose up along Brit's body, then straddled her face. "Lick, slave," she commanded.

"Oh yes, Mistress!" Brit exclaimed eagerly. She stuck out her tongue and began to lap up the moisture all

along her friend's slit. She shoved her tongue inside to make sure she didn't miss any. It was exciting and exhilarating to be doing this. Even earlier today she would have found the idea revolting, but now she was too far gone to have any feelings of uneasiness. She wanted nothing more than to taste her best friend's girl-cum.

After a few minutes, Crystal removed herself and lay down once again next to Brit. "So do you want to try the cucumber?"

"No!" Brit exclaimed hurriedly.

"It's all right," she soothed. "I was just asking. We won't do it unless you want us to."

"On the other hand, we can do anything to the outside that we want," Kari grinned. She lowered her head again and began to tease Brit's cunt.

"No fair!" Crystal said. "I want some too."

Kari moved over to give her little sister room. Crystal climbed off the bed and positioned herself next to her big sister, then the two of them set to work stimulating Brit.

The girls' tongues between her legs were driving Brit wild. Her body squirmed unconsciously as several mini-orgasms wracked her. She realized she loved the feeling, and loved the fact that it came from her best friend and her best friend's sister.

After several minutes, Kari lifted her head up and grinned at Brit. "Looks like your slave's having all the fun," she commented. "Mind if I borrow her mouth for a bit?"

"Go ahead," Crystal grinned.

Kari moved up and straddled Brit's head. Brit was in ecstasy. To pleasure Crystal was one thing, but this was Kari, the girl her brother had been lusting after for years. She represented all of Jeff's fantasies, and now Brit herself was about to partake of those fantasies.

She stuck out her tongue and touched it to the girl's clit, sending a shudder through Kari's body. Brit took that as a sign of encouragement and continued to tease the girl's pussy with her tongue. Kari gasped with each contact, her body squirming in the same way that Brit's did from Crystal's ministrations.

In her excitement, Brit realized something astonishing. She loved eating pussy! If that made her a lesbian, then she was without a doubt a lesbian now. The thought thrilled her; it was so nasty, so forbidden, so erotic. That was especially true since Jeff had admitted to liking lesbians, and she so wanted to please him.

In her fantasies, she imagined herself going down on Crystal while Jeff and Kari had sex in the other room. Then Jeff would get curious and come to see what his little sister was up to. Upon spying them together, he would come up behind her and slip his cock deep inside her cunt.

Kari cried out, and Brit felt a sudden rush of moisture between the girl's legs, which she eagerly gulped down. She felt so thrilled to know that she had given Kari an orgasm! It made her feel a kind of closeness to Jeff because it was now something they shared.

Exhausted, Kari lay down on the bed next to Brit. She lay there panting, a smile of bliss on her face, and Brit felt overjoyed to know that she was the one to put that smile there. She stared at Kari's breasts, rising and falling with the deep breaths she took. That sight for some reason turned Brit on even more.

"So are you done?" Crystal asked her big sister, ceasing her work on Brit's pussy. Brit groaned in frustration, but Crystal merely giggled, enjoying tormenting her friend like that.

"She's all yours," Kari replied.

Crystal eagerly climbed up along the bed and returned to her previous position over Brit's face. Brit wasted no time, but stuck her tongue out and lapped at her friend's cunt. She alternated between licking her slit from top to bottom, and focusing exclusively on the clitoris. Crystal found both exciting, judging by the cute little moans she was making.

Kari watched them for a few minutes, then reached out and fondled Brit's boobs. Brit enjoyed that a lot; she was almost as sensitive there as between her legs. Sometimes when she played with herself, she could bring herself off just by rubbing her nipples.

Brit continued to tongue her friend, sometimes sticking it right inside. She found that it wasn't at all disgusting; it was warm and damp, but Crystal tasted so good. Just knowing she was giving pleasure to her friend was its own reward.

Although Brit hadn't really gotten off yet, aside from those small orgasms that didn't really count, she felt satisfied as long as she could bring her friend to climax.

That climax came soon. Crystal literally screamed as she hit her peak, and Brit drove her tongue deep inside to maximize the girl's pleasure. She sucked out all of the pussy juices she could, reveling in the taste of her best friend's orgasm.

Eventually Crystal climbed off of her and lay down on Brit's other side, opposite Kari. She yawned, then smiled at Brit, reaching out with a hand and stroking her cheek.

The three girls lay there for a few minutes, two of them tired after their orgasms and the third just happy to have given it to them. Kari was still teasing Brit's breasts, keeping her arousal up. Crystal, however, just tenderly caressed her friend.

"Kari," said Crystal after a few minutes. "Do you mind if I spend a few minutes alone with Brit?"

"Not at all," her sister replied. "I've got a few things to finish up in my room anyway." She rolled off the bed onto her feet, then headed for the door. "Have fun," she winked before ducking outside and closing it behind

her.

Brit watched her go with a touch of sadness; she really liked the girl, especially after what had gone on between them. But she still had her friend to keep her company.

Crystal climbed on top of her, and Brit realized she loved the feeling of the girl's body next to her. When Crystal began to kiss her, she simply let it happen, surprised that she didn't find it at all disgusting. Ever since that kiss in the shower, Brit had wanted to do it again. It was amazing how good it felt.

"I'll tell you a secret," said Crystal, then turned her head to the side and brought her cheek next to Brit's so she could whisper in her ear. Brit listened intently.

"I'm in love with you, Brit," Crystal whispered.

Brit's eyes opened wide as Crystal drew back and stared at her as if seeking approval.

"Oh my god, really Mistress?" asked Brit.

"I'm tired of being called that. I want to hear you use my name; it sounds so beautiful in your voice. And yes, it's the absolute truth."

"Crystal," said Brit. "I don't know what to say. You're one of the most wonderful people in the whole world, and I can't believe how lucky I am to have you as a friend."

"Just a friend?" asked Crystal with a disappointed look in her eyes.

"You have to understand that I just found out about lesbians a couple of weeks ago. I thought it was horrible at first. So the idea still scares me a little."

"You don't have to be scared with me," Crystal told her.

"I know. But I just want you to understand that that's holding me back. That and..."

"You're in love with someone else," Crystal nodded.

"I'm sorry, Crystal," said Brit. "I think I'm falling in love with you too. It's just that I don't know what I want right now. I know eventually I'm going to have to make a choice between you and... I'm sorry."

"It's okay, Brit. I just want you to be happy. I want you to feel good."

"I know, and I appreciate it."

"Is it all right if I make you feel good right now?" asked Crystal hopefully.

"I was hoping you would ask me that," Brit grinned.

"Do you want me to untie you?"

Brit grinned, then shook her head. The bondage play was all a part of the thrill.

Crystal kissed her on the neck then, working her lips all over and bringing Brit back to a state of high arousal. Her hands worked over Brit's chest, picking up where Kari had left off. Brit simply relaxed and let it all happen. With her arms and legs still tied, she couldn't do much of anything anyway, so she merely enjoyed the feeling of her friend's lips, hands, and body all over her.

Crystal moved her head lower, kissing Brit's shoulders and upper chest. Brit loved the sensation, especially the anticipation of what was coming up.

She was not disappointed. A few minutes later, Crystal lowered even more, kissing her way directly toward one of Brit's nipples. When she reached it and sucked it into her mouth, Brit cried out from the pleasure. Even just this touch from her friend's mouth was enough to send her over the edge into another series of orgasms. Crystal giggled, sensing the pleasure she was causing Brit.

For the longest time, Brit had fantasized about someone sucking on her nipples. She was so sensitive there, she had known it would drive her wild. The reality was every bit as pleasurable as she had imagined.

Crystal worked over the nipple for a while, then moved on to the other to give it the same treatment. Brit was lost now in the thrill, unable to think clearly and not wanting to. She only wanted to feel the intense pleasure that her best friend was giving her.

While Crystal worked over her tits with her mouth, she slid her hand down Brit's body and toyed with her cunt. She rubbed it and squeezed the clit, causing Brit to shudder. She spread the lips and let her finger push right up against her hymen, and Brit tensed up for a moment; she had never felt anything go that deep inside her before, but Crystal knew enough to back off before breaking her cherry. Brit was saving that for her big brother.

She finger-fucked Brit for several minutes while she devoured her tits with her mouth. Brit was in such a state of arousal now that the orgasms blurred together. It seemed that she barely had time to cross over the peak of one before the next one started to build. She had never felt this way, even when she played with her own body. It took someone she loved dearly, plus the thought of just how naughty this was, to excite her this much.

Crystal finally removed her lips from Brit's nipples and continued down her body. Brit knew what was coming up, and just the anticipation caused her to cry out in ecstasy. Crystal wasted no time, but kissed her straight down the chest and abdomen until she reached her destination.

Brit was already as spread out as possible, but she nevertheless tried to open herself up even more. Crystal, sensing her eagerness, lowered her head and thrust out her tongue. Brit couldn't stifle her moans and screams as her friend toyed with her clit and pussy, running her tongue all over and driving Brit into a frenzy. Her body shook and squirmed against the bonds, and for a minute she feared she was going to break the ropes

that held her tight.

Crystal showed her no mercy, but attacked her with vigor and enthusiasm. She thrust deep inside, almost to the point where her finger had penetrated. It was as if Crystal wanted to take her friend's virginity with her tongue, impossible as that was.

In the end, the pleasure was too much for Brit, and she even passed out momentarily. She awoke to the sight of Crystal's concerned face gazing down at her. For a few seconds she couldn't remember where she was or why she was here, then the preceding events all came back to her, and she smiled up at her best friend.

As soon as Crystal saw that Brit was all right, she set to the task of untying her. The knots had tightened slightly in Brit's struggles, and threatened to cut off her circulation. Brit was exhausted, and even after being freed from the ropes, she kept her arms and legs spread out, too tired to even move them.

Later, the two girls lay together in bed, curled up in each other's arms. Brit felt so wonderful to have a best friend like Crystal, one who was willing to get intimate with her. All her fear of becoming a lesbian had disappeared completely; she didn't mind having sex with other girls at all when it was with someone like Crystal.

Crystal leaned over and kissed her on the lips. "I love you, Brit," she whispered.

Brit smiled. "I love you too, Crystal."

"Was that the first time you've had sex?"

"Except for that time last week when all the girls were watching," Brit replied.

Crystal kissed her again. "I forgot about that," she said. "But that's good, because that was me too. I'm so glad I got to be your first."

"I am too," smiled Brit.

"This puts you in a strange situation, you know," Crystal laughed. "You're sort of a half-virgin now."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, physically you still have your virginity, since we spared you from that cucumber. But you've still had sex. I'd say you should find yourself a man to take you the rest of the way, but I'd be jealous if you did. Unless you found one you didn't mind sharing with me, one who was gentle and kind and sexy. Like your brother Jeff, for instance."

Did she know? Brit wondered how much Crystal suspected her feelings for her brother. She had never come right out and told her best friend about it, but admittedly Brit had acted more like a devoted lover than a sister

toward Jeff lately, even in the girl's presence.

"Um... Crystal?" she said hesitantly.

Kari knocked on the door and opened it. She had gotten dressed, apparently reluctant to go around naked now that the fun was over.

"You two are so adorable," she grinned.

Crystal threw her arms around Brit and hugged her tightly. "Brit's my new teddy bear," she giggled.

"Great, now I've been your slave, your pet *and* your teddy bear," Brit said, laughing.

"I'll be your teddy bear too if you want," Crystal told her.

"It's a deal."

Kari came over and sat down on the bed beside them. She put her hand out and smoothed Brit's hair back. "So does this mean you're not going to try to steal my boyfriend any more?" she asked.

"What?" Brit gasped. "But your boyfriend's my brother Jeff!"

"Exactly. I don't blame you for being in love with him. You probably love him for all the same reasons I do."

"But I'm not--"

"Brit, it's no use hiding your feelings. After last weekend, I think it was pretty obvious."

Brit looked up at her with fear in her eyes. So Kari knew! And that meant that she would try to reclaim Jeff. Maybe she would let the secret out.

Brit suddenly broke down into tears. "I'm sorry!" she sobbed. "Please don't tell him!"

Crystal hugged her again. "Kari, you're mean! This is the second time you made my new girlfriend cry."

"Oh, Brit, please don't do that," Kari told her, lying down beside her and hugging her as well. "I'm not mad at you. And I won't reveal your secret to anyone. What kind of a horrible person would I be if I did that?"

"Really?" asked Brit. "You're not mad?"

"I'm not mad. I just want to know if you intend to pursue him."

"Well... I..." Brit couldn't think of anything to tell Kari, partly because she didn't know the answer herself. Now that Crystal had confessed her love for her, Brit felt a new closeness to her best friend, maybe even love. But she also loved Jeff, and wanted to be with him too.

"I guess that means you're not willing to give him up," said Kari. "Not that I blame you, of course."

"Kari, I don't want to be your enemy, but I can't... I mean..."

"It's okay, Britney. Since we're both in love with the same man, there are two ways we can handle this. The first way is to be competitive and try to claim him for ourselves. That's a battle I'm sure you would win."

Brit's eyes lit up. "You think I would win? But you're his girlfriend!"

"And you're his sister. He's loved you for a lot longer than he's loved me, and more deeply too. So since I have no chance against you, I'd rather share him."

"Share him?"

"Can I make a confession? I schemed with Crystal to get you in a position where I could seduce you today. She told me she had a crush on you, and when she kissed you, you seemed to like it, so I figured with my little sister's wiles you were sure to become her girlfriend in no time. She agreed to let me... er... sample you... so that I could see if I could get used to the idea of making a threesome with your brother."

"Foursome," Crystal corrected. "I'm not going to let Brit be anyone else's girlfriend unless I get to join in. Besides, Jeff's the sexiest boy I've ever met."

Brit stared at Kari, her eyes wide with astonishment. In a way, it was absolutely perfect; she knew that eventually she would have to find a way to reconcile her feelings for Jeff with her feelings for Crystal, and suddenly here was a great opportunity. As a bonus, she would get Kari as well, a very beautiful and charming girl.

"So what do you think?" asked Kari. "Should we all get together with your brother?"

"But what if he's unwilling?" Brit asked. "I don't know if he would ever consider... getting involved with me."

"I don't think a day goes by when he doesn't consider it," Kari said. "It's not that he doesn't want to. I'm sure you know just as much as I do that he's a complete gentleman."

"He has been for the past couple of weeks, at least," said Brit. "Before that, I couldn't stand him."

"I know. It's funny how it changed all of a sudden. But anyway, he just needs a little time to get used to the idea."

"So you think he really does want to make love to me?"

"Absolutely. I'll tell you a secret. The first time I tried to sleep with him, I panicked and couldn't go through with it. Jeff was okay with that; he just held me in his arms instead. Even though I'm sure he wanted to have sex, he refrained because he didn't want to hurt me. I'm sure it's the same with you."

"He thinks he would hurt me?"

"He thinks it would be emotionally damaging to you, and that's what's holding him back. Jeff loves you too much to do anything that could harm you in any way. He just doesn't realize that it would be the best thing in the world for you, or he wouldn't hesitate another second."

Brit smiled. It made sense. She had been trying to figure out why he had rejected all (or at least most) of her advances so far, when she knew he really cared for her. Kari's explanation seemed to fit.

"Thanks Kari," she smiled. "I love Crystal and I love Jeff and I want to be with both of them. And you're so sweet I'm sure I'll learn to love you too."

Kari blushed, but she had a smile on her face. Brit turned over and hugged her.

"Let's do it," she said. "Let's share Jeff between us."

Chapter 55

Crashing the Party

Brit, Crystal, and Kari had some decisions to make. After playtime was over, they sat on the couch in the front room, discussing what the future had in store for them.

The first and foremost thing on their mind was the status of Brit's and Crystal's relationship, or more accurately, how much of it they were willing to admit openly. Crystal was all for announcing to the whole world that the two of them were lesbian lovers, but Brit knew that that would have some serious consequences. One of the biggest things on her mind was what her father's reaction would be. She wanted to be brave for her girlfriend's sake, but she also knew that he was liable to overreact. In all honesty, he would probably pull her out of school and enroll her in a private school where she would never see Crystal again.

In the end, they decided to keep their love secret, not out of shame but out of fear of the consequences of making it public.

With that out of the way, they got down to the business of how to get Brit to seduce Jeff.

"I've got an idea," Crystal suggested. "Admit to him that you're in love with me."

"What? But I can't do that to him!" said Brit. "That would hurt him so much!"

"I doubt it," Crystal laughed. "Look, you're going to have to tell him sooner or later if we're going to make this work. I can think of two possible reactions he might have. First, jealousy. This is the old 'make the guy you're interested in jealous' trick. Pretty standard stuff. He realizes he's in danger of losing you, and begs you to accept his love."

"What's the other possible reaction?"

"That he'll be so turned on by the thought of you getting naughty with another girl that he'll take you right there and fuck your brains out."

Brit giggled. "Ooh, I hope it's the second one," she said.

Jeff was upstairs in his room playing computer games with Allison when Brit returned home that evening. Allison said she had to go make dinner, so asked if Brit wouldn't mind taking her place. Surprisingly, she agreed. Jeff had never seen his little sister take even the slightest interest in computer games before, but now she seemed to enjoy it.

He had a sneaking suspicion that the only reason she did so was to spend time with him. Lately she had been so affectionate with him, he wondered just how deep her feelings ran.

He went easy on her, but still managed to beat her every single game. A few weeks ago that might have caused her to give up in disgust, but now she simply laughed at her own lack of skill.

She did, however, "accidentally" bump him as he was about to cross the finish line ahead of her in a racing game, causing his on-screen vehicle to careen out of control and crash into the side of the course. In retaliation he grabbed her and pulled her to the ground. Laughing, they wrestled around on the floor, forgetting all about the game. Jeff ended up on top of her, pinning her hands down just above her shoulders.

He gazed into her eyes for a few seconds as she smiled up at him with an expression that was at once playful, childlike, trusting, and affectionate. In his younger days, he would have taken this opportunity to torment her, but now he found that he couldn't do it. He simply released her.

"Aren't you going to make me say the words?" she grinned.

"Um... no," he replied.

"Oh, you're no fun," she pouted.

"Okay, fine. Say the words," he ordered, grabbing her hands and pinning them down again.

She grinned. "Now I'm completely at your mercy," she said. "You can do anything you want to me, and I can't stop you. My body is yours to play with."

The last time he had made her say those words was the first day Kari had come to the house for math lessons, over a year ago. It used to be a regular occurrence when they were growing up, when Jeff had that sadistic streak when it came to his little sister. When she had been a child, the words were merely degrading. Now, however, they took on a much less innocent tone, bringing to mind images of just *how* he might play with her body.

He immediately got off of her, not liking where that train of thought was headed. He loved her too much to do anything like that to her.

Brit sat up, then threw her arms around his neck and gave him a kiss on the cheek. She leaned in and whispered into his ear, "This time I meant it." Then, leaving him bewildered, she hopped up and left the room to head downstairs for dinner.

During the meal, Brit brought up Crystal's birthday party in a week, and Greg said it was perfectly fine for her to stay the night on Friday. Jeff offered to drive her over; he had a date with Kari that night. Unfortunately, Greg insisted he not drive until the doctor cleared him. The next appointment was only another week and a half after the slumber party, but Greg refused to budge.

It really didn't matter, though. Kari could come pick up the two of them and drop off Brit before the date. As long as she drove, Greg had no problem with him going out with her.

That night, Jeff lay nude in bed awaiting his little sister. Just like she had said, every night after Greg and Allison had gone to sleep, she crept into his room through the bathroom and climbed into bed with him.

Tonight was no exception. She appeared in the bathroom doorway, and although the lights were turned out, he could tell that she wore no clothes. No matter how many times he saw her like that, she never failed to cause an erection. She had been very understanding about it all, thankfully not commenting on it.

He thought back to her words previously in the evening. *This time I meant it,* she had told him. Was that an invitation? With the way she had been acting toward him these past few weeks, he could take it as nothing else. He wanted so much to take her up on that offer. Despite the forbidden nature of his feelings, he had to concede that they were more than just affection between a brother and sister.

Brit slipped under the covers with him and lay her head down on his chest. He wrapped his arms around her, loving the feel of her naked body against his own.

Brit was so beautiful, so absolutely divine. He had been unsure of his feelings for her before, but lately everything seemed much clearer. He could no longer deny that he was in love with her. One of these days he would have to let her know how he felt about her. The problem was that he knew it was wrong, knew that if he admitted it to her, she would probably expect to act on it, and that could only lead to disaster.

He had to tell her. He opened his mouth and took a deep breath to prepare himself.

She spoke first. "Jeff," she said.

"Yes, Brit," he replied, then silently let out the breath he had taken.

"I have to tell you something."

"What is it?"

"Well... it's something wonderful, but... I'm afraid of how you might take it."

"It's okay, Brit. You don't have to tell me if you don't want."

"But I have to tell somebody, and you're the only one I trust enough."

"What about Dad?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell him!" she exclaimed. "He wouldn't understand."

"So what's this big secret?" he asked with a smile.

"Okay, here goes. Jeff, I'm in love." she began.

As soon as she said those words, he knew that his happiness was complete. Until now he had wondered about her feelings toward him. She had flirted with him, even fooled around a little, but he had never been sure that it wasn't just a new form of teasing. Now that she was baring her heart to him, how could he do any less? He would confess his love for her too, and all would be well.

"So who's the lucky guy?" he smiled, teasing her. He wanted to hear it from her own lips.

She looked away. "I..." she stammered. "I want you to promise me something before I tell you."

"Anything for my little sister."

"Promise me you won't be mad. Promise me you'll always love me, no matter what I say."

"Of course I'll always love you, Brit. You don't need a promise, because there's no chance that my love for you will ever change."

"Promise me anyway."

"Okay. I promise I'll always love you, Brit. And I won't be mad. So tell me who you're in love with."

"I'm in love..." she said, then took a deep breath, "...with Crystal."

"You what?" he exclaimed.

Her eyes filled with tears as she trembled. "I'm sorry, Jeff!" she stammered. "Please don't be mad at me. I don't want you to think I'm disgusting or a horrible person, but I can't deny my feelings."

Jeff was stunned. Brit, who had only recently learned about lesbians, was one herself! His little sister was involved with another girl. He couldn't believe it!

And then the full import of her words hit him. If she was a lesbian, then all those things she had done with him weren't as naughty as they had seemed. It was all just innocent play between brother and sister. A little teasing, a little flirting even, and of course devotion to him because he was still her hero. But she didn't love him in the same way he loved her.

She didn't mind being naked with him because to her it was nothing sexual. Those kisses, no matter how tender or passionate, were just practice, like she claimed. And although she had even offered to have sex with him, it was only out of a sense of duty or obligation.

Rarely did Jeff get jealous, but right now he hated Crystal. The girl had seduced his sister away from him! It wasn't fair.

But then, wasn't this all for the better? Jeff shouldn't be lusting after his own sister. Maybe it was best that

Brit fall in love with someone outside of the family, even if it was another girl. All he wanted was for Brit to be happy. If Crystal was the one to make her happy, well then, Jeff wouldn't stand in their way.

"It's okay," he told her with a smile.

"Really?" she asked.

He kissed her on the forehead. "Crystal's really a lucky girl."

"You mean it doesn't bother you that she and I are... well... lovers?"

"I suppose it bothers me a little bit, but not enough to make me angry. You just surprised me, that's all."

"Yeah, it came as a surprise to me too. I think it started that day when we had the volleyball team over. When we took a shower together, she kissed me. And then afterward, when she... you know... that was the most wonderful thing I've ever felt. And then today when I was at her house we took all our clothes off and made love to each other. Oh Jeff, she's so beautiful, and wonderful, and..."

"Tasty?" he asked with a grin. Brit giggled.

"Yeah, tasty," she replied.

"I know," he told her. "Remember, I've made love to her too."

"So she really *is* a lucky girl, to have both of us."

"Both of us?" he asked. "But..."

"Jeff, I know how she feels about you, and I wouldn't take her away from you. It's all right with me if we share her."

That seemed like a perfectly acceptable plan, if Crystal were to go along with it. And why shouldn't she? She would have two sexual partners. Three, actually, because she would still have Kari.

Now was a good time to bring up his other questions. "Brit, can I ask you something?" he said. "I hope you won't take it the wrong way."

"Go ahead."

"These past few weeks, you and I have... well... we've done a few things that aren't appropriate for brothers and sisters to do. I was beginning to think that... well..."

"Oh, Jeff, I'm sorry. I didn't know you thought of me like that. I'm sorry if I made you jealous."

"Jealous? Well... I... Maybe just a little."

"So you really do think of me like that?" she asked. "I mean, more as a lover than as a sister?"

"I don't know what to think. There have been times that I've been really attracted to you, like boyfriend and girlfriend. Then there are other times when I just want to hug you and hold you and keep you safe. I still sometimes think of you as a little girl, but then also... Oh, I don't know. I just want you to be happy."

"Jeff, tell me straight. Are you in love with me?"

Jeff stared at her for a minute. Maybe now wasn't the time for confession after all. If he admitted it, it would hurt her to know of his unrequited love, a love that she didn't return. But how could he be anything less than honest with her when she asked him so sincerely?

"I thought I was," he admitted. "But now I'm not so sure."

"Jeff, you're so wonderful," she told him, throwing her arms around him. "You've always been there to look after me, and even when I tell you I'm in love with someone else, you simply wish me happiness. Are you really willing to give me up, just like that?"

"Brit, you and I can never be together, you understand? I will always love you, but it will have to be only as a brother."

"But I--"

"Just hear me out. I've been falling in love with you these past few weeks. I can no longer deny that. And now you've found someone else, so I'm a little hurt. But it's actually the best thing to happen to us, because we no longer have to worry about making a big mistake."

"But Jeff, I won't go on with Crystal if it will hurt you. Remember what I said? I belong to you. If you're really falling in love with me, then I want to do everything I can to make you happy. Tell me to give up Crystal, and I will. Tell me you want me to be your girlfriend, and I will. I'll be anything you want. If you... if you want to have sex with me, I'll do that too."

"Brit!"

"I'm serious, Jeff. I'll be your sex slave it that's what you want. And I'll enjoy every minute of it because I know it's making you happy."

"Don't say things like that, Brit. I'm your brother."

"And you're my hero. You saved my life, so you've earned the right to do anything you want to me."

"We already talked about this. You shouldn't feel obligated to do anything for me. I can only be truly happy if *you're* happy, and I'm not the one who can give that to you. You have Crystal, and I have Kari, and we'll just have to be content with that."

"But... I don't want..."

"What?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "You really think we should just give each other up?"

"No. I think we should continue to love each other, but just as brother and sister. We need to keep our romantic love separate, okay? Now that we both have girlfriends, there shouldn't be any reason for us to be attracted to each other."

Brit stared up at him with tears in her eyes. He wondered what that meant. Now she was giving him mixed signals. Didn't she already say she was in love with Crystal? So why should she be sad that he was rejecting her? He had thought he had it all figured out, but now he was even more confused than before.

She lay her head down once more on his chest, and he could feel the moisture from those tears. Guilt swept through him; he never liked to see her cry, especially if it was his fault. But no matter how hard he thought about it, he couldn't figure out what he had said that might have caused her pain.

He lay awake a long time after she had fallen asleep, troubled and disturbed by what had happened between them that night.

Brit went over to visit Crystal again the next day, giving him no time to talk to her about it. She knew she had screwed it all up, and despite wanting to make it right with him, she feared making it worse. She had to talk to Crystal again to get her advice.

Crystal's dad was home this time, so there was no chance for another lesbian encounter, but that was all right; mainly she just wanted to talk to her friend.

"So how did it go with Jeff?" Crystal asked as soon as they entered her room and closed the door.

"It backfired," mumbled Brit.

"What?"

"Jeff is really the sweetest boy in the whole world. When I told him I was in love with you, I could see it hurt him, but... well, he said he was willing to give me up to make me happy."

"Oh, Brit, I'm so sorry! I thought for sure this would work."

"I know."

"Well, I wouldn't worry about it. It's not a disaster; it just means we have to be a little more patient. We'll keep working on him, I promise."

"But what am I supposed to do now?"

"Just act like you've been acting already, just to keep things going. Then the next time we have a chance to be alone with him, I think we should give him a little demonstration."

"But we already did last week, and it didn't work."

"Yeah, but we had the whole high school volleyball team watching. He wasn't about to do anything with them there. On the other hand, if it's just us, and maybe Kari too..."

Brit grinned, feeling much better about things now. Maybe it would all work out in the end after all.

Just then, Kari knocked on the door. She opened it and stuck her head in. "Brit, can I talk to you for a minute in my room?"

"Sure," said Brit, then hopped up and followed the older girl down the hall. Kari closed the door behind her.

"What did you want to talk to me about?" asked Brit.

Kari smiled. "I'm sure Crystal already invited you to her slumber party for her birthday on Friday, right?"

"Yes she did, and I promised I'd come."

"Well, the reason I wanted to talk to you," said Kari, her face suddenly screwing up into a mischievous grin, "is because I want to play a joke on her, and I want you to get the message out to all of the girls she invites."

"It's not going to be mean, is it?"

"No," said Kari. "I guarantee you she'll like this one."

"Then let's do it," Brit grinned.

Jeff took her aside to talk with her after she got home that day. He said he thought maybe something he had said last night offended her, and he wanted to apologize. She could tell he was sincere, so she gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"You're so sweet, Jeff," she said. "But don't worry. It's all right, as long as I know you love me."

"I do love you," he replied, relief on his face. "Are you sure you're not mad at me?"

"I'm not mad at you, Jeff. You're still the best brother in the whole world."

He smiled and hugged her, and suddenly everything was fine between them again.

She then explained the joke they were going to play on Crystal, since he was going to play a key part. Jeff readily agreed when he heard the plan. Like Brit, when he first heard that it was going to be a joke at Crystal's expense he was a little wary, but then when he heard the details, he was more than enthusiastic. It meant he would be there for the party, and with luck it might turn out like the volleyball practice a couple of weeks ago, only with Crystal's friends instead of Kari's. He had met most of them before, and found them quite sexy. Being surrounded by a group of thirteen- and fourteen-year-old girls, especially in the condition that the joke would put him in, sounded like a lot of fun. He couldn't wait to do it.

With something like that to look forward to, the week seemed to drag on. At least Kari came over almost every day to spend time with him. He asked her about Crystal's and Brit's relationship, and she confirmed that they indeed had decided to be lovers. He still wasn't entirely comfortable with it, but agreed with her that they needed to be supportive of their little sisters.

They also got together with Brit and planned out the details of the joke that they would play on Crystal. It really wasn't all that elaborate, but they needed to make sure everything was coordinated.

On Friday after school, Kari drove Jeff, Brit, and Crystal to the Williams home. Kari had told Crystal that Jeff and she were planning to go out on a date later that evening, but that was all a cover for the joke they would play on Crystal.

Allen Williams came home briefly, and they all ate dinner together. He had a faculty meeting later that would keep him out late. Fortunately, Crystal's birthday wasn't until Saturday, so he wouldn't have to miss it.

The girls began to arrive after dinner. First to arrive were Tammy and Tanya, the Dover twins. Monica Matheson came next, followed by Kimmy Nelson, the only girl Jeff hadn't met already. He had heard Brit talk about her before, though. She was the daughter of Brit's home room teacher, Mr. Nelson, and had come to live with him the previous summer after her mother passed away. She was just the way Brit had described her: cute, but shy.

At eight, Jeff and Kari said goodbye to the girls and left the house. Kari had to drive, because Jeff still wasn't allowed until the doctor's appointment. Both wearing mischievous grins on their faces, they drove around aimlessly for fifteen minutes, then returned to the house. They parked down the street so that Crystal wouldn't hear the car pull into the driveway, then silently headed back up the street to the front door. Kari unlocked the door, then very carefully opened it and peeked in. Upon seeing nobody in the front room, she motioned for Jeff to join her.

They quietly crept up the stairs. From Crystal's bedroom, they could hear the sounds of the girls as they talked and joked with each other. Her door was closed; Brit would have made sure of that. As silently as they could, Jeff and Kari slipped into Kari's room. They stripped off all of their clothes, then Kari put on her pajamas. Jeff remained undressed. Then they opened the door and crept out into the hall.

Kari put her ear to the door of Crystal's bedroom. Even he could hear the giggles of the girls in the room; they were obviously having plenty of fun. The grin on Kari's face suggested that she found the whole thing

amusing.

Of course, this whole thing was her plan for the joke they would play on Crystal. All of the other girls were in on it; they had readily agreed when Brit had told them that they would get to see Jeff nude.

With everyone supposedly out of the house but her friends, it gave Crystal plenty of time to have fun with them. Of course, Crystal wasn't aware of just how *much* fun they were about to have.

"They're starting the game," Kari mouthed. Jeff knew exactly what game that was; it was the lead-up to the joke. Each of the girls had brought a sample of their favorite food in a paper bag. They blindfolded Crystal, then fed her samples one at a time, and she had to guess whose favorite food it was.

The thought of what was about to happen had its effect on him, and his cock immediately stiffened. That was all right; in fact, it was a necessary part of the trick.

He waited a few more minutes as Kari continued to listen, occasionally snickering quietly as someone on the other side of the door said something funny. After several minutes of agonizing anticipation, Kari indicated that it was time. Very slowly and carefully so as not to make a noise, she opened the door.

Jeff took a deep breath and stepped into the room. All of the girls stared in delight at his naked body, especially his engorged cock. Some of them even giggled, though they immediately threw their hands over their mouths, not wanting to reveal the secret. They had all known he was going to do this, but most of them probably had never seen a naked boy before. Jeff felt a kind of exhibitionistic pleasure at being nude in front of all of these young teenage girls, seeing the lust on their faces as they looked at him.

They were all dressed in their pajamas, which he found very sexy. Brit and Crystal both wore tank tops and panties, Kimmy wore an oversized tee-shirt, Monica had more traditional button-down pajamas, and the Dover twins had matching tee-shirts and shorts.

Crystal sat, kneeling on the floor with a blindfold covering her eyes and her mouth open, waiting for the next round of the game.

"Now here's the last food," Brit told her. "This one's an easy one. I think you'll know exactly whose favorite this is as soon as you taste it." The corners of Crystal's mouth turned up in a grin in anticipation.

Jeff stepped in front of her, his feet on either side of her knees. He pointed his cock at her mouth and slipped it inside.

Her mouth closed on it momentarily, then as soon as she realized what it was, she began to laugh around it. All of the girls broke down into cheers and giggles. Crystal took a few sucks on it, then pulled her mouth off. "I know that taste," she grinned. "That's Jeff Primdale's dick! And that means it's Kari's favorite food."

The girls cheered again.

"You win!" Brit exclaimed. Crystal immediately stripped off her blindfold, then returned her mouth to his cock and began to suck again.

Chapter 56

Spin the Bottle

"So now what?" asked Tammy. "Are we just going to watch Crystal suck off her big sister's boyfriend?"

"Sounds good to me," Crystal mumbled around his cock.

"Do you mind if I pick the game?" asked Kari, slipping into the room.

Crystal let his cock slip out of her mouth. "Oh, great, my boring older sister is here too," she teased. Kari stuck her tongue out at her.

"What kind of game did you have in mind?" asked Brit, and Jeff could see her eyes light up with excitement.

"Spin-the-bottle," Kari replied. "The person who spins it gets to dare the person it stops on to do anything. Once they finish the task, then they get to spin the bottle."

"Does Jeff get to play?" asked Crystal with a grin.

"Actually, I was thinking that Jeff's job is to make it interesting."

"What do you mean?" asked Kimmy.

"You're allowed to take full advantage of him in your dares."

The girls giggled, glancing around at each other nervously, as if wondering what kinds of twisted ideas they would come up with.

"Um... I don't want..." Kimmy stammered.

"What?" asked Kari.

"I don't want to do anything too naughty."

"But that's the whole point," grinned Crystal.

"But... well..."

"What's wrong? Everyone knows you don't have a boyfriend, so it's not like you're cheating."

"Leave her alone, Crystal," said Tanya. "Maybe she's saving herself for someone."

"I'll bet I know who it is," Brit grinned.

"Who?" asked Kari.

"Her dad," Brit teased. Kimmy grew red.

"Ew!" Monica exclaimed. "You're so gross, Brit!"

"What? He's my home room teacher, so I know how handsome he is. Half the girls in class are in love with him. I've seen the way the girls all stare at him in class, and Kimmy's just as bad as the rest of them."

"You know, you're really disgusting," said Tanya.

"Hey, if I had a dad who looked like that you can bet I'd be taking advantage of it," Crystal said, coming to her rescue.

"Shut up," Kimmy insisted. "If you must know, I love my dad a lot, and I just don't want to do anything that would disappoint him."

"Okay, fine," said Crystal. "In your case we won't make you do anything really naughty. Only semi-naughty at most. For the rest of us, though, anything is fair game. Agreed?"

"Agreed," said all of the girls, including Kimmy.

"I'll go get a bottle," Kari said, then left the room. She returned shortly with an empty soda bottle, and the girls all gathered around in a circle. Jeff sat on Crystal's bed. Kari placed the bottle on the floor between the girls.

"Crystal, you're the birthday girl, so you get to spin first," she said.

Crystal grinned, then gave the bottle a twirl. It spun for a second, then stopped, pointing directly at Monica.

"I dare you to take off all of your clothes," said Crystal.

The other girls giggled, and Monica gasped. Her face turned red as she glanced over at Jeff, who just grinned at her. Then she slipped her nightgown over her head, leaving her in only panties. Jeff liked what he saw. He had seen her in a swimsuit before, but that was a year and a half ago, before her body had started to develop. Her black hair contrasted with her fair skin. She had surprisingly well-developed breasts for her age. When she removed her panties, he noticed that the hair between her legs, though dark, was sparse. She giggled and sat back down again.

She spun the bottle, and this time it pointed to Tammy. Monica grinned with a wicked gleam in her eye, and he knew she was about to suggest something particularly interesting.

"Tammy," she said, "I dare you to French kiss Jeff."

Jeff grinned, and noticed that Tammy did too. She got up and approached him. She sat down on the bed next to him, and he turned to her. For a couple of seconds they hesitated, both a little nervous. Although Jeff had gotten much more confident around girls in the last couple of years, he still retained a tiny sense of inferiority around pretty girls, despite the fact that Tammy and Tanya were nearly three years younger than him.

Still, there was no reason to be shy; he had permission to kiss her after all. In fact, he was *supposed* to kiss her. He leaned in and pressed his lips against hers.

Together they opened their mouths, and let their tongues entwine. Tammy giggled a little as they did so, but didn't break the kiss. They sat that way for at least thirty seconds.

She was a fairly good kisser, he decided. It wasn't as passionate as with Kari or Crystal, or as mind-blowing as with Allison, or as kinky as with Rachael, or as beautiful and fulfilling as with Brit, but over all, he really enjoyed it.

I can't believe I've kissed that many girls, he thought. This would make five, and it was scarcely two years since his first time with Rachael.

He eventually pulled away, then Tammy finally broke down in a fit of embarrassed giggles. Jeff put an arm around her and gave her a quick hug to ease her embarrassment, then she got up off the couch and sat down in the circle with the other girls.

"So how was it?" asked Tanya with a grin.

"It was..." she replied, "well... nice, I guess."

"It had to have been more than nice," Kari told her. "Jeff's the best kisser in the whole world."

"You're just saying that because you're his girlfriend," said Kimmy.

"I can back her up on that," Crystal added.

"You've kissed him too?" asked Tammy, surprised.

"Kissed him, fucked him, sucked him off, even swallowed his cum," Crystal told her proudly.

"Oh my god!" Monica exclaimed. "I can't believe your sister let you do that with her boyfriend!"

"We like to share," Kari said, then gave Brit a wink. For some reason, Brit went red at that gesture. Jeff didn't know what it meant, but decided it was just a secret between the girls.

"Anyway, it's your turn, Tammy," Crystal said.

Tammy gave the bottle a spin, and it ended its rotation pointed toward Kari.

"Okay," said Tammy. "Since Jeff's your boyfriend, let's make this one just a little more naughty. I dare you to jerk him off for one minute."

"Pretty mild by my definition of 'naughty,'" Kari commented, "but I have to take what I get." She sat down by Jeff on the bed and put her hand on his cock. She started gently, with long, slow strokes, but that didn't last long. Soon she was beating him off as fast as she could. Jeff knew what she was doing; she was trying to see if she could get him to cum in that one minute.

While it felt good, the time was just too short to really get into it. Before she could really work up his pleasure, the time ended, and she had to remove her hands. Jeff glanced around and saw all the girls staring between his legs with excited grins on their faces. He had a feeling that most of them would have loved to be in Kari's position.

She returned to the circle and spun the bottle. This time it ended on Crystal.

"I think it's time we really started having fun," Kari said. "I dare you to suck my boobs."

The other girls gasped at her suggestion, but Crystal grinned. Most of the girls here didn't know that this wasn't the first time something like this had gone one between the two sisters.

Kari slipped her shirt over her head, then reached behind her back and unfastened her bra. It slid to the ground, revealing her beautiful chest. Crystal leaned in and sucked one of the nipples into her mouth.

"Oh my god!" Monica breathed. Crystal glanced over at her briefly, then returned her attention to Kari's breasts.

All the girls watched in fascination at this sapphic display in front of them. Most of them had probably never seen anything like this before. Jeff paid particular attention to Brit's reaction. Since she had told him she was in love with Crystal and pretty much admitted to making love to her, Jeff wasn't sure what would be going through her mind. She might be jealous, or disgusted, or excited. She simply watched in apparent amusement, though.

After a couple of minutes, Crystal switched to the other nipple. She sucked on this one for a while, and Jeff could tell by the look on Kari's face that she was getting aroused.

There wasn't time to really get into it though, and eventually they had to stop. Crystal drew back and licked her lips. "Yummy," she said. All the girls giggled.

Kari didn't bother putting her shirt back on; she was an exhibitionist at heart, and since Jeff was the only boy here, it didn't really matter.

Crystal spun the bottle, which ended at Tanya this time.

"I think I'm going to do a rain check this time," Crystal said.

"A rain check?" asked Tanya.

"I'm going to hold off on daring you until a little later."

"Why?"

"You'll see," Crystal grinned.

"Okay, but it has to be before we end the game. You can't just expect me to do what you tell me to do some time at school next week."

"That's fine," replied Crystal. "Now it's your turn to spin."

Tanya did so, and the bottle came to rest pointing toward Kimmy this time. Kimmy blushed even before Tanya told her the dare. As it turned out, that pre-emptive blush was justified.

"You may not be willing to do anything really naughty," Tanya said, "but you're at least going to have to get naked. I dare you to take all your clothes off."

Jeff half-expected her to refuse, but she merely nodded and began to strip. He watched with delight as she unfastened the buttons on her night shirt and opened it up, revealing her gorgeous bare chest. Then she slipped down her pajama bottoms and discarded them. She had a body almost as beautiful as Brit's and Crystal's. She had tiny little breasts with perky nipples, and an almost nonexistent covering of hair between her legs. Her hips were nicely rounded for her age, not too developed yet but sexy anyway.

"It's just as well," she sighed. "I usually sleep in the nude anyway." That surprised Jeff; he hadn't expected anything quite so bold from her.

She leaned over and gave the bottle a spin. It ended at Brit. Kimmy laughed. "I was kind of hoping it would be you," she said.

"Why?" asked Brit.

"Because you're going to fulfill one of my little fantasies," Kimmy told her. "You know what Kari did to your brother a few minutes ago? I want you to do the same thing to him."

Brit's eyes lit up with delight, and she grinned. Jeff wasn't surprised to see that reaction at all. Despite her earlier confession that she loved Crystal, Brit still liked to do things for him that made him feel good, like rubbing his back or massaging his shoulders. In a way, this was really just the same thing, despite being a little more erotic.

"Ooh, I think you're the naughtiest one of us all," Monica told Kimmy. "For all your talk, you sure have some kinky fantasies. You really want to see a girl jerk off her own brother?"

Kimmy nodded.

Jeff wondered whether he should put a stop to this right now. On the other hand, Brit had already put her mouth on his cock; her hands were quite a bit less naughty by comparison.

She sat down on the bed next to him and gazed into his eyes with a smile. There was no embarrassment or bashfulness there, only love. Then she lowered her eyes, reached out her hand, and wrapped it around his member.

There was something intensely thrilling about having her do this to him. Part of it was the idea that it was so forbidden because she was his sister. Part of it was that he loved her so much. Although Brit didn't move as fast as Kari, he found it, surprisingly, even more enjoyable.

She stroked him slowly and tenderly, a gentle caress rather than a frenzied stimulation. It was like the difference between having sex and making love. Sometimes Jeff and Kari got each other so horny that they just had to have sex. More often, though, they made emotional, tender, passionate love to each other. Brit's hand was making love to his cock.

Unfortunately, she had to quit after a minute. Or perhaps it was fortunate, because if she had gone on much longer, he would probably have cum. For a moment he imagined cumming all over Brit's hand. Or maybe he would get in a few powerful spurts and it would shoot out onto her chest, or her neck, or her chin, or even her mouth...

He couldn't afford to allow himself such thoughts. If he let his guard down even for an instant, he could make a mistake that would haunt him for the rest of his life.

"That was so sexy," Monica commented. "Makes me wish I had a brother."

"You're such a pervert, Monica," said Tammy. Monica just shrugged and grinned.

Now it was Brit's turn to spin the bottle. She did so, and it ended up at Crystal.

"Are you going to make me do the same thing to you that Kari did?" Crystal asked hopefully.

"No," Brit said. "I dare you to do a sexy dance and strip tease."

Crystal grinned. She stood up and, despite the lack of music, began to dance. It was much like the one that Flor and Laurie had done a couple of weeks ago on the pool table. She gyrated her hips and ran her hands all over her body. She twirled around a couple of times, moving closer to Jeff with each move. As soon as she reached him, she sat down on his lap and squirmed around.

"You don't have to give Jeff a lap dance," Monica said with a laugh.

"No, this is a bonus," Crystal replied. "If you're jealous, I'll do the same for you. No charge."

"No thanks!" Monica hurriedly exclaimed.

Crystal continued the dance, as she writhed around on Jeff's lap, reaching down to grasp the hem of her shirt. She lifted it up tantalizingly to just below her breasts, then lowered it again. It was a little teasing motion that drove Jeff wild.

She knelt on the bed, straddling his hips, and as she continued to squirm around on him, she did the same thing, lifting her shirt to where he could almost see her boobs. Twice more she repeated the move, then finally, when Jeff thought he could stand it no longer, she finally slipped her shirt over her head, twirled it around a couple of times, then tossed it away.

To his delight, she wore no bra underneath it, and he had a marvelous view of her bare torso. She continued to gyrate in front of him, leaning forward to shove her chest in his face. Jeff took the opportunity to plant a kiss right between her tits.

She slid off the bed, then spun around. She slipped her hands over her breasts, then slid them down her body toward her panties. For a moment, she let one of her hands explore underneath it, then removed it again, lifting it to her face and sucking her index finger into her mouth.

Then she bent over and thrust her panties down to the floor. Daintily she stepped out of them, then picked them up, twirled them around her head like she had her shirt, and tossed them right into Jeff's face. The girls laughed as they landed right on his head. He immediately took them off and tossed them on the floor next to her shirt.

The girls all clapped and applauded her efforts. Jeff joined in, especially happy that she had included him in the performance. Her dance was even sexier than Flor's and Laurie's.

Crystal sat back down, and Kari clapped her on the back. "Good job," she congratulated.

Crystal then spun the bottle. This time it ended up pointed at Kimmy.

"Well, I was hoping for Tammy, but this will have to do," she said.

"Uh oh," said Kimmy. "This doesn't sound good."

"Don't worry. This one's easy. All you have to do is lie on the bed with your legs spread."

"That's it?" asked Kimmy, relieved.

"Well, sort of. Tanya, it's time to give you your dare. I dare you to eat out Kimmy for one minute."

"Oh my god!" Tanya exclaimed, her face growing dark red.

"Um, maybe this is a little too naughty for Kimmy," said Jeff, glancing at the girl.

"Well, I guess this is all right," Kimmy replied, to his surprise. She came over and climbed onto the bed. Jeff stood up to give her room. She spread her legs and stared at Tanya.

"I've never..." Tanya stammered. "I've never done anything with another girl before."

"Neither have I," Kimmy giggled. "But a dare is a dare."

"Easy for you to say. You're the one getting eaten." Despite her protests, though, Tanya stood and walked over to the bed. She knelt down between Kimmy's legs. Taking a deep breath, she lowered her head and gingerly stuck out her tongue.

At the first contact, she wrinkled her nose. Then she licked again, and this time let her tongue linger. Jeff, Kari, Crystal, and Brit all grinned as they watched the lesbian show.

Tanya's tongue ran all over Kimmy's pussy, and despite never having done this before, she appeared to be doing well. At least Kimmy seemed to think so, judging by the tiny little moans that escaped her mouth. Tanya didn't try to spread Kimmy's outer lips to lick inside, but instead focused exclusively on the outside. Still, it was a very erotic sight.

"Okay, time's up," Crystal announced a minute later, and Tanya rose back up, still blushing furiously but with a grin on her face. Kimmy lay there panting for about thirty seconds later, and the rest of the girls didn't try to push her to get up.

She did finally rise to a sitting position, then slipped off the bed into her place in the circle.

When she spun the bottle, it ended up at Monica. Kimmy thought for a moment, then giggled. "Since you're already naked," she said, "this one should be easy. I dare you to have sex with Jeff for five minutes."

The other girls cheered at the boldness of her suggestion.

"Oh, I see how this works," Monica said. "You don't have to do anything naughty, but you're allowed to tell other people to."

"Hey, I just had another girl go down on me," Kimmy replied.

"Good point." Monica stood up and walked over to Jeff, who was more than happy to help out with this dare. He took her hand and led her over to the bed, and they climbed in.

"Can I be on top?" she asked.

Jeff nodded. Monica swung her leg over the top of him and straddled his waist. She took his cock in her hand and positioned it at her pussy, then lowered herself slowly.

The tip of his dick touched the entrance to her pussy, and she stopped for a moment. She rubbed it around the outside for a bit to help loosen herself up and build up some lubrication.

"The five minutes doesn't start until he's inside of you," Kimmy told her.

"Now don't get impatient," Monica said. "A girl can't just take a cock inside of her without warming up first."

She pressed downward, and the tip slipped between her cunt lips. She rested for a few seconds, then lowered herself again. Bit by bit he worked his way inside of her.

"Okay, the time's starting now," Kimmy said.

Monica bounced up and down on him, slowly and gently at first. Jeff grunted as she did so, feeling the erotic sensation of her tight moist tunnel wrapped around his dick. He loved the feel of the action as he plunged deeper and deeper inside of her.

She alternated between straight up and down, and a more backward and forward motion. Both felt wonderful in their own way. It was clear she was no stranger to sex, despite being only fourteen years old. Then again, that was the age when Jeff lost his virginity to Rachael, so he couldn't exactly fault her for that.

He reached up and took hold of her breasts, squeezing them in his hand. She smiled and moaned at the contact. He had always had a fascination for boobs, and he had had plenty of opportunity to live out his fantasies lately.

They say that time flies when you're having fun, and Jeff was having a *lot* of fun. Before he knew it, the five minutes were up. He groaned in disappointment, and was surprised to hear a similar sound from Monica. Nevertheless, she climbed off of him, leaving him unsatisfied. He just hoped that she would dare the next girl to do something with him.

Unfortunately, it was not to be. Monica spun the bottle, and it ended up at Tanya again.

"Geez, I can't even have a rest between my dares," Tanya complained.

"It's been over five minutes," her sister pointed out.

"Hey, whose side are you on, anyway?"

"As usual, I'm on the side of fun."

Tanya rolled her eyes. "Okay, Monica. What do I have to do?"

"I dare you to play with yourself until you have an orgasm," Monica grinned.

"I guess that's all right," she sighed. She lay down on the floor and spread her legs. Immediately she slipped her hands down there and started to finger herself.

She closed her eyes and relaxed, concentrating on the sensations of her fingers and blocking out everything else around her. She started out slow, rubbing up and down her slit and teasing the nub at the top.

Jeff was getting very excited. He loved to watch girls receiving sexual pleasures, no matter what the source.

Kari and Crystal sometimes masturbated for him, but more often than not they ended up surrendering to their desires and having sex with either him or themselves, or usually both. Tanya, however, didn't have that luxury. She was going to climax just from her own fingers.

Already she was starting to moan. The look on her face could have indicated either pain or pleasure, but it was obvious which she was feeling. Her breathing grew heavier as she worked her fingers over her pussy.

Then she spread the outer lips with one hand while she shoved a couple of fingers from the other inside. She finger fucked herself right there in front of everyone, and Jeff was so turned on by the sight that he almost couldn't stand it.

After several minutes of auto stimulation, she began to gasp as her body bucked from the pleasure. She cried out in ecstasy, not even trying to hold back the climax.

Jeff almost climaxed himself just from the sight of it. He just had to get relief somehow. If one of the girls didn't do something to him soon, he was apt to attack someone.

Tanya opened her eyes and smiled at everyone. "What are you all staring at?" she joked. "Haven't you ever seen a girl play with herself before?"

The others laughed, and she sat back up and returned to her place in the circle. She spun the bottle, and it stopped this time at Kimmy.

"Okay, this is three times that it's stopped on me," she complained.

"Maybe it's some kind of cosmic justice for not being willing to get naughty," Crystal told her.

"And is it cosmic justice that every time I spin the bottle it stops on her?" Tanya asked. She was right of course. Tanya had spun it twice, and twice it had ended on Kimmy.

Crystal shrugged. It was all the luck of the game after all.

"So Kimmy," said Tanya. "I'm curious about something. So I'm going to turn this 'dare' into a 'truth' instead, okay?"

Kimmy looked at her for a second, a little uncertain. Then she made up her mind. "Okay," she said.

"I have a suspicion," Tanya said. "You aren't willing to do anything with Jeff, but you had no objections to getting dirty with *me*. That means one of two things: either you're a lesbian, or you have a boyfriend and don't want to cheat on him. I've never seen you so much as look at any of the boys at school before, but that could just mean that you have a secret lover."

"I'm not a lesbian, if that's what you're getting at," Kimmy insisted.

"I didn't think you were. You get your kicks out of watching a girl sexually fondling her own brother, which

means that kind of stuff turns you on. If you were attracted to girls, you would have preferred to see me and Tammy go at it, but you said yourself that you were glad the bottle stopped at Brit a few minutes ago, so that *she* could fulfill your fantasy. Not me, not Tammy. In fact, you weren't any more excited to see Crystal suck Kari's boobs than the rest of us were."

"So what's wrong with a harmless little fantasy?"

"Nothing, but add it all up and it paints an interesting picture. You denied being a lesbian, so that means you have a boyfriend in secret. You're also turned on by incest. You have no brothers to get involved with, which leaves only one possibility. So my question is this: are you and your dad lovers?"

Kimmy's eyes grew wide, and her face went red. Everyone stared at her in shock. Jeff could see how uncomfortable she was, and knew the answer before she even gave it.

Sheepishly, Kimmy nodded.

"Oh my god, really?" asked Crystal.

The girl glanced around nervously at the others. "Do you promise not to tell?" she asked.

"Nothing we say or do here leaves this room," Crystal swore. "Does everyone agree?"

The rest of the girls nodded.

"Okay," said Kimmy. "My daddy and I have been making love ever since I moved in with him."

"Well, you've just single-handedly crushed the fantasies of just about every girl in this room," said Tammy. "We're all jealous."

"That certainly goes for me," Monica added. "If he were my dad, you can bet I'd be having sex with him too."

"So it doesn't bother you guys?" asked Kimmy hopefully.

"I for one think it's great," Kari reassured her. "When I was in his class a few years ago, I thought he was a wonderful guy. And you've all seen that I don't have a problem doing naughty things with members of my family."

"What about you, Jeff?" asked Kimmy.

He shrugged. "I think if it makes you happy and it makes him happy, then there's nothing wrong with it."

"So you have no problem with close family members getting together then? Like a brother and sister?" Brit asked him in a teasing voice. Jeff glanced over at her and saw the grin on her face, and he immediately grew as red as Kimmy.

"I didn't mean..." he stammered.

"Oh come on, Jeff," she continued to tease. "You can't have it both ways. You can't say on one hand that it's okay for Kimmy to have sex with her father, but on the other hand it's not okay for you to--"

"Brit!" he exclaimed.

All the girls broke down laughing, including Kimmy.

"I'm just kidding, Jeff," Brit told him. "You know me. I love to tease you."

After that, Kimmy didn't look so nervous any more, now that she had gotten her relationship with her father out in the open. Jeff had been momentarily shocked when he first learned about it, but now that he had time to think about it, he found that he wasn't bothered by the idea of a daughter making love to her father. He had been taught to believe that sex between close family members was wrong, but now he didn't really feel that that was the case. Allison and Rachael, Kari and Crystal, and now Kimmy and Mr. Nelson were showing him that it wasn't as uncommon as he had thought. Even his older sister had had a relationship with their father.

That still bothered him a little, but really that was only because it upset his view about his dad. He had always thought of Greg as a stern, strict, sometimes humorless person who was set in his ways and unwilling to compromise. Now he knew that part of that was just a façade, a respectable front that hid his unnatural desires.

With Lissa it was a little less shocking, because Jeff himself had fooled around with her a little, so he knew she wasn't entirely opposed to the idea of incest. Now even little Brit was showing a tolerance, if not acceptance, for inappropriate contact with her brother.

Now it was Kimmy's turn to spin the bottle again. She did so, and it stopped on Crystal.

"Shall I do another sexy dance for Jeff?" she asked.

"No," Kimmy replied. "I want to see more incest stuff. And it looks like Kari doesn't mind getting busy with you. So I want you to do a sixty-nine with her for one minute."

That surprised Jeff. He had always thought of Kimmy as a little shy; he figured she wouldn't even know what a sixty-nine was in the first place. Apparently she was less naïve than he thought.

"What does sixty-nine mean?" asked Brit. Jeff chuckled, mostly at the timing.

"What?" Brit demanded. "It was a legitimate question."

"You're right, and I'm sorry," he said. "A sixty-nine is a sexual position... well... if you write out the number, then look at the position of the digits, you'll see."

Brit thought about it for a second. Then her eyes grew wide. "Oh," she said. "I get it."

Kari laughed. "Come here, Crystal. Let's show these girls what real lesbian sex is."

She stood and climbed onto the bed. Since she was half undressed already, she just had to pull down her pajama bottoms and panties and discard them on the floor. She lay back and spread her legs.

Crystal climbed on top of her, facing the opposite direction. She lowered her body until it rested on top of her big sister's, their faces in each other's cunts. Both girls immediately started in on licking each other.

Brit scooted in close to Jeff, then put her mouth up next to his ear. "I've got to try that with Crystal," she whispered. His cock jumped at the thought of it, and she giggled.

Kari and Crystal were really getting into it. They tongued each other wantonly, driving themselves into a sexual frenzy. Both of their bodies writhed and thrusted as they attacked each other's pussies.

The end of the minute came quickly, though. Kimmy called the time, and with great reluctance, Crystal climbed off of her big sister. They both hopped off of the bed and sat down again.

"Was it as good as you had hoped?" Kari asked Kimmy, who just shrugged.

Now Crystal spun the bottle. This time the bottle stopped at Brit. A wicked grin spread across Crystal's face.

"What?" asked Brit, her eyes growing wide.

"I dare you to have sex with your brother," Crystal told her.

Brit stood up and approached Jeff.

"Wait," he said. "I'm sorry, but this is where I draw the line."

"Oh come on!" Kari said. "Don't spoil our fun."

"I'm serious, Kari," he said sternly. "She's my sister, and I could never do that to her. Crystal, change your dare."

"I don't mind," Brit told him.

"I do. Crystal, change your dare."

"Oh, all right," Crystal conceded. "Brit, I dare you to lick my pussy until I climax."

"Okay," Brit grinned enthusiastically.

Jeff stared with growing excitement. He had seen Crystal eat out Brit before, but never the other way around. In some ways it was hard to accept that his little sister was a lesbian. On the other hand, watching her engaging in such acts with Crystal made him horny beyond belief.

"Well, *somebody* have sex with me," he said in exasperation, despite having just turned down Brit just a moment before. After fucking with Monica, he just had to get relief somehow. When Crystal had told Brit to do it, he had been so tempted to let her. Only his love for her kept him from giving in to his desires.

All at once, he was hit by several girls who jumped on top of him. He hadn't expected them all to take him up on his offer, but apparently most of them did. Crystal and Brit, of course, were occupied with each other, but Kari, Monica, and the Dover twins both pounced on him. Kimmy, of course, sat back and just giggled at the show in front of her.

As Brit went down on her best friend, Jeff wrestled with the girls, who all rubbed their bodies up against him and tried to maneuver themselves onto his cock. He fought them off half-heartedly, really more interested in losing than winning.

In the end, Tanya won out. She somehow pushed the other girls away, wrapped her legs around his waist, and shoved herself down hard onto his cock. Since she had so recently fingered herself, her body was already warmed up.

She bounced up and down on him furiously, driving him into a frenzy. The other girls, realizing they were defeated, let him go. At least, Kari and Monica did. Tammy, on the other hand, straddled his stomach, sitting down on him and leaning back against her twin.

"Play with my boobs," she told Tanya, who giggled then reached around and took the girl's tits in her hands.

Jeff stared in excitement. Here he was, in a threesome with a couple of twins! Things were just getting better and better for him. He had thought he was lucky a couple of weeks ago when he was seduced by almost the entire volleyball team, but this was just as good, if not better.

Across the room, Brit was working her magic on her best friend. It was the first time he had seen his little sister actually pleasure another girl, and he felt a thrill at the sight. Brit seemed to enjoy it immensely, and he was happy for her. He still felt a little jealous, but it was all for the best after all.

Jeff was the first to reach orgasm, because he had been on the verge for a long time. His climax touched off Tanya's, and Crystal followed not far behind. He collapsed in a tired heap, a smile of satisfaction on his face. Crystal looked to be in a similar state, her hair disheveled, her face flushed, and a delirious grin on her lips.

He was overjoyed at what had happened to him. Although it was Crystal's birthday, it was a night he would remember for the rest of his life.

Chapter 57

More Dirty Pictures

A week later, Jeff found himself in the unusual situation of sitting at home on the weekend, waiting anxiously for Monday to arrive. He normally didn't like Mondays, but on this particular one, he had an appointment with the doctor scheduled. Assuming everything went well, all of the restrictions would be lifted from him. He would be allowed to drive again, he could be alone again, and his father would no longer restrict his visits to the Williams' house.

By this time, the weather had turned quite cold, as it usually did in October. In just a couple of weeks, it went from warm enough for the volleyball team to play naked at the volleyball court to cold enough that he had to wear a moderately heavy jacket when going outside. It meant more time staying indoors where it was warm, although Brit still spent plenty of time out back in her studio. Fortunately, it was insulated, so it stayed nice and warm inside. Only the trip to and from the studio was uncomfortable.

On Saturday, Greg decided he wanted to take the whole family out somewhere to have fun. It was partly as an early celebration for Jeff's recovery, but mostly just because with all of the activities that had happened in the past few weeks, they just hadn't spent a lot of time together. Ever since Lissa left, it seemed like there was always something going on during the weekends that kept the family apart.

Since the cold weather limited their options, they decided to try the mini-golf at the mall again. The last time they had gone there as a family several years ago, Brit and Jeff fought the whole time. But with their new attitudes toward one another, Greg felt it was worth giving it another try.

It worked out beautifully. The kids never so much as said an unkind word to each other. Allison won, of course (was there *anything* she wasn't good at?), followed by Brit, Jeff, and finally Greg. He joked about being old and out-of-shape, which of course wasn't the case at all. He was in great shape for his age, maybe not as much as Allen Williams, but he looked five years younger than he really was. As a consolation prize, Allison kissed him and told him that he was the most handsome man in the whole world, and Jeff found himself in the amusing situation of wishing *he* had lost.

Lately, Allison had adopted a flirtatious attitude with Greg. The two of them were very affectionate with each other, like newlyweds. In a sense, that was what they were. While they had been married for over two years now, it wasn't until recently that they had realized that they were in love.

Jeff was jealous, of course, but it wasn't a really serious jealousy. He still had a thing for Allison, but now that he had Kari, he was content just to have Allison as part of his family. He still got to spend as much time with her as he wanted after all.

Lately, Brit had joined the list of girls that he thought about a lot, on the same level as Allison and Kari. He

loved how affectionate she was with him, and he always looked forward to waking up to her smile each morning.

That smile was actually the reason she scored better than him during the game. While he used to be competitive with her, this time he was more interested in seeing her happy than in beating her. He could have probably gotten way ahead of her, but deliberately missed some shots so that she could keep up with him. The excitement of having a chance to beat him kept her animated and happy, and the smile that he loved so much never left her face. When she finally sank the last putt to put her one stroke ahead of him on the final score, she was so happy that she literally jumped into his arms, nearly bowling him over. She hugged him for a few seconds, then he set her down on the ground.

After the game, the family headed over to Jeff's and Brit's favorite buffet to eat lunch. Then they returned home to sit in the rec room and watch movies on the big screen TV for the rest of the day.

Jeff was glad he had the chance to spend time with his family like that. Lately, he had been looking for opportunities to get away from Greg and spend time with Kari and Crystal. He was beginning to think of his dad as some kind of enemy rather than a friend, and that thought really bothered him. These little outings helped to bring the family together.

Sunday night was likely the last official chance for Brit to sleep in his bed, although she hinted quite strongly that she wasn't going to stop just because she no longer had to. Allison insisted on seeing them to bed and talking with them for just a few minutes, but as soon as their stepmother left, Jeff and Brit slipped out of their clothes and lay naked together in each other's arms. Brit gave him a quick kiss on the lips, then snuggled against his chest.

They awoke in the morning as usual, ten minutes before Allison came in to wake them. They dressed in their nightclothes, then lay down once more and pretended to sleep. When Allison arrived, she knocked on the door (they always kept it locked after that incident a couple of weeks before), and Brit opened it for her.

Jeff's appointment with the doctor was right in the middle of the day, which was perfect in his opinion because there wouldn't be enough time before or after for him to go to school at all that day. He showered and dressed, and met everyone downstairs for breakfast, in as good a mood as he had ever been on a Monday.

Since Greg had to work, he had asked Allison to take him to the doctor's office, which suited Jeff just fine. He always liked to be near her.

During the drive over, they mostly talked about Brit, or more specifically, Jeff's feelings toward Brit. Allison seemed really happy that the two of them were getting along so well. Jeff avoided going into details, especially not mentioning certain things they had done together. He admitted that he really liked her, and enjoyed how affectionate she was. He even commented that he thought she was a really beautiful girl, a relatively safe answer.

He didn't tell her about Brit and Crystal, though. While Allison probably wouldn't have had a problem with that kind of relationship between the girls, Jeff wasn't entirely certain. It would also have felt like betraying

his sister's trust. When she was ready, she would tell Allison herself.

Allison once again reemphasized that he needed to be someone Brit could trust, someone she could flirt with and practice her feminine charms on without fear of rejection. Jeff just nodded, not wanting to explore that topic too deeply with his stepmother.

They reached the doctor's office a few minutes early, and Jeff had to fill out some paperwork while he waited. Then the receptionist called him in, and while Allison waited out in the lobby, he met the doctor in a small room.

The doctor ran the usual tests on him, then they discussed Jeff's headaches. He mentioned that it had been over two weeks since the last once, and that that one might have been due to overexertion and dehydration. When the doctor asked him what he had been doing, he lied and said he had been throwing a football around outside, since that was a much safer answer than admitting he had received two blowjobs and fucked one of his girlfriend's friends.

The doctor gave him the all-clear to lift the restrictions, although he did caution him not to overexert himself again for the next few months, and to drink plenty of water. It wasn't quite as important now that the weather had cooled off, but it was good advice any time of the year.

He wrote out a note that Jeff could take to school to excuse his absence, although Jeff had already told all of his teachers on Friday about the appointment. Then Jeff left and met Allison in the waiting room.

They drove home, talking about how the appointment went. Allison was happy that he was back to normal and was no longer restricted in what he could do. She mentioned that it was too bad that it was too cold to go swimming, because he hadn't been allowed to in over a month. Jeff sighed with regret. He would have loved to get into the pool with her; she looked especially good in a swimsuit, with her hair hanging damply about her shoulders and rivulets of water running down her body.

His fantasy was interrupted by their arrival back home. They got out and went inside.

Since school would be over in a couple of hours, there was no point going back, so Allison networked her laptop to his computer and they spent the rest of the afternoon playing games.

That evening, he got another bit of good news. His dad announced over dinner that he had to go to a business conference in about three weeks, and would be gone for a week. While it wasn't a particularly exciting announcement on the surface, to Jeff it meant plenty of time to fool around with Kari and Crystal. All he would have to do would be to get Allison or Brit, or both, out of the house for a while, and that would leave him with a great opportunity.

Funnily enough, he could do it with Allison there because she had seen him with Kari and Crystal, and he could do it with Brit there because she had even participated a little, but he couldn't do it with both of them there because Allison certainly wouldn't approve of Brit's involvement with the three of them.

He figured the smartest thing would be to trade Brit for Kari. Brit and Crystal could spend time at the Williams' house while Kari, Allison, and Jeff got together at the Primdales'. The truth was that he would have preferred to have his little sister there with him; he really enjoyed her company. But that was the problem. He couldn't afford to enjoy it too much. What he really needed was some time away from her to let himself cool off.

Fate seemed to conspire against him, though. The next weekend Greg wanted to go out with just Allison and spend all day with her on Saturday. Ever since their newly-confessed love for one another, they acted like they wanted to make up for lost time. Jeff certainly couldn't begrudge them that, but it did leave Jeff and Brit home alone.

As soon as Kari found out, she invited Crystal and herself over. Jeff wasn't sure whether that would help or hurt things. Still, he could never refuse Kari when she wanted to be with him.

As the week progressed, his mood changed toward Brit. He figured that since he could probably get Brit out of the house a lot once their father left on his business trip in a couple of weeks, he wouldn't have to put so much effort into avoiding her now. In fact, by the end of the week he found himself looking forward to having all three of the girls there with him. Lately Brit had seemed just a natural part of his relationship with Kari and Crystal.

On Saturday morning, the family ate breakfast together, then Greg and Allison left on their date. About an hour later, the Williams girls arrived.

"So what do you guys want to do?" asked Crystal as soon as they entered the house.

"I've got an idea," Brit replied. "Why don't we go out back to my studio?"

"What for?" asked Kari.

"I've got my camera there."

"And?"

"And we can take some pictures."

"That sounds boring," said Jeff.

"Nude pictures," Brit explained.

"Okay!" he grinned.

The four of them headed out back into the brisk autumn air. Jeff loved the autumn, mainly because it reminded him of the first time he met Allison three years ago. When he closed his eyes, he could still remember her perfectly, standing there in the front doorway, looking like an angel sent from heaven.

They dashed across the lawn to the art studio and entered it, hastily shutting the door behind them to lock out the chill. Crystal shivered; for some reason she had chosen to wear shorts today.

"I'll get the camera," said Brit, and headed to the back of the room. She retrieved it from her desk and returned to the others, who had already begun to undress.

"I'll tell you a secret," Kari said to Brit. "Last time we did this, we had to limit ourselves because we told Jeff we wouldn't do any lesbian stuff in front of you. He thought you were too young and impressionable."

"Thanks, Jeff," Brit told him. "You're right; I really wouldn't have appreciated it back then."

"Of course, now that you're a lesbian yourself," Kari continued, "I think we should lift that restriction. What do you say, Jeff? Should we take some pictures of some kinky girl-on-girl action?"

"Hell yes!" he grinned.

"Well first, I'd like to get some pictures of Brit and Crystal together. This will be a pedophile's dream. A thirteen-year old girl doing naughty things with her barely-fourteen girlfriend."

"I don't know about pedophiles," Jeff commented, "but it's certainly a dream of *mine*."

"Did you hear that?" Crystal asked Brit. "Jeff just admitted that he dreams about you doing naughty things."

"I didn't mean it like that!" he hastily corrected, although in fact, Crystal's interpretation really was spot-on.

Brit just giggled, taking it in the humor in which it was meant. It was just Crystal's usual teasing after all.

By this time they were all undressed, including Jeff, who assumed that he would be a part of the pictures too. No one seemed to object, so he figured his assumption must be correct.

Since Brit was modeling, she wouldn't be able to take the pictures. She attached the camera to the tripod and then suggested that Kari take the pictures, playfully teasing Jeff that she didn't trust her perverted brother with it. Jeff could have pointed out that there wasn't much a pervert could do with it that Kari wouldn't be doing anyway, but it really didn't matter anyway, so he kept his mouth shut.

The two younger girls sat down on the couch together. They glanced at each other, wondering how to begin.

"Start with a little smooching," Kari suggested, so Brit and Crystal leaned in, turned their heads, and pressed their lips together. They acted spontaneously, ignoring the camera and paying attention only to each other. Their hands slipped around each other's waists, and they drew in closer.

It didn't take long for Jeff's dick to harden, watching these two beautiful, young, nude girls making out. He was almost satisfied just to watch them, although he knew that he would probably get his own chance later on.

As Brit lay back and Crystal climbed on top of her, Jeff had a sudden, amusing realization. A couch, he decided, was designed to encourage sex. If two people sat together on the couch and they wanted to kiss, they had to turn their heads and come at each other from an awkward angle. True, they could turn their bodies, but then their legs would get in the way. If they wanted to face each other for a better position for kissing, the couch itself got in the way. They would have to either kneel on it, which wasn't particularly comfortable for more than just a few minutes, or they could lie down. That, of course, meant that one of them would have to be on top of the other, naturally leading to sex.

He mentioned his theory to the girls, who found it just as entertaining as he did. "I think Crystal and I are proving your theory," Brit commented from under her girlfriend. Then she returned her attention to Crystal's lips.

Jeff loved to see the two girls together like that. For over a month now he had been trying to suppress his feelings for Brit, and so when she mentioned she was in love with Crystal, it was a perfect opportunity for him to let her go. He was a little uncomfortable with Brit being a lesbian, but he knew just how sweet of a girl Crystal was, and that she would never do anything to hurt Brit. Considering the alternative of his sister getting involved with some guy like Chad, or even Jeff himself, this seemed like a great compromise. He had to admit that he was a little jealous because he could never have the kind of relationship with Brit that he really wanted. On the other hand, apparently Brit wasn't shy about making love to Crystal in front of him, so at least he got to watch.

Crystal slid her body down Brit's and sucked one of her nipples into her mouth. Jeff grinned, loving the show in front of him. A few weeks ago he had been concerned when Crystal went down on Brit, but that was mainly because he didn't want Brit doing something that would make her feel guilty later. Since she had made up her mind that she enjoyed this kind of pleasure, he was happy for her.

He was also horny, though. He moved in behind Kari and slipped his hands around her waist, pulling him in to her.

"Hey!" she said. "I'm trying to take pictures here."

"Sorry," he replied, pulling away.

"I didn't say I wanted you to stop," Kari grinned. "Just be careful."

"Yes, Mistress," he laughed, returning to his position. His cock pressed up against the crack of her ass, and he reached around and fondled her breasts.

"Geez, you two," Crystal joked. "Do you have to get all kinky and stuff right in front of your sisters?"

"Look who's talking," Kari retorted.

"Oh yeah." Crystal returned to kissing all over Brit's body. She focused on the tits for a while, licking and sucking and even nibbling on them. This had a deliciously powerful effect on Brit. Her body writhed in

pleasure, shudders running through her with every motion.

Kari had once told Jeff that a woman was capable of having orgasms one right after another, especially if they were small orgasms. A big one might take a few minutes to recover from, although that was more physical exhaustion than anything. These mini-orgasms could go on and on and on. That appeared to be what was happening to Brit right now. He knew from a couple of incidents that she was extremely sensitive, and the slightest thing could set her off.

He loved to watch her climaxing. The thought that she was receiving such intense pleasure aroused him almost more than he could stand. He found himself grinding his crotch into Kari's back side.

"You're jiggling the camera again," Kari told him.

"Oh, you mean these are the camera?" he said, squeezing her breasts. "I thought they were your tits."

"Okay, Brit, Crystal, Jeff's getting horny. Maybe we ought to give you two a rest and let him and I pose for a bit. Last time we were just getting going when Crystal and Rachael interrupted us, so we didn't get very far."

"Do we have to?" Crystal whined.

"Maybe we can do some more with you two later."

"Fine," Crystal said, though not enthusiastically. The two girls got up off the couch, Brit looking a little dazed and possibly even dizzy. Jeff knew that look; it was common on his own face after a fuck session with one or both of the Williams girls.

"I like what you two were doing," said Kari. "I want to be spontaneous with Jeff this time too."

"Spontaneous?" asked Brit.

"That's code for 'I want you to take pictures of me and Jeff having sex,'" Crystal explained.

"Not on my couch!" exclaimed Brit. "You'll get stuff all over it."

"What stuff?" Crystal grinned. "Sperm? Semen? Spunk? Cum? Jizz? Love juice?"

"Okay, you don't have to mention every single name for it," Brit told her.

"Well, I guess you do have a point, Brit," said Kari. "A couch isn't the most comfortable place to screw anyway. Why don't we go to Jeff's room? It's one of my favorite places to make love. And besides, there's room on three sides of the bed, so you have a lot more options for camera angles."

The others agreed, and they gathered up their belongings. Since it was pointless to put their clothes back on just for the trip across the lawn, they didn't. Laughing, giggling, shrieking, and completely naked, they dashed over to the patio and up the stairs, carrying their clothes in their arms.

"Okay, everyone huddle together for warmth," said Crystal as soon as they were safely inside, then threw her arms around Brit. Jeff and Kari moved in and pressed their bodies up against the two girls, turning it into a group hug.

They broke it up after a very pleasant thirty seconds, stepping away from each other.

"Well, I was warmed up before," said Kari, "but unfortunately that dash through the refrigerator out there cooled me off. Let's take some more pictures of us posing before Jeff and I fuck each other silly."

"Sounds fine to me," Jeff smiled. He was willing to put it off a little for the sake of a few more dirty pictures. He would have to ask Brit if she wouldn't mind letting him have copies.

They ascended the stairs, then dropped their clothes on the floor. Brit just set the tripod in the corner and held the camera in her hand, since the point of going to his room was to give the photographer the freedom to move around.

"Let's do a little role-playing here," Kari suggested.

"It's not going to be embarrassing, is it?" asked Brit.

"No, it'll be fun. Brit, you're the mommy, and Crystal's the baby."

Crystal grinned. She sat down on the bed and hugged Brit. "I wuv you, Mommy," she said.

"Too old," Kari told her. "You're a *really* young baby. You can't talk, you can't walk, you can't even crawl yet."

"Well that's no fun. What am I supposed to do?"

"Nothing. You just lie there while Brit feeds you."

"Feed her with what?" asked Brit.

"Your boobies, of course," Kari grinned.

Jeff, Brit, and Crystal both laughed. "My favorite food," Crystal said. "Aside from her cunt, of course."

Brit handed the camera back to Kari, then sat on the edge of the bed, while Crystal took her place lying with her head in Brit's lap. Brit cradled her head in her arm, lifting her a little to allow her to take a nipple into her mouth. Crystal smiled and sucked on it, just like a nursing baby. She even reached up with one of her hands and pawed at it.

"That is so adorable," Kari said, snapping a picture. "You make a great baby, Crystal."

She continued to suckle for several minutes. Brit used her free hand to grope Crystal's tits and pussy, not a

very mother-like thing to do, admittedly, so it tended to spoil the fantasy. On the other hand, Jeff found it highly erotic.

"Ow!" Brit suddenly exclaimed, and Crystal giggled. Brit glared down at her for a second, then began to laugh herself.

"What is it?" asked Jeff.

"She bit me!" Brit explained.

"Babies sometimes do that," Crystal said playfully. "Besides, it wasn't intentional. I accidentally do that when I get excited. Your finger just rubbed against my clit."

Kari laughed too. "Jeff knows all about that."

"Don't remind me," Jeff groaned. "It still hurts when I think about it." Then to Brit, who wore a puzzled look on her face, he added, "Crystal bit my dick once on accident."

"Yeah, but you got your revenge by shoving your cock down my throat," Crystal countered.

"That was an accident too. I just got overexcited."

Brit giggled at this exchange, apparently finding the whole thing humorous.

"Anyway, I think this little game is over," she said. Crystal sat up and glanced at Kari to see if she had any more kinky ideas.

She did.

"For this next one," Kari suggested, "let's try something a little different. Jeff, you sit on the edge of the bed. Brit and Crystal, you kneel down in front of him and face each other."

"What kinds of perverted things are you going to make us do?" Brit asked with a grin.

"You ever hear of tit fucking?"

"No."

"Well, basically, a guy sticks his dick in the girl's cleavage and she rubs her boobs up and down it."

Crystal giggled. "I'm not sure that either Brit or I have enough cleavage to do it," she said.

"Hey!" Brit exclaimed.

"Maybe not separately," Kari replied, "but together I think it's just about right."

"You mean..." said Brit.

"Exactly. I want you two to rub your boobs together, with Jeff's cock between them."

"Ooh!" Brit exclaimed in delight. "That sounds like fun!"

Jeff had to agree with her. The only time anyone had done anything like that with him was that day that Allison had lost control and nearly seduced him. It was one of the greatest things he had ever felt, although admittedly part of that was due to the fact that it was the first time Allison had ever done anything sexual with him.

Once again, he was worried that this might be crossing some kind of line with Brit, but he reminded himself that he had already had his dick in her mouth before, so this wasn't anywhere near the same thing.

Brit and Crystal took their places in front of him, facing each other. Jeff scooted forward to place his cock in the right position. The girls scooted in, aiming their chests for his engorged member. He felt their breasts close in around it as they pressed their boobs up against each other's. He found it to be a perfect fit; the cavity between their breasts formed a hexagon with their breastbones and the inner swells of their tits squeezing against his hardened organ.

They both broke down into fits of giggles at the sensation. Jeff's reaction was different; he groaned with pleasure.

"This is so naughty," Brit grinned. "My boobs are touching another girl's, and my big brother has his cock squeezed between them."

Kari took a picture of them in that position. "Now rub your boobs up and down," she said. "Concentrate on rubbing the nipples together. Just forget you've got a cock there."

"You want me to forget about Jeff's cock?" Crystal asked. "I can't stop thinking about it even when he's not around. How am I supposed to manage with it right there in my face?"

"Well, pretend then."

Jeff watched in erotic fascination as the girls rubbed up and down. Like Kari had told them, their nipples teased each other, and he could tell by the looks on their faces that they were as turned on by it as he was. The action caused them to slide their sternums along the shaft of his cock, and the soft yet tight tunnel between them felt amazingly good.

Crystal and even Brit began to moan now as their boobs rubbed together with his dick in between. He couldn't see past the action, but he was pretty sure that they were both leaking like crazy between the legs.

Across the room, he caught Kari fondling herself. She kept one hand on the camera, but the other roamed over her body. When she caught him looking at her, she merely shrugged and grinned.

"I think if you go a little lower," she told the girls, "you can lick the head of his dick."

"Great idea!" Crystal said, then slid down until her tits cradled the base of his cock. She stuck out her tongue and ran it all over his head.

Brit was soon to follow. He almost told her not to, but his baser instincts were far too strong. He could only watch in excitement as she stuck her tongue out and teased his cock with it.

"Oh god, Brit!" he moaned, and she giggled.

"You like that, big brother?" she asked.

"Hell yes!" he exclaimed.

"Good." She continued the motions. Her tongue brushed against Crystal's often, and soon it became a three-way stimulation, with the girls focusing as much on each other's tongues as on his cock.

"This is fun," said Crystal. "Kari, you've got a talent for coming up with kinky ideas. Maybe you should write a book. You could call it 'Sexual Positions for Two Young Bisexual Teenage Girls and One Big Brother.'"

"Bound to be a best-seller," Jeff remarked with a grin.

"Maybe I should," said Kari. "I've got enough ideas for about a thousand pages. It would have to be illustrated with photos of the positions, of course. You three could be the models."

"I like that idea!" Crystal said.

"Well then, let's do another position."

"Okay," Brit and Crystal both said together.

Kari had Jeff lie back on the bed. She told Crystal to sit on his stomach, straddling him and facing away from him. Jeff pointed out that if she sat a couple of inches lower he could insert his cock into her pussy, but Kari had a better idea. She had Brit sit on his thighs, positioning herself over Jeff's legs. This forced his cock between the two girls' abdomens. Brit and Crystal scooted together until their bodies touched, squeezing his dick between them.

By this point, Brit was basically sitting in Crystal's lap, and they hugged each other tightly. Since Brit had to spread her legs to wrap them around Crystal's waist, the position pulled her pussy lips open and moved her cunt forward. Jeff found himself in the delightful position of feeling those lips spread around the shaft of his cock. It was the closest he had come yet to having sex with her. Right now he was so aroused that if she asked him to, he would give in completely.

It was even worse when the girls started to make out, because soon their bodies were squirming and writhing just like before. With his hard-on nestled between them, this made it really hard to keep from cumming right

there.

He could feel the dampness between their legs; especially Brit's. Obviously she was just as turned on as he was. He wondered if that was just due to Crystal, or maybe he had something to do with it as well. She had confessed that she loved the girl, but until now he had thought that that cut off any possibility of her loving him in the same way. But now that he thought about it, there was really no reason why a girl couldn't be in love with two people at the same time.

Brit? In love with me? he thought. Could it really be possible? If so, shouldn't he just take her right now and make love to her, right in front of Kari and Crystal?

No, he couldn't do that to her. No matter what his feelings for her, or her feelings for him, she was still his sister. Lately they had crossed just about every line possible without actually having sex. But it was all in fun. It was just pictures and games and teasing each other. To actually have a sexual relationship with her was wrong.

"I think that's enough," he said. "Any more of that, and I'm going to cum."

"That's the point," Crystal grinned.

"Not with Brit sitting on me like this," he insisted.

"Aw, you're no fun," Brit teased, but she still climbed off of his lap and stood next to the bed. Crystal followed her. Jeff sat back up.

"I've got another idea," said Kari. "This one's for Jeff and Crystal."

"Oh goody!" Crystal exclaimed. Brit stood up and walked over to Kari, taking the camera from her hands.

"Crystal, I want you to lie there with your head in Jeff's lap," said Kari.

Crystal got up on the bed and lay down. She tried to put her head down in his lap, but his cock got in the way.

"What do you want me to do with this?" he asked Kari with a grin, nodding toward his swollen member.

"Put it in her mouth," Kari replied.

"What?"

"Crystal, do what you were doing before with Brit. But instead of nursing on her boob, you're going to nurse on his cock."

"Ooh, yummy!" Crystal said. She moved her head down along his legs a little, then Jeff took his cock and pointed it toward her face. She turned her head to the side and let it slip into her mouth.

She wasted no time, but immediately set to work sucking on it, just like a baby with a bottle. She stared up at him innocently, at least as innocently as possible with his dick in her mouth. Kari moved in closer so that she could get a good view of Crystal's face, then snapped a few pictures.

"My turn," Kari said then, but Crystal continued to suck on his dick. She maneuvered her body off of the bed and onto her knees without once taking it out of her mouth. Then she rose to her feet, still keeping her lips wrapped around him. Only then did she let it slip free.

Kari glanced at her, and Crystal just shrugged, grinning sheepishly. Kari knelt between Jeff's legs, then leaned in and took him into her mouth.

Brit had to maneuver to the side to get a good picture as Kari sucked away on his dick. He was having a great time, made even better by the presence of his little sister with her camera.

Then Kari lifted her head and glanced up. "Okay Brit, your turn," she said.

Brit's eyes grew wide. "My turn?" she asked.

"Trade me places. Give me the camera and I'll take the picture."

"Okay," said Brit with a grin.

"Um, wait a minute," Jeff interrupted. "I don't know if this is such a good idea."

"What?" asked Crystal. "It's not something you haven't done before. Besides, it's just for one picture this time."

He sighed. "Oh, all right. One picture." He lay back down on the bed.

Brit handed the camera to Kari, then knelt down between his knees. She lowered her head and let his cock slip into her mouth.

He cried out as soon as she sucked. He remembered now the feeling of her lips around him, the wonderful hot moistness mixed with the love shared between them. Despite the fact that she wasn't as experienced with it as Kari or Crystal, that love made it all the more potent, and he realized that her mouth felt the best of all of them.

"Suck harder," Kari told her. "I want to see a very clear dimple."

Brit giggled, then sucked again, this time with a more powerful suction. Jeff groaned. It was even better than the first time.

Kari held up the camera, then lowered it again. "No, it's still not quite right," she said. "You've just got the head in your mouth. You've got to take at least a couple more inches."

Brit lowered her head a little more, then sucked a third time. By this time, Jeff was nearly insane with lust. If they didn't take the picture soon, he was going to go off.

"Okay, that's almost right," Kari said. "Now look up at him. No, not like that. Gaze lovingly at him. This is your big brother who you love more than anyone else in the whole world, and being able to give him pleasure like this is all you live for."

Brit gazed up at him, just like Kari said. Jeff glanced down and their eyes met, and he could see from the look in her eyes that Kari's fantasy wasn't far from the truth.

"Good," said Kari. "Now hold that for a second. I think I need the tripod for this picture. Crystal, would you bring it over to me? Thanks."

"Just take the picture!" Jeff groaned. "I can't hold on much longer."

"Now don't be impatient," she playfully scolded. "If we don't do it right, we'll have to start over."

Now he realized what she was doing. Kari was purposely drawing this out, intensifying his pleasure. Did she actually want him to cum in his little sister's mouth?

Knowing her, she probably did. It was such a naughty thought, but so wonderfully erotic. He wanted so much to lose it right here, to pump his semen into Brit's mouth and have her swallow it all.

Brit continued to suck his dick while the Williams girls fumbled with the tripod. Jeff knew he wasn't going to last much longer.

"Hurry!" he said. "I can't hold on!"

They fastened the camera in place, then Kari took her time adjusting the position, all the while keeping Jeff in such wonderful agony.

"Okay, on the count of three, cum!" Kari said with a grin.

"Oh shit!" Jeff exclaimed. "I'm going to... Kari, please just take the picture!"

"Fine," Kari sighed, then pressed the shutter button.

Jeff immediately reached down and shoved Brit, perhaps a little too forcefully, off of him. She tumbled to the floor, a stunned look on her face for just an instant before she started giggling.

Without Brit there blowing him, he was able to keep himself under control. He lay back on the bed, his eyes shut tight and his teeth clenched as he fought down the impending orgasm. He knew that if he moved, or if any of the girls touched him, he would go off.

Eventually it subsided, and Jeff let out the breath he didn't realize he had been holding.

Crystal giggled. "Now that's what you call self-control," she remarked.

"Damn, Kari," said Jeff. "And I thought Brit and Crystal were the teases."

"You wanted to cum in her mouth and you know it," she replied. "I was just helping you along."

"That's not true!" he lied, his face burning. In fact, he *did* want it. But that would be crossing way over the line.

"So I take it you're warmed up," said Kari. "Does that mean you're ready to get down to the main event?"

"You bet," Jeff smiled.

Kari left the camera behind and climbed onto the bed next to him. Jeff leaned in and kissed her on the lips, letting one of his hands go to her breast. He heard the shutter of Brit's camera, and found that the thought that she was recording this turned him on.

He kissed lower, to her neck and shoulders. He knew she loved it when he did this to her. His lips sought out her nipples, which were already hard. His mouth worked all over her chest, and she began to moan softly.

As he kissed her, he let his hand wander lower. She was already wet down there, and her pussy lips engorged and loosened up. There wouldn't be need for much foreplay. He was already excited enough that he wouldn't last long once he entered her, and she was apparently at least physically ready for him.

He continued playing with her for a few minutes, listening for the telltale sounds she made when she wanted him to enter him. They had been doing this long enough that she no longer had to tell him directly, he could sense it by the motions of her body and the sound of her moans.

Her body was squirming by now, and a moment later she gave out a groan that had just a tinge of frustration in it. That meant he had gone one just a little too long with his playing. He slid his body up along hers and positioned himself above her.

With a mischievous gleam in her eye, Kari turned to face Brit. "Care to do the honors?" she asked.

Brit grinned, then handed the camera to Crystal. Now it was Jeff's turn to groan as she took hold of his dick and placed it against Kari's hole.

"Right there?" she asked.

"Perfect," Kari told her. "You know just what to do. Are you sure you've never had sex with a boy before?"

Brit blushed, but she shook her head.

They heard a click, and glanced over to Crystal, who had snapped a picture of Brit holding Jeff's cock. All four of them giggled at that.

Jeff pressed downward. It didn't take him too many thrusts to bury his cock completely inside of Kari. Brit stepped back, and Crystal handed her back her camera.

Jeff fucked Kari slowly; he knew if he took things too fast, he wouldn't last long. He kept it at a slow, almost relaxed pace. He kissed her tenderly as he did so, letting her feel his love for her. She sighed in pleasure and happiness.

Now here was a girl who he didn't have to worry about. Brit was young and fragile, and he could end up hurting her if he took his relationship too far with her. With Kari, everything just seemed all right. Whenever he made love to her, he forgot all of his cares, and just let himself fill up with the love they shared. It was like they had always been meant to be together. No matter what happened, he would never give her up.

Just like he expected, he didn't last long. The earlier stimulation had been too much for him, especially when Brit had sucked him almost to a climax. Now, here inside of Kari, he no longer had to hold himself back, so he just let it happen. His cock throbbed, shooting off deep into her body.

Fortunately, Kari had also been aroused earlier, though mostly with her own hand. She didn't last much longer than Jeff. She gave out a long wail as her own orgasm washed through her, and her body shuddered with the force of it.

He heard Brit still snapping pictures, catching Kari in her moment of ecstasy. That made him happy; he wanted to see those pictures later.

After it was over, they lay together in one another's arms. Brit left the camera on the tripod, and together the two younger girls climbed into bed with them. Brit curled up on the other side of Jeff, and Crystal lay down against Kari's back.

They slept for a while, and Jeff's mind was filled with happy dreams. When they awoke, Jeff and Kari went into the bathroom for a quick shower to clean themselves off. They snuggled under the spray of the water but did nothing else. Jeff was too tired for more activities for a while.

After they finished, they found Brit and Crystal sitting in her room uploading the pictures they took to her computer. Neither had bothered getting dressed, which, all things considered, wasn't particularly surprising.

"It's too cold to go out back to the studio to upload these to my computer there," Brit said, indicating the computer in front of her. "I'll transfer them later. Right now I need to delete them off of my camera to make more room."

Jeff decided to get dressed. He still felt a little self-conscious about what had gone on, especially with Brit. It seemed like he had done everything but fuck her today; there wasn't much left. He figured if he had his clothes on, there was less chance of him getting aroused, and even if he did get aroused, he would have to take them off to do anything with her. With those two obstacles in the way, he was sure he could control himself.

The girls, including Brit, left their clothes off for the rest of the day. They spent the rest of their time together wrestling and tickling each other, rolling around in the front room and having a great time. Jeff didn't join in; he merely sat on the couch and watched.

Brit occasionally glanced over at him, and he wondered what she was thinking. Did she really love him in the way that he hoped? Was it even right that he hoped it? Maybe she was feeling some of the same guilt that he was. Maybe she sensed his attraction for her, and it bothered her.

She finally came over to him and sat down on the couch next to him. "Jeff, what's wrong?" she asked.

So that was it. She was just wondering what *he* was thinking. After all, it wasn't like him to just sit there watching three nude girls when they were more than happy to let him participate.

"Nothing," he smiled.

"Really?"

"Really."

"Then you don't mind if I do THIS!" she laughed, digging her fingers into his side.

That was enough to break him out of his mood. He laughed at the sudden tickling, then attacked her back. She squealed and hopped up off the couch. The other girls joined in, and soon he had all three of them attacking him at once.

Whatever hesitation and worry he had felt before was gone now. He could never stay in that kind of mood for long when he had three gorgeous, naked girls to play with. It no longer mattered that she was his sister; she was still a cute little thing that right now, deserved to be tickled.

Laughing and grinning, he pounced on the girls, wondering just why he had been worried in the first place.

Chapter 58

Crossing The Line

Once Kari and Crystal left, Brit crept up behind Jeff on the bed and suddenly threw her arms around his neck, pressing her body up against his.

"Did you have fun today?" she asked.

"Did I ever!" he grinned.

"So you don't mind?"

"Mind what?"

"That we were being so naughty."

"Of course I don't mind."

"So do you think I'm a naughty girl?" she asked.

"Yes, but I like naughty girls," he replied.

"Does that mean you're not going to punish me?"

"What do you mean? That's *why* I like naughty girls, so that I get to punish them!" He reached back with one of his hands and tickled her in the side.

She squealed and released him, hopping off the bed and dashing into her room. Laughing, he followed her. He grabbed her around the waist and tossed her onto the bed, then pounced on her, pinning her down.

"Say the words!" he ordered.

As soon as she stopped giggling, she said, "Now I'm completely at your mercy. You can do anything you want to me, and I can't stop you. My body is yours to play with." Though he had heard the words plenty of times before, they took on a completely new meaning, considering the circumstances. Suddenly he realized where he was, and moved to get off of her.

"Aren't you even going to tie me up?" she asked with a grin. She was apparently enjoying this. Jeff reconsidered. Since she obviously didn't mind, he was willing to go as far as she was. He held both her hands with one of his own and reached for the ropes she kept on a shelf in the headboard of her bed.

A couple of quick knots later and she had her arms strapped tightly to the bedposts. She laughed as he moved down to her legs, kicking in a mock attempt to prevent him from tying her further. But he managed to subdue her, and she found herself naked and spread-eagle in her bed, bound to all four bedposts.

Now came the fun part. He didn't have to think very hard to come up with a way to "torture" her this time. Going to her room for a minute, he grabbed her camera and brought it back.

"No!" she exclaimed in feigned horror. But the smile of delight on her face betrayed her pleasure.

"Say cheese," he told her, and snapped a picture of her bare body. He took a few more as she squirmed around on the bed. It was too bad the camera couldn't do video; it wouldn't have the full effect without the jiggling of her naked breasts. But with her body, the pictures would still be amazing.

That gave him another idea to add to her torture. "You know, I think I could make money off of these," he said. "I'll bet my friends would be willing to pay five bucks for each of them. Hell, Jesse would pay ten."

But if he thought he was going to get a reaction out of her, he was wrong. Instead, she just smiled and said, "Go ahead. I'll just take some more. I bet I can get a higher price than you can." He was completely shocked. He had always thought of her as a little shy, even timid. Never had he suspected such a bold statement from her.

She had probably said it just to see his reaction. It was all in fun, of course. He would never let these pictures out, although he wasn't about to delete them, either.

"Okay, so I'll just upload them to the internet instead," he told her.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed. "Just the thought of all those perverts and old men staring at my naked body makes me so horny!"

Okay, so that didn't get the expected reaction, either. This was a new game she was playing, and so far she was winning.

"Okay, I guess there's no way to use these pictures against you. So I'll have to settle for raping you." He unfastened his pants, as if to take them off.

"You can't do that," she told him.

"Just watch," he grinned evilly.

"No, I mean, it's not rape if the victim is a willing participant."

She was still winning this little game of his! He decided to take it to next level. Even though she had already seen him naked, he wanted to see what her reaction would be if he took his clothes off in front of her and made like he was going to follow through with his evil plan.

First he pulled his shirt up over his head, then glanced over at her to see what kind of expression she had on her face. But it was only that same smile that she had worn this whole time. Then he dropped his pants to the floor, leaving only his shorts on. She stared at the bulge in his pants with a grin. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his shorts, still keeping his eyes on her, but she still stared at his crotch.

Then he hesitated. What was he doing? This was his little sister. But the view of her there naked and tied up like that, completely at his mercy, was the most erotic thing he had ever seen.

"Well?" asked Brit.

He knew he shouldn't be doing this. After all, it was just a game. She was testing his limits, and he was testing hers. But he had the upper hand; it would be a shame to let her win, especially if all he had to do was take it a little further. There was a part of him that *wanted* to take it further, that wanted to not only push the boundaries, but cross them completely. When it came right down to it, Brit was one of the sexiest girls he knew. Right now he thought she was sexier than Crystal, sexier than Kari, even sexier than Allison!

By this point, that little voice in his head warning him that this was wrong had faded to an almost imperceptible whisper. Ignoring it, he slid off his shorts and stood in front of her, completely naked.

She surprised him even more by licking her lips. "Yummy!" she exclaimed, staring right at his swollen member.

"You like that, don't you?" he asked.

"Ooh, yes!"

"And what would you like me to do with it?"

"I want you to take that big thing of yours and stick it up inside me."

Hearing her talk dirty like that only served to heighten his arousal. This was the most fun game he had ever played with her!

"First you have to do something for me," he told her.

"Anything! You're my master and I'm your slave."

"You have to let me kiss you."

"Come here," she smiled. "My lips are waiting."

"Oh no," he told her. "I'm not going to kiss your lips!"

"What..."

He walked over to the bed, then leaned over and wrapped his lips around one of her nipples.

"Oh, Jeff!" she exclaimed. "Oh, that feels so good!"

His hand went to her other breast and he began to fondle it. Her breaths grew heavier then as he teased her body. He could tell she was enjoying this immensely.

Then he realized, this was supposed to be torture, not amusement. He rose back up and pulled his hand away, causing her to groan in disappointment.

"Well, raping your pussy apparently won't do the job," he said, "since you've been begging me for it. So what should I do?"

"Do whatever you like," she taunted. "It doesn't matter; I'll enjoy it."

"I know," he said with a wicked grin on his face. "I'll rape your mouth!"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed. "Let me taste it! Let me suck all the cum out of it! Let me feel you shoot it down my throat!"

"Oh, it won't be that easy," he said. "I'm going to shove it in so deep that you'll choke. You'll want me to stop, but your mouth will be so full of my cock that you won't even be able to scream." He climbed up onto the bed, straddling her chest. He leaned over and pointed the tip toward her mouth.

"Go on," she said. "I want to feel you shove your dick right down my throat. Do it, Jeff! Do it now! Oh god! I'm--" Her body tensed up again as she cried out. Jeff was surprised at how easily she reached orgasm, even without being physically stimulated. Then with a final shudder, she relaxed. Jeff simply knelt there, not knowing what to do.

Then he caught a gleam in her eye, and realized that she wasn't through with him yet. "Now it's your turn to feel good, big brother," she breathed. She stuck her tongue out and touched it to the tip of his cock. The sensation sent thrills through him. He was so far gone now that he could barely restrain himself. But then, suddenly, he realized what she had said. She had called him her brother.

"Oh fuck, Brit, what are we doing?" he exclaimed, getting off her.

"But aren't you going to fuck my mouth?" she asked in a disappointed tone.

"Don't say that!" he snapped.

Suddenly her eyes started welling up with tears, and he felt guilty for yelling at her.

"I'm sorry," he said, beginning to untie her arms. "I just think we need to end this game right now. It was starting to get out of control."

"What game?" she asked.

"Come on, that's not funny. Do you realize what I was about to do to you?"

"Yes, you were about to make me suck you off. I don't mind."

"Really?" he asked, taken aback. That part of him that wanted to have her began to gain some more ground in that war inside of him. "You wouldn't have minded sucking me off?"

"It wouldn't be the first time, after all. Besides, I want to make you happy. I'm serious when I say I want you to do anything you want to me, as long as it makes you feel good. If you want to cum in my mouth, that's all right. If you want me to swallow it, I'll even do that."

By that time he had finished untying her. She sat up in bed and gazed up lovingly into his eyes. "Let me show you how good I can make you feel." She slid off the bed and knelt in front of him, opening her mouth.

Once again his resolve weakened. He wanted so much to take her up on that offer. Just the thought of her sweet little lips wrapped around his cock as she milked every last drop of his cum out of it drove him wild. Here she was, ready and willing, kneeling in front of him. All he would have to do would be to take a couple of steps forward, and she would do the rest. Two steps. That was all.

He took the first step, and a smile spread across her face. She was so beautiful, so sexy. His cock was now a mere six inches from those lips that were waiting to bring him to the peak of pleasure. One more step, and she would turn his fantasy to reality. One step.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Brit, get up!"

"Oh, fuck you!" she shouted, but she climbed up onto the bed, where she sat staring at the floor with a look of anger on her face.

"Look, Brit, we can't--"

"You must think I'm such a slut right now," she said.

"What? No, of course not. I was the one who tied you up, remember? And I was just about to take you up on the offer. If you want to blame someone, blame me. Here I am, supposed to be taking care of you, and I was about to... to abuse you."

Her face softened, and once more tears began to return to her eyes. "But don't you love me?" she asked.

"That's not fair," he said. "You know I love you. You're my favorite little sister, after all."

She couldn't help laughing a little at that, but the tears remained in her eyes.

"I just wanted to make you happy," she said.

He came down and sat beside her, putting an arm around her shoulder. She leaned over and hugged him.

"Brit," he said soothingly, "You don't need to do anything to make me happy. Anything at all. I'm just happy that you're my sister. So let's have no nonsense about... you know."

"So you're not mad at me?"

"Mad at you? For what?"

"For... tempting you."

"Oh, of course not. I just think it was a mistake, that's all. A mistake that we both made. I'm just glad that it didn't go any further. Besides, didn't you tell me you're in love with Crystal?"

"Well... yeah."

"Then maybe you shouldn't be fooling around behind her back, okay?"

"But she... she..."

"Brit, what is it?"

"She's been fooling around with you, so why can't I?"

"Because you apparently don't mind, if what happened this afternoon is any indication. Are you sure she would feel the same way?"

"Yes."

"Well anyway, I'm still your brother, so it's not right. Look, Brit. You know I love you, and I'm flattered that you want to make me happy. But I would be most happy if you didn't do anything that could hurt you later on, all right?"

Brit nodded, and he kissed her on the forehead.

"Thank you, Jeff," she said, giving him one last squeeze and pulling away. They just gazed into each other's eyes for a while, not needing to say anything else.

Then she leaned in one more time, but this time she put her mouth up next to his ear.

"By the way, you can keep those pictures you took," she whispered, then hopped up and headed into the bathroom.

Jeff sat there a while longer, lost in thought. He had just narrowly avoided making the biggest mistake of his life. But was it really a mistake? After all, they both loved each other, and they had both wanted this. He felt

no revulsion to the idea of sex with her any more, only caution. She was vulnerable, true, but that was just because of her age. And yet he had had sex with Crystal, who was the same age. Why should he think this was any different?

He heard the water in the shower start up, which didn't surprise him, since she had climaxed and needed to be cleaned up. But then he wondered if there was also a subconscious thing there. Perhaps she needed to wipe away the dirtiness that she felt at what she had almost done. Was she, like Lady Macbeth, trying to wash away a spot that could never be cleaned? He laughed at the analogy. So he had learned something in his English Literature class after all.

But Brit hadn't seemed disgusted with the idea; she had only stopped because he had. Was she willing to take this all the way?

When he spied his camera still sitting there, he had a great idea. They had already crossed this line, so he didn't feel any guilt about what he was about to do. Picking it up, he went over and opened the door to the bathroom and stepped inside. Holding it ready, he opened the shower curtain and snapped a quick picture.

"Jeff!" Brit exclaimed in a shocked and angry tone, but she wore a grin on her face. Rivulets of water ran down her glistening body, and her long hair was damp. Rather than try to hide her body, she faced him and put her hands on her hips in a mock showing of anger.

"Just thought I'd continue where we left off earlier," he said.

She looked at the camera for a minute. "Do you promise you won't let anyone else see those pictures?" she asked.

"I promise."

"Then go ahead. I'll just pretend you're not there."

"Good," he said, then took another picture.

She continued to bathe, soaping up her body and rinsing it off several times. As she threw her head back to wash her hair, he made sure to photograph her gorgeous breasts in all their glory. He was getting excited at the thought of having all these pictures on his computer where with a few clicks of the mouse he could see her naked any time he wanted.

Then she glanced down at his engorged member, which he wasn't trying to hide.

"Can that camera take pictures automatically?" she asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"Wouldn't it be fun to have it take some pictures of us together?"

"You mean, taking a shower together?"

"Why not? It's only fair. We've showered together before."

"Yes, but that was with Crystal."

"And you're more worried about taking a shower with your sister than you are about taking a shower with your sister while getting a blowjob from another girl?"

When she put it that way, his hesitation did seem kind of out of place considering their past activities.

"Well, if you don't mind that I--"

"--have an erection?" she interrupted. "Yes, I can see that. I don't mind a bit."

"I'll go get my tripod," he grinned.

As soon as he entered his room, he began to have second thoughts. He had agreed to get in the shower with her because he thought it would feel so nice. She was such a beautiful girl, and the thought of being that close to her steaming, glistening body was driving him wild. But wasn't that exactly the sort of thing he had said they had to avoid? Surely it was wrong to have those kinds of feelings for his sister. She had been flirting with him all afternoon, but that was just a game, wasn't it? Or was it? She had reached an orgasm after all. So maybe there was more to this game. If there wasn't, he had no right to be taking advantage of her, and if there was, then it was up to him to put a stop to this right now.

"Are you coming, Jeff?" he heard her call from the bathroom. "I need you to wash my back!"

The thought of putting his hands on her nude body destroyed the last of his willpower. He grabbed his tripod, screwed the camera in place, and headed back into the bathroom.

She stood there in the shower, still naked and still as lovely as ever. Jeff set up the tripod and positioned the camera for maximum effect. Then he changed the settings to auto-shutter.

"It will take pictures every five seconds," he told her.

"Which should be just enough time to strike some intensely erotic poses," she grinned. There was that flirting again. How much truth was there to it?

He pressed the button to start the timer on the camera and stepped into the shower with her. He took a few seconds to let the water run over his body, allowing it to relax him.

"I just realized something," his sister said. "We haven't done our homework yet."

"We just got in the shower, and now you want to get back out again?" he asked, trying not to sound too disappointed.

"Not that kind of homework," she replied with a sly grin.

"Um... what are you talking about?"

"Remember, you're supposed to be helping me practice kissing."

"What, you mean here? Now?" he asked, startled.

"What better place?" she asked, reaching up and putting her hands on his shoulders.

He was half convinced the flirting earlier had been real, and two-thirds convinced that this was stepping way over the line. But as he gazed into her beautiful blue eyes, he realized that he wanted it as much as she did.

As he was a full head taller than her, he had to lean down. Instinctively his hands went to her waist the way they always did, and he drew her in to him. She pressed her body up against him, his hot member nestled up against her abdomen. Her nipples were hard; there was no doubt now that she was as aroused as he was. God, it felt so good!

Their lips touched, and she melted in his arms. If their kisses had been wonderful before, this time they were heavenly. He could feel the love and passion swirling around the two of them, the pleasure of their bodies becoming one, the desire and lust burning in his loins. He wanted to take her right there, to enter her and consummate their love. His sister! His beautiful, sweet, sister! How he loved her in that moment!

But there was still that voice in the back of his head, warning him that this could not be. Somehow he knew that if he wanted her to, she would give herself to him, fully and without remorse. He could take her now and she would be more than willing. But it would be a mistake; she didn't realize the consequences. And because he loved her, he could not do that to her.

Slowly and reluctantly, he pulled away. She gazed up at him with that same adoring smile that he loved so much about her.

"I think you're far beyond the need of practice," he told her. "Besides, if we practice any more, I think I'll explode."

She giggled, which had the pleasurable effect of jiggling her breasts up against him. Then she took a step back and turned around.

She reached into an indentation in the wall and withdrew a bar of soap. "Well, then, why don't you wash my back?" she asked, handing the soap to him.

That seemed harmless enough. He began to run the soap over her neck and shoulders, then used his free hand to rub and massage her skin.

"Mm, that feels good," she cooed. "Now go lower." He soaped up her shoulder blades, then the small of her back. He ran the soap down her spine, causing her to giggle. She'd always been ticklish back there; actually,

she'd always been ticklish everywhere. His hands worked all over her skin, and he could hear her sighing in satisfaction.

"Lower," she said once again, and he knew exactly what she meant. Once again he felt a twinge of uneasiness at where this was headed, but it was only a momentary guilt, which passed almost as soon as it appeared. He rubbed the bar all over her cheeks, feeling them with his free hand. From the sounds she was making, she seemed to enjoy it immensely.

Suddenly, the soap slipped out of his hand. It fell to the floor and slid between her legs to come to a stop at the far end of the tub.

"I'll get it," she said, bending over. The movement ended up pushing her soapy rear end against his crotch, sending another jolt of pleasure through him. He almost suspected she did that on purpose. But she stood back up with the soap in her hand, as nonchalant as if it hadn't even happened. After handing it back to him, she stood in the water for a minute, letting the soap all rinse away. Then she looked him in the eye with that sly grin that meant she was going to suggest something naughty. "Now wash my front," she said, handing him the soap.

That voice in the back of his head was silenced by the overwhelming desire he had to touch her, to fondle her, to run his hands all over her. With a return grin, he took the soap from her hand. Once again he went to work, this time on her shoulders and around her collar bone. He didn't even give her the chance to tell him to go lower, but immediately began to work his way down toward her breasts. He ran the bar down through her cleavage then under her right breast, then repeated with the left. He took them in his free hand as he came back over the top, brushing the bar against her nipples. Then he put down the soap and took both soapy breasts in his hands, squeezing and massaging them. He paid extra attention to her nipples, taking them in his fingers and pinching them gently. He heard a moan escape her lips.

Forgetting all about the excuse of washing her, he continued to knead her breasts in his hands, enjoying the feel of them. He watched her chest rise and fall with her breathing, which was growing heavier with each breath. No doubt she was feeling even more pleasure than him from the activity. Her tits were small and perky, and somewhat firm to the touch. He was getting even more excited than he was already; a few more minutes of this and he would probably have an orgasm himself.

There was one more thing he wanted to do, he realized. If he had had any qualms about this before, they were completely gone now. He leaned down and flicked his tongue against one of her nipples, as he had done earlier on the bed.

Apparently her climax had not decreased her sensitivity there. "Oh, Jeff!" she squealed in ecstasy. "Yes! Yes! Taste them, Jeff! Taste your little sister's nipples!"

He sucked it into his mouth and teased it with his tongue. It felt so wonderful to give such pleasure to the girl he most loved in the world. She put her hands on the back of his head and held him to her breast, not wanting to let him go. Her breaths were coming in gasps of pleasure now, and he realized that she was about to reach

a peak.

As soon as he moved to the other nipple, she let out a wail of pleasure that echoed off the bathroom walls. He had done it. He had given his little sister an orgasm!

He laughed as he thought of something funny. She had already had several orgasms while in his presence. It was starting to become a habit.

As her pleasure subsided and she calmed down, she opened her eyes and looked at him with a smile. "Oh, Jeff, I love you so much," she told him.

"I know, I'm the best brother in the whole world," he grinned.

"There aren't too many brothers who would be willing to do that for their sisters," she said.

"Well, I'm sure there would be a whole lot more if all sisters were as sexy as you."

She leaned in and gave him another kiss. Then she glanced down at his rock-hard manhood.

"But I'm afraid we've been neglecting you," she said. "You washed my back, but I haven't washed yours." She grabbed the soap. "On second thought, we'll skip the back," she says. "Let's see... Why don't I start... here?" She thrust the soap into his crotch, running it over his manhood. She reached out and took it in her other hand, massaging the soap in. He felt an intense pleasure at her touch. She sensed it, and started to move her hand up and down. With his penis all lathered up, it slid through her hand easily. She held it tightly, pumping him slowly. Now he found himself moaning in pleasure. If getting her off felt good, receiving the same treatment from him felt even better. Until a couple of weeks ago, he had never in his wildest dreams expected to get a handjob from his sister. In fact, if he had dreamed about it back then, he would have considered it a nightmare. Now, after all that had gone on between them lately, it just seemed a perfectly normal thing for her to do to him. Her touch was like lightning rushing through him, stimulating every part of his body.

Then she began to speed up the rhythm. The pleasure was starting to weaken him, so he stepped back and leaned up against the wall. She continued to increase the speed, and he was not at all surprised to hear himself calling out in ecstasy with every motion. The look on his sister's face told him that she was enjoying making him feel this good.

By now she was jerking him as rapidly as she could. He felt the pressure mounting, and realized that she was about to bring him to orgasm.

"Oh my god, Brit! You're going to make me... make me..."

At that moment he erupted. His seed exploded from his member, splashing all over his little sister's abdomen. She giggled as it continued to spill out all over her. "Ew, that's gross," she said, but the smile on her face told him she was enjoying it. He watched in fascination as it slid down her body, some of it running right down to

her beautiful little slit. He realized with excitement that it was possible some of it actually went inside.

"That's going to make some nice pictures," she remarked. "You coming all over your little sister. Isn't incest great?"

As soon as she mentioned that word, he suddenly felt the guilt returning. Yes, this was incest. It was dirty. Everything about this situation was so wrong, and yet at the same time, it felt so right. She had known right from the beginning what she was doing; she had meant to seduce him! How long had she been planning this? Since that night with Rachael? Since the first time they kissed? Or maybe it had been a growing desire spanning years.

"Brit," he said, as she began to clean his semen off of her body. "Listen..."

"No, you listen!" she snapped, catching him off guard. "Don't tell me this was wrong, because you wanted it just as much as me. Yes, it's incest, but no, I don't care. We didn't even have sex, so there's no chance of me getting pregnant, and so there's no harm done, is there?"

He hated to admit it, but she was right. He felt guilty, but if that was the only negative consequence of what they had done, was it really wrong? He didn't know the answer to that question; he didn't even know if there was an answer.

"All right," he conceded. "But before we do anything like this again, we need to talk about it."

"Fine," she said, a smile spreading back on her face. "But can we at least look at the pictures together?"

Jeff laughed. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

He wiped off the few dribbles of semen that had landed on him, then stepped out of the tub, grabbed the camera and turned off the automatic. He unscrewed it from the tripod and took both into his room. While Brit finished cleaning herself up in the shower, he sat down at his computer and uploaded the pictures from the camera.

Even before he finished, the guilt returned. What had he just done? He had molested his little sister, that's what. It didn't matter that she had been in favor of it; she was only thirteen!

He grabbed a pair of boxer shorts, pants, and a button-down shirt and hurriedly put them on, wondering what he should do now.

He knew he had to talk to her about it. There were just some things that brothers and sisters weren't supposed to do, and this was one of them. Better to get it over now than to let her think it was okay. He headed into her room, where he found her lying on her bed, still nude.

As soon as she saw him, she jumped up and ran over to him, grabbing him and hugging him tightly. Despite his determination, he began to waver.

Then came the kisses. She bathed his face with them, and he realized just how much he enjoyed it. His knees began to tremble, and she took the opportunity to push him over onto the bed, climbing on top of him.

"It's too bad you're dressed already," she grinned, reaching for his belt.

"Brit, wait..." he said, though without any real conviction in his voice. He knew it was wrong, but he realized that he was losing that internal battle.

"I don't want to wait," she said, leaning in and beginning to kiss him again.

"Brit, please... I can't..." he stammered.

"Come on, Jeff," she pleaded. "Doesn't this feel better than fighting?"

She had a point. After all, didn't he love her? Wasn't it more appropriate for him to show how much he loved her than to constantly be arguing with her?

She had his shirt unbuttoned by now and began to kiss his chest.

"Oh god, Brit! That feels so good!" he exclaimed.

She just giggled and she continued to work on him.

"Too good," he insisted. He tried to push her away, but in vain because for some reason his arms decided they didn't want to.

"There's no such thing as too good," Brit said, laying her body on top of him and kissing him directly on the lips. "Especially not for my big brother."

"But I..."

"Remember when I said I belong to you?" she asked. "I meant it, every word. You can do anything you want to me. I want you to use my body in any way that gives you pleasure. I'm all yours for the taking."

"Oh, Brit... I want... I want..."

"I think I know what you want," she smiled. "And I want to give it to you."

"But... it's not right..."

"Why not?"

Why not? There was a very good reason why not. Somehow, though, he couldn't remember what it was.

"Brit, please!" he said. "You have to stop this, because I don't think I can control myself."

"Then don't," she told him. "Go ahead and lose control. I told you that you can do anything that you want. Here, I'll spell it out for you. I want to have sex with you, Jeff."

How could he refuse such an offer from this gorgeous thing? What kind of a man would he be if he didn't take her up on it?

On the other hand, what kind of a man would he be if he took advantage of her? She was still a little girl, and furthermore, she was his sister.

Somehow he managed to work up the willpower to push her off of him, and he stood up. As he buttoned up his shirt again, he saw the look of hurt and disappointment in her eyes.

"Oh, Brit, I'm so sorry," he said. "Please don't be mad at me. You know I would do anything in the world to make you happy. But this won't make you happy. Maybe it would give you a momentary pleasure, but in the end it could only end up hurting you."

"Why does it have to be that way?" she asked.

"I don't know. It just does. I don't want you to hate me, Brit, but we just can't do this. Do you understand?"

She shook her head.

"You have to trust me on this, then. Can you do that?"

"Yes," she said, hanging her head in sadness.

"That's a good girl," he told her, then headed back to his room to think.

Chapter 59

Façade

Time was running out for Matt Sorenson. Lissa would be arriving at his apartment in an hour for a study session, and it would be an understatement to say that he wasn't ready for her.

Maybe today would be the day. Maybe she would finally lower her defenses. He had held out an amazingly long time already, but Lissa wasn't the type of girl who could be rushed. Granted, he had only gone out with her three times so far, but they also studied together twice a week, so she was really starting to feel comfortable with him. Technically, they were still just friends, but sooner or later they would become friends "with benefits." He hoped it was sooner rather than later. His patience was wearing thin.

He would have dropped her already were it not for the fact that she was just too damn gorgeous. There was no way he would give up such a worthy pursuit. Granted, her roommate Alya still had her beat in the looks department, but Lissa was definitely a close second.

Alya. Now that would be another girl worth going after. Maybe after dating Lissa for a while he could take a shot at her roommate. Of course, he had often fantasized about doing both of them together. What man wouldn't? But he had never managed to arrange that kind of relationship before. No, he always kept his girlfriends separate. It wouldn't do to have them find out about each other.

"You seem awfully distant today," Briana Morgan smiled at him. "You got someone else on your mind?"

Matt glanced down at the naked girl sprawled out on his bed beneath him. She wasn't anywhere near as pretty as Lissa or Alya, but she made a nice backup. At least she put out, unlike Lissa. He wondered how a girl like Lissa could not know that men, first and foremost, needed sex. Or maybe she *did* know it. Maybe she knew how gorgeous she was and was using it to her advantage, withholding sex from him until he was so desperate that he would do anything to get it. But he would have the last laugh. As long as he had a girl like Briana to take care of him, he could hold out a lot longer.

"Of course not," he smiled, lowering his head and kissing her tenderly on the lips. "I've just been distracted so much with schoolwork lately. I'm really sorry. Here I am with my favorite girl in the whole world, with a chance to finally relax and enjoy myself, and I still can't keep my mind off of school. I'm so pathetic."

"It's all right," she soothed. "I like a dedicated man."

"I should be more dedicated to *you,*" he told her. "You deserve better than what I've been giving you lately."

Briana smiled, then put a hand behind his head and pulled him down to kiss him deeply.

That was one thing he liked about Briana; she really knew how to kiss. He wondered if Lissa was as good a

kisser. He would have to find out.

It was too bad Briana didn't like to use her lips for other purposes as well. He had only had his cock sucked once since starting the school year, but before that he hadn't had a blowjob since summer, when he had had that fling with the girl down the street from his parents' house. Now *she* gave great head, surprising for a girl who was only fourteen. It was too bad she didn't like doing it, especially when he made her swallow. He had had to coax her into it each time by telling her how much he loved her and bullshit like that. Girls that age were incredibly naïve, fortunately, and Monica was no exception. All he needed to do was tell her how much he cared for her, and in just a few minutes he'd be fucking her face.

That reminded him, he was overdue to write her another letter, telling her how he missed her and couldn't wait until she turned eighteen in four years so that they could finally let the world know how much they loved each other. As far as she was concerned, he hadn't so much as looked at another girl since they had last seen each other.

If things didn't work out with Lissa, he might try to start up that romance again in the summer. She would be fifteen then, a very nice age for a girl. In the mean time, he needed to string her along so that she would keep emailing him naked pictures of herself, to help "ease the longing in his heart and the burden of their separation," as he had so eloquently put it in the letter where he had requested them. Some of his friends were willing to pay up to $30.00 each for those pictures. It was a good way to supplement his finances, especially since he had paid his friend Seth $75.00 to have his little sister Julia blow him. That had been the day after the party that he had taken Lissa to on their first date. He hadn't been able to take advantage of the situation at the party, even though Seth had offered, because he was with Lissa, and when Matt had approached his friend the next day, Seth had seized the opportunity to make a little cash out of it. That meant Lissa owed him $75.00. Or preferably, a blowjob.

Of course, there was no guarantee that Lissa would ever do that to him, so he needed to keep in touch with Monica as a backup. He had to write those letters under a pseudonym so that her parents would just think she had a pen pal. He had made her promise never to show the letters to her parents, or they might catch on to the fact that "Jenny Emmerson" was actually a 20-year-old man. If there was one thing Matt knew, it was how to keep an affair secret.

He glanced over at the clock. Only 50 minutes left. He really needed to get this over with; Briana needed time to shower and get dressed, and Matt needed to hide all the evidence. A good air deodorizer spray could hide the smell of sex, but it needed a couple of minutes to disperse and do its job. And he had to change the sheets, especially if he finally managed to get Lissa into his bed this time.

"You in a hurry?" asked Briana.

"Unfortunately, yes," Matt replied. "I've got a guy coming over at 3:00 to study."

"That still gives us plenty of time," she smiled.

"I wish that were true. But I don't think you should be here when he shows up."

"Why not?"

"Well, you know my roommate Billy?"

"The shy one?"

"Exactly. My friend Randy is ten times as shy. One look at you and he'll be useless for the rest of the day. And I really do need this study time with him. We've got a major history test coming up tomorrow, and if we don't get in some really good study time today, it could be a disaster. Look, I'll make it up to you, I promise."

"Sounds like you're trying to get rid of me," Briana joked.

"Believe me, if it weren't for that test, I'd call up Randy right now and cancel it. You know you're much more important to me than some stupid test, but I can't afford to fail this one."

"Fine," she sighed. "I guess you'll just have to go all out and get me off as fast as you can," she grinned.

"That I can do," he smiled.

He began to thrust harder, faster, and deeper. This was how he liked to fuck anyway, nice and rough. It was too bad that most girls preferred it slower. He usually had to slow down to accommodate them. It was really unfair that girls didn't enjoy sex as much as men did. Since a girl could do without, Matt always had to be the one to instigate it, which meant he had to make her want it, which meant he had to do it for her enjoyment rather than his. At least there were the occasional ones like Monica that would give him a blowjob, even if she really didn't like it.

Again he wondered if Lissa would be willing to do that for him. If so, he would keep her around a long time, even if it meant giving up on a chance with Alya. Now if *Alya* would suck him off, that would be heaven.

That thought pushed his pleasure up to a new level, as he plowed deep into Briana. Yes, he could almost feel Alya's lips wrapped around his cock, taking him right down her throat.

Briana was moaning now in pleasure and he knew that she wouldn't last much longer. So he let himself continue to fantasize about fucking Alya's mouth. A few more minutes of that and he would pop.

Briana reached her orgasm first. That was just like her, the bitch. She claimed she liked it slow and gentle, but when he finally got to drill her cunt hard and fast, she still peaked before he did. Why couldn't she just admit she liked it rough?

He reached his peak only about thirty seconds later. Since he was in a hurry, he didn't even try to hold it back, but let it happen, shooting his load deep inside her. He'd like to do that to Alya's throat. Or even Lissa's, if she would let him.

But right now he had to keep up appearances. He let himself collapse on top of Briana, and kissed her tenderly on the cheek. "That was fantastic," he told her. "You're absolutely wonderful, you know that? I'm so

lucky to have a girl like you."

"Thanks," she smiled, kissing him back.

He rolled off of her, lying down on his back in the bed. She curled up next to him with her head on his chest.

Shit! he thought. *She'd better not fall asleep!*

"Briana," he told her. "I wish we had time to cuddle, but really, you do have to get going."

"Do I really have to?" she asked. "Can't we just lie here until a few minutes before three? I could be out of here in five minutes."

"That's so tempting," he smiled, reaching up with his hand and stroking her hair. "You know how much I like to hold you like this. Tell you what. Next time we'll lie together extra long, I promise."

She gave a disappointed sigh. "Okay, fine," she said, then sat up. He put a hand on her back and rubbed her for a minute, then she stood and headed for the bathroom.

As she showered, he hurriedly changed the sheets on the bed. The old ones went into the laundry hamper; he would get around to washing them later. He brought out some new ones from the closet and made the bed. He finished about the same time as Briana stepped out of the bathroom, wearing a towel.

"Hiding the evidence?" she grinned.

"Basically, yes," he laughed.

She dropped her towel, then came over and kissed him. He returned the kiss for just a minute, then pulled away. "Sorry," he said. "I'm all sweaty and smelly, and you just took a shower. As tempted as I am to continue, I'm sure you wouldn't appreciate that."

She shrugged, then put her clothes back on. Once she had dressed, she returned to the bathroom to blow dry her hair and apply her makeup.

Matt glanced at the clock. *Hurry up, bitch!* he thought. Lissa was due pretty soon, and he had to take a shower himself.

Fortunately, Briana wasn't one of those girls who took three hours to get ready. Ten minutes later, she emerged from the bathroom once more, looking the same as she did when she had arrived at his apartment.

"Okay, I'll see you later," she said. "Call me tonight?"

"Sure," he smiled, then kissed her one last time. She picked up her purse and headed down the hall to the front door.

Matt grabbed a can of air deodorizer and sprayed it around. Then he dashed into the bathroom, turned on the water, and stepped into the shower. He hurriedly cleaned himself off, then threw on his clothes and set to work drying his hair. The alarm went off on his watch, signaling that it was time for Lissa to arrive. He left the bathroom and headed out to the front room.

He had just settled down in a chair when he heard a knock at the door. Perfect timing. He stood back up and opened it. Lissa stood there with a smile, then held out a box. "I was feeling kind of hungry, so I stopped and bought some doughnuts on the way," she said.

"Well in that case, you'd better hurry up and come in," he replied. "All my roommates are gone at the moment, and if we're quick we can have them all eaten before they get back."

Lissa laughed and walked in the door. "Aren't you the selfish one," she teased.

"When there are doughnuts involved, my philosophy is every man for himself."

They sat down at the kitchen table and ate a couple of doughnuts each. Matt retrieved a jug of milk from the refrigerator and poured a couple of glasses. They ate and talked and joked with each other, and Matt felt he was making good progress.

He had gone out with her several times now, and she seemed really comfortable with him. The two of them always had a good time together. Now maybe he could take their relationship to the next level.

After they ate, Matt headed back to his room to get his history textbook. Surprisingly, Lissa followed him there. She came and sat down on his bed, and opened her book.

What did that mean? Was that an invitation? Matt had a lot of experience with women, but sometimes they were just too hard to figure out. Probably Lissa didn't mean anything by it; she was too innocent. He joined her on the bed and they began to read and ask each other questions.

As they studied, he kept stealing glances at her. She was friendly enough, but she was giving him no signals that he could read. He wondered if it was the right time to make a move. Should he be patient and wait until the next time they were together, or try to move things along right now?

Patient? He had already been far too patient. Today would be the day, he decided. Even though he had already fucked Briana, Lissa was enough to get him horny again. If he didn't have her soon, he would explode.

Still, she seemed more interested in the history lesson than in him, so he hesitated. He couldn't afford to rush her. The two of them joked and laughed together of course, but as the time ticked away, he saw no opening.

If he was going to get into her pants tonight, he would have to work a little faster. He knew what he had to do.

"Lissa," he said, trying to sound a little nervous. "Can I... can I ask you something?"

"Sure," she smiled.

"Well... um... I..."

"What is it, Matt?" she laughed. "Come on. You can ask me anything."

"Well, it's just that... I really like you. And I was wondering..."

The smile fell from her face, to be replaced by a look of uncertainty. Now he wondered if perhaps he was moving *too* fast. But he had to be bold.

"I really like you," he repeated, then took a deep breath. "I was wondering if... you'd let me kiss you?"

That look of uncertainty turned to a look of fear, and he realized he had gone too far. Well, it wasn't a total loss. At least now she knew he was attracted to her, which meant she would start thinking about it. It wouldn't happen today, but maybe in a week or two.

A week or two? Damn! He had expected to be fucking her by this time, and now it would be a week or two before he even *kissed* her? Sometimes he wondered if it was even worth it. But Lissa was just so damn beautiful.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I shouldn't have... Um, just forget I said anything."

"No, it's okay," she replied.

"Okay... that I asked, or okay if I kiss you?"

Lissa sighed. "Look, Matt..."

"Oh, don't worry about it," he laughed nervously. "You don't feel the same way about me that I feel about you. I don't mind. We can just be friends if that's what you want. I'm just happy to spend time with you, whatever we do."

"But that's not what I was going to say," she told him, and he glanced at her in surprise. "Since you're being so honest with your feelings, I might as well do the same. I like you too, Matt. Don't take this the wrong way, but you remind me of my brother."

"Oh god, not that!" he laughed.

"I didn't mean it like that. Jeff's the greatest guy in the world, and I absolutely adore him. He's funny, friendly, and, well, charming. Just like you."

"So there's still hope for me?" he asked.

"Look, it's not that I'm opposed to a relationship with you. It's just that... well..." She laughed. "The last time I had a boyfriend, I was thirteen."

"Thirteen?" he asked, astonished.

"Don't laugh."

"I wasn't laughing. I'm just surprised that a gorgeous girl like you could make it all the way through high school without having a boyfriend. You must have been some heartbreaker."

"I guess the reason is because my first love was a bad experience, so ever since then, I've been afraid to get romantic with a boy."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to--"

"No, don't apologize. I'm really flattered that you want to kiss me."

"But we don't have to if you don't want to," he said with a disappointed tone. "Or do you?" he asked hopefully.

Lissa stared at him for several seconds, and he realized that she was actually considering it! They might not go as far as he had hoped today, but they might get off to a good start.

"Okay," she sighed.

"Really?"

"It's been a long time since I felt this comfortable with a guy. At least, other than my dad or my brother, and they don't count. I think maybe it's time I took another chance."

"Lissa, I want you to know I appreciate that you trust me like that. I only hope I measure up to your expectations." He leaned in, then pressed his lips against hers.

She seemed quite tense at first, then as he drew out that kiss, she began to relax. She wasn't anywhere near as good at it as Briana, but that was expected, considering how inexperienced she was. But that was something that would come with practice, and he planned to give her a *lot* of practice.

He broke the kiss first, but instead of pulling back, he reached his arms around her back and pulled her in to an embrace. She hugged him back, laying her head on his shoulder. He could feel her heart pounding in her chest. She was still nervous, still afraid.

"It's all right, Lissa," he soothed.

"I know it is, Matt," she sighed. "I'm just not used to feeling this way. Promise me you'll always treat me with respect, that you'll be kind and gentle."

"I promise," he replied. He would promise anything if it got him what he wanted. Girls always wanted promises, and they were so easy to give. Not so easy to keep, but then, he had no intention of keeping it anyway, so it didn't bother him.

He sought out her lips again, and this time moved his hand up to stroke her cheek. Girls liked that sort of thing, and since it didn't cost him anything, he figured he might as well do it. Those little touches helped to get them in the mood.

Lissa sighed, her eyes closed and her body relaxing. Matt continued to kiss her, noting how her body was slowly responding to his caress. It was the same with her as it was with any girl; once the touching started, their defenses dropped quickly. They just wanted romance and tenderness, and once they got it they were ready for the main event.

He let his hand slide down from her cheek toward her chest. He wanted so much to feel her tits. Once he began to grope her, she would no doubt feel so good that she would be willing to let him continue. Soon they would be naked and sweating under the covers.

"Wait," she said, grabbing his hand a moment before it would have reached its target. She drew back, and he stared at her for a second.

"I'm sorry, Lissa," he said, "but you've got me so excited, I can't stand it."

She sighed. "Matt, I don't want to spoil things between us."

"Spoil them?" he asked. "I just want to make things even more special."

"Not yet. I'm not ready."

You goddamn cockteaser! he thought. *Just you wait. Soon I'll have you on your knees with my dick shoved down your throat.*

"It's okay," he smiled. "If you're not comfortable with it, we can wait."

"Thanks. I knew you would understand. That's what I like about you. You're one of the least selfish guys I've ever met."

"Except around doughnuts."

"Everyone's got to have a weakness," she laughed.

And I'll find yours soon enough.

"On the other hand, it's all right if you keep kissing me," she told him.

"Okay!" he grinned enthusiastically. They began to kiss again, and this time he kept his hands away from her

tits. He wrapped them around her back to draw her in closer to him. At least he could feel her boobs against his chest through their clothes. That would have to be enough for now.

He lost track of time, but eventually they broke it off. They lay down on the bed side by side, and Lissa took his hand in hers.

"So does this mean I finally managed to get a girlfriend?" asked Matt.

Lissa smiled at him, then hesitated for a moment. Finally, she said, "Yes."

"Good!" he grinned. "The Matt Sorenson curse is lifted! Not only do I have a girlfriend, but as a bonus it's the most gorgeous girl in the whole university. That's so unlike me, I'm beginning to wonder if I really *am* Matt Sorenson."

"I hope so," laughed Lissa, "because otherwise I kissed the wrong man."

They heard the front door open, and immediately sat up with guilty expressions on their faces. They glanced at each other, then immediately burst out laughing.

"Is that you, Matt?" came Walt's voice from the front room. "Did you finally get one of those fifty girls you're chasing after into the bedroom with you?"

They heard his footsteps down the hall, and a moment later he peeked into the room. "Oh, it's the ugly one," he commented. "Don't mind me. You two go right ahead and fuck."

"As a matter of fact, we were just studying," Matt told him. "Lissa's a nice girl. She wouldn't ever do something like that."

"So what are you hanging out with her for then? That's not like you at all, to spend time with a girl that doesn't put out."

"Oh very funny," Matt told him. Lissa merely stuck her tongue out at Walt.

Walt disappeared into his own room and closed the door.

"So I guess that means we're done studying?" asked Lissa.

"To tell you the truth, I've been so distracted by you that I stopped studying about five minutes in," Matt chuckled. Lissa leaned in and gave him one last peck on the lips.

"Well, maybe we'd better keep our relationship secret from Walt for a while if we don't want to get teased about it, but I'm excited to tell my roommates. Alya especially. She's been rooting for me ever since I brought you home that first day."

"So why don't we go back to your place and make the announcement?" he suggested.

"Great idea!"

They closed up their books, then returned to the kitchen for one last doughnut before heading out. Lissa took his hand again as they drove back to her apartment. She smiled at him the whole time. He wondered what she was thinking. Obviously it wasn't about sex; she had proven that earlier in the evening. It was probably just silly romantic thoughts like girls always had. Well, he had made progress tonight and she hadn't actually rejected his advances completely; she just said she wasn't ready yet. She just needed a little more time, and then all his patience would finally pay off.

She released his hand just long enough to get out of the car, then took it again immediately afterward. They entered the building and ascended the stairs to her apartment.

They found Alya sitting on the couch reading. As soon as she saw them holding hands, a grin spread across her face. "So is it official then?" she asked.

"Yes," Matt replied. "Lissa has officially lost her mind and decided to be my girlfriend."

"Hey Meg," Alya called. "Come see. Your worst nightmare has come true."

Meg emerged from the bedroom, fortunately fully clothed this time, then froze when she saw Lissa and Matt.

"Now that Lissa's got a boyfriend, you're going to have to stop chasing after her," Alya teased.

"Never stopped me before," Meg shrugged. "Besides, that's not my worst nightmare. My worst nightmare would be if *you* got yourself a boyfriend," she grinned at Alya with a wink, causing her to blush. Meg laughed.

"But seriously, I'm happy for you, Lissa," she smiled, then came over and gave her a hug. Then surprisingly, she hugged Matt too.

"You take good care of her," Meg told him. "You seem like a decent enough guy. Despite the fact that you're a man, I think you're going to be good for her."

"Wow, Matt," said Lissa. "That's about the strongest endorsement you could possibly get from Meg."

"I just hope I can measure up to her expectations," he said.

The four of them sat down in the front room and began to talk. Monique came home from her last class a few minutes later and joined them. She was happy for Lissa too; she had been hoping that she would get together with Matt.

Lissa, for her part, was ecstatic, though she maintained a dignified calm. She had finally found a nice boy that she could care about. Matt was just like her dad, and even more like Jeff. He was sincere, friendly, gentle, and handsome. True, he had tried to seduce her earlier, but he had stopped as soon as she told him to. She wondered if she would ever let him take things that far. That bad experience five years ago still haunted

her, and although Matt was nice enough, she wondered if even someone like him could help her get over it.

"So what are your plans for Thanksgiving, everyone?" asked Matt at the next lull in the conversation.

"I'm flying home," said Monique.

"I'm driving," said Meg. "Although my parents don't want me driving by myself, so I'm looking for someone to carpool with."

"So that if her car breaks down and they get stranded for two weeks, she'll have someone to eat," Monique explained, and everyone laughed.

"What?" asked Meg, pretending not to realize it was a joke. "Monique's right. I mean, it's no Thanksgiving dinner, but I've heard it's very tasty."

"You would know," said Monique. "You're the only one here who's ever tasted a girl before."

Meg childishly stuck her tongue out at her.

"So why don't you invite Sandy?" asked Lissa.

"I did, but she's got a grandma that lives only a couple of hours from here, who's not doing too well lately. Sandy wants to visit her as often as she can because she may not have much time left."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"What? It's not *my* grandma, so no need to get all teary-eyed over it."

"Lissa, what about you?" asked Matt.

"I haven't made any plans," she replied. She was secretly hoping Matt would invite her to come home with him. Of course, she didn't even know if he was going home for the vacation. But he didn't say anything.

"I've got to stay here and catch up on some lab work for my chemistry class," said Alya.

"What?" asked Meg. "I thought your family always threw a big Thanksgiving bash every November."

"I know," said Alya, trying to sound cheerful, though Lissa could sense the disappointment in her voice. "But Friday after Thanksgiving is the only time I can spare for this lab, and since it's a full day trip each way, there's no way I would be back on Friday in time."

The rest of them sat there in silence, trying to think of something to say that would comfort her.

"Hey, guys, it's not like I'm dying or anything," Alya laughed. "I'm just missing one lousy vacation. So what? I'll just make sure to have extra fun at Christmas time to make up for it."

"So what are you doing for Thanksgiving, Matt?" asked Lissa.

"Me? Oh, my roommates and I all agreed to stay here. We're going to *attempt* to bake a turkey. It's just going to be us guys, eating turkey and watching the game."

"Sounds fun," said Lissa, though she was somewhat disappointed. Well, it wasn't like he was going to go away and leave her; he was staying here after all.

"So that leaves Lissa the only one without plans," said Meg. "I've got an idea. Lissa, why don't you come home with me?"

"What?"

"You know, you could pretend to be my new girlfriend. We could have all kinds of fun kissing and groping in front of my family."

"You're disgusting, Meg."

"Oh, I'm just kidding. But seriously, you could come with me. I promise, I'll let everyone know that we're just friends."

"Well, I was thinking I would just stay here and keep Alya company."

"I can't have that on my conscience," said Alya. "Lissa, you go do what you want. I don't mind, really."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

"Well maybe there's an easy solution," said Matt. "If you want, Lissa and Alya, you could come over to my place for Thanksgiving. We'll have more turkey than we could ever eat, so there's no problem sharing it, and to tell you the truth, if the guys know we'll have a couple of hot girls coming over, they might actually clean the place up a bit. What do you say?"

"Oh gee, thanks Matt," said Meg sarcastically. "You just spoiled my chance to get Lissa alone for the three hour drive to my family's place. Well, I've fought with guys over girls before, so this is really not that much different." Everyone laughed.

That put Lissa in a dilemma. While she wanted to spend time with Matt, she was also anxious to get away from school for a couple of days. She was getting a little homesick, and spending time with the family of one of her friends sounded like just what she needed.

"I'm sorry, Matt," she said, "but I think I'll take Meg up on her offer."

"Hey, that's all right with me. You probably don't want to spend any more time with my roommates than you

have to," he grinned.

"Walt especially," Lissa chuckled. "But seriously, I just need to get away from here for a few days. You don't mind?"

"I might mind if you were going home with a man, because I'd be worried that he'd try to steal you away from me. But since it's just Meg... Actually, maybe I *should* be worried."

Everyone laughed at that, even Meg.

"So I take it that you're the jealous type?" asked Monique.

"You bet," Matt replied. "Now that I have a girlfriend as stunningly gorgeous as Lissa, don't be surprised if I develop a case of clinical paranoia, thinking that every guy on campus is going to make a play for her."

"Don't worry," Lissa told him. "If my past history is any indication, it will be five years before I find me a new man."

"Well then, maybe I'll let you out of your cage once in a while," he smiled, and she leaned in and gave him a quick peck on the lips.

That brought up another issue, and since it depended mostly on Lissa, she decided to bring it up.

"But I'd hate to see Alya all alone on Thanksgiving. Alya, you're welcome to go over to Matt's apartment in my place. That is, if that's all right with him."

"Of course it's all right with me," Matt smiled. "In fact, maybe it will give my roommate Billy a new girl to drool over. Alya, you're welcome to spend Thanksgiving with us."

"I don't know..." she stammered. "I mean... You wouldn't mind, Lissa? He's your boyfriend after all."

"I wouldn't mind a bit. Go have fun."

"Okay," Alya agreed. "Thanks, Lissa. Thanks, Matt."

"So it's really all right if I go meet your family?" Lissa asked Meg.

"Of course it is," she smiled. "And don't worry. I promise I'll behave myself in the car."

"Sure you will," Monique mumbled under her breath with a grin.

"Really!" Meg protested. "I won't try to attack Lissa until we get to my parents' place. Then she's fair game."

Lissa thought what her Dad's reaction would be if he found out she was going home with a lesbian. Granted, the two of them were just friends, but Greg tended to overreact to even the appearance of impropriety. It was

exhilarating to know she was doing something he wouldn't approve of, harmless though it was.

About half an hour later, Matt announced that he had to leave. Lissa gave him a kiss, then he stood up.

"Call me tonight?" she said.

"Of course," he replied.

She saw him to the door, and he hugged and kissed her one last time. He was so nice to hug, she decided. He was every bit as huggable as her brother, and that was saying a lot. She felt safe and protected in his arms, because she knew he would never hurt her.

Matt disappeared out the door then, and Lissa went back to her bedroom. She lay down on the bed and closed her eyes, thinking about him. Here was a man she could finally love. He was so sweet and wonderful, and she knew she could trust him completely.

Chapter 60

Confession

After the incident in the shower, Jeff seemed to take a stand. Not only did he insist that Brit and he not do that again, but he also told her that they were not to be naked again together, especially when sleeping. At least he allowed her to sleep with him still, but he didn't respond to her flirting at all. It was quite alarming.

As the days passed and he grew more and more formal in his treatment of her, she realized she had to take drastic steps or she was in danger of losing him. The only problem was, she didn't know what to do. She decided then that she would turn to perhaps the one person who could help her: Allison.

One evening after dinner as they all were sitting in the living room, Brit decided she couldn't wait any longer.

"Allison, can I talk to you for a minute?" she asked.

"Sure, honey," Allison smiled. "What do you need?"

"Um, could you come up to my bedroom?"

"Girl talk," Greg commented. "Go ahead, Allison. This is probably something I don't want to hear anyway. Jeff, you stay here with me."

Allison let Brit lead her up the stairs to her bedroom. Once inside, they closed the door and sat down on the bed.

"What is it, dear?" asked Allison.

"Well, I know you don't want us to call you Mom, but you're the closest thing I have to a mother right now, and this is the type of thing I need motherly advice on."

"Is it about boys?"

"Well... sort of."

"Is it about Jeff?"

Brit nodded quietly.

"Is it not going so well?" asked Allison.

"No," Brit sighed. "It was for a while, and then we... we sort of crossed a line."

"Did you have sex with him?"

"No. But we took a shower together and we... well, we... sort of... played with each other."

"Did you bring each other to orgasm?"

Brit nodded again, a little embarrassed.

"Well I'd say it's going pretty well then," Allison smiled. "So what's the problem?"

"The problem is that Jeff thinks what we did is wrong, and now he's closed up. He doesn't want to risk making a mistake again, so he's just gone cold all of a sudden."

"Oh dear. I see."

"Allison, there's another thing I might as well tell you. But you have to keep it a secret."

"Of course."

"Kari and Crystal are sort of in on the plan too."

Allison laughed. "Good for them. It doesn't surprise me that Kari approves of your relationship. She's definitely not the jealous type. So tell me about Crystal. Why did she agree to help?"

"Um..." said Brit, blushing. "This is the part you have to *really* have to keep secret."

Allison put took Brit's hands in her own and gazed into her eyes. "I would never betray you like that," she said. "You can tell me."

"And you have to promise not to get mad."

"Okay, I promise."

"Well... Crystal and I... are in love with each other."

Allison's eyes suddenly lit up with delight. "Oh Brit!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms around her. "I'm so happy for you!"

"You're not mad?" asked Brit, astonished.

"Why should I be mad? I think it's absolutely wonderful that you're in love."

"But with a girl?"

"Since you told me a secret, I feel it's only fair to tell you a secret of my own."

"What?"

"Rachael and I have been lovers on and off for about eight years now."

"Your sister?" Brit gasped.

"Why do you think I have no problem with you and Jeff getting together? Because I've had a similar relationship with a close family member, and I know how wonderful it can be. And I think there's a kind of love that can exist between two women that can't possibly be shared between a woman and a man. Women simply understand one another better."

"But what about you and Dad?"

"I didn't say I *only* like women," Allison smiled. "Brit, if you're in love with Crystal, I'm happy for you. If you're in love with Jeff, I'm happy for you. If you're in love with both at the same time, then I'm doubly happy for you, assuming it all works out for you. As long as you don't go behind anyone's back, I don't see anything wrong with a relationship with two different people."

"Three," said Brit. "Since Kari is Jeff's girlfriend, we decided that all four of us would become lovers. We just haven't convinced Jeff yet."

Allison smiled. "That's pretty impressive," she said. "Four of you? Wow. If you can make it work, then that's great!"

"But I'm not sure if we *can* make it work. I told Jeff that Crystal and I are lovers, and he seemed a little sad for himself, but happy for me. Maybe that's part of the reason he's been so cold toward me lately. Maybe he's trying to give me up. Allison, what do I do?"

"Have you tried getting all four of you together in some kind of sexual situation?"

"A couple of times. I'm sure Rachael told you, Jeff doesn't mind having sex in front of me. He doesn't even mind me touching him while he's having sex. It's just that last step that he's not willing to take. And now it looks like he never will."

"All right. I think I know what to do, but you have to be certain that he loves you."

"Oh, I know he loves me."

"No, I mean, you have to be certain that he would be willing to make love to you if we could get past all of the obstacles."

"I think so."

"But are you sure?"

Brit shook her head.

Allison sighed. "If you're not sure he loves you like that, then there's a risk. It could end up humiliating both of you. The question is, are you willing to take that risk?"

"For Jeff? Yes."

"All right. My plan is very simple. I want you to confess your love for him."

"What? But I couldn't--"

"I know it's drastic, but that's what we need right now. If you confess your love to him, then if he loves you in the same way, he won't be able to do anything but confess his love to you. And I'll be there for moral support, and to help tear down all of the obstacles."

"Really?" Brit asked, relieved. "You'll be there with me?"

"Absolutely. But you're the one that has to do it."

Brit sat there for a minute, considering. Then, slowly, she nodded.

The timing, of course, was important. It had to be when they had plenty of time to deal with the consequences, good or bad. Fortunately, they had an excellent opportunity, with Greg's business trip coming up in a couple of weeks. Allison encouraged Brit to hold out until then, at which point hopefully everything would be set right. It wasn't the easiest thing to do, but Brit tried to be patient.

Jeff, for his part, began to avoid her. When she went to visit Crystal, he stayed home. When she stayed home, he visited Kari. It wasn't that he didn't enjoy her company; just the opposite, in fact. He just didn't know how to talk to her about what had happened. He should probably apologize, he knew, because what he had done was inexcusable. But how does one apologize when the person they supposedly offended was happy about the incident? Brit didn't understand just how wrong it was, and he didn't know how he could convince her of that. That was partly because in his heart *he* wasn't convinced. He wanted to love her, to hold her in his arms and kiss her, to take her to bed and give himself completely to her. That was what bothered him most of all.

He wondered why he felt so strongly about this. After all, he had done the same thing with Lissa, and that hadn't bothered him at all. But Lissa was had been old enough to make her own decision, whereas Brit was still partly a little girl, still innocent and even a little naïve. She looked up to Jeff and trusted him, and he didn't want to do anything to betray that trust. Furthermore, the time with Lissa had been with the understanding that they were just experimenting, and that it would not continue beyond that one time. But with Brit, he *wanted* it to continue. And apparently, so did she. Perhaps that was what really disturbed him.

Greg wanted to take the family on another outing the weekend before he had to leave. That suited Jeff just

fine; while it meant spending time with Brit, it also meant that there would be no opportunity for them to be alone together. A public place was just fine.

This time they went downtown to the art museum. Brit, being an artist herself, naturally enjoyed herself immensely. Jeff was happy for her. He still liked to see her smiling. While he wasn't quite as interested in it as she was, he still found a lot of the paintings and sculptures fascinating.

Allison and Brit spent most of the time gabbing away about the works of art, talking more from an artist's point of view than a viewer's. They discussed shape and form, composition and balance, and a dozen other words that had to do with art but meant absolutely nothing to Jeff.

Afterward, they ate at a classy Italian restaurant that Greg and Allison liked. This was the first time they had taken the kids with them, because they had previously been afraid of Jeff and Brit fighting and making a scene. Now that they were getting along better, they decided to take a chance.

Even though Jeff didn't speak much with her throughout the meal, they didn't break down into arguing like they usually did. The closest thing they came to a fight was when Brit slipped her hand into his under the table. Jeff pulled back like he was stung. Despite what had gone on between them before, holding hands was what two people who were in love did, and he couldn't afford to love Brit in that way.

She glanced at him with a shocked and disappointed look for a second, then turned away and concentrated once again on eating her food.

They returned home without any more incidents, and neither Jeff nor Brit brought it up again. Things resumed pretty much the same way they had for the past week.

That left only one more week before Greg left for his conference. Although Jeff had been looking forward to it before, now he dreaded it. Although Allison would still be there, it was too much like being alone with Brit. He knew if he ever did find himself alone with her, he wouldn't be able to restrain himself, and that scared him.

Brit, on the other hand, seemed to be looking forward to it, probably for the same reason he wasn't. He figured she *wanted* a chance to be alone with him again.

That night, Jeff made a decision that emphasized his commitment to cooling off his relationship with Brit. She came into his room after Greg and Allison went to bed like she usually did, but this time when she climbed into bed with him, she leaned in and kissed him on the lips. She drew it out for a long time, and he felt his resolve weakening. That was one of the many things that he loved about her. She was so fun to kiss.

But he couldn't afford to give in like that. If she wanted to get affectionate, he had to be the strong one.

"Brit," he told her, pushing her away. "I'm sorry, but we just can't do that any more."

"Why not?" she asked, disappointed.

"We just can't. Now I think it's better if you didn't sleep in my bed any more either. My headaches are over, so there's really no need."

"I don't care about your headaches!" she insisted. "I just want to sleep with my big brother."

"I know you do, and I can't say I don't like it. But we've already done things we shouldn't, and the more affectionate we are with each other, the more likely it is we'll make that mistake again. Now be a good girl and go back to your room."

She looked on the verge of tears, and Jeff felt guilty for hurting her like that. But better this than a more permanent harm in the future if he didn't take a stand.

"Don't you love me anymore?" she asked.

"Of course I love you," he replied. "I'll always love you. This has nothing to do with that. I just think it's time I started doing the right thing. Maybe you don't understand it right now, but this is what's best for you. You have to trust me on that."

She nodded, still disappointed, but returned to her room. Jeff felt his heart breaking as he thought of how sad he had made her. For all he knew, she might be crying into her pillow all night. It was hard to tell through the sounds of his own sobs.

The week passed too quickly for him. Part of that was because, in order to avoid spending time with Brit, he went over to Kari's house almost every day, and she was always fun to be with. In return, Crystal spent most of her free time at the Primdales' house. Jeff figured that was all for the best; if Brit and he could enjoy themselves separately, it made it that much easier not to think about her.

On Friday, Jeff and Brit arrived home from school to see their father off. He had his bags all packed and ready to leave; he had just been waiting for the kids to get home.

That was something he had been doing as long as they could remember. Any time he had to go away, if at all possible he would make sure the kids got home safely and give them all hugs before he left.

After the aforementioned hugs, Jeff helped him carry his bags out to the car, then Greg drove away, leaving the three of them alone.

For some reason, Brit had a nervous look on her face as she glanced at Jeff. He couldn't imagine what that meant, but decided not to bother her about it. He didn't want her to feel any more uncomfortable than she already did.

They ate dinner mostly in silence. Jeff didn't feel like talking; these past couple of weeks he had tried to avoid Brit as much as possible, partly because he was ashamed about what he had done to her and didn't know how to apologize, and partly because he knew if he lowered his guard again, he wouldn't be able to stop himself. He loved her so much and would do anything to protect her, but right now, the person he

needed to protect her from was himself.

Brit apparently didn't want to talk either, which was unlike her. She looked like she was thinking about something, some event either in the past or future that bothered her. Maybe she was feeling the same thing as he was. Maybe she felt guilty about how far they had taken their relationship.

Jeff decided that he would just come right out and apologize to her, the first chance he got. It had to be in private, because he didn't want Allison to suspect anything. After dinner, he would take Brit up to his room alone and he would try his hardest to make up with her. All he wanted was to see her smiling again.

Unfortunately, as soon as they finished their supper, Brit asked Allison to go with her up to her room. Jeff didn't want to intrude on their girl-talk, so he sat down on the couch and turned on the TV to try to take his mind off of his worries.

There was nothing good on, and he couldn't concentrate anyway, so he finally just turned it off and stared at the floor, wondering what he could do to make Brit happy again.

"Jeff, would you come up here please?" he heard Allison call from upstairs. He stood up and made his way upstairs, wondering why she had called him. Maybe Brit had expressed some of those same worries to Allison, and their stepmother wanted to set things straight.

Jeff was actually glad; Allison's presence tended to defuse awkward situations. With her there, maybe Jeff could finally get his feelings out in the open. It would mean admitting to their stepmother what they had done, but he knew Allison wouldn't be the type to judge them too harshly for it.

When he entered the room, he saw Brit and Allison sitting there. Brit looked a little nervous, but Allison seemed perfectly happy. The combination put his guard up. Something was going on.

"Come sit down, Jeff," said Allison, and he sat in one of the chairs facing the bed.

"Not there," Allison told him. "Go sit by your sister. She's going to need to feel your arm around her when I tell you this."

"This doesn't sound good."

"That depends on you. This might be the best thing that ever happened to you."

Still wary, Jeff sat down on the bed next to Brit, offering to put his arm around her. Instead, she climbed up onto his lap and leaned back against his chest, as she had done so many times before. He hugged her gently; if what Allison was about to say was as bad as she made it out to be, he wanted Brit to feel his love for her.

"Now before I begin," said Allison, "I want you to promise something, Jeff. I want you to promise you won't be mad at Brit."

"Mad at Brit? For what?"

"Just promise."

"All right. I promise."

"Good. Now, then, here's the situation. I want to know, when are you two going to stop fooling around?"

"What?" he asked. Did she suspect?

"There's no need to try to hide anything from me," she continued. "Brit told me everything."

"I'm sorry, Jeff," Brit mumbled, looking up at him with fear in her eyes. "I know it was a secret, and I let you down."

Jeff's first reaction was anger, but even if he hadn't given his word, just seeing her there staring up at him meekly with those big, beautiful eyes turned his anger to pity.

Jeff kissed her on the forehead. "Yes you did, but I promised not to be mad, didn't I?" he told her softly.

He took a minute to gather his thoughts. So Allison knew. So far she was displaying a surprising amount of self-control. There was no point denying anything if she already knew about it. But he wanted to hear it for himself.

"What did she tell you?" he asked.

"She told me about you and her and Crystal. She told me about you and her and Rachael. Oh, and my personal favorite, she told me about you and her and the entire volleyball team."

"Oh."

"She says she's taken showers with you, and that she sleeps naked with you every night. You two have done a little fondling and groping, and she's even tried to seduce you a couple of times, but you weren't willing. So that's why I want to know, when are you two going to stop fooling around?"

Jeff looked Allison in the eyes for a minute. So it came to this. Allison was being very reasonable about the whole situation, he decided. Surely their father wouldn't be so understanding. It sounded like she was giving him an ultimatum, and a way out. All he had to do was stop the nonsense with Brit, and she probably wouldn't even tell Greg.

"So that's it then," he said calmly. This was exactly what he had been trying to tell Brit all along, that this kind of behaviour between brother and sister was wrong. It was only because he was weak that it had gone this far in the first place. But the thought of no longer having her sleep with him, or sit on his lap, or snuggle with him, filled him with a kind of melancholy.

"All right," he said reluctantly. "I'll stop, but I don't have to like it. You might as well know that I'm in love with Brit. Yes, I'm in love with my sister. I know we've taken things further than we should, and I've wanted

to take them further than that even, but I understand that it's something that can never be."

"Did you say that you're in love with Brit?" Allison asked.

"Yes. But I know that's a line that we shouldn't cross."

"Who says?" asked Allison.

He blinked, dumbfounded. That question caught him completely off his guard.

"What do you mean?"

"Who told you that you shouldn't cross that line?"

"What? Well, Dad, for one thing. And all of society for another."

"Jeff, you know I don't care one bit for what society says about things. And as for your father, I think you should start thinking for yourself instead of taking what he says for granted."

"What are you saying, Allison? I thought you told us to stop fooling around."

"I did. I want you to stop fooling around, and get down to business."

"Er..."

"Brit, do you think maybe you can get through that thick skull of his?" Allison asked.

Brit turned to him and gazed into his eyes with that look of adoration that he loved so much about her. "Jeff," she said, a little nervously. "I'm in love with you. I want you to take my virginity. I don't think I could ever give it to anyone else."

"But... we can't. I mean... I couldn't do that to Kari. And what about Crystal? And Dad would--"

"Stop thinking like your father!" Allison told him. "Forget what he wants. And as for Kari and Crystal, we've already cleared this with them."

"You what?" he demanded.

"Kari loves you and wants you to be happy. And Crystal loves Brit and wants her to be happy. They've both been in on the plan to get you two together ever since Brit and Crystal fell in love with each other. Haven't you been paying attention? Haven't you figured out yet that Kari and Crystal have been *trying* to get Brit and you together?"

"Er..."

"So there's only one question left unanswered. What do *you* want?"

"I don't know."

"Yes you do, you're just not willing to admit it. Look Britney in the eyes, and tell her exactly what you want."

He gazed down into her loving eyes, and at that moment it all became clear. "Brit," he said, "I'm in love with you too, and I want to make love to you. I've wanted it for months now. I was just too afraid of the consequences. I still am, in fact."

Brit smiled and leaned in to kiss him on the lips. It was that same pure, sweet, beautiful kiss as when they had first started practicing, but it was even deeper and fuller than before. Maybe it was because his love for her had matured since then. Maybe it was because there was no longer any hesitation. For whatever reason, he knew then that he could no longer deny her.

They held that kiss for what seemed like forever, an eternity of nothing but love. Even when they drew apart, that love remained.

"Finally I can be happy for you," said Allison. Jeff glanced over at her and noticed tears in her eyes, but she was smiling. "I've been waiting a long time for you two to finally admit your feelings for each other."

"You mean you knew all this time?" asked Jeff.

"I knew right from the beginning that Brit had a major crush on you. If you haven't noticed, she's got a thing or two to learn about hiding her emotions."

"I noticed."

"Hey!" Brit exclaimed.

"That's one of the things I love so much about you, Brit," Jeff told her, and her scowl became a smile. "It's because you don't hide your emotions that you're so affectionate, and it's because you've been so affectionate toward me lately that I began to think of you in more than just a brotherly way."

"So that just left you, Jeff," Allison continued. "I wasn't sure of your feelings toward your sister, but after the way she described how you've treated her while you were alone together, I came to the conclusion that you loved her just as much. The only reason you two haven't gotten together yet is because you were afraid of hurting her."

"I suppose you're right," said Jeff. "Why am I always the last one to figure this out?"

"Because you're a man. Men are pretty slow when it comes to this sort of thing."

Jeff laughed. "I guess you're right. So you think I should just take Brit to my room right now and make love to her?"

"I like that idea," said Brit.

Allison shrugged. "You could do it that way," she said, "but I think it might be better to wait."

"Wait?" Brit exclaimed. "You're the one who's been pushing us to do this."

"I meant just for a day or so. If you really want to make your first time special, I would suggest you spend a day together just doing a bunch of little things to get each other in the mood. A little flirting, a little teasing, maybe a candlelight dinner, that sort of thing. The longer you anticipate it, the better it will be when it finally happens. I guarantee you it will be worth the wait."

Brit looked up at Jeff. "What do you think?" she asked.

"It's up to you. I want to make it perfect for you. Whatever I can do to make it better, I will."

"Think you can control your dick for that long?" she giggled.

"With something like this to motivate me, I can do just about anything."

"Okay. Let's wait. Allison's never let us down yet, so I'm going to trust her on this. Tomorrow night then."

"Perfect!" Allison grinned. "I think I'm going to prepare a candlelight dinner for you two tomorrow night. Brit, why don't you wear that dress I bought you?"

"The red one?"

"Right. And Jeff, No tee-shirt and jeans. I know you've got some slacks and a few button-down shirts. I'll help you pick out an outfit if you want."

"Why the formality?"

"A girl likes to get dressed up. She likes to look beautiful for her man, and she likes her man to look handsome for her. It helps to add to the romance, and I think you'll find you'll enjoy it too."

"How come you didn't put this much effort into planning my first time?" he joked.

"Because to men, sex is mostly a physical act. To women, it's mostly emotional. All you need to make it special for a man is a gorgeous girl like my sister Rachael."

He laughed. "Okay, good point."

"Well, now that we have a plan, I have a request. Since this is supposed to be an intimate time for you two, I'll understand if you say no."

"What's your request?" asked Brit.

Allison looked, surprisingly, a little embarrassed. "Well... I was wondering... and again, feel free to say no... I was wondering if I could watch?"

"Watch?" asked Jeff, stunned.

"Yes. Brit, I told you I thought this love between Jeff and you is a beautiful thing, and that's true. I also told you I'm jealous because it's something I'll never get to experience, and that's also true. But I think if you were to include me in this moment, even just as a spectator, I think that would be enough. But I don't want to put any pressure on you. If you think it would detract from the experience, even just a little, go ahead and say no."

"Yes," said Brit with a smile.

Jeff stared at her for a second, and she glanced at him again, reading the question in his eyes.

"If it were anyone else, such as Rachael or Kari, or even Crystal, I would say no. But if not for Allison, I would have never had the courage to admit my love for you. Because of how supportive she's been, I think having her there my first time would actually enhance it. What do you think?"

Jeff had no objections, and he said so. Allison had been present with him several times when he made love to Kari, so he knew it wouldn't bother him to have her watch. In fact, it was encouraging to know that she wanted to spend this special moment with them.

Chapter 61

Consummation

Jeff awoke happy and excited the next morning. *Today,* he thought, *I'm going to make love to my little sister.*

She lay on top of him, her cheek pressed against his chest and her hands on his shoulders, clinging to him in a loving embrace. While he had awakened to such a sight countless times before, this time it was different, because this time they had finally confessed to each other just how deep their love was. No longer was she just a little girl holding onto her big brother for support or comfort. Now she was a woman sleeping in the arms of her lover.

Her lover, he thought with delight. *That's what I am.* Though they had not yet consummated their relationship, he could now freely admit his desires for her. Tonight he would bring her with him to the heights of ecstasy, leading her into a new world. She had told him once that she needed someone she could trust to open that door with her, and that she wanted him to look after her as she took those first few steps. Now he would be with her the whole way, to guide her and teach her, showing her how wonderful it could be.

She suddenly yawned, then opened her eyes. She glanced up at him groggily with a smile of adoration. "I dreamt about you last night," she said. "About you and what we're going to do today."

"Oh, are we going to do something today?" he joked.

"Yep," she grinned. "I think it has something to do with sex."

"Well, in that case, I guess I'm okay with it."

"You don't sound too enthusiastic," she laughed.

"I'm just trying to keep myself from getting too excited about it. If I were to let down my guard for even a second, I'd end up jumping you right now."

"Then I guess this doesn't help," she said, reaching down between his legs and taking hold of his cock.

"Oh god, Brit, that's not fair," he groaned, and she giggled.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked. "I mean, now that we're lovers, it's okay to play with each other's bodies, isn't it?"

"Maybe you'd better not. Not just yet, at least. If you do that any longer, I'm not going to last until tonight."

She immediately let go. "We can't have that now, can we?" she winked.

"Of course, fair is fair," he said, then slipped a hand onto her breast and squeezed. She squealed with delight, then slapped his hand. He immediately released her.

"Now we're even," he said with a grin.

They heard a knock at the door. "Are you decent?" asked Allison on the other side.

"No, but come on in anyway," Jeff replied.

Their stepmother opened the door and slipped inside. Upon spying them lying there nude, she smiled. "You two haven't started the festivities early, have you?" she asked.

"Just a little groping," Brit replied. "Jeff can't keep his hands off me."

"You started it," he laughed.

"Well, it's your fault."

"How is it my fault?"

"For having such an irresistible dick," she answered.

"Well, breakfast is almost ready," said Allison. "Banana pancakes again. Brit's favorite, because this is her special day." Then with a grin, she added, "I don't think there's time for two showers before they're ready, so I guess you'll have to take your showers together this morning."

The two of them climbed out of bed. Jeff felt a kind of exhibitionistic pride when he caught Allison staring at his swollen member between his legs. She had seen it before, but he still enjoyed being naked in front of her.

Brit grabbed his hand and led him into the bathroom. She turned on the water and waited a minute for it to warm up. In the mean time, Jeff moved up behind her and slipped his arms around her, drawing her in to hold her against him.

"My, you're impatient," she giggled, and he released her.

"Hey, I didn't mean that you should stop," she teased, but before he could reach out and grab her again, she stepped into the shower. Jeff stepped in after her.

They hugged and kissed and ran their hands all over each other as they stood under the water. He had taken plenty of showers with Kari and Crystal, and found it immensely enjoyable. It was even better with Brit, he decided.

The caressing didn't stop after the shower. They dried themselves off, then dressed in their bathrobes. Hand

in hand, they descended the stairs and entered the dining room, where Allison awaited them. Jeff sat down at his usual spot, but instead of Brit taking hers, she sat in his lap.

Allison served up the pancakes, and they began to eat.

Brit took a piece of pancake on her fork, but instead of bringing it to her own mouth, she grinned and held it up to Jeff. It was such a playful and cute gesture that he couldn't help smiling. He opened his mouth and took it in, and she giggled. Then he lifted a piece of pancake to her mouth, and she ate it as well.

They continued to playfully feed each other like that for the rest of the meal. Pretty soon Brit abandoned the fork and just picked up the food with her fingers. This meant, of course, that she had to put his fingers in his mouth. He took the hint and sucked on them, causing her to giggle again.

When he picked up a piece of pancake with his fingers and held it out to her, she grabbed his hand and pulled it up to her mouth. After she ate the food, she stuck his forefinger in her mouth and began to bob up and down on it as she sucked, causing both Jeff and Allison to burst out laughing at her not-so-subtle display.

After breakfast they sat together on the couch, or rather, Brit sat on his lap as she was wont to do lately. They snuggled and stole kisses and caressed each other, and Jeff even slipped his hands inside her bathrobe a couple of times to cup her breasts.

They were having so much fun holding each other like that that they lost all track of time, and were surprised when Allison came in and told them that lunch was ready. They ate, then returned to the living room to continue playing.

This time, they stripped off all of their clothes and took turns giving each other back rubs. Brit came up with the clever idea of not using her hands, but her chest instead, which pleased Jeff to no end. It was a hundred times better that way, with her soft tits rubbing up and down his back. He turned over and let her do the same thing to his front, and she happily did so.

They couldn't keep it up for long, because Jeff didn't want to get too aroused too fast. So they cut their playtime short. They headed downstairs and climbed into the hot tub together, alternating between teasing, splashing, hugging, kissing, and groping each other.

Eventually they had to get out, so they headed into the bathroom to dry off. Jeff had a sudden brilliant idea. Instead of using towels, he retrieved the hair dryer that Allison always kept in a drawer beneath the sink. He remembered how good it felt with Rachael a couple of years ago, and wanted to share that little secret with Brit.

As soon as she saw it, her eyes lit up with excitement as she realized what he was going to use it for. He plugged it in, then they spent twenty minutes drying each other's bodies. He loved to run the hot air all over his little sister, loved to see the way the water droplets fled from the blast, running all over her perky little tits and into the valley between them. As he dried her, he could see from the way her chest rose and fell that her breathing was getting heavy, and knew that she really enjoyed it.

Afterward, they dressed in their bathrobes again and ascended the stairs, where they found Allison waiting for them.

"It's time to get ready for dinner," she told them. "I made veal parmigiana, with piï¿½a coladas because I know they're Brit's favorite."

"I can't wait!" Jeff grinned.

"Well, you're going to have to," Allison insisted. "Remember what I told you about dressing up? I've let you go around half naked all day, but now it's time to look special for each other. Come upstairs and I'll help you pick out some outfits."

They followed her up to the bedrooms. First they stopped in Brit's, and Allison went through her closet to pick out the red dress that she had mentioned last night. Then they headed across to Jeff's room. Allison went through his drawers and closet, and retrieved a gray, button-down collared shirt, as well as a pair of charcoal gray slacks. Then she returned to Brit's room to help her get ready.

Jeff finished long before the girls did, not surprisingly. He waited downstairs on the couch, his stomach growling in anticipation of the meal. He was eager to eat, but even more eager to do what they had planned after the meal.

Nearly half an hour later, Allison and Brit appeared at the top of the stairs. Brit wore the red dress, which looked amazing on her. She had her hair done up in a manner that made her look five years older and very glamorous. Under the dress she wore a pair of sheer black stockings and high-heeled shoes.

"Oh my god, you're beautiful!" Jeff exclaimed. She blushed and gave a slight giggle at the compliment.

"May I escort you to dinner?" he asked, getting into the spirit of things. He held out his arm, and she took it, and together they headed into the dining room.

Allison had set out only two table settings; she said she would eat in the kitchen so that the two of them could be alone together. She lit the perfumed candles in the center of the table, then served the meal. The last thing she did before disappearing into the kitchen was turn out the lights so that they could eat by candlelight.

Jeff had never been particularly romantic, or at least, he never cared about things like candlelight dinners, soft music, or dressing up. Now, the sight of Brit sitting there smiling at him in the light of the candles, all made up to look pretty just for him, made him want to reevaluate things. He was starting to see how a romantic evening could really set the mood.

They talked and flirted as they ate, just enjoying each other's company. As the meal wore on, Brit seemed to grow a little nervous, and Jeff could understand why. It was the same as had happened with Kari the first time. He told Brit how much he was in love with her and how much he wanted to see her happy, and that seemed to do the trick. By the time they finished, all trace of her worry was gone.

They peeked into the kitchen to notify Allison that they had finished, and she got up from the kitchen table.

"And now for tonight's main event," she grinned. "I don't want you to feel cramped, so if you don't mind, I think we should use my room because it has the biggest bed. Any objections?"

The children both shook their heads.

"Jeff," Allison continued, "I know you're big and strong, so why don't you carry her there?"

Brit giggled as Jeff leaned down and lifted her into his arms. The three of them left the dining room and headed down the hall to the master bedroom. He gently set his sister down on the bed and sat beside her. Allison sat down in the chair across the room.

"Well," she grinned. "Go for it!"

Brit unfastened her hair and let it fall loose, then kicked off her shoes. Jeff hurried and pulled off his shoes and socks.

"Okay, I can see you still need a little coaching," Allison laughed. "Take it slowly. Half the fun of making love together is undressing each other. Don't rush it; you have plenty of time."

Jeff nodded, then gazed at Brit. She was so beautiful sitting there beside him, with her bright blue eyes, so adoring and trusting. He wanted to make this as special for her as he could, because he loved her so much.

He reached out and slid the strap of Brit's dress off her shoulder, then leaned in and kissed her there. She sighed, her eyes closed. She reached out and started to unbutton his shirt, sliding her hand inside to massage his chest. Jeff slid the other strap off of her dress, then helped her to pull her hands out through the straps so that it merely clung to her torso, still covering her breasts. He leaned in and kissed her just above the valley between them. He let his lips wander all over her face, neck, shoulders, and chest as he reached around and slowly pulled down the zipper, loosening the dress.

By this time, she had his shirt off and was running her hands all over his body. He loved the sensation, loved the gentle caresses of her tiny little hands.

He took hold of her dress and pulled it slowly downward. It came loose in the front, tumbling down and gathering about her waist. Since this was the type of dress she couldn't wear with a bra, that exposed her cute little chest to his eyes. He leaned in and sucked one of her nipples into his mouth.

"Oh, Jeff!" she sighed.

She let him kiss her for a few minutes, then decided it was time to move on. She rose to her feet, letting the dress fall to the floor, Jeff couldn't suppress a chuckle. In contrast to the elegant evening gown she wore that made her look five years older, she had on a pair of white cotton panties dotted with teddy bears.

"That's so cute," he grinned, sliding his hand onto the front of her panties and pressing against her slit. He felt

moisture there, and realized that she was already aroused. He moved to take his hand away, but Brit grabbed it and put it back.

He was happy to oblige her. He slid his fingers up and down her slit, feeling more and more dampness through the cloth. She had a look of bliss on her face.

After a couple of minutes, she reached out and took hold of his belt, unfastening it to get at the button underneath. She undid this as well, then pulled down the zipper. Jeff stood up, and Brit knelt in front of him to slide his pants down. Then she took hold of the waistband of his boxer shorts and pulled these down as well, exposing him completely to his view.

Both Brit's and Allison's eyes lit up with delight. Despite the fact that Allison had seen his body only a couple of hours ago, she seemed to enjoy it every time. Brit, on the other hand, had seen it every night for nearly a month. Apparently she didn't tire of seeing his body any more than he tired of seeing hers.

She climbed onto the bed and lay down. Jeff took hold of her stockings one by one and pulled them slowly off. Then he reached for her panties.

"I told you the first part of my body I give to you is my heart," Brit smiled. "You're about to reveal the second."

Jeff grinned, then took hold of her teddy bear panties and slid them down her legs, exposing her beautiful little pussy to his view. He couldn't help himself, but leaned in and planted a kiss on it.

"Oooh!" she squealed in excitement. She sat up and climbed into his lap, this time facing him. She pressed her body up against his, trapping his swollen manhood between them. They hugged and kissed for about five minutes.

"Jeff," said Allison. "I once told you that there were certain lines we shouldn't cross, but I think in this case I should make an exception."

"What line?" asked Jeff.

"If it's all right with you both, I'd like to take my clothes off too."

Jeff was overcome by the thought of it. Though he had seen her in a bikini numerous times, and he had seen those photographs of her on the boat and the video of her, she had never deliberately gotten nude in front of him.

"Brit?" asked Jeff. "You know what my answer is going to be, so I'll leave it up to you."

"Go ahead, Allison," said Brit.

"Thank you," she smiled, and began to unbutton her blouse. Jeff stared at her as she slowly undid each button, driving him wild with anticipation.

Brit put her hand on his cheek and pulled his head around to face her, a playful glare on her face. "Now don't get distracted," she told him. "I know I can't compare with her in looks, but--"

Jeff leaned in and kissed her, cutting her off. Then he drew back and smiled at her. "I don't know where you got that impression," he told her, and she broke into a wide grin. She threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly.

"You just gave me the best compliment I could ever imagine," she told him. "I thought you've been lusting after Allison for years."

"I was, right up until the point when I realized I loved you even more."

She giggled, then pulled back. "Thank you so much Jeff."

"Of course, I'll have to see you both together just for confirmation," he teased, and Brit laughed again.

"Oh, so that's how it is?" she asked.

"You know, Jeff," Allison commented, "the more you make your sister jealous, the more passionately you'll have to make love to her to make up for it."

"Is that how it works? In that case, Brit, I love Allison ten times as much as I love you. Now how jealous are you?"

"Just for that you're going to have to give me an extra three orgasms," she replied.

"Just three? I was hoping for at least five."

"You should have said Rachael then, instead of Allison," she grinned.

By this time Allison had removed both her blouse and her skirt, leaving only her undies and her stockings. She began working on her stockings, rolling them down slowly. It was obviously a teasing gesture for Jeff; maybe she was trying to compete a little with Brit after all. But no, that couldn't be it; she was probably just helping Jeff with a little visual stimulation to encourage his lovemaking.

After her stockings were off, she reached behind her back to unclasp her bra. Jeff sucked in his breath. Here it came, the moment he had been fantasizing about since meeting her.

"Are you ready for this?" she smiled.

"Am I ever!" he said.

"Are you sure you won't have a heart attack?"

"If Dad can handle it, I'm sure I can."

"Be careful what you say. The first time I showed him, I nearly had to call the paramedics." The three of them laughed at the joke. Then she slipped off her bra and let it fall to the floor.

Jeff sat there and stared, thrilled by the sight of her perfect body. She was amazing! And yet, as he looked, he realized something. Though he had been waiting for this moment for as long as he could remember, now that it was here, he found himself actually more interested in Brit's body! Maybe it was because Allison was just a fantasy, while Brit was the girl he cared about most in the world. Or maybe he just had a thing for thirteen-year-old girls. But whatever the reason, right now he preferred Brit over Allison.

"So what do you think?" Allison asked, spreading her arms wide.

"You really do have the most perfect body I've ever seen," he told her.

"Hey!" Brit exclaimed playfully.

He turned his attention back to his sister. "But I'd have to say that despite that, I prefer yours better," he told her with a smile.

"Really?" asked Brit, astonished.

"Really," he said, running his hand up her side and slipping it onto one of her breasts. "I especially like your tits," he said. "They're so cute. Just like the rest of you."

"Oh, Jeff," she breathed, closing her eyes and leaning her head back.

"Well this is something I never thought I'd see," Allison laughed as she slipped off her panties. "I finally undress in front of you, and you completely ignore me."

"I'm sorry to say this," he told her, "but I've got something more fun to entertain me."

"Yes, it certainly looks entertaining. Of course, you're just tinkering right now. It's much more fun to play with it properly."

"Although I like the tinkering too," Brit said.

Jeff stared down at her body, just watching her breasts rise and fall as she breathed. She was really quite exquisite. And to think that in a moment she would be completely his! Finally she would give herself to him, and he would take her, without hesitation, without remorse, without regret.

"Now Jeff, I know you're an expert on making love," commented Allison, "but especially since she's a virgin, you have to be very gentle with her. Before you can enter her, she needs to be warmed up."

"I'm so warm right now I'm in danger of spontaneous combustion!" Brit said, and Jeff laughed.

"I know, dear," Allison continued, "but your pussy has to be loosened up a little or it will hurt when Jeff

takes your virginity. If you like... if you like, I can do that for you."

The children both stared at her, wide-eyed.

"Really," she said, a little defensively. "Brit told me about her relationship with Crystal, so I know she's not opposed to the idea, and I've had leanings in that direction for as long as I can remember. I would love so much, Brit, if I could... well, to be frank, if I could taste you."

"Oh my god!" Brit breathed, but she had a look of excitement on her face. "Jeff, what do you think?"

"Me? To tell you the truth, that's something I would love to see. But it's up to you, Brit."

Hesitantly, as if still unsure, she nodded. She bit her lower lip as Allison approached, starting to anticipate the pleasure. She lay back on the bed and spread her legs to give Allison plenty of room. Jeff watched in fascination as their stepmother lay down between Brit's legs, opened her mouth, and began to lick his sister's pussy.

"Oh, Allison!" Brit exclaimed breathily, and Jeff could see that she enjoyed it. Not wanting to be left out of the fun, he lowered his head and took one of her nipples into his mouth. She squealed in delight from the double pleasure. To complete the stimulation, Allison reached up one of her hands and fondled Brit's other breast, teasing the nipple with her fingers.

Jeff was getting incredibly aroused as he watched Allison lick his little sister. She teased her clit with her tongue, then used her finger to spread her wide and drove her tongue deep inside. Brit cried out as she did so, lost in the pleasure.

"Okay, that's enough!" Brit said a few minutes later, and both Jeff and Allison stopped. "A little more of that and I would have had an orgasm, and I don't want to do that until I have Jeff inside of me," she explained.

"Speaking of Jeff, he'd better get inside of you quick or I think he's going to burst," Allison laughed, staring at his rock-hard member.

"Not just yet," said Brit with a mischievous grin.

"What do you mean?" asked Allison.

"Well, since I've already let you do three things that you wanted to, I think you owe me. Will you do me a favor?"

"What is it?"

"I think Jeff's dick has been feeling a little left-out. It's not fair that my pussy got to feel your mouth, but his cock didn't."

Allison's eyes grew wide. "Brit! Do you know what you're asking?"

"Yes. I want you to suck him off."

Jeff's heart pounded in his chest. This was beyond his wildest fantasies! For years he had wanted Allison so much, but never had he imagined that she might one day actually suck his dick.

Allison glanced down at it. "I would love to," she said, "but I'm not sure if that's such a good idea. It would feel too much like cheating on your father."

"After you just performed oral sex on his own daughter?" asked Brit.

"That's different," she said, and Jeff realized that she must be thinking back to that sailing trip with Lissa. Greg had actually condoned such an action at that time.

"Come on, Allison," Brit pleaded. "Jeff is about to make one of my fantasies come true, so I think it's only fair that he get to have one of his come true."

"Your fantasy is my fantasy," said Jeff, but in truth, he wanted Allison to do it as much as Brit did.

"That's beside the point," Brit told him. "Just this once, Allison?"

Allison finally nodded. "But only on a couple of conditions," she qualified. "First, none of us is to tell your father."

"Tell him that you sucked me off to warm me up to fuck his daughter?" Jeff grinned. "I don't think there's any danger there."

"All right. And the second condition is that, since this is the one and only time that this is going to happen, I'm not going to leave anything for you to fantasize about. In other words, I want to swallow your cum. But I won't take anything away from Brit. You have to be prepared to have two orgasms tonight. One in my mouth, and one in Brit's pussy. If you don't think you can handle that, then I'm going to have to refuse."

Brit stared at him with an encouraging look on her face. The question came down to whether or not he could perform after the first orgasm.

"I think I'll need a few minutes in between," Jeff said, "but I should be able to do it."

"Brit, knowing that his first orgasm tonight is going to be in my mouth, are you still okay with it? I mean, don't you want him all to yourself?"

"All I want is for Jeff to feel the best he's ever felt before," Brit replied. "And I'll use everything I can to do it, even another woman."

"All right then. Lie down, Jeff."

Jeff lay back on the bed next to his sister. Allison slid over to him. She kissed him on the lips, letting her

tongue slide inside. It was the second time she had kissed him on the lips, and this was even better than the first, because he knew what was coming up. Once more he lost himself in the passion of that kiss, completely overwhelmed by her beauty. He wondered now whether there was yet another woman with whom he was in love. First Kari, then Brit, and now Allison?

Her lips left his, and she kissed him on the chin. He closed his eyes and relaxed, letting her take over. Bit by bit, she worked down his body, kissing him all over.

"How does that feel?" she asked.

"Wonderful!" he sighed.

"Wonderful what?"

"Wonderful... Allison?"

"You mean, 'Wonderful, Mommy.'"

So it was back to that game again. Well, if Allison wanted to fantasize about that, he was happy to oblige her.

"Oh yes, Mommy!" he exclaimed. "I love it when you kiss me like that. Kiss your little Jeff all over."

"But little Jeff's been so dirty," she cooed. "Looks like you need a bath."

"No, Mommy, I want to play some more."

"I know," she grinned. "I'll pretend I'm a mother cat cleaning off her baby."

Jeff had a sudden mental image of a cat licking her kitten all over, and the thought that Allison was about to do that drove him wild.

From the first touch of her tongue, he was in heaven. She started with his chest, licking it all over. When she got to one of his nipples, she flicked her tongue against it. Although it wasn't as sensitive as a girl's supposedly was, it was still enough to send electric shivers through his body. He began to moan as she worked over his nipples, licking and sucking on them. Then she moved lower. She ran her tongue up and down his sternum, then over his rib cage. He was surprised to find just how sensitive he was in places he hadn't thought of before.

She then licked all over his stomach, even sticking it into his navel for a second. That caused both Jeff and Brit to giggle.

Lost in the pleasure, he had completely forgotten about Brit. He opened his eyes and glanced at her. She was smiling as she watched him, one hand rubbing between her legs and the other gently massaging Allison's back. He sighed happily; here he was with two women he cared about very much, both naked and both eager to give him pleasure. The only way this could be better would be if Kari were here. And maybe Crystal. And

Rachael. He nearly laughed as he realized just how many women he had made love to. It was so completely unlike him that for a moment he wondered if the past couple of years had been some kind of bizarre dream.

But what he was experiencing right now was too real to be a dream. The sensations were too intense, too sharp and distinct. Allison certainly knew how to use her tongue.

She lowered herself once more, and this time she flicked her tongue against the tip of his engorged member. He jumped as a surge of pleasure shot throughout his entire body.

"Oh god!" he exclaimed. Allison, the woman he had been lusting after for years, had just licked his cock!

"Can I help?" asked Brit. She reached out and took it into her hand, pointing it upward to put it in a better position. She stroked it slowly up and down.

Jeff felt Allison's tongue on the tip again, but this time she circled it around. She repeated it over and over, sending spikes of pleasure through him every time she brushed against that extremely sensitive part on the underside. It was a good thing that Brit had hold of him, because his body was reacting to the stimulation, his hips thrusting forward and threatening to spear right into Allison's mouth.

After what seemed like an agonizing eternity, she lowered her head and sucked him in.

"Oh god!" he shouted. "Oh shit! Allison! I..." But his mind was too far gone to be able to put together a coherent sentence.

She sucked greedily, causing him to buck and thrash wildly. The pleasure was so intense that he almost felt like it was a never-ending orgasm. Allison was better at this than anyone who had sucked him off before, including Rachael, Kari, and even Brit. He couldn't believe that this woman, this perfect woman that he worshipped like a goddess, was actually giving him a blowjob!

The dual stimulation of her mouth and Brit's hand was too much for him to bear. As the pleasure mounted, he knew he was about to explode into one of the most mind-numbing orgasms in his entire life.

"I'm going to..." he stammered. "Going to..."

"Cum, Jeff!" Brit exclaimed with glee. "Cum in your Allison's mouth!"

"Aaeeeeeeiiiiiiiaaaaah!" he shouted as he erupted. Allison kept sucking, gulping it down as he shot over and over again into her mouth.

"Mmmmm," she hummed as she drank it down, like it was the most delicious taste in the whole world. Jeff's entire body jerked with each spurt, and only Brit's hand on the base kept him from shoving his cock right down her throat. He felt like he had never cum so much in his entire life, but Allison swallowed it all. Even after the orgasm passed, he lay there twitching with the aftershocks.

As soon as she was sure she had milked the last drop out, she sat up with a smile. "How was that?" she asked.

Jeff was too exhausted to reply. He lay motionless and panting, his eyes closed.

Brit giggled. "I guess that means he liked it," she said.

"Good. You go ahead and look after him for a minute. I'll be right back." She stood and headed into the bathroom, where he could hear her turning on the water from the sink.

Brit pulled her hand away, but started kissing him on the face and neck, causing him to smile. He couldn't believe how lucky he was, to have this gorgeous little angel in love with him. In a few minutes, he would show her just how much he loved her back.

Allison returned from the bathroom then. "Just a little cleanup," she explained. She lay down on the bed next to Brit and put a hand on her shoulder to massage her.

"So Brit, how are you feeling?" asked Allison.

"Me? Pretty good," she smiled. "Why?"

"Because while Jeff's resting, maybe you need to be warmed up again."

"Okay!" Brit exclaimed enthusiastically, spreading her legs wide.

Once more Allison put her head between Brit's legs and began to lick her. Brit sighed with the pleasure, a smile on her face. Jeff scooted over next to his sister and kissed her on the cheek. She turned her head to gaze lovingly into his eyes.

"I love you so much, Brit," he whispered, then kissed her again, this time on the lips. She reacted by reaching behind his head and holding him there as she kissed him back. He reached out with his own hand and placed it on her hip, stroking her there fondly.

As he kissed her, she moaned, no doubt due to Allison's expert ministrations. She began to squirm as well, her legs spread wide. Jeff left her lips and kissed her all over the neck, and he could hear her breathing growing heavier by the minute.

He worked his way down her body, kissing her first on the shoulders, then the upper chest, then finally arriving at her breasts. She groaned in pleasure as he took one of her nipples into his mouth. He let his tongue run all over it, causing her to squeal in delight. Then he moved onto the other one and got a similar reaction.

But he wasn't done yet. He started kissing lower, down toward her tummy. Her moans intensified as he progressed, probably due to the anticipation of what was coming.

"Oh god!" she cried out as he passed her navel. He didn't stop, though; he wanted to taste her sweet virgin pussy before he deflowered her.

His tongue flicked against her clit, and her body spasmed. She giggled out of embarrassment, but still she

didn't ask him to stop.

By this time, Allison had pried apart her opening with her fingers, and was licking her all up inside. Jeff joined her there, and the two of them ran their tongues all over her. He felt a kind of thrill whenever their tongues met; it reminded him of just how wonderful it was to kiss Allison.

He loved the taste of his little sister, and especially loved knowing that he was causing her pleasure. He had tasted both Kari and Crystal like this, but for some reason, it was especially enjoyable to do this to Brit. He just couldn't get enough of her.

"I think that's enough," Brit said a few minutes later. "Jeff, please take me now. I can't stand to wait any longer!"

Allison drew back with a smile on her lips, and Jeff rose up. His cock had been slowly returning to life in the last few minutes, and was now fully engorged. He maneuvered himself until he was above her, staring down into her beautiful face. He knew that the look of adoration there was reflected in his own as well.

Allison reached down between their bodies and took hold of his cock, causing him to groan and Brit to giggle. Their stepmother carefully lined it up with Brit's pussy, then he pushed into it, very gently.

Brit gazed up at him lovingly as he began to press into her opening. He kissed her gently yet passionately as he gently lowered himself, feeling the soft, warm folds of her outer lips giving way to the tip of his cock. She closed her eyes and allowed the kiss to relax her. The pounding of her heart against his chest told him she was still a little nervous, but the rest of her seemed to say that she enjoyed it.

Then he felt the tip of his cock pressing against her barrier. She sensed it too, because she suddenly opened her eyes. He could sense a little fear there, but also trust and love.

"Brit," he said quietly. "I know I said I would never hurt you--"

"I give you permission just this once," she smiled.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "I want to do this to you so much, but if you have any doubts, any at all..."

"I know," she said, kissing him on the nose. "I really want this, Jeff. I want to always remember that it was you who took my virginity."

He smiled down at her, then leaned in and began to kiss her. As he did so, he lowered his hips, feeling the pressure inside of her.

Suddenly he was through. Brit sucked in her breath for an instant, then let it out slowly.

"Are you all right?" he asked her.

"That barely hurt at all," she smiled. "I thought it would be worse than that."

"I'm glad."

"Me too."

He waited a minute before going any further. He just planted dozens of kisses on her lips and cheeks, and he could tell from her sighing and her smile that she enjoyed it.

Then, bit by bit, he began to pull out and push back in again. At first it was only half an inch or so, but with each push he entered her a little more deeply. She had her eyes closed as he did this, but her body was beginning to respond. Her hips rocked forward to meet him, and he backed off a little to let her control the pace.

"Oh Jeff!" she breathed. "I've never felt like this before! It feels so good to have you inside of me!"

"It gets better," he grinned.

"I can hardly wait."

Their bodies got into a rhythm, almost a dance, as they worked together. By this time Jeff was experienced enough to know how to read the signs from the girl and adjust his tempo to increase her pleasure. It seemed to work, judging by the cute little moans that escaped her lips. She had her mouth open in a smile and her eyes closed. Jeff thought she looked so beautiful like that.

I'm really doing it, he thought. *I'm really having sex with my little sister!* Perhaps a few months ago that thought would have disgusted him, but now it felt so arousing to be engaging in such forbidden passion, especially with someone as sweet and adorable as Brit. He was in love with her, and right now that was all that mattered.

"Oh Jeff!" she breathed, and he found that he loved to hear her say his name like that. There was no one else in the world that he loved as much as her.

Gradually he increased the tempo, and Brit sped up her motions to match him. The two of them held each other tightly, their bodies pressed together like they never wanted to let each other go. Right at that moment, that was exactly how Jeff felt. He had touched her body like this before; she had been sleeping naked with him for the past couple of months after all. But now, with his manhood buried inside of her, the sensation was taken to a new level. It was as if they were part of each other, their bodies merged into one.

"I love you Jeff," she whispered in his ear. It was the most wonderful thing to hear her say that, now that he knew just how deep that love was. Before, it had been the love of a sister for a brother. Now when she said it, it meant infinitely more.

His lips were not idle during this time. He continued to kiss her all over her face. She returned those kisses as well, and sometimes their lips met and they devoured each other hungrily. He just couldn't get enough of her. Her beautiful face, her gorgeous body, the feel of her skin, even her smell, were all that he wanted in this

world right now.

A few minutes later, he felt the pleasure mounting. So here it was. He was about to finish the road they had been traveling for the past few months. Or perhaps they had been on it all their lives. Perhaps everything that had ever happened to them had brought them to this one point, this culmination of their destiny.

"Oh Brit, I'm about to cum!" he gasped.

"Do it, Jeff!" she encouraged. "I want to know that I'm the one giving you the ultimate in pleasure. Cum inside your baby sister!"

Those words were enough to set him off. He loved her so much. She was his sister, his beautiful, sexy little sister, so young, so innocent, yet so absolutely fuckable. He groaned in pleasure as his cock jerked inside of her, shooting his load into her eager body. She apparently felt it too, which triggered her own orgasm. They both cried out as one, both lost in the ecstasy.

The pleasure began to wane, and Jeff lay down on top of her, his strength gone. As the final waves of pleasure diminished and left them exhausted yet content, Brit began to cry. Jeff immediately began caressing her cheek to wipe away the tears.

"What's wrong, Brit?" he asked, worried.

"Nothing," she smiled. "I'm just a little emotional right now. This is the best moment of my entire life."

Jeff kissed her on the cheek, tasting her salty tears. "Mine too," he replied.

"Really?" she asked.

"Really."

"But don't you have a girlfriend that you love more than me?"

"I have a girlfriend," he said, "but the truth is that I love you more than anyone in the whole world, even her, even myself. I love you in every way it's possible for a man to love a woman: as a sister, as a friend, and as a lover. I don't want to have to choose between you two, but Kari's just going to have to get used to the idea that you're my favorite girl."

Brit wrapped her arms around him and hugged him tightly. "Oh, Jeff!" she breathed. "You've made me happier than I ever imagined I could be."

Afterward, they lay there for a while, Brit on top of Jeff and Allison lying on her side pressed up against the two of them. Allison gently stroked Brit's back, and Brit made cute little moans of contentment as she did so. One by one they dropped off to sleep.

Part 3

Losing Control

Chapter 62

Surprise Visit

Greg didn't look forward to the long week awaiting him. If Saturday's session of the business conference was any indication of the rest of the week, he expected to be bored out of his mind.

Usually he enjoyed these conferences; they often hired funny and witty speakers, an absolute must when dealing with a topic as dry as real estate. It also gave him a chance to talk to others in the industry and gather some refreshing ideas to bring back to the board. While this conference so far qualified on both of those accounts, it just felt different somehow.

When he was honest with himself, he knew exactly why he didn't enjoy it like he usually did. Allison wasn't there with him.

It never bothered him before. Back when he was still married to his first wife, he had never had as much fun with her as with Allison, so he didn't notice the contrast so much. Then with Allison, there just wasn't the love there until recently. No, more accurately, he just didn't *recognize* the love there. But since that realization a couple of months ago, he wanted to spend every waking moment with her. It was like an adolescent crush, a heartsick longing. In short, Gregory Primdale was madly in love with his wife.

At least the accommodations were nice. He had a large room in a luxury hotel, really more like a small apartment. It had a living room with included kitchen/dining room, a separate bedroom, a well-stocked bar, big screen TV, and a bathroom including a spacious jacuzzi bath.

That reminded him of how much Allison liked sitting in the hot tub at home. Unfortunately the kids were almost always around when he was home, so he didn't get much chance to be alone with his wife in the house, but in the rare occasions when they did, he loved to soak naked in the hot tub with her, hugging and kissing and groping and fondling and horsing around. After they could stand it no longer, they got out, dried themselves off, and hurried upstairs to the bedroom to make passionate love to each other. Sometimes they never made it as far as the stairs, but had sex right on the floor of the rec room.

Maybe he could arrange for Jeff and Brit to spend some time at the Williams house as soon as he got back from the conference. That would at least give him something to look forward to this week.

As he sat alone in his posh hotel room on Saturday night watching nothing in particular on the TV, he felt lonely. It didn't really bother him because it was just a temporary separation from his family, but he still wished he were back home right now. Even if he couldn't spend time alone with Allison, he missed his children just as much.

He had been sitting there like that feeling sorry for himself for over an hour when he head a knock at the

door. That surprised him; no one he knew was within a hundred miles of him right now. It was probably just some member of the hotel staff with some minor detail that he needed to deal with.

He got up out of the chair and headed across the room to the door. When he opened it, he stared in shock. It was Rachael.

She had a couple of friends with her, one a gorgeous blonde about Rachael's age, and the other a brunette who was slightly younger, maybe eighteen or nineteen. Rachael carried a black duffel bag.

"I'll bet you didn't expect to see me here, did you?" asked Rachael.

"No I didn't," he said, still staring.

"Well, may we come in?"

"Um, sure." He stepped aside and let the three of them enter. They glanced around the room.

"Very nice," Rachael commented. "Yes, this will do perfectly."

"What do you mean?" asked Greg.

She reached into her coat pocket and withdrew an envelope, handing it to Greg. He opened it and pulled out the letter inside. It was in Allison's handwriting.

"Dearest Greg," it read, "If you're reading this letter, it means I'm unable to be with you for the moment. I don't want you to feel lonely, so I've given this letter to Rachael to be used by her at her discretion. Don't worry about going behind my back; I give you permission to take full advantage of her presence in any way that the two of you would like. Yes, that means sex. Have fun. Your devoted wife, Allison. P.S. She hinted to me as I was writing this that she might invite a friend or two along, and that's fine with me too."

Greg laughed. "Allison never ceases to amaze me," he said.

"She wrote that and gave it to me when I visited you in September," Rachael explained. "When I found out you were going to be all by yourself at a business conference for a week, I knew I just had to come see you. Unfortunately, I only have the weekend off, but at least we can make the most of it. So what do you think?"

"I think I'm going to have to take Allison up on her offer," he grinned.

Rachael peeked into the bedroom, her eyes fastening on the bed. "Good," she said. "Big enough for the four of us. We're going to have all kinds of fun. Oh, by the way, this is Paula and her little sister Nancy."

"It's nice to meet you," he said.

"You too, Greg," replied Paula.

"Knowing Rachael, I'm not surprised she talked you two into this, but I'm curious, how did she do it?"

"Paula lost a bet," Rachael explained. "I bet her I could give her five orgasms in less than an hour. It took me fifty-eight minutes and forty-one seconds. And when Nancy found out that we were coming to visit you, she refused to stay behind. She's just as much a slut as I am."

That's hard to believe, Greg wanted to say, but decided it wouldn't be polite.

"I know what you're thinking," Rachael grinned. "You're thinking, 'that's hard to believe.'"

Greg laughed. "In those exact words, even."

"Well then, I'll leave it up to Nancy to prove it."

"My pleasure," said Nancy.

"No, I'm pretty sure it will be *my* pleasure," replied Greg.

"Yes, that too."

"So Greg," said Paula, "we've had a long day, what with our flight and all. Is it all right if we take a shower?"

"Only if I can join you," he replied with a grin.

Nancy laughed. "You were right, Rachael. Greg's a real flirt."

That surprised him. He had never considered himself a flirt before. Just the opposite, in fact. Certainly he would never have made that kind of comment a couple of years ago. It was Allison's doing, of course. She had changed him, and now for the first time he realized just how far he had come.

"Greg?" asked Nancy, sensing his hesitation. "Are you all right?"

"What? Oh, yeah. Fine. I was just thinking about my wife."

"Uh oh," said Paula. "You're not suddenly having a moral crisis, are you?"

He laughed. "Oh, no, nothing like that. I mean, I love her and everything, but as long as she's willing to write that kind of letter, I might as well enjoy myself, right? I just mean, until I met her, I would have never even thought of doing something like this."

"Allison has that effect on people," Rachael smiled.

"She certainly does. So anyway, how about that shower?"

"Do you think there's room enough for the four of us?" asked Nancy.

"I hope not," Rachael replied. "I hope the only way to fit us all in is to squeeze us in like sardines."

"I like the way your mind thinks," said Paula. "Even if it's too big, maybe we can pretend it's a lot smaller."

"Paula, Nancy, why don't you two undress Greg?" Rachael suggested. "I'm going to get the hot water started."

"Okay!" Nancy eagerly exclaimed. As Rachael picked up her duffel bag and headed into the bathroom, the two sisters quickly approached Greg and reached for the buttons on his shirt. They hurried and unfastened them, then slipped it off of him. Both girls ran their hands over his chest.

"Nice," Paula commented. "You're sure you're forty? You look pretty young for your age."

"That's what everyone always says," he nodded.

"And you're very fit, too," Nancy added.

"I do a little working out. I bought my son some exercise equipment last year and I've gotten as much use out of it as he has."

"It's done its job. Of course, no amount of working out is going to affect the part of you I'm interested in."

"And he certainly gets a workout on that part!" Rachael called from the bathroom. "Allison gives me all the sordid details, plus I get in my share of time with him every time I go visit him."

"Well then, let's have a look at it," Paula smiled, kneeling in front of him and unfastening his belt. Nancy continued running her hands all over his chest as her sister unzipped his pants and dropped it to the floor. She then reached for his shorts, but Nancy slapped her hand away.

"My turn," she insisted.

Paula consented, but instead of rising to her feet, she simply moved to the side to allow her sister room to kneel in front of Greg. Nancy grabbed his shorts and with one swift motion dropped them to the floor, exposing him completely to their view.

"That looks nice and tasty," said Paula. "You know, I'm kind of glad I lost that bet. "What do you think, Nancy?"

In response, Nancy stuck out her tongue, leaned in, and licked all over his cock. Greg groaned in pleasure as she ran her tongue over it.

"Hey, don't start the meal just yet," said Rachael, emerging from the bathroom completely nude. "We haven't even gotten in the shower yet."

"Good point," said Paula, grabbing Nancy and pulling her away from Greg. Nancy gave a disappointed

groan, but the two girls stood up and started undressing each other. Greg watched with delight as they pulled each other's shirts off, then leaned in and pressed their chests together so that they could reach around each other's backs to unfasten their bras.

"Rachael says you have a thing for sisters," Paula told him.

"I just have a thing for gorgeous women," Greg replied. "It just so happens that Rachael and Allison like to have fun in front of me, so who am I to complain?"

"Well then, you don't mind if we do this then," said Nancy, leaning in and kissing her sister fully on the lips. The two girls made out passionately in front of him, while at the same time slipping each other's bras off, leaving their chests totally bare as they rubbed their bodies together. Greg couldn't help but grin at the sight in front of him.

Still kissing, they slid their hands down each other's bodies and unfastened each other's skirts. Soon, these fell down around their feet and they stepped out of them. Then Nancy knelt in front of her sister, reached out, and slid the girl's panties down. She leaned in and kissed her right on the pussy.

"My little sister is insanely good with her mouth," Paula told Greg. "But I guess you're going to find that out soon enough."

"I just can't get enough pussy or cock," said Nancy. She finished her job by pulling down Paula's socks until her sister could step out of them, then stood up. Paula then knelt in front of her sister and removed her panties and socks as well. She returned the favor, kissing Nancy between the legs. Then she rose to her feet, and the two girls turned to face Greg, side by side with their arms around each other's waists.

He gazed delightedly at their bodies. Paula had a larger bust and more curvaceous hips than her little sister, but Nancy's body had a youthful charm that was very appealing. Both girls had no hair between their legs, just like Rachael.

He stepped forward. "Do you mind?" he asked, reaching out and squeezing one of Paula's breasts with one hand while he did the same to Nancy with the other. Both girls giggled as he did so.

"Looks like he approves," Nancy commented, then reached out and grasped his cock with her hand.

"There will be plenty of time for that later," said Rachael. "Let's get in the shower first."

The four of them headed into the bathroom. The shower was fairly large, but with the four of them there wasn't much room to move around. Greg certainly didn't mind. He was about to be surrounded on all sides by lovely, soft, girl flesh.

Rachael stepped in first, then motioned for Greg to follow her. He stepped in, reached his arm around Rachael's waist, and drew her in for a kiss. While he was kissing her, he felt one of the other girls pressing her body up against his back. A moment later he heard the shower door close, and knew that they were all in.

They took turns standing under the water, having to squeeze past each other's bodies as they did so. As the four of them began soaping each other up, the feeling of sliding past one another grew more and more pleasurable. Greg loved the feel of their soapy boobs against his chest, and the slippery trail he left against their thighs with his cock as he moved past them.

Greg took the opportunity to grope the girls' bodies. They didn't seem to mind, and in fact accepted his touches with enthusiasm. He let his hands wander all over their chests and backs, sometimes slipping them between their legs. In return, the girls took turns grabbing his cock with a soapy hand and giving it a few strokes.

As he fondled Nancy's boobs, Rachael led Paula to the far end of the shower. "Get down on your knees," she commanded.

Paula giggled, but knelt down in front of Rachael, who grabbed her by the back of the head and thrust her hips into the girl's face. Paula immediately started licking at her cunt.

"She has to do everything I say this weekend," Rachael explained. "All a part of the bet. Believe me, I plan to take full advantage of it."

"Looks like you are already," Greg grinned.

"Exactly."

As Paula orally pleasured Rachael, Greg let his hand slide between Nancy's legs. Her eyes went wide and she grinned with delight as he fingered her there. He had never claimed to be an expert at lovemaking, but he had had several sexual partners in the past few years, and knew the types of things that women enjoyed. He let his fingers run over her clit for a few minutes, teasing and toying with it and watching the reactions in Nancy's body. She closed her eyes and smiled, her breathing growing heavier.

Instinctively, her hands went to her own breasts, and she began to knead them as Greg worked her over. He continued fingering her as she mewled in pleasure from the ministrations of his hands. When he slipped a finger inside, she gasped in delight. Greg moved that finger in and out of her pussy, fucking her as effectively as if he used his cock.

Nearby, Rachael was making some of the same sounds as Nancy. She had her own eyes closed and moaned as Paula ate her out. Greg glanced over, loving the sight of the two girls going at it like that. Although at the moment his cock was sadly free of attention, the sheer intensity of the erotic feeling in the air was enough that he just knew that if any of the girls were to touch his member at that moment, he would go off.

A moment later, Rachael cried out as her orgasm hit. She thrust her hips forward, mashing her thigh against Paula's face, and trembled with the force of her climax. Her body slumped, and she would have fallen if she didn't lean back against the wall. Paula continued to attack her pussy until the last vestiges of the orgasm drained from Rachael, then stood back up to hug and kiss her deeply.

A minute later, Nancy achieved a similar climax. As her body built to it, Greg could see that her legs were about to give out, so he quickly moved behind her and wrapped his free hand around her waist to hold her up. He was right; as her orgasm hit, her feet shot out from under her, and only his arm holding her up kept her from dropping to the floor. She gave out one last strangled moan as she lay back against his chest, pressing her hot body up against his as she tensed up in frenzied excitement.

After it was over, she rested in his arms like that for a minute. She was getting heavy, and Greg feared that his strength might give out before she set her feet down again, but fortunately it didn't last long. She stood up, then turned around and hugged him.

"That was wonderful," she said, then brought her head around and kissed him on the lips.

"I vote we adjourn to the bedroom," Paula suggested, and everyone seemed to be in agreement.

They finished rinsing the soap off of their bodies, spending a minute to wash each other's backs (and fronts), then Greg turned off the water and they stepped out of the shower.

"Let's see if we have enough towels," said Greg, moving toward the cupboard.

"Who needs towels?" Rachael asked. She reached into her bag and withdrew a blow dryer. "Once I discovered how good this feels, I never used a towel again." She plugged it in and held it out to Greg. "Care to do the honors?" she asked.

He was more than happy to help her like that. He turned it on and aimed it at her, running it all over her skin. The other two girls came over and huddled next to her so that he could dry them all at the same time. He loved seeing them like this, dripping wet but slowly drying as the heat bathed their skin. He watched the water droplets running down their bodies, or fleeing to the side, chased by the air from the dryer. As he worked, the girls used their hands to massage one another, sometimes fondling each other's breasts or pussies. He knew he would never forget the sight as long as he lived.

They began passing the dryer around so that Greg could get in on the action. When Paula took it from his hands and turned it back on him, he discovered just why Rachael liked it so much. The hot air felt so soothing, but also kind of sexy in a way, especially with a gorgeous girl doing it to him. Of course, the girls weren't idle with their hands either. They gently caressed his back and his chest, a wonderfully pleasant sensation. Rachael grabbed his cock, and he was glad it had settled down somewhat since the shower, or he would have spurted all over her. He didn't want to climax until he had it inside one of their bodies.

Finally, once they were all dry, the girls took his hands and led him into the bedroom.

"Now just lie down here and relax," Rachael told him. "We're going to take care of you, aren't we, girls?"

"Speak for yourself," said Nancy. "I'm going to take care of *myself.* It's just that I'll use his body to do it."

"That works for me too," Greg smiled, climbing onto the bed. He lay down on his back, resting his head on

the pillow.

The girls climbed onto the bed, Nancy and Paula beside him and Rachael bent over the foot of the bed with her head aligned with his cock. She grabbed it, then lowered her head and stuck out her tongue, letting it run all over the head. The two sisters also moved in to lick along the shaft on both sides. Greg groaned in excitement as the three girls orally pleasured him. He watched in erotic fascination, loving the sight and feel of it.

Nancy reached out and took his scrotum in her hand, toying with his balls. She used a firm yet not too tight of a touch, obviously knowing where to draw the line. She didn't want to hurt him after all. He could tell that this wasn't the first time she had done this to a man.

Rachael's mouth engulfed the head and she began to suck on it. Inside her mouth she continued to tease it with her tongue, causing more groans from Greg. He knew from experience just how good she was with her lips.

They continued to tease him like that until he started groaning in pleasure. Then they let up, grinning at him.

"I think we ought to stop now, or this party will be over before it even gets started," said Rachael. "While I don't mind a load of cum down my throat, I can think of a better use for that particular part of his anatomy. So now the only question is who gets to have that big, meaty cock shoved up inside their pussy," said Rachael.

"Count me out," said Nancy. "Not that I have anything against you, Greg, but I mentioned that I like the taste of pussy and the taste of cock. Getting to taste both at the same time is an opportunity I just can't pass up."

"Well then," said Rachael, "You and I have already done it before, Greg, so why don't we mix things up a little? Paula, do you want him to fuck you?"

"Absolutely!" Paula exclaimed with delight.

"Can I warm you up?" asked Nancy.

"I wouldn't have it any other way," said Paula. She lay down on the bed next to Greg, and Nancy maneuvered herself between her sister's legs. She stuck out her tongue and began running it all over the girl's pussy. Paula hummed in contentment as her little sister ate her out. Greg watched in excitement at the sapphic display in front of him. He had long since surrendered himself to the fact that he liked lesbians. He still had some moral issues with it, but he couldn't deny that there was just something beautiful and erotic about two women showing their love for one another in such an intimate way.

Nancy used her fingers to gently pry apart her big sister's pussy lips, thrusting her tongue inside and licking her all over. She wriggled her tongue energetically, causing her sister to squeal with delight. Nancy paid particular attention to Paula's clitoris, flicking her tongue against it repeatedly, eliciting a gasp of pleasure each time. Paula's body reacted reflexively, jumping every time her sister touched her clit.

While Nancy worked on her sister, Rachael took Greg's cock in her hand and gently stroked it. She used long, slow, leisurely strokes, not enough to get him off but just enough to keep him aroused. He relaxed and enjoyed her ministrations as he watched the two sisters going at it beside him. Rachael apparently knew what she was doing; while he was anxious to bury himself deep inside of Paula, Rachael kept him at a slow simmer, ready at any time to take it to the next level.

Finally, Paula sat up. "I'm ready," she said. Nancy drew back, giving her sister room to maneuver.

Paula climbed up onto Greg, straddling his legs. Rachael maneuvered herself behind her, reached between her legs and grabbed Greg's cock, pointing it upward. Paula lowered herself onto him, helping Rachael adjust the position so that it lined up correctly. A moment later, he felt himself entering her, squeezing into her tight hole.

"Ooh!" she groaned as he penetrated her.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," he smiled. He let Paula do the work, bouncing up and down on him. He reached out with his hands and fondled her breasts, enjoying the softness of them between his fingers.

Rachael climbed on top of him behind Paula. She slipped her own hands around Paula's body to thrust them under Greg's hands on her breasts. Paula leaned back with a dreamy look on her face as Rachael kissed her on the neck. It was an intensely erotic sight, seeing the two women in such an intimate embrace, especially since he had his cock buried inside one of them at the same time. He loved the feel of Paula's body wrapped around his shaft, the spongy softness of her breasts in his hands, and the beautiful view of her body before his eyes.

Rachael stuck out her tongue and touched it to Paula's neck, causing the girl to jump at the contact. As she did so, her body tightened up, her pussy squeezing Greg's cock and sending an electric thrill of pleasure through his body. He gasped at the sensation, then laughed with Paula.

"If I'm going to get that kind of reaction out of you, maybe I ought to do it again," said Rachael. She did.

Nancy, meanwhile, was hardly idle. She had been lying next to Greg, fingering her own pussy. She rolled over and kissed him on the lips, thrusting her tongue inside. Greg removed his hands from her big sister's body to wrap them around Nancy and hug her to him. He ran his hands over her back as he basked in the delightful warmth of her breasts against his chest.

She continued to kiss him passionately for a few minutes, then finally drew back. She gave him a wink, then lowered her head and kissed him on the chin. She didn't stop there, though, but continued down to his neck. When she stuck out her tongue and touched it to his neck, he jumped just like Paula had, his hips thrusting upward into Paula's body and causing her to gasp.

"It works from this end too," said Nancy as the others chuckled. She continued lowering her mouth along his body, kissing him all over the chest. Greg lay there and let her work her magic on him. It was better than a

massage, though he couldn't exactly call it relaxing, considering that it tended to work him up instead of calming him down. Nancy sure knew how to use her mouth.

She made it to his stomach, and kissed him lightly there. He had always been a little ticklish, and he couldn't help but chuckle at the sensation.

"Ooh, I can see this is going to be fun," said Nancy, then dug her fingers into his side. He burst out laughing, which had the thrilling effect of thrusting his hips up with each laugh.

"Let's see if Paula is the same way," said Rachael, lowering her hands to the girl's sides and tickling her just as mercilessly. Paula shrieked and giggled, which made her bounce up and down on his cock rapidly. The overall effect was intensely pleasurable, despite the torment of the tickles.

"No more!" Paula finally begged, and Rachael removed her hands from her sides and returned them to her breasts, where she continued to squeeze and massage them. Paula sighed with relief, freed from the torture. Nancy also mercifully removed her hands from Greg, but she returned her lips to his stomach to continue kissing him. This, while still ticklish, was at least bearable, especially knowing where she was headed.

As she passed his navel, he groaned with anticipation. With Paula's pussy wrapped around his cock and Nancy's tongue licking the shaft, he wasn't sure how long he would last. Of course, he wasn't exactly trying to hold out. When it came to it, he would just let it happen.

Finally the girl reached her goal, and Greg felt her tongue brush against the base of his cock, right where it entered Paula's body. Nancy made long strokes with her tongue, and Greg realized that she was licking not only him, but her big sister at the same time. From the look of delight on Paula's face and her squeals of pleasure at the end of each stroke, he could guess exactly where those licks ended up.

"Mmm," Nancy hummed, as if dining on her favorite food. No doubt she enjoyed this, though probably not as much as Greg or Nancy did. Of course, Nancy had her hands between her own legs, so she wasn't exactly left out of the fun.

After a few minutes of licking the two lovers, Nancy began moving up her sister's body, kissing her way up as she had kissed her way down Greg's. He watched in delight, the thought of forbidden lust between the two girls adding to the excitement. It wasn't the first time he had seen sisters making love; Allison and Rachael had given him a number of shows during Rachael's last visit to the Primdale house. He just couldn't get over the thrill of the idea though. The double perversion of lesbianism and incest added a certain eroticism far beyond either of them alone.

When Nancy reached Paula's breasts, Rachael moved her hands to the side to give the girl access to the nipples. To his delight, Nancy moved her head out of the way to give Greg a great view as she licked Paula's nipples from the side. She flicked her tongue against them, causing Paula to jump like she had before. By now though, Paula was too lost in the pleasure to give an embarrassed laugh. She had her head thrown back over Rachael's shoulder, her eyes closed and cute little moans coming from her open mouth.

Nancy spent a few minutes licking her sister's boobs, then continued kissing up her body, to her neck, her chin, and finally her lips. The girls kissed each other with incestuous passion, continuing their exciting display. Paula turned her head to the side so that Nancy's face wouldn't cover her own from Greg's view. He loved watching them, and from their enthusiasm he could tell that they loved showing off for him. He could see their tongues running all over each other's as they penetrated one another's mouths.

Finally, Nancy broke it off. "I think I'll go around again," she said, beginning to kiss down her sister's body once more. She spent several minutes on Paula's breasts again, but this time she moved around to the other side and focused on the one she had neglected previously. Her tongue teased it mercilessly as she reached out with her other hand and squeezed the other boob gently.

Paula looked ecstatic at this multiple pleasure. With Greg's cock shoved up her pussy and both of her breasts being stimulated by Rachael and Nancy, no wonder she had a broad grin on her face as she moaned loudly.

Eventually, Nancy left her sister's chest and made her way down her body again, toward the center of the action where Greg and Paula were locked together. When she reached that focal point, she began licking with wild abandon at both of their bodies. She slurped at her sister's clit and ran her tongue all over the base of Greg's shaft as the two lovers writhed and squirmed. Greg loved the intensity of the feeling between his legs, stimulated both by Paula's pussy and Nancy's tongue. He knew it wouldn't be long before it finished him off.

To his surprise and delight, Paula arrived at that point first. Without warning, her moans suddenly elevated into screams of pleasure, and the involuntary movements of her body became wild and almost violent. Her body tensed up, shuddering in insane sexual overdrive as her orgasm hit. Greg felt her pussy clamp down on his cock, squeezing it like a vise.

That was enough to push him over the edge as well. His hips thrust upward powerfully as his own body locked up. He let out a strained groan as the intensely erotic feeling washed over him, shutting down all of his senses but the feeling between his legs. He felt his cock twitch inside of Paula, releasing its load. Again and again it jerked, spewing out its seed.

Nancy redoubled her efforts, eagerly lapping at the fluids leaking from her sister's pussy. She gave a delighted moan as she took it into her mouth, swallowing as much as she could. Greg had never seen someone eat cum so enthusiastically, Rachael included. But Nancy seemed to enjoy it immensely, especially coming from her sister's cunt. He watched in fascination at Nancy's eagerness.

Eventually, Paula collapsed in exhaustion. His cock slipped from her body, and she lay down on the bed next to him. But that didn't mean the fun was over. Nancy followed her sister's body, lying down between her legs and covering her pussy with her mouth as she sucked the juices out. Rachael knelt down between Greg's legs and set to work cleaning him with her tongue.

After a few minutes, Rachael and Nancy rose back up from their tasks. The two of them glanced at each other with a grin, then leaned in and started licking off each other's faces, making sure not to waste any of the cum that hadn't yet made its way into their mouths. Once they finished, Nancy lay down next to her sister and

Rachael lay down next to Greg. The four of them wrapped their arms around each other and basked in the warmth and softness of their bodies.

As the girls one by one dropped off to sleep, Greg smiled to himself. If only Allison could see him now. He still missed her, but having sex with three gorgeous women definitely took the edge off his loneliness. Whatever the next week might bring, he could no longer say that he hadn't enjoyed himself.

Chapter 63

Fantasy Fulfilled

It was still night when Jeff awoke, so he must have slept only a couple of hours. He lay together with Brit and Allison in the same position as when they went to sleep. Brit was still on top of him, slumbering peacefully. Jeff reached out and wiped away a stray hair that had fallen across her face.

Next to them, Allison still lay on her side, but she had removed her hand from Brit's back and was rubbing herself between her legs. Her eyes were closed, but Jeff could tell that she was enjoying herself.

Brit stirred, then opened her eyes. She glanced around groggily, then spied Jeff and flashed him an enormous, if somewhat sleepy, smile. He kissed her on her forehead because he couldn't quite reach her mouth, but she took care of that problem herself by scooting up and kissing him passionately on the lips.

Then she caught movement out of the corner of her eye and glanced over at Allison, who apparently still didn't know they were awake. Brit's eyes traveled down their stepmother's body, finally resting on her hand between her legs.

"Naughty Allison," Brit whispered with a grin, and Allison suddenly opened her eyes.

"Oh, I... um... I was just..."

"Playing with yourself?" Brit suggested.

"As a matter of fact, yes. You two don't mind, do you?"

"I just realized," said Brit, "you're the only one who hasn't had an orgasm tonight."

Allison laughed. "Actually, I'll tell you a secret. When the two of you climaxed, I did too."

"Yes, but I know that kind of orgasm. It's superficial. My first one was like that, and the only thing really nice about it was that I had Jeff there holding me."

"Oh really?" asked Allison with a smile. "You hadn't mentioned that before. Good for you, Jeff."

"But my point is," Brit continued, "it's nothing like having a thick cock stuck inside of you. Until tonight I didn't realize just how wonderful that was."

"Well, unfortunately, your father won't be home until tomorrow night, but you can bet I'll take full advantage of him when he gets back."

"Why wait?" asked Brit. "It's not fair that the two of us got each other off, while you're stuck with just your hand. Since you've been taking care of us this whole time, I think it's your turn to be taken care of. What do you think, Jeff? Are you up for thirds?"

Allison immediately drew away, and sat up in the bed, her eyes going wide. "Oh, I couldn't!" she exclaimed. "Not with Jeff."

"What's wrong with him?" Brit demanded.

"Nothing's wrong with him. That's not the issue. But I couldn't do that to your father."

"I seem to remember someone telling us that we should stop worrying about what Dad thinks," Brit insisted.

"That's different."

"Why?"

Allison just stared at the two of them for a moment, and Jeff noticed that she was trembling. What did that mean? Was she afraid? Her breathing seemed a little labored as well, and suddenly he recognized the signs. She was getting turned on by the thought of actually going through with one of her fantasies.

"Why?" Brit asked again.

"I don't know," said Allison.

"Look, you've already crossed about a billion lines with him so far. This is just the last one. Do you want him to make love to you or not?"

Allison looked at Jeff, still a little fearful. Then she closed her eyes, and almost ashamedly, whispered, "Yes."

"Then it's settled," said Brit.

"No!" Allison exclaimed again. "I do want Jeff to make love to me, but I'm not offering. It's not right."

"And him having sex with his sister is?" asked Brit. "Allison, I never thought I would say this, but you have to let go of your inhibitions. It's time for you to do what you want. If you're worried about Dad finding out, we'll both promise not to say anything. Isn't that right, Jeff?"

"Right," Jeff smiled.

"Don't encourage her," Allison told him, but the words lacked conviction.

"I'm not encouraging her. I'm encouraging *you*. You know it's been my fantasy for years, so I'm all for it. I've held back only because I didn't think it was something you wanted. If I were a cruel person, I could have had

you at any time; with all the things I know about you, it would have been easy to blackmail you. But I could never do something that mean to anyone, especially you. So it has to be your choice. I won't force you into it, I won't even ask you to do it for my benefit. I'll only do it if it will make you happy."

Allison stared at him for a moment, still shivering. She had her hands clasped tightly in her lap. She was still afraid, he could tell. But slowly, hesitantly, almost imperceptibly, she nodded.

"Okay," she said.

"Well that won't do at all," Brit told her. "How's Jeff going to get excited about this if you make it seem like you're reluctant? You made us confess our love to each other. The least you can do is tell Jeff how you feel."

Allison sighed, but now that she had made her decision, she seemed a little happier. "Jeff," she said, "I want you to know that I think of you in the same way that you think of me. Will you... will you make love to me?"

"Oh, Allison!" he said with a smile. "Do you know how long I've been waiting to hear those words from you?"

"Yes, since November 19th three years ago," she grinned.

"You remember the date too?" asked Jeff. "That was the first time I ever laid eyes on you. I knew then--"

"Stop talking and fuck her already!" Brit insisted.

Jeff rolled over and took Allison in his arms. He kissed her then, and through her lips he could sense the trembling in her body. She was still afraid. He understood that; what they were doing tonight was jeopardizing her relationship with his father. If he ever found out...

But he would never find out. Jeff didn't like keeping secrets from his father, but it seemed that that was all he was doing lately. One more wouldn't change things. Besides, when a woman like Allison was willing to give herself to him, there wasn't a single man on the planet who would be able to resist such an offer.

He put his hand to her breast and gave it a tentative squeeze. It was every bit as soft and springy as he had imagined. Though he had fantasized about this many times, he had never actually touched her like this. The closest he had come was that time she had almost seduced him, but she had worn her bikini the whole time. Actually feeling her naked breast in his hand was something entirely different.

She seemed to like it too, because she sighed with a smile on her face. Now that she had made up her mind, she no longer had any hesitation. She seemed almost eager, in fact.

As he fondled her perfect chest, he leaned in and kissed her tenderly on the neck, delighted to hear the groan of pleasure that it elicited. Maybe he was just a vampire at heart, but for some reason he loved kissing girls there. It wasn't overly sexual, but still intimate enough to be enjoyable for both the man and the woman. He knew Kari especially loved it; she sometimes claimed that she could forgo sex completely as long as she

could have him hold her and kiss her on the neck. In fact, sometimes they did just that. Especially during the summer when there was plenty of time to be alone together, they didn't necessarily have sex every chance they got. Often they just cuddled, with or without clothes on.

But tonight he wanted to take things all the way with Allison. It was like a dream come true. Tonight he would live out the last of his fantasies.

He had a sudden humorous thought, and he laughed out loud.

"What?" asked Allison.

"Oh, I was just wondering, what am I going to do now that I've run out of fantasies to fulfill?"

"I'd be more than happy to help you come up with some new ones," Brit grinned. "Of course, I'll help you fulfill them as fast as we invent them, so maybe it won't be so much of a help after all."

"Well, I'm not going to let that worry me," said Jeff. "I'm still working on the last one." He kissed Allison again on the lips, and she reached behind his head to draw him in deep. Their tongues intertwined, sending erotic shivers down his spine. If there was one thing Allison knew how to do really well, it was how to kiss.

He let his lips wander lower, back to her neck again, but this time he didn't stop. If her tits tasted anywhere near as good as they looked, he didn't want to deny himself that pleasure any longer.

As soon as he reached the first nipple, he sucked it into his mouth and teased the tip with his tongue. Allison gasped, then let out a groan of pleasure.

"Oh god, Jeff!" she exclaimed. "That feels so good!"

Then Brit surprised them both by leaning in and taking the other one into her mouth. Allison's groan came out as a wail this time. She reached around both of their heads and held them there, her two stepchildren suckling on her breasts.

Jeff's hand slipped down between her legs, and she spread them to offer him better access. His fingers danced around her dripping wet pussy, teasing and tickling her there. Her hips squirmed as her body succumbed to the stimulation.

He kept it up for as long as he could. Since he had already had two orgasms that night, there was no rush to get inside of her; he could let himself relax and enjoy the foreplay. It was especially nice when Allison reciprocated and took his cock in her hand, slowly stroking it up and down and bringing it back to full hardness.

Jeff let her nipple slip from his mouth as he rolled over and positioned himself above her. Brit moved out of the way to give him room. Allison stared up at him with lust and excitement in her eyes as she reached out her arms and slipped them around his neck. He placed his cock at her waiting entrance, then lowered himself,

pressing inside of her.

She groaned as he entered her, echoing his own ecstasy. Jeff took a few thrusts to enter her all the way, finally burying himself deep inside of her. He rocked back and forth slowly but powerfully, thrilled and nearly overwhelmed by what was happening to him. He was doing it! He was having sex with the most beautiful woman in the whole world.

He lowered himself all the way onto her, and she held him tightly against her flaming hot body. Their lips met again, and they kissed with renewed passion.

He let himself get lost in the warmth and softness of her body and the passion of the moment. There was no longer any reason to hold back. For now, Allison was the whole world to him. Her sweet fragrance, the taste of her lips, the feel of her body, her moans of pleasure, and the beauty of her face were all that existed. Even little Brit, the girl he loved most in all the world, was just a shadow on the edge of his consciousness.

Allison wrapped her legs around him, just like she had done the first time they kissed, when they had forgotten themselves and fallen to the passion. This time, though, they no longer had to restrain themselves. She drew him in deeper inside her, and he plunged almost violently into her depths. There was something raw and wild about their lovemaking. It was a lot like having sex with her sister Rachael, but ten times better just because he had fantasized about her so long.

The whole thing was too much for him. Despite already cumming twice that night, he felt an orgasm building. He fucked her harder and faster as the pressure spiked. A long, loud wail escaped his lips as he released inside of her, his cock twitching violently. Allison, apparently spurred on by his orgasm, began to scream in ecstasy herself. The two of them writhed in orgasmic bliss as the pleasure filled them.

As the intensity waned, they lay panting and twitching in one another's arms, the occasional aftershock running through their bodies. As soon as he regained control of himself, Jeff rolled over off of Allison, who snuggled up against his chest.

Brit lay on his other side, smiling as she watched them.

"So now that you've had both of us, who do you like best?" she asked.

"Um..." he said. "I plead the fifth."

"Oh, come on," she teased.

"Look, no matter what I say, I'm going to offend somebody."

"Well then, let me guess," said Allison. "It comes down to your infatuation with me versus your love for your little sister. Even a long-lasting crush can't compare to a deep love like the two of you share. So you prefer Brit over me, don't you?"

"Well..."

"Go ahead and admit it, Jeff. You won't offend me, I promise. Besides, I'll come right out and say that I prefer your father over you."

"Hey!" he laughed.

"Because my love for him is so much deeper than my love for you. The way it should be, because he's my husband. See how easy that was?"

"Okay," he sighed. "You're right, Allison. I do refer Brit over you, surprising as that might have seemed just a couple of months ago."

"I knew it!" Brit exclaimed, throwing her arms around him. He let himself fall back on the bed with her on top kissing him the whole way down.

"Now let's not start that again," he chuckled. "I've just had three orgasms, and although I slept a little between the second and third, there's a limit to my strength."

She lay her head down on his chest. "Then let's just cuddle for the rest of the night," she suggested.

"I like that idea," he replied, wrapping an arm around her back.

Allison snuggled up against his other side, and the three of them went back to sleep.

He awoke again later that night to find Allison turned away from him. Her shoulders trembled, and he wondered if she was crying. He reached out and put a gentle hand on her arm.

Allison turned around. Her eyes were red and puffy, but she had long ago cried away all of her tears. For some reason she refused to look him in the eye.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I'm scared," she replied. That shocked him. To the best of his knowledge, Allison was afraid of nothing. Her strength had bolstered up the entire family throughout the ordeal of their mother leaving, and had continued to support them in the years since.

"What are you scared of?" he asked.

"You," she replied.

"Me?" he gasped. "But Allison, there's no reason to be frightened of me. I would never hurt you."

"That's just the point. You're such a sweet, caring young man that it's hard not to love you. I'm just afraid that if I let myself love you the way I want, I'll risk losing your father. And then I'll lose you too. Jeff, you understand that we can't... we can't be together."

"Is that what's worrying you?" he asked, then reached out and stroked her cheek tenderly. The look of sadness in her face vanished, replaced by a tentative smile. She still looked worried, but not anywhere near as much as she did before. She nodded, in answer to his question.

"Then the solution is obvious," Jeff told her. "As much as I would like to continue our relationship, we'll just call it off. It doesn't matter so much anyway; we still live in the same house after all, and so we'll see each other as often as we want. That's the important thing."

"And you're okay with that?" Allison asked him. "I mean, I won't lie and say that I don't want to keep having sex with you, but I'm willing to restrain myself in order to keep from jeopardizing my relationship with your father, and by extension, this family. But can you handle it, knowing now that I love you in the same way that you love me?"

"I've handled it for three years. Allison, as long as we can be together, then I don't care *how* we're together. Let's just agree not to do anything that could get you into trouble."

She leaned in and pressed her lips against his one last time. He could almost sense the worry draining from her as they kissed. When she drew back, her smile had widened, and he could tell that she was once more at peace.

"Thank you, Jeff," she told him. "You're absolutely right. We'll just call this a one-night-stand and be done with it. I still care about you deeply, but I'm content just to be a part of your family."

"Dad's really lucky to have you," he smiled.

Allison lay back down on his chest and they let themselves drift off to sleep.

They awoke about 9:00 in the morning, much later than Allison usually let them sleep in, even on the weekends. Not surprisingly, she made an exception for them since they were all so tired from last night's excitement. In fact, they would have slept in even later except that the phone rang.

Allison hurried and climbed off the bed, then, without even dressing, dashed out of the room and down the stairs to answer it. Brit and Jeff kissed each other and cuddled until their stepmother returned to the room.

"Kari's on the phone," she told Jeff. "She wants to know if Crystal and she can come over."

Jeff glanced down at Brit. "It's up to you," he told her. "I have a feeling that if we have them here, we'll all end up having sex together. But if you'd like another day alone with me, I'm more than happy to oblige."

"Let's have them over," Brit smiled. "I can't wait to tell Crystal all about my incestuous affair with my brother."

Jeff laughed. "Better be careful. You'll make her so horny she'll jump on me right there. You won't be able to pry her off."

"As long as I can have another turn afterward, that's fine with me."

She grudging rolled over off of him, and he got out of bed. Like Allison, he didn't bother putting on any clothes; there really was no point after all. Allison accompanied him downstairs. As he was about to pick up the phone, she playfully pinched him on the rear end, causing him to yelp. She grinned and winked at him, then disappeared down the hall to her room. Apparently their decision not to continue their affair didn't prevent her from teasing him a little.

He talked to Kari for a few minutes, but didn't mention anything that had gone on the night before. It wasn't that he was ashamed of it, or that he had any reason to hide it from her; he just preferred to tell her face to face. He said they were welcome to come over, and added that they should just come right in instead of knocking. Kari giggled, knowing from experience that that was code for "you're going to find some naked people inside." She said that she would be there in about an hour.

As soon as he hung up the receiver, Allison appeared at the end of the hall wearing her bathrobe. It was a shame, he realized, that that probably meant he would never see her nude body again.

She surprised him, however. She took his hand and pulled him toward the stairs. "I don't hear the water running upstairs," she said, "which means that Brit isn't taking her shower yet. Why don't we all go up and take one together?"

"You're serious?" he asked. "What about not wanting to jeopardize your relationship with Dad?"

"I only said we shouldn't have sex together, not that we wouldn't sometimes shower together."

"But aren't you afraid that if you're there naked with me in the shower I might lose control?"

"If you feel the need to do anything, I'm sure Brit will be more than happy to accommodate you."

"Good point," he grinned.

They climbed the stairs and entered the bedroom again, where Brit still lay on the bed. She sat up when they arrived. Allison explained the situation to her, and she enthusiastically agreed. Allison dropped her robe on the floor, and the three of them made their way into the bathroom. Jeff turned on the shower, and soon they were happily enjoying each other's company under the hot spray.

For all her talk of not wanting to continue their affair, she had no problem putting her hands all over him. She started by washing his back, and then of course Brit insisted on washing his front. They began just by using

their hands, but that didn't last long. Soon Brit lathered up her own chest and closed in to rub it up and down against him. Allison followed, and Jeff found himself sandwiched between two gorgeous, naked, and slippery girls.

Allison looked like she was having a great time. She giggled just as much as Brit, while the three of them frolicked in the shower. She usually kept a dignified, if a bit playful, attitude, but there were times like these when she let herself go that she was just like a teenager, laughing and playing and having fun. Those were the times when he liked her best.

Of course, the girls paid as much attention to each other as they did to him. Both were openly bisexual, and they groped and fondled and rubbed each other enthusiastically. Brit no longer appeared to have any hesitation about her new sexuality, and he was glad that she felt comfortable with it.

Eventually, Allison mentioned that they couldn't stay in the shower forever; Kari and Crystal would be coming over soon, and they still needed time to eat breakfast. Reluctantly Brit and Jeff washed away the soap and climbed out of the shower. The three of them then proceeded to dry each other off, which was almost as fun as the shower, because it gave them an excuse to continue groping each other.

Only Allison bothered dressing. She said she wanted to give the four of them time alone to get used to their new lifestyle, so would go out for the day. Jeff insisted that he wouldn't mind her there with them, but she had made up her mind. She disappeared into her room to dress, then the three of them sat down to breakfast together.

As soon as they finished, Jeff and Brit returned upstairs for a little petting while they waited for the girls to arrive. Soon they heard the front door open, and Kari's and Crystal's voices greeting Allison.

"Brit," said Jeff, "would you mind going to your room for a little while? I need to talk to Kari alone about everything that happened last night, just to see if she's okay with it."

"Oh, I guarantee she will be," Brit smiled. "We've had lots of talks about it, and she was in favor right from the beginning."

"I know, but I just want to make sure she doesn't feel differently now that it's actually happened."

"Okay," Brit agreed. "Besides, I want to tell Crystal all about it." She gave him one last kiss on the lips, then headed through the bathroom to her own room, closing the door behind her.

A moment later, the Williams girls peeked through the door to the hall. Both of them grinned upon seeing him naked.

"Just what I like to see," Kari said.

"Me too," Crystal added.

"Well if you like that, Crystal," said Jeff, "you'll love seeing Brit. She's in her bedroom waiting for you, and just as naked as I am."

Crystal grinned, then scampered through the bathroom, disappearing into Brit's room.

Kari wasted no time, but immediately set to work throwing off her clothes. Jeff watched in delight as she did so.

"Allison was just leaving when we arrived," she said, "and she said she'd be gone all day. That gives us all the time we want to have fun."

"Good, because I really haven't been having much fun lately," he joked.

As soon as Kari removed the last of her clothes, she hopped up on the bed next to him and gave him a long, slow, deep kiss. Her hand went down to his cock as she did so, and she slowly stroked it up and down.

After a couple of minutes of kissing, she drew back, a mischievous gleam in her eye.

"What?" asked Jeff.

"So how did it go with Brit?" she asked him.

"So you *were* in on it," he laughed.

"Of course I was. Allison wouldn't make you go behind my back. That would be unfair to both of us. So tell me, how did it go?"

"It was wonderful. I love her so much, and sharing something so intimate with her was one of the best experiences of my life."

Kari smiled. "I'm glad. It's only fitting that you got to be the first time for the girl you love most in the world."

"Yeah," he said.

Kari stared at him for a second, and he wondered what she was thinking.

"So you're not even going to try to deny it," said Kari.

"What?"

"You realize you just admitted to your girlfriend that there's a girl you love even more."

Jeff's eyes grew wide. "I didn't mean it like that," he said defensively. "It's just that--"

"Don't apologize," Kari laughed. "I'm not jealous."

"You're not?"

"She's your sister, so you've loved her since you were kids. Now that love has just matured, that's all. There's no way I can compete with that, so I'd be a fool to try. And I'd be a horrible person to try to come between you."

"But Kari, I love you too, and I don't ever want to give you up."

"I'm not asking you to. Just so there's no misunderstanding, I still want to be your girlfriend, and I have no problem with you continuing your relationship with Brit. But I don't want you to live two lives; instead, I want you to live one life with both of us. Let's take what you share with each of the women you love and combine it. Let me be a part of your relationship with Brit, and let Brit be a part of your relationship with me. Do you understand?"

"So you want to do a threesome?"

"Yes, and not just the act. I'm talking about a full, loving, caring relationship with all three of us."

"That would be like a dream come true," Jeff smiled. "If Brit's willing, I say let's do it."

Kari leaned over and kissed him, and Jeff felt at peace. Then she drew back and gazed into his eyes. "I have another question, and I want you to tell me the truth. I promise I won't be mad."

"What is it?"

"Did you also have sex with Allison?"

He should have expected that question. And he had planned to tell Kari eventually, because he didn't like keeping secrets from her.

"Yes," he replied.

Kari smiled. "Finally!" she laughed.

"What do you mean, 'finally'?"

"I just mean that whenever she's around, I never have your full attention. I've always known how you feel about her, and although I'm not jealous, I could always sense that longing whenever she's nearby. Well, now that you've fulfilled your desires, maybe you'll stop gazing wistfully at her when you think I'm not looking."

"I don't gaze wistfully at her!" Jeff exclaimed.

Kari laughed. "Okay, that's a bit of an exaggeration. But you can't deny you've been wanting to make love to

her ever since you met her."

He shrugged. "Of course I don't deny it. Any man who would, isn't a man. But you're right. It's about time I started giving you my undivided attention."

"Except when Brit's around, of course," Kari grinned.

"Of course." Then, teasingly, he added, "All this talk of Allison is getting me horny. Want to fuck?"

She laughed again. "That's kind of a blunt way of putting it, but okay."

Jeff kissed her again, reaching his hands around her waist and drawing her to him.

She drew back momentarily. "I have one more request," she said.

"What?"

"Would you mind if Crystal joined in?"

"You mean... right now, or in our little group?"

"Both."

"I'm all for that!" he grinned.

"Then let's get them in here," she said. She stood up and strode to the bathroom door. She opened it and slipped inside, then knocked on the other door to Brit's room. Brit opened it.

"Brit, Crystal, come in here," she said. The two girls followed her back to Jeff's room. Crystal had also removed her clothes, so the four of them sat naked together on the bed.

"Jeff and I have been talking," she said. "I think it's time to let go of all our secrets. Brit, I know that last night your big brother made love to you."

"Finally!" Crystal exclaimed. "Jeff, you can really be dense sometimes. We've been working on you for weeks, trying to get you together with Brit."

"So this was all one big plot against me?" he laughed.

"Not exactly *against* you," Kari told him. "Unless you consider this a bad thing."

"Just the opposite. This is the best thing that has ever happened to me."

"Then it's settled," Kari said. "From now on, the four of us are each other's lovers. I guess I'm technically still Jeff's girlfriend, and Brit and Crystal are still girlfriends, but unofficially, we all belong to each other.

Anyone in this room is allowed to fuck anyone else in this room. Are there any objections?"

Brit and Crystal both shook their heads.

"Good. Then let's seal the deal with a good old fashioned orgy!"

Chapter 64

Foursome

Although Crystal and Kari were both up for some wild sex, Jeff and Brit asked them to take things more slowly. Jeff was exhausted from his multiple orgasms during the night, and Brit was a little sore from having her virginity taken so recently.

That didn't mean they couldn't still have plenty of fun. Kari in particular liked to be creative in their lovemaking, especially when she had another girl or two to throw into the equation. This time, however, it was Brit who came up with a plan.

She leaned over and whispered something in Crystal's ear, too quiet for the others to hear. Crystal grinned, then nodded enthusiastically. Brit hopped down from the bed and headed back to her room.

"Where are you going?" asked Jeff.

"I just need to get something," she winked. As she disappeared through the door, Crystal whispered the secret into Kari's ear, who seemed just as eager as her sister had been upon hearing it.

Six months ago Jeff would have complained if Brit told someone a secret without letting him in on it. Considering the result of the last time the girls had conspired against him, though, he was more than happy to be the victim of their devious little plot.

The Williams girls scooted in next to him, then all three of them lay down on the bed. Kari and Crystal kissed him on the cheek as they pressed their bodies up against his, their hands massaging his chest. He wrapped his arms around them, drawing them in even tighter.

Brit returned to his bedroom, her hand behind her back and a mischievous gleam in her eye.

"I have a surprise for you, Jeff," she said. "Close your eyes."

"You're not going to give me a bite of your favorite food, are you?" he chuckled, and the girls all laughed, especially Crystal.

"No, but you'll like this surprise even more."

"I can't wait," he said, closing his eyes. Kari and Crystal continued to kiss him as Brit approached the bed.

Suddenly, the Williams girls grabbed his hands and pulled them up and outward. Before he knew what was happening, he felt a loop of rope fasten around one of his wrists. He opened his eyes in surprise, just in time to see Brit scramble over the top of him to reach his other arm.

He was too shocked to put up a struggle until it was too late, and he suddenly found himself with his hands tied to the bedposts. By the time he had regained control of himself enough to resist, Kari and Crystal had both moved down his body to sit on his legs, pinning them down.

He knew it was all in fun of course; none of the girls would really do anything to hurt him. Still, he wasn't going to make it easy for them. He tried bucking and kicking to dislodge the girls while Brit looped the ropes around his ankles. With the three of them subduing him, he didn't stand a chance, and soon he had his feet tied to the other bedposts. He lay there spread-eagle as the girls climbed off of him and admired their handiwork.

He had never really been into bondage play before (unless one counted the times he tied up his little sister to torment her when they were children), but on the other hand, with three gorgeous girls like this, he was certainly willing to give it a try. He was actually a little excited at the possibilities.

"And now I get my revenge for all those times you did this to me when we were growing up," Brit told him. "Say the words!" she demanded.

Jeff grinned and shook his head, keeping his mouth shut tight. He was having way too much fun to make it that easy for them.

"What words?" asked Crystal.

"Remember how I told you about this?" Brit replied. "About how he used to do this to me when we were younger and he was still a big meanie. He would always make me say certain words."

"Ooh, that sounds fun!" Kari laughed. "Say them, Jeff!"

He shook his head again.

"Good, I was hoping he wouldn't give in too easily," said Brit. She immediately reached out and tickled him under the armpits.

Crystal attacked his other side, and together the girls tickle-tormented him. He laughed uncontrollably; he had always been ticklish. When he was younger and much bigger than his little sister, he used to torture her like this all the time, and now apparently it was coming around to haunt him.

"Okay, I give up!" he finally exclaimed, laughing so hard that tears ran down his cheeks. The girls backed off, giving him time to catch his breath.

After a few seconds, he said, "Now I'm completely at your mercy. You can do anything you want to me, and I can't stop you. My body is yours to play with."

Kari and Crystal broke down in a fit of giggles. "That's so humiliating!" Kari exclaimed with delight. "You mean you used to make Brit say that all the time?"

He nodded.

"Personally, I think it's more erotic than humiliating," Crystal winked. "Just think, all this time you could have been playing with her body instead of tickling or tormenting her. What a wasted opportunity."

"Well, I'm not going to waste *this* opportunity," said Kari. "We've got Jeff in the same position, so what are we going to do with him?"

"I don't know about anyone else," said Brit, "but I'm hungry."

"You're just going to leave him here and go eat?" asked Crystal. "That's boring."

"No, I'm going to eat right here."

"We're not allowed to eat in bed," Jeff replied.

"There are a lot of other things we're not allowed to do in bed, but that never stopped us," she giggled.

"Oh, very funny. Just don't expect the three of us to wait while you're in the kitchen fixing something to eat."

"What I want to eat doesn't require getting out of bed," said Brit.

"What's that?" he asked.

"You!" she exclaimed, then lowered her head and began to move down his body, kissing and licking as she went.

"Oh my god Brit, what are you doing?" he gasped.

"The yummiest food I've ever tasted is your cum," she explained.

"What? When did you--"

"You don't really think I can suck your cock all night without waking up once, do you?" she laughed.

Jeff's eyes grew wide. So she *had* been awake after all!

"Oh my god, when did this happen?" Crystal asked with a grin.

Jeff explained about that night that Brit had sucked him off three times, all while he thought she was asleep. Kari and Crystal both wore excited looks on their faces; it was obviously turning them on.

"From now on, I want you to give me your cum to drink every night before we go to sleep, all right?" Brit demanded.

"You're serious?" he asked.

"Absolutely. I don't care where your cock has been during the day. Even if you've just pulled it out of Kari's pussy, you have to let me suck all the sperm out."

"Oh my god!" he exclaimed, excited at what he was hearing. Little Britney not only was willing to give him oral sex, she *wanted* to!

She reached his cock a moment later, and planted a kiss right on the shaft. "So yummy," she commented. "I'm so in love with your cock, I can't stand it." She ran her tongue from the base all the way to the tip, causing Jeff to groan in pleasure. She tickled it with her tongue, focusing especially on the point on the underside of the head that was extra sensitive. Kari or Crystal must have told her about that; they both knew it drove him wild when they licked him there.

His body squirmed involuntarily, and Brit giggled. Apparently she enjoyed the reactions she was causing in him. Jeff was more than happy to amuse her in that way, especially since it meant such intense pleasure for himself. He gave up trying to hold anything back, and instead just let things happen.

If not for all the sex he had had last night, he probably would have climaxed before she even put it in her mouth, just from the excitement of having his little sister licking him like that. As it was, he was more than happy to draw it out. The longer it took, the more fun he would have in the mean time.

"Looks like Brit's taken the best part," commented Crystal.

"Indulge her," Kari said. "She's been waiting a long time for this."

Crystal hopped up on top of him, spreading her legs over his stomach and lying down on his chest so that she could kiss him on the lips. Kari knelt behind Brit and reached around to fondle the girl's boobs.

"You have the cutest little titties," she grinned. "So soft and squeezable."

"You can squeeze them all you want," Brit replied.

"I think I'll take you up on that offer."

"Kari, are you trying to seduce my girlfriend?" asked Crystal, glancing back at them.

"It's only fair," said her sister. "Since you're trying to seduce my boyfriend."

"Okay, you got me there," Crystal laughed. She rose back up, straddling Jeff's chest. "You know," she said, "you're the one tied up here, and yet you're the only one receiving oral sex. I ask you, is that fair?"

"Sounds fair to me," he replied.

"And I'm just happy getting my boobs played with," Brit giggled.

"Well if the rest of you aren't going to take advantage of our captive, I sure am," said Crystal. She slid her

body forward along his chest, until she positioned her pussy above his face. "Now eat me out," she ordered.

"Just what I was in the mood for," he replied, then stuck out his tongue and tickled her cunt with it. She jumped at the first contact, then settled down and lowered herself onto his mouth. Jeff licked her from the base of the slit up to the top, where he sought out her little clitoris. It took some some work to get it to emerge from its hiding place, but once it was out he set to work teasing it passionately and almost roughly. Crystal's body began to respond in the same way his own did to Brit's ministrations.

"Oh god!" exclaimed Crystal. "Just like that!"

Jeff enthusiastically obeyed, loving the taste of her body and her feminine juices. He knew that Kari and Crystal tasted similar, and wondered if it would be the same with Brit. The thought of pleasuring her with his mouth excited him; he loved to make her feel good, and to give her that kind of pleasure would be the greatest feeling in the world.

The greatest feeling next to what she was doing to him right now, of course. Despite her lack of experience, she seemed to know just how to make him feel good. Her tongue worked over his cock inside her mouth as she sucked on it greedily. The sheer intensity was almost too much to bear, an exquisite torture.

"Well, we might as well do this right," said Kari. Everyone else is face-fucking someone, so we might as well add one more link to this daisy-chain." She released Brit, then turned around and reclined next to the foot of the bed.

"I'm sure you're still too sore for any kind of deep penetration, Brit," she said, "but are you up for a little tongue on the outside?"

"Hell yeah!" Brit exclaimed enthusiastically. Jeff laughed; he rarely heard her swear, so he knew she must really be excited.

Kari ducked her head under Brit's legs, then scooted up between her thighs and the bed.

"Ooh!" Brit exclaimed with a grin as Kari started to work her over with her mouth. Now the four of them formed a chain of oral sex, all but Crystal giving pleasure to someone else, and all but Kari receiving it.

"Let's make this a contest," said Crystal. "Whoever makes the first person cum wins. Any objections?" No one spoke up, but whether that was because they didn't object or because their mouths were too occupied wasn't at all clear. Jeff felt Brit double her efforts, however, so he knew that at least she was planning to compete. He decided to go along with it also.

He lowered his tongue and drove it deep inside of Crystal's pussy. He shoved it in and out as if fucking her with it. She groaned in pleasure from the sensation. He had done this enough times to her before that he knew exactly what she liked. Kari, Crystal, and he were experts on each other's bodies, and they were in the process of bringing Brit in on it as well. Soon all four of them would be experienced lovers of one another.

Brit, meanwhile, was sucking as hard as she could. It was a risky strategy; she wouldn't be able to keep it up for long, he knew. On the other hand, it made the pleasure all the more intense. He decided not to try to hold off his orgasm; if possible he would reward her for her efforts. This was the type of game where it was just as fun to lose as to win, after all.

From the sounds she was making, he realized that she might be the first one to climax. Her moans, which had originally been for the taste of his dick in her mouth, had increased in pitch and intensity as soon as Kari began to pleasure her, and they were growing more wild by the minute. She was even beginning to lose control of what she was doing to her big brother as her body responded to the sensations of Kari's tongue. Jeff knew those sensations very well, and he knew just how hard it was to keep control when Kari did that.

Crystal was also having plenty of fun, apparently. She mashed her thighs against Jeff's face, trying to force every last possible millimeter that he could shove his tongue inside her. He pressed in as deep as he could, his tongue extended to its full length.

Suddenly, Brit squealed in ecstasy, her body tensing up and shuddering. For a moment he thought she was going to bite down on his dick. He knew how painful that could be. But she kept her mouth open through the climax, to his relief.

Jeff was the next to cum. The sounds of his little sister in the throes of passion were enough to push him over the edge. His own body tensed up, straining against the ropes that held him bound. He found the check on his motion to be ironically liberating. He could squirm all he wanted and his body would remain in the same position. That, plus the almost painful tightening against his wrists and ankles, served to intensify the feeling. He could certainly understand the thrill of bondage-play during sex. He might have to try this again some time.

His cock pulsed inside his little sister's mouth, shooting his cum against the back of her throat. Brit gulped it down like she was starving. She continued sucking as hard as she could, making the orgasm last extra long.

Somehow she managed to swallow every last drop, then she let it slip from her mouth and stood up. "Oh my god, that was the most delicious thing I've ever tasted!" she exclaimed.

"You too?" asked Kari with a laugh. "I think we'd better not share Jeff with too many other girls, because once they taste his cum, they'll be addicted."

Now Crystal was the only one left. Jeff continued to work on her, driving her into a frenzy with his tongue. He knew it wouldn't be long now, from the way she squealed and her body squirmed above him.

"Need some help, Jeff?" asked Kari. She didn't wait for an answer, but climbed onto the bed next to her sister. She leaned in and took one of Crystal's nipples between her lips.

"Oh yes, Kari!" Crystal exclaimed. "Just like that!"

Brit knelt on the other side and sucked her other nipple into her mouth, causing her to cry out again. Crystal

reached out and held the two girls' heads to her chest. They suckled greedily as Jeff watched in fascination from below. The sight was intensely erotic, made all the more so by the feel of her hot little cunt against his mouth.

"Oh god!" exclaimed Crystal. "Oh god oh god oh god oh god!" Her hips bucked, and Jeff felt and tasted a sudden surge of moisture. He drank it down, loving the flavor of her girl-juices, the sweet nectar of her ecstasy. Crystal continued to ride him as her orgasm raced through her body. She let it run its course, then she climbed off of him and collapsed on the bed.

The four of them lay there bunched together on a bed that was really only big enough for one. No one complained; it simply meant squeezing in tightly, their naked bodies pressed tightly against each other.

After they rested for about five minutes, Kari spoke up. "You know, this isn't really fair," she said. "I'm the only one who didn't get to have an orgasm."

"Well, considering I'm the only one who hasn't gotten a taste of cock or pussy today, I'd say the solution is obvious," said Crystal, then scooted down her body to lick at her pussy.

Unfortunately, there wasn't much room to maneuver, so Brit had to get off of the bed. That still left the problem of Jeff lying dead center on it, which meant Kari had to lie to the side, which didn't leave her any room to move around without falling off the bed.

"I've got an idea," said Brit. She knelt at the foot of the bed and once more took his cock into her mouth.

"I don't think I'm going to be able to cum for a while," Jeff told her.

"You don't have to cum," she replied, her words garbled around his dick. "You just have to get hard."

That turned out to be no problem at all, with two gorgeous girls eating each other out at his side and a third sucking his dick. In less than a minute, he was almost fully hard again. So soon after his last climax, it wasn't as rock-solid as before, but it was good enough for what Brit had in mind.

"Come here, Kari," she said. "You sit right down here." She nodded toward Jeff's swollen member. Kari grinned, then sat up. She positioned herself above his cock, then lowered herself onto it. The brief stimulation of her little sister's tongue and the excitement of the orgy had warmed her up enough that he slid right in without any problem.

"Now lie back," Brit told her. Kari did so, her back resting on top of Jeff's chest with his cock still stuck up inside her pussy. He gave a tentative thrust and found that even in his restrained position he was able to get a moderate degree of motion, enough to stimulate Kari at any rate.

"Okay, Crystal," said Brit. "Let's eat up."

The two younger girls moved to the side of the bed, then leaned over it to lick Jeff and Kari. Their tongues

roamed all over, from the base of Jeff's cock all the way up to Kari's clit. Sometimes they focused on the point right where he disappeared inside of her, tasting both of their bodies at once. Other times, they altered licking all up and down Jeff's shaft with nibbling on Kari's clit. Crystal, in particular, seemed to focus on her sister more, which left Jeff for Brit. As before, they spent just as much effort teasing each other's tongues, sometimes taking their mouths off of Jeff and Kari long enough to kiss each other passionately.

Kari's body soon responded to the triple stimulation, her hips lowering to meet Jeff's thrusts and the girls' tongues. Brit and Crystal reached up and took her tits in their hands, rubbing and squeezing them. They pinched the nipples between their fingers, which drove Kari wild with pleasure. She didn't try to cover the sounds of her ecstasy; with no one else in the house there was no need, and it was so much nicer to be able to let herself go like that.

When the climax came, she let it all out, literally screaming in the intensity of the pleasure. Her body thrashed wildly on top of Jeff as the girls kept up their ministrations until her orgasm had washed through her and she lay panting and sweaty against Jeff's body.

"So that's what it's like to do a foursome," Crystal commented later as they continued to rest there on the too-small bed.

"Not much different from a threesome," replied Jeff.

"Oh, it's quite a bit different from a threesome when it's Brit and Crystal and me," Kari laughed. "I'm not complaining or anything, but sometimes I just like a nice, fat cock shoved up my pussy."

"Me too!" Crystal and Brit both exclaimed at the same time.

Now that the fun was over, they untied Jeff, who massaged his sore wrists. While it had certainly been fun being tied up like that, he would have to figure out some kind of padding to keep the ropes from chafing next time.

The four of them climbed into the shower together, and they took turns washing each other's backs and fronts. Afterward, they retrieved the hair dryer to use Rachael's special drying method. Unfortunately, they all wanted to be the one to handle the blow dryer, and although their fighting over it was all in good fun, the experience was more playful than erotic this time.

They didn't bother putting their clothes back on; now that they were all lovers, there was no need to be shy in front of each other. They headed downstairs for lunch, which consisted of leftover veal from last night, reheated in the microwave. Brit insisted on sitting in Jeff's lap, and he was more than happy to oblige her. Just for fun, Crystal hopped up on Kari's lap too, giving them all an amused chuckle.

When Crystal accidentally dripped some food on her chest, Brit leaned over and licked it off. Crystal returned the favor a few minutes later when Brit spilled a little on herself, and that set off a chain reaction. Soon both girls were deliberately doing it, spending the majority of their time licking each other. They probably ate more food off of each other's bodies than off of their plates.

They fooled around a little after lunch, mostly just wrestling and tickling each other downstairs in the rec room, although it quickly devolved into groping and smooching. Jeff and Kari mostly just fondled each other, but Brit and Crystal ended up eating each other out and bringing each other to another orgasm.

Kari suggested they all get in the hot tub after that, and they all agreed. The hot water and jets of bubbles felt nice and relaxing after the exertion of the day, and they all slumped into a lethargic tranquility.

That was where Allison found them when she returned home that afternoon. She flashed them a knowing smile, then took them by surprise by undressing and slipping into the hot tub with them. The five of them relaxed together, letting all the cares of the world wash away.

After about twenty minutes, Allison offered to massage Brit's shoulders, and Brit readily agreed. She came over and sat in her stepmother's lap, and Allison set to work. Crystal asked if Jeff would do the same for her, and soon they were all giving each other massages and back rubs. They randomly traded off, rubbing and fondling each other's bodies. Jeff always managed to let his hands wander around to the girls' fronts, and he spent more time massaging their boobs than their shoulders.

He made an exception in Allison's case. He still wasn't sure where to draw the line with her; she had certainly not made it clear. So when she sat in his lap he kept his hands only on her shoulders. Eventually she leaned back against his chest, sighing in contentment. He wrapped his arms around her and held her to him, keeping his hands clear of her breasts and thigh. His cock had grown hard again during this time, and now it pressed up against her back, but she made no mention of it, so he decided not to worry about it.

It was getting late, so a few minutes later they all climbed out of the hot tub and dried off, this time using towels because there was no blow dryer handy. The Williams girls got dressed because they had to leave soon, but Jeff, Brit, and Allison didn't bother.

Kari and Crystal said their goodbyes, but only after Jeff invited them over the next day did they finally leave. Once the girls were out the door, Brit and Jeff glanced at each other. Brit grinned, and without a word she took his hand and led him upstairs to his bedroom.

Kari and Crystal found plenty of excuses to come over to visit the rest of the week. Kari even canceled the after-school study session with Rick and Vanessa on Tuesday, then "studied" with Jeff, Crystal, and Brit instead.

Allison tried to stay out of their way as much as possible, giving them as much privacy as could be had with four people. Usually this meant staying on the ground floor while they had fun upstairs in Brit's and Jeff's bedroom or played erotic games downstairs in the rec room and hot tub. Sometimes the four of them headed out back to the studio to take more pictures, which were all the naughtier now that they didn't have to hold anything back. Allison never followed them out there, although she did casually mention one night at the dinner table that she wouldn't mind seeing the results of their photoshoots.

True to her word, Brit sucked Jeff off every night after they went to bed. She even did it once while Allison was in the room. On this particular night, their stepmother was visiting with them in Jeff's room before bed, like she often did. She had gotten into the habit after Jeff's accident, and never really got over it. Neither Jeff nor Brit minded, especially now that Allison was in on their little secret.

They were also no longer shy about undressing in front of each other. Sometimes Allison herself would take off her clothes too, and they would sit there on Jeff's bed, talking and joking and laughing. Jeff's and Allison's promise never to have sex together again apparently didn't preclude them from being nude together, or even touching. Allison sometimes massaged his shoulders or rubbed his back or chest, and she even hugged him, which felt particularly nice with nothing between their bodies. Of course, she did the same to Brit, and Jeff found the sight of Allison running her hands all over his little sister's body to be an erotic sight indeed.

That night, they had gathered in his room as usual, wearing nothing. Jeff was lying on his back with Brit in his arms, her tiny hand leisurely stroking his cock. Allison knelt on the bed next to them, massaging Jeff's chest and talking about nothing in particular. That was the subject of most of their conversations these days; the point was not the discussion, but the company.

Suddenly, Brit leaned in and kissed him on the chest. Then she scooted her body lower and moved down his torso, kissing as she went. Allison watched with delight as her stepdaughter made her way down. She didn't say anything about it, but simply watched in what she probably tried to make look like a casual expression, but she couldn't hide the fact that the sight was exciting her.

When Brit reached her destination, she wasted no time but let his cock slip inside her mouth. She bobbed slowly up and down, sucking it in and out and sending waves of pleasure through her brother.

Allison reached out and put her hand on the back of Brit's head, stroking her hair gently. It was a tender, innocent gesture that wouldn't have meant anything in any other situation. In this case, it told them that she approved of what they were doing.

She let her hand wander lower, rubbing her stepdaughter's back. Brit cooed in delight, which turned into no more than a muffled hum around his dick. It wasn't long before she was making more of those sounds that he loved so much. She used to make those same sounds when she was a little girl eating ice cream or other sweets. Now she had found a new favorite food, and she wasn't quiet about letting them know it.

She was becoming quite the expert on giving blowjobs. Kari had taught her a couple of techniques that really got to Jeff, such as running her tongue in circles all over the head inside her mouth, or tickling that spot on the underside where he was particularly sensitive. That drove him wild whenever Kari did it, and Brit had quickly picked up on it.

After a few minutes of these games, Jeff had had as much as he could stand. His hips started bucking as his body tensed up. Fortunately, Brit knew enough to keep her hand on the base of his cock to keep it from plunging in too far when he lost control during his climax.

He released into her mouth, and she squealed with delight as she gulped it down. Jeff had always thought that oral sex was something that only gave one person pleasure, but Brit seemed to be a counterexample. She had told him she loved the taste, and her actions backed up that declaration. In the past few days, it seemed like she couldn't get enough of his cum.

This time she wasn't able to swallow it all, and a little gob leaked out the side of her mouth. Allison jumped in, scooping it up with her finger and bringing it up to her own mouth. She licked it off, then hummed in pleasure and smiled at him.

"I can't blame your sister for her enthusiasm," she commented. "You've got some really tasty cum. It reminds me of your father's."

Brit raised up off of his cock, then licked her lips. "Daddy's tastes this good? Maybe I should see if he'll let me do this to him," she teased.

"I doubt it," Jeff laughed. But he wasn't so sure. After all, those pictures he had seen of Lissa and him together suggested otherwise.

"I'll leave you two alone now," Allison said, then leaned down and kissed them each on the forehead. Brit scooted back up and curled up once again in Jeff's arms. Allison climbed off the bed.

"Listen," she said. "Your father's going to be back in a few days, and then we're all going to have to be a little more discreet. I'm not going to tell you to stop having sex, because I couldn't stop you if I tried. I just think you should be cautious, especially when your father's around. I'll try to get him out of the house sometimes, although admittedly that's more because I like going out with him than because I want to give you two some privacy."

"Thanks, Allison," said Jeff. "I was right in thinking you're the best stepmother a couple of kids like us could ever have."

Allison smiled, then turned off the light and headed out the door. Brit and Jeff lay together in the darkness and silence until they fell asleep.

When Greg returned on Sunday night, the three of them acted like nothing was different. Jeff had been a little concerned that they would let something slip and end up revealing what had gone on during the week, but they played their parts well, and it was obvious that he didn't suspect a thing.

During supper that night, their father asked them how things went during his absence. Brit, with her usual flair, invented half a dozen tall tales, none of which were the least bit believable. Greg simply chuckled at her imaginative stories, and all of Jeff's worries about him discovering the truth quickly dissipated.

There was just one thing that still bothered him. He felt guilty about going behind his father's back like that.

When it had just been Kari and Crystal, he didn't feel guilty because what he did with them was perfectly normal for a teenage boy. Or at least, the only thing abnormal about it was the fact that he was doing it with them both together. He was pretty sure his dad suspected that his relationship with Kari had a sexual component to it, but Greg had simply adopted a "don't ask don't tell" policy, much like Allen Williams had. On the other hand, having sex with Brit was something Greg most certainly would *not* approve of. Jeff loved his father, and didn't want to disappoint him. There was really no way around it, though, unless he gave up Brit, something that he wasn't prepared to do. He had to take comfort in the hope that what Greg didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

His pensive and troubled mood slipped away when Brit slipped into bed with him that night and immediately set to work sucking him off. It was impossible to feel bad when she made him feel that good. By the time he climaxed in her mouth, he had forgotten all of his worries and guilt.

Chapter 65

The First Betrayal

On the Wednesday night before Thanksgiving, Meg got off work too late to drive to her parents' place, so Lissa and she decided to get up early the next morning for the trip instead. It would be lighter and the roads would be mostly free of traffic, so it would be safer all around. Lissa got a good night's sleep that night, and woke up refreshed and eager to go home with Meg to a nice Thanksgiving dinner.

The trip went quickly, even though it was several hours. That was because Meg was great company to have on a road trip. Between the joking and the flirting, Lissa didn't even realize that they had been driving that long before they pulled off the freeway and headed into the town where Meg's family lived. They made their way to a nice, clean-looking neighborhood where they pulled off the side of the road near a driveway that already had three cars in it.

"Looks like Peter and Carla are already here," Meg commented.

The two girls got out of the car and headed to the front door. Just as they reached it, it suddenly opened and a woman in her mid twenties appeared behind it. She was quite pretty, with long black hair and green eyes. Upon spying Meg, she immediately threw her arms around her and hugged her. "Oh, it's so good to see you, Meg!" she exclaimed.

"You too, Carla," Meg replied. Then she turned to Lissa.

"Lissa, this is my sister-in-law Carla," she introduced. "Carla, this is my roommate Lissa."

"Hi," Carla smiled. "It's nice to meet you."

"Likewise," Lissa greeted.

"Well come in, you two. Everyone else is eager to see you."

They entered the house, and immediately the aroma of baking turkey greeted them. Though the house wasn't as large as Lissa's, it had a very homey, relaxed atmosphere to it. There were about half a dozen people sitting in the living room.

"Hi everyone," Meg said, and everyone waved or smiled or said hi back. "This is my roommate Lissa. I want you all to be extra nice to her this weekend."

An older woman stood up, then came over and hugged Meg, and then Lissa.

"I'm Maureen, Megan's mother," she greeted. "Let me introduce you to the rest of the family. You've already

met Carla. This is her husband, my son Peter." She indicated a tall, rather handsome man about Carla's age who was sitting on the couch. Then she moved on to the older man next to him. "This is Megan's father, Doug. And these are our two other sons, Justin and Shawn." Justin looked to be not much younger than Lissa herself, and Shawn was probably about Jeff's age.

"So Lissa's your 'roommate?'" Shawn grinned.

"Knock it off, Shawn," said Meg. Then to Lissa, she said, "Shawn's the resident pervert. You think I'm bad, but Shawn has me beat hands down. If he tries to grope you, just slam his head against the wall a couple of times."

"Knock some sense into him, huh?" Lissa smiled.

"No chance of that. I just meant that the only time he's harmless is when he's unconscious."

Lissa laughed. After putting up with Meg for two months, she figured she could handle Shawn.

"So if you don't mind my asking," said Carla, "what happened to Sandy?"

"Nothing happened to her," Meg replied. "Listen, everybody, just so we get things straight, Sandy and I are still going out. She just couldn't come for Thanksgiving because she's visiting her sick grandma. And Lissa is my roommate. In this case that's not a euphemism for 'girlfriend,' it's just a euphemism for 'roommate.' Lissa's straight."

"Well, if you've spent two months with Megan and she hasn't scared you off," her father said to Lissa, "then we're happy to have you here."

"Dad!" Meg exclaimed.

"Come on, dear, you know you can be a little intimidating sometimes."

"I'm just proud of who I am, and if people don't like it, that's their problem."

"So Lissa," said Carla. "Come sit down and tell us all about yourself."

There was an open spot on the couch next to Shawn, and Lissa came over and sat down. Shawn yawned and stretched, letting one of his arms fall around her shoulder in an obvious gesture. Meg, who happened to be walking behind the couch at the time to reach an empty chair across the way, cuffed him on the side of the head.

"Behave yourself," she scolded, and Shawn withdrew his arm, laughing.

"I never thought I'd hear *that* from you," Lissa told her with a grin.

"I know. Usually everyone's telling *me* that," Meg replied. "I told you Shawn's worse than I am."

"I'm a very naughty boy," Shawn explained. "Maybe Meg will have to get out her whips and chains and punish me."

"You wish," said Meg. "I've told you before, the whips and chains are only for guests."

"Like Lissa?" he asked. "Can I watch?"

"Unfortunately, I left all my dominatrix gear back at my apartment. Gotta keep my roommates in line, you know. Although I think Lissa secretly enjoys getting out of line just so I have to punish her."

"You figured out my secret," Lissa grinned. "I hope that doesn't mean you'll stop."

"Of course not," Meg smiled evilly.

"Next time take pictures," said Shawn. "Get some nice juicy ones to show me."

"I wouldn't want to get charged with corrupting a minor," Meg told him. "And the argument that you're already as corrupt as it's possible for a minor to be wouldn't hold up in court, no matter how true it is."

"Just tell them you thought I was eighteen. I'll back you up on it."

"As if the court would believe that."

"Okay, fine. Just upload them to the Internet and 'accidentally' leave the web address lying around where I can find it."

"Be good and maybe Santa Claus will bring you a video for Christmas."

"He would, the old lecher," Lissa giggled. "I've heard he climbs down people's chimneys at night while they're asleep, leaving 'presents' for them to find, if you know what I mean. If that isn't stalker behavior, I don't know what is."

"Plus, have you seen the lists he keeps?" Justin added. "I mean, the guy's got more extensive files than the CIA! You notice it's always the innocent ones he visits."

"So you've got nothing to worry about, Meg," said Shawn.

"I think between the two of us, he won't dare set foot within fifty miles of this house," Meg replied.

"Fifty?" asked Shawn. "I was hoping for a hundred. Want to help me try to reach that target, Lissa?"

"In your dreams," she laughed.

"It's a date. I'll see you tonight, say, around midnight?"

"As long as you don't sleepwalk, you can dream about whatever you want."

"Sleepwalk! I never thought of that! Great idea, Lissa. I owe you one."

"Okay, that's enough, Shawn," said Maureen. "Lissa, do you like to cook?"

"I love it," she smiled.

"Good. Would you mind helping me a little in the kitchen?"

"Of course not." She rose to her feet. Shawn started to follow, but Meg quickly pounced on him and got him in a headlock.

"I've got him momentarily neutralized," she said. "Make your escape while you still can."

Lissa followed Maureen into the kitchen, in great spirits. Meg's family reminded her of her own, except that Brit and Jeff sometimes overdid it on the teasing, and there were some subjects that just weren't talked about in the Primdale household. At least, they weren't talked about when Greg was around, though Allison seemed to have no problem bringing them up.

Lissa began peeling potatoes while Maureen set to work heating some cranberries to make sauce.

"I hope my children aren't making you uncomfortable," commented Maureen.

"Uncomfortable?" asked Lissa. "Just the opposite. My little brother and sister are big teases too. It's actually refreshing to be in company where I don't have to be the mature one."

"And you're all right with Megan's... orientation?"

"Well, I have to admit she made me blush a few times when I first met her, but she's such a great person that it's hard not to enjoy her company. I don't care if she likes girls or guys. That's her choice, and it doesn't bother me either way."

"I suppose you've been wondering what we think of her lifestyle," said Maureen.

"I understand it can be pretty straining on family relationships," Lissa commented.

"That's why we decided just to accept it. We love our daughter, and we don't want to have any tension between us. Doug and I have always been pretty open-minded, but it still came as a shock to us when Megan told us one day that she's gay. We had a long talk about it, and at first we figured it was just a phase she was going through. But that was almost five years ago, so we've had to come to terms with the fact that it's permanent. So we decided as a family that if that's the way she wants to be, we're going to support her. Plus it doesn't hurt that Sandy's really great. We all like her."

"Yes, I've met Sandy, and she seems to be just like Meg."

"I guess I just worry about her sometimes."

"Mothers are like that, I've heard," Lissa grinned.

Maureen laughed. "I know, I can't help it. I just want to know that she has friends. Her choice of lifestyle can certainly put a lot of people off."

"You'll be happy to know then that all three of her roommates adore her."

"I'm glad. As long as she has people like you who won't judge her, I don't have to worry so much."

After they sat and talked for a few more minutes, Meg popped her head in the door and asked Lissa if she wanted to go get her things out of the car and take them up to the room that they would share. The two girls headed outside, where Lissa retrieved her suitcase and Meg retrieved her duffel bag. They brought them inside, where Peter offered to help them take them upstairs. He grabbed Justin, and the two of them carried the items up to the second floor hall. They placed them inside one of the rooms, which had a temporary cot with what looked like a pleasantly soft mattress set up opposite the bed.

"So this is my bedroom," Meg grinned. "I'll bet you never thought you'd one day be in here."

"Scary," laughed Lissa.

"So do you want to sleep in the bed or the cot?"

"It's your room, so I don't mind taking the cot."

"Well, it's not really big enough for the two of us, but I'm sure we'll manage," said Meg.

"I meant that you should sleep in the bed and I'll sleep in the cot!" Lissa said, though with a laugh. In truth, she had expected some joke like that.

"Oh. Too bad," Meg shrugged. "You know, if you wait too long to take me up on my offers, you may lose the opportunity entirely."

"What a shame that would be," Lissa replied sarcastically.

For the rest of the morning, Lissa alternated her time between helping out in the kitchen and visiting with the family. They were all so nice to her that she felt very comfortable. Of course, Shawn kept trying to put his arm around her or touch her knee or hold her hand, but she just slapped his hand each time he did so. Even that was fun; it was all just a big joke after all.

The turkey came out of the oven about 2:00, and they finished preparing the last minute dishes and setting the table. Then they all sat down and began the feast. It was absolutely delicious, especially since it was the first home-cooked meal she had eaten for months. The conversation at the table was cheerful and upbeat, reminding her of dinner at her home, at least since Allison had come into their lives. Surprisingly, Lissa

found that her stepmother was the one she missed the most, even more than her own flesh and blood family. But that was all right; as far as she was concerned, Allison *was* a part of her family.

After dinner, they all retired to the living room. The men, not surprisingly, wanted to watch the football game, although it was obvious that after such a big meal they were all likely to fall asleep five minutes in. Lissa felt a little drowsy herself.

Maureen noticed her starting to droop. "Would you like to take a nap?" she asked. Lissa nodded.

"Great idea," said Shawn. "I think I'll join--" He cut off as a flying pillow thrown by Meg hit him in the head.

"Sorry," he apologized to his sister, though with a grin on his face. "I didn't know you were going to get that jealous. But don't worry. I'm willing to share."

"Lissa, if you would like, you can go lie down upstairs in Megan's room," Maureen told her. "There's a lock on the door," she explained, flashing Shawn a stern look.

"Good," said Meg. "We'll hang out the Do-Not-Disturb sign and finally get some time alone."

"You stay downstairs too," her mother demanded.

"I was just joking, Mom," Meg laughed. "Lissa, you go on upstairs. I'll put Shawn in his cage."

"Thanks," smiled Lissa, then rose to her feet and made her way up to Meg's bedroom. She lay down in the cot, which was surprisingly comfortable, and drifted off to sleep.

She slept for about an hour, then got up and made her way back downstairs to join the family. Peter and Justin had their eyes glued to the television. Carla sat next to Peter with a blanket over her and her head on her husband's shoulder, fast asleep. Maureen and Greg sat in chairs against the wall, reading. Surprisingly, Meg and Shawn sat on the couch asleep, with Meg's head on her little brother's shoulder.

Actually, now that she thought about it, that wasn't surprising at all. It reminded her of Jeff and Brit. They fought constantly, but there were those occasional rare times when they got along very well. Maybe it was because Jeff was closest to her in age, but Brit had always seemed to be closer to Jeff than anyone in the family. It was likely that, ironically, their constant teasing and fighting had helped them to develop a deeper relationship with each other. Probably one day when they matured a little they would become best friends. Meg and Shawn seemed to fight a lot as well, and that could lead to a similar closeness.

Lissa sat down on the couch next to Carla, the only open spot. Peter turned his head and smiled at her for a second, then returned his attention to the game on TV.

Lissa had never really been all that interested in sports, but since there was really nothing else to do, she decided to watch the game as well. She didn't even know who the teams were, but apparently one of them was winning twenty-four to seventeen.

About fifteen minutes later, one of the players fumbled the ball on the eleven yard line and Justin shouted out in disgust, waking everyone in the room. He grew red as he stared at the faces around him. "Sorry," he apologized.

Meg glanced around, then seeing where she was, immediately scooted away from Shawn. "Don't touch me, you pervert!" she exclaimed, though with a grin.

"What?" he asked. "Don't blame me. I was already asleep when you sat down here and decided to get friendly. You know you can't keep your hands off me."

"You're disgusting, Shawn."

"Because I know you like it. Anyway, you don't have to worry. Now that Lissa's here, she can take your place."

"I'd rather douse myself in gasoline and light myself on fire," Lissa replied sweetly.

"Kinky," said Shawn. "That's one I've never tried."

"You can go douse yourself right now if you want," Meg told him. "I'll even light the match."

"You first."

"Screw you," she said.

"What, right now? With everyone watching?"

She picked up a pillow and hit him in the head.

Nap time seemed to be over, so as Meg and Shawn playfully beat each other up, the rest of the family started up various conversations. Lissa joined in, feeling very welcome in this home. Once again she began to miss her own home and her own family. Now that she had started thinking about Jeff and Brit, she wondered if they were okay. Jeff would never really let his little sister come to harm, at least not intentionally. But he had a habit of stepping over the lines. Maybe without Lissa there to intermediate, he would do something without intending to and really hurt her. It was especially dangerous because Brit was so emotional, and therefore so vulnerable. Even something simple could have a devastating effect on her.

I can't be there for them forever, she decided. *I have to let them learn to get along without me.* She made up her mind not to worry about them. She could depend upon Jeff. He would take care of Brit. That thought made her feel much better.

The game ended a couple of hours later, and the family ate a light supper, still full from Thanksgiving dinner. Maureen brought out the pumpkin pie that she had baked the previous night, which turned out to be delicious enough that Lissa managed to eat a full slice despite not being hungry at all.

Afterward they sat and visited again for a couple of hours before bedtime. Then one by one the family announced that they were going to bed. Meg and Lissa were the last to retire, but eventually they too headed upstairs to Meg's bedroom.

Lissa grabbed her bag and headed across the hall to the bathroom to change. When she returned, Meg was already naked and sitting on her bed. Lissa stripped down to her bra and panties, ignoring the look of lust on her roommate's face. Then she slipped under the covers on the cot. Meg walked over and switched off the lights, then returned to her bed and climbed in.

Lissa lay there for a while, thinking about the day. It had been fun; even Shawn had been entertaining. Meg's family reminded her of her own, and she found her thoughts returning to Allison, her dad, and her two younger siblings. She wondered if they had had as much fun as she had. Probably not; Jeff and Brit had probably fought the whole time. Well, maybe one of these days they would learn to get along.

"Meg?" she suddenly asked, in a whisper. "Are you still awake?"

"Sure," Meg replied.

"Do you and Shawn always fight as much as you did today?"

"That was all for show. Shawn's a pervert, but the truth is that I absolutely adore him. Maybe because he's so much like me."

"Yeah, I noticed."

"We fight sometimes, but it's never serious. All of my brothers are great. Peter has always looked out for me, Justin is the nicest and kindest boy I've ever met, and Shawn... Well, let's just say it's impossible to be in a bad mood with Shawn around."

"That's funny, because that's the way I've always felt about *you*," said Lissa.

"Thanks, Lissa. I really appreciate that. Anyway, I guess I've liked Shawn especially well ever since I... ever since I came out. He was the most supportive of my lifestyle. Maybe it was because he was always hoping I would bring home a girlfriend that he could try to seduce, but he was in favor of it from the very beginning."

"So when you took a nap together this afternoon..."

"Shawn likes to play around, but he knows exactly where to draw the line. Despite what I told you earlier, I trust him completely. And when he's not being a pervert, he's nice to hug."

"I never thought I'd hear you say *that* about a boy," Lissa giggled.

"Family doesn't count," Meg replied.

"Good point."

"In fact, when I first told my family that I was a lesbian, they didn't exactly take it well. Mom seemed hurt, and Dad got mad. I ran to my room and started crying. It was Shawn who first came to comfort me. I remember crying into his shoulder for the longest time. Then he took my hand and we went downstairs and Shawn actually chewed out my parents for not being supportive of me in my decision. Can you see that? An eleven-year-old boy telling off his parents, and them actually standing there and taking it! I don't remember what he said, but it worked. When he was through, they both apologized to me. Ever since then, I've felt close to Shawn, and I don't mind hugging him or putting my head on his shoulder. I would trust him with my very life. Of course, I could say the same thing about my other brothers too. Peter especially. Sometimes I wish..."

"What?"

"Never mind. Good night, Lissa."

"Good night, Meg."

Lissa turned over and closed her eyes, wondering what Meg had been about to say. What did she wish? Something to do with her big brother, apparently.

The door suddenly opened, spilling light into the room from the hall. Lissa closed her eyes to block out the glare. Then the door closed again, and she was able to open her eyes once more. Carla had slipped in. The woman made her way to the bed, then to Lissa's astonishment, she leaned in and kissed Meg fully on the lips.

"Carla!" Meg exclaimed. "Lissa's still awake!"

Carla gasped, threw a hand over her mouth and turned to stare, wide-eyed at Lissa. A nervous tension filled the room, and both Meg and Carla looked horrified.

It looked like it was up to Lissa to break the tension. "It's all right," she said. "It doesn't bother me."

Still with an uncertain expression, Carla went over to the light switch and flipped it on. Then she came back over to Meg's bed and sat down. Meg rose to a sitting position beside her.

"Look, it's really none of my business," Lissa said.

"Yes, but I think you deserve an explanation," replied Meg. "I just don't know if I can actually say it."

"If you want to explain, I'd like to hear, but I'll understand if you don't. I'm perfectly willing to pretend this never happened."

Meg glanced at Carla, who nodded at her in encouragement. Meg sighed, then turned back to Lissa.

"I'm not sure we should tell you this," said Meg. "An innocent girl like you might not be able to handle it."

"Oh yeah, very funny," said Lissa sarcastically.

"Okay, but you have to promise not to tell anyone. We could get in big trouble if people found out."

"Don't worry. I won't tell anyone. Especially Sandy or Peter."

"Oh, we're not worried about them," said Carla. "They both know."

"Really?"

"Yes. The thing we're really worried about is that part of it's illegal, because it's been going on since Meg was underage. I could go to prison if it ever got out."

"Sounds kinky," Lissa grinned.

Meg laughed. "I think you've been hanging around me too long," she said. "Okay, since you promised, I'll tell you. Carla and I have been having an affair for about five years now. Our first time was when I was fifteen. She was my babysitter."

Lissa nearly gasped. It sounded surprisingly similar to her own experience with Rachael.

"Both my parents worked, and my big brother was away at college," Meg continued. "Carla's family was friends with my family, so they arranged to have Carla spend the days at our house so that there would be someone there when we came home from school."

"Skip to the good parts," said Carla with a grin.

"Okay, so one day when the boys were both outside playing and I was up in my room, Carla came in. We started talking, then we started kissing, and then she made love to me. To this day, that's still the most erotic experience I've ever had."

"So is that when you became a lesbian? Your mother said it's been five years."

"Oh, I've been a lesbian forever, but I was too shy to do anything about it. I used to sneak peeks at the other girls in the shower room after P.E. classes in Junior High, or look at my dad's collection of *Lecher* magazines. I think he still doesn't know I knew about them. But until that first time with Carla, I had never even kissed another girl.

"After that, I realized that I enjoyed sex with women too much to ever give it up, so I had to come to terms with what I was. That's when I decided to come out of the closet, so I told my family I was gay. Most of them don't know I've been having this affair with Carla, though."

"So I take it she wasn't your sister-in-law then?" asked Lissa.

"You might as well know that she married my brother so that she could be close to me," Meg replied.

"That's an oversimplification," Carla interrupted. "I first started dating him to be close to Meg, but we got

married because I fell in love with him. As soon as we got engaged, I told him the truth about Meg and me. I couldn't lie to him. Actually, he was surprisingly supportive. He didn't disapprove of our relationship, because he loves us both."

"Plus he's got a fetish for kinky girl-on-girl action," Meg added with a grin.

"So... have you let him watch you then?" asked Lissa.

Meg and Carla glanced at each other with a knowing look.

"Should we tell her?" asked Meg.

"That's up to you," said Carla. "It's more personal to you than it is to me."

"All right," Meg sighed. "Lissa, I'm going to tell you something that will change your whole impression of me."

"This doesn't sound good," Lissa replied.

"Don't worry, it's not bad. Just surprising. Did you know that I'm not a virgin?"

Lissa laughed. "Oh, very funny."

"I'm serious, Lissa. I'm not talking about sex with girls. I can fuck all the girls I want and still technically remain a virgin."

Lissa nodded. She had a point there. But then, that meant...

"You mean you've had sex with a man?" Lissa asked.

Meg nodded. "I had Peter take my virginity."

Lissa gasped, putting a hand to her mouth. The idea was shocking.

"It's true," Carla confirmed. "I was there."

"It was my eighteenth birthday," said Meg. "It was just an experiment. Since Peter knew that Carla was in love with me, we all agreed to see if we could make a long-term relationship work with all three of us. We decided that in order to do it, we would all have to be willing to have sex together. Since Carla and I had had sex, and Peter and Carla had had sex, there was only one more leg of that triangle to complete. Neither Peter nor I were exactly thrilled with the idea, but we were willing to try it out once to see if we could make it work."

"So what happened?" asked Lissa.

"Oh, Peter was great. He did everything perfectly. He was a little nervous perhaps, but what man wouldn't be while having sex with his sister? I suppose you could say he's a great lover. Believe me, I don't think I could have been comfortable with any other man. He was kind and gentle and caring and loving and... to be perfectly frank, I didn't like it. Even though he was absolutely wonderful to me, I still felt humiliated and disgusted. I remember I cried myself to sleep in his arms. He knew I hadn't enjoyed it, and he felt really guilty about the whole thing. I remember how sweet he was to me after that, apologizing for hurting me and even crying himself. I didn't feel so bad then, but we decided that it just wouldn't work. So that was the one and only time that I've had sex with a man."

"Oh, Meg, I'm so sorry," Lissa said.

"Don't be," Meg smiled. "So what if it didn't work out the way we planned? Peter said that Carla and I can still make love as often as we want, and we let him watch sometimes. He's even joined in a couple of times, which always makes me nervous, but he's been really good about avoiding any kind of sexual contact with me, so it's fine. I wouldn't trust any other man that way, but with him it's different. Believe me, there's nothing like having a big brother that you know you can trust with something like that."

That made her think of her own brother Jeff. He used to be shy, but now that he had a girlfriend, he had really opened up. Kari had been good for him, but more importantly, he had been good for her. He was kind and gentle and caring, just like Meg's description of Peter. In fact, if Jeff had one fault, it was the way he treated Brit.

"Thank you so much for sharing that with me," Lissa smiled. "I'm glad you were willing to tell me something so intimate."

"So it doesn't bother you?"

"I can't say I approve of everything you said you did, but it's not my place to judge, is it? Besides, your brother reminds me of my own."

"Oh?" asked Meg with a grin. "Is there a story you would like to share with us?"

Lissa turned red. In fact, there were a couple of little incidents on her mind right now, a little experimenting she had done herself. Maybe if it were only Meg there, she might say it, but Carla was still almost a complete stranger.

"I just know how sweet and gentle he is, like with his girlfriend for instance," she replied instead. "Your brother sounds just as wonderful. And I'm glad things worked out for you, even if it wasn't like you planned."

"I like this girl," said Carla.

"Get your mind out of the gutter," Meg laughed. "Lissa has no plans to cross over."

"You get *your* mind out of the gutter. You know that's not what I meant. Well anyway, it looks like we're

going to have to put our celebration off until Christmas time."

"What do you mean?" asked Meg.

"No privacy. Peter and I are sleeping downstairs in the hide-a-bed in the living room, which is too public for an orgy. And since Lissa's in here, that leaves us with no options."

"I don't want to spoil this for you," said Lissa. "If you want, I can wait outside or something."

"No you won't, because I'm not rude enough to kick you out of the room," Meg replied. "You're my guest."

"Okay then, why don't I go take a shower?" Lissa suggested. "A nice, long shower. That will give you two a little time to... you know."

Meg considered for a moment. "You wouldn't mind?" she asked.

"Of course not. You've been so nice to me in letting me come here with you, it's the least I can do in return."

"Lissa, you're wonderful," said Carla. "You've just made yourself another friend for life."

Actually, Lissa wanted a little privacy herself. Part of her was shocked at what Meg and her brother had done, but there was another feeling, deep down inside, that she couldn't ignore. In fact, her body had started to tingle when Meg told of her experience with her brother. There was something a little thrilling about the whole idea.

She took her hair dryer from her suitcase, threw on a tee-shirt and a pair of shorts, then left the room and headed across the hall to the bathroom. Once there she wasted no time but immediately stripped off her clothes. Even her bra and panties had seemed too stifling there for a while. She needed to feel the open air on her skin.

She stood there and stared at her body in the full-length mirror against the wall. She had developed into a real beauty in the past few years, still with a touch of innocence to her face but with a stunning body. In fact, she had to say that her own body was actually better than Meg's, and that was saying something. She wondered what Meg would think if she saw Lissa right now. *I probably don't want to know*, she thought with a smile. Of course, she had seen Monique topless, but had never even seen that much of Alya. She suddenly imagined Alya standing there, completely nude, beside her. *For the sake of comparison*, she told herself, which was a perfectly safe explanation.

The conversation in the bedroom had done something to her body, she realized. Not only were her nipples hard, but she was wet between her legs. Up to this point she had been able to ignore those feelings, but here was proof that she had been aroused by it. *What could have done it?* she wondered. Surely it wasn't the thought of Meg and Carla together. The only two times Lissa had experimented along those lines, the other woman had been the aggressor. The first time she had given in only because she wondered what it felt like, and because the idea of doing something so forbidden was liberating. The second time was all in fun, just for

the sake of some naughty pictures that her dad had probably already deleted anyway. While she had enjoyed it in the moment, the thought of it turned her off. So that left only the thought of Meg and her brother together. She had seen Meg nude enough times that even if she were the type of girl that would fantasize about her, there was really nothing left to fantasize about. So was it the thought of Peter that had done this to her? No, Peter was a good-looking man, but thinking about him right now did nothing for her. So then it must have been the idea of that act of incest. As she thought the word, she felt a tingle run through her. Yes, that was it. The idea of sex between a girl and her brother was exciting her.

Still lost in thought, she moved away from the mirror. Almost mechanically, she turned on the water in the shower and adjusted the temperature. Then she stepped into the tub and let the warm water caress her body.

Her mind went back to those incidents when she and Jeff had fooled around. Granted, it had never gone as far as Meg and Peter had taken it, but still, she couldn't deny it had felt good. That last time during the summer in the tent with Kari had been very nice especially, even though she hadn't taken it as far as she had before. Still, there had been something extremely pleasing about just being naked with him. Her hand unconsciously went to her stomach, then reached lower as she remembered those times.

Jeff had gotten more and more handsome in these past few years. She suddenly felt a little jealous of Kari, and at the same time wondered just how far they had taken their relationship. She remembered that her aunt Rachael had said she had seduced Jeff, so apparently Jeff had no qualms about sex.

Sex. With Jeff. Was Kari indulging in that wonderful delight that Lissa had never quite achieved? She wondered what kind of lover Jeff was. No, she knew exactly what kind of lover he would be. Gentle and caring. Just like he was in all other aspects of his life. Such a sweet, handsome boy.

Jeff! she thought as she began to rub herself between the legs. It was just too bad that he was her brother, because a romantic relationship between them was impossible. It wasn't fair; Kari got to spend time with him while Lissa was stuck at college. She would even gladly trade places with Brit right now.

Brit obviously didn't know what she was missing. She fought with him when she could be taking advantage of his kindness and gentleness. Lissa had told them to be nice to each other, but would they? Instead of arguing, would they spend their time having fun together? Or maybe, like Meg and Shawn, just being near each other? She could imagine the two of them sleeping together on the couch. What Lissa wouldn't give to have that opportunity with Jeff again, just once! To lay her head on his shoulder, feel his arm around her, maybe his hand on her cheek, his lips on her forehead...

What was she doing? She was masturbating to the thought of her little brother! That was sick! If anything, she should be thinking about Matt right now. But Matt was the furthest thing from her mind. He was a good friend, fun to spend time with, even fun to kiss. But she needed something more, something deeper, something with someone she loved.

But Jeff? Yes, she loved him, but it wasn't supposed to be *that* kind of love. And yet, here she was, playing with herself as she thought about him. What kind of a monster was she, that she would entertain thoughts of a

physical relationship with her own brother? What would he think if he could see her now?

See her now. In the shower. Naked. Her naked body on display for him. His eyes wandering all over her, taking in every inch of her skin, her glistening, hot flesh that longed for his touch. She could imagine him stepping into the shower with her, wrapping his arms around her, drawing her to him. His mouth pressed against hers. Their bodies together. And his hard cock...

"No!" she exclaimed defiantly, though in a whisper. She wasn't going to let herself be turned on by thoughts of her brother. That was just disgusting! She reached for the shampoo and began to wash her hair, trying to block out all thoughts of him.

But as she rinsed the shampoo out of her hair and it ran down her body, she realized that she had already gotten aroused, and even a simple sensation like the shampoo against her skin was sending tiny thrills through her body. She had to either go through with her fantasy, or leave herself unsatisfied. She needed release, but at what cost?

It was a difficult decision, but in the end, her willpower won out. She would just have to find some other release later. And it wouldn't be by thinking of Jeff, that was for sure!

She continued to wash herself off, gritting her teeth and trying to ignore the tingling sensations as she ran her hands over her body. She was just washing now, not masturbating. She couldn't afford to give in to the temptation.

She spent a few more minutes under the water, then turned it off. She grabbed a towel and dried herself, then stepped out of the shower. Leaving her clothes off, she plugged in the hair dryer and set to work drying her hair.

She wondered if Meg and Carla were through yet? How long had it been? She had neglected to bring her watch into the bathroom with her, and there was no clock in here. She still had to dry her hair at least, so that would give them a few more minutes.

She spent extra long on her hair, then unplugged the dryer, wrapped up the cord, and replaced it in her duffel bag. Then she put her underwear back on. She considered throwing on her shorts and tee-shirt, but she would have to take them off again as soon as she entered the room anyway, so she decided to leave them off. She smiled as she imagined walking out of the bathroom and bumping into Shawn as he went to get himself a drink of water or something. Wouldn't that be entertaining? At least *he* would think so, no doubt.

As it turned out, she had no such luck. The hall was deserted. She quickly darted to the other side and put her hand on the knob to the door to Meg's room, wondering what she would find. Was the show over? Or were they still in there, hugging or kissing or groping or licking?

Taking a deep breath, she opened the door and peered in.

It was more or less what she had imagined. Both women were naked. Meg sat on the bed, a look of exquisite

pleasure on her face and her legs wrapped over Carla's shoulder, who had her face mashed into Meg's thigh. Meg's head was thrown back, her eyes shut tightly, and she bit her lower lip to keep from screaming.

Lissa found that it didn't bother her as much as she had expected. Here were two women who loved each other, and they were expressing that love, that's all. Maybe two months ago she would have run away in shock, but now she quietly slipped into the room and closed the door behind her. Making her way to her own bed, she sat down. Though she had expected to lie down facing the wall and ignore the women, she found herself unable to look away. She had engaged in similar activities herself, but never before had she had a chance to actually watch it.

Probably because she had not achieved satisfaction in the shower, she slipped one of her hands down inside her panties. Aware of what she was doing but unable to stop herself, she began to rub herself just like she had in the shower. The thought frightened her that she was masturbating to two women making love, but somehow it just happened, almost without her consent. It was like her hand was moving on its own. Her other hand went up over her bra, and she pleasured herself there too. Something strange had come over her; the sight before her eyes was actually arousing her!

Meg opened her eyes for a moment and glanced over. She widened her eyes in shock for only a second, then the smile on her face grew even wider. She bucked her hips harder and harder against Carla's face, who lapped at her eagerly. Meg's hands went to the back of Carla's head and she pulled her in tight as she tensed up and shivered in the throes of ecstasy. She looked like she was aching to cry out as her orgasm hit her, but she somehow managed to keep quiet. Only the faintest of groans escaped her, then she collapsed back against the bed.

Carla continued to lick for a moment longer, as if not wanting to admit that it was over, but then she drew her head back. She glanced over at Lissa, seeing her there for the first time. She grinned just like Meg had when she saw what Lissa was doing.

"I see you enjoyed the show," she said, standing up.

That did it. Lissa finally broke free from the spell, removing her hands from her body. Carla laughed, but it wasn't a derogatory or condescending laugh, but a friendly one. "Don't worry," she said. "You refused to judge us, so I refuse to judge you. It's really not my business."

She moved over to her clothes and picked them up. As she dressed, Meg rose tiredly to a sitting position, reaching out a hand and fondling Carla. But they did nothing more except for a final deep, passionate kiss after Carla finished dressing, then the older woman winked at Lissa and disappeared through the door.

"So tell me the truth," Meg asked Lissa. "Did that really turn you on?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you don't have to admit it if it makes you uncomfortable. But I can see we might make a lesbian of you yet."

Lissa blushed, the first time one of Meg's comments had done that to her in weeks. Meg came over and sat next to her on her bed. Lissa was well aware that the girl was still nude, and it made her a little uncomfortable.

"What's on your mind?" asked Meg.

"I don't know. I'm just a little... overwhelmed, that's all."

"And no wonder. You haven't gotten off yet."

"I hope that's not an invitation!" she said, perhaps a little too sharply.

If Meg was offended by her words, she didn't show it. "I didn't mean it like that," she said with a smile. "Look, it's all right if you want to finish up here. I don't mind."

"I know you don't," mumbled Lissa.

"Okay, fine. I'll admit it. I'd like to watch. There, are you satisfied?"

"Well, at least you're honest."

"Come on, Lissa. I promise I won't touch you. You can go ahead and do it. What does it matter if I'm watching you?"

Lissa did want to continue touching herself; she hadn't had satisfaction yet, and the events of the evening and her own fantasies had gotten her so aroused that it was frustrating not being able to climax.

She lay down on the bed and closed her eyes, trying to forget that Meg was there.

Meg slid off of the bed and sat on the floor next to her. Lissa could still sense her presence there. But surprisingly the thought excited her. She couldn't believe she was about to play with herself for the amusement of another woman!

She reached behind her back and unfastened her bra, then pulled it off and discarded it to the side. She could sense Meg's eyes on her body, and realized that this was the first time Meg had seen her like this. The thought both frightened and thrilled her. Giving in to her arousal, she moved her hands to the side to give the girl a perfect view. She lay there just breathing for a while, feeling Meg's eyes on her almost like a physical, tangible thing that ran all over her body stimulating her. Then she reached down and slipped off her panties, then lay back on the bed again.

She let one hand slip between her legs, and she cupped one of her tits in the other. She began to rub herself, seeking out the most sensitive spots. Now that she didn't have to stand up like in the shower, she could relax and devote all of her energy to giving herself pleasure. Her fingers went to her nipple and she squeezed and pinched it, sending electric thrills through her body. She wondered if Meg was doing the same thing to her own body, but dared not open her eyes to find out.

Her other hand ground into her crotch, pressing on that sensitive bud that gave her so much pleasure. She let out a quiet moan, restraining herself out of fear of being heard. It wasn't too difficult; she had had many practice sessions when growing up with her brother and sister right across the hall. She had learned to hold back the sounds that otherwise came naturally as she pleasured herself. Instead, she took long, deep breaths to ease the building tension.

Her fingers worked their magic on her body, letting the pleasure overtake her. It was a welcome relief; there had been few opportunities to let herself go like this since she had moved into the apartment and shared a bedroom with another girl. No doubt Meg would have loved to watch her do this, but Lissa felt too self-conscious. Now, though, they were crossing the line, and perhaps in the future she wouldn't be so shy. It would be nice to be able to relieve herself like this whenever she wanted, whether Meg was there or not.

Her breaths came as gasps now, shorter and faster. Her body felt so sensitive now that she felt like screaming. Every nerve was exploding in bliss, especially the ones between her legs. All of the pleasure in her body focused itself on that one point, driving her into a frenzy.

Then she felt a new sensation there, a hand that was not her own. It slid beneath her own hand and took over the motions. For a moment she wondered where that new sensation came from, but then remembered that Meg was sitting nearby. Meg, her roommate, her friend, was helping her to achieve the release that she longed for. She let Meg's hand caress her, freeing up her own hand to seek out her sadly neglected other breast. The combined stimulation of all three of her most sensitive spots put her over the edge. Biting her lip to keep the orgasmic bliss from turning into the scream that she so desperately wanted to give, she shook with wanton abandon as the surge of pleasure overtook her. Then she felt it fading as it always did, leaving her weak but satisfied for now.

Then she suddenly realized what had just happened. Her eyes opened in horror, and she pushed Meg's hand away. "Meg!" she said. "What did you do?"

"Oh god, Lissa, I'm sorry!" Meg exclaimed, the same shock in her own eyes. "I shouldn't have... after I promised..." She stood up and headed over to her bed, where she sat down. She put her hands over her mouth as she just stared in shame and guilt for what she had done.

Lissa fought back the tears that were forming in her eyes. She was angry, and hurt, and afraid. Up till now she had trusted Meg completely, but Meg had just violated that trust. Now in this house, with Meg's family, she felt trapped. She wanted to run away, but there was nowhere to go.

"Lissa, I'm so sorry for what I did," Meg said. "It was stupid of me! I just couldn't help myself. Look, if it will make you feel better, I'll go take my things and sleep out in the hall. You can lock the door if you're at all worried that I might try something like that again."

Lissa shook her head. "No. You're fine in here. I just... oh please put some clothes on, Meg."

Meg nodded, and began to dress. Lissa did as well. The two of them sat in silence as they put on their clothes, Meg with an ashamed look on her face and Lissa with an angry one on hers. How could she! Meg

was supposed to be her friend, and now this! As soon as she finished dressing, she lay down and turned over on her side to stare at the wall.

"Lissa," said Meg. "If you want to talk about this, I'm here for you. But if you don't, I'll understand."

"I don't want to talk about it right now. Just go to sleep."

"Okay." Meg switched off the lights, and in the darkness Lissa finally let the tears flow. She was not surprised to hear Meg sobbing as well.

Chapter 66

The Second Betrayal

As soon as she woke up in the morning, she found that she could reflect on the previous night's activities with a clear head. Yes, Meg had broken her trust, but she decided that she wasn't going to let it bother her. Meg had obviously been sorry about what she had done, and that was the important thing. Lissa might have been angrier if it weren't for the fact that she had been touched by a woman like that before. If she had had no prior experience of this kind, it might have been devastating, but in fact, it really hadn't done any harm. Her anger wasn't for the act itself, but more for the fact that Meg had broken her promise.

She turned over and saw Meg awake and staring at her with sadness in her eyes. Both girls sat up. Meg lowered her eyes to the floor, but Lissa gazed at her roommate. It had been a simple lapse of judgment after all, a moment of weakness. And hadn't Lissa had a similar moment of weakness as she had watched the two women? Granted she hadn't actually touched them, but she had fondled her own body.

"Lissa," said Meg, "I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me. I don't want you to hate me, but I'll understand if you do."

"Meg--" Lissa said, but her roommate cut her off.

"Just hear me out. I've thought a lot about what I'm going to do. I'm going to drive you back today, so you don't have to spend another night here with me. Monique won't be back until Sunday, so I'll sleep in her bed until then. That should give us time to think things through. As soon as we get back, I'll start looking for a new apartment. If I haven't found one by Sunday, I'll sleep on the couch until I do. That way you'll never have to share a room with me again. I'll be out of your life in a few days, and then you won't have to worry about it."

"I don't want you out of my life," Lissa told her.

"What?" asked Meg, her tear-filled eyes raising to Lissa's.

"I'm mad at you for breaking my trust, but I'll get over it. Let's not make this any bigger than it is; you hurt me, but not enough to ruin our friendship."

"But I... I touched you. I..."

"Violated me?" asked Lissa, and Meg nodded.

"No you didn't. If you remember, I didn't try to stop you until after it was all over. Would you have continued if I had pushed your hand away right at first?"

"No, of course not."

"Then that's it. You did something you shouldn't have, but in a way, I accepted it. Look, I do agree that we should go home today, because I'm still mad at you and I want to spend some time away from you for a while. But that will pass; I just need some time, okay?"

Meg nodded. "I'll drive you home as soon as we're ready."

"It's all right. You don't have to rush things. I want you to have plenty of time to say goodbye to your family. This isn't a punishment, or penance, or anything like that. Let's just leave this afternoon, all right?"

"All right. Lissa... does this mean you forgive me?"

"I forgive you, Meg."

Meg smiled and came over to her as if to give her a hug, then stopped, looking embarrassed. She turned around and went to her duffel bag to find some clothes to wear.

As Meg headed across the hall to take a shower, Lissa lay back on the cot and stared up at the ceiling. She was still a little angry, but worse than what her roommate had done last night was the change that had come over her. She was no longer the cheerful, flirtatious Meg that Lissa knew so well; this new Meg was serious and perhaps even a bit melancholy.

When her roommate returned, Lissa took her turn in the shower. It helped to relax her and clear her mind and emotions. And it seemed to wash away the lingering memory of Meg's hand between her legs. By the time she was finished, she was in a much better mood. She still felt a little angry, but now the worst seemed to be over and she felt that it would only get better from here.

She met Meg in her bedroom, and then without a word the two of them headed downstairs. Most of the family was already up; only Justin was still sleeping. They gathered around the kitchen table for breakfast.

"Did you two sleep well?" asked Maureen.

"Just fine," replied Lissa, with a smile that she hoped didn't look forced.

"I noticed you locked the door," said Shawn with a grin. "What were you two doing in there?"

"How did *you* know we locked the door?" Meg snapped.

"Sleepwalking," he shrugged.

"And you happened to sleepwalk right to our door, apparently," Lissa commented.

"Hey, it was your fault!"

"My fault?"

"Yeah, all those naughty things you did to me in my dreams. I couldn't control myself."

"Knock it off, Shawn," said Meg.

"Oh come on. You've still got another night here, so why not take advantage of it?"

"Actually, that's not quite true. Mom and Dad, I hope you don't mind but Lissa and I are going to leave early. We're going to drive back this afternoon."

"What?" asked Doug. "What happened? Did Shawn overdo it? Did he scare Lissa off?"

"No, it wasn't Shawn," Meg replied.

"What, then?"

Meg opened her mouth as if to say something, but then hesitated, as if she wasn't sure what to tell them.

Lissa decided to come to her rescue. "It's my fault," she said. "I've got a big test coming up after the break that I have to study for, and I forgot to bring the book with me. I'm really sorry that I'm taking Meg away from you. I wish I didn't have to do it, but this test could ruin the whole semester if I don't get a good grade. I was in a near panic this morning when I realized I didn't have the book with me."

Meg stared at her with a look of gratitude on her face.

"Oh, that's all right," said Maureen. "I remember my college days. I wouldn't want to stand in the way of someone trying to keep their grades up. Megan, are you all right with it?"

"Sure. I'm going to miss you guys, but it's only a few weeks until Christmas vacation starts, and then I'll get to see you all again."

"Are you going to bring Lissa back at Christmas time?" asked Shawn.

"And give you another chance to try to grope her? Not a chance," laughed Meg.

"Aw, you're no fun."

"Meg, can I talk to you alone for a moment?" asked Carla.

"Sure." The two of them disappeared into the next room.

Lissa sat down to talk with the rest of Meg's family, trying to make it sound like there was nothing wrong. Apparently she did a good job, because the family seemed to enjoy her company. Maureen even said she was sad to see her go, which made Lissa feel much better than she had all morning.

Meg and Carla returned from the other room a few minutes later, and Lissa couldn't help notice that Meg looked a little upset and Carla looked angry. She could guess what the two of them had been talking about. But they hid it well, and did nothing to detract from the cheerful atmosphere.

After talking for a while, Meg and Lissa went back upstairs to pack their bags. They didn't speak to each other as they did so, not that Lissa didn't want to; she just couldn't find anything to say. Plus she was still a little hurt from Meg's betrayal, and she thought that if they began to talk, she might say something she would regret.

They ate a light lunch, still not very hungry after the Thanksgiving dinner the day before. The conversation was jovial, but Lissa felt like her part in it was all an act, and suspected that it was the same for Meg. Neither of them felt particularly happy at the moment, and were just keeping up appearances.

Later, the girls carried their bags down from the bedroom and packed them into Meg's car. After a series of hugs with the family which even Lissa joined in, Meg and she climbed into the car and headed toward the highway.

They fell back into their pattern of silence, which Lissa at least felt uncomfortable about. Gone were the laughter and joking and teasing that had prevailed on the trip from the school. Now they simply sat and stared out the window.

"Lissa," said Meg after half an hour of driving. "I wanted to thank you for not telling my parents."

"No need to thank me. It's just as embarrassing for me as it is for you."

"Well, thank you anyway. I just wanted you to know that I appreciate it."

"You're welcome."

Meg opened her mouth as if wanting to say something else, then closed it. Lissa could see that the girl felt bad about what had happened between them last night, but in fact, Lissa felt worse about what was happening between them right now. It was as if they had forgotten how to act around each other.

"I told Carla what I did to you," said Meg after another half an hour.

"And?" asked Lissa, trying to keep her tone neutral.

"She yelled at me."

"I hope I didn't ruin things for you two."

"Oh, don't worry about that. It's just a little lovers' spat, that's all."

"So was she mad at me?"

"Mad at *you*? Oh, you think she might have suspected you of tempting me? No, that didn't bother her; she doesn't have a problem with me being with other women. She knows about Sandy after all. The reason she yelled at me was for taking advantage of you. When she said you had earned a friend for life, she meant it."

"I'm glad. Not that she yelled at you, but that she sees me as a friend. You can't have too many good friends. You never know when you might lose one."

Meg sniffed, and Lissa wondered if she was about to cry. But she kept it under control.

"Lissa... was that a jab at me?" she asked.

"What? No, of course not, Meg. Just the opposite. You're still my friend, despite making a mistake like this. I guess I was just worried about this mistake driving a wedge between us, because I don't *want* to lose your friendship. I apologize if it sounded like I was insulting you."

"Don't apologize. I'm the one who should be apologizing to you."

"Well, I'll accept yours if you accept mine," she said, trying to sound cheerful.

Meg smiled. "Agreed," she said.

After that they fell silent again. It was that same awkward silence, as if they both wanted to say something but neither knew what to say. Lissa found that she missed Meg's teasing and joking. The ride to her house in the car had been fun and carefree, but the ride back so far was dark and gloomy. Lissa just couldn't get over the fact that Meg had betrayed her, but at the same time she felt worse about the fact that it had damaged their relationship. Would things ever be right between them again?

An hour later they passed through a small town, with a couple of restaurants and an ice cream parlor.

"So do you want to get some ice cream?" Meg asked.

"No thanks," said Lissa.

"You sure? My treat."

"Thanks, but I'm not in the mood for ice cream."

"A hamburger then? Pizza? Chinese take-out?"

Lissa laughed. "If you're that hungry, we can stop somewhere if you want."

"Actually, I'm not hungry at all. I'm just trying to make it up to you. Please let me do something for you. Anything you want."

Lissa could see how sincere her roommate was, and suddenly she stopped feeling angry. What had happened

last night was a mistake that would never happen again; they had both learned their lessons. And Meg had been punished enough by her own guilt. Lissa put a hand on Meg's shoulder.

"You know what, Meg? It's all right. I'm not mad any more."

"Really?"

"Really. Look, I know what you can do for me."

"Anything."

"I want the old Meg back. The one that jokes and teases and plays around. The one that pretends to hit on all of us. The one that prances around the apartment naked to see if she can shock us."

"I could get naked right now if you want," Meg smiled, and Lissa laughed.

"That's the Meg I'm talking about. Welcome back. And by the way, I do *not* want you to get naked right now."

"Hey, you can't blame me for trying. Okay, let me say one last serious thing before I get all freaky again. I think what happened last night should stay a secret. We won't even tell Monique or Alya, all right?"

"All right. And Meg, I changed my mind."

"About what?"

"I *am* in the mood for ice cream after all. As long as you're paying, of course."

By this point they had passed the town, so Meg made a quick U-turn and headed back.

Ten minutes later they sat in the ice cream parlor licking triple-scoop cones. Meg, of course, somehow managed to turn an innocent act like eating ice cream into an obscene spectacle, and Lissa would have felt embarrassed were she not enjoying having the old Meg back. Quite a few of the other patrons kept glancing their way, but Meg paid them no mind, except to wink provocatively at a young woman who happened to catch her eye. The girl immediately turned away, blushing.

"Did you see that?" Meg whispered to Lissa. "She's been staring lustily at you this whole time."

"Ew!" Lissa exclaimed with a giggle. "And what about that guy over there staring lustily at *you*?"

"Ew!" Meg laughed, then continued licking naughtily. "Chocolate ice cream," she commented. "My second favorite thing to eat."

"What's the first?" asked Lissa, then immediately wished she hadn't. She had fallen right into the trap.

"Guess," Meg grinned.

"You're such a pervert, Meg!" Lissa exclaimed.

"What?" she asked innocently. "I was going to say curry chicken. I have no idea what *you* were thinking, but it sounds like you're the one with the dirty mind."

"Because I've been hanging around you too long."

They finished their ice cream with a few more naughty jokes, then headed back out to the car to continue their journey. Lissa felt much better about everything now; the cloud of gloominess had passed, and things were back to the way they used to be.

Just before they climbed back into the car, Lissa had a sudden urge to hug Meg. It was just what she needed after what had happened between them. She threw her arms around her roommate, catching her off guard. Then she did something even more unexpected; she kissed her on the cheek.

Meg's eyes opened in shock. "What was that for?" she asked.

"I just wanted to thank you for being so nice to me," Lissa replied. "And I wanted you to know that there are no hard feelings. Just don't get the wrong impression," she added, laughing.

"Oh sure, make me all horny and then destroy my fantasies," Meg complained, but she wore a broad smile on her face.

They climbed back into the car and finally things were back to normal. Meg's old cheerful spirit was back, and Lissa found her mood contagious, just like before.

"So what are your plans for Christmas?" asked Meg.

"I'm going to fly home and spend it with my family," she replied. "I've been missing them all semester. I just hope I'm not too late."

"Too late?"

"To stop my brother Jeff from killing his little sister. Although on the other hand, I'm not sure it wouldn't be the other way around."

Meg laughed. "I thought you said Jeff was a great guy."

"He is. Absolutely wonderful. Except to Brit. For some reason the two of them have got it in their heads that they have to tease each other all the time."

"What's wrong with teasing?" Meg asked. "I notice you seem to like it when I tease *you*."

"Not that kind of teasing!" Lissa hurriedly explained. "They're brother and sister!"

"So are Shaun and me," Meg shrugged.

"Anyway, their teasing sometimes starts out good-natured, but it always degenerates into a fight. Fortunately it's never gotten physical, but then, I was always there as the peacemaker before. Who knows what they've gotten up to without me there to stop them."

"I'm sure they'll be fine."

"I hope so."

They sat in silence for a minute or two, but this time it wasn't the awkward, heavy silence of before, but a more relaxed, enjoyable silence.

"So is your sister cute?" asked Meg.

"She's thirteen!"

"Oh. Too young for me. Give her another year."

"I'm not letting you anywhere near her, you pervert."

"Sorry. It's just that I've got a thing for little sisters. Sandy's a little sister, you know."

"I never thought the presence of siblings could be considered a turn-on," Lissa laughed.

"*Everything's* a turn-on for me, didn't you notice?"

"Good point. Anyway, let's change the subject. What are *your* plans for Christmas?"

"I'm hoping Sandy's grandma kicks the bucket so I can take her home with me."

"What a horrible thing to say, Meg!"

"What? You can't tell me you've never wished something bad would happen to someone else just so that something good would happen to you."

"Okay, fine. But I've never come right out and said it like that."

"That just means I'm more honest than you."

Lissa shrugged. "Okay, I can't really argue with that."

"I'm kind of hoping I can get Sandy involved in a foursome with Peter and Carla."

Lissa laughed. "That would be interesting. I wish you luck."

"Thanks. On the other hand, maybe it's not such a good idea to let Carla and Sandy get together like that. I might risk having both my girlfriends dump me for each other."

"That would serve you right for having two girlfriends in the first place."

"What can I say? I was never a one-woman... er... woman."

They continued their banter nonstop the rest of the drive back to the apartment. It was only when Meg pulled up to the curb that she got momentarily serious again.

"Tell you what, Lissa," said Meg. "You said you needed some time away from me. So I'm going to leave you here for a while. I've got my books in my bag, so I'll go study in the library or something."

"It's okay, Meg, really," Lissa smiled.

"Well, do it for me then. I still feel a little bad about it, and I want to give you this time alone, all right?"

"Okay," Lissa agreed. "But I'll see you later tonight then?"

"Of course."

"You're not going to go looking for a new apartment?"

"If I did that, I'd never get a chance to seduce Alya."

Lissa laughed and climbed out of the car. Meg helped retrieve the suitcase from the trunk, then drove off down the road. Lissa climbed the steps to her apartment, then opened the door, feeling much better about things than she had before. Maybe she would call Matt; talking to him would be a welcome relief. Ever since they had gotten together, he liked to "keep her on a short leash," as he called it, as a joke of course. Mostly he acted jealous whenever she talked to another man, though it was usually all in fun. Still, he would probably want to know she had made it back safely.

The lights were on in the apartment, which meant someone was home, and the smell of hot tea permeating the air identified her as Alya, who was the only one in the apartment who drank it. Lissa thought that Alya would be nice to talk to as well. She dropped her suitcase in the front room and headed down the hall to the girl's bedroom. The door was open, so she stepped into the doorway to greet her roommate.

A pair of shocked eyes greeted her. Alya and Matt lay side by side in her bed. The sheets were pulled up over them, but it was obvious that they were naked.

"Shit, Lissa, I didn't think you would be home so soon!" Matt exclaimed.

"So you thought it would be okay to screw my roommate?" Lissa demanded, rage burning inside her.

"Lissa, I'm so sorry!" said Alya. "We didn't plan this. It just happened. Matt came by to check on me and make sure I was okay, then we got to talking, then... Oh, Lissa, I'm sorry!"

"I just couldn't help myself," said Matt. "I mean, when a man's in love..."

"Yeah, well, fuck you both!" Lissa exclaimed, slamming the door. Matt was such a fucking prick! After putting on a show of being friendly and sweet and devoted to her, now he was screwing her roommate behind her back. She hadn't had a boyfriend in so long, and now, when she finally thought she was in love, he did this to her. This was the second time she had been betrayed in as many days. At least she had come to terms with Meg, and even forgiven her. But this was different. Matt had not betrayed her by coming on to her, but by rejecting her.

She made up her mind. He would pay for this. She would hurt him the way he hurt her. But how to do it?

A wicked grin began to spread on her face. Matt could be possessive sometimes; ever since she had become his girlfriend he tended to get a little jealous every time she talked with another man. What better way to get her revenge than to do to him exactly what he was doing to her? She would fuck one of his roommates!

No, that was too good for him. At best it was breaking even. If he was going to play that game, she would play it too, but she was going to play to win. She wouldn't stop at one roommate. She would do all three of them.

Then she gasped as another idea came to her, one that even surprised herself. It was almost too nasty to think about. And yet, and yet...

No more would Lissa be a victim. It was time for her to start doing things her own way. She would take this to the extreme, to make him pay for what he did to her. Not only would she fuck all three of his roommates, *she would do it at the same time*!

Chapter 67

Lissa's Transformation

Billy Chase was watching the football game on TV with his roommates when the doorbell rang. As he was the closest to it, he grudgingly got up from the couch and headed for the door.

"Whatever they're selling, we don't want any," said David.

Billy answered the door, and was surprised to see Lissa, Matt's girlfriend there.

"Oh, hi, Lissa," he said with a friendly smile. Ever since he had met her, he had thought she was hot. It was too bad his roommate had claimed her.

"Hi, Billy," she said, flashing him the warmest smile she had ever given him. There was something a little flirtatious in that smile, he thought. Or maybe he was just fantasizing.

"Is that that ugly girl Matt's been dating?" Walt called out from the couch, not turning to look. That was just Walt's way; he threw around insults the way most people made off-hand comments. It didn't matter that they weren't true.

"Yes it's that ugly girl Matt's been dating," Lissa told him. "And fuck you too," she said in the most annoyingly cheerful voice she could manage.

"Right now?" asked Walt. "I'm watching the game, but maybe during the next commercial."

"Come in," Billy offered. "Actually, Matt's not here right now, but you're welcome to watch the game with us."

"I know he's not here," she said. "He's in bed with my roommate right now."

Three pairs of eyes turned to her. She gave them a challenging look, as if daring them to doubt her word.

"You don't really mean--" said David.

"That's exactly what I mean. I just walked in on them."

"That fucking bastard!" Billy exclaimed.

"Thank you, Billy. That's exactly what my reaction was."

"So that's why he was acting so nice to her yesterday," said David. "He was hoping to get into her pants."

"Probably," Lissa agreed. "Well, apparently it worked."

"You should have joined them," Walt said with a grin.

"You're sick!" said Billy.

"Come on, Walt, this isn't a joking matter," said David. "How would you like it if you caught your girlfriend in bed with me?"

"Depends. Where are you fucking her?"

"What? In bed, of course."

"No, I mean, you fucking her pussy or her ass?"

"What does it matter?"

"Just answer me. You fucking her pussy or her ass?"

"Fine. Her pussy."

"Good. That would leave her ass for me."

"Sounds fun," said Lissa.

Once again, all eyes turned to her in astonishment.

"Matt's a loser," she explained. "He gets jealous if I even talk to another man, but then he goes behind his back and screws my roommate. So I think turnabout's fair play, don't you?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Billy.

"Basically what David and Walt were describing. I can think of no better way to get even with him than to fuck you three. At the same time."

"You're serious?" asked David.

"Absolutely. Let's see. You get my pussy, and Walt gets my ass. That leaves my mouth for you, Billy. What do you think?"

Billy was stunned. This was Lissa, the girl he had been drooling over ever since Matt had brought her home with him one afternoon. And she was actually offering to suck his cock!

"I have to admit, ugly girls turn me on," said Walt. "Fortunately, if I fuck you up the ass, I don't have to look at your face."

"What about you, David? You up for this?"

"I don't know. It seems a rotten thing to do to Matt."

"That's the point."

"But I'm not sure you've thought this all the way through."

Lissa walked over to her purse, reached inside, and pulled out a jar of KY jelly, which she handed to Walt. "If I haven't thought this all the way through, why would I have stopped by the store to pick this up? This is what I want, and Matt deserves every bit of it."

"But what if he comes back before we're through?"

"Wouldn't that be perfect?" she laughed. "I would love to have him walk in on us like that."

"Well, if you're sure about this."

"I am. So Billy, what about you? You want me to wrap my lips around that rod of yours?"

"Hell yes!" he exclaimed in excitement. He had never had his cock sucked before, and now it was going to be by the girl he had been lusting after for months!

"All right then, boys, drop your drawers."

The four of them immediately began to undress. Billy's eyes wandered over Lissa's body as she took off her clothes and tossed them in a pile in the corner. She was such a hottie! He thought it took forever for her to strip, though she seemed to be hurrying as fast as the rest of them.

As her bra came off, he licked his lips. Her tits were every bit as beautiful as he imagined them. She caught him staring at her, and spread her arms wide to give him a perfect view. "You like?" she asked with a grin.

"I love!" he responded.

Then her panties came off, and he felt he was in heaven. She had neatly trimmed pubic hair covering a beautiful slit. Maybe he could convince her to alternate so that he could have a chance at it. Not that he had anything against getting a blowjob from her.

By now, the three roommates had also lost all of their clothing, and they stood there, dicks as hard as rocks. Lissa eyed them over with hunger in her eyes.

"So how do you want to do this?" asked David.

"First things first. Walt, are you ready?"

"Am I ever!" he said, opening the jar of KY jelly.

Lissa got down on her hands and knees and thrust her ass in the air toward him. He knelt behind her, then rubbed some lubricant on his cock, and more on her puckered anal opening. Then he placed the tip of his cock against her hole.

Billy was enthralled. He had never seen anyone get ass-fucked before. This was going to be good.

Walt pressed forward a little, and Lissa sucked in her breath. Walt backed off a little. "You're too tight," he said. "I think you need to be warmed up a little."

"Fuck that," she told him. "Just shove it in already."

"Lissa, I think maybe Walt's right," said David. "If he does it like that, he could hurt you."

"Then hurt me! Ram it in as hard and as deep as you can, Walt. Don't be a pussy. Do it now!"

"All right, you asked for it," he said. With one tremendous effort he slammed forward and at the same time pulled her back against him.

She screamed in pain. "Oh, shit!" Walt exclaimed. "I'm sorry, Lissa!"

"Go to hell!" she told him, tears running down her cheeks. "Don't you dare pull out!"

"What are you saying, Lissa?" asked David.

"I'm saying I don't feel his balls against my ass, so that means he's not deep enough. Ram me again, Walt!"

"Are you sure?"

"Just do it, you fucker!"

Gritting his teeth, he shoved in again with all his strength. Again she cried out in anguish. Her tears flowed freely now, and she made no move to stop them.

"More!" she cried.

Walt did as instructed. He shoved in again, causing another cry of pain.

"More!" she shouted again, and Walt began to fuck her now, hard and deep. At first she cried out in pain with every thrust, but as time went on, they gave way to moans of pleasure. Finally, she told him to stop.

"We don't want to finish before the others are in, do we?" she asked. "I want you to lie back so that I can sit on your cock. That will give David room to enter me."

Walt eased backward, drawing him carefully with him, until he was lying on the floor with her on top of him. Almost her full body weight was pressing down on his cock.

"Come on, David, what are you waiting for?" she demanded.

David didn't have to be told twice. He knelt down in front of her, positioning his hard cock against her pussy.

"Don't you dare be any more gentle than Walt," she commanded him. "I want it all up inside me in one thrust."

"Lissa, you don't know what you're saying," David told her. "You're not ready there yet."

"Hey, fuck you! I know when I'm ready, and I'm ready now!"

"Fine," he said. He moved in close to her, then with one swift motion he impaled her on his rod. Again she screamed in pain, and David stopped for a second.

"Who told you you could stop?" she demanded. "Keep shoving it up my pussy." David did so, and once again she began to cry out in pain.

"Damn it, you two," said Billy. "I don't care what she says, can't you see you're hurting her?"

"Shut up and stick your cock in my mouth," she said.

David moved his legs out in front of him then leaned back until he was lying on the floor as well. That gave Billy room to step over him and maneuver his hips to Lissa's face. She immediately opened her mouth and sucked his dick in.

The feel of her lips were heavenly! She sucked hard, using her tongue to add a little extra stimulation. It was all he could do to stop from cumming right there. But he wanted to draw this out as long as possible.

She pulled her head back for a moment and released his member, to his disappointment. "We have to do this right," she said. "Walt, take my arms and hold them behind my back. Keep them there! Don't let me get away."

He obediently grabbed her wrists and pulled them back, keeping a tight lock on them. She was now completely restrained.

"Now Billy, I want you to abuse my mouth. Put your hands on my head and pull me in as hard and fast as you can. Shove your cock in until I gag, and then keep going. Every time you shove it in, make sure it goes to the base. There better not be a millimeter of your cock outside my mouth, you understand?"

"Shit, really?" he asked.

"Lissa, this is going too far," said David, though he continued to thrust in and out of her. "That could get

dangerous. What if you can't breathe?"

"Who asked you, you fucker?" she exclaimed. "Billy, do it! Do it hard, fast, and deep!"

Hearing those words drove him into a frenzy. This was such a dream come true! Grasping her head between his hands, he placed his cock in her mouth. Then he shoved.

She closed her eyes tight as she gagged. He pulled out almost to the end, then thrust back in as hard as he could. She kept sucking away, despite the involuntary gagging noises she was making. The sound of them only served to heighten his lust. He continued to shove in deep, slamming against the back of her throat.

The tears flowed like rain, tumbling down her cheeks and splattering against his legs and her tits. Walt's grip on her arms meant that she couldn't stop this if she wanted to. There would be no mercy until all three roommates finished.

He sped up the rhythm, going faster and faster. Surely it was too fast for her to even catch a breath, but he was in too much ecstasy to stop. She was his bitch now. Her mouth was a slave to his cock, and he was going to take full advantage of it. He held nothing back, slamming her again and again.

Her body tensed. Maybe she was trying to struggle. Maybe she was panicking and trying to get away. But it was too late for that. She had put herself in this position, and Billy wasn't going to stop for anything now. Just a little longer now, and he would reach the finale. He would take the pleasure from this slave that was rightfully his, the pleasure that she had been teasing him with for so long. He would take it to the ultimate, take him over the top.

Walt was the first to climax, not surprisingly since he had been inside her the longest. He cried out in ecstasy and shoved in deep, his whole body freezing up as he emptied his load inside of her.

David was not far behind. His orgasm, though, was more full of motion. He continued to thrust inside as he came, bouncing her up and down on his hips.

That left only Billy. He knew he was getting close, and he attacked her mouth with renewed passion, almost violence. No, it had gone far beyond violence now. He was slamming her as hard as he could, as if trying to break through to the back of her head. Though she was crying, he didn't let up. No, this bitch would see him through to the end.

Then the pleasure began building to a peak. He knew he was almost there. As it reached the top, he grabbed her hair and pulled her in, thrusting what he thought must be a thousand times harder than he had thrust before. Her face was squashed against his belly, her lips all the way to the base of his cock, and the tip felt like it was shoved down her throat all the way to her stomach.

He literally screamed in pleasure as he shot his load down her throat, forcing her to swallow it because there was no other place to go. It seemed like it went on for hours as he held her there, immobile, subdued, and completely in his power.

Then the peak was over, and he felt the pleasure draining away. God, that felt good! He had never had such a mind-blowing orgasm before. He released the pressure and pulled out, finally allowing her to breathe again.

Walt released her arms then, and she slowly and shakily rose up off of their dicks, collapsing on the floor weeping.

"Lissa?" asked David, his hand going to her arm and a look of concern on his face. "Are you all right?"

"That bastard Matt!" she sobbed. "I'll show him!"

"Lissa, you just did," David told her. "You just got your revenge on him."

She looked up at him with those teary eyes, then took a deep breath to calm herself and wiped away her tears. Suddenly, she wore a look of defiance in her eyes.

"That was good for a start," she said. "But it's not over yet between him and me."

"So you're not hurt?"

"Of course I'm hurt, you jackass!" she exclaimed. "You guys just pounded me half to death! I have to admit, though, that that was the best sex I've ever had." Then she laughed. "I'm such a mess. You guys mind if I use your shower?"

The boys all agreed, and David even helped her to her feet and into the bathroom. After the fucking she had just received, she could barely stand, much less walk. He got out an extra towel for her, then as she stepped into the tub, he left the room and closed the door behind him.

As Lissa let the soothing water wash over her, she closed her eyes and let it work its magic. She was sore from the ordeal; she'd probably be feeling this for a week. It was her own damn fault, of course, but she had wanted to do this right. It had to be raw, it had to be hard, it had to be a gruelling experience. Because Matt had wanted her body, she had to punish it to punish him. The object of his lust had been abused, and he would forever know that it was because he had thrown it aside.

There was something else awakening in her as well. Her actions tonight were so completely unlike herself that she almost couldn't believe she had done it. But now that it was over, she realized that it was because she had been sheltered, restrained, repressed even. All those things that she had been taught growing up, about how to be a proper lady, they were just layers of clothing hiding the true Lissa from view. Now she was tearing them off her, breaking free of the restraints. She was casting aside the old Lissa, that stifling, imprisoning shell who had forced the real Lissa to live her whole life in a cage. The new Lissa was free to do as she wanted. Free to dress the way she wanted, free to talk the way she wanted, free to live the way she wanted. She was even free to fuck every guy she met if she wanted. She was without bounds or limits.

"There's no such thing as guilt," she said aloud. That would be her new philosophy. Guilt was just a feeling. She felt happy, she felt sad, she felt guilty. But all of these emotions could be controlled. How many times had she heard a lecture about being happy regardless of your circumstances? Well, if happiness could be summoned at will, why couldn't guilt be banished the same way? The new Lissa would rid herself completely of guilt, because it only served to hold her back from what she wanted. The new Lissa would do whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted, and damn the consequences!

She giggled as she thought back to the previous night and the incident with Meg. The new Lissa felt disgusted with the old Lissa's weakness. How naive she had been! She should have allowed Meg to do whatever she wanted. Better yet, she should have jumped on Meg herself. It had felt good after all, and it was only the shame that had hurt her so much. But from now on, there would be no shame. She was going to start actually living life.

And Matt would have no part of it. In a way, she had him to thank for her transformation. But it was not out of the goodness of his heart that he did this. No, he had broken her trust, and so he deserved not her thanks, but her enmity. Her first mission as the new Lissa was to hurt him. Let him see what he could have had, and deny it to him forever.

His roommates would surely brag about this experience. Good. But as she had told them, this was just a start. Where could she go from here?

The new month was coming up, and Mr. Bullard would expect to be paid. She smiled. Let Matt see that she would rather blow that old pervert than let Matt touch her. That would be the next step. Yes, that would hurt him plenty.

Even as she thought it, she wondered if it were true. There was something nagging her, a half-formed thought in the back of her mind telling her that this was all for nothing. Was she just deceiving herself? Was she committing all these atrocities in vain?

Then suddenly she knew what it was. When she had caught Matt with Alya, he had said that he was in love. But now that she thought about it, she realized the horrible truth. He loved Alya, not Lissa!

Damn him! Even giving herself to everyone except Matt would not punish him. He had robbed her of her vengeance. But there still had to be a way to get even with him. What could she do that was worse than what he had done to her?

And then she had it. It was a wicked thought, at least for the old Lissa. But it was one the new Lissa could contemplate. It would mean an entire change of lifestyle, but wasn't that exactly what she was doing anyway? Matt had hurt her, in a sense, by taking away the person she loved. There was only one thing she could do to match that. *She would steal Alya from him*!

When she returned to her apartment that night, she found Matt had long since left. Monique was not home

yet, but she found Alya on her bed, her head resting in Meg's lap, crying.

Meg glanced up at Lissa as she entered, a look of pity in her eyes. She smoothed back Alya's hair, then helped her up into a sitting position, keeping a loving arm around her. Alya just stared at the floor, not daring to look Lissa in the eyes.

"There are two ways we can do this," said Meg. "If this is going to get nasty, I'm going to stay here and be the referee to keep it from getting out of hand. But I'd prefer to leave you two alone so you can talk it out. It's your call, Lissa."

"I think I'd like to be alone with Alya for a minute," Lissa responded. "And I promise I'll keep it civil."

"I'll be out in the front room. Call me if you need me," Meg said, then rose off the bed and left the room, shutting the door behind her.

Lissa came and sat down on the bed beside Alya.

"I'm sorry, Lissa," said Alya quietly. "This is all my fault. I shouldn't have--"

Lissa cut her off, putting a finger to Alya's lips to silence her. Alya glanced up at her with tear-filled eyes, and Lissa gave her an encouraging smile. The lines of worry on Alya's face turned to hope.

Lissa put an arm around her, much like Meg had. She held her there for a moment, then suddenly wrapped her arms around her and hugged her tightly. Alya accepted the embrace, letting the tears flow.

They sat that way for at least five minutes, Lissa stroking her hair and Alya crying on her shoulder. As she held her, her anger began to fade. Yes, Alya had stolen her boyfriend, but Lissa was over him now. Everything about him had been a lie. Alya had fallen for him just the same way Lissa had, and her jealousy turned to pity. Would Matt tear Alya apart as he had done to Lissa? In her own case, she had gathered up the pieces and become stronger than ever. But what would happen to Alya when Matt tossed her away? Lissa had meant to come in here to play a part, to make it look like she forgave Alya and thus earn her gratitude, which could help on the road to conquering her. But now, as she held the weeping girl, she realized that she really did care about her.

That didn't change what she had to do; in fact, it made it easier. Now it was no longer about stealing her from Matt. It was about *protecting* her from him.

Slowly, reluctantly, they pulled away from one another. Alya took a moment to dry her tears, then managed a weak laugh.

"Shouldn't *you* be the one crying right now?" she asked.

"It's all right," said Lissa. "The fact that you're crying shows that you feel bad about what happened, which means that you really do care about my feelings, and that's all the apology I need from you. I was mad at

first, but now that I've had time to think things over, I realize that I'm no longer mad at *you*. It's only Matt that I hate right now."

"Matt?" asked Alya. "But I'm just as guilty--"

"No you're not. He was my boyfriend, so he had a responsibility toward me. You didn't. He betrayed me, Alya. I don't care what you did or didn't do to encourage him; it was his decision in the end. So let's have no nonsense about blaming yourself, okay?"

"You really don't hate me?"

"I've already lost a boyfriend tonight. I don't want to lose our friendship over this as well."

"Lissa, I can't believe how well you're taking this."

"Believe me, I'm completely over Matt. He can do what he wants as far as I'm concerned. I'm more worried about you."

"Me?"

"You're not at fault here. If anything, you're as much a victim as I am."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you love him?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

"Well, I thought I loved him. But I only loved what I thought he was. The real him turned out to be something quite different. It was hard for me to see that. This night has been filled with pain." That was certainly the truth! "And so I want to spare you from going through the same thing."

"I don't understand."

"He was willing to betray me. Are you sure he won't betray you?"

"He's not like that! This wasn't something he usually does."

"How do you know?"

"Because of something he said."

"What did he say?"

Alya looked away. "I'm not sure I should tell you. It might hurt you."

"I've already been hurt so much tonight that this won't make any difference."

"All right. He admitted that he had used you to get to me."

"I'm not surprised. And I'm not hurt, either, in case you're wondering."

"So you see, it's not that he usually goes after two women at once. He was interested in me from the beginning. He said he had never done something like this before."

"I can understand, although not condone, using me like that. If that were all there is to it, I would say he's just made a bad mistake. But I think it only fair to warn you that he tried to get me to have sex with him a couple of times, so that tells us something else about him. Just think about it."

"Okay, but I still think he really does care about me."

"Maybe you're right. I hope so, I really do. I hope he turns out to be perfect, wonderful, and the man of your dreams. I hope that the two of you live happily ever after. But what if you're wrong? If so, isn't it better to end it now before you really do fall in love with him? The thought of you experiencing the same pain that I did breaks my heart."

"I don't know, Lissa. I don't know what I want."

"All right. You're a big girl, so I can't tell you what to do. You've heard what I've had to say, so I won't pressure you any more about it. It has to be your decision. Just think about what I said, okay?"

Alya nodded.

"There's a good girl," Lissa smiled, then leaned in and kissed her on the cheek. Alya's eyes widened momentarily as she wondered about the gesture, but Lissa had already hopped off the bed and was headed out of the room.

Meg glanced up at her as Lissa emerged from the bedroom and sat down on the couch.

"So which one of you is going to move out?" asked Meg.

"Neither of us. We made up."

"Just like that?"

"Yes, just like that. Alya's sorry for what she's done, and that's good enough for me."

"But Lissa, this isn't just a simple little thing like spilling soda on your favorite dress."

"No it's not, but Matt's the one I hate right now. Alya's just a victim like I was. She doesn't need my anger right now; she needs my pity, and my support. I'll be damned if Matt's going to hurt her like he hurt me."

"So what are you saying?"

"I don't know. I need some time to think things over. But don't worry about any confrontations between Alya and me, because we're going to stick together through this."

"Lissa, I can't believe how selfless you're being right now. Now two of your roommates have betrayed you, and you've forgiven both of us. Alya even stole your boyfriend. If I had caught one of you sleeping with Sandy... no, on second thought, I would have just crawled into bed with you and made it a threesome."

Lissa laughed. "Just do one thing for me, Meg. Keep up the jokes. I think we all need that right now."

The next couple of days were a little tense in the apartment, but Lissa did her best to show Alya that she wasn't angry. When Monique came home on Sunday morning, Lissa let Alya explain the situation to her. Monique was as angry at Matt as Lissa had been at first, but both girls assured her that it was all right.

It was that afternoon that Lissa decided it was time to take the next step in her plan. She had been dreading doing this because there was still a trace of the old Lissa left, a part of her that felt uncomfortable with the whole thing. But she wouldn't let that part of her rule her. So she took a deep breath and marched into her room to talk to her roommate.

Meg was lying on the bed leafing through a *Lecher* magazine when Lissa came in. Not surprisingly, she was naked. Even during the day she preferred to go without clothes. She glanced up and smiled. "Hi, Lissa," she said.

"Meg," said Lissa, "I need your help."

"Anything for my cute, sexy little roommate," Meg joked.

"I know that you and Sandy sometimes involve other girls when you make love, right?"

"Why, you want to join us some time?" she laughed.

"Yes," said Lissa without the hint of a smile on her face.

Meg's laughter cut off abruptly. "Really?" she asked.

"Really."

"Lissa, remember the last time we did anything like that. I still feel guilty about taking advantage of you. Are you sure this is what you want?"

"I'm going to be perfectly frank. I need you to be my teacher. I'm still angry at Matt, and I want to punish him. I think the worst thing I can do to him is steal Alya away."

"No," said Meg immediately.

"What do you mean, no?"

"No, you're not going to ruin Alya's life just to get your revenge. She's our friend, and I'll be damned if I'm going to help you hurt her."

"I don't want to hurt her. Just the opposite, in fact."

"What do you mean?"

"Matt is a self-centered, bigamous asshole. He turns on the charm and girls just melt in his arms. I fell for it, and now Alya's falling for it too. I want to save her from him."

"By stealing her away? Do you realize what you're asking?"

"Yes. I want you to teach me to be a lesbian. To tell you the truth, I'd be a little more comfortable if it were just you teaching me, but I wouldn't ask you to go behind Sandy's back like that. I need to learn to seduce girls, even to the point that I'm capable of seducing a straight girl away from her boyfriend."

"Lissa, this is Alya we're talking about, not just some boyfriend-stealing cock teaser."

"What's the matter? I thought you would be happy to see her switch over. But you're talking about it ruining her life."

"While I maintain that all girls are lesbians deep down inside, they need to discover that for themselves. I like to tease and flirt with girls, and if they're willing, my offers are bona fide. But I make sure I'm obvious about it so that they know what they're getting into and they have plenty of opportunity to reject my advances. You're talking about taking advantage of a girl who's vulnerable right now, and doing it with deceit and trickery."

"It's the only way to spare her from the pain that I went through. Alya doesn't need a selfish prick like Matt; she needs someone who really cares about her."

"But do *you* really care about her, or are you just using this as a way to get even with Matt?"

"Both."

"Answer me one thing, Lissa. Suppose you could either get your revenge or protect Alya, but not both. Which one would you choose?"

"That's easy. I would protect Alya," said Lissa, but wondered whether that were really the case. She had said it because she knew it was the only way to get Meg on her side, but perhaps there was some degree of truth to it.

Meg grinned. "Then I say let's do it. To tell you the truth, I've always hoped for a pupil as eager as you are. This is like a dream come true. All right. I'm planning to go visit Sandy tonight, so I'll call her and ask if she minds if I bring you along. We can start then. But let's be clear about this; if it looks like you're going to hurt Alya, I'll shut the whole thing down by telling her what you were trying to do."

"Fair enough. Thanks, Meg."

"You can 'thank' me properly tonight. In fact, you can thank me over and over again," she grinned slyly, and this time, Lissa didn't blush at her innuendos. In fact, feeling a sudden boldness, she came over and threw her arms around her. She refused to let herself feel awkward about hugging a naked woman. It wasn't the first time she had done so, after all. And with Allison, Lissa herself had been naked as well. Now that she thought about it, she realized that her actions on that sailboat that summer had been the first time the new Lissa had expressed herself. That was the real Lissa, not the suppressed, sheltered girl that had ruled her for eighteen years. She was beginning to explore a new world, and she planned to enjoy every minute of it.

Chapter 68

Lessons

Lissa felt a little nervous sitting in Meg's car as the two of them drove to Sandy's apartment. She had never been to Sandy's place before, but that wasn't the reason. It was only natural for a girl to be a little scared knowing that in a few minutes she would be starting on the road to becoming a lesbian. Meg asked her for the fourth time if she was sure this was what she wanted, and Lissa nodded. She had made up her mind.

This wasn't just about seducing Alya, though that was a large part of it. This was more about becoming a new person. She thought back on what Rachael had told her two years ago, about coming out of her shell and experiencing new things. If Lissa were to ever reach the point where she could never be taken advantage of again, she needed to be willing to do anything and everything. That way she would never be trapped by people's expectations or her own reluctance. She would be completely free.

Meg pulled into the visitor parking in front of a three-story apartment building with exterior walkways. Instead of turning off the ignition, though, she turned to Lissa. "Last chance to back out," she said. "I can take you back home right now if you want. Sandy will understand if you got cold feet."

"Let's go see her," replied Lissa.

Meg sighed. "Okay," she said. She turned off the car, then the two of them stepped out. Meg led the way to one of the apartments on the ground floor. "Sandy moved down here after her downstairs neighbors complained about all of the noise we were making," Meg grinned. "When we really get into it we sometimes get so active that we fall off the bed, which is annoying for anyone downstairs, especially in the middle of the night. Then of course we keep going, rolling around on the floor and sometimes bumping into things. At least the sound is muffled for people above us."

She knocked on the door, and Sandy opened it. "Hi Meg," she grinned. "Hi Lissa. Come on in."

The two girls stepped into the apartment, closing the door behind them. Sandy threw her arms around Meg and kissed her deeply as Lissa watched. Then she caught Lissa by surprise by doing the same to her. Lissa let the kiss happen, even opening her mouth to allow Sandy to slip her tongue in. Lissa even slipped her arms around the girl, hugging her tightly.

When they broke the kiss, Sandy grinned. "You're one lucky girl, Meg, to have such a hot little roommate who's willing to do this. I think I'll have seconds." She leaned in and kissed Lissa again, and Lissa kissed her back. It wasn't anywhere near as bad as she had expected it to be, but then, it wasn't the first time she had kissed a girl after all. Although it had been two years ago, she remembered that kiss from Rachael. And of course, she had kissed Allison plenty of times on that sailing trip last summer. She hadn't liked either one, but that was mainly because she thought she *shouldn't* like it. Now that she was more accepting of it, she realized

that it really did feel nice.

Sandy pulled back again, a smile on her lips. "Holy shit!" she said. "Lissa's a great kisser! I think I'll have thirds." She leaned in again.

"Stop that," said Meg, and the two girls pulled away.

"Sorry," apologized Lissa. "I didn't mean to make you jealous."

Meg laughed. "You're not making me jealous. That's the first rule of threesomes. No one is allowed to get jealous of what the other two are doing. I just meant that when Sandy gets in these moods, you have to stop her early or she'll go on to fourths, fifths, and twenty-ninths. You're here for lessons, not for a make-out session with my girlfriend."

"Yes, Mistress," said Sandy with a grin. "See? I know how to submit to authority. That's what makes me such a good teacher's aide."

"I'd be curious to know what kind of class *that* is, where you call the teacher 'Mistress,'" said Lissa.

"English Literature," Sandy replied. "I'm the T.A. for Mrs. Richards."

"Are you sure that's not T. *and* A?" asked Meg.

Sandy laughed. "Only in my fantasies. For a thirty-year-old woman, Mrs. Richards is hot. That's why I asked for the job. It's too bad she's not willing to take advantage of the situation. I actually did call her Mistress once by accident, but she thought it was a joke."

"So let's get down to business," said Meg. "Sandy, are your roommates all out?"

"None of them have gotten back from Thanksgiving vacation yet. I don't expect any of them until late."

"Good. Let's go to the bedroom."

The three of them headed to the back room, where Meg motioned for Lissa to sit on the bed. "Just so we all have the same expectations," said Meg, "let's discuss what we're going to do. Lissa, I haven't told Sandy the details, but she needs to know part of it. I'm not going to name names, so don't worry. You have your eye on a certain girl who happens to be involved in a relationship with a man. You've never been with a woman before, but this girl is enough to make you want to switch over."

"Must be some girl!" Sandy grinned.

"Oh, she is," Meg said. "I've met her before, and I'm tempted to go after her myself. But anyway, Lissa, because you've never had any lesbian experiences, you need us to teach you so that you can learn to seduce this girl. Am I right so far?"

"Exactly," Lissa replied.

"Then you need to learn not only how to have sex with girls, but how to flirt with them too. How to make them hot for you. Right?"

"Yes," said Lissa.

"Then you've come to the right place," said Meg. "Sandy happens to be an expert on seducing straight girls."

"Oh, I wouldn't exactly call myself an expert," Sandy said.

"Jody, Mandy, and April," Meg told her. "Those are just the ones I can think of off the top of my head. All three of them were straight until you started to work on them."

"Hey! Now you're revealing my love life all the way back to junior high."

"Then just to be fair, I'll reveal mine. First Carla and then you. That doesn't include the occasional flings at parties or the dozens that you and I have picked up for the occasional three- or foursome. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," laughed Sandy. "So anyway, I guess I have had some experience with straight girls. So Lissa, tell me about your relationship with this mystery woman. Are you friends, or do you worship her from afar, or is it somewhere in between?"

"Oh, we're friends," replied Lissa.

"Have you ever hugged her?"

"Yes."

"Good. One of the benefits of being a woman is that we can be affectionate with each other like that without people thinking we're lesbians. Of course, in Meg's and my case, we don't care what they think, but if you're trying to seduce a straight girl, you can get quite far without her getting suspicious."

"Anyway, we'll save that for a future lesson," said Meg. "I was thinking, one time isn't going to do it. We need to make this an ongoing thing. Say, twice a week. That will give Lissa time to practice what she's learned with the object of her desire. What do you think?"

"Fine with me," said Lissa.

"I like it," said Sandy.

"Good. Since we have to work fast, this first lesson will be a crash course in lesbian sex. By the time we're through tonight, Lissa, you need to be comfortable with making love to women."

Lissa nodded.

"Well what are you waiting for?" asked Meg with a grin. "Everyone get naked." She wasted no time, but immediately yanked off her shirt and started working on her bra. Sandy and Lissa followed suit, and soon all three of them stood there with nothing on.

"So what do you think?" Lissa asked the girls, spreading her arms out to give them a good view of her unclothed body.

"I think you've got a gorgeous body," Meg replied. "You shouldn't cover it up, at least when I'm around."

"If you're lucky, maybe I'll start sleeping the nude."

"Keep up that talk, and I'll have an orgasm before we even start."

"Now I'm jealous that you share a bedroom with Meg," Sandy commented.

"No getting jealous, remember?" Lissa grinned. "Besides, I'll make it up to you." She stepped in close, wrapped her arms around Sandy's neck, and kissed her deeply on the lips. Sandy responded by wrapping her arms around Lissa's waist.

The feel of the girl's body against her own thrilled Lissa. After those times with Allison, touching another woman's body like that didn't bother her, but this was different because of the added sexual element. She could feel her nipples hardening against Sandy's as they held each other tightly.

Not wanting to be left out, Meg moved in behind Lissa and pressed her own body up against her back. She lowered her lips and kissed Lissa on the neck, just above the shoulder. There was a particularly sensitive spot there which Meg seemed to know about, probably because it was common to all girls. Either that or Meg had been kissing her in her sleep and taking note of her responses.

Lissa drew her head back, lifting her face to the ceiling with her eyes closed and mouth open in a smile, letting the wonderful feeling of the girls' bodies overwhelm her. She was still a little tense, this being her first lesbian experience where she really allowed herself to enjoy it, but she was surprised at how quickly she got used to it.

"Wow, Lissa!" Sandy exclaimed. "I don't think I've ever had such an enthusiastic pupil."

"You sure you're not already a lesbian?" asked Meg. "Most girls are a little hesitant the first time."

"That's because they have pesky little inhibitions that get in the way. But this is the new me. No inhibitions, no hesitation, just an overwhelming desire to be as naughty as I can."

"So far you're doing a great job."

"Well then, let's get a little more direct," suggested Sandy. She stepped back, then reached out and took Lissa's tits in her hands. Lissa smiled, raised her arms, and put her hands behind her head to give her plenty of room to work. Meg reached around from behind and cupped her boobs in her hands as well. Lissa sighed.

It felt nice to have the girls groping her like that. It brought back memories of that time with Rachael, years ago, when the girl had fondled her in much the same way. At the time there had been some awkwardness and discomfort mingled with the pleasure, but that was just because of the hesitation and inhibitions she had mentioned. Now, without those to hold her back, she could really let herself enjoy it.

Sandy took her nipples and squeezed them between her fingers. The smile on Lissa's face intensified at the pleasure. She was really starting to have fun. The girls certainly knew what they were doing, and she was discovering things about her own body that she didn't even know about before.

She reached out and put her hands on Sandy's breasts, delighted to find her nipples already hard. She did to Sandy what she knew felt good on her own body, rubbing and kneading her breasts.

"Hey, I want some of that too," Meg said, moving around to the side. Sandy and Lissa each removed one of their hands from each other and placed them on Meg's chest. Meg took their now-neglected breasts in her own hands, and they stood in a triangle, each girl fondling and being fondled by both of her partners.

They teased each other like that for a few minutes, and Lissa felt her body responding to the stimulation. Her breathing deepened and she felt warm. From the sounds the other girls were making, it was obvious that they felt the same way.

Meg was the one to stop it. "I can't stand it any more," she said. "I've got to taste the gorgeous body of yours. Go lie down on the bed."

Lissa did as instructed, lying on her back and staring up at the two girls, who immediately came over. They both lowered their heads to her tits and sucked her nipples into her mouth.

"Oh god!" she cried out with the sudden intense pleasure. Meg and Sandy giggled.

"Sounds like she likes it," Sandy commented, then resumed her sucking.

Lissa was in heaven. Only a couple of times before had she had anyone suck her tits, and her inhibitions had gotten in the way of letting her enjoy it to its fullest. Now, unrestrained, she realized just how pleasurable it could be.

There was more, though, much more. She felt Sandy's hand on her body, sliding down toward her pussy. Lissa spread her legs invitingly, eager to feel the girl's fingers at the center of her sex.

When it happened, she was unprepared for the sudden spike in pleasure. She was used to her own fingers down there, but to feel someone else's hands, especially a woman's, at the same time as the other two most sensitive parts of her body, pushed her over the edge. She cried out as an orgasm washed over her body, then lay there panting on the bed.

"I love to watch another woman climax," Meg commented. "Especially when it's my roommate."

"I hope this doesn't mean you're done for the evening," said Sandy.

"Not even close," Lissa mumbled. "Just let me rest here for a minute."

"No resting while you've got me this worked up," Meg insisted. She began to kiss down Lissa's body. Lissa grinned as she realized where the girl was headed.

Sandy also lifted her head from Lissa's nipple, but she went the opposite direction. She pressed her lips against Lissa's, slipping her tongue inside. She only held that kiss for a minute though, instead raising her head and smiling down. "Do you mind giving me some of the pleasure we've been giving you?" she asked.

"Let's put it this way," Lissa replied. "I intend to bring you both to orgasm with my mouth tonight, so I have no problem with a little tit-sucking."

"That's what I was hoping to hear." Sandy leaned over her until her breasts dangled in Lissa's face. Lissa stuck out her tongue and flicked it against the nearest nipple, causing the girl to groan.

She had tasted another woman's breasts only once before, on that sailing trip last summer. It was a good thing that it was Allison, because she wouldn't have felt comfortable with anyone else, including Rachael. At the time it had been a little embarrassing with just the tiniest hint of disgust, but not nearly as revolting as it could have been. She was familiar, and comfortable, with her stepmother's body after all.

Now as she teased Sandy's nipples, she found that she actually liked it. It wasn't the taste, which was pretty neutral after all; it was no different from licking the back of her hand. Rather, it was the feel of the girl's nipple on her tongue and the reaction she was causing, as well as the knowledge of just how naughty it was.

Sandy lowered her body a couple of inches, and Lissa took the nipple into her mouth, sucking it deeply. She could get used to this. Maybe after she seduced Alya she could still join Meg and Sandy once in a while.

Just then Meg reached her destination. She ran her tongue along Lissa's slit from the base to the top, causing her to cry out again, though not quite with another orgasm. Meg took the outer lips in her fingers and spread them, allowing her tongue to probe inside. She sought out the rapidly swelling clit, driving Lissa into a frenzy. She couldn't believe how good it felt to have another woman do that to her. The girl's tongue worked expertly over her cunt, threatening to drive her over the edge again.

When Meg took her clit in her teeth and nibbled gently on it, Lissa lost control, and she literally screamed as her second orgasm of the night overtook her. She couldn't believe how much of a difference it made to have another woman do that to her. Her own hands, and even a man's cock, were nothing in comparison. Even the other day, when she fucked three guys at the same time, it didn't feel this good. Maybe she was a true lesbian at heart after all.

Meg rose up and lay down beside her, and Sandy moved out of the way as Meg moved in to give her a wet, open-mouthed kiss. Lissa tasted something different yet slightly familiar on the girl's tongue, and she immediately identified it as her own juices. Meg's face was wet with the stuff, and Lissa eagerly licked it off.

"Well now, if you like that taste, we've got plenty more for you," Meg grinned.

Lissa sat up. "Then maybe you'd better lie down, so I can get my fill," she said.

Sandy laughed. "Meg, why didn't you tell me you had such a slutty little roommate?"

"I didn't know myself," Meg shrugged. She lay on her back and spread her legs. Lissa wasted no time. She lowered her head and stuck out her tongue, tasting her first pussy. She hadn't even gone this far with Allison. As she ran her tongue all over her roommate's cunt, she smiled as she realized that she was doing something she had never done before.

Meg's body squirmed delightfully, and Lissa reveled in the power she was exerting over her roommate. It felt exhilarating to know that she was causing such pleasure in another human being, doubly so because it was a girl. She licked her all over enthusiastically, enjoying the taste. Only about half of the dampness came from Lissa's tongue; Meg was leaking like crazy.

Sandy got into the action too, kissing her girlfriend all over the chest. Between the two of them, Meg was soon crying out in pleasure.

Lissa used her fingers to spread her roommate's puffy little lips, and drove her tongue deep inside. She couldn't go very far in; it wasn't a cock after all, but it was enough to drive Meg wild. Lissa also teased the girl's clitoris with her tongue, licking and tickling it mercilessly.

It wasn't long before Meg's body tensed up in a raging orgasm. Lissa opened her mouth wide and wrapped it all over the girl's pussy, not wanting to miss any of the gushing liquid. She rammed her tongue inside again as she did so, wriggling it around to put a sharp edge on Meg's pleasure.

"Oh my god!" Meg finally exclaimed as she collapsed in exhaustion. "Lissa, you're a natural! Believe me, girl, you were born to be a lesbian."

Lissa giggled. "You just may be right," she said.

"Well then let me have a turn," Sandy insisted. Meg grudgingly rolled off the bed and onto her knees beside it as Sandy took her place. She was already nice and moist, despite not having been touched there yet.

Lissa tried a new technique this time. Instead of forcefully licking the girl, she very lightly brushed her tongue against the top of the girl's slit. Sandy gasped at the contact, and Lissa grinned.

"You like that, don't you?"

"Oh god, yes!"

Lissa lowered her head and did it again. This time the girl's whole body jumped. Lissa continued to tease her like that, using only the lightest touches of her tongue, all over the girls cunt. She loved to see the reactions it was causing in the girl's body. Sandy writhed on the bed as Lissa worked her over.

After about five minutes of this teasing, she spread the girl's lips and licked along the inside, and Sandy cried out in pleasure. Lissa sucked on the outer lips, then let her tongue dance over the hood hiding the girl's clitoris. It wasn't long before the swelling bud peeked out, and Lissa took full advantage of the situation. She licked it, sucked on it, and even nibbled on it, much as Meg had done to her earlier. Sandy's body became a quivering mass on the bed as Lissa took complete control of her. She realized just how much power a girl could have over someone by using these techniques. Certainly Sandy no longer had any power over her own body.

It didn't take long for the girl to scream out in ecstasy, and Lissa treated her to the same treat as she had Meg, by covering her pussy with her mouth and shoving her tongue as deep inside as she could. She could taste the juices of Sandy's climax, and drank them down greedily. Yes, making love to a woman was different from making love to a man. It was somehow more intense, and yet at the same time more comfortable.

After it was over, the three girls lay together in each other's arms, and Meg and Sandy cleaned the juices off Lissa's face with their tongues. They continued to playfully grope at each other's bodies, but it was more friendly teasing than anything else.

"I can't believe you've never had any previous lesbian experiences, Lissa," commented Sandy. "Or have you?"

Lissa's face turned red as she thought back on that time with Rachael. It had never bothered her before because she had always planned to keep it a secret. But here with these two girls, she considered actually telling them, and that indecision more than anything made her blush.

Megan, seeing her reaction, stared at her in shock. "Oh my god!" she exclaimed. "Really?" Obviously, Lissa's embarrassment had given it away.

"So tell us all about it," Sandy grinned. "Come on. We promise not to tell anyone."

"Okay," said Lissa. "The first time--"

"The first time?" Meg interrupted. "You mean there are more than one?"

"Two," Lissa nodded. "The first time was with my aunt."

"Keeping it in the family, I see," Meg grinned.

"She's not actually related to me!" Lissa hurriedly explained. "She's my stepmom's sister. She was nineteen and I was sixteen. Meg, you can relate. One night, she was babysitting us, and, well, it happened."

"Just like Carla and me," nodded Meg. "God, that's so sexy. What about the second time? Was it with your aunt again?"

Lissa shook her head. "My stepmom," she replied. "This time it was just some dirty pictures together. We

just started taking pictures, and it kind of got out of hand." She deliberately left out any mention of her father; she would keep that a secret at least. Fortunately, neither Meg nor Sandy asked who was holding the camera.

"That makes me so horny, I want to go again," commented Meg.

"Save it for next time," Sandy told them. "My roommates should be home pretty soon, and it wouldn't do to catch us like this."

"That makes me horny too," Meg grinned.

"Everything makes you horny," laughed Lissa.

"Everything except men," Meg shrugged. She stood up, and went to gather up her clothes. The other girls did likewise, and they put their clothes back on. As they did so, they discussed their schedules. Alya's roommates always stayed out late on Tuesdays and Thursdays, so they agreed to meet on those days.

Meg and Lissa were about to leave when the front door opened and a pretty young girl came in. Upon spying the two of them, she froze, then a grin spread on her face. "Not again!" she said.

"That's right," Lissa told her. "I'm one of Meg's friends, and she invited me over for a threesome with Sandy and her. Too bad you didn't come home earlier, or you could have joined in."

The girl just laughed and rolled her eyes. Meg and Lissa headed out the door.

As they were walking to the car, Meg turned to Lissa and commented, "You know, you're going to make a great lesbian."

"That's the plan," Lissa grinned. As she climbed into the car, she thought about the change that was coming over her, and how much it excited her. She couldn't wait for her next new experience, though she hadn't thought of what it might be yet. There weren't a lot of opportunities with winter coming up and everyone staying indoors where it was warm. It was the last day of November, after all.

The last day of November, she thought. *That means a new month is about to start.* She smiled to herself as she came up with a great idea. Tomorrow would be her next seduction.

Tony Bullard was sitting in the back room Monday afternoon looking at a dirty magazine when he heard the door open, so he put down the magazine and headed out into the waiting room. It was the Primdale girl, Lissa. He had always thought she was good looking. What he wouldn't give to fuck a sweet, eighteen-year-old thing like that. It was just too bad that she had chosen not to draw straws. Well, he didn't have any problem with accepting payment from the cute blonde Monique, or especially the stunning hottie Alya.

"Hi, Lissa," he said with a warm smile. "What can I do for you?"

"I came to pay the rent," she replied.

He didn't know how to take that. Did that mean she was going to pay it legitimately? If so, that couldn't be good; it meant the rest of the girls would follow, and he wouldn't get special treatment this month.

Or did she mean...? His heart began to pound in his chest with the thought of it. Had she decided to draw straws this time? It couldn't be! She had always been so proper, shy even.

"Well don't just stand there gaping," she said. "Let's go to the back room and get down to business."

So it was true! This teenage beauty was going to suck him off!

"Right," he grinned. "So you decided to draw straws this month?"

"No, I cheated. We haven't drawn yet; I wanted to get the jump on the other girls."

"Really?" he asked, astonished. He had no illusions about these girls actually enjoying this; they probably all thought it was disgusting. But this sounded like Lissa actually *wanted* to do it.

Still a little confused about her sudden forwardness, he led her back into the store room.

"Mr. Bullard?" she asked coquettishly. "Would you do me a favor?"

"Anything, Lissa."

"Undress me?"

"Hell yes!" he exclaimed. The other girls had all insisted on undressing themselves, unfortunately. That limited the contact between him and them. But this girl... damn!

She stepped in close to him and put her hands on his shoulders, gazing up adoringly into his eyes. He immediately put his hands to her sides and untucked her shirt from her pants, then slipped his hands under it to fondle her waist underneath.

"Ooh!" she cooed. "That feels good. But I think it would feel better with my shirt off completely."

He wasn't about to argue with that. He took her shirt in her hands and lifted it over her head. She raised her arms to help him.

Once her shirt was off, he stared down at her chest, covered only by a silk bra. Damn, she had a fine body. Lustily, he slid his hands around her waist and drew her in to him. She gazed up at him with those beautiful eyes of hers.

He reached around her back and began to fumble with her bra strap. He wasn't exactly an expert, and it took him a while to figure out how it opened. Once he had it undone, though, Lissa stepped back, leaving the bra

in his hands. She put her hands shyly behind her back as she glanced down at her tits, then up again at him.

"Do you like them?" she asked coyly.

"God, Lissa! You're so beautiful!" She had what he considered to be the perfect body for her age. Her tits were not too big and not too small. They looked firm and inviting, with about average sized nipples. They jiggled ever so slightly as she moved, sending a chill down his spine.

"Thank you," she smiled. "I feel so naughty standing here like this in front of you. But also kind of... tingly. Would you mind... oh, I couldn't ask."

"Go ahead, Lissa," he said.

"Would you mind touching them?"

"Not at all!" He dropped her bra on the floor next to her shirt, then reached out his hands and placed them on her breasts. Lissa sucked in her breath at the touch, closing her eyes and throwing her head back. Tony was ecstatic. It had been a long time since he had groped a pair of tits, especially ones as perfect as these. He squeezed and kneaded them gently in his hands, then began to softly tease the nipples between his fingers.

"Oh, Mr. Bullard!" she exclaimed in delight. "That feels so good!"

"I'll bet this feels even better," he said, then leaned in and flicked his tongue against her nipple.

"Aiyeeee!" she squealed, wrapping her hands around his head. "I love it! Oh, god! Keep doing that!"

He continued to tease her nipple with her tongue, hearing her screams of pleasure growing more and more passionate. He took the nipple between his lips and sucked it in.

"Oh, yes!" she shouted. "God, yes! More! More! Oh, yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, Megan! More! More! More! Alya!"

Tony couldn't believe what he was hearing. She was screaming out the names of her roommates! Did that mean she was fantasizing about them doing this to her? The thought drove him into a frenzy. Little Lissa Primdale, so sweet and innocent, was bisexual! Imagining her standing there with her roommates sucking on her tits was almost too much.

Then she suddenly pushed him away.

"Mr. Bullard," she said, "I came in here to take care of your needs, not the other way around. I'll take care of myself later."

"Maybe you could get Meg or Alya to help you," he grinned.

Her eyes grew wide, but she kept the smile on her face. "Did I actually say their names out loud?" she asked, astonished.

"You *screamed* their names out loud."

"Then I guess you know my fantasy. No use hiding it. Well, I doubt I could get Alya to help me out like that, but I'm sure Meg would be happy to oblige. Of course, I'd have to reciprocate. God, I wonder what that would feel like?"

"Or what it would taste like," he grinned, and she laughed.

"Speaking of taste, I've already got the menu picked out for today," she said, eying his crotch. "But first, there's one more thing I want to do. I know that the rule is I have to be topless, but do you mind if just this once, we both get completely naked?"

"Mind? I'd love it!"

"Good," she said, then reached for his shirt. "You got to undress me," she explained. "It's only fair that I get to undress you."

"You'll get no argument out of me," he said, letting her strip off his shirt. He raised his arms above his head to help her out, then a moment later she had it off. She stepped in close and hugged him, and he loved the feel of the skin-on-skin contact.

"My god, Lissa, you're so soft," he breathed.

"Thanks," she smiled, then stepped away and kicked off her shoes. She glanced down at her pants. "Care to do the honors?" she asked.

Tony was more than happy to agree. In a moment he would see her sweet, teenage pussy. He knelt on the floor in front of her and reached for her belt. Trembling in anticipation, he had trouble undoing the latch, but eventually he got it open. He unbuckled her pants and drew the zipper down, exposing her pretty silk panties. He put his hands on her hips and pulled down her pants, and she giggled.

She had fine, shapely legs that matched her torso perfectly. Her narrow waist and rounded hips added to the image of perfection. There was only one last piece to complete that image. He put his hands to the sides of her panties. "Ready?" he asked.

"I've been ready since I came in here," she smiled.

He pulled them down, nearly gasping at the sight before his eyes. Her cunt was every bit as beautiful as he had imagined it. She was unshaven, but still neatly trimmed. The delicate outer lips looked so inviting, so touchable. Without thinking, he reached out and stroked her pussy with his hand.

"Hey!" she exclaimed, taking a step back, but she kept the smile on her face. "That would cost you next month's rent too."

"That's fine by me," he said.

"Not by me, though. At least, not until I talk to my roommates. I feel kind of guilty going behind their backs as it is. To do two months worth would be pushing it."

He sighed. Well, it sounded like he wasn't going to enjoy that particular pleasure today. Still, shoving his dick in her mouth would more than make up for it.

She stood there now in just her socks, and he admired her perfect form. She had such an irresistible body. If she weren't already willing to blow him, he'd be tempted to rape her right now.

She sat down on the couch and began stripping off her socks. The motion required her to spread her legs, naturally opening up her feminine lips to give him a peek at the wonders within. It was really too bad he wouldn't get a piece of that.

The show ended too quickly, and she dropped to her knees on the floor, her legs closed back up. Still, it wasn't a total loss, considering what was about to happen. He stepped forward, moving up close to her so that she could finish undressing him. She gazed up at him with a grin as she worked at the belt buckle. She had the most lovely eyes, so deep and beautiful.

A moment later she had his pants down around his ankles, and he stepped out of them. Lissa glanced down at the obvious bulge in his underwear, and that grin intensified. She reached out and stroked it through the cloth, causing him to groan.

"I wonder what that is hiding in there?" she teased.

"Why don't you go ahead and find out?"

"I think I will." She grasped his shorts and pulled them swiftly down. His cock sprang free, already leaking pre-cum in anticipation. Her eyes lit up with delight when she saw it.

"Now that looks good enough to eat," she said.

"Help yourself," he replied, sitting down on the couch.

She crawled over to him, then took the shaft in her hand and gave it a couple of tentative strokes. He groaned again at the electrifying pleasure of her hand wrapped around the shaft.

When she leaned in and slurped up the pre-cum leaking from the tip, he almost exploded right there. Only by the strongest willpower was he able to control himself. He didn't want this to be over too soon, after all. The longer he held out, the more pleasure he would derive out of it.

Lissa, however, seemed to have other ideas. She wrapped her lips around it and sucked hard, immediately bobbing up and down on his cock. She stared up into his eyes and gave him as much of a smile as she could as she sucked.

Tony groaned in pleasure. He could tell that Lissa wasn't particularly experienced, but what she lacked she

made up for in enthusiasm. She worked her tongue and lips all over his cock, sucking it like her life depended on it. Tony rocked his hips forward for deeper penetration, but her hands on the base kept it from going too far.

He wondered what had come over the girl. She had always seemed so demure, almost shy. There was no need for her to be; with a face and body like that, she could have any man in the world. It was almost cruel to taunt men with that body without giving it to them. He thrilled at the thought that he was getting a piece of it right now. Granted, it was only her mouth, but her whole body was there on display in front of him.

He could see from the look in her eyes that she really enjoyed it. Her excited expression and enthusiasm, coupled with her lack of experience, made him wonder about this girl. What was her story? Why was she so happy to suck him off now, when she had been reluctant before? He entertained no fantasies that she was attracted to him; he wasn't particularly handsome. Whatever it was, she was doing this more for herself than for him.

It didn't matter in the end. As long as she was willing to do this, he was more than happy to let her, whatever her motivations. Now he had received blowjobs from three of the four girls in Apartment 207. There was basically zero chance of getting the same from the fourth, but that didn't bother him. Monique, Alya, and Lissa were some of the most gorgeous girls in the whole apartment complex. He couldn't believe his luck.

Lissa lifted her head and let his cock slip from her mouth momentarily to catch her breath. She smiled up at him, continuing to stroke it with her hand. "Oh my god, I love sucking your dick!" she exclaimed. "I can't wait to feel your hot cum squirting down my throat."

He groaned at that thought, and she giggled. If she kept up like she was doing, it wouldn't be long before she got her wish.

As she jerked him off, she ran her tongue all over the head, lapping up the copiously leaking pre-cum. The almost ticklish sensation nearly drove him over the edge right there. It was such an exquisite torture.

After the rest, she returned her lips to his cock and sucked again with renewed vigor. His breaths came in gasps now as the pleasure washed over him. He could think of nothing but the intense feeling between his legs and the beautiful girl giving him that feeling.

"Oh god, I'm going to cum!" he exclaimed, and Lissa shocked him by releasing him with her hands and jamming her face down on his dick as hard as she could. He felt the tip of his cock slip into her throat as her lips reached the base and her nose mashed against his belly.

That was too much for him. Tony grabbed the back of her head and held her there tightly as he erupted, spewing his seed right down her throat. She gagged a little, but it was too late; she had brought this on herself. His cock twitched over and over again as it emptied load after load. Lissa's face was turning red, but he didn't release her until he had fired off the last spurt. Then he removed his hands, and she rose back up, gasping for air.

She went into a coughing fit as he collapsed back against the couch. Only then did he realize that in his ecstasy he might have hurt her.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"That was one of the best face-fucks I've ever had," she grinned. "Thanks, Mr. Bullard. Maybe I'll come back and give you a freebie some time this month."

"Seriously?" he asked, astonished.

"Maybe," she winked, then picked up her clothes and began to dress.

When she returned to her apartment that afternoon, Alya and Matt were sitting at the kitchen table. Matt immediately stood up. This was the first time she had seen him since that night.

"Look, Lissa," said Matt awkwardly. "I--"

Lissa cut him off. "Forget it," she told him. "I'm not mad at you any more. You had your chance, and you blew it, so really, it's your loss."

"My roommates told me about... that night," he said awkwardly. "I'm really sorry that I drove you to that."

"You didn't drive me. That was my own choice. Just remember that of the four of you, you're the only one who hasn't had that pleasure."

Matt looked a bit angry for a second, then sighed. "All right then, I think it's only fair to tell you that I intend to keep seeing your roommate."

Lissa shrugged. "That's fine with me. I'm not jealous. I'm not even angry. You and I can never be friends, but at least we can be civilized about this. I promise I won't make a scene when you come over. But there's just one more thing that needs to be said. If you hurt her the way you hurt me, I'll rip your testicles off. Got it?"

His eyes grew wide. "Er... yeah," he said.

Alya also had a look of shock on her face, but there was something else there as well. Delight? Gratitude? Lissa couldn't tell. She seemed almost happy that Lissa was threatening him like that.

Matt didn't stay long; he had just stopped by to talk to Lissa and Alya and get things straightened out between them. He gave Alya one last kiss, which was a little awkward considering the circumstances, then headed out the door.

Meg and Monique arrived home about fifteen minutes later. Everyone ended up in the front room, sitting around and talking.

"By the way, today's the first of December," Monique commented. "That means the rent is due."

Alya rolled her eyes. "Oh god, not again," she laughed. "Anyway, now that I have a boyfriend, I probably shouldn't draw any more. Lissa, do you want in this time?"

"The rent's already been paid," Lissa told them.

"What?" asked Meg.

"I took care of it this afternoon."

"Lissa, did you really...?" Monique asked.

"Yes I did," she smiled. "And before you accuse me of going behind your backs, I really don't care who gets the money. I'm a spoiled little rich girl, remember? Let's all draw straws and whoever wins gets the cash without having to do anything for it. Meg, you can actually get in on the action this time."

"I don't get it," said Alya. She seemed concerned. "Why would you do that?"

"Maybe I like sucking cock. Maybe I've been lusting after Mr. Bullard ever since I saw Monique take care of him that first time."

"Be serious, Lissa," said Monique.

Lissa shrugged. "It's the new me. I do what I want, and who cares what other people think? If I want to go suck off the landlord, I'll go do it."

"Lissa, is this a form of getting even with Matt?" asked Alya.

"Basically, yes," she replied. "But don't worry about me. I have no regrets."

"Well I *am* worried."

"What, you're worried that Matt will find out and get jealous and want me back? Or are you worried that what I'm doing will hurt your boyfriend?"

"No," Alya stated firmly. "I'm worried that you're going to end up hurting yourself more than you hurt him."

"Oh, don't let that bother you. It's all just a part of the new me."

Alya sighed, but she didn't look happy.

"What's wrong, Alya?" asked Lissa.

"It's just that..." Alya stammered.

"What?"

Alya glanced at Monique and Meg. "Well, I'd rather say this in private, but I suppose I might as well get it out in the open with everyone here. Frankly, I don't like the new Lissa."

"That's not very nice," Monique told her.

"Don't take it the wrong way, Lissa," Alya continued. "I just think this new you is a stage you're going through, a self-destructive stage that's hurting the old Lissa, the one I like. I'm just afraid you're going to end up doing something you'll regret for the rest of your life. Maybe you already have. You've been so kind to me lately, even after I stole your boyfriend, I just... I just don't want to see *that* Lissa get hurt."

"But Alya," Lissa said. "That's a part of the new me as well. It's because I've stopped feeling sorry for myself that I was able to forgive you."

"I don't know what to say to that. Just... just promise me you'll be careful, okay?"

"I can't promise that, Alya," Lissa told her. "I don't *want* to be careful. I want to be free."

"But you can't be free in that way, Lissa. There are always consequences to your actions. It scares me to think of where you might end up because of those consequences."

"This really bothers you, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because you're my friend, that's why."

Lissa smiled at her. "Thanks, Alya. I really appreciate your concern. Even if I don't agree with you, it's nice to know that you're looking out for me."

Meg shrugged. "Well, you're a big girl. You can do what you want. I'm not going to draw because you did earn the money, even if you did take unfair advantage."

"I agree," said Monique. "Count me out. Looks like it's between Lissa and Alya."

"Correction," said Alya. "It's between Lissa and herself. Now that I've got a boyfriend, I'm not drawing any more. And besides, Lissa's earned it. So everyone agrees that Lissa gets the rent money for December?"

They all nodded.

As Alya got up, Lissa stopped her. "Look," she said, "I really do appreciate your friendship, especially after this whole thing with Matt. Promise me we'll stick together through it, okay?"

Alya smiled. "Okay. As long as you promise me you'll let the old Lissa out of her cage once in a while."

Lissa laughed. "It's a deal," she said, then stood up and gave her a hug. Alya hugged her back, and Lissa found that she enjoyed it very much. Her plan was starting to move forward, and she was going to have a lot of fun seducing her roommate.

Chapter 69

Test of Stamina

Back home, Jeff and Brit were having just as much fun as their big sister. Jeff hadn't felt so good since the day he had made love to Kari for the first time. Growing up, he had always thought that love was something shared between one man and one woman, but now he knew it was possible for a man to love two women. He was in love with both Kari and Brit. Perhaps Crystal too. And it appeared that they all loved him back.

He still visited Kari whenever he could, especially on days when she said her father wouldn't be home. Spending time alone with her, or with her and Crystal, was one of his favorite pastimes. With winter setting in and people staying indoors more often, he found himself spending more and more time at home, which also suited him fine. He enjoyed being with Brit just as much. With Greg nearby they had to limit their affection for each other, but Brit still tended to sit on his lap a lot, often falling asleep in his arms. Their dad sometimes looked like he didn't approve, but Jeff merely shrugged, trying to act casual about it. He expected at any time for Greg to give them a lecture, but it never came.

Of course, spending time alone with Brit was even more enjoyable. She continued to sleep in his bed, their nude bodies pressed against each other as he held her tightly to him. True to her word, almost every night she performed oral sex on him, bringing him off with her mouth. Apparently, she enjoyed the taste every bit as much as she claimed. He certainly wasn't about to complain.

Sometimes after school with a couple of hours before Greg came home, the two of them would have sex. Allison made it a point to give them some privacy whenever she sensed that they were in the mood, although sometimes she asked if she could watch. Despite her decision not to have sex with Jeff again, now that he had seen her nude body she had no problem taking her clothes off in front of them. Sometimes as they made love in his bed, Allison sat nearby playing with herself as she watched her two stepchildren. Sometimes they all took their clothes off and relaxed in the hot tub, Brit sitting in Jeff's lap of course, usually with his cock nestled inside her pussy.

Allison confessed one day that she often fantasized about getting Greg to join in. She thought it would be exciting to make love to Greg while Jeff made love to Brit on the same bed. Of course, that wasn't likely to happen any time soon. It would mean revealing the incestuous affair to their dad, not a pleasant thought at all. So they had to content themselves with keeping it a secret.

Then there were those rare times when Greg was absent from the house all day. Sometimes he would go out with Allison and spend the night in a hotel somewhere, but sometimes he would be out on another business trip. He admitted that he didn't really like traveling; he would much rather stay home with his family. Allison mentioned something about having her sister make use of 'that letter' more often, with a wink and a sly grin. Greg blushed, but it was obviously an inside joke, so Jeff decided not to ask about it.

As it so happened, Greg had to go out of town one weekend in early December, which would leave Jeff, Allison, and Brit alone in the house all day Saturday. On Friday afternoon, Greg came home from work early to pack his bags, then hugged Jeff and Brit goodbye, gave Allison a long, drawn-out kiss, and headed out to his car. Jeff helped him pack the bags in the trunk, and Greg climbed in and drove off to the airport.

About half an hour after he left, Jeff got a call from Kari.

"Hi Kari," he said cheerfully as soon as Allison, who had originally answered it, handed the phone to him.

"Hi Jeff," Kari replied. "Are the rumors true? Is your Dad going to be gone all day tomorrow?"

"That's right," he grinned. "Another business trip. Just a short one this time. He's already left, and he'll be back Sunday. Do you and Crystal want to come over?"

"Do we ever!" Kari exclaimed. "In fact, I've got a great idea of a game we can play."

"I always like your games. Somehow I always end up winning."

"There are no losers in my games," said Kari.

"Good point. I especially like... um... your Dad's not in hearing distance, is he?"

"Nope. He had to go down to the school for something. So we can use all the sexiest, filthiest, raunchiest language we want. If you want to talk about shoving that big ol' dick of yours right down my throat, that's fine. If you want to talk about my little sister running her tongue all over the outside and inside of my pussy until I cum all over her face, that's fine. If you want to talk about little Britney wrapping her lips around your rod and sucking all the sperm out, that's fine too. Or maybe you'd like Allison to do it. She told me all about the one time she did that to you. She said she loved it, especially when you squirted your cum into her mouth. She said that if she wasn't already married to your father, she'd want to be your sex slave."

"She did not!" Jeff laughed.

"Okay, maybe I'm exaggerating a little. Anyway, I have a request."

"What is it?"

"I want you well rested for the fun and games tomorrow. Especially your cock. So don't let Brit suck you off tonight."

"I'm not sure I can stop her."

"Just tell her she can do it in the morning instead."

"Wait. It's not okay tonight, but it's okay tomorrow? I'm confused."

"Just trust me on this one," Kari told him. "It's all part of the game. I'll explain it tomorrow morning."

"Okay. I trust you."

"Good. Well, I've got to go. All that dirty talk has made me horny. I'm going to make Crystal get me off."

"Hey, no fair!" he jokingly complained. "You're allowed to have your little sister do that for you, but I'm not."

"Oh, if you want to do a little groping that's fine. But no orgasms until tomorrow. That's an order."

"Yes ma'am," he grinned.

"Besides, when I explain my game, you'll be glad you waited."

"That's something I can definitely believe."

"See you later."

"Bye."

He relayed the message to Brit, who was a little disappointed that she didn't get to blow him that night, but grudgingly agreed to wait until morning for the sake of Kari's mysterious game. Allison, who was sitting nearby and listening to the conversation, commented that she was curious about this game. She had planned to spend most of the day in town shopping, but decided it would be much more fun to stay home and watch.

That night, Brit and Jeff climbed into bed together, but this time they simply hugged and kissed until they were too tired to continue, finally dropping off to a peaceful sleep and pleasant dreams.

In the morning, Jeff awoke to the familiar but intensely pleasurable feeling of his little sister's lips wrapped around his cock. He groaned as she slurped on it, sucking it deep into her mouth. What he loved most about it was her enthusiasm. She seemed to enjoy it every bit as much as he did, impossible though that seemed.

He lifted his head and gazed down at her beautiful face. She glanced up at him and smiled around his dick, an expression that somehow managed to be both cute and erotic at the same time. He couldn't believe how sexy his little sister was.

It didn't take long for her to bring him off. When she first started sucking his cock, he always warned her before he ejaculated. But then she told him that she liked to be taken by surprise, so now he just let it happen. Somehow, amazingly, she had never let a single drop spill out of her mouth. She swallowed everything he gave her.

After the morning blowjob, the two of them got up and headed into the shower. They washed each other's

backs, then turned around and hugged each other under the steaming water. Jeff reached his hand down between their bodies and fingered her pussy. Since she had been kind enough to get him off, he wanted to return the favor. He let his soapy fingers rub her all over, teasing her clit mercilessly. Since the only one within hearing distance was Allison, she didn't even try to contain her moans, letting them all come out. After a few minutes of stimulation, she screamed in ecstasy. Her legs gave out, but Jeff had expected it, and wrapped his other arm around her waist to hold her up. She wasn't particularly heavy, so it didn't bother him to hold her even as she rested against him in post-orgasmic exhaustion. After a minute or two, she planted her feet again and stood up, giving him a thank-you kiss on the cheek.

After their shower, they dressed and headed downstairs to breakfast. They met Allison in the great hall, and were about to head into the dining room when they heard a knock at the door. Jeff hurried over and opened it, knowing who it would be. Kari immediately dashed in and gave him a hug and kiss. Crystal followed, though she limited her display of affection to just a hug for Jeff and Brit because her dad was still in the car watching. Jeff waved to him, then closed the door. Immediately, Crystal jumped into his arms and gave him a kiss that put Kari's to shame.

After a few seconds, she broke off the kiss and climbed down.

"So what's the special occasion?" he asked with a grin.

"You'll find out."

"Anyway, have you had your breakfast, Jeff?" asked Kari. "You're going to need to get your strength up for the game I have in mind."

"We were just about to head in to breakfast right now," said Allison. "If Jeff needs to get his strength up, why don't I fix us all some ham and eggs, with toast and jam on the side?"

They all agreed, so the five of them adjourned to the dining room. Allison disappeared into the kitchen to make breakfast. Jeff asked Kari what the game was that she had in mind, but Kari said she would wait until Allison was done in the kitchen so that she could tell her as well.

About ten minutes later, Allison emerged carrying a couple of plates of food. She set these down in front of the Williams girls, then went back to the kitchen for the rest. Soon they all had their food in front of them, and they set to work eating the meal.

"So Jeff, did Brit suck you off this morning?" asked Kari.

"That's a little blunt," Allison told her.

"I need to know," Kari explained. "For statistical purposes."

"Well, who am I to get in the way of statistics?" Jeff smiled. "As a matter of fact, Brit gave me one hell of an orgasm with her mouth this morning."

"Good," Kari smiled. "Because the game I have in mind is to see how many orgasms the four of us can give you today. We're hoping for a new personal record."

A broad grin spread across Jeff's face. As usual, Kari had come up with a great game.

"The four of us?" asked Allison. "I take it you're including me in this?"

"That's up to you," Kari told her. "Considering how much Jeff likes you, I'm guessing you'll be able to get an extra orgasm out of him that the rest of us can't. Maybe two."

"Well, I suppose if it's in the name of statistics, I'm willing to do my part," Allison grinned. "I am a math teacher after all."

"I'll keep count," Crystal offered.

"I don't expect it will be so many that there's a chance of losing track," said Jeff.

"You underestimate us," Kari grinned.

"I half hope you're right," he laughed.

They finished eating breakfast, then Allison cleared the table and took the dishes into the kitchen to place them in the dishwasher. She came back out and joined the kids, who were adjourning to the front room.

"So how are we going to do this?" asked Brit.

"I've got an idea," Crystal replied. "It's simple, really. First, we tackle Jeff and rip his clothes off!" She pounced on him, nearly knocking him over. Brit, Kari, and Allison followed her lead, and in a moment Jeff found himself surrounded by four sex-crazed girls stripping him. Allison grabbed him from behind and pulled him to the ground, where the girls pinned him down and finished removing all of his clothes. He lay there helpless and at their mercy, completely naked but laughing in amusement.

"Now spread his arms and legs," Crystal suggested. Allison and Kari grabbed his arms and pulled them to the side, while Brit and Crystal each took a leg. He might have been able to fight them off with tremendous effort, but that really wasn't the point. He made a token struggle, but mostly he just let the girls do what they wanted.

Now that they had him pinned, Brit and Crystal reached for his cock, letting their hands wrap around the shaft. They worked in unison, pumping him up and down. At the same time, Kari and Allison, who were kneeling on his arms to keep him from escaping (not that he wanted to), began undressing each other. Jeff watched in excitement from his prone position below them as the two women of his fantasies pulled off each other's shirts, then leaned in even closer to reach around and work on their bras. He grinned with delight when the garments came off, and he found himself staring up at their bare chests.

"I'll bet Jeff won't stand a chance if we fondle each other," suggested Kari.

"Let's find out," Allison grinned, then reached out and cupped Kari's breasts in her hand. Kari giggled, returning the favor. The two women teased each other's boobs with their hands, rubbing and caressing them right over Jeff's head.

"Looks like that blowjob you gave him this morning really took a lot out of him," Crystal told Brit. "I was sure as soon as he saw your stepmom and my sister playing with each other, he would climax right there."

"This calls for drastic measures," said Kari. She leaned forward and took one of Allison's nipples into her mouth.

That did it. Jeff cried out as the sight overwhelmed him. At the last second, Crystal lowered her head and took the tip of his cock into her mouth, and he erupted almost violently. She eagerly slurped down his cum as he shot over and over again into her mouth.

After it was over, he lay there panting and exhausted. The girls climbed off of him, letting him rest.

"Poor Jeff," Brit smiled, snuggling up to him. "I think he needs a little nappy-wappy."

"Good idea," said Allison. "I think between each orgasm, we're going to have to let Jeff rest for a while. Say, half an hour. He's still young; that should give him plenty of time to recover. Jeff, if you want to sleep, go right ahead. We'll wake you when it's time."

He nodded, still too tired to say anything. He closed his eyes, gave a contented sigh, and drifted off to sleep.

He awoke later to the thrilling sight of two pairs of lesbians going at each other on either side of him. On the right, Allison lay on her back with Kari on top of her. The two girls were locked in a sixty-nine position, eagerly devouring each other's pussies. On the left, Brit lay on top of Crystal in a similar position. His cock, softened from two previous orgasms that day, started growing stiff again.

Jeff reached out and slid one of his hands onto Kari's breast and the other one onto Brit's. Both glanced over at him with a smile.

"You woke up too soon," Kari whined. "We were planning to wake you by screaming out in orgasmic ecstasy."

"Now that's my kind of alarm clock," Jeff grinned.

"Even better than this morning's?" asked Brit.

"Let's just call it a close second," he replied. "But if you're interested in waking me that way, I could always close my eyes and pretend to be asleep."

"Never mind that," said Kari. "Now that you're awake, you can join us. Last time we held you down and

didn't let you do anything, so we'll make up for it by letting you do anything you want."

"Anything?"

"Well, not quite," Allison told him. "I'm going to have to insist on setting a few limitations because I'd like to maintain at least a semblance of marital fidelity to your father. So you're not allowed to put any part of your anatomy into any part of my anatomy."

"But I had my heart set on putting my toe in your ear," he teased.

"Too bad, because that's exactly what I had in mind when I made that rule," said Allison with a smirk.

"Oh, so you're not so concerned with me putting my penis in your vagina then?" he grinned.

"Nice try, buster," she laughed.

"Well then, Brit, you don't mind filling in for Allison, do you?"

"Ooh! My horny brother wants to put his penis in my vagina!" Brit squealed playfully. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Let him," Crystal replied. "That makes it convenient for me, because I don't have to make up my mind about which of you I want to taste more."

Jeff rose up to his knees, then crawled around behind his little sister. She glanced back at him, giving a little giggle as he placed his hands on her waist and stroked her for a second. Meanwhile, Crystal, who lay with her head under Brit's pussy, grabbed his cock and licked the shaft.

"Hey, no fair!" Brit playfully complained. "It's not even in me yet."

"Well, let's take care of that then," said Crystal. She raised his cock, lining it up with her hole. Jeff pressed forward a little, at the same time that Brit pushed back. He slid into her warm, moist tunnel, sighing with delight. He loved having sex with his little sister; not only was she an absolutely gorgeous girl, but he loved her perhaps more deeply and thoroughly than he loved anyone else, including Kari.

He thrust in a couple more times, going deeper with each push. Taking her from behind like this was something he hadn't done before. Normally he preferred to have her facing him, so that he could feel her body against his own and have her beautiful face constantly before his eyes. But he enjoyed doing it this way as well. It was less intimate, true, but there was a certain naked, sexual rawness about it. By holding her by the hips, he could pound her a lot harder than the more traditional missionary position.

Judging from her squeals of delight as he thrust deep inside her body, she apparently liked it. Of course, some of those squeals were due to Crystal's tongue and lips pleasuring both of them. The girl licked all over the area, from Jeff's balls to Brit's clitoris. The extra stimulation on his shaft added an intensity to the pleasure, already intense from the feeling of his sister's body wrapped around his cock.

At the other end, he could see Brit going down on Crystal's pussy. She had her lips wrapped around it, sucking and licking and nibbling, and causing Crystal to make some of the same noises that Brit made. He could see Crystal's body writhing around under Brit, her legs spread wide and her hips thrusting. He loved the sight of the two girls pleasuring each other, especially since they were both giving him the same pleasure.

He glanced over at Kari and Allison, who had pretty much forgotten about them, lost in their own ecstasy with each other. This sight was even more erotic, because it involved Allison, the sexiest woman ever to walk the earth, and Kari, the girl he had fantasized about for years. Together, it was an insane combination of sexiness, a sheer mass of eroticism more intense than anything he had ever seen.

He thrust hard and deep, unable to control his urges with the sight of so much girl flesh surrounding him. He could hear Brit moaning from the double pleasure of his cock and Crystal's tongue, and the sounds drove him even more into a frenzy. When she cried out in orgasmic delight, it pushed him over the edge and he gave one last, deep, powerful thrust as he erupted inside his little sister's body.

After it was over, he collapsed on the floor next to the girls. Brit continued to eat out her best friend until Crystal too achieved orgasm. Jeff turned his head and smiled, watching the beautiful sight of Allison and Kari still going at it. After a few more minutes, Allison screamed in pleasure, and Kari followed.

After resting for a while, they got up and cleaned up the mess they had made on the floor. As it was getting close to noon, they adjourned to the dining room for lunch. Brit insisted on sitting on Jeff's lap, and he had no problem with that. After the series of orgasms he had already had, his cock remained limp even with Brit squirming all over him trying to get it back up. He figured he would need to rest for a while after lunch before being able to continue.

Allison mixed up a chef's salad, saying that what everyone needed right now was energy food, meaning plenty of vegetables. Jeff normally preferred a heavier concentration of meat at meals, but he couldn't fault her logic. He certainly needed energy if he was going to be able to perform to the girls' expectations.

He couldn't believe how lucky he was, to have four women all willing to give him pleasure like this. There was no jealousy there, just a spirit of sharing. Of course, they also shared each other, so how could they complain? Allison, of course, was the exception; of the four of them she was the only one not willing to have sex with him. But she sure seemed willing to see how far she could push the boundaries. Crystal had been smitten with him ever since he had taken her out, and seemed perfectly happy taking second place to her big sister. He liked to think it was because she liked him enough that she was willing to take whatever she could get of him, even knowing she could never officially be his girlfriend. Of course, she had Brit to keep her company. Brit, his sweet little sister. God, how he loved her! Despite the two girls of his fantasies being right here in front of him, he had to admit that he loved Brit more than either of them. Maybe it was just because she was both sister and lover to him, or maybe there was more to his love than just the sum of its parts.

Then there was Kari. Devoted, understanding, and the least jealous person he had ever met. Not only had she

accepted his relationship with these other girls, she had been enthusiastic about it from the beginning. Like Allison with Greg, Kari not only didn't mind sharing Jeff, she enjoyed it. Of course, being bisexual herself, it did open up opportunities with some really gorgeous girls for her too, but Jeff liked to believe that she would have shared him even if she were completely straight.

She caught him looking at her, and gave him a smile. Jeff smiled back at her, and suddenly he realized what he wanted to do next. "You guys, would you mind leaving Kari and me alone for a while?" he asked them. "She's been such a good sport about sharing me, but right now I want to spend some intimate time alone with my girlfriend."

Kari beamed at him, leaning in to kiss him. "I love you, Jeff," she told him.

"I love you too."

"Ew, if you guys are going to get all mushy, I'm leaving!" Crystal laughed. "Come on, Brit. Let's go jump in the hot tub and play with each other's boobs. Do you want to come too, Allison?"

"Sure," she smiled. The three of them got up and headed out of the room, leaving Jeff alone with Kari.

"Let's go upstairs to my room," he told her. Kari nodded, and he took her hand. Together they ascended the stairs and entered his bedroom. They immediately lay down on the bed next to each other. Jeff leaned in and kissed her on the lips, letting his hand stray to one of her breasts. She smiled around his kiss, enjoying the contact.

Eventually he broke the kiss, but he continued to lie there gazing at her beautiful face.

"You know," he said, "ever since Crystal and Brit got involved in our relationship, I've kind of missed spending time alone with you."

"Me too," she replied, reaching out and stroking his cheek. "I mean, it's fun with them and everything, but I like having you to myself once in a while too."

"So it doesn't bother you? I mean, now that I've fallen in love with Brit too. Let's face it, she gets to be alone with me a lot more than you do."

"Jeff, I've already told you, I think what you two share is beautiful. I love you, and I love Brit, and I love Crystal. I couldn't imagine not having them a part of our relationship."

"Me either," he smiled, then leaned in and kissed her again. She lay back on the bed, and Jeff immediately began kissing her cheek and neck, watching for the familiar signs of her arousal. He had been making love to Kari long enough now that he knew just what turned her on, and he could gauge how excited she was by the smallest movements of her body.

As he slid his hand onto her breast, she sucked in her breath. Jeff gently massaged her there, enjoying the feel

of it in his hands. As he fondled her, he let his lips wander lower, down to her upper chest. He kissed her all over there, letting his tongue brush against her skin and causing her to shudder. He let his instincts take over now, reacting to her own reactions that let him know what she needed. He kissed his way to her other breast, gently moving up the hill until he reached the peak, where he sucked her nipple into his mouth, causing her to whimper in pleasure.

He spent a few minutes sucking and groping her breasts, then began to kiss down her body even further. Kari moaned in anticipation, spreading her legs. Jeff descended to her stomach, kissing her all over and enjoying the closeness as it rose and fell with her breathing, which had become heavy and labored. He continued downward, finally reaching her beautiful, sweet pussy. He let his tongue run up the slit, loving the taste of her juices. Her hips squirmed as he ate her out, especially when he teased her clit with his tongue. Her whimpers continued, growing louder and more frequent, and he knew it was time to take it to the next level. He sat up, then lowered his body on top of hers, pressing his cock inside her pussy. They both sighed as he slipped inside of her, burying himself in her hot and moist body.

Their lips met again, and they kissed each other passionately as he began to thrust gently, rocking his hips slowly back and forth. Kari closed her eyes and threw her head back, reaching her arms around his back and holding him tightly to her. Jeff increased the tempo, now pushing harder and faster.

Already warmed up from his previous ministrations, Kari climaxed first. Jeff, however, wasn't even close to being through. The previous orgasms of the day had taken a lot out of him. As it turned out, Kari didn't mind a bit, because she ended up climaxing again before he finally released his load inside of her.

They lay there in each other's arms for a few minutes, relaxing in the closeness and enjoying the warmth of one another's bodies like they usually did. Kari had once told him that she enjoyed this part almost as much as the act itself, and Jeff had to agree with her.

After a quick shower, they left the room and headed down to the basement to look for the other girls.

When they arrived downstairs, they found Allison and the girls sitting in the hot tub. Allison rested against the side, her arms spread out around the rim and her head thrown back with her eyes closed and an ecstatic smile on her face. Brit and Crystal sat next to her, sucking on her nipples. From the positions of their hands, he could tell that they were also fingering her between the legs.

Allison cried out and shuddered in ecstasy a moment later, then gave out an exhausted groan as her body relaxed. Brit and Crystal lifted their heads from her boobs, and only then did they spy Kari and Jeff.

"That was quite the show," Kari commented with a grin.

"We aim to please," Brit replied.

"I think Allison was the one you were pleasing," Jeff laughed.

"So I take it you two are done then?" asked Brit.

"We're done," said Kari. "But I'll bet Jeff still has a couple more orgasms in him. Does anyone have any idea of what to do this time?"

"Brit and you have both had Jeff's cock in your pussy today, and I'm getting a little jealous," said Crystal. "I don't care how we do it, as long as I get fucked by him."

"That's fine with me," said Jeff, "but I'm not going to be up for it for a while. In the mean time, you don't mind if I join you in the hot tub, do you? It looks nice and relaxing."

"I'm not sure if there's room for five of us," said Brit.

"That's all right," Allison replied. "I think I'm going to lie down for a nap. You girls took a lot out of me."

Jeff watched in delight as she climbed out of the tub, water dripping from her glistening skin. It was a sign of his exhaustion that he didn't immediately start getting hard again. He continued to watch her as she picked up a towel and dried herself off, not bothering to turn modestly away from his eyes. She even gave him a wink when she caught him staring.

"I thought you were going to get in with us," said Kari. He glanced at her, surprised to see that she had already climbed in. He had been so distracted with seeing Allison's nude body that he had lost all track of time.

"Um... yeah," he said, embarrassed. He ascended the steps to the tub, then lowered himself into the water.

"Don't worry," she said. "I don't blame you for getting distracted."

"Jeff's got the hots for his mommy," Brit teased.

"You got that right," he grinned. "And I've got the hots for my girlfriend, and my girlfriend's little sister, and my own little sister. Now what do you think of that?"

"I think you're a pervert," she giggled. "That's why you fit right in with this group."

Brit insisted on giving him a back rub, which he wasn't going to argue with. Kari and Crystal decided to do the same to each other. Jeff loved the feeling of his sister's hands on his back, especially with the sight of the two girls in front of him touching each other tenderly. Even though their hands never strayed to the intimate parts of their body, he found the sight thrilling and beautiful.

After about ten blissfully relaxing minutes, Brit leaned in and hugged Jeff, pressing her chest up against his back. "Now you have to do the same for me," she whispered in his ear. He nodded, and the two of them changed places. Jeff ran his hands all over her beautiful, soft, youthful skin, still watching Kari and Crystal, who had by now turned to face each other and were fondling each other's breasts.

Eventually, Jeff reached around and let his own hands move to Brit's chest, massaging her there and toying with her nipples. He realized with delight that he was starting to grow hard again, which meant he would be

able to give Crystal what she wanted after all.

After about ten more minutes of playing around, they decided it was time to get out. Brit and Crystal had been in far too long after all. When Jeff stood up, all three pairs of eyes fastened on his now solid cock.

"Does that mean you're ready for me?" asked Crystal.

"Sure does," he grinned.

"Well then, let's hurry up and get down to business."

They retrieved several towels from the bathroom closet and set to work drying each other. The girls playfully fought over who got to dry Jeff, but for all their fighting, they had just as much fun with each other as with him.

"Do you know what I want to do?" asked Crystal as soon as they finished.

"You already told us what you want to do," Brit giggled.

"Oh, but I haven't told you *how* I want to do it."

"Okay, I'm game. How do you want to do it?"

"I want to go out back to Brit's art studio and take pictures of Jeff fucking me."

"I like that idea!" Brit exclaimed. She grabbed Jeff's and Crystal's hand. "Come on!"

"Wait a minute," Jeff chuckled. "We need to get dressed first."

"Why?"

"Because it's December," he replied. "And last I checked, we need to go outside to get to the studio."

"So?" Brit grinned.

"I don't know about you, but if I'm going to have sex, the last thing I need is a blast of cold air on my cock."

"So we'll just warm it up afterward," Kari winked. Jeff glanced at her, seeing the smile on her face, and decided that the possibilities in that one sentence were too intriguing to pass up.

"Okay," he conceded.

They hurried up the stairs, where they took a moment to tell Allison where they were going. Then they headed down the hall to the back door. Upon opening it, they all shivered in the cold. There was no snow on the ground, but the temperature was probably in the low forties. They hurried down the stairs and across the

lawn, laughing and shrieking at the feeling of the cold ground on their bare feet. They scrambled into the guest house and closed the door behind them, then grabbed each other and huddled together for warmth. Jeff, at least, felt that that alone made it worth the brief trip outside.

"And now for the aforementioned warming up of your cock," said Kari. She knelt down in front of him, opened her mouth, and breathed on it. Her hot breath certain had its effect, especially when Brit and Crystal followed her example. It was a lot like the hair dryer trick that Rachael had shown him, rather pleasant in fact. After shrinking in the cold air, it immediately grew back to full hardness.

Brit headed over to set up her tripod. Crystal grabbed Jeff's hand and led him over to the couch.

"Wait a minute," said Brit. "Let's not get my couch all messy. Help me put a sheet over it."

Between the four of them, they quickly had the couch completely covered. Jeff sat down, and Crystal and Kari took positions beside him. He threw his arms over their shoulders, and they both took hold of his cock and started stroking it.

"Wait a minute," said Brit, still fiddling with her camera on the tripod. "There's no point in getting naughty yet because the camera's not set up."

"That's assuming that the camera is the point of getting naughty," said Crystal.

Brit giggled, and the girls continued to stroke him. Finally, Brit finished her preparations, and began snapping pictures. Kari and Crystal immediately got into it, stroking him harder and then kneeling on the floor in front of him so that they could lick his cock from the sides so that the camera could see the action. Jeff couldn't help but grin as the girls had their fun.

Then Crystal rose up and sat down on Jeff's lap, facing the camera. He reached around and began fondling her breasts. Kari took this opportunity to position herself in front of Jeff and Crystal so that she could lick her sister's cunt. That meant that Brit had to move the camera to the side so that she could photograph the action without Kari in the way.

After a few minutes of Kari alternating between Jeff and Crystal, with Crystal squirming around on Jeff's lap, Crystal said she was ready. She rose up a couple of inches and scooted forward. Kari took Jeff's cock in her hand and positioned it beneath her sister's pussy. Crystal gently lowered her body, impaling herself on his hardened member. They both groaned as he slid up inside her.

That wasn't the end of Kari's part, though. As Crystal bounced up and down on Jeff's lap, Kari licked them both, eliciting squeals of delight from her little sister and moans of pleasure from Jeff.

He glanced over and noticed that Brit was also fingering herself even as she snapped the pictures. He didn't know how well those shots would turn out; she seemed to be paying more attention to her own needs than to the camera. Still, he couldn't exactly blame her. He was in a similar state of mind, with the two girls giving him pleasure.

They were in that same position when the door opened, sending a blast of cold air in and causing the girls to shriek at the sudden chill. Allison hurried and stepped through, nude and shivering. She quickly shut the door behind her.

"Brr!" she said. "It's cold out there!"

"I'll warm you up," Kari volunteered. She hopped up and dashed over to throw her arms around Allison. The two girls embraced, their arms around each other and rubbing each other's backs.

A moment later, Crystal reached her peak. Her body tensed up as she gave out a long wail of ecstasy. Surprisingly, Jeff wasn't far behind. Perhaps the sight of the naked girls hugging did it to him. It wasn't the first time he had seen Allison and Kari touching, even that day, but the erotic sight, coupled with Crystal's pussy clamping down on his cock in her orgasm, pushed him over the edge.

A minute later, he slumped back against the couch, tired but happy. He had lost track of the number of orgasms he had had that day, but he thought it was probably more than he had ever had in one day before.

Crystal climbed off his lap. She grabbed a paper towel from beside the nearby sink and cleaned herself off. There was no need for Jeff to do the same, because Brit knelt in front of him and took care of it with her mouth. As soon as she finished, she stood up with a grin on her face. "Yummy," she commented. "My two favorite flavors mixed together."

"That's probably it for me," said Jeff. "I'm exhausted."

"Not so fast," Kari told him. "There's a reason we involved your stepmom in this game. Allison, it's up to you now."

Allison grinned. "I'm sure I can squeeze one more orgasm out of you, Jeff."

"Oh god!" he groaned, imagining the possibilities.

"Come here," she said, taking his hand.

"Do I have to get up?" he complained. "I'm so tired."

"If we're going to do this, we have to do it right. Unless you want to give up now and leave the count as it is."

Jeff stood up. He was willing to put forth a little more effort if it meant another orgasm, especially if it was Allison giving it to him. Instead of taking him out of the room, however, she simply had him stand aside. "Brit," she said, "take a seat."

Brit followed her instructions, sitting down on the couch.

"Now spread your legs," Allison told her, and Brit did as instructed.

"Jeff," said Allison, "your little sister has spent a lot of time sitting in your lap these past months. So now it's your turn. Go sit down in her lap."

He smiled, then walked over to the couch again. He sat down in front of Brit, lying back against her chest. Allison had her put her legs up over Jeff's thighs, her feet between his knees to spread his legs. Brit reached around Jeff and hugged him from behind.

"So now you've got a nice, soft, warm cushion for your back," said Allison. "Now let's add a couple more to your sides. Kari and Crystal, go sit next to Jeff."

The Williams girls enthusiastically climbed onto the chair, leaning in against him. He wrapped his arms around their waists and hugged them.

"everyone nice and comfy?" asked Allison. "Brit, you're not being squished?"

"I'm doing just fine," said Brit.

"Good," smiled Allison. "Now you've got naked girls on three sides of you, Jeff. It looks like it's up to me to take care of the front."

"God, yes!" he exclaimed, realizing what she meant.

Allison approached, but to his disappointment she didn't sit down in his lap like he expected. Instead, she leaned forward. "Does my little Jeff have a kiss for Mommy?" she asked in that playfully seductive voice he had heard her use before.

"I always have a kiss for Mommy," he replied, playing along.

Allison took his head in her hands, leaned in, and pressed her lips against his. It wasn't the most motherly kiss he had ever received, but he certainly wasn't going to point that out. He merely relaxed and enjoyed it, especially when she thrust her tongue inside his mouth. He teased her tongue with his own, letting himself take advantage of her willingness.

Unfortunately, his recent orgasms were enough to keep his cock soft, even as he kissed her. When Allison broke the kiss and glanced down at his lap, he could see the look of disappointment on her face.

"What's wrong, Jeff?" she asked. "Aren't you happy to see Mommy?"

"Oh, I am!" he exclaimed. "I'm *really* happy to see Mommy. It's just that I'm so tired."

"My poor Jeff," she cooed. "Let's see if Mommy can make you feel better." She grabbed his deflated cock and started stroking it.

"Mommy's going to take good care of you," she smiled. "You just relax against that nice, soft pillow behind you."

Brit giggled at that, then reached up and began to massage his shoulders. Meanwhile, Kari and Crystal leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. They rubbed their bodies up against his, letting their breasts massage him from the side.

By now, he was beginning to grow hard. Allison smiled with delight. "That's it, Jeff," she said. "You can do it. Mommy's rooting for you. Isn't it so sweet of the girls to help you out like this?"

"Yes Mommy," he breathed.

"You know, sometimes I wish I were your real mommy," said Allison.

"I don't care that you're not my real mommy," he replied. "I love you just as much."

"That's very sweet of you, Jeff, but that's not what I mean. I just mean that I missed out on you growing up. I would have loved to feed you, have you snuggle with me when you had a nightmare, help you get ready for school, dress you, undress you, and bathe you."

"Most of those things I wouldn't mind doing with you even though I'm older," Jeff grinned.

"Oh, and especially nurse you," said Allison. "There's a special bond that develops when mommies nurse their babies. It's just too bad we never got to do that."

"I'd be happy to do that right now!" Jeff cheerfully volunteered.

"You would do that?" asked Allison, her eyes lighting up with delight. "You would suck on Mommy's boobies?"

"I love your boobies, Mommy," said Jeff with a grin.

"Thank you, Jeff. I'm so happy that you like them. And they're happy too." She rose up, still stroking his cock, and leaned forward, thrusting her chest into his face. Jeff immediately opened his mouth and took one of her nipples into it. He sucked it gently, letting his tongue tease it inside his mouth. He loved the feel and even the taste of it. He felt it stiffen as he toyed with it.

"Oh god, Jeff, that's wonderful!" Allison exclaimed. "That's it. Suck Mommy's boobies."

"Mind if I have the other one?" asked Kari, who was on the side of the neglected one. She didn't wait for an answer, but leaned in and sucked the other nipple into her mouth.

"No fair!" complained Crystal.

"Don't worry," Allison told her. "I want to feel Jeff's mouth on both of them, so in a few minutes we'll switch."

Jeff was in heaven. Now surrounded on all four side by the girls he loved, having his shoulders massaged by

his gorgeous baby sister and his cock stroked by his sexy stepmother, he realized they just might get one more orgasm out of him after all.

After about five minutes, Allison drew back, to Jeff's disappointment.

"That was very good, Jeff," she told him. "You made Mommy feel so good. Now I want to feel your mouth on the other one." She leaned forward again, moving to the side. Jeff opened his mouth and took the other nipple in, which was already damp and solid from Kari's lips. In fact, he thought he could taste a bit of Kari on it, making it all the more delicious.

Crystal of course eagerly took the other one in her mouth, and the two of them sucked on Allison's breasts eagerly and hungrily.

Kari reached out and slipped on of her hands between Allison's legs.

"Oh!" Allison exclaimed at the contact, smiling. By this point, her breathing was heavy and ragged, and she even began to moan a little. Jeff realized that he was making some of the same noises, and for good reason. Between the stimulation on his cock, the soft girl-flesh all around him, and the sight of Allison being sexually fondled, he realized he was close to an orgasm himself.

"I'm just about there..." Jeff groaned, letting her nipple slip out of his mouth.

"Let's not waste it," Allison cautioned. "Somebody hurry and put it in your mouth." She pulled back, but didn't let up with her hand.

"My turn this time," Kari volunteered. She leaned down and wrapped her lips around his cock.

That was enough to push him past the breaking point. With one last wail, he erupted, his cock jerking inside her mouth as it spewed forth its seed. Kari hummed delightedly as she gulped it down. This last orgasm was almost painful, but pleasurable nonetheless. As he came down from the high, he knew for certain that he wouldn't be able to perform again that day.

"Looks like I haven't lost my touch after all," Allison grinned.

"I think... I've reached... my limit," Jeff panted.

"You did well," smiled Kari. "I'm proud of you."

"Now you just go ahead and rest for a while," Brit told him, wrapping her arms around his neck and hugging him. "You've earned it."

"So Crystal," said Allison, "what's the grand total?"

"Six," Crystal announced.

"Really?" asked Jeff, astonished.

"Why so surprised? You were there for each one," Brit teased him.

"Well yeah, but... I just didn't think I had it in me."

"Well, now it's in all of *us*," Brit giggled. "Except poor Allison. You didn't get to have any of his yummy cum inside you."

"That's all right," Allison smiled. "I got three of the cutest girls in the world to get me off, so I'm certainly not complaining. And I'm glad I got to help Jeff to feel really good."

"Just don't expect me to be able to climax six times a day from now on," he laughed.

Chapter 70

Best Friends?

The lessons with Meg and Sandy were progressing nicely. Lissa was beginning to understand the attraction of women for each other. There was a kind of emotional bond between two girls that just did not exist between a man and a woman, no matter how close they were or how much they loved one another. There was a kind of understanding, impossible to put into words, that all women shared, something that a man could never experience.

Part of the lessons involved what Sandy called "ambiguous flirting," little gestures and touches that could be construed as sexual or innocent depending on the context. Lissa recognized plenty of these tactics, since Meg used them on her roommates constantly. However, when used by an obviously straight girl, no one would attribute anything sexual to them at all. The point, in Lissa's case, was to get her secret admiree comfortable with these gestures, so that the shift wouldn't be so abrupt when Lissa graduated to more obvious moves.

Sandy also suggested getting the girl into debt, not of finance but of friendship. Lissa should look for opportunities to do nice things for her, always being kind and generous. If the girl started feeling obligated to repay that kindness, she would be more open to Lissa's feelings and more willing to do whatever it took to make her happy. She would *want* to please Lissa.

The third bit of advice was to make their friendship all about trying new things. At first Lissa would have to be the driving force, but once the girl got comfortable experimenting, then it was only a matter of finding an excuse to try out lesbian sex. At first their new experiences should be simple and basic: trying out a new recipe, or visiting some place together they had never gone before, or developing new hobbies together. Later, Lissa could look for more risqué experiments that would get them comfortable with one another's sexuality.

At the beginning of the second lesson, Sandy suggested she shave off her pubic hair like Meg and her, claiming that there was nothing tastier than a hairless pussy. Lissa was a little curious about how it felt, so the three of them went into the bathroom and did the deed. It felt surprisingly erotic, especially when Meg and Sandy ran their hands over her newly shaved pussy. She decided that from now on, she would keep it that way.

Each lesson ended with hands-on "in the bedroom" instruction, which was really just the three of them having sex together. Sandy and Meg showed off some of their favorite positions, and tried them out on Lissa to see how she liked them. At first hesitant, with each lesson she grew more and more comfortable. After a while she was starting to really enjoy herself. It didn't really matter whether the hands and mouths roaming all over her body belonged to a man or a woman, after all; physically it was the all same at least. In fact, Meg and Sandy naturally knew what felt good to a girl, so even in their short time together, sex with them was like being with an experienced lover. That was something that could only come after years of romance with a

man.

She also felt a kind of thrill at the forbidden nature of the act. Every time she ran her hands over one of the girls' tits, or sucked on the nipple, or stuck her finger up inside the girl's pussy, she couldn't help but feel excited at the thought that she was doing something so contrary to the way she had been brought up. She had told herself she would never feel guilty again, and surprisingly, it worked. The guilt transformed itself into a kind of excitement.

The disgust that she thought she would feel was absent too. That disgust came mostly from her conservative upbringing, exactly what she was trying to escape from. That feeling reversed itself too, and she found that she really did enjoy the erotic contact between their bodies.

During these escapades, she spent as much time as possible eating the girls out. After the initial shock of licking their bodies, she found that sucking their tits or nibbling on their nipples or even tonguing them between the legs was just a neutral taste. She wanted to get used to the flavor of a girl's love juices.

Sometimes she focused her efforts on the clitoris, experimenting to see what worked the best to drive the girl into a frenzy. Other times, she shoved her tongue as deep inside her partner's cunt as she could. She felt a kind of power over Meg and Sandy when she brought them to orgasm with her mouth, and it delighted her to no end.

As they drove back from Sandy's place, Meg often added a few suggestions to the lesson that applied to girls who were roommates, since Sandy didn't know that it was Alya that Lissa was interested in. There were some of those ambiguous flirting gestures that could only be done in the privacy of their apartment, for instance, and only when the two of them were alone together.

She also suggested that Lissa start to take her clothes off in the apartment. Lissa joked that Meg only wanted to see her naked, and Meg admitted that that was partly the truth, but also it was to get Alya used to seeing her nude. They needed to be comfortable with each other's bodies.

That brought up thoughts of Allison. She remembered how nice it felt to go without clothes with her stepmother, even going so far as touching. She had never really thought of it as anything sexual, even when hugging, or massaging each other's shoulders, or rubbing suntan lotion on each other's chests. Now that her lesbian tendencies were awakening within her, she thought how much more fun it would be to do the same things while allowing herself to feel those sapphic pleasures. She wondered whether she would get an opportunity at Christmas vacation, which was now only a couple of weeks away.

As usual, Meg dropped her off on campus. So as not to appear to be leaving and arriving home at the same time every couple of days, Meg and Lissa always met at a prearranged spot to drive to Sandy's place, and afterward Lissa always walked home from campus so that Meg would arrive first. It seemed to work; neither Alya nor Monique suspected any kind of arrangement between their two roommates. Lissa didn't mind walking, even in the chill December air.

This time, Meg had some other errands to run, so she wouldn't be home until later. That suited Lissa well;

she remembered that on Thursday nights Monique also usually got home late, which would leave Lissa alone with Alya. With that cheerful thought she hurried home, anxious to try out some of the suggestions Sandy had made.

As it turned out, there was no need for Meg to drop off Lissa on campus tonight, because the apartment was empty when she arrived. No matter; Alya would be home soon enough. It gave her time to fix dinner, a recipe that she hadn't made in a long time but that was new to Alya. She would pretend it was the first time she had made it and ask Alya if she would be her guinea pig and try it out. Fortunately, there was just enough time to throw the ingredients together and put it in the oven to bake before her roommate would arrive home.

Alya arrived right on time, just as Lissa had expected. What she hadn't expected, though, was Alya's condition when she walked in the door. The girl looked like she had just come in out of a torrential downpour, with chattering teeth, icy red cheeks, ice particles clinging to her hair, and water dripping off the ends.

"What happened?" Lissa exclaimed in shock.

Through her shivering, Alya managed a weak laugh. "You know that big tree by the hill? I was walking under it, and suddenly it decided to drop a big load of snow right on top of me."

"Alya, that tree's half a mile away. Did you walk the whole way home soaked like that?"

Alya nodded, then sneezed.

"You're going to catch pneumonia!" said Lissa. "Come on. Let's get you out of those soggy clothes."

Alya didn't protest, so Lissa hurried over and took her hand to lead her into her bedroom. She noted with alarm just how cold the girl's hands were. She immediately gripped them in her own and started rubbing them.

"I'm fine," Alya told her, but it was obvious that she enjoyed the attention.

"No you're not," Lissa insisted. "You're an ice cube." She released Alya's hands and put her own to the girl's cheeks, which were, not surprisingly, just as cold. She held her hands there until a bit of warmth returned to them. "Too bad we don't have a fireplace," she commented. "The best thing for you would be to lie down in front of it for an hour or so. But never mind that. Come with me."

She took her hand again, and this time brought her into the bedroom. Alya's fingers, which were too numb to be of much use, fumbled at the zipper of her coat. Lissa helped her unzip it and remove it, discovering that the moisture had seeped through into her clothes as well. Her shirt didn't quite drip water, but it looked on the verge of doing so. Alya sat down on the bed to take her shoes off, but Lissa immediately knelt in front of her.

"You don't have to do that," said Alya with a smile, but Lissa ignored her and helped her out of her shoes and socks. The girl's feet were just as cold, if not colder, than her hands, so Lissa immediately set to work

rubbing them as well.

"It's okay, really," Alya protested. "You don't have to rub my feet."

"I don't mind. Besides, maybe I'll come home one night in the same condition, and then you can repay me."

Alya laughed. "Okay, it's a deal."

Lissa continued to attend to her roommate's feet until she felt the cold slip away, replaced by their natural warmth. She found that she didn't mind doing something like that for Alya. Sandy had suggested, after all, that she look for chances to do nice things for her, and this seemed like a perfect opportunity.

After a few minutes of rubbing the girl's feet, she stood back up. Then she reached for the bottom of her shirt.

"Hey!" Alya giggled, swatting her hand away. "I can manage by myself from here."

"You sure?" asked Lissa.

"I have been known to undress myself once in a while," said Alya. Then she sneezed again. "Oh dear," she said. "I hope I'm not coming down with a cold."

"You will if you don't hurry and get out of those wet things," Lissa insisted, but made no move to leave the room. She wondered if Alya would undress in front of her. She remembered Meg mentioning getting naked in front of each other. Besides, Lissa really was curious about the girl's body. With clothes on it looked great, and she suspected it looked even better without.

Unfortunately, it was not to be. "Do you mind?" asked Alya. "I'd like a little privacy."

"Of course," Lissa nodded. "Tell you what. I'll go fill up the tub for you. The best thing for you right now is a hot bath. You just come in when you're ready."

"That sounds nice," smiled Alya, and Lissa left the room, closing the door behind her. She headed into the bathroom and turned on the faucet in the tub, then stood in front of the mirror.

"This is it," she whispered to her reflection, quiet enough that her roommate was certain not to hear. "You've got Alya all to yourself tonight, and a good excuse to fawn all over her. Do your best." Then she sat down on the edge of the tub, pulled her foot out of her sandal, and dipped it in the water to test the temperature. She adjusted the faucet until she got it right, then took her foot back out.

Alya appeared in the doorway a moment later, dressed in her bathrobe. Lissa had secretly hoped that Alya would come in without any clothes on whatsoever, but hadn't really expected it, so she wasn't too disappointed. Lissa turned off the water and rose to her feet. "Perfect timing," she said. She walked over to Alya and reached for the sash of her robe.

"What are you doing?" asked Alya.

"Well, you're not going to get in the tub like that, are you?"

"Okay, what's the deal? Are you trying to get me naked or something?" Alya laughed.

"What? No, of course not. I mean, yes, but only to get you in the tub. Look, don't read anything into it that's not there; it's just that I'm perfectly comfortable with nudity. If it bothers you, I'll leave, but don't think I've got any ulterior motives." The truth was, she *did* have ulterior motives, but she wasn't about to admit it. "I guess it all started with my stepmother," she said.

"Oh?" asked Alya.

Lissa laughed. "It's not how it sounds," she said. "But never mind that. I'll tell you later. The last thing I want to do is keep you from your bath." She turned and headed out the door. Alya closed it behind her.

Lissa sat down on the couch, smiling. That last bit about Allison made for an enticing little mental image, especially leaving it unexplained like that. Let Alya think about that while she soaked in the tub.

In the mean time, Lissa needed to think of an excuse to go into the bathroom while her roommate bathed. She knew that if she could just get through the door, she could manage to get the girl talking, and pretty soon Alya would lose any self-consciousness she felt about being nude in front of Lissa.

Immediately, she came up with an idea. It probably wouldn't work, but at the very least it would give her something else nice to do for her roommate. She headed into the kitchen and filled the tea kettle with water. Alya was a fan of green tea. She drank iced tea every day during the summer, and during the winter she usually brewed up a pot as soon as she got home from classes.

She raided Alya's stash for the tea, and measured out the correct amount of sugar. She had watched Alya do it enough that she knew exactly how many teaspoons to use. Soon she had it all ready, so she poured it into a cup and brought it to the bathroom door. Then she knocked.

"Yes?" asked Alya from the other side.

"I've made you some tea," Lissa told her.

"Really? That's so sweet of you."

"Do you want me to bring it in so you can drink it in the tub?"

"No, that's okay. I'm almost finished in here. The water's getting cold anyway. I'll be out in a minute."

Well, it was worth a shot. Still, she had scored a couple of brownie points with Alya, so it wasn't a total waste. There would be other opportunities to get her clothes off. She headed back to the kitchen table and sat down to wait for her roommate.

She didn't have to wait long. Alya opened the door a couple minutes later, dressed once more in her bathrobe,

and came over to sit next to her. Lissa immediately put her hands to the girl's cheeks, which were fortunately much warmer than they had been previously.

"Much better," she said. "You had me worried."

"I think you're more worried than I am," Alya grinned, then sneezed again. "On the other hand, maybe you're right to be concerned," she laughed. "Looks like this might turn into a cold after all. Damn it. I have a date with Matt tomorrow." Then she stared at Lissa. "Sorry," she said. "I wasn't thinking."

"Don't worry about that. I'm completely over him. Tell you what. Tomorrow if you're not feeling well enough to go out, I'll go rent us some movies and we'll watch them instead. You can even invite Matt over if you feel like it."

"Really? You'd do that for me?"

"Absolutely. We're friends, aren't we?"

"And it wouldn't bother you if Matt came over?"

"To tell you the truth, I'm secretly hoping he catches your cold, then it turns into something more severe, preferably fatal. For him, not you, I mean."

Alya laughed. "And here I was thinking I had the old Lissa back. You know, the nice girl that wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Well, the new Lissa cares just as much about you as the old one did."

"Thanks," said Alya with a smile.

Now was a good time to bring up an idea she had come up with a couple of days ago, when Sandy had talked about trying out new things. "So Alya," said Lissa. "Do you have your classes all figured out for next semester?"

"I've got a tentative plan. Why?"

"Well, I was thinking about taking a tennis class, but I don't think it would be as fun without a dedicated partner." Lissa had tried to come up with an idea for a class to take with Alya that satisfied two criteria: first, something that could develop into a hobby, and second, something physically exerting so that they would shower together in the locker rooms afterward. She had skimmed through the list of physical education classes that the university offered and decided upon tennis.

"You mean a spoiled rich girl like you doesn't know how to play tennis?" Alya teased. "I thought rich girls always belonged to sports clubs and spent all day playing tennis and racquetball and soaking in a jacuzzi."

"Well, my family does have a hot tub," she confessed.

"Aha!" Alya grinned. "Well, one out of three isn't bad I guess."

"So will you do it? Come on, it will be fun. I was going to ask Matt to take the class with me, but then we broke up."

"I'm sorry," said Alya, and from the look on her face, she seemed sincere.

"I told you, don't worry about that. Tell you what. You can make it up to me by taking his place." *And not just on the tennis court,* she thought.

Alya laughed. "Since you put it that way, how can I refuse?"

"Oh, thank you!" Lissa exclaimed, then threw her arms around her roommate and hugged her.

"Careful, or you're going to catch my cold."

The timer sounded on the oven.

"Oh, dinner's ready," Lissa announced. "It's a new recipe I'm trying out. Since you're probably not up to making dinner, would you like some of mine?"

"You don't mind?" asked Alya. "I mean, do you have enough?"

"Plenty. I always make enough for leftovers, so sharing isn't a problem."

"Thanks."

Lissa retrieved the dish from the oven, a kind of Italian casserole similar to lasagna, but with fettuccine noodles instead, and diced eggplant. She served it onto two plates, and the girls ate dinner together, in bright spirits despite Alya's illness.

Alya went to bed early that night. She even skipped her usual bedtime studying, not really feeling up to doing much. With the sneezes coming more and more frequently, she probably wouldn't be able to concentrate anyway. She took some cold medicine before going to bed, which at least helped with the sniffling and sneezing, and she managed to sleep all night, only waking once when Monique came into her room to go to bed. Usually Monique turned on the light briefly to get her bearings, but tonight she left the room dark. Through her half-conscious haze, Alya was rational enough to suspect that Lissa had briefed Monique on what had happened, and told her not to disturb her.

Unfortunately, in the morning she felt even worse than she had in the evening. When her alarm went off, she merely groaned and punched the snooze. Monique yawned and sat up. Since she got up at the same time as Alya, they only set one alarm between them.

"That's not like you," Monique commented. "Usually you're wide awake in the mornings."

"Mommy, do I have to go to school today?" Alya groaned, not quite sick enough to lose her sense of humor.

"Lissa told me what happened," Monique said, confirming Alya's suspicion. "Do you want to just stay in bed all day?"

"Sounds good to me."

"Can I get you anything?"

There was only one thing Alya wanted, and it surprised her. All she wanted was for Lissa to stay with her. Maybe it was because Lissa had been so nice to her last night, and Alya was beginning to enjoy having her wait on her like that. Still, it was a strange feeling, to want to be near another girl so much.

"I'll be fine. I just need to rest."

"What about your classes?"

"The hell with my classes," Alya mumbled.

Monique laughed. "Okay, sounds like you need to be left alone. If you need anything, just give me a holler." She quickly retrieved her clothes for the day, crammed a couple of books in her backpack, then left the room and closed the door behind her.

A few minutes later, there came a knock at the door. "Alya?" Lissa's anxious voice asked from the other side. "Are you okay?"

Alya couldn't help but smile at that; apparently Lissa was still just as eager to help her as she was last night.

"Come on in," she said, and Lissa opened the door. She still wore her pajamas; it looked like she had hopped out of bed and come straight there as soon as Monique had mentioned it to her. She hurried over and knelt down by the bed, then put a hand to Alya's forehead.

"Well, you don't have a fever," she commented, sounding relieved. "Probably just sinuses then. Still, I know how that feels. It's not pleasant."

"Looks like I may take you up on your offer after all," Alya said.

Lissa grabbed the chair sitting in front of the desk and brought it over to the bed. She sat down on it and started to rub Alya's back. "You just rest. I'm going to take care of you."

"But don't you have classes you need to go to today?"

"Quoting from Monique, who was quoting from you, 'The hell with my classes.'"

Alya laughed. "Thanks, Lissa," she said. "I'm feeling better already."

Just then the alarm went off again; Alya had forgotten to disable it after hitting the snooze button. Lissa grabbed it and yanked the cord out of the wall. "Stupid clock," she commented. "Interrupting you like that when you're trying to sleep."

Alya grinned. It really was nice to have Lissa look after her like that. She yawned, then closed her eyes again. It wasn't long before she drifted off to sleep once more.

When she awoke, Lissa still sat by the bed, dozing in the chair. Alya just watched her for a minute, her heart full of gratitude for the girl's concern. Lissa really was the sweetest girl, and Alya felt a little guilty about hurting her. It wasn't right that such a caring and self-sacrificing girl like Lissa had to be alone.

But she wasn't alone. Maybe she didn't have a boyfriend any more, but at least Alya could be her best friend. Maybe her earlier impression about the new Lissa was wrong. Maybe the new Lissa really was just as caring as the old one.

The girl opened her eyes, and smiled at Alya. "How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Terrible. But hungry. I think it's time I got up and went to get me some breakfast."

"Let me go get it for you. You just lie here."

Alya smiled. "Thanks, but I really do think I need to get up. If I'm not going to go to classes today, at least I can study."

"Well, if you insist, but Nurse Lissa recommends that you stay in bed."

Alya ignored the recommendation and climbed out of bed. She threw on her bathrobe over her pajamas and made her way to the front room, where she plopped down on the couch. Breakfast had seemed like a good idea a moment ago, but now the thought of even fixing a bowl of cereal seemed like too much work.

Lissa apparently sensed her lethargy. "Would you like me to fix you something?" she asked.

"You don't have--"

"I want to."

Alya nodded. "If you wouldn't mind."

"Let's see... How does an omelet sound? With toast and jam on the side, and a glass of orange juice-- Gotta have your Vitamin C, after all."

"Sounds great," Alya smiled.

Lissa fixed the meal, then brought the food over and sat down beside her, placing the plates on the coffee table in front of them. The two girls sat and ate breakfast together, and Alya felt as cheerful as it was possible to be with a cold.

For the rest of the day Alya didn't feel much like doing anything. She tried studying-- Lissa seemed almost eager to do little things for her like fetching her books-- but between the cold and the side effects of the medicine to counteract it, she really couldn't focus. Maybe Lissa had been right; maybe Alya should have stayed in bed.

She took a nap just before lunch time, lying on her side on the couch with her head in Lissa's lap. She didn't know how she ended up in that position, but when she woke up later it felt so nice that she didn't want to get up, especially with Lissa gently stroking her hair.

They had leftover casserole for lunch, again sitting on the couch together. After a nice nap and a filling lunch, Alya had a little more energy, so she hit the books again. Lissa retrieved her own books from her room and sat down in the chair across the room to do some studying herself. Alya secretly wished that she had sat by her on the couch again, but there really wasn't room with the textbooks spread out on the coffee table.

In the afternoon, Alya called Matt and told him she wouldn't be able to go out with him because she was feeling sick. He offered to come by, but despite Lissa's insistence that it wouldn't bother her, Alya knew it was always a little awkward still when Lissa and Matt were together in the same room. Alya said she would be fine; her roommates were there to look after her.

Lissa stayed with her the rest of the day, except for one quick trip to the video store after Monique arrived home. Lissa picked out a couple of old musicals that she liked but that she remembered Alya mentioning that she had never seen before. Meg had a date with Sandy that night, but the other three roommates sat together on the couch watching the movies.

All drugged up on cold medicine, Alya had a hard time concentrating. She found herself nodding off several times. Each time, she ended up with her head on Lissa's shoulder. She awoke with a start, then apologized to Lissa, who said it was all right. After the third time, she quit apologizing and just let her head rest there. Lissa even put an arm around her, which felt really nice. Alya felt so relaxed that she just lay there for the rest of the evening.

When she woke up, the movies had ended. Monique was nowhere to be seen, but Lissa remained there in the same position, except fast asleep with her head back against the couch. Alya felt so relaxed and peaceful sitting there in her roommate's arms that she wanted to just sleep there all night.

Unfortunately, Meg arrived home a few minutes later, and the sound of her opening the door woke them both back up.

"Sorry to interrupt you," she said.

"It's okay," Lissa told her. "It's time we went to bed anyway." But she made no attempt to get up off of the couch, or even to remove her arm from around Alya's shoulders.

Meg came over and sat down on Alya's other side. "How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Better than I was," Alya commented.

"Has Lissa been taking good care of you?"

"She has. She really is the sweetest girl."

"Just my maternal instincts kicking in," Lissa smiled. "Right now you need someone to mother you. Speaking of which, it's past your bedtime, young lady."

"Yes, Mom," Alya grinned.

They rose from the couch, then Lissa accompanied her into her bedroom. Alya lay down, still just as sick but somehow not minding it so much. Lissa tucked her in, continuing her maternal role. She even kissed her on the forehead. A few days ago, that would have made Alya feel uncomfortable, but now she found she didn't mind it. It was too bad that Lissa had to leave her, but both girls needed their sleep after all.

The next morning, Alya felt a little better, but still not well enough to leave the apartment. Fortunately it was Saturday so she didn't have classes. Matt came over to spend the day with her, which she would have enjoyed more if not for the fact that Lissa decided to make herself scarce. She wasn't rude about it; she simply mentioned that she had some errands to run. Alya could feel a kind of tenseness in the air with Lissa and Matt there, though.

Her cold had mostly disappeared by Sunday, which was good because she couldn't afford to miss any more classes.

Lissa also knew she would have to make up for the time she had lost on Friday. She would have to talk to each of her professors to get copies of the class notes and assignments. Lissa had a couple of classes with daily quizzes, but she figured a little flirting on her part would make sure the professors wouldn't let that affect her grades.

On Monday, she decided to move on to the next stage with her roommate. If Alya wasn't going to take off her clothes, then Lissa would. As soon as she came home from school, she turned up the heat on the thermostat, then headed into her bedroom. Meg was already there, sitting on the bed with a textbook in her hand. Lissa gave her a wink, then started stripping out of her clothes.

"Ooh, what's the special occasion?" asked Meg. "More importantly, does it involve me?"

"Sorry," Lissa replied. "This is for Alya. Maybe if she gets used to seeing me naked, she'll be more inclined

to take her clothes off in front of me."

Meg shrugged. "Too bad."

"I'll make it up to you at the next lesson with Sandy," smiled Lissa. She finished undressing, tossing her clothes in the laundry hamper. Then she grabbed one of her own textbooks, sat on the bed, and began to study.

She knew Alya wouldn't be home for another hour or so, but she wanted to get comfortable before the girl saw her. She was a little nervous about the whole thing, so it wouldn't do to take her clothes off only five minutes before Alya got home.

She talked with Meg during that time, discussing the plans and getting feedback on how she was doing. Meg seemed to think Lissa was doing extremely well; there was a noticeable change in Alya. The girl seemed really happy, and although that could be attributed to her having a boyfriend, she also seemed to really enjoy Lissa's company, even more than her other roommates'. Meg, of course, claimed to be jealous, but she said it with a lighthearted and teasing tone.

An hour and a half later, they heard the front door opening. "Good luck," Meg whispered to Lissa, then went back to her studying. Lissa lay down on her bed, waiting to see if Alya would pop her head in to say hi.

There was a knock on the door. "Come in," said Meg. Alya opened the door.

"Lissa, I was--" she began, then stopped as she saw her lying there on the bed naked. She blinked a couple of times.

"What is it?" asked Lissa, as if nothing were out of the ordinary.

"I was... I mean..." Then the tone of her voice changed to one resembling that of an angry parent. "What are you doing, Lissa?" she asked.

"Studying."

"I don't mean that." She glanced over at Meg. "Lissa, can I talk to you alone for a minute? I mean, would you come into my room?"

"Sure," said Lissa, hopping up off the bed and heading for the door.

"Put some damn clothes on first!" Alya exclaimed.

"No need to be rude about it," said Lissa. She grabbed her bathrobe and slipped it on. "Good enough?"

"Good enough," Alya said, then led her down the hall to her bedroom. Once there, Alya sat on her bed and Lissa sat on Monique's.

"Lissa, what were you doing naked?" Alya asked.

"Oh, don't get so upset about it. I was just feeling a little warm, that's all."

"But just going around naked..."

"I wasn't *going around* anywhere. I was just lying on my bed studying. Meg goes naked all the time, and you haven't said anything to her about it."

"You're not Meg."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean, you're not... you're not a lesbian."

"And lesbians are the only ones to take their clothes off?"

"No, I didn't mean that."

"So tell me what you meant. Come on, Alya. How am I supposed to understand you when you won't even say what it is that's bothering you?"

"All right, you want the honest truth?"

"The truth would be nice."

"Okay. I suspect Meg goes naked because she likes the thought of other girls seeing her naked body. Because she's a lesbian."

"But that's not why I was doing it."

"Maybe not. But you were in there... with Meg... and both of you were naked. Do you see how bad that looks?"

"So you thought we had done something naughty?"

"No. I mean, maybe."

"And you were feeling a little jealous."

"Of course not! Don't joke around about things like that. I just thought it looked a little suspicious, that's all. Look, I know Meg wouldn't just take advantage of you, but doesn't it bother you a little bit to know that your naked body is being gawked at by a lesbian?"

Lissa laughed. "She wasn't gawking at me. Sure, she made a couple of off-color comments when I first took

off my clothes, but that's just her style. After that, she just went back to her reading."

"Lissa, you're not considering... switching over, are you?"

"Oh, I see what you're thinking. You're thinking that after what happened with Matt, I'm fed up with men completely, and so you're worried I'm going to turn into a lesbian."

"Well... actually yes."

"And what if I am?"

Alya stared at her for a second, obviously not sure what to say. "Look, I'm not your mother, and you're old enough to make those decisions on your own. But don't do something you'll regret, okay?"

"What, like get involved with Meg?"

"I know Meg wouldn't deliberately hurt you, but if you're playing those kinds of games with her, I'm not sure she could control herself. And then, well, she's already got a girlfriend, and so she wouldn't be able to give you the care you would need. Just be careful."

The two girls remained silent for a minute. Then Lissa broke down laughing.

"Oh, Alya, don't worry about me. I'll be fine. I like men too much to ever become a lesbian, all right?"

"So then you're not planning to... I mean..."

"Not at all."

"But aren't you concerned about Meg looking at you and thinking--"

"I don't give a damn what Meg thinks. Hell, she can have sexual fantasies about me if she wants, as long as she keeps them to herself. It doesn't hurt me, so why should I care? You know, you ought to take your clothes off in front of her some time. Then you'll see it's no big deal."

"Not me. One exhibitionist in this apartment is enough."

"Then there's a problem, because now there are two."

Alya rolled her eyes. "Why me?" she asked, though her worried tone had been replaced with a playful one.

Over the next couple of weeks, Alya noticed Lissa being extra nice to her. It wasn't any one big thing that she did, but a lot of smaller ones. Lissa fixed her dinner a few times, and helped her make her bed, and even gave her small presents. They weren't anything fancy, just some old jewelry and clothes that she didn't wear any

more.

Lissa also spent more time just sitting and talking with Alya, who found those times to be very pleasant. The two of them had already gotten along well, but their relationship only strengthened after the incident with Matt. Alya found that during the days she actually looked forward to coming home to spend time with her roommate.

Her first reaction to the new Lissa had been dislike, mostly because she felt the girl was hurting herself. But she also seemed to be going out of her way to be nice to Alya. That confused her. How could a girl who seemed hell-bent on ruining her own life also be so sweet and likable?

It wasn't what she had expected from the girl whose boyfriend she had stolen. In any sane world she would expect Lissa to hate her. But for some reason, her roommate really seemed to care about her.

Alya finally decided to ask Lissa about it. One afternoon when the two of them were alone together in the apartment, Alya approached Lissa.

"I want to ask you a question, and I don't want you to take it the wrong way," she said.

"What is it?"

"Why are you being so nice to me all of a sudden? Ever since you broke up with Matt, you're being extra friendly with me. What's going on?"

"Is it that obvious?" asked Lissa.

"Yes."

"Okay, maybe I overdid things a little. I just wanted to show you that I have no hard feelings."

"Okay. I suppose that makes sense. And I appreciate it, I really do. I was just curious, that's all."

"There's something else too," said Lissa. "I suppose you might as well know."

"What?"

"I still think Matt's going to betray you. And when he does, it's going to be hard on you. I want you to have a good friend that you can come to, and because it's something that I've gone through myself, I would like to be that friend."

Alya hugged her. "You're so sweet, Lissa. What other girl would want to look out for the girl that stole her boyfriend? You're really amazing, you know that?"

"I just don't want to see you get hurt like I was," Lissa told her.

"Okay, if it ever happens like you say, you'll be the first one I tell."

After that, the two of them were inseparable. They were at the very least best friends, and perhaps even as close as sisters. They started buying their groceries together, making dinner together, and occasionally going to the movies together, at least on the nights when Matt and Alya didn't go out. Lissa seemed to be in brighter spirits after that, and Alya was happy to know that she was helping her to heal from the pain Matt had caused her.

There was always an uneasiness whenever Matt came over to visit Alya if Lissa was there, but Alya noticed that even that seemed to diminish over time. Lissa even started laughing and joking with them, and the whole atmosphere seemed to be quite cheerful, considering what had just happened to Lissa a couple of weeks before.

In fact, only Alya seemed to feel the slightest uneasiness whenever the three of them were together. She always expected Lissa to suddenly blow up and yell at Matt, but her fears proved unfounded. Still, she tried to limit the times that Matt came over to visit. That meant spending less time with him, but she didn't mind. She still had Lissa to keep her company after all.

It was Friday night, a week before Christmas vacation, when something happened that set in motion events that would change her relationship with both Matt and Lissa forever.

Chapter 71

The Final Betrayal

The day was drawing to a close on that cold, December evening as Alya sat in the library. Although it was Friday night, she was cramming for a test coming up on Monday, so she had told Matt that she wouldn't be able to go out with him. He was very understanding of the whole thing, which was one thing she liked about him so much. He was always so considerate.

Surprisingly, she didn't feel bad about it at all. She really wasn't in the mood to go out with Matt that night anyway; she probably wouldn't have enjoyed herself. After she finished here, she planned to go back to the apartment and just relax for a while. Lissa would be there, and Alya always enjoyed her company.

She had been thinking about Lissa increasingly frequently lately, and wanting to spend more and more time with her. She sometimes thought she had more fun with Lissa than Matt, which was a surprising thought. Matt was handsome and charming, and the sex was nice of course, but there was something about Lissa that made Alya feel so comfortable around her. With Matt, Alya always felt self-conscious, as if their relationship were fragile and could be destroyed with a single wrong word. With Lissa, there was none of that. Alya could just let go of all her worries and be herself, because Lissa would never judge her.

Even with dozens of other students in the library, Alya suddenly felt very lonely. She had an urge to close up her books and go home right now, to talk and joke and laugh with Lissa. She could always study extra hard tomorrow to make up for it.

That wasn't like her, she realized. Alya would never sacrifice good studying time for such simple pleasures. At least, that used to be the way she felt. She was a bookworm, but lately she had felt a lot more social, at least around Matt and her roommates.

She sighed and closed her book. If she was going to let her mind wander like that, there was no point staying here in the library. She wasn't really getting any studying done anyway. Maybe after taking a long break with Lissa she would hit the books again later that night, but for now she was too tired.

As she stepped out of the library, a cold wind whipped through her hair, causing her to shiver. At the moment it was not snowing, but it had snowed a little earlier in the day, and the ground was covered in a white blanket. She had to be careful to watch her step; the sidewalks could be icy when it was like this.

She had brought only a light jacket, so was unprepared for the cold air. Part of her wanted to march right back into the warm library building, but she knew that her apartment was waiting for her. As soon as she arrived home, she would grab one of the blankets off her bed and curl up on the couch.

The only thing missing from the fantasy was a nice mug of hot chocolate (with marshmallows, of course).

She had neither at home, so that was out of the question. Then she realized that there was a mini mart only a couple of blocks out of her way. They were bound to have at least the hot chocolate this time of year, and probably the marshmallows too. It would mean a longer trip home, but the thought of nursing a hot cup of cocoa was too pleasant to ignore. She left the library steps and headed in the direction of the mini mart.

Once she left the campus, the streets became more or less deserted. It was actually nice and peaceful, if a little cold. She wrapped her coat tightly around her, wondering if she should re-think her decision. Maybe she should just go home and ask Lissa to drive her over to the store. But no, she thought it might be fun to surprise all of her roommates by making them hot chocolate. So she trudged on to the store.

It was nice and warm inside, so she took her time browsing through the aisles, hoping not to find her targets too quickly. The hot chocolate was right up front, but fortunately she had to scan the aisles twice for the marshmallows, which were sitting on a shelf way in the back. Her usual hot drink of choice was tea, but tonight for some reason she craved a hot cup of cocoa. Part of that was that Lissa didn't usually drink tea, and the whole point was to have a bonding experience with her roommate. She paid for the groceries, then with her newfound treasures she marched back out into the cold.

Now she had no other obstacles in her way. She could go home satisfied that she had accomplished her goal. She could almost taste the cocoa already.

A couple of blocks from the store, she noticed a young couple kissing in the front seat of a parked car. She grinned, finding the scene rather amusing. Well, it was really none of her business, and she was getting cold, so she slipped quietly past them.

"Oh, Matt!" she heard the woman moan.

Alya's eyes suddenly went back to the couple making out in the car. It couldn't be! Hesitantly, she approached for a better look. It was the same brown hair, the same gray jacket.

She maneuvered to the front, and suddenly, it was perfectly clear. The boy was Matt!

Angrily, she approached the car, then knocked on the window. Matt turned around. When he saw her, his eyes grew wide with astonishment. The girl looked surprised as well, though she was someone Alya had never met before.

As Matt rolled down the window, his surprise turned to fear.

"Oh my god!" he exclaimed. "I just..."

Then Alya did something that surprised even herself. She laughed. Lissa had been right all along about him. By sowing that seed of doubt, she had forced Alya to consider the possibility that Matt would be unfaithful to her. She had wondered what she would do in this situation, and now that it happened, she realized that she had thought about it so much that it seemed perfectly natural to her. *Of course* Matt was going to be unfaithful! That was just his character. Alya didn't need someone like that in her life.

"Who the hell are you?" the girl demanded.

"You don't want to know my name," Alya replied, "and I don't want to know yours. I just think you ought to know that Matt's been sleeping with me. Goodbye, Matt. Don't bother calling."

Without even waiting to see the result of her words, she turned and walked away, leaving Matt behind forever.

She felt no sadness, no remorse, no regret. In fact, she felt more free than she had since she started dating him. Up till now, there had always been that specter looming there, the thought that maybe, just maybe, he would cheat on her. It was always a nagging doubt in the back of her mind. Ironically, now that it had proven true, now that there was no more doubt, it freed her from the worry.

Lissa had warned her about this. Lissa, her wonderful, sweet roommate, had wanted so much to spare her from the anguish. But the funny thing was that there was no anguish! As she thought about it, she realized it was because her relationship with Matt had been mostly physical. Sure she enjoyed the sex, but it couldn't take the place of a deeper, more emotional relationship. Hell, at that moment she thought she could give up sex entirely as long as she had good friends like Lissa around. She found that she wanted to be near her, to talk to her, maybe to hug her and feel her strength.

Alya smiled as she walked home to her apartment. She couldn't wait to tell Lissa about what happened.

Lissa was sitting on the couch with a textbook in her hands when Alya entered. Alya dropped her bag in the entryway, sat down next to Lissa and threw her arms around her, catching her off guard.

"What's this for?" asked Lissa, though she had to admit it felt nice.

"Oh, thank you!" said Alya. "Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"You're welcome, you're welcome, you're welcome, you're welcome," Lissa replied, laughing.

Alya let her go, but left one arm around her shoulders. She wore a friendly smile on her face as she gazed into Lissa's eyes.

"What's going on?" asked Meg from where she sat at the kitchen table.

"Oh, I might as well tell everyone," said Alya. "I caught Matt with another woman."

"That creep!" Meg exclaimed.

"Oh Alya!" said Lissa. "I'm so sorry!"

"Sorry? What for? You were the one who warned me about him. And you know what? It's okay. You'll be

happy to know that it doesn't bother me a bit. Isn't that what you wanted? To spare me from the pain?"

"I still feel bad about this whole thing."

"Well, it's over now, and there's no use crying over it."

"No, but there are other things we can do," said Meg. "For instance, the term 'lynch mob' comes to mind."

"Don't worry about Matt. When I caught him with that girl, I told her he's been sleeping with me. So now it looks like he's lost both his girlfriends in one night. That's a suitable punishment, don't you think?"

"Yeah, but a guy like him probably has two or three spares lying around somewhere."

"Well, he can do what he wants now, since I've given up all claim to him."

"Oh, come on," said Meg. "You two both know where he sleeps, don't you? Why not take advantage of the fact?"

"Meg, this is Alya's decision to make," said Lissa. "If she's willing to let things be, then I think we can do the same."

"Oh, all right. But you two are no fun."

"Thanks, Meg," Alya told her. "But it's over, and there's nothing more to be said about it. Besides, I bought some hot chocolate to make for you guys, and I'll be damned if he's going to spoil my evening."

Meg laughed. "Who needs a boyfriend if you can have hot chocolate, right? Not that there would be any competition in my case."

Alya got up and skipped into the kitchen to put some milk on the stove. Monique happened to be out of town, which meant there were only three of them to share the bounty. Five minutes later the girls all crowded into the kitchen to fill their mugs with steaming hot milk and stir in the cocoa powder. Then they returned to the living room to sit and talk. Alya went to her room to retrieve a blanket to wrap around her, and Lissa thought it was such a good idea that she did the same. Not wanting to be left out, Meg grabbed her own blanket, and the three of them sat and talked, all bundled up.

Lissa felt bad for Alya, but also for herself. Now she wouldn't get the chance to destroy the relationship. Alya was taking it rather well, all things considered, and Lissa felt happy for her. She had discarded Matt and moved on with her life, and it looked like she didn't feel the same pain that Lissa had.

In a way, Lissa was jealous. She wished she had had as easy a time getting over the relationship as Alya had. She wished someone had warned *her* what Matt was like so that she could have been prepared for it. But instead she had been left exposed, naked, and vulnerable before the awful truth.

That didn't mean she would have preferred to have Alya go through the same thing. Alya didn't deserve that.

Even the new Lissa wouldn't have wished that on her roommate. Certainly it would have made her job easier; a girl who was hurting inside was much more easy to take advantage of. But it didn't change the fact that Lissa still had to go through with this.

They continued to talk for over three hours, about subjects ranging from world history classes to the pros and cons of fruit-flavored shampoos, to the finer details of bicycle maintenance. They talked of their families, of past relationships, and of their favorite movie stars. Not surprisingly, Meg's were all female. They teased Lissa about being a spoiled rich girl, Meg about liking women, and Alya about being a nerd. They even joked about Monique being French, even though she was not there to defend herself. Not once did the topic of Matt come up again in the conversation; Alya didn't seem to want to talk to him, and out of respect for her feelings Lissa and Meg didn't either.

As the evening wore on and the conversation wound down, Alya said she was getting sleepy and wanted to go to bed early. Lissa figured that was a sign that she wanted to be alone, so she and Meg headed back to their bedroom, each plopping down on their respective beds.

"So that's it, then," said Meg.

"That's what?" asked Lissa.

"Alya's broken up with Matt. Isn't that what you wanted?"

Lissa sighed. "What I wanted was to be the one to break them up. So now I'll have to scratch that part of the plan."

"What do you mean? Isn't the whole plan scratched?"

Lissa shook her head. "Alya's just gotten out of a bad relationship. Another one like that could ruin her. What she needs right now is to get involved with someone who won't do that to her."

"Meaning you."

"Meaning me."

"I'm not sure this is such a good idea any more, Lissa. You know I'd be overjoyed if she came over, but you're playing with her emotions."

"I'm giving her what she needs."

"Bullshit. You saw her. She wasn't crying, she wasn't angry, hell, she acted like she didn't even care. I think that's due to you. You've been a good friend to her, so maybe you should quit while you're ahead."

"Have you ever seen anyone get over a boy that easily? Or a girl for that matter?"

"No, but that's all the more reason--"

"What if she's hurt inside? What if she's putting on a positive face when really she's torn up over him?"

"What if you're just speculating?"

"Why am I trying to justify myself to you, anyway? What business is it of yours?"

"Okay, fine. I don't want to argue over this. Just be careful, for her sake and yours," she said with a tone of finality.

Lissa smiled at her, then reached out and put a friendly hand on hers. "Thanks, Meg, for looking out for us. I appreciate it, I really do." She stood up and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Meg.

"To put into effect the next step of my plan," Lissa explained with a grin.

After the cold evening air, Alya felt nice and comfortable in her bed. She had to admit that she enjoyed having a nice warm body in bed with her, but Matt would never again have that privilege. Sleeping alone actually felt a bit liberating. She sighed and turned onto her side facing the wall, just wanting to sleep.

The door opened, spilling light into the room. Alya turned over and squinted into the brightness. Lissa stood there, framed in the doorway. With the light shining behind her, she looked like an angel.

Lissa closed the door and crossed the room to the bed. Alya was startled to feel the covers being lifted, and Lissa slipping in beside her.

"What are you doing?" she whispered.

"I thought you needed someone to hold you right now," Lissa replied. "That first night after I caught Matt and you together, I cried myself to sleep. The last thing I wanted was to be alone, but there was no one to comfort me. I was even tempted to ask Meg to climb into bed with me, and damn the consequences. I don't want you to have to be alone tonight."

"I'm fine, Lissa," she said, "Really."

"Maybe you think you are, but what happens at two or three in the morning when no one else is awake and you have only your thoughts and emotions keeping you company? Trust me, Alya. I want to be here for you."

Alya considered. Lissa had been so good to her. Despite the fact that Alya was slightly older than her, Lissa had been like a big sister. As she thought about it, she realized she really did want someone to stay with her tonight, especially someone as kind and loving as Lissa.

"All right," she agreed, then turned over and lay her head down on the pillow. Lissa scooted in next to her,

turned to face her, and put an arm around her. Alya had to admit, it did feel good. She could feel Lissa's warm body pressed up against her back and her breath on the back of her neck. It was like a never-ending hug, and Alya felt she needed a hug right now. Just feeling Lissa so close to her, knowing she was there to protect her from her own grief and loneliness, was so peaceful and relaxing. She drifted off to sleep, more content than she had been in a long time.

When she woke up crying at two-thirty, she realized Lissa had been right. Unlike the daytime when she had other things to keep her mind occupied, now in the middle of the night she was laid bare to her emotions. The thought that she had almost fallen in love with Matt both frightened her and saddened her. Overall, there was a deep regret for what could have been. It wasn't that she missed Matt, surprisingly. She had never really trusted him, and so their relationship remained shallow. But she regretted wasting time with him when she could have had a much deeper and more fulfilling relationship with someone who truly cared for her.

Then she felt Lissa's warm body against her back, and she suddenly felt much better. As long as she had good friends like Lissa there for her, she could face anything. She turned over so that she could be face to face with her roommate.

Lissa's eyes opened.

"Oh, I'm sorry," whispered Alya. "I didn't mean to wake you."

"It's all right," Lissa replied, putting her hand to Alya's cheek. Then, feeling moisture there, she drew it away.

"So I was right after all," said Lissa.

"Yes, you were right after all. I hate Matt for what he did to me, but worse, for what he did to you. You deserve so much better than that, Lissa."

"It's all right," soothed Lissa. "As long as we have each other."

"Thank you so much. I don't know how I could stand this if you weren't here for me."

"Oh, come here, Alya." Lissa rolled over onto her back, pulling Alya over on top of her. For a moment, Alya was shocked; the position had a potentially sexual feel to it. But she pushed that thought from her mind; Lissa wouldn't do something like that to her. It was probably completely innocent. She lowered her head and rested it on Lissa's shoulder. It felt so comforting, like when she had been held this way by her mother as a child. In fact, Lissa was being a surrogate mother to her, which was just what she needed right now. It was so comforting to know that she was there. As Lissa tenderly stroked her hair, the sadness and anger faded into nothingness again, and Alya let herself drop off to sleep once more.

As the next day was Saturday, there was no alarm to wake them. Lissa actually woke at 6:30, but as Alya was still asleep, she didn't want to disturb her. It actually felt nice to be sleeping in each other's arms like this, with Alya's quiet breathing the only sound in the room. The girl's cheek rested on Lissa's chest, and Lissa thought she looked so beautiful like that.

For a moment she began to have her doubts about this whole plan. What would happen to Alya after Lissa seduced her? Would it ruin her life, as Meg had suspected? Lissa had fantasized about walking down the street holding Alya's hand and running into Matt, and then kissing Alya passionately to show him what he had given up. But she was taking an awful risk with Alya's heart.

That was the old Lissa speaking, she decided. The new Lissa had no fears, no inhibitions, and no regrets. She did what she wanted.

She lay there for another hour, just staring up at the ceiling and enjoying the peace and serenity of Alya's sleeping form there with her.

When Alya finally woke, she groggily lifted up her head and stared around the room. Then she glanced down at Lissa, who was lying there smiling at her.

"Good morning, sleeping beauty," said Lissa. "How are you feeling?"

"A lot better," Alya replied. The two of them sat up, then rested there together on the bed.

"Are you sure you're all right?" asked Lissa, putting an arm around her shoulders.

"Yeah, I'll be fine. Thanks for staying with me last night. And thanks for looking after me. I feel kind of embarrassed, crying like a baby."

"Oh, don't be. I did the same thing when I first lost Matt. If there's any time when it's all right for a girl to cry, it's when she catches her boyfriend cheating on her."

"Lissa, you're so sweet. I don't know what I'd do without you."

In reply, Lissa pulled her in to a tight embrace. As she hugged Alya, she decided to be bold. She had to play this perfectly or it could spoil everything, but she knew what she had to do. As the two girls began to draw apart, Lissa kept her face up next to Alya's, their cheeks rubbing against each other.

Now! She turned her head ever so slightly, and suddenly the two girls' lips touched. Alya's eyes opened wide, and Lissa copied her expression. She couldn't afford to seem too eager.

Lissa deliberately tensed her body for a moment as if frightened or confused, then relaxed and let the kiss happen. She closed her eyes and melted into Alya's arms. Actually, it felt surprisingly good, considering that she had only been a lesbian for a couple of weeks. Alya was still hesitant, but she drew out the kiss a surprisingly long time.

When they drew apart, Lissa kept her eyes closed and wore a smile of contentment on her face. "Oh, Alya!" she sighed. Then she opened her eyes in an expression that she hoped looked like alarm, and pulled back. "Oh my god, Alya," she breathed. "Did you just...? When I slept in your bed last night, I didn't mean that we should..."

Alya looked confused, even a little hurt. "I'm sorry," she said. "I don't know what came over me." *Perfect!* Lissa thought. Alya had fallen for it; she thought this was her own doing. And that meant that she thought it was something she wanted just as much, if not more, than Lissa did.

The two of them sat there together like that, just looking at each other, not saying a word. Lissa allowed it to continue for about fifteen seconds. It had to be long enough to allow the thought of what had happened to sink in, but not long enough to give Alya time to think that maybe it had been deliberate.

"Alya," said Lissa finally, in a timid voice. "Do you... do you really think of me like that?" she asked.

"I don't know," Alya replied, staring down at the bed. "I've never kissed a girl like that before."

"Neither have I," Lissa lied. "I didn't think I could ever do something like that." Then, feeling a sudden surge of boldness, she added, "But with you it's different."

"What do you mean?" asked Alya, a little defensively.

"I don't know. You know I love you, Alya, right? I mean, I feel closer to you than to Monique or Meg, especially these past few weeks. Maybe it's because this whole thing with Matt has given us something that we've shared, even if it wasn't particularly pleasant for either one of us. I just want you to be happy. Anything I can do for you, I will do with all my heart.

"And then when you just kissed me... I thought it was something you wanted, something I could do to make you happy. And maybe, just maybe, it's something I wanted too. I mean, it did feel nice."

"Lissa, I can't believe you're saying this! I'm not a lesbian."

"Why did you kiss me, then?" She changed her expression to one of disappointment and hurt.

"I told you, I don't know. But we shouldn't do things like that."

"You're probably right," said Lissa. "If we continued, it might ruin our friendship." She turned away, then rubbed the back of her hands across her eyes as if to wipe away tears.

"Lissa," Alya said softly. "Look, I don't want to hurt you. But we can't do this."

"I know," she said, putting a bit of a sob into her voice. "I just wish... I just wish you hadn't kissed me, because now I know what it feels like." She got up and left the room.

Now that she had taken the next step (and played her part perfectly, incidentally), it was time to change roles.

Before, she had been a source of strength for Alya, to give her the courage to walk away from Matt. Now she had to reverse it. She would be the vulnerable one, leaning on Alya's strength.

She grabbed a change of clothes from her room, winking at Meg to let her know that her plan was working, then headed into the shower. Afterward, she entered the kitchen to eat breakfast, and found Alya sitting there already. Lissa remained quiet, and so did her roommate. That was what she had hoped. Alya was thinking about that kiss, no doubt not able to talk about it.

The silence continued for the rest of the day. After breakfast Alya packed up her books and left for the library, leaving Lissa and Meg alone in the house. The two of them discussed the plan, and although Meg was still a little wary about it, she promised not to interfere.

Alya returned at lunch time, but all she said to either one of them was "hi." To see them sitting there, not speaking, one would never guess that just last night they had been talking away for hours about everything and nothing. The atmosphere in the apartment wasn't exactly gloomy, but there was a nervous tension in the air.

After lunch Alya decided to study in the living room. For a moment she looked as if she wanted to say something to Lissa, but that moment passed and she buried her nose in her books. Lissa went to her room and stayed there for the rest of the afternoon, only re-emerging at dinner time.

Tonight Meg fixed dinner for everyone, which would have given Alya and Lissa time to talk except that they weren't talking. Lissa decided that she wouldn't let it go on another day, because that would actually work against her plan. Tonight the two of them needed to have a heart-to-heart discussion. But Lissa couldn't be the one to start it. It had to be Alya.

As soon as Lissa was finished eating, she took her dishes over to the dishwasher. Suddenly, she slammed them down in the sink and fled to her bedroom. She noticed a look of shock on Alya's face as she passed. Perfect.

As soon as Lissa closed the door, she went over to the dresser where she hung her purse, and pulled out a small plastic bag. Inside was a dark red powder. This was a trick she had thought up a couple of days ago. Testing it had been a little painful, but now she knew exactly what she had to do. She dipped her thumb and forefinger into the powder, pinching a bit between them. Then she dusted her fingers off-- she couldn't afford to overdo it. Knowing what was coming, she took a deep breath, then rubbed her eyes.

Even the tiniest trace of the cayenne pepper still left on her fingers was enough to sting. More importantly, it was enough to bring tears to her eyes. The pain would go away in a few minutes, but the effects of the tears would linger much longer.

She replaced the bag in her purse, lay down on her bed, and waited for Alya to come check on her.

The girl was so predictable. Five minutes later, there came a knock on the door.

"Come in," Lissa told her.

Alya opened the door and stepped into the room. Lissa continued to lie on the bed, facing the wall.

"Lissa, we need to talk," said Alya.

"Please leave me alone, Alya."

"No. I know you don't want to talk to me right now, but we have to."

Lissa turned around and sat up, gazing at her roommate with tear-filled eyes.

"You've been crying," said Alya.

"So what? I'm allowed to cry if I want."

Alya sat down on the bed next to her and put an arm around her. "Look, Lissa, all this time you've been looking out for me, trying to make sure I didn't get hurt. Now it's time for me to take care of you for a change. Tell me what's been bothering you."

"You!" Lissa accused.

"Me?" asked Alya.

"Yes! It's just so... frustrating being around you. This morning you kissed me, and then all the rest of the day, you've been treating me like I wasn't even there. I just want to be friends again, but you've been avoiding me all day. I don't know what to think any more. Did I do something wrong? I'll do anything to make it up to you. If you want, I'll... let you kiss me again. I'll even let you... I'll let you..."

"Lissa, please don't. You're just confused right now. And you didn't do anything wrong."

"So you don't hate me?"

"Of course I don't hate you!" Alya told her. "I've been confused today myself. It wasn't that I was trying to avoid you; I just didn't know how to talk to you after what happened this morning."

"So you don't blame me for it?"

"Blame you? Of course not. I was the one who kissed you, remember? Or at the very least, we kissed each other."

Lissa leaned in and hugged her. "I just thought... maybe after I didn't measure up to your expectations, you didn't like me any more," she said.

"Oh, Lissa, you know I wouldn't ever hurt you like that," Alya soothed as Lissa lay her head on Alya's

shoulder. "It really has nothing to do with that."

"So you liked it too?"

Alya sighed. "I don't know. It's really a new experience for me. Maybe I was feeling a little vulnerable after what happened with Matt, or maybe I was just trying to get even with him. Or maybe I feel so close to you that I made a mistake in trying to take our friendship to the next level."

"But is it really a mistake?"

"Lissa, we can't do this. It's not right. It sounds like you're a little vulnerable right now too. If I were to do this, I would be taking advantage of you."

Lissa nodded, then pulled away and looked Alya in the eyes, though she made sure to keep that disappointed look on her face. "You're probably right," she said. "Things have just been so confusing lately. I hope I haven't made it sound like I've been coming on to you. I just thought maybe you were mad at me for rejecting you. I thought if I were to let you.... I mean... Oh, I don't know. I just want you to like me."

"I do like you. Oh, hell, I might as well say it. I love you. But only as a friend, all right?"

"All right," Lissa replied with what she hoped looked like a forced smile. "That's all I really wanted."

"So we're friends again?"

Lissa nodded. "We're friends again," she agreed.

They got up and headed back out to the living room, smiling. They were just about to sit down when the phone rang. Meg was closest, so she answered it.

"Hello? Oh, hi Matt," she said, and her face lit up with a cheerful smile. Lissa's and Alya's darkened at the name of their enemy. Meg, however, was unfazed. "Just the person I wanted to talk to," she said. "No, you can't talk to Alya; I want you all to myself. You know, I was thinking about you all night, sweetie. Couldn't get you out of my mind. I finally had to go do something, so this morning I went out and bought a meat cleaver. The girls and I came to the conclusion that we want to help you. We figure that your biggest problem is your inability to control your urges, so we're going to physically remove the source of those urges, and then you can get on with your life. I know, you don't deserve such kindness after what you did to Lissa and Alya, but they're so sweet, looking out for your welfare like that. Unfortunately, I didn't realize how dull the cleaver was until after I bought it, so it will make for kind of a sloppy amputation. But don't worry; I'm going to go buy a hacksaw next week as a backup. That will make it much cleaner, although a lot slower. What's that? Oh, no need to thank me. We'll be by your apartment some time to take care of it for you. You don't need to give me your address; both Alya and Lissa know where you live after all. Unfortunately, I don't know when we'll get the chance. We're all kind of busy so we need to find a time when we can all come see you at once. Don't worry though, we're definitely going to stop by some time. We'll just make it a nice surprise. Anyway, we'll see you later, dear. Love you. Bye."

She hung up the phone, and Alya and Lissa burst out laughing.

Alya got up and dashed over to Meg, then threw her arms around her and hugged her. "Thanks, Meg," she said.

"For what?"

"For always being there to look after us. Maybe we don't always show it, but we really do appreciate you."

"Well, I wish I could say it was out of the goodness of my heart," Meg replied, "but the truth is, I'm just trying to get into your pants." She reached down and pinched Alya's ass. Alya yelped, then slapped Meg's hand and, laughing, returned to the couch, where Lissa was already sitting.

"And thanks to you too, Lissa," Alya told her, hugging her as well. Lissa hugged her back, thinking just how nice it felt. Yes, seducing the girl was going to be fun.

After that, things were back to normal, or at least, mostly back to normal. Alya did notice that Lissa seemed a lot more affectionate than before. It wasn't any one single thing that she did, but more a combination of little things, like hugging Alya a lot more than before, or laying her head on Alya's shoulder when they watched TV, or wrestling with her. One day when they were both particularly exhausted from their studies, they even fell asleep together on the couch and Alya woke up on top of Lissa with her head on the girl's chest. Lissa was still fast asleep, so Alya lay there for ten minutes just listening to her breathe. When Lissa finally woke, she seemed a little embarrassed, but once they sat up again, Lissa threw her arms around her in a friendly embrace. Alya didn't mind; in truth she actually enjoyed the attention. Lissa was really a sweet girl who was nice to hug.

Alya did have her suspicions, though. Lissa had all but admitted that she was willing to take their relationship beyond friendship. Maybe those innocent gestures were not so innocent after all. Even more surprising was that even with these suspicions, Alya didn't mind a bit. If she was going to cross over, it would be with a girl like Lissa. Not that she had any plans to make the switch any time soon. For now she was content just to be friends.

She aced her test on Monday, which didn't surprise anyone in the apartment. When she mentioned it, Lissa threw her arms around her and congratulated her so cheerfully that Alya might as well have announced that she had won ten million in the lottery. But she hugged Lissa back, happy that her roommate took so much thrill in her accomplishments.

There was only a week left before Christmas vacation started, and they were all excited for the break. It would be a welcome relief from the stresses of college life. A couple of weeks before, Matt had invited Alya to go home with him to meet his parents, but now that that had fallen through, on Monday she called her own parents to make new arrangements. It wouldn't be the same, but at least she would be at home with her own family.

She got airplane tickets for Friday night, which came all too soon. She was the first one to leave, so she said goodbye to all her roommates, giving them all hugs. Lissa, of course, drew out that hug extra long. When they pulled apart, Alya thought she almost saw tears in the girl's eyes.

"I'll miss you," Lissa told her.

"I'll miss you too," replied Alya. "But it's only for a couple of weeks after all."

"I know. You've got my home phone number, so call me the day after Christmas, okay?"

"I will. So I'll see you soon." She turned around, picked up her bags, and left the apartment, surprised to feel tears in her own eyes.

Chapter 72

Double Seduction

Lissa's mood was exactly opposite of what she had projected. The sadness and longing was all an act. The truth was that she felt excited to be returning home. She missed her dad, and Allison, and Jeff, and especially little Brit. A part of the old Lissa remained, a part that felt protective of her younger siblings, especially Brit. Jeff was old enough to take care of himself, but Lissa worried about her little sister, especially since her brother who should have looked after her still tended to fight with her all the time. Not that it was all his fault, of course, but without Lissa there to mediate, Brit would be left at the mercy of a boy who was older, stronger, and probably twice her size. He would never deliberately hurt her, but what if he just didn't realize his own strength?

But that was the old Lissa thinking, the one she had cast aside. The new Lissa didn't care. She had no responsibility to them any more; they would just have to learn to get along without her interfering. That thought was liberating, and she smiled.

She took the bus to the airport so she wouldn't have to leave her car in long-term parking. A few hours later she sat aboard the plane, happy and excited, and almost, but not quite, able to ignore her feelings of guilt.

It had to do with Alya. The girl was so sweet, almost innocent in a way. She had fallen for Matt because she was inexperienced in love, not completely emotionally mature. And now Lissa was going to risk destroying her.

It's for her own good, she told herself, but she was hardly convincing. In truth, it was to justify her own vanity. This had become a challenge, and the new Lissa never backed down from a challenge.

Still, it felt like a rotten thing to do to a good person. She could try to rationalize that Alya deserved it for stealing Lissa's boyfriend, but even that was a stretch. Lissa didn't hate her for that; she had spoken truly when she said that Alya was as much a victim as Lissa was. And she really did care about Alya's feelings. The two of them had become good friends over this, and Lissa really enjoyed her friendship. She was even willing to admit that she felt a bit lonely here on the plane without Alya there with her. But she had to do what she had to do.

No guilt, she thought. *I told myself I would never feel guilt again. Lissa Primdale does what she wants.*

After a few minutes of such self-talk, she felt much better about it.

The plane landed a couple of hours later and Lissa disembarked with the rest of the passengers. As she emerged from the long tunnel, she spotted her family standing nearby. She trotted over to them and began to hug them all.

Not surprisingly, Brit hugged her the tightest. That made Lissa feel good; it meant that her little sister was still the same girl she had left behind.

As they made their way to the baggage carousel to pick up her luggage, she told them all about college life. She mentioned Matt and how he had dumped her for her roommate, leaving out the part about how she had found out; Brit was still too young to hear things like that after all. She talked about her Thanksgiving with Meg's family, again leaving out certain incidents. She even left out any mention of Meg's sexuality, saying only that she was a bit of a wild girl.

Brit and Jeff talked with her, asking her plenty of questions. That was strange; for one thing, they didn't say a single harsh word to each other, and for another, Jeff was speaking a lot more than he used to.

Even though it had only been four months, it seemed like the two of them had changed so much. It wasn't that they looked different. In fact, they looked exactly the same. But there was something a little more mature about them. Maybe it was that they weren't constantly fighting and teasing each other. In fact, they actually seemed to *like* each other! That was shocking, but maybe it was because Brit was now a teenager, too old to play the role of the snotty little brat.

She noticed something else about Jeff as well. He had a confidence now that he had lacked before. He had always been a good-looking kid, but he had a shy streak that manifested itself around girls, even Allison. Now, though, that bashfulness had disappeared completely, replaced by a quiet, inner strength. It was actually quite sexy.

She was about to try to clear her mind of that thought, but then realized, what the hell. The old Lissa wouldn't dare think about things like that, but the new Lissa had no problem with it.

She realized that Brit was also turning into quite the beauty. She had been filling out all summer, and although she still had the figure of a thirteen year old, now her little girl ways had been discarded, leaving a hot little teenager in their place. No doubt all the boys in her junior high were lusting after her.

Dad and Allison, of course, were the same as always. Dad was quiet and conservative, but kept stealing glances at Lissa's body whenever he thought nobody was looking. And why not? He had been doing the same thing the whole summer since the Hawaii trip in June. Allison, of course, was friendly and cheerful, but Lissa couldn't help wondering if she was doing the same thing. It made Lissa feel a little aroused by the thought of them thinking of her in that way.

Then she wondered something else. If Dad and Allison were thinking it, what about Jeff? Lissa's new flirtatious manner, of course, wasn't exactly designed for them, but why not? Was Jeff fantasizing about her right now?

That brought up an intriguing possibility. She had already admitted that she found Jeff sexy. And she was about to spend two weeks with her family, two weeks without much chance of having her way with boys, or girls for that matter. She didn't know if she could stand it. That meant she had to make do with what she had.

She might be able to get Allison to indulge her. After all, they had made good progress down that road six months ago. While that was tempting, she had a better idea in mind. She had already admitted that that trip on the sailboat had been the new Lissa, the one who was willing to do anything. Well, if she was willing to put her own father's dick in her mouth, she would have no qualms about seducing her own brother.

By the time they reached the van, Lissa had made up her mind. She would give Jeff a Christmas present he would never forget!

"I hope you don't mind," said Dad as they drove home from the airport, "but you're going to have to sleep with Brit while you're here. We've been cleaning out the garage, and we have a bunch of crates filling your room temporarily. We've set up the old bunk bed in Brit's room. You know, the one you used when the two of you were younger."

Actually, Lissa did mind, but not for any reason that she was willing to admit to them. No privacy meant that there would be little chance of getting Jeff alone one night and...

"Okay, but I get to sleep on top," she said instead.

"Hey, no fair!" Brit complained.

"It's just for a couple of weeks," Allison told her. "If you want, we can leave the bunk bed set up and you can sleep on top after Lissa's gone."

"Oh, all right," Brit mumbled.

Well, that put an end to Lissa's fantasies about Jeff. On the other hand, since she was already going to sleep in the same room as Brit...

She giggled at just how naughty that thought was. Would even the new Lissa be willing to go that far?

"What's so funny?" asked Jeff.

"Nothing," Lissa responded. "Just a momentary absurd idea I had."

"What kind of idea?"

"Nothing I'd tell *you*," she smiled sweetly.

"Oh, come on."

"Never you mind, dear," said Allison. "A girl needs her secrets."

Allison would certainly know about that! There was a particular one that Allison and Lissa shared, for instance, that they wouldn't want Jeff or Brit to discover.

"So how's your head, Jeff?" she asked instead.

"My head?"

"Yeah, I heard you had a major concussion. Do you still get headaches and fainting spells?"

"Not for a couple of months now."

"Well, I'm glad. Wouldn't want to have anything spoil your Christmas."

"I have a feeling this is going to be the best Christmas ever," he replied.

"Me too," Brit giggled. Lissa wondered what they meant by that. Was there something they weren't telling her? Not that it really bothered her; if Lissa could have her secrets, they could have theirs.

"So tell me about the accident," she asked.

"The one where Jeff saved my life and became the family hero?" asked Brit with her typical hyperbole.

"Right."

"Well, there I was standing on the balcony over the great hall. Suddenly, the railing split, and I found myself tumbling down toward the floor. I was just fortunate that Jeff was there, or I might have been killed. He made a diving catch and kept me from hitting the floor head first, but in his effort to rescue me he hit his head on the stairs and knocked himself out."

"Is that true?" Lissa asked Jeff.

"More or less, although Brit makes it sound so much better than it really was. She makes me out to be some kind of hero."

"Do you deny it?" Brit asked.

"Well... no," he said with a grin. "But honestly, I just reacted without thinking."

"Apparently heroism is so much a part of him that he does it automatically," Brit smiled.

"I for one am glad he did," Lissa commented. "Jeff, I want you to promise me something. Promise that you'll always protect your little sister."

"I've promised her that, and I've promised Dad that, so why not you too?" he laughed. "Okay, I'll always protect her."

That took a weight off her shoulders. Seeing them being nice to each other like this and now with Jeff's promise, she didn't have to worry about them ever again. In a way it was sad; she was giving up her long time

role, passing it on to Jeff. But that didn't mean she couldn't still be their big sister.

They continued to talk as they drove home, finally pulling into the driveway at the top of the hill. Lissa smiled as years worth of memories of the fun she had had in this house crashed down upon her. It was great to be home.

As soon as she stepped in the house, she gazed up at the Christmas tree standing in the great hall. It rose nearly twenty feet high; Greg spared no expense during the holidays. Lissa smiled, thinking back to previous years, and how she sometimes just sat in the front room staring at the hypnotic blinking lights of the tree.

There wasn't much time to fix dinner, so Allison merely heated up some leftovers, which suited Lissa just fine. Allison's cooking was delicious even reheated the next day.

After dinner they sat in the living room talking about their various adventures over the past few months. Jeff mostly just listened, which wasn't surprising, although he did talk more than he used to. Lissa was glad that he was coming out of his shell. Brit kept retelling the story of how Jeff saved her life, adding a few more details each time, most of which were untrue. Not that it mattered; everyone knew she liked to embellish stories, and it sounded so much more interesting to hear her tell them.

Lissa talked about her failed relationship with Matt, but emphasized that she had forgiven her roommate over it, and now the two of them were best friends. She didn't mention that she was trying to *seduce* Alya, smiling to herself as she imagined the reactions she would get from her family. Greg would be shocked, Allison would be amused, Brit probably wouldn't understand, and Jeff would probably just sit there grinning.

As bedtime neared, Jeff helped her carry her bags up to Brit's room. Lissa sighed in disappointment. It was really too bad that she would be sleeping there, because it meant there would be no chance of slipping into his room after everyone went to bed. Still, she couldn't fault him for that, and it would only be a couple of weeks after all. Besides, she was just happy to see her little brother and sister again. Jeff was still just as nice to hug as ever.

He was about to go to his room when she grabbed his hand. "Hey you," she grinned. "Don't go away just yet. I'm too excited about seeing you guys to be able to sleep right now."

He smiled, apparently enjoying her company just as much as he was enjoying hers. "Okay," he agreed immediately. "Brit, you don't mind if we stay in here for a while, do you?"

"Are you kidding? I don't want to go to sleep either."

"Fine. So what do we want to do?"

"I've got a deck of cards," Lissa offered. That was a favorite pastime in the Primdale household. When they were younger, the three of them used to stay up late playing cards when they were supposed to be sleeping. They had even made up a few games. Their late-night sessions usually ended when Brit and Jeff started yelling at each other and then their father or mother would come upstairs and berate them for not being in

bed. Now that Jeff and Brit were actually getting along together, they might just stay up all night. Her two younger siblings agreed, so she fished through her bags to get the cards.

"Of course, it's more fun to play in our pajamas," Lissa suggested, and both Jeff and Brit nodded. Jeff headed into his room to strip down to his boxer shorts and tee-shirt. When he returned, he saw that Brit and Lissa both wore nothing more than tee-shirts and panties.

He loved the sight of these cuties in their underwear, especially when they sat down. Both girls sat cross-legged, which pressed the material of their panties right up against their skin. Jeff could see the outlines of their pussy lips against the material, and he wondered if they realized what they were doing. He wouldn't put it past either one of them to do it deliberately to tease him.

They agreed on a game, and Lissa dealt the cards. At first they played in silence, not wanting to give away the fact that they were still up. Jeff was usually pretty competitive, but tonight for some reason he kept playing cards that helped his little sister at his own expense. Whenever he did so, Brit grinned appreciatively at him. Once she even threw her arms around him and kissed him on the cheek.

"Okay, you two," said Lissa. "What's going on?"

"What do you mean?" asked Brit innocently.

"I've been worried about you two for months now. Wondering if you would end up murdering each other or something before I got back. Now you're so affectionate with each other. I've never seen you this way before."

"Things change when someone saves your life," Brit smiled, laying her head on Jeff's shoulder.

"Especially when that person loves you very very much," Jeff smiled at her, and she sighed. Then he turned back to Lissa. "But seriously, there's nothing like a traumatic experience to bring people together. If I hadn't caught her, she could have been killed. Just the thought of never seeing her smiling face again, never hugging her again, never letting her sit on my lap again... well, let's just say I want to get as much of that in as I possibly can."

"You're so sweet, Jeff," Lissa smiled. It really did feel good to know just how much he cared for his little sister. "Come on, group hug!" she said, scooting over to them and throwing her arms around them. The three of them hugged each other with big grins on their faces.

"You just did that to look at my cards," Jeff laughed as soon as she pulled away.

"You caught me!" Lissa replied. It was good to be back home again where she could have laugh and joke and have fun with her brother and sister. Even if she didn't get the chance to sleep with him, it felt nice just being around them. She decided that the new Lissa didn't necessarily have to have sex in order to have fun; whatever felt good was fine.

Unfortunately, over the course of the next half hour as they played the game, they forgot themselves and grew louder and louder. Their laughter was contagious, and they ended up spending more time joking around than playing cards. They started blatantly cheating, not for the purpose of winning but just for the purpose of being silly.

Jeff in particular was having the time of his life. With Brit snuggling up next to him to peek at his cards (the first time he had ever seen cheating being used as an excuse to do something) and Lissa as cheerful as ever, he couldn't help but feel good. Even though with Lissa sleeping in Brit's room there would be no chance for a late-night rendezvous, he was glad she was home for the holidays. There would be plenty of time for sex later. Right now, he just wanted to enjoy himself with his sisters.

Finally, the noise crossed some kind of threshold, and they heard Allison calling from downstairs. "Kids, stop playing and go to bed!" she insisted.

"Yes, Allison," Lissa said grudgingly. "Okay, guys, it's time to put the cards away. Brit, get to bed. Jeff, we'll see you tomorrow."

Brit gave a disappointed groan, then climbed into the lower bunk, and Lissa gathered up the cards and stuffed them back into the box. Jeff turned to head back to his own room, then stopped as he caught Lissa winking at him. What did she mean by that? He watched her as she climbed up to the top bunk, arching her back to display prominently her panty-covered ass. He found himself excited at the sight of her. Had she done that on purpose? Was she really trying to arouse him like that?

She turned and saw him staring at her, but did nothing but smile. "How about we play one more hand?" she asked, showing him the box of cards still in her hands. "Come over here, Jeff. We'll play in my bed." She gave another wink, and Jeff wondered if she had intended the double meaning of her words.

His throat dry, he made his way over to the bed.

"What about me?" asked Brit.

"This round will just be Jeff and me," said Lissa. "Tomorrow we'll play some more with you."

"Hey, that's not fair."

"I'll make it up to you, Brit," said Jeff. "I promise."

"Fine," Brit said with a grin that told him she knew *exactly* how he could make it up to her.

Lissa removed the deck from the box and began to shuffle. Jeff continued to watch her as he stood next to the bed. Every move she made was sexy, whether she realized it or not. Maybe she did realize it. She had been flirting with him all vacation, so maybe she wanted to get a reaction out of him. Even something as simple as shuffling cards was arousing when Lissa did it. He remembered what she looked like naked in those pictures, and imagined her like that right now, with those gorgeous tits bared in front of him.

She dealt the cards, and then suddenly put her finger to her lip to signal silence, a strange gleam in her eye. Without a word, she took the bottom of her shirt and pulled it over her head.

It was the hardest thing he had ever done, stifling the gasp at seeing her. She wore no bra, giving him a perfect view of her amazing torso. Her breasts were just the way he had remembered them. His big sister was showing off for him! He felt himself growing hard, and wondered if he could hide it from Brit's eyes.

Then he felt something on his crotch, and realized that it was his little sister's hand. What was she doing? As she grasped the waistband of his shorts, he realized what it was.

This was crazy! His big sister was showing off for him on the top bunk, and his little sister was going to play with his dick on the bottom! Had they planned this together? Did either of the girls even know about what the other one was doing? As his dick sprang free and Lissa took his hand and put it to her tit, he nearly laughed at the absurdity of it all. Not only was he getting naughty with two girls at the same time, but it was likely that neither of them knew about the other one. And on top of that, they were his sisters!

He felt the pleasure of Brit's hand slowly stroking his cock and Lissa maneuvered his own hand for her own pleasure. She slipped it onto her breast, and he gave it a squeeze. She stifled a gasp at the sudden pleasure, and he grinned at her response. He enjoyed the feel of her breast in his hand, especially her nipple. She flashed him a dreamy look as she gazed at him, licking her lips.

Suddenly he felt moisture on the tip of his cock, and he wondered what it was. Then he gulped as he realized, it was Brit's tongue! Though this was far from the first time she had ever done that to him, he wondered what made her do it now. Perhaps the fear of getting caught was actually stimulating her, driving her wild. Maybe it was the same with Lissa. They were both doing this because they were aroused by the danger of it all. And now that he thought about it, that same danger was exciting him as well. What would Brit say if she knew he was groping Lissa in the bunk above her? And what would Lissa say if she knew that Brit was licking his cock below?

Then he felt his little sister's lips wrap around it, and she began to suck. The pleasure came in waves as she sucked him in and out. He realized there was no way to warn her when he was about to come, and worried about what would happen then. If he shot it off onto her face, there would be no hiding the evidence. Maybe she would stop before it reached that far. On the other hand, she liked to swallow, so more than likely she would let it go all the way. He was just worried that he might not be able to keep from crying out, especially when he climaxed.

Lissa, meanwhile, had slipped his hand off of her breasts and maneuvered it down between her legs. She slipped it inside her panties, where he suddenly realized that she had no hair there. Apparently she had shaved it all off since the trip to Hawaii. His finger found her clit, and he began to rub it. Lissa put a hand over her mouth to cover the sounds of pleasure she was starting to make. Jeff watched her tits jiggle as she breathed heavily in her aroused state, her chest rising and falling.

Jeff was in heaven. Just the thought of fondling his older sister like this was exhilarating, but the added bonus

of the intense pleasure of his little sister's mouth on his cock took it to a new level. He wanted to go on forever like this.

But all good things must come to an end. As Brit's oral stimulation worked on his lust, he realized he wasn't going to be able to hold it much longer. Nor did he want to. She had instigated this, and so he had no compunction about taking it to the very end. Though he could give her no warning, she knew that, and so she would get what was (pun intended) "coming" to her.

The pleasure began to spike. Here it was. Little sister was about to get a mouthful of big brother's spunk. He didn't even try to hold back, but let it explode out of his cock. She kept her mouth wrapped tightly around him, sucking harder than ever. She was doing it! She was swallowing!

Lissa reached her peak shortly after; her body tensed up, she squeezed her legs together tightly around his hand, and her mouth opened in a silent scream. For one brief instant he thought she *was* going to scream and reveal everything, but then she relaxed with a smile of contentment on her features.

Down below, Brit finished coaxing every last drop of cum out of his dick, then silently replaced it inside his shorts. Lissa put her shirt back on, then gathered up the cards, which they hadn't even begun to play.

"Looks like I win," she said with a wink.

"Yes, well, hopefully I'll get a chance to win next time," he replied, and Lissa giggled.

"I'll have to see to that," she grinned.

Jeff turned and headed back to his own room.

Chapter 73

A Christmas To Remember

The whole family spent the next day at home. In the morning, Brit said she wanted to sketch Lissa, so they headed out back to the studio. Jeff, Allison, and even Greg accompanied them. That was really too bad, Jeff thought. With just the kids there, and possibly Allison, Lissa might be willing to go topless, or even fully nude. She most certainly wouldn't do it with Greg there, however.

He thought back to those pictures on the boat that summer, and realized that maybe he was wrong. She *had* gotten naked with her father after all. Jeff wondered how that had gotten started, and whether he could somehow induce a repeat performance. He hated to admit it, but it was probably Allison who had pushed them along, but now his stepmother didn't show any indication of doing the same. She had a way of getting people to do what she wanted, a talent that Jeff lacked. It just wouldn't be the same with him as the instigator.

It would be interesting if somehow the same situation could arise, but this time with Jeff and Brit in on the secret as well. While he had no desire to see his father nude, seeing all three girls without their clothes on would more than make up for it, especially if they were willing to take some pictures of the same sort as on that boat last summer. He imagined Lissa going down on him, wrapping her lips around his cock like she had her father's.

If it ever happened, it wouldn't be today, that was certain. However, he came up with a Plan B which he hoped would work. If Greg was the only thing holding them back, Jeff would just have to get him out of the way. It would mean Jeff himself would also have to leave, but he hoped that with only the girls there, Brit might get out her camera and take some pictures, pictures that she would show him later.

"Well this is boring," he complained after sitting there patiently for fifteen minutes. "Come on, Dad. Let's go shoot some pool."

Greg laughed. "I was actually going to say the same thing, although probably a little more tactfully. Sorry, Lissa. I don't mean to imply that you're not picturesque, or that Brit's not a good artist, but it's just not as much fun for a bystander. Are you coming, Allison?"

"I think I'll stay here for a while," Allison replied. "Maybe I can convince Brit to sketch me as well."

Jeff hoped that was a subtle hint that she planned to do another nude photoshoot. That brought up another interesting possibility. Perhaps Lissa and Allison might pose together. Maybe they would continue where they left off six months ago.

The two men left the studio and headed back inside, where they immediately descended the stairs to the rec room and racked up the balls. They played several games while the girls were out back. Jeff was actually

glad that he had this time to spend with his dad. He still felt guilty about all the times he wished Greg would leave the house so that Jeff could have fun with Brit, Kari, Crystal, and even Allison. Greg was his father; the two of them shouldn't be enemies.

The girls returned an hour later, and they all sat down to lunch. Afterward, Lissa got out her cards again, and this time the whole family joined in the fun. By the time supper time came around, Jeff felt much better about his relationship with his father. He decided not to worry so much about it; after all, when Greg was around they still enjoyed each other's company.

That night, Allison came upstairs with the children and firmly insisted that they go to bed this time instead of staying up. They grudgingly agreed, and the three of them climbed into their own beds and went to sleep.

Greg still had to work most days during the vacation, which left Allison, Lissa, Jeff, and Brit at home alone the next day. Jeff was hoping that Allison and Lissa would go shopping or something so that he could spend the day alone with Brit, but it turned out that Lissa just wanted to stay home and relax.

She said she wanted to sit in the hot tub for a while, and the others decided to join her. For some reason, all three girls wore the skimpiest bikinis they owned. Jeff was glad; all three of them looked stunning in those swimsuits. His only disappointment was that with Lissa there, they couldn't go completely nude. Allison had already shown that she wasn't afraid to take her clothes off in front of him any more, and on more than one occasion the three of them had sat naked in the hot tub.

Lissa's body was gorgeous, he had to admit. She caught him staring a couple of times, but she simply gave him a knowing grin. It seemed that she *liked* him looking at her like that.

Brit, of course, flirted with him the whole time, finding excuses to rub her body up against him and frequently adjusting her swimsuit in an ambiguously sexy manner. Not surprisingly, Lissa did the same thing. Until the incident in the bunk bed a couple of nights ago, he had thought that their days of fooling around were behind them, but now he was pretty sure she wanted to continue their unconventional relationship. Perhaps if Allison and Brit weren't there, *she* would be willing to take off her bikini. That thought excited him, especially now that he had already made up his mind that incest no longer bothered him. He found himself in a similar ironic situation to a couple of nights ago. Both Brit and Lissa were willing to get naughty with him, but not with the other one watching. He wondered if he could somehow break down that final barrier.

He got his chance that night. Lissa continued to flirt with him the rest of the day, not obviously of course, at least to anyone but him. When they went to bed that night, Allison didn't accompany them, so by unspoken agreement they gathered in Brit's room. She didn't pull out the cards this time, but instead the three of them just sat there talking.

At a lull in the conversation, Jeff noticed his big sister smirking.

"What?" he asked.

"I was just thinking, do you guys want to know what I learned at college?" she asked with a wink.

"Not really," replied Brit.

"Oh, I'm not talking about school stuff. I'm talking about a more practical application."

"Like what?" asked Jeff.

"You have to promise not to tell anyone."

"I promise," said Jeff. Brit just nodded.

"Okay," Lissa continued. "I'm talking about naughty things."

"How naughty?" Brit grinned.

"I'm not sure you're old enough--"

"Shut up! I'm old enough for anything!"

"Okay. Let's see, where should we start? I know. My roommates have an agreement with the landlord so we never have to pay rent."

"What kind of agreement?" asked Brit.

"Each month, one of the girls goes over and sucks his dick," Lissa explained, trying to make it sound casual but with a scarcely concealed grin.

If she expected a shocked or horrified reaction, she was disappointed. Both Jeff and Brit broke down laughing.

"What?" Lissa demanded.

"Show me," Brit told her.

Now it was Lissa's turn to be shocked. She had thought she would have to work on convincing them, but it seemed they were just as eager as she was!

"All right, Jeff, come here," she said.

Jeff approached her, his cock already growing hard in anticipation. He would have thought she was just joking about it if the two of them hadn't fooled around before. But especially now, with a more wild and unrestrained Lissa, he was sure she was serious.

She knelt down in front of him, and her hands went to his belt buckle. She fumbled with it for a second, then opened it and unzipped his pants. She pulled them down to his ankles.

"Take a good look, Brit," Lissa said with a wink, then pulled down his shorts, allowing his cock to spring free.

Brit, still playing innocent, gasped. Her face lit up with a smile. "It's so big!" she exclaimed. "I think it's even bigger than it was this summer when we went camping with Kari and Crystal."

"Jeff must be going through a growth spurt," Lissa replied. "So tell the truth, Brit, does seeing it make you horny?"

Brit nodded with a deceptively shy look on her face.

"Me too," Lissa told her. "Have you ever fantasized about putting it in your mouth?"

"In my mouth?" gasped Brit.

"You can't tell me you haven't played with yourself while thinking about Jeff and his great big cock. I'll bet you've wanted him to shove it deep in your pussy. Or you've wanted to stick it in your mouth and suck on it. You've wondered if it would taste as yummy as it looks. Am I right?"

"Um..." said Brit. "Well... yes," she answered.

"Brit, what are you saying?" Jeff demanded, playing along. This was getting fun.

"Just that... I sometimes fantasize about you, Jeff," said Brit. "About your cock, just like Lissa said. My big brother's big cock."

"And I'll bet you've fantasized about her too, haven't you, Jeff?" asked Lissa.

"I don't..."

"Tell the truth, Jeff," said Brit. "I did."

He sighed. "Okay, yes. I've fantasized about you, Brit."

"Really?" she asked with a grin.

"Really," he replied. "I've fantasized about you wrapping your lips around my cock and sucking me off until I blow my load down your throat."

"So let's do it!" Lissa offered enthusiastically. "I'll go first and show you how it's done, Brit. Then you can fulfill your brother's fantasy."

Jeff gazed down at his little sister. "I..." he stammered. "I really want... I mean, if it's okay with you."

"I want to," Brit smiled. "Show me how it's done, Lissa."

Lissa knelt in front of Jeff with a grin on her face. She winked at him, then opened her mouth. He groaned as she let it slip inside. Lissa sucked on it, clearly displaying the dimples in her cheeks to Brit's wide eyes. Jeff knew it was just an act on his little sister's part, but he still felt a kind of thrill at doing this in front of her. It was especially nice because it was Lissa. He had to admit that he had his fantasies about her, and now it seemed that she was eager to fulfill them.

She bobbed slowly up and down on it as she smiled up at him. It felt so good, he could hardly stand it. He wanted to cum right then, but didn't want to lose it until he had it in Brit's mouth.

Fortunately, Lissa sensed his need and drew back, letting his cock slip from her mouth.

"And that's all there is to it," Lissa told Brit.

"But... doesn't it taste... gross?" asked Brit.

"I love the flavor. Trust me, if you let him shoot his cum into your mouth, you'll be instantly addicted."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. Go ahead and try it."

"Okay," Brit smiled. Lissa moved out of the way and let her little sister take her place. Brit stared at his cock for a second, then lifted her eyes to his. Out of sight of her big sister, she gave him a wink. Then she opened her mouth and took it in.

"Oh god!" he groaned as she sucked. Even skipping a single day from her nightly routine made a difference; he really missed the feeling. She bobbed up and down the same way that Lissa did, but made use of her tongue as well. She had had a lot of practice this past month and a half, and she knew exactly how to make him feel good. She had the art of sucking Jeff's dick down to a science. If she wanted him to go on for a long time, she could make it happen. Then when she wanted him to cum, she merely altered her technique slightly and within a few seconds could bring him to orgasm.

Lissa moved around to the side to get a better view. She looked excited to see her siblings engaged in this erotic act. Jeff wondered what had come over her. What had happened during her four months at school that had changed her so much? He didn't mind the change; in fact, he welcomed it. He knew he was going to remember this vacation forever.

She leaned in and licked around the base of his cock where Brit couldn't reach. The sight of both of his sisters giving him oral sex at the same time was too much. "I'm going to cum!" he warned Brit, an instant before his cock jerked, shooting the first of his load into her mouth.

"Mmm!" Brit exclaimed in almost a squeal as she drank it down. She wore a delighted smile on her face as he continued to pump out his cum, and she swallowed it with cheerful eagerness. Lissa drew back to watch the expression on her little sister's face.

Finally Jeff groaned one last time, then fell back. His cock slipped free from Brit's mouth, and he lay down on the floor, exhausted.

"You're right, Lissa," Brit grinned. "That was so tasty! I want to do it over and over and over again. You'll let me, won't you, big brother? You'll fuck my mouth and let me suck all your cum out every day? Three or four or five or ten times a day? You'll let me have it for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and snacks in between?"

His only response was a fatigued yet satisfied moan.

"Wow, you two!" Lissa exclaimed. "I can't believe how good you are at that. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you've done this before."

Jeff and Brit glanced at each other, then began to laugh.

"Should we tell her?" asked Brit.

"Why not? Just about everyone else knows. I wouldn't mind having Lissa in on the secret too."

Brit turned to her big sister. "Jeff and I have been fucking like jackrabbits for about a month and a half now," she said.

Lissa actually gasped at that. "You're not serious!" she exclaimed.

"Really," Brit insisted. "I fell in love with him shortly after you left, so Kari and Crystal and I came up with a plan to have me seduce him. It took him a while, but eventually Jeff came around."

"Oh my god, that makes me horny!" Lissa said. "My own brother is boinking his little sister."

"Boinking?" asked Brit. "I like that. Jeff's my big boinker."

All three of them laughed.

"So Kari knows about it then?" asked Lissa.

"Kari and Crystal are a part of it," said Jeff.

"What do you mean?"

"We all boink each other," giggled Brit.

"So Brit, does that mean you... well... with Kari and Crystal..."

Brit grinned. "It sure does," she replied. "Crystal is my... I believe the term we use is 'teddy bear.' Because we like to cuddle with each other when we sleep together. And of course Kari likes to join in too. And so does Jeff. So we're all just a bunch of boinkers."

"So does anyone *not* know what's going on between you two?"

"Let's see..." said Jeff. "I'm pretty sure that Dad doesn't. But Allison does; she was even there with Brit and me our first time. Oh, and I'm sure Rachael knows by now. Allison would have told her. In fact, now that I think back on it, I think Rachael was trying to get Brit and me together while she was here in September."

"I'll bet Allison and Rachael schemed it together," said Brit.

"Probably."

"God, you two!" said Lissa. "Or should I say, you four. Or six. I thought I was naughty, but then I come home and find out my little brother and sister are even worse. I'm going to have to try extra hard to catch up."

"Good luck on that, because we're going to be working hard too."

"In that case, Jeff, are you up for seconds?" asked Lissa. "After Brit's praise of your cum, I want my share."

He nodded. Before she went to work though, she began stripping off her clothes.

"You don't mind, do you Brit?" she asked.

"As long as I can do the same," Brit replied, unbuttoning her shirt. A minute later, both girls were completely nude. Jeff grinned at them, his cock rapidly growing hard again. He didn't even try to get back up, but continued to lie on the floor. Lissa leaned down and took him into her mouth again.

This time her technique was more like Brit's as she sucked him off. She took it slowly, but used her tongue to tease him inside her mouth. She ran the tip across that sensitive spot on the underside that really got him going, and he felt the electric thrill that he knew so well from when his little sister did it. His body responded by squirming on the floor, his hips rocking upward to spear into her mouth. She smiled at the reactions she was causing in him.

Brit scooted forward, then rose up on her legs and straddled him, right above his head. She lowered her body slowly, and he knew what she wanted. He stuck his tongue out and brushed it against her pussy.

"Ooh!" she squealed at the first contact. He continue to lick her there, even reaching up with his hands and spreading her so that he could thrust it inside. He let it run all over her clit, causing her to gasp in pleasure.

Lissa, meanwhile, tried a new technique. She opened her mouth and placed her teeth gently just behind the head. Then she flicked her tongue repeatedly against the tip.

"Oh my god!" he exclaimed. "That's too much! I'm going to... I..."

He erupted into his second orgasm of the night. Just in time, Lissa closed her mouth over it to prevent his cum from escaping. She sucked it down just as Brit had earlier in the evening. He groaned as he released into her mouth.

Suddenly, they heard a knock at the door.

"Oh shit!" Brit exclaimed, climbing off of her big brother.

"Listen, you three," Allison said quietly from the other side of the door. "If you're going to have a three-way sibling orgy in this house, you'd better keep the noise down. Greg just thinks you're playing cards again, but if you get any louder, he's going to suspect something."

They heard her footsteps as she made her way back down the hall. The three of them stared at each other, then burst out into quiet laughter.

"I think maybe we'd better get to bed," Jeff suggested.

"I think you're right," Brit agreed.

They had a discussion about it the next morning with Allison after Greg left. She explained that she had gone upstairs to tell them to quiet down, then recognized the sounds they were making and figured out what was going on. She was certainly not opposed to them having that kind of fun; in fact, she was all for it. Unfortunately, Greg would no doubt feel differently, so she warned them to keep it quiet.

That afternoon the four of them took off their clothes and relaxed in the hot tub again. This time, there was no longer any reason to keep anything secret, so they didn't even try. Brit sat on Jeff's lap, and even let him stick his cock up inside of her. Lissa and Allison sat across from them, watching as Jeff reached around and fondled his little sister's tits.

"So Jeff," Lissa commented with a grin. "Which boobs do you like best? Those?" She pointed across at Brit's chest, "these?" She cupped her own. "Or these?" She reached over and grabbed Allison's.

Jeff gasped, his eyes growing wide. All three girls burst out laughing.

"That's not fair," Allison said, "catching Jeff off his guard like that. He's got a weakness for lesbians. If you're not careful, you're going to give him a heart attack."

"Sorry about that," Lissa replied.

"Besides," Allison continued, "you're not allowed to grab my tits unless I can grab yours." She reached over and put her hands on Lissa's.

"Oh shit!" Jeff exclaimed, his body tensing up. Brit's eyes opened wide for a second, then a grin spread over

her face.

"Well, it looks like you did the trick, you two," she said. "You just gave Jeff an orgasm."

After the events of the past few days, Jeff was sexually exhausted, so for the rest of the day he just rested. Lissa apologized, saying it was her fault, so she had him lie on his stomach on the couch while she massaged his shoulders. It felt nice, like when they used to give each other back rubs back when Lissa was still living at home.

That evening after Greg returned home, they all played games downstairs in the rec room. They played doubles at ping-pong, with Jeff and Brit paired against Greg and Lissa. Allison watched from the sidelines. Every time the two younger children scored a point, Brit jumped on her brother's back in enthusiasm. It was so amusing that everyone had to laugh whenever she did it, and soon she started doing it just to see their reactions.

When bedtime came along, the three children headed upstairs. After the shock of being caught last night, they decided not to get together tonight, even to play cards. They still had all vacation to have fun, so missing one night wouldn't hurt too bad. They all agreed that if they didn't stay up late every night, Greg and Allison would be less likely to come upstairs and tell them to go to bed on the nights that they did. Jeff headed into his own bedroom, and the two girls changed into their pajamas and climbed into their bunks.

As Lissa lay in bed, she thought once again about the new version of herself. It was so exhilarating to have no regrets about anything she did, to be able to have fun whenever and with whomever she pleased. Not only had she had sex with three men at once, gotten involved in a lesbian threesome with her roommate and her roommate's girlfriend, but now she had even given a blowjob to her own brother. Whoever came up with the idea that incest was wrong didn't know what they were missing. In fact, she had had at least some kind of sexual contact with almost every member of this family.

Almost. She grinned as she realized that that meant she had one more conquest to make.

She sat up, then threw off the covers and climbed down the ladder to the floor below. She knelt by her little sister's bed, then reached out and cupped her cheek.

Brit opened her eyes. Lissa smiled tenderly at her. "Hi," she said.

"Um... hi," replied Brit.

"I was wondering, would you mind if I slept in your bunk with you tonight?"

"Why do you want to sleep with me?"

"Because I'm feeling kind of lonely. I just want to cuddle with someone tonight."

"Oh, all right," Brit smiled. Lissa climbed into the bed next to her and slipped an arm around her waist. Brit glanced at her, perhaps a little confused at the gesture.

"Do you remember the last time we slept together like this?" asked Lissa.

"The camping trip, a year and a half ago."

"So you do remember," Lissa grinned. "Of course, Jeff slept with us too that time. He was so sweet, looking out for you like that."

"Yes he was," Brit grinned. "Even back then I loved it when he held me in his arms. Of course, I had no idea that we would end up being lovers, but still, it felt really nice."

"What about you and Crystal? And Kari?"

"Oh, that feels really nice too. There's something really beautiful about making love to another girl. It's different from making love to a boy, even one as wonderful as Jeff."

"I know," said Lissa.

Brit glanced at her again, surprise in her eyes. "You know?"

"I'll tell you a secret," Lissa grinned. "I've been having sex with one of my roommates."

Brit actually gasped at that. Lissa giggled at her response.

"Actually it was me and her and her girlfriend," she added. "Just like you and Kari and Crystal."

"So you like girls too?" asked Brit.

"Absolutely. Take you for instance."

"Me?" asked Brit.

"Yes, you. You are so cute I can't stand it. I'm going to be honest with you, Brit. I find you very attractive."

"Oh my god!" Brit breathed. "Are you serious?"

"I'm completely serious. When I found out that you've been having sex with other girls, you wouldn't believe how much that aroused me."

"Lissa," whispered Brit. "Are you... are you hitting on me?"

"Yes," Lissa grinned. "If you're willing, I'd like nothing more than to make love to you."

"Oh god," said Brit.

"I'm sorry. Look, if it makes you feel uncomfortable, just tell me and I'll stop."

"But that's just it. I *don't* feel uncomfortable. You're very sweet, Lissa. And very beautiful. It's just that you've changed so much since you left. You've always been there to look after me, to keep Jeff and me from killing each other, and to cheer me up when I was sad. I've always loved you. I just don't know if this is what I want."

"Well, will you at least think about it? Tomorrow night, let me know your answer."

"Okay."

"I love you, Brit."

"I love you too, Lissa."

The two of them cuddled together for a few minutes. It felt so nice and relaxing that Lissa found herself quickly drifting off to sleep.

"Lissa," whispered Brit, and Lissa opened her eyes.

"What is it?"

"I've decided," Brit told her. "Yes."

"Yes?"

"Yes, I want you to make love to me."

"Right now?"

Brit nodded with a smile on her face. Lissa leaned in and kissed her on the lips.

"I hope you don't believe in Santa any more," she grinned, "because we're about to get naughty enough to make up for a whole year's worth of being nice."

"Maybe we'll get lucky and he's already made his list and checked it twice," replied Brit. "Of course, unless he had it finished before September, I'm definitely on his 'naughty' list this year."

"Well then, we have nothing to worry about."

Lissa rolled over off of her and sat up. There wasn't a lot of room to maneuver in the bottom bunk, but she managed to wriggle out of her tee-shirt, uncovering her chest. Brit gazed up at her breasts with a smile on her face.

"Your body is so beautiful," she commented.

"Thanks," Lissa replied. "Are you going to give me the chance to return the compliment?"

Brit nodded. She reached down to the base of her shirt, but her sister put a hand there to stop her.

"Mind if I do the honors?" asked Lissa.

"I'd love that," Brit replied.

Lissa lifted the bottom of her shift just a little, then leaned down and kissed her just above the waistband of her panties. Brit gasped at the sensation, keeping that smile on her face. Lissa smiled back, then lifted the shirt a little more and kissed her again. Slowly she worked her way up, inch by inch, kissing her little sister's body as she worked. By the time she reached the breasts, Brit's breathing had turned deep and heavy. She twitched whenever Lissa's lips touched her skin, a reflexive response to the stimulation.

Brit wore a bra, so Lissa slid the shirt over the top of the twin mounds, then ran her tongue down inside the cleavage, causing a soft yet audible whine to escape from Brit's lips. Lissa giggled quietly, then rose up and took hold of the shirt with a firm grip.

Brit lifted her arms, and in one swift motion, Lissa had the garment off. She reached down and fondled her little sister's breasts through the fabric of the bra. Brit lifted her own hands and took Lissa's tits in them, to the older girl's delight.

"That feels nice," Lissa told her. She leaned over, bringing her body down over the top of her little sister. Her breasts rested atop the younger girl's, causing them both to giggle this time.

Lissa's hands slipped under the torso of her little sister, who raised her chest to give her more room and subsequently increased the pressure between the two sets of boobs. Lissa found the bra clasp and unhooked it. She took the ends and pulled them out and up. Brit raised her arms once more to help her big sister remove it, and in a moment the two of them lay there, bare chest to bare chest. Lissa lowered her head once more and kissed Brit deeply and fully on the lips, letting her tongue penetrate into the girl's mouth. Brit kissed back, teasing her sister's tongue with her own.

Lissa found her own heart pounding in excitement and lust. Brit really was a gorgeous girl, and her body was so soft. There was something particularly delightful about the body of a young teenage girl that wasn't quite the same with girls her own age or older. It wasn't that she had any problem with Meg's or Sandy's; she just enjoyed Brit's better.

From the feel of Brit's hard nipples and the little sounds she was making, Lissa could tell that she was enjoying herself as well. The two girls remained in that passionate embrace, continuing to kiss each other hungrily and gently caressing each other for about five minutes. Then Lissa rose back up and stared down at the little beauty.

"You've turned into a gorgeous young woman," she said. "Your body is absolutely perfect for your age."

"My boobs aren't as big as yours though," Brit said.

"Well, I happen to like little boobs, especially on a little girl like you."

"I'm not so little any more."

"I've noticed that." Lissa lowered her head once more and took her sister's nipple in her mouth. Brit mewled quietly as Lissa sucked and licked at it, pleasuring the girl's body in the ways she knew felt good on her own.

She moved to the other nipple and spent a few minutes there, teasing it in the same way and causing Brit to gasp in pleasure. It was too bad that they had to be quiet, because Lissa knew from personal experience that when a girl got that excited, she wanted to just let it go and cry out.

She let her hand roam down her sister's body until it reached her panties. She found them, not surprisingly, damp. She slipped her hand inside and ran her fingertips across the slit. Brit did cry out then, but it was more a quick yelp than a prolonged moan.

"Shh!" Lissa grinned, putting a finger to Brit's lips. Brit giggled silently for a moment.

Lissa slid off the bed and knelt beside Brit's body. She grasped the waistband of the girl's panties and drew them down toward her feet. A moment later they came free, and she dropped them on the floor. Brit spread her legs as Lissa leaned in and kissed her there.

"If I'm going to do this," Lissa told her, "you're going to have to do the same for me."

"Let's do it at the same time," Brit smiled enthusiastically.

Lissa climbed back into bed, this time lying in the opposite direction of her little sister. Brit sat up and took a moment to peel off Lissa's panties, then they lay back down again. Lissa spread her legs and Brit rolled over on top of her, and each of the girls aligned their cunt with the other's face.

At the same time, they opened their mouths, stuck out their tongues, and set to work licking all over their partner's pussy. They both were experienced enough at this by now that they knew just what to do. Their lips, tongues, and fingers attacked each other mercilessly, plunging deep inside or tickling the clitoris. Brit kept her weight on her knees to keep from putting too much pressure on her sister's face, but Lissa grabbed her by the ass and pulled her down to allow for much deeper penetration with her tongue.

Both girls panted and gasped as their incestuous, sapphic lovemaking continued. Within minutes their bodies began to quake in the throes of a multitude of small orgasms. They let these orgasms run through their bodies but didn't let up on their enthusiasm; neither girl wanted to end this blissful encounter.

When exhaustion finally overtook them and Brit rolled over off of her sister, Lissa glanced over at the alarm clock, and was surprised to see that it had been over two hours since they had first climbed into bed. She smiled to herself as she wondered if tomorrow night they could try for three.

Greg had invited the Williams family over to spend Christmas Eve at the Primdale's, so Allen, Kari, and Crystal arrived the next morning. Lissa gave Kari a big hug; they had always gotten along well, and hadn't seen each other for four months either.

They divided into three groups. Brit and Crystal went back out to the studio, Jeff went downstairs with Kari and Lissa, and the adults stayed upstairs in the front room to talk.

Kari's presence reminded Jeff of something. While in one sense it was probably trivial, to him it was important.

"Kari," he said quietly, so that the adults upstairs wouldn't hear. "I have a confession to make."

"I knew it!" she said playfully. "You're actually an alien being sent to take over the world."

"Not exactly," he replied. "I'm not one to kiss and tell, but on the other hand, I have an obligation to you."

"You've been cheating on me behind my back?" she grinned.

"Well, that's why I'm telling you now, because I don't want it to be behind your back. A couple of nights ago, Lissa and Brit and I--"

"Say no more," Kari interrupted. "You had sex with Lissa and you're feeling guilty because you didn't get my permission first, right?"

"Basically, yes," he replied. "I mean, it wasn't..."

"I gave him a blowjob," Lissa explained.

"Well, you can stop feeling guilty," said Kari. "I'm sure you wouldn't have done it if you thought I would mind, and that's good enough for me. I figure if I can have sex with my sister, I should allow you the same privilege. Welcome to the club, Lissa."

"The club?"

"Me, Jeff, Crystal, and Brit. And now you. We're all each other's lovers. Although maybe I shouldn't assume too much."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if you're going to join our little group, you're going to have to be willing to get together with all of us. *All* of us, if you get my meaning."

Lissa grinned. "And you're wondering whether I would be willing to be with another woman, is that right?"

Kari nodded.

"Does this answer your question?" Lissa leaned in and pressed her lips against Kari's. Jeff almost gasped at the erotic sight of two very beautiful girls kissing right there in front of him. They held out that kiss for almost thirty seconds, then finally Lissa drew back.

"Yes, that answers my question," Kari laughed.

"It's just too bad we won't have the opportunity to have some real fun during the vacation," said Lissa, "but if you're patient, I promise to make it up to you this summer."

"It's a deal," Kari told her. "But in the mean time, you wouldn't be opposed to a little groping, would you?"

Lissa grinned, then reached down and pulled up her shirt. It was not the most surprising thing in the world to see that she wasn't wearing a bra. "Grope away," she told Kari.

Kari reached out and grabbed her breasts. "These feel nice," she said.

"They taste nice too, or so I've been told."

Kari leaned in, then stuck out her tongue and ran it over one of Lissa's nipples. She licked all around it until it grew nice and hard. Then she took it in her mouth and sucked.

Jeff loved the sight before him even more than he loved seeing the girls kiss each other. He wished he had a camera to record this image forever. He had no doubt, though, that it would remain in his memory for a long time.

Unfortunately, there wasn't time to do anything else, because a few minutes later they heard footsteps on the stairs. Kari sat back and Lissa hurriedly covered herself, just before the three grownups entered the room.

"We thought we would shoot some pool," Greg explained. "Do you three want to join us?"

The kids glanced at each other. Jeff would have preferred to be left alone with his girlfriend and his sister, he was willing to settle for some less risqué entertainment.

"Sounds fun," Lissa shrugged. "Two teams of three? Kids against adults?"

"You realize that you're an adult now too, don't you?" asked Allison.

"Oh, I'm not in any particular hurry to grow up," Lissa smiled.

"I can certainly understand that."

They shot pool for the rest of the morning, then sent Jeff out back to retrieve the younger girls for lunch. He was not surprised to see them naked and making out on the couch. They dressed and followed Jeff back into

the house.

After lunch, Lissa and Allison started fixing supper, which consisted of a large ham and about a trillion side dishes. Allison liked to go all out for Christmas dinner, and this year was no exception.

Jeff spent the afternoon with Kari, of course. With everyone home they didn't have much privacy, so there was no chance for sex. That didn't bother Jeff; he had plenty of opportunities to see Kari alone these days, and in the mean time, there was always Brit, and now Lissa as well.

They spent most of the time just talking in the front room with everyone else, although Jeff and Kari did steal the occasional kiss. Jeff felt a little self-conscious about kissing her in front of Greg and especially Allen, but neither father made a big deal of it. That gave him a little more confidence, so they kissed more and more frequently as time went on. Brit and Crystal teased them incessantly of course, but the adults merely gave them amused smiles.

The Williams family stayed for dinner, which was a fun time. There was something about good food (and Allison always made good food) that put people in jovial spirits, especially around the holidays. Crystal and Brit were as playful and flirtatious as always, Kari kept playing footsies under the table with him, and Lissa and Allison talked and joked like old friends. All in all, Jeff was in a great mood.

It was too bad that Kari and her family had to leave after dinner, but everyone needed to get to bed early "so that Santa could come," Allison insisted, although no one in the either family was young enough to believe in him any more. Jeff gave Kari one last goodbye kiss, then Allen and his girls climbed into their car and drove away.

That night, Lissa didn't even make a pretense of sleeping in the top bunk. The girls continued to play cards with Jeff for an hour or two after going upstairs for bed, but as soon as he left the room, the two sisters stripped off their clothes and climbed in together in the bottom. This time Brit said she just wanted to cuddle, so Lissa didn't push her. They just lay naked together, holding each other in their arms. There was an unspoken understanding between the girls that, while the sex was nice, it was more just a one-time thing to strengthen their relationship as sisters. They had done it once almost just to get it out of the way, just to remove any doubt about whether it would ever happen between them. No longer did they need to second-guess each other's motivations or feelings; no longer was there any awkwardness as they tried to guess whether their affection was just as sisters, or something more. Now they could be comfortable either having sex or not having it. Lissa still loved to hold Brit's warm body in her arms, though. After Rachael, Allison, Meg, and Sandy, she no longer had any aversion to touching a girl like that, but rather enjoyed it.

In the morning, they got up early, met Jeff in his room, then headed down the stairs for the presents. They pounded enthusiastically on Greg's and Allison's bedroom door until the two grownups emerged, groggy but smiling. They headed out to the Christmas tree, where they set to work turning the hall into a mess of wrapping paper and cardboard.

Their time this year was just over fifteen minutes. Greg joked that they must be slowing down in their old

age.

When Lissa unwrapped her present from her roommate Meg, she burst out laughing. It was a sheer teddy made of material so thin as to be nearly transparent. There was absolutely nothing innocent about it at all.

"That's... interesting," commented Greg.

"It's an inside joke," Lissa explained. "Meg's got a really warped sense of humor. She said she was going to buy me something like this for Christmas, but I didn't believe her."

"If you don't want it, I'll take it," said Allison, flashing a knowing look at Greg, whose face lit up with a grin.

"Oh no," Lissa replied. "I'm going to hold onto this. It will serve as a reminder that I have to find some way to get her back."

Jeff kept his good mood for the rest of the day, and it even increased that night when they went to bed. Brit said she wanted to sleep with him, but then Lissa said she did too. In the end, they compromised by pulling the blankets off of the bed and laying them on the floor in Brit's room, since Jeff still hadn't learned to keep his clean. The three of them stripped off their clothes and lay down on the floor.

"Jeff," said Lissa. "Tonight I want you to give me a very special Christmas present."

"Is it what I hope it is?" he asked with a grin.

"I want you to make love to me."

"Yep, that's what I was hoping."

He glanced over at Brit to make sure she wouldn't be jealous, but she was watching with interest and an amused smile.

He turned his attention back to Lissa, who leaned in and kissed him on the lips. Jeff accepted the kiss, enjoying it even though she was his sister. He remembered, years ago, when she had kissed him like this to torment him as punishment for being mean to Brit. In the end he had found it a rather pleasant torture, and now it was not torturous at all.

Jeff reached out and wrapped his arms around her, crushing her to his chest. He loved the feel of her body, the softness of her boobs with her hardening nipples poking into his chest, the smooth silkiness of her skin. Once upon a time the thought of holding his sister like this would have bothered him, but he had long since moved beyond that.

When Lissa drew back, she sighed in contentment. "I love you, Jeff," she said. "You know that, don't you?"

"Of course," he replied. "And I love you too."

"And I love you both," Brit grinned.

"Oh, come here, you," Lissa said with a giggle, grabbing her and pulling her in to a group hug. The three of them took turns kissing each other for several minutes, then Brit finally backed away.

"Well get on with it," she laughed. "I want to watch you two fuck."

"I can't argue with that," Jeff shrugged. He held Lissa as he lay her gently down on the floor, then leaned in and kissed her on the neck. She sighed again from the contact, reaching up and holding onto his head. He let his lips wander lower, eager to taste her sweet breasts, especially those nipples.

As he moved down her body, Brit slipped her hand between her sister's legs. Lissa spread her knees, allowing the girl to gently rub her. Jeff watched excitedly from his vantage point at her chest, loving the sight of one sister fingering the other.

When he reached one of Lissa's nipples, he opened his mouth and let his tongue explore it. He heard Lissa gasp at the sensation, so he continued teasing her. Brit's free hand went to Lissa's other breast, squeezing and fondling it. Then the younger girl lay down next to her big sister and sucked her nipple into her mouth.

"Oh god, you two!" Lissa whispered, keeping it quiet so as not to alert their parents. No doubt they were having their own private party downstairs, but that was no reason to risk alerting them.

Jeff let his own hand wander down to join Brit's on his sister's pussy. The two of them ran their fingers over it, tenderly rubbing her and watching as the stimulation caused her body to writhe around on the floor. Lissa's eyes were closed and her breathing heavy as she smiled in the glow of the pleasure.

"Jeff..." she finally gasped. "I want..."

He knew exactly what she wanted. Brit pulled back and withdrew her hand, giving Jeff room to roll over on top of her. He gazed down into her beautiful face, the face of his big sister. Together they had taken their first steps into the world of sex, exploring each other and learning to make each other feel good. Although he adored his little sister, there was a special place in his heart for Lissa, the beautiful girl who had accompanied him on the beginning of that journey. Now they were about to finish it together.

He lowered his hips, feeling himself penetrating into her. She sucked in her breath, but the smile on her face told him it was from pleasure rather than pain. Jeff continued descending onto and into her, loving the feel of her tight cunt around his cock. Finally, he buried it completely inside of her, and they both let out a sigh.

"I've been wanting to feel like this for years now," Lissa told him, wrapping her arms around him and holding him tightly. "Jeff, make me feel like a real woman."

He lifted his hips and plunged into her again, and she barely stifled her moan. He repeated the motion, working himself into a slow rhythm. Her own hips raised up to meet him, falling in time with him. Their bodies became almost like extensions of one another, working in absolute harmony to give them both

pleasure.

Jeff kissed her deeply and passionately as they made love. He couldn't get enough of his big sister. Despite what the world might think of this relationship, it felt so right.

How long he floated in that world of passion, that world where only Jeff and Lissa existed, he didn't know. It was a timeless world where the passion between them went on forever. He thrust over and over into her body until finally, after an eternity, he felt the rush of pleasure that signaled his impending orgasm. At the same time, he felt her own body tense up, and she bit down on her lip to contain the scream that otherwise would have alerted Greg and Allison to their activities. Her legs tightened around his hips and her pussy clamped down on his cock, which pushed him over the edge. He erupted inside of her, his cock twitching as he released again and again into her steaming hot body.

Finally the pleasure waned, and he rolled off of her. She curled up next to him, laying her head on his chest and wrapping an arm around him.

"Merry Christmas," she told him.

"Merry Christmas," he repeated.

Brit crawled around so that she could lie down on his other side. He wrapped his arms around both of his sisters, and together they drifted off to sleep.

They slept on the floor for the rest of the vacation, engaging in a little silent sex play each night. Greg never suspected anything, fortunately, and since Allison had already admitted that it didn't bother her, their secret was safe.

It was too bad that Lissa had to leave a week later to fly back to school. Just when Jeff was just getting used to thinking of her in a sexual way again, she had to depart.

The night before her flight, she gave him a nice, long blowjob to remember her by, and cuddled with him all night. It seemed that she didn't want to leave either, but there was nothing that either of them could do about it. She promised to come back for summer, though, and then they would have several months together. That made him feel much better, and so as they said goodbye to each other at the airport, he was able to keep his composure.

Brit cried of course, but that was just her way. She was always very emotional. Jeff put an arm around his little sister to comfort her, and that seemed to help.

Lissa waved to them just before she disappeared down the hall, and then the four remaining Primdales returned to the van and drove back to a house full of good memories.

Chapter 74

Alya Conquers Lissa

Lissa's sadness at leaving her family, especially her brother and sister, was tempered by the anticipation of seeing Alya. Five minutes after her flight took off, she started thinking about her roommate, and from that point forward she couldn't get her out of her mind. She had pretty much forgotten all about her during the vacation, but now that she would be returning to the now familiar apartment, the girl once more came back into her thoughts.

She wondered why she was so obsessed with the girl. Of course she liked her, and the thrill of the conquest was enjoyable. When she was honest with herself, she realized that their friendship, though based upon a lie, wasn't a lie at all. Still, Lissa had never been the type of girl to obsess over someone. Not even Matt had taken over her thoughts so completely, even when he was her boyfriend.

When the plane landed, Lissa found herself hoping that Alya had already returned from Christmas vacation, and would be waiting for her in the apartment.

As it turned out, Alya *had* returned, and when Lissa opened the apartment door she found the girl sitting on the couch talking with Monique. They glanced up at her and immediately fell silent. The air had a certain tension, and Lissa wondered what was wrong. But the girls both wore smiles on their faces.

"Hi, guys," Lissa said cheerfully, trying to hide the fact that she had noticed something going on.

"Hi, Lissa," said Monique. "Did you have a nice vacation?"

Did she ever! But she wasn't about to mention the details. Instead, she dropped her suitcase on the floor and plopped down in the comfy chair. "So what's up?" she asked.

Monique and Alya glanced at each other for a moment. Then Monique rose to her feet. "Well, I'm off to the library. I'll see you two later tonight."

"Bye," said Lissa.

Monique grabbed her bag from the kitchen table, then headed for the door. "Good luck," she told Alya, just before disappearing outside.

To Lissa's eyes, it was quite obvious that Monique wanted Alya to be alone with Lissa. And Alya's quietness during this whole time meant that something was bothering her, or at least she had something weighing on her mind. Monique's last comment suggested that it was something she needed to talk with Lissa about.

"What did she mean by that?" asked Lissa.

"What? Oh, Monique and I were talking about... things."

"What kinds of things?"

"Um... well..."

"Come on, Alya. You know you can tell me anything."

"I know." She patted the couch beside her, where Monique had sat. "Come sit by me?" she requested.

Lissa slipped over to her, wondering what was going on. Before the break, she could always tell exactly what Alya was thinking. Of course, that was because she was mostly thinking what Lissa wanted her to think. Now, though, Lissa found herself completely lost.

"I noticed there was something going on before I came in," Lissa said. "You guys got really quiet all of a sudden. What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing's wrong," said Alya hurriedly. "I think... I think for the first time, things are right. At least I hope so."

"Okay, so what's right?" Lissa grinned.

"Well, that's the part that's kind of hard to say."

"But you said it to Monique, didn't you?" As she spoke the words, she realized that there was a bitter tone to them. That surprised even her. Did that mean she was jealous?

"Oh, but that's different," said Alya, and Lissa's jealousy spiked. So Alya was confiding in Monique things she couldn't confide in Lissa. She knew it shouldn't bother her, but it did.

"All right, if you don't want to tell me, that's fine," said Lissa, making as if to get up off the couch. But Alya hurriedly put an arm around her.

"Lissa, please. Sit here next to me." She said it so sweetly that Lissa could not refuse. But there was still that spark of bitterness haunting the back of her mind.

Alya sighed. "Look, I just needed a little advice," she said. "And the reason I went to Monique was... well... because I needed the opinion of someone not directly involved."

"I don't understand."

"Lissa, remember at Thanksgiving when I said I was going to have extra fun at Christmas time? Well, to be honest, I was miserable. I won't say it was the worst Christmas ever, because that honor belongs to the time I had pneumonia through the whole vacation. But this time was a close runner-up."

"Why were you miserable?"

"Because I was lonely."

"Didn't you have your family there?" asked Lissa.

"Oh yeah, and they were great, but I was missing someone in particular."

"Alya, you're not still pining for that bastard Matt, are you?"

"Matt?" she laughed. "Matt who?"

Lissa smiled. "Well, I'm glad about that. I'm still tempted to sneak into his apartment some night and castrate him. In fact, the only thing stopping me is the thought that he's probably cringing in terror every night wondering when we're going to strike, and I'd like to torture him like that for as long as possible."

"Well, don't worry about Matt. I don't care about him any more."

"So you've got a new boyfriend?" asked Lissa.

"No."

"But you're interested in someone?"

"Well... I suppose you can say that."

"Is it someone I know?"

"Um... an interesting question."

"Oh, come on, Alya. Who is it?"

Alya sighed. "Monique warned me not to be too obvious, but I think maybe I'm being too subtle."

What's that supposed to mean? Lissa wondered. It was clear that Alya wanted to tell her, but at the same time was hesitant about it. It didn't make any kind of sense.

"Lissa, you've been a good friend to me," said Alya. "I think I value your friendship as much as I've valued any relationship I've ever had with a man."

So now she was changing the subject. Well, Lissa wouldn't push her.

"Thanks, Alya. You know you mean the world to me too."

"And I think I might have enjoyed this vacation more if you were there with me."

Lissa certainly couldn't say the same thing about her own vacation, not that she had anything against Alya's presence. It was just that she had already enjoyed herself so much. Although, that would have been quite an interesting experience if she had involved Alya in her affair with her siblings! The thought almost made her laugh. Only the fact that Alya was starting to bare her heart kept her from breaking the mood.

"It's always nice to have a good friend to help you take your mind off the person you're longing for," she said instead.

Alya turned her head and gazed at her. "You know, Lissa, you really can be dense sometimes," she said with a smile.

"What do you mean? You won't even tell me who this mystery man is."

"It's not a man," said Alya.

"A woman?" asked Lissa, shocked. But Alya had insisted that she wasn't going to go down that road. Now, suddenly, to have a change of heart... Then Lissa began to feel that familiar twinge of jealousy. Lissa had been the one to explore that road with her, and Alya had been hesitant. Now she was continuing down that road without her.

"You really don't understand, do you?" asked Alya.

Then Lissa had it. Monique! So that's what the two of them had been talking about! And that 'good luck' was for moral support for when Alya had to break the bad news to Lissa. Now her jealousy rose to a point that she felt like throwing something. But she wanted to hear it from Alya herself.

"So who is it?" she said, thankful that she managed to make her voice sound curious rather than angry.

"I'll give you a hint," said Alya with a warm smile, then put her hand behind Lissa's head, drew her in, and kissed her fully on the lips.

Lissa's eyes opened wide with shock. But that meant... So she really...

Lissa couldn't even think straight. All she knew was that the kiss felt good enough to drive away all her anger and jealousy. She felt the love behind that kiss, and returned it with all her heart. *Alya!* she thought. *I love you!* And she was astonished to realize that it was true. Before, it had simply been the new Lissa asserting her independence, playing a game, even toying with Alya's affections. That Lissa was vengeful, hateful, and willing to destroy even her friends in order to get what she wanted. But now, those thoughts were in the past. Now, she wanted only to take her roommate in her arms and love her.

In one instant, Alya had transformed her again. This third incarnation was a hybrid of the previous two. She had taken the intelligence, wisdom, and compassion of the first, and merged it with the confidence and freedom of the second. Lissa the Third was every bit as liberated and unrestrained as Lissa the Second, but there was one difference. She had a soul. Alya had awakened it within her.

Then they drew apart, and Lissa could see that Alya had a look of concern on her face. "But Lissa," she said, "it has to be something you want too. I don't want you to feel obligated--"

Lissa put a finger to Alya's lips to silence her. It was a little teasing gesture that she enjoyed doing, especially because it made the girl look so cute. Then she removed her finger and replaced it with her own lips. Alya melted into her arms as all the anger, jealousy, and hatred of the past few months fled from the two women who had finally let themselves fall in love.

Somehow-- Lissa didn't exactly know how because it happened while she was still lost in that kiss-- they ended up in Alya's bedroom. She found herself smiling down at the adorable face of Alya, who lay beneath her on the bed. Lissa's heart beat rapidly as she realized that she had never even seen her naked! She had known that Alya had a great figure, but now, to see what she looked like without clothes... the thought excited her beyond belief.

She lowered her body to her roommate's, kissing her once again deeply on the lips. Alya relaxed and let it happen, giving in to the sapphic pleasure.

Suddenly, she pushed Lissa away.

"Lissa," said Alya. Rather than stop, Lissa lowered herself once more and began to kiss her on the cheek, neck, and chin. "I'm in love with you," Alya told her.

"I'm in love with you too," Lissa replied between kisses.

"But this is a new experience for me," continued Alya. "I love it when you hug me and kiss me, but I'm not sure I'm ready to... well..."

"Have sex?" Lissa offered helpfully.

"Yes," Alya nodded.

"Well I am," said Lissa. "Let me take care of you."

"But what if... what if I don't like it?"

"I promise that you will. All you have to do is trust me."

"I trust you," Alya breathed. "I wouldn't let any other girl do this to me, but with you it's different. I'm just worried that I might not be able to go through with it."

"If you're at all hesitant, you don't have to worry at all about pleasing me. I'll just take care of your needs this time, and we'll work on the rest later."

"That wouldn't be fair to you. I want to make you as happy as you make me."

"I *am* happy," Lissa breathed, closing her eyes and pressing her lips against Alya's.

After a few more minutes, Lissa rose back up and sat on her roommate's thighs. It was time to undress. Alya's hands went to Lissa's tee-shirt first, though, sliding underneath it and caressing her side. Then she slid her hands up, taking the shirt with it. Lissa leaned over so that Alya could pull it the rest of the way off. Her roommate gazed at her chest for a few seconds, then reached behind to unstrap her bra. Alya had seen her naked before, but it was different knowing that it was a prelude to making love. She let the bra fall away to expose her to Alya's hungry eyes.

"God, Lissa, you're so beautiful," she breathed.

"Right back at ya," replied Lissa playfully. But now it was Lissa's turn. Alya wore a button-down blouse, which Lissa began to unfasten with excruciating slowness. It wasn't that she wasn't eager to make love to this beauty, but she wanted to draw this whole thing out for as long as possible. After she had unbuttoned her about halfway, she slid her hands inside and opened it to show the top of her chest. Lissa leaned down and kissed her on the neck, making Alya gasp in pleasure. Lissa felt a surge of delight from knowing that she was giving such pleasure to the girl she loved. Then she lowered herself to the tops of her breasts, playfully teasing them with her tongue. As she did so, she continued to unbutton the blouse until the last one was finished. Then she spread the blouse to the side and gazed down at Alya's remarkable body.

She lifted Alya into her arms then, so as to better dispose of the garment. Hugging her tightly and kissing her passionately, she reached behind her and unfastened her bra. Alya moved away just long enough to allow Lissa to remove it, then leaned in and pressed her bare chest up against Lissa's. It was one of the most thrilling feelings she had ever had, to feel this beautiful woman's body against her own, to feel their breasts pressed together and their hard nipples teasing each other.

They hugged like that for several minutes, hungrily kissing each other as they ran their hands up and down each other's backs, just lost in the feeling of their bodies so close. If they could just remain like this all night, Lissa thought, it would be enough.

But there were far more exciting things to do. She leaned slightly forward to push Alya backward, then drew back as she lowered her roommate gently to the bed. She sat there and just gazed at her body for a minute. This was a sight she could get used to. The girl's figure while clothed only hinted at the exquisiteness of her shape when nude. Her breasts were really only about the same size as Lissa's, which weren't particularly large, but firm and perky. But her nipples were absolutely stunning. Swollen in pleasure, they were dark and well defined, and Lissa felt an overwhelming urge to suck on them. She had tasted the nipples of several women already, but with the exception of her little sister, most of those times had just been experiments, and had given her no pleasure. This time was different. She wanted to tease Alya to a frenzy with her mouth.

She lowered her head, and Alya's eyes opened wide as she realized where Lissa was headed. Lissa opened her mouth and ran her tongue over the girl's nipple. Alya squealed like a child that had just been given an ice cream cone, and Lissa took that as a sign to continue.

Her roommate tasted so good! She wanted to just lick, suck, and nibble at her all night. And judging by Alya's gasps and moans, she seemed willing enough. Lissa almost giggled as she listened to the cute little sounds that Alya was making, unable to control herself in the throes of ecstasy. There was something immensely satisfying about having the girl's nipple in her mouth, perhaps a hint of a lost memory of nursing as an infant. But this was different. It was about knowing that she was doing something wonderful and exciting for the person she loved most in the world.

But Lissa wanted more. Tonight they would bring each other to the ultimate pleasure.

She slipped her hand under Alya's skirt and panties and began to fondle her. Her hand reached that sensitive spot that Lissa knew so well on her own body, and Alya cried out with passion. She reached for Lissa's pants now, unfastening the belt and unzipping her pants, and Lissa took a moment to wiggle out of them. Then she lay down next to Alya, who immediately copied Lissa's actions by sliding her hand down inside Lissa's panties.

Lissa gasped as her roommate touched her there, feeling tingles of pleasure run up and down her spine. She rolled over and kissed Alya tenderly on the lips, desire flooding through her.

After a few minutes of this mutual stimulation, Lissa got up and pulled off Alya's skirt and panties, leaving her completely bare. Alya spread her legs wide, exposing the center of her sex. Lissa eyed it hungrily. She would prove to her roommate how much she loved her. She climbed onto the bed between Alya's legs, lowered her head, and began to lick.

Alya cried out in pleasure from the contact. "Oh, Lissa!" she exclaimed. "Oh yes!"

Lissa found she enjoyed giving Alya that pleasure. It wasn't like with Meg or Sandy, where she had done it just to get used to the experience. This was something far deeper and more powerful. There was no longer any revulsion as she licked her roommate's sweet pussy. She just let herself go and savored the taste.

At first she just ran her tongue over the outside, paying particular attention to the little bud at the top, knowing that it was a focal point of the pleasure. Alya literally screamed when she teased it, and Lissa felt overjoyed that she was the one to stimulate her like that. She nibbled at it, driving Alya into a lust-filled frenzy. Then she lowered her mouth, spread her roommate with her fingers, and drove her tongue in. Alya gasped and moaned as Lissa fucked her with her tongue. The sounds grew in intensity and volume, and Lissa realized she was pushing Alya to the edge. A moment later Alya tensed up, her pussy contracting around Lissa's tongue, and she wailed in ecstasy. Lissa could taste the girl's sweet nectar exploding from her, and she lapped it up hungrily. It lasted several seconds, then Alya collapsed back on the bed, panting in exhaustion.

Lissa moved up and lay down next to her, pressing her naked body up against her. Alya turned her head and gazed into Lissa's eyes. "Give me a minute to rest, and then I'll take care of your needs too," she smiled, reaching out a hand a placing it on Lissa's breast. Lissa closed her eyes and let the stimulation overcome her. They continued like that for a few minutes, then Alya raised herself up and turned Lissa over onto her back, lowering herself onto her and kissing her passionately.

Lissa just savored the feeling, the taste of the girl's lips, the warmth and softness of her body, the love between them. It was almost a shame when Alya's mouth left her own, but her roommate had other plans. She kissed Lissa playfully on the chin, then on her neck, touching it with her tongue. Lissa giggled; it tickled a little, but it also felt extremely erotic.

Alya remained at her neck for a while, teasing and kissing and licking it, causing Lissa to give short little moans of delight. She could tell that Alya enjoyed making her moan like that almost as much as Lissa enjoyed the sensations that caused it. Then Alya went lower, kissing her upper chest.

Again it was a teasing gesture; Alya purposely stayed away from Lissa's breasts in order to draw out the sensations as long as possible before touching her on her most sensitive spots. Lissa began to shiver with delight, in excruciating anticipation of the coming stimulation. Her breaths came in ragged gulps, and her heart beat madly within her. Her body was burning, and her nipples tingled even without any kind of physical contact. It was all she could do to keep from begging Alya to get on with it. But she wanted to hold it out as long as she could as well.

Alya kissed her at the top of her breasts, then ran her tongue between them, causing Lissa to moan loudly, to which Alya laughed. Lissa opened her eyes just long enough to see her roommate staring lovingly down at her with a smile of delight, a smile that Lissa realized must resemble the one on her own face as well. Then Alya lowered her head and took a nipple into her mouth.

Lissa cried out, almost reaching orgasm right there. The pleasure was so intense that she didn't know how she could even stand it. For never having done this before, Alya sure knew how to suck tits. She started gentle, toying with it with her tongue, then sucked in hard, causing Lissa to squeal in pleasure. She was lost in bliss, aware of nothing around her but her beautiful roommate and the naked sensitivity of her own body.

Alya then moved to the other nipple to give it the same treatment, with the same effect on Lissa. She couldn't control the noises she was making, but she didn't want to. Let the whole world know that Alya was making love to her.

But they still weren't finished. Alya went lower, kissing her just below the breasts, running her tongue right along the edge of the bulge. She continued down to the bottom of Lissa's rib cage, and then to her stomach. This she covered with kisses, from the sternum down to what would be the hair line if Lissa hadn't shaved it all off down there. When she stuck her tongue into her belly button, Lissa burst out laughing. That was one thing she loved about Alya: her playful spirit. Apparently it carried over into her lovemaking, to Lissa's delight.

Alya continued to kiss her, moving around and around the center of her sex, but always a couple of inches away. The anticipation was an exquisite torment, just like it had been before with her breasts. Lissa could feel her body moving, thrusting involuntarily as if trying to find some kind of contact to satisfy her. She needed something, anything there! But Alya teased her mercilessly by coming nearer and nearer but never reaching the prize.

Lissa's moans were mixed with groans of impatience now. The anticipation was pure torture! But it was also so thrilling. The pleasure was building, held back by an invisible dam on the verge of bursting at any moment. The longer Alya waited, the stronger the buildup would be. When that dam broke, what a flood of ecstasy would emerge!

"I think I've teased you long enough," Alya told her. "Are you ready for the grand finale?"

"Oh yes, Alya! I can't wait any longer! Please eat my pussy!" Lissa was shocked to hear the words come out of her own mouth. They happened automatically, without any thought on her part. That showed just how lost she was in her own desire.

Alya drew in once more, and suddenly Lissa felt the most intensely pleasurable feeling between her legs. Despite having done this several times before, it could not compare to Alya's sweet mouth. Her roommate sought out her bud and attacked it mercilessly, causing Lissa to scream with delight. It was almost like being tickled, but intense and electrical, driving her insane. She thrashed around on the bed, screaming Alya's name over and over again. But that was not the end. Alya lowered her tongue to tease Lissa's pussy lips for a moment, then drove it inside. If the pleasure on her clit had been intense, this was ten times so. She almost passed out from the exhilaration. Again and again Alya thrust, as if trying to prove that her tongue was every bit as good as a penis. She ran it all over the inside, not wanting to miss a spot. Her mouth closed over Lissa in order to give her better access and drive her tongue even deeper.

"Oh God oh God oh God oh God!" Lissa wailed as the felt a surge of pleasure sweeping over her. A moment later it burst forth, and she screamed. Never before in her life had she felt such an intense orgasm. Alya's teasing, along with her love and passion, had done it. The room spun around her; she was dizzy with delight. If the pleasure didn't stop soon she would fall unconscious.

But it did stop, to her regret and relief. She didn't think she could have gone on much longer. She had never known it was possible for the human body to feel such pleasure.

After it was over, Alya crawled back up next to Lissa and lay down. Lissa turned over and lay her head down on Alya's chest, feeling both weak and happy. She was surprised to feel warm tears running down her cheeks, but she didn't care. She had Alya, and that was all that mattered.

"Lissa, why are you crying?" asked Alya. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Lissa replied. "I'm just so happy that we're together. You don't know what this means to me."

"Yes I do, because it means the same thing to me."

Lissa let herself drop off to sleep then in Alya's arms, the happiest she had felt in as long as she could remember.

Chapter 75

Settling In To A New Life

The sound of the bedroom door opening woke her several hours later.

"Oh my god!" she heard Monique's voice say. "I forgot that you two..." Lissa glanced up, and saw Monique standing in the doorway, looking embarrassed.

"Well this is a little awkward," said Alya, and Lissa realized that her new girlfriend was also awake. Then both girls burst out laughing.

"Caught in the act," Lissa said. "Don't worry, Monique. We're finished in here. You didn't interrupt anything."

"I'll... um... wait out in the front room," Monique said, closing the door.

Lissa and Alya dressed quickly, then opened the door and left the room. Monique was sitting in a chair with one of her textbooks in her hand. She watched as Alya and Lissa sat down on the couch next to each other, putting their arms around each other.

"So I take it Lissa said yes?" Monique asked Alya.

"Oh, she definitely said yes. Screamed it, in fact." They all laughed at the joke.

"Then I'm happy for you two," Monique smiled.

"It doesn't bother you that all of your roommates are lesbians?" asked Alya.

"I'm not a full lesbian," Lissa protested. "I guess you could call me bisexual."

"Same here," Alya replied. "Maybe we could find a boyfriend to share. I wonder if Matt's free?"

"Don't you dare!" Lissa exclaimed, but she knew Alya was just teasing. Alya gave her a quick kiss on the lips. Then they glanced over at Monique.

"Sorry," Alya apologized. "If we're bothering you, let us know and we'll stop."

"No we won't stop," Lissa insisted. "But at least we'll take it somewhere else."

"After seeing Meg and Sandy go at each other all the time, a little thing like this is nothing," Monique grinned. "Just don't get busy in my room at night while I'm trying to sleep."

"Speaking of which," commented Lissa, "I think as soon as Meg gets home, we should discuss new sleeping arrangements."

"Oh, great," Monique groaned facetiously. "Now *I'm* the one who's going to have to worry about Meg sneaking into my bed every night."

"I could sneak into your bed instead," Alya offered with a playful wink.

"Oh, no! I'm surrounded by lesbians who want my body!"

"Well, I hadn't really thought about it before," said Lissa, "but now that you brought up the subject..."

"Geez, you two. Get a room. Heck, use my room if you want. Just find some way to calm your hormones. I'm not going to be safe until you do."

"But seriously," said Alya, "I think I speak for both Lissa and myself when I say that we really would appreciate it if either you or Meg switched rooms."

"I don't know," Lissa added. "Maybe we should let Monique and Meg both keep their rooms and just have you move in with me in my bed. The thought of doing it with Meg watching is kind of a turn-on."

"So you've got a bit of an exhibitionist to you, Lissa," Alya grinned. "I have to admit, you're starting to make me horny."

"I just realized something," Lissa said. "I have to call my aunt Rachael."

"Why?" asked Monique.

"It's something I promised her while we were driving up here before the school year began."

When Meg arrived home and spied Lissa and Alya sitting on the couch holding hands, she dropped her luggage on the floor and stared at them in shock. The girls grinned, then leaned in and kissed each other on the lips. Meg continued to stare, a smile gradually spreading onto her face.

Suddenly she squealed in delight, then ran over and threw her arms around them both. "Oh, I'm so happy for you two!" she exclaimed, and when she pulled away, she had tears in her eyes.

"Don't lie," Alya laughed. "You were hoping I would fall for *you*, weren't you?"

"Well, I knew that Lissa..." she began, then cut herself off.

"You knew what?" asked Alya.

Meg glanced at Lissa, as if unsure what to say. Lissa came to her rescue with a half-truth. "I confessed to Meg before the break that I was starting to have romantic feelings for you. I asked for her advice. Kind of like you asked for Monique's."

"I'm guessing Meg's advice was a little more specific," said Alya.

"A *lot* more specific," Lissa agreed, and all three girls laughed.

As the four girls sat around the table eating dinner that night, they discussed their new sleeping arrangements. They decided to have Monique and Lissa switch rooms so that the two lovers could sleep together. Monique wasn't exactly thrilled with the idea of sleeping in the same room as Meg, but there was really nothing to be done about that. Lissa was half-serious when she said she wouldn't mind making love to Alya in front of Meg, but Alya preferred to have more privacy. Monique joked about spending most of her nights on the couch in order to stay away from Meg, but it was all just in fun.

After dinner, they all helped Lissa and Monique carry their things into their new rooms. Between the four of them, they managed to get everything moved in about an hour.

Alya called her parents that night to tell them the good news. Lissa was more nervous about it than she was, but Alya reassured her that her parents were far too liberal to let this bother them. Lissa sat nearby eavesdropping as Alya made the call and explained the situation to her parents. They were surprised, but her mother simply asked whether this was what she really wanted, and once Alya replied that it was, there had been no argument out of either of them.

Both of her parents wanted to talk to Lissa then, but it turned out to be a lot less scary than she had expected. Mainly they just wanted to get to know her a little. She explained that this was the first time either of the girls had ever fallen in love with another woman, so it was quite a new experience for both. Alya's mother reassured her that she and her husband would both support them in this relationship, which made Lissa feel a lot better. As it turned out, both parents strongly and actively supported the gay rights movement, so having a lesbian daughter was almost a point of pride for them.

They had copies of photos that Alya had taken during the previous semester, including quite a few of her roommates, so as soon as Lissa described herself enough for them to identify her from the photos, they began looking through them. They ended up spending an hour on the phone with her talking about the various activities that Lissa and Alya had done together, almost as if going through a photo album.

Eventually they ended the call, and Lissa sat back down with a smile, at least some of her fears put to rest.

"Sounds like my parents like you," Alya told her. "I think they like you even more than they like me," she joked.

"Now if only I could get my own parents to have the same reaction to you, everything will be great," replied

Lissa. "I'm sure my stepmom will just adore you. She's even more open-minded than your parents. But I don't relish the thought of breaking the news to my dad."

"Well, you've got all semester to work up to it. And just remember, whatever happens, I'll stand by you."

"Thanks, Alya," she smiled. "That means a lot to me."

When they began the new semester, Lissa eagerly looked forward to the tennis class that Alya had decided to take with her. In one sense, it was kind of anticlimactic now that the two of them had gotten together. Lissa had intended it to be a way for the girls to get comfortable with each other's naked bodies as they showered together after class, a stepping stone on the path to their new relationship. Now that they could see each other's bodies any time they wanted, it seemed like a moot point.

However, any time she could be naked with Alya, especially a glistening wet Alya, Lissa wasn't going to complain. Besides, there was a certain thrill in standing under the water with her in an otherwise unoccupied shower room, hugging and kissing right out there in the open where anyone could walk in on them.

Most days after class, of course, they couldn't do that. There were just too many other girls in the showers with them. Of course, now that Lissa had not only admitted but enthusiastically embraced her lesbian tendencies, standing in a room surrounded by naked college coeds delighted her, even if it meant not being able to touch her roommate the way she wanted. Often after these frustrating yet arousing sessions, the two of them went home and immediately jumped into the shower in their apartment where they could make love under the steaming hot water without fear of being caught.

They did have one somewhat embarrassing incident though, one evening after an hour on the tennis court. The locker room was deserted, so the two of them stripped off their clothes and headed into the shower together. They spent a few minutes soaping each other up and washing each other's backs. First Lissa washed Alya, letting her hands run all over her roommate's body. There was something incredibly enticing about the softness of a woman's skin that just wasn't the same with a man. While Lissa had no intention of giving up men completely, right now all she wanted was Alya.

After a couple of minutes, they switched places, and Alya gave Lissa the same pleasurable treatment. She even went one step further, and reached around to fondle Lissa's breasts. Lissa giggled at the sensation, loving the feel of Alya's hands on her.

When she could stand the sexual tension no longer, she turned around and the two girls pressed their bodies together and leaned in for a passionate kiss. Lissa closed her eyes and let the wonderful feeling of Alya's lips and tongue work their magic on her.

Suddenly, Alya pulled away. Lissa opened her eyes and saw an embarrassed look on her girlfriend's face. She turned around and noticed another naked young lady who had just come around the corner into the showers, and was staring at the two of them in shock.

Both girls broke down laughing. "Sorry," Alya apologized. "We're about through here."

In a moment of mischievous boldness, Lissa added, "Unless you want to join us."

Alya giggled and slapped her on the shoulder. "She's kidding, of course," she told the girl. "Come on, Lissa. We can finish this at home." They moved past the still staring girl, then retrieved their towels from the rack and began to dry themselves.

"You're as bad as Meg," Alya commented with a laugh.

"Just a tie?" asked Lissa. "I must not be trying hard enough."

Despite the nearly complete bliss that Lissa felt in those happy days, two things bothered her. First, she didn't know how to tell her family that she had a girlfriend. No, that wasn't particularly true; most of them would have no problem with it. Allison, Jeff, and Brit would all be happy for her, but she dreaded the reaction of her father. She knew with near certainty that he would be furious. It reminded her of that night in Meg's bedroom when Meg had told Lissa of her own parents' reactions, but Lissa knew with Greg it would be much worse. He had never claimed to be particularly open-minded; in fact, he was proud of his strict conservatism. This would be a serious blow to him, and it would no doubt lead to a confrontation.

Her second worry was her guilt. Despite once vowing that she would never feel guilty again, the Lissa who had made that vow had been changed once more into a caring and loving person, one who didn't like to see people hurt, especially if she was the one who had hurt them. She knew, however, that she had tried to do something horrible to Alya. In one sense it had succeeded, but in another, things had turned out better than all right. She still felt guilty about her intentions, though.

She only had one option, she decided. She would have to tell Alya. No matter the cost, Lissa could not stand the guilt of what she had done. Alya deserved the truth. She made up her mind to tell her the next time the two of them found themselves alone together.

She got her chance the next day after her last class. She came home and found Alya sitting on the couch studying. Lissa sat down next to her roommate, who gave her a big grin and put her arm around her shoulder, drawing in for a kiss. Lissa let the kiss happen, but she was too worried to enjoy it.

Alya could sense the difference, so she pulled back, the smile dropping from her face. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"Alya, I have a confession to make," said Lissa. "It's all right if you get mad at me, because I deserve it. But just understand, I'm not the same person I was when I did it. *You* changed me."

"So what is this horrible crime you've committed?" Alya asked.

"After I broke up with Matt, I wanted to punish him. So I... I came up with the idea of... seducing his new girlfriend away from him. You."

"What?" demanded Alya, a look of shock on her face.

"I'm sorry, Alya. I feel terrible about it. But the truth is that everything up to Christmas break was all part of my plan. I got Meg and Sandy to teach me what I needed to do. I'm telling you this because... well, because you deserve the truth. But there's another part of the truth that I think is more important. From the moment that you kissed me after I came back from vacation, I realized that I truly am in love with you. Truly. I won't say I wish I hadn't plotted against you, because in the end it brought us together, but I still hate myself for deceiving you."

Alya looked away, and Lissa felt her heart breaking.

"Please forgive me, Alya!" she pleaded. "I couldn't stand the thought of losing you."

When Alya turned back around, there were tears in her eyes. She threw her arms around Lissa and hugged her.

"I *am* mad at you," said Alya. "You toyed with my emotions. You could have hurt me badly. But I love you too much to let this come between us. It took a lot of courage for you to tell me the truth, and I'm glad you did, because now we have no secrets from each other." She pulled away and looked Lissa in the eyes. "Or do we?" she asked.

Lissa turned away. She didn't *want* to keep any secrets from Alya, but how could she tell her that she had had some kind of sexual contact with every member of her family? Her trysts with Rachael, Allison, Jeff, and even little Brit, were things that the new Lissa shouldn't be ashamed of, but how would Alya react to them?

"There are other things," she admitted. "But I'm not ready to share them yet. I just... I just want to be sure you won't judge me. I really want to be completely honest with you, so I won't hide anything I do from now on, but there are things in my past that you might not approve of. I can tell you, though, that none of them have anything to do with you."

"It's all right," Alya said comfortingly. "When you're ready, you can tell me. But if it makes it any easier, I promise I won't judge you for them."

"Thanks, Alya. I love you."

"I love you too, Lissa."

"So do you forgive me?"

"I forgive you," Alya smiled. "I'm still a little angry, but I'll tell you what you can do to make it up to me."

"Anything," Lissa said immediately.

"Give me a night of passion that I'll never forget."

Lissa laughed with relief. "That's something I can do," she said.

That night after dinner, the two of them retired to the bedroom. Meg and Monique flashed them a knowing look as they disappeared down the hall. Lissa and Alya closed the bedroom door behind them and sat down on the bed.

"I have a surprise for you," Lissa whispered, then gave her one last kiss and stood up.

"What kind of surprise?" asked Alya.

"Close your eyes."

"Oh, *that* kind of surprise." She shut her eyes and even put her hands over them.

Lissa hurried over to the drawer where she had stashed the teddy that Meg had bought her. She stripped off her clothes and slipped on the garment. It felt very soft and very naughty. Then she stood in front of Alya. She had actually tried it on once, when none of her roommates were home. She had felt a thrill of excitement to see that its transparency showed off the darkness of her nipples and even the line of her slit between her legs. She couldn't remember ever telling Meg her size, but it seemed to fit perfectly.

"Okay, you can open your eyes now," she said.

Alya did, and instantly her eyes lit up with shock and delight. "Lissa!" she exclaimed. "Wow! I like it. Where on earth did you get something like that?"

Lissa grinned. "Meg bought it for me for Christmas."

"She would!" Alya laughed.

"I feel a little guilty that she doesn't get to see me in it, though."

"Don't be so sure of that. Hey, Meg!" she called. "Would you come in here for a minute?"

Rather than feel embarrassed, Lissa just turned toward the door and spread out her arms to give a good view of her body. A moment later, Meg appeared in the door. Her eyes opened wide and she gasped, then a smile spread across her lips.

"Oh my god, Lissa!" she exclaimed. "You look even better in that than in my fantasies when I bought it!"

Lissa came over and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks for the present," she said. "It's just too bad that Alya gets to enjoy it more than you do."

"Oh, that's all right. As long as it doesn't go to waste." Her hand went up and she squeezed one of Lissa's tits. Lissa laughed and slapped her hand away.

"No more of that," Lissa grinned. "I've got a girlfriend now."

"Too bad. Well, I'm glad you like your present."

"I just hope you won't feel too bad if one of these nights it ends up in shreds on the floor because I tore it off her in impatience," Alya said.

"If it gets you that excited, then I'd say it's done its job well," Meg laughed.

"All right, now get out of here," Alya grinned.

"Do I have to? I haven't even planted the hidden camera yet."

Alya playfully grabbed her by the shoulders, turned her around, and pushed her out of the room. She closed and locked the door, then turned and strode over to Lissa, where she threw her arms around her and hugged her tightly, kissing her passionately. The two girls held each other like that for the longest time, hugging and kissing each other with wanton abandon. Now that they had been lovers for a few weeks, they were at that perfect stage where their nervousness and inhibitions had completely faded but the newness of their relationship still added a thrill and excitement that fueled their passion.

After a few minutes, they broke apart, then by silent agreement made their way to the bed. Alya sat down, but Lissa climbed onto it and crawled with a seductive motion behind her roommate. She rose to her knees then, positioning herself behind Alya and reaching her arms around the girl's waist. She leaned in and kissed her on the neck. Alya sighed, closed her eyes, and leaned her head back. She was wearing a button-down blouse, so Lissa let her hands rise up under the girl's arms to unfasten the top button. She continued to kiss Alya's neck as she worked the other buttons loose one by one. After about the third button, she spread the collar of the blouse and let her lips run over Alya's shoulders. Slowly the rest of the garment came undone until it slipped off of the girl's shoulder and onto Lissa's knees. She picked it up and tossed it away, then returned her arms to their position around her roommate.

As she continued to worship her with her lips, she ran her hands up along Alya's body and let them rest on her bra-covered tits, kneading and massaging them through the material. This close, she could hear Alya's breathing growing deeper and heavier as the stimulation had its effect on her body.

Unconsciously, Alya's legs spread and her hands slid down to her inner thighs, tightening her skirt against her body. Lissa picked up on the signal, and she let her hands leave their position to reach for the snap on the front of the skirt. She unsnapped it, then Alya lifted her hips off the bed and slid her skirt down her legs to fall to the floor.

Lissa took that opportunity to slip one of her hands between Alya's legs, rubbing her crotch over her panties. Alya moaned, and Lissa smiled at the knowledge that she was giving the girl such pleasure. She loved to

make her feel good, especially since Alya was so enthusiastic in reciprocating. After a minute or two of rubbing, Lissa felt a wet stain on the girl's panties, which told her just how much Alya enjoyed what was happening to her.

But she wanted to feel more than that. She slipped her hand down inside the panties, letting them touch her bare skin and listening for the gasp that she had come to expect. She was not disappointed. Alya was so predictable that way.

After a few minutes of rubbing the girl's sensitive body, Alya cried out in the first of what would likely be many climaxes that night. At least, it would be many climaxes if Lissa had her way. Alya had insisted after all that it must be a night of passion that she would never forget.

But now it was her time to do the same to Lissa. Alya slipped off the bed and knelt in front of Lissa. She reached up and took hold of the shoulder straps of the teddy and slowly peeled it down. She grinned as she exposed Lissa's breasts, then leaned in and planted a kiss right on one of the nipples.

"Oh god, I love it when you do that," Lissa whispered.

"Me too," Alya replied. "You have the yummiest boobs I've ever tasted."

Lissa giggled. "And how many boobs have you tasted?"

"Including yours, four," Alya replied.

"Oh?" asked Lissa with an arched eyebrow.

"It's not what you think. Until I started this relationship with you, the last time I was less than a year old."

"Oh yeah. Good point."

Alya finished peeling the teddy off of Lissa, then discarded it on the floor. She then stood up and pounced on Lissa, knocking her backward on the bed. She grabbed Lissa's hands and pinned them down next to her head.

"Ooh, you're kind of aggressive tonight," Lissa grinned.

"It's your fault," said Alya. "You got me excited by wearing that lingerie."

"If it affects you that much, maybe I'll wear it more often."

In response, Alya leaned down and kissed her on the lips. Then she released Lissa's arms and began kissing down her body. She worked all over her neck and upper chest, then descended to her breasts, where she sucked greedily on them as Lissa moaned in delight. She relaxed and let the girl pleasure her; Alya seemed to take as much delight in giving as in receiving. That was one of the things that Lissa loved most about her.

After a few minutes, Alya began to work her way down further, and Lissa shuddered in anticipation. Just the

thought of the girl's tongue on the most sensitive part of her body nearly brought her to orgasm; she knew she wouldn't last long once it happened for real.

She spread her legs as Alya kissed and licked her way down, opening herself up fully to her roommate. Even the few seconds it took for Alya to traverse the distance between her chest and her thigh seemed an excruciating eternity of eager anticipation. But once Alya reached her goal, she made it well worth the wait. Her tongue darted out like a snake, lightly brushing against her pussy. Lissa moaned with each contact, tremors running through her body. Then Alya let her tongue linger, tightening it and pressing it against the slit. She let it slip a little inside, causing a much more violent shudder to wrack Lissa's body. Alya giggled at the reaction, then reached up with her hands and pried her apart, running her tongue all over the inside. She let her tongue graze against Lissa's clitoris, which nearly brought her to orgasm instantly. In fact, it only took only half a dozen licks at the sensitive bud before Lissa surrendered to the pleasure and squealed out her climax.

Afterward, she lay there panting for a few minutes, a smile on her lips and exhaustion throughout her body. Alya lay down next to her, her head propped up on one of her hands while she traced lazy circles on Lissa's stomach with the index finger of her other hand. That light, almost ticklish sensation brought Lissa quickly back to a state of arousal, and her body squirmed under Alya's ministrations. She felt she could go another round right away, but unfortunately, it wasn't her turn.

She finally sat up, then grinned at Alya. "We're not finished yet," she said. "You haven't even stripped out of your underwear."

"I can remedy that," Alya grinned.

"Don't you dare! From now on, that's my job," insisted Lissa. She immediately leaned in and pressed her body up against Alya's. She reached around and found the clasp to her bra, then unhooked it and pulled the article forward and off of the girl's chest. With the girl's tits exposed like that, Lissa couldn't help but lean down and suckle on them. Alya began to moan just as Lissa had.

Lissa's hand returned once more between the girl's legs, slipping under the panties to play with her pussy. With one orgasm behind her already though, Alya wasn't about to go off so easily this time. But that was fine; Lissa had plans for her. She rose back up and gently pushed her roommate down on the bed, then quickly slipped the girl's panties off. She still wore her stockings, but they soon joined the rest of the clothes on the floor.

Lissa leaned down between Alya's legs, which spread to grant her access. She slipped her tongue out of her mouth and ran it all over the outside of Alya's pussy, causing the girl to squeal in delight. Lissa continued to kiss and lick and tongue her roommate until she became a writhing mass of nerves on the bed. Alya gasped, moaned, squealed, and even screeched from the stimulation. Soon she exploded into another orgasm, but Lissa wasn't about to let it go at that. She kept at it, causing Alya's eyes to go wide with shock and delight. It wasn't long before Alya reached her third climax of the night. Lissa still wouldn't let up, so Alya allowed her to go one more round. This one took a while longer, but eventually she screamed in ecstasy one final time.

Lissa rose up and lay down beside her. The two girls smiled at each other, then leaned in and kissed. Alya closed her eyes, no doubt exhausted from the ordeal.

Lissa was about to drift off to sleep herself when Alya surprised her by suddenly rolling over on top of her. "Oh no you don't," Alya insisted. "You're not getting out of this with just a single orgasm. Not after you got me off four times."

"Yes Mistress," Lissa grinned.

Alya immediately lowered herself along Lissa's body and began to lick her between the legs. Already excited from before, it didn't take long for Lissa to go off a second time. Only then did Alya climb back up and lie down next to Lissa. Happy and satisfied, they drifted off to sleep.

Tired as she was, Lissa still wanted to make the night memorable, so when she awoke a couple of hours later, she slipped her hand between Alya's legs and fondled her. At first, Alya remained asleep, though the squirming of her body and her soft moaning showed just how much the stimulation was affecting her. Lissa grinned as she imagined the types of dreams she might be giving her roommate.

Eventually Alya awoke, just in time for her climax to hit her. She cried out again, probably loud enough to wake Monique and Meg. She came down from her high, giggling in embarrassment and glancing over at Lissa, who merely leaned in and planted a kiss on her lips.

A couple of hours later, Alya returned the favor, only this time she used her mouth instead of her hands to wake Lissa with a mind-blowing climax. They continued the game all night, each girl stimulating the other one any time they awoke.

In the morning, they awoke tired and groggy, neither of them having gotten much sleep. They slipped on their bathrobes then together headed into the bathroom to shower together. Weary and satisfied from the night of passion, they didn't have it in them to get too naughty, so they just held each other and kissed a little under the steaming hot water.

Afterward, they returned to their bedroom to dress, then met Meg and Monique at the breakfast table.

"You know," Monique commented, "you two are going to have to learn to keep it down a little more while you make love."

"I'm sorry," said Lissa. "Did it bother you?"

"It wasn't that," Monique explained. "It's just that Meg thought it would be entertaining to give me a play-by-play of what she thought you were doing in there based upon the sounds coming out of your bedroom."

Meg shrugged with a sheepish grin, and they all burst out laughing.

Chapter 76

Exposure

Back home, life in the Primdale household was mostly happy. Greg loved to watch Jeff and Brit getting along. The contrast from their former bickering and arguing delighted him enough to keep him from worrying too much about that conversation he had had with Allison about teenage girls falling in love with their brothers. If Brit was going through a phase where she adored Jeff, well, that was all right. He had earned it after all, by saving her life twice. Eventually the phase would pass, and Greg hoped that the two of them wouldn't fall back into their old ways of fighting all the time. From the way things looked, he didn't think that would ever happen, and that made him glad.

He did feel a little of that jealousy that Allison had mentioned. He loved his little girl, and remembered with fondness all the times when she was just a child, how she sometimes sat on his lap or gave him hugs or kisses. She had always been his little angel. Now she was no longer a child; she was developing into a beautiful young woman, independent and free. With that change came another; no longer was Greg the one she came to when feeling particularly affectionate. Now she went to Jeff.

That was all right; just like Allison had said, she needed a man closer to her own age to cling to, to put her trust in. Yes, she tended to flirt a lot, but that was all right in the end. Let her practice on someone safe, someone who wouldn't hurt her. Let her learn the power and limits of her sexuality before she turned her charms on the boys at school, who might not treat her so nicely.

But Jeff and Brit weren't the only ones happy. Greg also felt more alive than he had since... forever. He had loved his first wife, perhaps every bit as much as he now loved his second, but he had never had as much fun as with Allison. He wondered now if maybe the reason his first wife had left him was because he was too boring. There had been passion and romance in the early years of their marriage, and then once the children had been born they had ended up sacrificing time alone for the sake of their kids. They had settled into their roles of father and mother, and forgotten to be husband and wife. He had accepted it because he had grown up in that kind of family, but perhaps his wife had never really felt that she fit in with that kind of lifestyle. Maybe she needed the kind of excitement in her life that Greg had been unable to show her.

Strangely enough, Allison was the same way. The difference was that Allison hadn't been willing to just settle down. She had taken control, changing Greg instead of letting him change her, and the two of them were now happy together.

With Jeff, Brit, Greg, and Allison having a wonderful time, he wondered whether it was the same with Lissa. She had seemed cheerful and bubbly at Christmas, so maybe she was enjoying herself just as much.

One afternoon after Allison went out to the mailbox, she returned with a letter from Lissa. Greg was sitting in his office when Allison opened the door and slipped in, the letter in her hand. The two of them sat down on

the couch, and Allison sliced open the envelope and pulled out the letter.

"'Dear Allison,'" she quoted. "'Don't let Dad read this yet.'"

Greg looked at his wife in surprise. What was that supposed to mean?

"Just a minute," said Allison, as she scanned down the letter. She laughed as she read.

"What is it?" asked Greg, curious.

"Yes, I can see that that would give you quite a shock," Allison smiled, then folded up the letter and slipped it back into the envelope. "I think I'll keep this with me for a while. Don't want you peeking, after all."

"What is it that she's telling you that she doesn't want to tell me?" asked Greg.

"Now don't get jealous. She *does* want to tell you. Or at least, she wants *me* to tell you. I just need to figure out the right way, that's all. Don't worry; she's not hurt or anything like that. This is a good thing, at least in my opinion. I'm just not sure you would agree. That's why she wrote to me first."

"Okay," Greg shrugged. "I suppose I don't mind if you two share a secret. I'm just curious, that's all."

"I'll tell you when the time is right," Allison told him, then leaned over and kissed him.

He wondered about that letter, but didn't let it bother him. If it was important, she would have wanted him to know too, so it probably wasn't a big deal. She had probably decided on a major for her college education that he wouldn't approve of, though he couldn't think of what that might be. Or maybe she decided to change schools. At any rate, he would find out eventually, and until then, he would have to simply suppress his curiosity.

Allison did tell Jeff and Brit, however. The three of them gathered in Jeff's room at bedtime, and Allison read the letter to them. Their eyes widened in surprise when she came to the part about Lissa having a girlfriend. Her name was Alya, and she was one of Lissa's roommates. Jeff thought he remembered her mentioning something about Alya during Christmas break, but only as an offhand comment. She had probably mentioned all of her roommates at one point or another.

The truth was that he wasn't *that* surprised. She had been a very different person during the break than she had been before. Obviously she had no problem fooling around with other girls; she had proven that at Christmas time.

Brit was actually happy to learn that Lissa had switched over. That meant she wasn't the only Primdale girl to have a girlfriend. Now they could provide moral support for each other, because they were both in the same situation.

The next day at school, Jeff received another surprise, this one much more unwelcome. He had just arrived at school and was looking for Kari when his friend Jesse greeted him.

"Jeff, can I talk to you for a minute?" asked Jesse. He had a sly look in his eye that Jeff didn't like. Usually that look meant some perverted fantasy of his that Jeff would have to listen to. That was just Jesse's way.

"Sure," said Jeff. He might as well get it over with.

Jesse led him down the hall to an empty classroom. That surprised Jeff; usually his friend was more than happy to reveal his fantasies to everyone within listening range.

After closing and locking the door, Jesse opened his backpack and withdrew a stack of papers. With a wicked grin, he showed them to Jeff.

They were photos of Allison, naked. Jeff knew those pictures; Allison had introduced him to the website where those photos were prominently displayed. Apparently his parents had spent a weekend with one of their friends who ran that website, taking pictures and helping to launch it.

He should have known that those photos would end up in the hands of Jesse, who spent more time browsing for porn than anyone Jeff had ever met. It was only a matter of time. The question then, was what Jesse planned to do with those picture.

Jeff decided to pretend that it didn't bother him. If his friend was trying to shock him, he wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

"Nice," he shrugged.

The look of surprise on Jesse's face was very satisfying. It lasted only a second though, before the smug grin returned. "Your stepmom's hot!" he said.

"I can't argue with you there," smiled Jeff. "I don't need your dirty pictures to tell me that. Anyway, get to the point. I have to go to class."

Jesse stared at him for a second. "The point," he said, "is that there are a lot of kids who would pay good money for these pictures."

So that was it. Blackmail. Jeff should have expected that. But he wasn't about to let Jesse get away with it.

"I'm sure they would," he replied, trying to keep his voice casual instead of giving away his anger. "I'd be one of them, if I didn't have copies already."

"You what?" asked Jesse, even more shocked than before.

Now for the *coup de grace*. "I made sure to save them all when Allison showed me the website," he said.

Jesse's mouth hung open.

"Of course, these photos really don't do her justice," Jeff continued, driving the point home. "Flat pictures can't take the place of seeing her in the flesh."

"You... you've seen her naked?" asked Jesse.

"Only a couple of times," he shrugged. He stopped short of saying that he had actually had sex with her. Let Jesse think that Jeff had only caught glimpses of her coming out of the shower or something.

"So was that all you wanted to talk to me about?" he asked. "Look, we're both going to be late for class if we don't hurry."

"Five dollars per picture," Jesse blurted out.

"What?"

"Five dollars per picture. That's all I'm asking."

"Why would I pay you for pictures that I already have?" asked Jeff.

"Because five dollars keeps them out of the hands of everyone else."

So that was the game. Jesse would no doubt be happy to spread those pictures around; it might give him a little more street cred with the guys. Jeff nearly told him to go fuck himself; Allison probably wouldn't be bothered by those pictures out in the open. But he also had to think of his father. Greg had a certain reputation that he needed to protect from any scandal. The divorce a few years ago had been pretty hard on him; if word got out that his wife had posed nude, the consequences for him could be devastating.

"I'll think about it," Jeff said noncommittally. He had to have time to discuss it with Allison before he did anything. She would know just what to do.

"Okay, but don't take too long. "If you haven't made up your mind by tomorrow, I'll start lining up bidders for a little auction. I just wanted you to have a first crack at them."

"Tomorrow then," Jeff agreed.

He worried about it the rest of the day. He needed to find a way to get Jesse to agree not to show those pictures to anyone else. Although he knew that Allison and his dad knew what they were getting into when she posed for that website, Jeff still felt bad about the images getting spread around the school.

He considered talking to his dad about it. Greg was an influential man, and a brief discussion with Jesse's father might end it right there. But that might bring up questions, and the last thing Jeff wanted was for his father to discover that Allison had been viewing internet porn with him.

In the end, he had only one choice. He would have to talk to Allison about it. He wasn't sure what she could do about it, but he had never seen her fail at anything when she put her mind to it.

When he arrived home from school, he found Allison in the kitchen preparing supper. He approached her nervously, wondering how he should begin.

"Allison, I need your help," said Jeff, figuring the direct approach to be the best. "My friend Jesse stumbled across that website you showed me. You know, the one with nude pictures of you."

"I hope he liked what he saw," she simply smiled. Just as Jeff suspected, it didn't bother her in the least.

"He tried to sell me the pictures."

"You didn't accept, did you? You already have copies."

"That's just what I told him. But you don't understand. He said if I didn't pay, he would auction them off to the highest bidder."

Allison shrugged. "Let me know what he earns. I'm kind of curious to know what my body is worth to teenage boys these days."

"Allison, you're not listening. Jesse is going to spread those pictures around, among the boys at school. I know that doesn't bother you, but think of Dad. Think of his reputation."

She nodded. "Okay, you have a good point. Greg and I discussed it when we took those pictures, and although we hoped they would never be seen by anyone we know, we knew it was a risk. Still, that doesn't mean I just have to accept it. You're right; it's probably better if we nip it in the bud right now."

Jeff sighed. She finally understood.

"So Jesse's got nude photos of me," she said calmly. "Jesse's which of your friends? Not the one with the little sister."

"No, that's Rick. Jesse's the one with the perverted grin on his face all the time."

"Oh yes. Him. I'm not surprised he's the one who found those pictures. So how much did he want for them?"

"Five bucks each."

"And how many pictures did he have?"

"I don't know. Twenty or thirty, I would guess."

"Pocket change. It would be easy enough to pay him off, but that's not the point. We can't let a blackmailer profit, can we?" she said with a grin.

"I'm glad you see things my way," said Jeff.

"And I'm glad you feel protective enough toward me that that *is* your way," she replied. Jeff felt much better; she always knew just the right things to say. That was one thing he loved about her, that she was always quick to give compliments like that.

"So let's think this through," she continued. "He has power over us because we want to keep those pictures private more than we want the money he's asking for them. He'll keep those pictures private as long as we offer him something worth more to him than exposing them. This is just basic economics."

"But whether it's money or something else that we offer, he still comes out ahead."

"With the current status quo, yes. So we just have to change the status quo."

"How?"

Allison sat and pondered for a moment. Then a grin spread across her features. Suddenly, Jeff had a feeling that this would all turn out all right after all.

"I'd like to have a talk with this friend of yours," she said. "Let me get him alone for ten minutes and I'm sure I can convince him not to sell those pictures."

Jeff stared at her. He wasn't sure what she meant, but it sounded kind of suspicious. "You're not going to...?"

"Kill him?" asked Allison jokingly.

Jeff couldn't help but laugh at the absurd suggestion. "No, I meant--"

"I know what you meant. I was just kidding. If you thought I was talking about sex, don't worry. Our goal here is to keep him from profiting from blackmailing us, after all. If I had sex with him, I'd call that profiting."

"So what did you have in mind?"

She smiled. "I'm glad you asked," she said.

The next day at school, Jeff immediately sought out his friend. He felt much better about the whole situation now that Allison had it under control. When she had explained her plan yesterday, he realized that it was the perfect solution to the problem.

When he found Jesse, the two of them ducked into a deserted corner of the hallway.

"So do you have the money?" asked Jesse.

"No," Jeff replied.

"Well then, what are we standing here talking about? I've got some deals to make."

"Just wait a minute," Jeff insisted. "You haven't heard what I'm offering instead."

"What are you offering?"

"You give me the pictures and promise to never pull this kind of stunt again, and I'll arrange a one-on-one photoshoot with you and Allison."

Jesse's eyes grew wide. "Are you serious?" he asked with delight.

"Do you have a camera?"

"Well yes, but..."

"Come home with me after school tomorrow. Bring your camera. Allison's dying to meet you. The truth is, when I told her that you had seen those pictures, she was flattered that you enjoyed them so much."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. Brit and I will stay out of the way so that Allison and you can be alone together to take the photos. In exchange, you never try to sell pictures of Allison again. What do you say?"

"You're not kidding me, right? I mean, when you say it's a one-on-one photoshoot..."

"Allison will be nude. There. I've said it. Now are you satisfied?"

"It's a deal!" Jesse said with excitement in his eyes. Jeff took his hand and they shook on it.

That afternoon, Jeff told Allison that Jesse had taken the bait. Now it was just a matter of putting the plan into action. He also said that he had had to promise Jesse that she would be nude, but she didn't have a problem with that.

Now they just had to find a location for the so-called "photoshoot." After discussing various rooms in the house, they decided that Brit's art studio would afford the most privacy. That meant they had to explain the plan to Brit, who was more than happy to lend the studio to them for their nefarious purpose.

Before Greg arrived home, the three of them disassembled the bed in the spare room and hauled it out back to the studio, reassembling it in place. That put the finishing touches on the plan, so now all they had to do was put it into action.

All through the next day at school, Jesse could hardly concentrate. He had brought his camera like Jeff had told him, and now it was just a matter of getting through the day so that he could go home with Jeff and take some nude pictures of his stepmom. Allison was even more gorgeous than his science teacher, Miss Walker, and that was saying something.

When the last bell rang, he literally hopped up out of his seat and hurried out the door to find Jeff. As soon as they met, they headed out to the bus and boarded it, taking a seat next to Jeff's little sister. Brit was kind of a cutie, just starting to fill out. She would probably have a nice set of tits one day. Already she had pretty little lips that he would just love to feel wrapped around his cock.

That was just a fantasy, though. Little girls like Jeff's sister Brit and Rick's sister Amy might be cute, but they tended to have big brothers who felt annoyingly protective. And it seemed that the older they got, the more protective they felt. Even boys like Jeff and Rick, who used to hate their sisters, now seemed to get along all too well with them.

But there was always Allison. He was going to take some private photos of her, but he wondered if that would be the extent of the activities. Certainly Jeff had mentioned no real limits to what would happen. Maybe, just maybe, Allison would let Jesse fuck her.

He found himself grinning like an idiot at the thought. Jeff glanced over at him and rolled his eyes, but Jesse didn't care. Even if he just got to see Allison naked, it would be worth it.

When the bus stopped at the top of the hill at the gates of the Primdale mansion, Jesse immediately stood up and headed for the exit. He couldn't wait to finally be introduced to Allison.

Jeff led him to the front door and opened it, and the three of them stepped inside. Brit excused herself and scampered up the stairs. Jesse glanced around looking for Allison, and a moment later he spied her at the far end of the hall, emerging from her bedroom. She wore a fashionable blouse and skirt, both of which emphasized her figure in the most alluring way. She had her hair immaculately arranged and a light touch of makeup that emphasized her blue eyes. Like this, she looked glamorous and stunning, and he found himself staring.

She approached him with a friendly smile.

"So this is Jesse," Allison smiled. "Jeff's told me all about you."

"What did he say about me?"

"Mainly that you're a pervert with all kinds of naughty fantasies. And that you like to look at pictures of naked women."

"Oh," said Jesse, growing red.

"And I just happen to be a woman who likes to pose naked for pictures," she added. "I think you and I are going to get along just fine."

He couldn't help but grin stupidly at her comment. If she were any more sexy, he was liable to start drooling.

"Let's have a look at you," said Allison. She stepped forward and put her hands on his shoulders. "Young, handsome, charming," she remarked with a smile. She stepped to the side, running her hand over his chest as she maneuvered around behind him. "Broad shoulders, muscular chest." Then she reached down and pinched his rear.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, jumping at the contact.

"And a cute little butt," she giggled. "You know, I think I'm going to enjoy myself. The thought of being exposed to your eyes is... well... Jeff, be a dear and see that we're not disturbed. Keep Brit in the house. I have a feeling that Jesse and I are going to end up doing a little more than just taking a few naughty pictures."

"All right, it's all settled then," said Jeff. "You two have fun. Jesse, I expect to have those photos in my hand after you finish."

"Absolutely," Jesse grinned.

"Come on," said Allison, taking his hand. "Let's go out back to the guest house."

She led him down the hall, out the sliding glass door at the back, down the stairs to the pool deck, then across the lawn to the guest house. She opened the door and brought him inside. Jesse stared around at all of the pictures hanging on the walls, the lamps and backdrop against the walls, the office at the far end, and the bed right in the middle of the floor.

"So what do you think?" asked Allison.

"Wow! This is a guest house?" asked Jesse.

"Yes. Jeff converted it into an art studio for Brit last year. She's quite the artist. Her specialty is drawing, but lately she's been branching out into photography. Speaking of which, do you have your camera?"

Jesse held it out to her, and she took it and set it on the counter.

"Actually, I'm in the mood for something else right now," she told him.

His eyes went wide. Did she really mean...?

"Normally we don't have a bed here in the studio, but I thought, under the circumstances, it might be convenient," she winked.

"Oh my god," he gasped.

She laughed. "You know, you're a little tense," she said. "Why don't you let me help you relax?" She took his hand and led him over to the bed. They both sat down on it, then she had him turn to the side. A moment later he sighed as she felt her begin to massage his shoulders.

"Yes, very tense," she commented. "Let me help you relax." She climbed onto the bed behind him, then he felt her pressing her body up against his back. She was amazingly soft and warm. Allison slipped her arms around him and embraced him for a moment.

"Take off your shirt," she whispered in his ear, then drew back.

Enthusiastically, Jesse hurried and removed it. Allison then ran her hands over his back, rubbing him gently. "Very nice," she commented. "Do you work out?"

"A little," he replied.

"I can tell. Yes, I'm really going to enjoy myself."

"But are you...?" he said.

"Am I what?"

"Are you going to undress?"

"My, you are an impatient one. Maybe one day you'll learn that some things shouldn't be rushed. Never mind that though. You're young, virile, and full of energy, so I guess I can humor you."

She got off the bed and stood in front of him. He continued to stare at her with admiration and lust. His heart started pounding in his chest as she unbuttoned her blouse. When she slipped it off her shoulders, he nearly had a heart attack. She had the most beautiful chest he had ever seen. Even covered by her bra, he could tell that she had great big tits, and he felt a nearly overwhelming urge to reach out and grab them.

As his hands came up, though, she swatted them away with a laugh. "Consider this your first lesson in patience," she told him. "For the moment at least, you can look but don't touch."

"I can't help myself," he grinned.

"Oh yes you can, unless you want to end it right now."

"Okay, fine. But there's a limit to my patience."

"Don't worry. If you just bear with me for a while, I'll make sure this is an afternoon you'll never forget." She turned away from him, then reached back to her bra strap. Jesse's eyes grew even wider as he realized what she was doing. Now he literally started to drool; a drop of saliva escaped his mouth and landed on his chest.

He quickly wiped it away while she faced away from him.

She finished unclasping the strap, then slid the garment off of her. Throwing her arms over her chest, she turned her head to the side to look at him out of the corner of her eye, and gave him a wink.

He was shivering with anticipation now, trembling with excitement as she turned around, her arms still demurely covering her bare torso. She wore a grin on her face, but not one of embarrassment, but of fun and adventure.

"Don't tease me like that, Allison," he pleaded. "Come on. Let me see you."

She nodded toward his pants. "You first," she smiled.

"What?"

"Take them off."

"You want me to get naked too?" he asked.

"It's going to be hard to do what I have in mind if you don't," she replied.

With that motivation, he kicked off his shoes, then hurriedly unzipped his pants and lowered them to the ground. He then proceeded to remove his socks, but balked at taking off his briefs. The tent in his shorts was pretty obvious, but he didn't think Allison would mind.

"What about the rest?" she asked.

But he wasn't going to give in so easily. "First you have to uncover yourself," he demanded.

"A little pushy, aren't we?" she laughed. "Very well. Take a good look."

She then spread her arms wide, giving him a wonderful view of her bare chest. He stared in erotic rapture at her tits, the most perfect pair he had ever seen, and that included all of the porn he looked at. No doubt about it, Allison was a sex goddess. And to think that he was about to fuck her!

"Now let's see the rest of you," she said, lowering her hands to her sides. At least she didn't try to cover up again.

Now that he had had a glimpse of paradise, he was eager to get on with the rest. So he slipped his underwear down and off, exposing his cock to her view.

"Well now, that's quite a package you've got there," she remarked. "It gives me all kinds of kinky ideas. But first, I suppose you want to see the rest of me."

"Hell yes!" he exclaimed with delight.

Allison unfastened her skirt, then let it slip to the ground. Jesse stared at her body, now clad only in a pair of French cut silk panties, and long stockings held up by a pair of garters. Allison stepped forward, put one of her legs up on the bed next to him, and removed the garter. He watched in eager anticipation as she slowly and teasingly rolled down her stocking, finally pulling it off of her foot and discarding it. Then she put the other leg on the bed and repeated the action.

That left only her panties, the last vestige of her modesty. She could have just sat on the bed and removed them right there, but she actually stood in front of him, slipped her thumbs into the sides, and with one quick motion, dropped them to the floor, exposing her beautiful, hairless pussy.

"Oh my god," he breathed, staring between her legs. He thought he had never seen anything so beautiful in his entire life.

"I'll take that as a compliment," she smiled.

"It is!" he exclaimed. "How did an old guy like Greg Primdale end up with a gorgeous woman like you?"

"Luck," she shrugged. "Besides, I happen to adore my husband."

"But you're still here nude in front of me," said Jesse.

"Well, you didn't exactly give me any choice."

"No I didn't," he grinned.

"Well, since I'm here, I might as well enjoy it. Do you want to try something kinky?"

"Like what?"

She turned and headed over to the counter. She opened a drawer and withdrew four pairs of handcuffs. His mouth dropped open as he realized what she was planning.

"You want me to chain you up?" he asked.

"No, I want to chain *you* up," she answered.

"I don't know..."

"Look, if I'm the one in handcuffs, that means you get to toy with my body. But just think how much nicer it will feel if *you're* the one being toyed with."

"Well, since you put it that way," he grinned, "I'm in."

"I was hoping you would say that," she smiled. "Now lie down. I'll take good care of you."

Jesse climbed onto the bed and lay back. Allison had him spread his arms and legs toward the four bedposts, then she took the handcuffs and locked him in. He shivered with anticipation at what was about to happen.

"Comfortable?" she asked.

"I'll be a lot more comfortable once you start 'toying' with me," he said with an eager grin.

"Oh, I'm already toying with you," she replied. "In fact, I've been toying with you since you arrived at the house."

"What do you mean?" he asked, confused.

Allison walked over to the desk, opened a drawer, and pulled out a camera.

"Say cheese," she laughed, snapping a quick picture of him.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, growing red. "What are you doing?"

"Exactly what we agreed. Taking pictures."

His eyes opened wide with shock. She couldn't mean...

"But this isn't what I agreed to!" he exclaimed. Allison walked over and started snapping photographs of him. She smiled as she did so, ignoring his protests.

"Oh, these are perfect," she commented. "I wonder how much I can get for each of these. I'll bet there are a lot of girls in the school who would love to see them."

"But you lied to me!" Jesse exclaimed. "This whole thing was a setup."

"Think again," she replied, continuing to take the pictures. She moved around the bed, getting him from multiple angles. "Jeff and I have honored our part of the deal perfectly. Nothing we told you was a lie. True, we deliberately misled you, but we delivered exactly what we said we would. Jeff arranged a one-on-one photoshoot with you and me. We just didn't tell you that you're the model and I'm the photographer. So now you still have to deliver on your promise not to sell those pictures."

"Fine. But I said nothing about giving them away for free. And after the way you've treated me--"

"You're right. But I've said nothing about giving these pictures away for free either. You spread my pictures around school, and I'll spread yours around. I'm sure Kari Williams would love to give copies to all of her friends. You know, the popular girls."

"You wouldn't dare!" he gasped.

Allison ignored him, continuing to photograph him. She had probably a couple of dozen pictures by the time

she finished, to his embarrassment and horror. Eventually she grew bored with it and lowered the camera.

"Or we can both agree to keep all of these pictures to ourselves," she said. "Cheer up. You still get to keep the photos from the website, and you got to see me nude after all. It wasn't a total loss."

"Okay, fine," he grumbled. "Now will you unlock me?"

"In a moment. As soon as I upload these pictures to the internet."

"What? You mean--"

"Don't worry. I'm just talking about an online backup. No one can get to them without the password, and I'm the only one who has the password. I'll even encrypt them before I upload them, so there's no chance anyone will get their hands on them without my permission. I just want to make sure you can't just grab the memory card as soon as I release you and erase the pictures."

She sat down behind the desk at the far end of the room and turned on the computer. She attached the camera, and spent a few minutes downloading the photos. Jesse scowled at her as she worked, but she paid him no mind. Finally, after she finished her work, she removed the camera and shut down the computer.

"Oh, don't be mad at me, Jesse," she smiled, seeing the scowl on his face. "I like you. I really do. You're just a typical horny teenage boy. Okay, maybe you're slightly more horny than average, but I can't really fault you for that. You made a mistake in trying to blackmail Jeff and me, but there was no harm done in the end, so we might as well put it behind us. Look, I have no intention of showing these pictures to anyone. I'm just keeping them safe in case you do something stupid, like show my pictures to others at school. I'd rather be your friend than your enemy, but I can't do that if you're going to try to get me in trouble, or extort money out of my stepson. So what's it going to be?"

"Okay, fine," he grumbled. "Do you mind releasing me now?"

Allison grabbed the key out of the drawer, then walked over to the bed and unfastened the cuffs. Jesse sat up, still glaring at her.

She laughed then, sitting down on the bed next to him. Catching him off his guard, she put an arm around his shoulders. "Seriously, Jesse," she said. "No hard feelings?"

He sighed. "No, I guess not. As long as you don't show anyone those pictures, I guess it's all right. You won't tell Jeff, will you?"

"Too late for that," she grinned. "He's already in on the secret."

Jesse groaned.

"Don't worry," said Allison. "I made him promise not to tell anyone, or to tease you about it. As far as anyone's concerned, it never happened. Although, I might get out those pictures sometimes when I'm alone

and look at them. A little fantasizing never hurt anyone after all."

"You don't have to fantasize!" he said eagerly. "You can have the real thing any time you want."

"I appreciate the offer, but I'm a married woman. If it helps, you're welcome to look at the photos you downloaded and fantasize about me too."

"Yeah, it will help," he chuckled. She was being so nice to him, he couldn't help but feel much better about the whole thing.

"Good. Now get dressed. I told Brit I would only torment you for a few minutes, then she could have her studio back."

"You mean Brit's in on it too?" he groaned. He knew just how much of a tease Jeff's little sister was. If she knew it, then likely Crystal Williams would know it soon, and then Kari, and then the whole school.

"Yes, but don't worry. I don't plan to let her see those pictures, unless you make me really mad. And she's sworn to secrecy about this whole thing."

He sighed. It looked like they really had him beat. Stripped, punished, and humiliated, he had literally been laid bare, with only a promise from Allison to keep all the world from seeing him.

As he stared at her, for the first time he saw beyond just her face and body, and realized that she was a remarkable woman. Instead of pleading with him not to release the photos, or giving in and buying them from him, she had taken control, using his own horny desires against him. Yet in the end, she had laid all his fears to rest and he didn't feel so bad about it after all. If this was what it meant to lose, he didn't mind losing to a woman like Allison. Not that he would ever pull a stunt like this again. He had learned his lesson. Never again would he tangle with Allison Primdale.

Chapter 77

Discovery

Jeff sat in front of his computer, his pants around his ankles and his little sister sitting on his lap. She also had her pants pulled down, and Jeff fingered her sweet little pussy. His cock stuck up between her legs where she could take it with her hands and play with it. She loved to find new ways to get reactions out of Jeff by fondling him there, and tonight she had discovered a great one. By grasping it tightly with one hand and running the nail of her index finger on the other hand lightly over the head, she had him squirming all over his seat.

Lately this kind of sex play was their favorite pastime. Usually accompanied by browsing for porn on the computer, it was one of the best experiences in the world for Jeff. With their father in the house, they had to be able to dress at a moment's notice in case he called them, plus they couldn't afford to make a mess that they would have to clean up, so sex was right out. So to keep things clean (and because she enjoyed it so much), as soon as Jeff got near an orgasm, she always knelt down in front of him and took it down her throat.

Tonight, they stimulated each other to the pictures they had taken of the two of them in the shower, the first time they had brought each other to climax. Now that he had gotten over his initial moral hangups about it, he could look back on the event with fondness, recognizing it as one of the most erotic things he had ever experienced.

He often found himself impatient for the summer to begin, especially now in the middle of winter. It would mean long days without school but Greg still gone to work, leaving Jeff alone in the house with his sisters. Lissa would be home for the summer, but she wouldn't get in the way of Jeff's and Brit's fun. In fact, she would probably want to join in. Throw Kari, Crystal, and Allison into the mix, and Jeff would be in heaven. He wondered if he could convince Allison to invite Rachael over this summer.

But that was over four months away. During these cold days with everyone cooped up in the house, he had to make do with what he had, a few moments alone in his room with his little sister. Still, this sex play, though not as good as the real thing, certainly felt nice as well. Besides, if they were quiet they also had tonight after everyone went to bed.

He was starting to moan a little too loudly, so Brit backed off a bit. The last thing they needed was to have their father get suspicious and come to see what they were up to. It wasn't all that dangerous; Allison would likely come up and warn them first, but they didn't want to push their luck. Brit reduced her stimulation of his cock to a gentle stroking while Jeff massaged her breasts and kissed her tenderly on the neck and shoulders.

He loved the taste of her, if it could be called that. It wasn't so much any particular flavor as just the warmth and softness of her skin on his lips. Kissing her felt so pleasant, he could just do it for hours if no one interrupted him. Of course, Brit liked to kiss him back just as much, if not more.

They cuddled like that for a few minutes, just having fun being near each other. While they certainly enjoyed sex together, they both agreed that most of that was due to the intimacy and closeness of their bodies. When they slept together, even if there was no chance of getting caught, they didn't necessarily make love; often they just held each other, maybe kissed a little, and then dropped off to sleep in peaceful contentment.

They heard someone knock at the bedroom door, and immediately froze. "Jeff, Kari's on the phone for you," they heard Allison's voice say on the other end, and the children relaxed. There was really no need to worry after all. For one thing, the door was locked, for another, even if it weren't, if Allison peeked in she would probably ignore what they were doing, or at worst give them a warning about carrying on like that with their father home.

"Okay, I'll be down in a second," he responded.

"And Brit," said Allison, "I could really use your help in the kitchen. I'm in the mood for a pie for dessert tonight, and it would go a lot quicker if there were two of us making it."

"Yummy!" Brit replied, her usual response to anything having to do with food. Brit hopped off of her brother's lap, then the two of them pulled up their pants. Jeff turned off the screen but left the computer on; since neither he nor Brit had gotten off yet, they would no doubt want to continue the fun later. He followed his little sister to the bedroom door and met Allison outside. Suddenly, she put her hand to Jeff's crotch and gave a squeeze, no doubt feeling his subsiding erection.

"Just as I suspected," Allison grinned, giving him a wink. The three of them laughed, then headed down the stairs.

As the girls made their way through the dining room to the kitchen, Jeff reached for the phone.

"Hi, Kari," he said as soon as he lifted the receiver to his ear. "What's up?"

"Hi, Jeff," replied Kari. "I was wondering if you could do me a favor? I left my math book at school, and I need it to do my homework."

"Well I've got mine. Do you want me to bring it over and we can work on our homework together? I could bring Brit over to 'study' with Crystal too."

"I'd like to, but my dad's taking Crystal and me out to dinner tonight. I just need you to read off the problems on page 218 so I can copy them down."

"Sure," he replied. "Um, Dad?" he called.

Greg peeked out from the living room.

"Could you run upstairs and bring me my math book from my backpack?" Jeff requested. "It should be sitting near my bed."

"Sure thing," Greg smiled, then headed up the stairs.

"My dad's on top of it," Jeff told Kari. "You know, you're really getting into this whole math thing ever since Allison tutored you."

"I guess it's just exciting to suddenly understand it all when I had been completely in the dark for so long. And there's a certain satisfaction in knowing that I'm not dumb after all."

"No one ever said you were dumb."

"So how are you and Brit getting along?" asked Kari.

"Just great. You should have seen us earlier tonight."

"Oh yeah?" asked Kari, and Jeff could sense the excitement in her voice. "What did you do?"

"I'm sorry, but I cannot reveal that over an insecure line," Jeff teased.

"Yes, the anti-fun police might discover that you two aren't fighting any more."

"Oh, my dad already knows all about us not fighting. It's the rest I'm worried about."

"You're dad's not that bad," Kari said. "He's certainly not anti-fun. He took us all camping last summer, after all."

"Yes, but lately I've felt guilty because I've looked forward to the times that he's out of the house so that... well, so that we can have a little privacy," he said, lowering his voice.

"It's okay. You're a teenager. All teenagers go through a temporary phase where they don't enjoy spending time with their parents. Allison doesn't count, of course."

"Of course," Jeff laughed. "You and your dad seem to get along, though."

"Well, sometimes I'm just as eager to get rid of him as you are of yours. Mostly when you're over here visiting, although sometimes I wouldn't mind some time alone with my little sister."

"I know exactly how you feel. So anyway--"

He cut off suddenly as he saw Greg storming down the stairs, rage on his face. There was something terrifying in that look; he rarely lost his temper like that. Even when his ex-wife had run off with another man, the anger was more subdued.

"Get off the phone!" he yelled at Jeff.

Jeff stared at him in shock for a second. "Um... Kari, I'll have to call you back. My dad's angry about

something."

"No problem. I'll talk to you later."

"Bye." He hung up the phone, then turned to face his father, who grabbed him by the collar, taking him completely by surprise.

"What are you doing?" Jeff demanded, startled and not a little fearful.

"Brit, get in here NOW!" Greg roared.

A few seconds later, Brit and Allison appeared in the dining room doorway, staring at Greg in surprise.

"You fucked your sister?" Greg shouted in Jeff's face.

"What?" asked Jeff, stunned to hear that kind of language coming from his father, who had always insisted on civil tones and proper vocabulary.

"I just saw those pictures of you two in the shower!" Greg said. "I asked you if you fucked your sister?"

Jeff could hear Britney start to cry, and she even dashed into the living room and sat down on the couch, burying her face in the arm. Jeff was too afraid for his own life. It was all over. If his father had seen those pictures, there could be no denying it. He would have to face the consequences.

Then another feeling began to grow in him, not shame or guilt or fear, but anger. Jeff was going to be punished for the same thing his father had done! It wasn't fair! And worse yet, Brit might receive the same treatment. He could face the punishment himself, because he had earned it. But he would be damned if he would let Greg do the same to Brit!

With strength he didn't know he possessed, he shoved his father away from him. "Go to hell!" he shouted.

"Jeff!" Allison exclaimed, but it was far too late to defuse the situation.

Jeff sat down on the couch and put his arms around his little sister. She buried her head in his shoulder and sobbed.

"Don't you touch my daughter, you filthy pervert!" Greg roared, reaching for him.

"Greg, dear, I think we need to talk about this," Allison said calmly.

"It's too late for talk! I'm going to tan his hide!"

Jeff stood up. "Go ahead," he said stubbornly. "Do what you want, because I earned it. And to answer your question, yes, I fucked Brit. And yes, I'm going to keep fucking her. But while you're punishing me, just remember that you're just as guilty as I am."

"Why you little--"

"Because I've seen certain pictures as well."

That stopped Greg in his tracks. Allison gasped, putting a hand over her mouth. Greg opened his mouth as if to say something, but no words came out.

Now Jeff had him. In an instant, he had claimed control. Now he had to make sure he kept it.

"I don't know if I've seen *all* the pictures," he continued, "but I've seen enough. Remember your little sailing trip you took last summer?"

"What were you doing on my computer?"

"Finding photos of Hawaii for a report Brit had to do for school. Don't worry. We didn't use *those* pictures. But that's beside the point. You're mad because I've been sleeping with your daughter. Well, what do you call Lissa giving you a blowjob?"

Pale and trembling, Greg sat down in the nearest chair. "Oh god!" he said, then put his head in his hand. Then he did something Jeff had never seen him do. He began to cry. "You're right!" he sobbed. "I'm a horrible father. I'm just a sick, perverted bastard!"

Seeing her father like this, Brit also began to cry again. Jeff sat down once more and put his arms around her. "It's okay," he soothed. "Everything's going to be okay."

"I'm afraid I have a confession to make," said Allison, a little subdued. "If you're looking for someone to blame, blame me."

Everyone stared at her.

"Geoffrey, for your information, those photos on the sailboat were really just a joke that got out of hand. We were having so much fun that we just crossed the line without thinking about it. I was the one encouraging them every step of the way. They certainly wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been there! And by the way, that last picture you saw was the last time your father ever did anything like that with your sister. He didn't even... Well, let's just say I had to finish him up afterward, and leave it at that. We had always meant to delete those pictures, but we never got around to it. And now we see the consequences.

"And Greg, as for Jeff and Brit, well, I told you I knew right from the beginning that Brit was in love with Jeff. Oh, she didn't come right out and say it, but I think it was obvious to everyone. I'm sorry, Brit, but this is something I have to say. If I were a normal mother, or even stepmother, I would have told her that those feelings were wrong, that they were abnormal. But the truth of the matter is, they're not. Lots of girls develop a temporary crush on their brothers as they're growing up. Most don't do anything about it. I didn't tell her she was evil, or to control herself, or to forget about it. No, I told her to go for it! Rachael and I even did some scheming to help them along."

"But why?" Greg asked.

"Because personally, I don't see anything wrong with it. It was obvious that Brit was starting to be interested in sex, but she's young and inexperienced enough that she would be easy prey for some boy at school. It was better for her first relationship to be with someone who cared about her deeply."

"But her own brother? That's incest!"

"So what? We already know you're not opposed to it in general, just when it doesn't involve you."

"That's not fair."

"Isn't it? Because in a sense, Jeff was right. You did do something sexual with your daughter, even if it was just a joke. That means you're not as appalled by it as you claim, or you wouldn't have posed for those photos with her. So the only question left is what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," Greg mumbled.

"Jeff, Brit, would you two please go upstairs?" asked Allison. "Your father and I need to talk. Oh, and go to your *separate* bedrooms," she added as an afterthought. "At least until I get this straightened out with him."

Still a little frightened, the children hurried up the stairs. Before separating, Jeff took Brit in his arms and gave her a hug. "Everything's going to turn out all right," he reassured her.

"But Dad--" she began.

"Don't you worry about Dad. Allison is fixing thing with him. And what she doesn't fix, I will. I promise."

Brit nodded, then the two of them released each other. Jeff watched her head down the hall until she disappeared into her bedroom, then he entered his own and lay down on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

Actually, now that he thought about it, he felt a certain relief. He hated lying to his father, he hated sneaking around behind his back, he hated wishing his father would leave the house so that Jeff could be alone with Brit. Although he knew things were likely to come to an end between his sister and him, he no longer had to worry about keeping things secret any more.

But he also dreaded what the future would hold. No doubt Greg would lay down the law, and the children would no longer be able to continue their relationship. He hated to give up Brit, and for a moment he had a fleeting thought of running away with her. But no, that wouldn't solve anything. He had no way to take care of her, no prospects for a job or a place to live. Like it or not, they were stuck here in this house, and that meant living by their father's rules.

It was at least half an hour later when there came a knock on the door. Allison entered, followed by Brit.

"Have a seat, Brit," Allison told her, and she sat down on the bed next to Jeff.

"All right," Allison began. "Your father is not going to punish you," she announced, "because he understands that this is partly his fault. But he insists that this relationship has to end."

"What?" exclaimed Brit.

"This shouldn't come as any surprise; you know how prudish your father can be. Me, I have no problem with it, but I have to respect his wishes in this. So now you have a choice. You can either promise not to have sex with each other any more, or if you have any doubts about your ability to keep that promise, we make some rules here that you two will never be alone together again. So which one will it be?"

Jeff glanced over at Brit. She looked extremely disappointed. He felt the same way; these past few months had been absolutely wonderful. He had never felt happier in his life. Now it was all ending.

"Jeff, this shouldn't be too much of a choice for you," Allison said. "You've got a girlfriend that likes to screw, so you can get all the sex you want. Brit, you on the other hand have a more difficult choice. In the absence of a boyfriend, you're really giving up sex completely. At least, sex with a boy. Greg still doesn't know about Crystal and you, and I think it's better that it stay that way for the time being. The question is whether you'll be able to control yourself around Jeff?"

"I think I can keep her under control," Jeff offered.

"No, I don't think you can. I've never met a man yet who could control his own urges when a hot girl wants him that badly, much less control the girl. So Brit, it's up to you. What do you say?"

"Oh, all right. I promise not to have sex with him."

Allison smiled. "I was hoping you would say that. I would hate to have to chaperone you all the time, because there are plenty of things you can do to enjoy each other's company without sex.

"Oh, and one more thing," she said. "Your father's downstairs deleting those photos off of his computer. He insists that you do the same. There are to be no nude photos of any member of this family on any computer in the house. Is that clear?"

"Yes," said Jeff.

"Good. Now I'm sure you two need a few minutes alone, so I'll leave you here to talk. *Just* talk, do you understand?"

They both nodded. Allison stood and headed for the door. Just before opening it, she turned back around. "By the way, Jeff, did I ever explain to you the first rule of using computers?"

"If all else fails, check the power cord?"

"No, that's the second rule. The first rule is to always keep good backups." She winked, then opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

"What did she mean by that?" asked Brit.

"It means that before I delete the pictures, I should back them up," he grinned.

He would take care of that later. Right now he needed to have a talk with his sister. He motioned for her to come over and sit on his lap, which she did without hesitation. She lay against his chest, the top of her head nestled up under his chin. He felt her heart beating rapidly, and knew that she was still a little frightened.

"It's okay, Brit," he told her soothingly.

"I don't think I've ever seen Daddy so mad before," said Brit. "It was scary."

"I know, but do you want to know why he was mad?"

"Why?"

"Because he would do anything to see that we didn't get hurt, and then he thought that we were hurting ourselves."

"I don't understand."

"I know. But you know how Dad is. Anything remotely resembling sex is bad for us, in his eyes. So when he saw those pictures, he thought we were doing things that would ruin our lives."

"I'm still confused."

"Look. If I saw you about to jump off a cliff, do you think I would stop you?"

"I know you would."

"Why?"

"Because you love me."

"Right. Do you think Dad would do the same?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Because he loves me too."

"And do you think that he might yell at you, or lecture you about it afterward?"

"Probably."

"All right, to Dad, what we did is the equivalent of jumping off of a cliff. That's why he was so angry."

Brit stared down at the floor for a minute, thinking about what he had told her.

"I suppose that makes sense," she said.

"Good. Just remember, Dad loves us. He wouldn't get mad if it wasn't for our own benefit."

Brit stared at him for a second, then stood up.

"Where are you going?" asked Jeff.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she replied. "I just... I just need to hear it from him."

Greg and Allison sat in silence in their bedroom, both lost in thought. Everything that needed to be said had already been said, and now they needed time to think things through. Greg held a book in his hand, reading the same page over and over again without understanding the words, while Allison typed away on her laptop computer.

Greg felt deeply hurt by what had been going on with his children. Worse than that, he felt that the whole thing was his own fault. For one brief moment he had let down his guard, throwing away all the morality and virtue that he had tried to instill in his children, and by doing so he had exposed them to all the vile things of the world. How could he blame them when he had set the example?

Of course, Allison insisted on blaming herself, claiming that she had been the one to instigate things in both cases. While technically true, he had committed the act himself, and had to take the responsibility for it. That was why he had agreed not to be angry any more with Jeff or Brit, or even with Allison herself. This whole thing was his own damn fault.

Worse than that, though, was the thought of how much harm had come to his children. Jeff could take care of himself; he was probably bragging about the relationship to his friends at school, not a pleasant thought. But Brit was only on the verge of turning fourteen. She was still a little girl.

No, he could no longer think of her like that. The naked pictures of her in the shower showed him just how much of a woman she really was. When he saw Jeff and Brit there, groping and fondling each other, it had enraged him, partly because it ruined his belief in Britney's innocence, but when he was honest with himself, it was also partly because he was jealous.

It wasn't that he entertained any fantasies about seducing her in the shower like Jeff had. Admittedly, he could see from the pictures that she had a very nice body, and he had always thought her face was beautiful in that childlike way. But she had always been his little girl, his little angel. Now there was a closeness between Jeff and her that Greg would never share. In that sense, Jeff had taken her away from him. She loved

Jeff the way she would never love Greg.

Maybe it was because he had so recently lost Lissa. To have Lissa no longer living here was a sad thought, though also a happy one in knowing that she was grown up and moving on with her life, but he took comfort in knowing that he still had his other little girl to care for. Now even that was taken from him.

There came a knock at the door.

"Come in," Greg said.

As if summoned by his thoughts of her, Brit timidly opened the door and stepped into the room. Her eyes were still red and puffy from when she had been crying earlier in the evening, and she had a worried, almost fearful look on her face.

"Daddy, can I talk to you alone for a minute?" she asked, glancing at Allison.

"I think I'll go make supper," Allison offered, then slipped quietly out the door. Brit stood there before him, her lower lip trembling and her eyes on the verge of tears.

"What is it, baby?" he asked.

"Daddy, I'm so sorry," she blurted out through a half-sob.

All the anger he had felt suddenly melted away, and his heart went out to her. He held out his arms, and she climbed onto his lap and collapsed against his chest, her head resting on his shoulder. He wrapped his arms around her in a tender embrace, hugging her tightly to him. She broke down in tears again, soaking his shirt with moisture.

"It's all right," he soothed. "You're still my little angel."

"But that's just it!" she said. "I don't feel like an angel anymore. When I think of what I've done... what you must think of me, Daddy... You must hate me."

"Of course I don't hate you! Whatever gave you that impression?"

"Because I know how much you want me to be good, and I let you down."

"I want you to be good because I don't want to see you get hurt."

"But I wasn't being hurt."

"I know it's hard for you to understand right now, but some things can hurt you without you realizing it for months, or even years. You have to trust me on this, okay, baby?"

"I trust you, Daddy," she said, wiping away her tears.

"That's a good girl. Remember, whatever you do I'll always love you. I just want to see you happy."

"Really? You'll always love me, Daddy?"

"What kind of a question is that? Of course I'll always love you. I wouldn't lie to you."

"Promise?"

"Promise what?"

Promise me you won't ever lie to me?"

"I promise I won't ever lie to you, Angel."

With that, she lay her head back down on his shoulder and hugged him even tighter. At that moment, she could have asked him to promise to shoot himself in the head, and he would have done so willingly.

Then she glanced up at him again. "Daddy, can I ask you one more favor?"

"What's that?"

"Don't be mad at Jeff. It wasn't his fault. I'm the one who got it into my head that I wanted to... be with him. He was hesitant the whole time, though. He didn't want to see me hurt any more than you do. In fact, he was a complete gentleman about it."

"Allison explained the whole thing to me, at least as much as she knew about. And the rest, I don't want to know. So I'm not going to be mad any more, at either of you two. As long as you don't ever do this again. Okay?"

"Okay," she said. "I love you, Daddy." The fear and uncertainly had disappeared from her face, replaced by a smile of contentment. Suddenly she was his little girl again, and he couldn't remember ever loving her more than he did in that one moment. She had made a foolish mistake, but in the end, there was no permanent harm. She was no longer pure, but he found that it didn't bother him as much as he would have expected. As long as she was happy, he was happy.

"That's what I like to see, my angel smiling," he said.

She gave him a quick kiss, then hopped up off of his lap and headed for the door.

Chapter 78

Family Crisis

Jeff stayed in his room the rest of the night. The truth was that he dreaded the inevitable talk that he would have to have with his father the next time he saw him. As Allison suggested, he backed up the pictures and then deleted them from his computer. Then he sat down with a book and tried to read, but found that he just couldn't concentrate.

When Brit crept into his room at bedtime, Jeff shook his head.

"I don't think that's a good idea," he told her.

"But can't I even sleep in your bed any more?" she asked. "Even with our clothes on?"

"Do you realize how bad that would look if Dad walked in on us? I don't want to make things any worse than they are right now. Look, we need to be extra careful right now. Maybe in a few weeks we can reevaluate things, but for right now, I think you ought to sleep in your own bed."

With a disappointed look, Brit nodded, then turned around.

"Brit," said Jeff. "This doesn't change how I feel about you. I still love you."

She nodded again, then disappeared into her own room.

The dreaded confrontation happened the next morning at the breakfast table. Greg and Allison were already sitting there waiting when the children came down for breakfast.

"Good morning," he greeted them with an attempt at a cheerful smile.

"G'morning, Dad," Brit smiled back, but without enthusiasm. Jeff just nodded.

"Look, you two," Greg said immediately. "I've had some time to think about things. We've all made some terrible mistakes, but I think if we work together, we can overcome them."

Jeff didn't want to overcome them, but he had to respect his father's wishes in this, so he merely nodded.

"Nobody's going to get punished, but things will have to change around here," continued Greg. "First of all, I want you two to try to stop being so affectionate with each other."

"You mean I can't sit on Jeff's lap any more?" Brit complained.

"I think that's the first thing that has to stop. And tonight after school we're going to do some rearranging. Jeff, you're going to switch rooms with Lissa. I don't want you two sharing a bathroom any more, because it's too easy for you to sneak into each other's rooms."

Jeff sighed. This really didn't surprise him.

"What about if I get scared at night?" asked Brit. "I love sleeping in Jeff's bed because I'm never frightened with him holding me."

"If you ever get scared, you can come downstairs to Allison and me. We don't mind if you sleep in our bed with us sometimes, do we, Allison?"

"Of course not," Allison smiled.

Brit looked unhappy about that, but at least she didn't try to argue the point.

"Now Jeff," Greg continued. "There's something else you need to think about. Of all the people that have been hurt by this, I think you hurt Kari the most."

"Kari?" he asked, surprised.

"Yes. It's really not fair for you to go behind her back like this."

"Dad--"

"Just hear me out. Kari is a wonderful, sweet girl, and she deserves a man she can trust, not someone who will cheat on her. Now I'm not going to tell her what you did, and I'm not going to make you tell her either. You're not a bad man; you just made a mistake. I do, however, insist that you think about what you've done to her, and decide what you need to do to make things right."

"She already knows," said Jeff.

Now it was Greg's turn to be surprised. "She does?" he asked, astonished.

"Kari's a lot more open-minded than you give her credit for. Not only was she in on it from the beginning, she was in favor of it even before I was. And just for the record, I would *never* cheat on her."

"Oh," said Greg, staring at his son for a few seconds. "Oh," he said again.

"Look, Dad," said Jeff, "everybody in this house knows you've slept with Rachael."

"Jeff!" Greg exclaimed.

"I'm serious, Dad. It's no secret that Allison doesn't mind you having sex with other women. The only two I know for sure are Rachael and those naughty pictures with Lissa, but there may have been others. That's fine; as long as your own wife is okay with it, then I'm okay with it too. I just bring it up because it shouldn't be hard for you to understand that Kari's no more the jealous type than Allison is. Maybe with all the time she spent here last summer getting tutored, some of Allison's personality rubbed off on her."

Greg stared at his son for a few seconds. Then as soon as he realized he was staring, he turned his gaze away. "Well then," he said, "I suppose I misjudged you. And her. Okay. So then I'll leave it up to you to tell her that you've broken off your relationship with Brit."

"I'll do that," Jeff nodded.

As soon as he saw Kari at school that morning, he asked her if he could come over to her house that afternoon. She was more than happy to agree, although she could sense that something was bothering him.

That afternoon at her house, he explained the situation to her and Crystal. Both of the girls opened their eyes wide with shock. As he explained how furious their father had been, Kari put a comforting arm around him, sensing that it wasn't easy to talk about it. By the time he was through, he had both girls hugging him.

Crystal asked how Brit was taking it, and Jeff said that so far she was putting on a brave face, but he suspected that it was all for show. Maybe he was still just a little overprotective of his little sister, and maybe he still thought of her as a little girl, but he could sense that it bothered her more than she let on.

When he arrived home that night, Greg immediately set him to work rearranging the bedrooms. No longer would he be permitted to sleep in a room accessible to Brit's without going through the hall. There would be no locking both doors to keep out their parents while the children had full access to each other.

It was a surprisingly quick job, mainly because Jeff had more things on the floor than in the dresser, closet, desk, or other containers. After moving the furniture from both rooms out into the hall, Jeff just gathered up his belongings in armfuls and dumped it on the floor in his new room. Greg was tempted to lecture him about keeping his room clean, but decided that now wasn't the right time.

Over the next couple of weeks, he found himself slipping into a minor depression. Every time he saw Brit, it pained him that he could no longer snuggle with her or sleep in the same bed or hold her on his lap. Sometimes the pain was just too much to bear, and in these times he retreated to his room and didn't want to talk to anyone.

To spare himself the pain, he began to spend more and more time at Kari's house. At least then, Brit's presence wouldn't remind him of what he had so recently lost. Unfortunately, Crystal reminded him of Brit, so even that refuge didn't work so well. Still, it was better than having to look on his little sister's beautiful, loving face, knowing that he could no longer love her the way he wanted.

He wasn't the most sociable person during these times. Kari could usually, with a bit of effort, cheer him up, and after twenty minutes talking and joking and flirting with her, his mood usually improved. Over time though, it took longer and longer to bring him out of his melancholy, which worried both Kari and Crystal.

One thing that almost always worked still was having sex with one or both of them. It was hard to stay depressed while making love to a gorgeous girl, even harder with two of them. Crystal told him that their job was to make him forget all about Brit, but that was a mistake. The problem was that he *didn't* want to forget about her. He wanted to love her like he used to. Forgetting her was just a way to make the pain go away, not a real solution. When Crystal saw how her statement bothered him, she never brought it up again.

Jeff wasn't the only one affected by the change in the family. While Allison and Greg seemed to be over it, Brit was not. Just like Jeff suspected, she hurt inside. Every night when she went to bed, she felt lonely having to sleep by herself. If it was only for one night, she might have been able to bear it, but the thought that she could never sleep with her big brother again made it impossible to stand. On more than one occasion she cried herself to sleep.

When it came right down to it, she just sometimes needed to snuggle with someone strong and caring. Jeff fit both of those qualities, plus he was handsome on top of that. But it really didn't matter what he looked like; he could be the most hideous man in the world, as long as she knew he loved her. He had been so tender and gentle with her, not once trying to take advantage of her. How could she not fall in love with someone like that?

As she lay in bed sobbing one night, she suddenly realized that there was one more person in this house that loved her almost as much as Jeff did, someone she could still love and trust. If she couldn't feel the loving arms of her brother, at least she could get it from her father.

One night, a couple of weeks after the discovery, Brit knocked on the bedroom door as Allison and Greg were just about to go to bed. She came in, looking a little sad and depressed.

"What is it, honey?" he asked her.

"Oh, I was just feeling kind of..."

"Lonely?" Allison suggested, and Brit nodded.

"Do you want to sleep in here with us tonight?" Greg asked. He had hoped to make love to Allison that night, but if Brit needed him, he would make himself available for her.

"Maybe not all night," she said. "I think if I just snuggle with you for a few minutes I'll be all right."

"Of course, Angel," he smiled tenderly. He understood that sometimes girls just needed someone to hold them every once in a while. Actually, now that he thought about it, it wasn't just limited to girls. He felt the

same way sometimes.

The three of them climbed into bed and lay down, with Brit between them. She turned over on her side and lay her head down on his chest. He held her to him, relaxing in the warmth and softness of her body and enjoying her affection. No doubt she still hadn't gotten over Jeff yet, and as long as this mood of hers lasted, Greg was happy to cuddle with her like this.

Allison reached over and gently stroked Brit's hair, causing the girl to sigh. They lay like that for half an hour, saying nothing and not needing to. Suddenly Greg felt fortunate. Brit would turn fourteen in a couple of months, and there weren't too many teenage daughters willing to snuggle with their fathers like this. He would enjoy it for as long as Brit wanted to do it.

She eventually got up and kissed them both, then with a smile she returned to her own room. Greg smiled too, happy that he was able to give a little joy to his daughter that he loved so much.

The next Saturday, he found himself alone with Brit for a few hours. Jeff had gone over to Kari's place, and Allison had to run into town to do some shopping. That suited him just fine; he had been meaning to have a talk with Brit, to find out how she was feeling now that some time had passed since he had discovered her secret. Ever since the talk he had had with her after the incident, his heart had gone out to her. She was still his little girl after all, and he felt that he would be willing to do just about anything for the sake of her happiness.

He would have taken her into his office for a little privacy, but with no one else at home the living room served just as well. He sat down on one of the couches, but instead of taking one of the other chairs or even sitting next to him, she dropped down onto his lap, causing him to chuckle.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?" he asked her.

"A little better," she said. "I really miss Jeff though."

"I know you do. You're being very brave right now, and I appreciate it. I know things look pretty bleak right now, but I promise you that they're just going to get better over time."

"Thanks, Daddy," she said, hugging him. He wrapped his arms around her and gave her a tight squeeze. The one good thing that had come out of the ordeal, he decided, was that Brit was more affectionate with him. He loved to hold her like this, tenderly and gently, the way a father should. This, at least, was wholesome and beautiful, a tender moment between father and daughter.

She drew back, but kept her hands on his shoulders. He noticed then just how tiny she still was. He had always been a broad-shouldered man, and in comparison his daughter was a small little child. No matter how old she got, he would always think of her as a little girl.

She smiled at him, and he couldn't help but fall in love with that smile.

"I love you, Daddy," she said, kissing him on the cheek.

"I love you too, sweetheart," he replied.

"I love you too, Daddy," she said again, kissing him on the other cheek. He chuckled.

"I love you too, sweetheart," he told her.

"I love you too, Daddy," she repeated, kissing him on the nose.

"I love you too, sweetheart."

"I love you too, Daddy," she repeated, but this time she kissed him on the lips.

It was just a quick peck, but suddenly alarms went off in his head. Images of her sitting on Jeff's lap, playing games just like this, flashed through his mind. What was she doing?

"Is this how you seduced your brother?" he asked without thinking.

Immediately tears welled up in her eyes, and Greg realized he had hurt her. Her lower lip began to tremble.

"How could you, Daddy?" she sobbed, then jumped up off of his lap, and bursting into tears, ran out of the room and upstairs.

Greg felt absolutely horrible at that moment. He had been so callous, bringing that up. To see Brit hurt was bad enough, but to know that he was the one who had done it was the worst feeling in the world.

He stood up and followed her upstairs. At the far end of the hall, he could hear her weeping behind the closed door of her bedroom. He approached it, then knocked on it. She didn't answer, but just continued to cry. Greg opened the door and stepped inside.

Brit lay on her bed, face down and sobbing into her pillow. He pulled up a chair and sat down next to the bed, reaching out to stroke her hair. She immediately pulled away from him, and he withdrew his hand.

He didn't know what to say to her. What could he say that would make it all better? What a heel he had been! Well, he could at least start with an apology.

"I'm sorry," he told her.

She turned her head away from him. "I've been trying so hard!" she said, refusing to look at him. "I've been trying to stay away from Jeff, or even to think of him, because I want you to be happy with me. It's the hardest thing I've ever done. And then you go and throw it all in my face like that! I hate you!"

"Brit, please don't say that," he told her.

"I hate you!" she shouted at him again.

Suddenly he could feel tears in his own eyes. She had found the one thing she could say that could sting him like he had stung her. He put his face in his hands and broke down crying.

She turned around and stared at him, astonished.

"Please, Brit," he sobbed. "Forgive me. You have to understand that grown-ups make mistakes too sometimes. I can't bear the thought that one of my mistakes hurt you."

"Oh, daddy," she said, then sat up and threw her arms around him. "I forgive you." He held her back and continued crying for a few minutes. It was ironic; he had come up here to comfort her, and now he was the one in need of comfort. But feeling her in his arms made it all much better.

Finally he pulled away from her. She had an encouraging smile on her face.

"So do you love me again?" he asked.

She giggled. "I thought I was the one who needed to hear that."

"Trust me, I need to hear it sometimes just as much as you do."

"I love you," she said, and suddenly everything was better again.

"Believe it or not," he explained, "grown-ups need hugs and kisses, and to be told they're loved too."

"I'll remember that," she smiled.

"So are we friends again?"

"We're friends again," she answered, giving him a hug. "But why did you say... what you said earlier?"

"Are you sure you want me to tell you? Even if it involves Jeff?"

"Yes," she replied. "And tell me the truth, just like you promised."

The truth. She was going to hold him to his word. Well, she deserved that much.

"All right. When you were kissing me, it felt really good. Too good, in fact. I know you're really an affectionate girl, and I'll admit I like it. But I also know that you've taken it too far before. I suddenly started thinking about Jeff, and about how you said you had been the one to... take the initiative. Remember, the first time I saw you two after you had started liking each other, you were sitting on his lap asleep. It just struck me how similar this situation was. So I said the words without even thinking how cruel they were."

Brit nodded. "So you think I was trying to seduce you?" she asked innocently.

"What? I..."

"Don't lie, Daddy."

"All right. I thought it might have been a possibility."

"And if I was?"

"Brit!"

She giggled. "I'm just kidding, Daddy. Look, you told me the truth, so I'll tell you the truth. I get lonely sometimes, especially now that I'm not allowed to spend time with Jeff. It's not about sex; it's about being held and hugged and kissed by someone with strong arms to wrap around me and a shoulder I can lay my head on. I just want to snuggle up with someone that I know loves me, to let go of all my worries and feel safe and protected. That's what I love most about Jeff, and that's what I love most about you, Daddy. I know I took it too far with him, but is all the rest of what I said all right? I mean, is it appropriate to do all those things with you?"

Greg smiled down at her. He was glad she was baring her soul to him, because now he understood her. He could see how things might have gotten out of hand between her brother and her, and even though he had already promised not to get angry, he hadn't really been able to forgive them until now. But he finally realized now that all that his children had done was confuse affection with passion. Both of them were still emotionally inexperienced, and so it was natural for that kind of confusion to arise.

"I think that's just fine," he told her. "I don't think you know where to draw the line yet, but that's all right; you're still learning. It's part of growing up. But I think until you learn, you shouldn't go doing that with Jeff, because he doesn't know where to draw the line either."

"What about when we're not alone? What if you or Allison are there with us?"

"I think it's all right if you hug him sometimes, but I don't want you to sleep in his bed or sit on his lap, even if we're around. Whenever you want to snuggle with someone I want you to come to me instead, because I'm mature enough that I can keep you from crossing the line. Just remember that when I tell you to stop doing something, it's not because I'm mad at you or that I think you're a bad person. I just want you to learn what is and isn't appropriate, okay?"

"Okay," she smiled, and hugged him again. "Thank you, Daddy."

"You're welcome, angel."

For the rest of the day, she seemed in much better spirits, to his relief. It looked like she would be okay after all. He was glad to help, especially since she was so nice to cuddle with. In fact, he hoped she might find another opportunity to sit on his lap. He spent most of his time in the front room sitting on the couch hoping for just such an opportunity.

In the end, it paid off. After a couple of hours, she decided she wanted to cuddle some more, so she climbed onto his lap and lay her head against his chest. He held her to him, enjoying her affection probably as much as she did. Yes, sometimes he needed someone to cuddle with just as well.

When Jeff arrived home, he immediately spied Brit sitting on her father's lap, head against his chest, eyes closed, and a smile on her face. He stood and stared for a few seconds, jealousy starting to build within him.

It wasn't fair. He was no longer allowed to hold her like that, and now his father was doing it. It was like he was flaunting it.

Worse, Brit seemed to be enjoying it. She didn't seem to care whether it was Jeff or Greg whose lap she sat on. Now that Jeff was no longer an option, she hadn't taken long to move on to her father.

Brit's eyes opened, and she smiled at him. "Hi, Jeff," she said.

"Go to hell!" he snapped, then stormed up to his bedroom and slammed the door behind him, leaving his father and sister staring in shock.

The mood in the Primdale household changed for the worse after that. Jeff fell back into his old ways of not speaking with anyone, preferring the company of a book to his own family. He even spoke to Allison only rarely now.

Kari noticed the change in him, and once she got the details from Allison, she spent all her time trying to comfort him or keep his mind off of his sister. But even that didn't help much; it seemed as though Jeff simply didn't want human companionship any more. He even stopped spending time over at her house.

Worse still was the change in Brit. Although more subtle in some ways, it was still painful to see. At first she tried to talk to Jeff, but when he didn't respond, she fell into a gloomy depression. She still spoke with the rest of them, but where she had been playful and vivacious before, now she had become bored and apathetic, as if life no longer held any joy for her. Even the sparkle had gone out of her eyes.

Greg couldn't help noticing the change in his children, and it pained him. He was particularly worried about Brit; everything he loved about her had vanished, leaving a girl that he no longer recognized. A certain degree of mellowing was expected as she matured, but this abrupt transformation seemed unhealthy. She no longer laughed, or joked, or teased like she used to. He asked Allison about it, but she confessed that she was as worried as he was. A cloud of melancholy had settled on the whole family.

January ended with no resolution in sight for the disaster in the Primdale household. Jeff and Brit hardly spoke to one another, but occasionally they could be seen glancing at each other and trying to hide their looks of yearning. Greg and Allison both tried to stay cheerful, and they both tried to engage their children in

friendly conversations. Sometimes it worked. Sometimes they forgot themselves and ended up having fun. Unfortunately, those occasions were rare, and more often nothing they did could cheer up either of the kids.

Jeff spent most of his time in the library reading or in his room playing games on the computer. Neither interested him particularly any more, but at least it was a way to pass the time. With nothing to interest him any more, it was as good a way as any.

Kari kept trying to cheer him up. Despite his lack of enthusiasm whenever he saw her, she remained loyally by his side through the ordeal.

While his moping could be considered just a phase he was going through, when it began to affect his grades it became somewhat alarming. He didn't pay attention in class, but just stared out the window, not really thinking about anything but not listening to the lecture either. His test scores started dropping, and more than one of his teachers gave Greg and Allison a call to ask about it. His parents didn't mention any details of course, but used the vague term "family problems," and promised to have a talk with him about it.

Greg let Allison handle the confrontation. She was much better with words, and Greg knew that if he talked to Jeff about his grades, it would no doubt come off sounding like a lecture.

Jeff was lying on his bed reading a book one night when Allison knocked on the door and asked if she could come in. She stepped into the room, then came over and sat down next to him.

"Jeff, may I talk to you for a minute?" she asked.

He put the book down and sat up. Allison stared at him for a second, then sighed.

"It's not easy, is it?" she asked.

"What?"

"Putting Brit out of your mind?"

"Oh, it's all right."

"No it's not. I can tell. You haven't said two words to any member of this family without being prompted for weeks now. Your grades are slipping in school, you haven't even gone over to Kari's house or invited her over in a week, all you do is sit in your room and read. I'm getting worried about you."

"I'll be fine."

"Jeff, what's bothering you?"

"Nothing's bothering me." He turned away. "That's the problem. Nothing bothers me any more, nothing excites me any more, nothing makes me feel anything any more. I just don't care."

Allison put an arm around him. "Want to look at porn with me?"

He shook his head.

"That's not like you!" she exclaimed, shocked. "This is serious."

"It doesn't matter," he said.

"Jeff, you've got to keep living. You're too young to be giving up like this. You've got a loving family, a beautiful girlfriend, lots of friends at school, and if you get your grades back up to where they were, good prospects to make something of your life later on. But you have to put forth some effort."

"Fine. I'll try to do better in school."

"That's not good enough, Jeff. You have to *want* to do better, and not just in school. How do you think Kari feels, with you ignoring her like this?"

"I suppose I've been pretty rude to her lately."

"Yes you have. And if you keep it up, you're in danger of losing her. She's willing to put up with your moping for a while, but she won't wait forever. You have to start enjoying life again."

"I'll try," he said without enthusiasm.

"You still don't get it, Jeff. This isn't about trying, as if it's a duty or something. Don't you realize how wonderful life is, especially for a boy like you?"

He shrugged. "I used to. I don't know what's come over me lately, though."

"I do," said Allison.

He glanced at her, but his eyes held no interest.

"You're still in love with Brit," she told him.

"I don't know any more. She certainly doesn't seem in love with me."

"Oh, stop playing the martyr, Jeff!" she exclaimed. "You're both good kids, so you're both trying to do what your father told you. But it's very difficult, so what do you do? You try to ignore each other as much as possible, so that you don't have to deal with the pain of being so close yet always separated. Am I right?"

Jeff stared at the floor, but he nodded.

"So there it is. She's hurting inside just as much as you are, not because she doesn't love you, but because she does. I wish there was something I could do to spare you that pain. You don't deserve to be hurt like that;

you're the kindest, gentlest boy I know."

"Thanks, Allison. I think I just need to find a way to get Brit out of my mind. They say falling in love is hard, but I think falling *out* of love is even worse."

"So invite Kari over this weekend. I'm sure she'll be eager to help you forget Brit. If you want, I'll arrange for Greg and Brit to get out of the house all day, so that will leave just you, Kari, and me. I'll even make myself scarce if you want."

Jeff nodded. "I guess it's a good place to start."

It didn't work. Kari did come over to visit him that Saturday, and Greg and Allison took Brit on an outing to leave the two of them alone together, but Jeff just couldn't work up the enthusiasm to do anything. They spent some time talking about what had happened, and Kari tried to get him to tell her how he felt, but he didn't feel like talking about it.

They made love, but Jeff's heart wasn't really in it. It felt nice of course, but it lacked any kind of passion. Kari noticed the difference, and after it was over, instead of snuggling with him like she usually did, she simply lay down beside him on the bed. Afterward, they took separate showers, then Kari went home early.

When Greg, Allison, and Brit returned home later that day, Allison could tell that his attitude hadn't changed. She took him aside and asked how it went, and he explained that it hadn't helped after all.

Brit also noticed his gloominess, but after everything that had happened, she was in no mood to try to help him get over it. They stayed away from each other as much as possible; when Jeff was downstairs, Brit stayed in her room. When she came down, he went upstairs.

They at least ate supper with their parents that night, but they weren't in the mood to talk. Greg and Allison tried to engage them in conversation, but they answered in single words and just stared at their plates as they ate. Eventually Jeff excused himself, then headed back upstairs to his bedroom to stare at the ceiling. He really didn't feel like doing much else.

Chapter 79

No More Secrets

In contrast to the gloom that had settled over the Primdale household, Lissa Primdale was having the time of her life. She loved being in love. Alya and she had a lot of fun. No matter what they did together, they enjoyed it, whether going out to see a movie, buying groceries, taking a romantic stroll through the snow-covered park, washing the dishes, or keeping Monique and Meg awake with the sounds of their passionate lovemaking at night.

That didn't mean Lissa didn't have her share of worries. She had been shocked one day to read an email that Allison had sent telling her that Greg had discovered Jeff's and Brit's incestuous affair. It bothered her to realize that things weren't going too well at home. Allison assured her in the email that Greg didn't know that Lissa had been involved in it at Christmas time. She also mentioned the letter that Lissa had sent her regarding the relationship with Alya. So far, Allison hadn't said anything to Greg about it, since the shock of finding out his son and daughter were having sex had overwhelmed him, and Allison didn't want to pile another burden onto him. She assured Lissa that she would tell him soon though, and that was the second thing that Lissa worried about.

The third was that Alya did not yet know about the goings-on in Lissa's family. She knew that Lissa had a younger brother and sister that she adored, but she had not even the tiniest suspicion that Lissa had had a fling with both of them at Christmas time. Lissa still worried about what her reaction would be upon finding it out. She knew there were some people out there, like Allison, that had no problem with it, but she also knew that a lot of people would be disgusted and offended by it.

But Alya was a very tolerant person. She had never been judgmental about Meg's sexuality, and she had forgiven Lissa right away when Lissa had confessed that she had plotted against her. Alya tended to see the good in people rather than the bad. That had made her an easy victim for Matt, and it had made her an easy victim for Lissa. But it was also one of the things Lissa loved best about her.

One afternoon in early February, Lissa decided to just come right out and tell her. Whatever Alya's reaction, it wasn't likely to change just because more time had passed. The two of them sat together on the couch, arms wrapped around each other and snuggling together. They had a blanket thrown over them as they just sat with Alya's head on Lissa's shoulder.

"Alya," said Lissa quietly. "I'm ready to tell you my last secret. I'm still a little nervous, because I'm afraid of what you'll think of me."

"It's all right, Lissa," said Alya, glancing up at her. "You can tell me anything. I love you, and nothing's going to change that."

"I know. It's just that some of this is pretty bad. I'm not apologizing for what I've done, because I knew what I was doing, and I have no regrets."

"Just tell me. I won't judge you. I promise."

"Alya, what do you think of incest?"

"What? Oh, I don't know. I think it's a little disturbing, but then again I've never had the temptation because I'm an only child. And my Dad... well, like I said, no temptation."

Lissa took a deep breath. This was it. "What if I told you that I had an affair with my brother and sister over Christmas vacation?" she asked.

Alya stared at her, perhaps a little surprised. "You're serious?" she asked.

"Yes. It was all a part of what I thought was the new Lissa. You remember her. She's the vengeful, spiteful, hateful girl that tried to seduce you to steal you away from Matt. The girl that did whatever she wanted, and damn the consequences. The girl that you turned into who I am today."

"You actually slept with your brother and sister?"

"Yes. Like I said, I have no regrets. The only thing I'm ashamed of is what you must think of me."

"Tell me this. When you go home next summer, are you going to continue that relationship?"

"You deserve to know the truth. With my sister, it was just an experiment, but I want to keep things going with my brother. But I won't do it behind your back, so if it bothers you at all, I'll call the whole thing off. I know he'll be understanding about the whole thing, and you're much more important to me than a fling with my brother."

Alya smiled. "I can't have that on my conscience now, can I? It's all right, Lissa. It sounds like your brother's a great guy. You know, it's funny, but I think it's okay *because* he's your brother. Do you know why?"

"Why?"

"Because I'm not in danger of you choosing him over me. See, if I asked you to give up sex with him, you could still be his sister, so you could maintain some kind of relationship with both of us, and therefore you wouldn't mind making that sacrifice for me. In other words, if you were forced to choose between us, you would choose me because you're still not giving him up completely. Knowing that, I don't have to worry because I could always have you make that choice in the future if I wanted to. Does that make sense?"

"No, but I'll accept that kind of nonsense any day."

"Besides, I'd like to meet this brother of yours. His name's Jeff, right? After that whole incident with Matt, I wouldn't mind meeting a guy like Jeff. You wouldn't be opposed to me getting friendly with him, would

you?"

Lissa was reminded of Meg's relationship with her brother and his wife. It hadn't worked for them, but then, Meg wasn't bisexual. Lissa wondered if something like that could work out for the three of them.

"If you're trying to make me jealous, it's not working," she said. "If you're trying to make me horny, it is. It might be fun to try it out with all three of us. Of course, you're going to have to stand in line. It seems that everybody is after him. His girlfriend, his girlfriend's sister, *our* sister, our stepmother's sister, and I'm not entirely sure our stepmother isn't interested."

"Okay, so maybe he's more like Matt than I thought," Alya laughed.

"Except that he's not doing anything behind their backs. They all have no problem with it. If his girlfriend wanted him to be exclusive, I'm sure he'd give up all the others."

"Okay, so it won't be the three of us. It will be the eight of us, or however many there are. Maybe we could invite Meg and Sandy to join in as well. And Monique, while I think of it. We'll get a nice harem going."

"I never knew you were so dirty, Alya," Lissa grinned.

"Only around you. You bring out the best in me. But seriously, it sounds like you've got an interesting family. I'd like to visit you this summer some time."

"Maybe. I'd love that, but I still haven't told them about us. I'm sure my stepmother would be happy to know I've fallen in love with someone, male or female. But my Dad's a lot more conservative. I'm scared of what his reaction will be."

"So just start an affair with him also. That should open him up to new ideas."

Lissa began to turn red, and Alya's eyes grew wide as she saw it.

"You didn't..." she breathed.

"Sort of. My dad and stepmom and I took a vacation last summer. We started taking pictures, innocently at first, and then getting naughtier and naughtier."

"Did you actually...?"

"Since I'm being completely honest anyway, you might as well know, I did some lesbian pictures with my stepmom. Then I... did some photos with my dad."

"You mean real, sexual stuff?"

"It was all in fun, but there was some rubbing and fondling and... well... I put his dick in my mouth."

Alya surprised her by bursting out laughing. "You're amazing, Lissa!" she said. "I thought Meg was the pervert of this apartment, but you've got her beat."

"I don't know whether I should be take that as a compliment or an insult."

"Let's put it this way. At least I know that romance with you is never going to get boring. Now I *really* want to meet your family."

Lissa laughed, relieved that Alya had taken it so well. Now one of her two worries had been resolved, and she felt much better. She would just have to face the other two when they came up.

Monique arrived home about an hour later, and sat down to talk with them. Monique was a lot like Alya, Lissa concluded. The girl had a natural accepting attitude that made her great to get along with. She liked to joke and tease about Meg, and now about Lissa and Alya also, but it was always just in fun. It was nice to be surrounded by roommates who refused to judge one another.

About an hour after dinner, the phone rang. Monique was the closest, so she answered it. "It's for you, Lissa," she said.

Lissa got up and headed over to the phone, putting it to her ear. "Hello?" she said.

"Hi, Lissa. This is your Dad," the voice on the other end said.

"Hi, Dad," she grinned.

"Lissa..." he said. "Allison... She told me... told me... about Alya."

Lissa's face suddenly went white.

"What is it?" asked Alya with concern, sensing the change in her.

"Dad, can you hold on for a minute?" Lissa asked. She lowered the phone and put her hand over the receiver.

"I'm sorry, you guys, but I really need some privacy right now," she said.

"What's wrong?" asked Monique.

"My Dad just found out I have a girlfriend," she replied.

"Say no more," Monique told her. "Come on, Alya. I'm in the mood for ice cream. Let's go to the store and pick up a carton. My treat."

Alya nodded, and the two of them hurried out the door.

Lissa took a deep breath to calm her nerves, then put the receiver back to her ear.

"Sorry, Dad," she said, trying to sound calm. "I just had to kick my roommates out so we could talk alone. Go ahead."

"Lissa, is it true? Are you actually dating a... a woman?"

"Yes, Dad. You might as well know the whole truth. We're lovers."

"You're what?" he demanded.

"You heard me, Dad."

"Lissa, what... why... what kind of nonsense is this?"

"It's not nonsense, Dad. Alya and I are in love."

"This is just a phase you're going through, right? I mean--"

"No it's not. As far as I'm concerned, I'm going to love Alya for the rest of my life."

"Is that why you never had a boyfriend growing up? Because you were a *lesbian*?"

"That's a low blow, Dad."

"I'm sorry, dear. I just have to know."

"All right. No. Alya is the first woman I've ever been in love with."

"This is all my fault," he mumbled.

"How is it your fault?"

"That sailing trip last summer. I let the joke get out of hand. You and Allison--"

"There's never been anything between me and Allison, Dad. That sailing trip meant nothing."

"But how could you just do this? Didn't I raise you right?"

"You raised me wonderfully, Dad. But there comes a time in everyone's life when they have to leave their parents and start making decisions on their own. This was my decision to make, not yours."

"But it's wrong!"

"Why?"

"Because it is."

"No it isn't, because it isn't. See? I can use that same logic."

"That's not funny, Lissa," he told her sternly.

"It's not meant to be funny."

"Lissa, you have to put an end to this relationship."

"No."

"Don't say no to your father."

"Then don't tell your daughter to do things that are impossible."

"Lissa, if we're just going to fight, then I'm going to hang up right now."

"Then hang up."

"Lissa..." His voice trailed off, leaving an empty silence.

She sighed. This was going about as bad as she had expected. "Dad," she said, more calmly. "I'm sorry. I really don't want to fight with you over this. But you're not even giving it a chance. If you could just meet Alya, you'd see how absolutely wonderful she is. She's beautiful, and kind, and gentle, and the sweetest girl in the whole world."

"That's not the point," he replied, though the angry tone had left his voice. "Even if she's the most perfect woman in the world, she's still a woman."

"Dad, can't you just accept me for who I am? For who I've become? I'm not the same girl I used to be, I'll admit that. And I know I didn't turn out like you wanted me to." Her emotions began to break through at this point, and she found her voice wavering. "But I still want to be your daughter."

"But you're going against everything I ever taught you."

"Daddy," she said. "I don't want you to be disappointed in me, but this is just who I am now. Can't you see that?" She was on the verge of tears now.

"Lissa, please don't cry," he said softly. "I'm sorry for yelling at you. It's for your own sake that I say these things."

"I know," she said. "You want what you think is best for me. But you're wrong this time, Daddy. What's best for me right now is Alya."

"I'm sorry, but I just can't accept that."

"But you haven't even met her!"

"Lissa... You just can't do this."

She sighed, taking a moment to collect herself. She wiped the tears from her eyes and stood up straight to help her confidence. "I'm not going to give her up, and that's final. So you're going to have to deal with it in one way or another. Since Alya and I are going to stay together, if you ever want to see me again, you're going to have to eventually meet her."

"What was that? Was that a threat? Or an ultimatum?"

"That was a logical conclusion. If you want an ultimatum, here's one for you. I'm going to invite Alya to visit me this summer. That will either be in your house, or somewhere else. In other words, if you want me to come home this summer, you're going to have to agree to have Alya there."

"Lissa, what are you trying to pull?"

"Nothing. I just know as soon as you meet Alya you'll feel much better about this. I don't want to force you, but it sounds like this is the only way."

"I can't believe you're doing this to me."

"I can't believe it either, but I am. Look, I'm going to hang up now. You just think it over. I'll call you tomorrow so you can give me your answer."

Greg sighed. "There's no need for that," he said. "If having Alya visit is the only way I get to see you this summer, then I guess I can let her come."

"Really?" asked Lissa, suddenly feeling a lot better.

"You didn't exactly leave me with any choice, did you?"

"I'm sorry, Dad. I don't like to fight with you, but there was just no other way to make you see."

"Well, I'm sorry we got in a fight too. I've just been overwhelmed by what's been happening to my children lately. It just seems like I'm losing control of this family."

"Dad, I'm eighteen years old and living on my own now. You're not *supposed* to control me any more. The only thing you're supposed to do is love me."

"I do love you, honey."

"I love you too, Daddy. And I really want to come home. Please promise you'll at least give Alya a chance. I just know you'll like her."

"I don't think I'll ever get used to the idea of you being a lesbian, but at least I can be civilized about it."

"Thanks. I guess that will have to do for now."

"I guess it will. Goodbye, Lissa."

"Goodbye, Dad." She hung up the phone, then went over and sat back down on the couch. Weak and trembling and almost hyperventilating, she tried to calm herself down. It didn't work, and a few seconds later she burst into tears and buried her head in a pillow.

When Monique and Alya returned home and saw her sitting there with puffy red eyes, they both came and sat down beside her on the couch, putting their arms around her. She lay her head down on Alya's shoulder, and Alya gave her a tender kiss on the forehead. Alya glanced over at Monique with a questioning look as if asking if it were okay to continue, but Monique just shrugged. So Alya turned Lissa toward her and pulled her in to a tender hug, bathing her face with kisses. Monique leaned up against Lissa's back and wrapped her arms around them both.

Sitting there in the girls' arms, Lissa didn't feel so bad any more. It surprised her that Monique was willing to sit there with them as Alya kissed her, but then, Monique had never been judgmental of Meg's lifestyle, so why should Alya's and Lissa's bother her?

Later, they sat down at the table eating ice cream. It was hard to feel bad while eating ice cream, which now that she thought of it, was probably Monique's plan all along. Soon she was as cheerful as ever.

That night, she invited Alya to come visit that summer. At first the girl was reluctant, especially after seeing Lissa's reaction to the phone call. Lissa explained that her dad had not taken the news at all well, but she felt that this had to be done. After some coaxing and even begging, Alya finally gave in and agreed.

That relieved one-and-a-half out of three of her worries. Alya was okay with Lissa's unwholesome relationship with her siblings, and the dreaded confrontation with her father was over, though this likely wasn't the end of that. She knew she would have to face her father again, this time introducing Alya to him face to face. But now that they had passed the initial barrier, she felt it would go much smoother from here on.

A couple of days later she and Alya were sitting in the front room giving each other back rubs when the phone rang. Alya was lying on her stomach, half asleep on the floor, so Lissa hopped up and answered the phone.

"Hi, Lissa," said the girl on the other end. "This is Sandy."

"Hi, Sandy," Lissa greeted. "I'm sorry, but Meg's not here right now."

"I know. I was actually calling to talk to *you*. You and Alya. Is she there, by chance?"

"She is. What is this about? Is everything okay between you and Meg?"

"Oh, we're fine," Sandy laughed. "It's nothing like that. I just want to talk to you and Alya about an idea I have. Is it okay if I come over right now?"

"Let me check with Alya." She put the phone against her shoulder and said, "Hey Alya, Sandy wants to come over and talk to us about something. Is that okay?"

"Sure," Alya shrugged.

"Okay," Lissa told Sandy.

"Good. I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

Fifteen minutes later almost to the second, the girls heard a knock at the door. Alya opened it, and Sandy came in. Since Monique was home as well, the girls headed back to the bedroom. Lissa and Alya sat on their bed, while Sandy sat across from them on the other.

"You're probably wondering why I want to talk to you," Sandy said. "With Valentine's Day coming up, I want to give Meg a special present. No jewelry or flowers or traditional stuff like that."

"So what did you have in mind?"

"A video," Sandy grinned. "Alya, I know Meg has always had a bit of a crush on you, and Lissa, well..."

"It's okay," said Lissa. "I told Alya all about the lessons. Once I fell in love with her, I felt too guilty to keep it a secret from her any more. So I'll come right out and say it. I've already had sex with Meg and you. Is that what you were going to say?"

"More or less," said Sandy, relieved. "So here's my thought. I want to make a video of you two together, if you know what I mean. My roommate is going into film production, so she's got all of the equipment we need, plus she's agreed to help me edit it. I'm sure you don't have a problem with it Lissa, but Alya, I don't know if you've ever taken your clothes off in front of Meg before. And you certainly haven't done it in front of me. If it will make you feel uncomfortable, we'll drop the whole thing and I'll figure out a different present."

Alya stared pensively at the ground for a minute. Then a grin spread across her face.

"What is it?" asked Lissa.

"Oh, I was just thinking," she said, "if we're going to do this, I want to make a second version. A stripped down version with all of the good parts cut out. Enough to get someone excited, but leave them frustrated and unfulfilled."

"Well that's no fun," said Sandy. "Why would you want to do such a thing?"

Alya grinned. "I think Matt deserves a Valentine's Day present too."

The girls got a plan together, and consulting Meg's schedule, they found a two-hour window when she wouldn't be home, and Sandy would have time to film Lissa and Alya. She called ahead of time to make sure Meg was really gone, then brought over a digital video camera and tripod. They set it up in the bedroom, pointed at the bed.

Alya and Lissa had already made themselves up pretty, putting on a couple of slinky evening gowns and doing up their hair. Sandy commented on how glamorous they both looked, delighted to see them all dolled up like that.

The first order of business was to make two introductions, one for Meg and one for Matt. The two roommates stood in front of the camera, their arms around one another and smiling seductively. Sandy gave them the signal to begin.

"Hi Meg," Alya started, smiling at the camera. "We hope you like your Valentine's Day present."

"It's just a little something to remember us by," Lissa continued.

Then both girls together cheerfully said, "Have a happy Valentine's Day."

Sandy stopped recording. "Excellent," she told them, giving them a thumbs-up. "And now for the one for Matt." She pressed some buttons on the camera, then gave them the signal to start again.

"Hi, Matt," Alya grinned, then continued in a sugary-sweet voice, "We hope you don't have anyone to share this Valentine's Day with."

"We'd like to give you a taste of what you're missing," Lissa continued. "It's too bad you can't be here with us."

"Too bad for you," added Alya. "Great for us."

"But we can't really complain," said Lissa. "After all, you're the reason we ended up together."

"Have a lonely Valentine's Day," the girls both said, then leaned in and kissed each other.

Sandy stopped recording, then burst out laughing. "You two are downright vicious!" she chuckled.

"I'm only vicious to people who hurt Alya," Lissa replied.

"Likewise," added Alya.

"Remind me never to hurt either one of you then," said Sandy.

She aimed the camera at the bed. Lissa and Alya started out of frame, but as soon as Sandy started filming and gave them the signal, they came over and sat down on the bed next to each other. They leaned in and started kissing.

Sandy sat down in a chair behind the camera and watched as the two girls tenderly kissed each other. Alya seemed a little nervous, which wasn't surprising. This was the first time she had made love for an audience. Lissa, or course, had already joined right in with Meg and Sandy, so this really was no big deal for her.

She wrapped her arms around Alya and hugged her, and took the opportunity with her face hidden by Alya's to whisper in her ear, "Relax and enjoy it. Just remember, I love you."

That seemed to help, and they resumed their kissing.

Lissa let her hand slide onto her roommate's hip, tenderly caressing her. Alya sighed, closing her eyes and enjoying the feeling. Lissa's hands moved higher, sliding right over Alya's breast. Alya reacted by placing her own hand over Lissa's and squeezing it tightly to her chest.

Sandy gave them the thumbs up as a sign of encouragement. Lissa noticed out of the corner of her eye that Sandy's other hand had wandered between her legs, and Lissa took that as even more of a compliment.

After a couple of minutes of fondling, Lissa gently turned Alya to the side so that she faced away. Lissa leaned in and kissed her on the neck as she reached her hands around under Alya's arms to cup her breasts over the fabric of her gown. She squeezed and kneaded them as Alya smiled and sighed in pleasure. One of the straps of Alya's gown slipped off the shoulder, and Lissa took the opportunity to kiss her all over her bare skin.

Lissa enjoyed the warmth and softness of the girl's body against her chest, and especially in her hands. She loved to taste Alya's skin, flicking her tongue against the girl's neck as she kissed and causing her to shudder with delight. Although they had been having sex for over a month now, they were still learning about each other, still experimenting to see what they liked. Mostly Lissa just did what she knew felt good on her own body, and for the most part it seemed to work on Alya as well.

She slipped her hands off of Alya's breasts, to the girl's short-lived disappointment. Alya perked right back up when Lissa brought them behind Alya and fumbled with the zipper to her dress. She slid it down, then reached inside and around, this time groping Alya's breasts under the gown. It had felt nice before, but that was nothing compared to the sensation of the girl's bare skin in her hands.

Alya's body was beginning to react. Her breathing had grown heavier, and her face was flushed. Lissa felt a certain sense of pride in being able to cause that kind of reaction in the girl. Lissa, who had only been a lesbian for less than two months, had a kind of sexual control over a woman who until recently had never even thought about letting another woman touch her like that.

Finally, she withdrew her hands and took the straps of Alya's gown, pulling them down to expose her magnificent chest. She noticed Sandy rubbing herself more vigorously behind the camera, and realized that this was the first time that Sandy had seen Alya's body.

Lissa reached one of her hands around Alya's neck and pulled her gently back against her, kissing her neck and shoulders again. This time, however, she kept going, scooting out of the way and drawing Alya down to the bed. Once the girl was lying prostrate, Lissa kissed down the girl's body, from her lips, to her neck, to her chest, down along Alya's cleavage, and past her stomach. She pulled the gown, which had gathered around Alya's waist, the rest of the way off and onto the floor. That left the girl in only her panties. Lissa planted a kiss right on the front of those panties, causing Alya to shudder.

Lissa sat up over Alya, then reached behind her own back and managed to unzip her dress. Alya reached up, took hold of the straps on Lissa's shoulder, and pulled it down, letting Lissa's own breasts free. Alya took them in her hands and fondled them for a minute, and Lissa let herself enjoy the sensation. It wasn't the first time she had felt it by any means, but she didn't think she would ever tire of it.

She managed to slip her own dress the rest of the way off, and now both girls were almost completely nude. Lissa lay down on top of Alya, pressing her breasts against her roommate's and kissing her sweet, beautiful lips. She opened her mouth and stabbed her tongue into Alya's, who reacted by teasing it with her own tongue. Alya's hands came up and wrapped around Lissa's back, caressing her gently.

In the corner of the room, Sandy shuddered. Lissa had gotten so caught up the softness and breathtaking beauty of her roommate that she had almost forgotten that the other girl was there. The camera no longer mattered; right now she just wanted to make love to Alya.

Alya pushed upward and rolled Lissa onto her back. Then Alya began kissing down Lissa's body the way Lissa had done to her earlier. Lissa closed her eyes and smiled, allowing the girl to take control. Alya sucked one of Lissa's nipples into her mouth as she toyed with the other one with her hand. It felt so good that Lissa couldn't help but let out a mewling sound as her roommate worked her over. She realized that this was something that really defined their relationship; each wanted to make the other feel good. It wasn't a matter of just agreeing to do it to each other in exchange for reciprocation. They both really *enjoyed* pleasuring each other.

Alya's hand strayed down Lissa's body, finding its way to her panties. She slipped her fingers under the waistband, running them over Lissa's leaking slit and seeking out the sensitive bud. Lissa groaned as those fingers made contact and sent a wave of pleasure through her. Alya grinned, and started rubbing there, causing Lissa to groan again.

After a minute of stimulating her like that, Alya sat up and grabbed the sides of Lissa's panties. She drew them down, slipping them off and discarding them on the floor.

Lissa sat up and kissed her roommate, then laid her gently on the bed so that she could do the same for her. In a moment, both girls were completely nude. Across the room, Sandy had given up all pretense of not being

turned on by the sight in front of her. She had her pants unzipped and her hands down the front of her panties, rubbing up and down. Were it not for the recording, Lissa would almost have been willing to stop what she was doing and invite her to join in. Alya might not appreciate that, though.

The two girls lay together on the bed, their bodies pressed together in a beautiful, sensual embrace. Their hands wandered all over each other as their lips devoured each other's greedily. Lissa just couldn't get enough of the beauty, softness, even the smell of Alya. Everything about the girl excited her, from the silkiness of her dark hair and the color of her eyes, to the intelligent yet innocent look in those same eyes and the charming and pleasant tone of her voice.

Lissa let her tongue run down to one of Alya's breasts, leaving a wet trail as it made a beeline for the nipple. She ran her tongue all over it, playing with it, toying with it, teasing it and driving Alya deeper and deeper into a frenzy of passion and sensation. Alya moaned, thrusting her chest upward. Lissa knew it wouldn't be long before she was ready for serious business. While the girl's tits made a fine appetizer, Lissa was eager to get to the main course.

Alya's hands ran over her own body, unconsciously rubbing herself and adding to the stimulation. When she slid then down between her legs, Lissa knew that it was time. She kissed down Alya's body one last time, this time positioning herself so that she lay alongside her roommate but oriented in the opposite direction. The two girls loved to take turns bringing each other to orgasm, but tonight they would do it together.

When Lissa reached her target, she lifted one leg over Alya's head and climbed on top of the girl, kneeling above her to keep from pressing down too hard on her face. She lowered her head and opened her mouth to let her tongue run over the girl's slit. Alya cried out, but cut it off by slipping her mouth over Lissa's pussy.

Lissa nearly had an orgasm at the first contact. Part of that had to do with the fact that Alya's inexperience belied her skill; she was an expert pussy licker. But more importantly, the love between the two girls made the sexual contact all that much more enjoyable. As Alya's tongue ran all over Lissa's clit, the pleasure shot through her like lightning.

She returned the favor by lapping hungrily at Alya's pussy. She used her finger to spread it and ran her tongue all up and down the inside. She marveled at how much she enjoyed the taste; three months ago she would have been horrified at the thought of doing this to another woman. Now she just couldn't get enough of it.

Both of their bodies were squirming now from the attention; they had both lost control and their muscles were now dominated by the heightened energy of their nerves as they stimulated each other with their mouths. Lissa wanted to just jam her cunt right down on Alya's face, to mash it into her and impale it on her tongue. But she held back and let Alya do the work herself. She somehow sensed Alya's need, and attacked her with a frenzy. Both girls had lost all of their humanity now, and had been reduced to animals, governed only by their instincts and desires.

Soon, Lissa felt the pleasure beginning to spike, and knew that it wouldn't be long. At the same time, she

sensed the change in Alya, and realized with delight that they would climax together. She braced herself for the overwhelming tide, and nearly screamed when it hit her. Alya cried out too, her voice coming as if from an infinite distance through the enveloping cloud of Lissa's orgasm that nearly shut down her senses with its intensity. Both of their bodies shook with the power of it, their muscles straining and tightened to the very brink.

Then that warm glow that always accompanied it spread through Lissa's body, washing over her and taking the place of the intensity. Along with it came a heightening of her love for Alya. Once again, the two women had shared something beautiful and powerful, something that made them care for each other all the more.

Lissa rolled off of the girl and collapsed on the bed, panting. She noticed the peaceful smile on Alya's face, and knew she probably wore an identical look on her own. In the corner of the room, Sandy lay collapsed in the chair with her hand still down her pants but not moving, and Lissa realized that she must have climaxed at the same time.

She managed to stagger weakly to her feet, then reached out for the video camera and turned it off. Then she collapsed back in the chair again.

"God, you two!" she exclaimed. "That was... I mean... wow!"

"I take it you liked it," commented Alya.

"Hell yes! I'll tell you something. I'm going to make sure Meg and I watch this together the first time, because it's going to make her so horny that she'll fuck the first girl she sees. Just don't be surprised if she tries to rape one or both of you the day after Valentine's Day."

"We'll lock the door," said Lissa.

Alya giggled. "I wonder if we ought to warn Monique," she said.

"Nah. Let her wake up to a surprise in the middle of the night," replied Lissa. "It will be good for her." She was joking, of course. Meg would never do anything like that. She had slipped up once on Thanksgiving night, but Lissa had practically invited her, so she couldn't fault her for that.

After about five minutes of post-orgasmic exhaustion, Sandy once more rose to her feet to take down the camera and tripod. "I'll have my roommate help me with the editing," she said. "I don't know how thrilled she'll be to watch it; she's straight. On the other hand, what I saw was so erotic that it just might make her switch over."

"Just make sure to give us a copy," said Lissa. "Of both the one for Meg and the one for Matt."

"You got it. You two don't mind if I let myself out, do you?"

"I would mind if you didn't," Lissa replied. "I've got a whole lot of snuggling with Alya to get done tonight."

As Sandy left the room and closed the door behind her, Lissa turned over so that she was aligned the same way as her roommate again. She gave her a kiss, then lay her head down on the girl's chest. Alya wrapped her arms around her, and they drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 80

Surprising Compromise

Allison tried her best to ease the tension in the family. She spent a good deal of time trying to comfort Brit and Jeff, or at least trying to get them to talk to each other. It helped a little, but not much. Throughout most of February, the children probably said less than a dozen words to each other each day.

One night while Brit was over at Crystal's, Jeff lay in bed staring at the ceiling as he was wont to do these days. Allison knocked at the door and came in. He sat up, and she sat down on the bed next to him.

"How are you feeling?" she asked.

"About the same as before. I really don't feel *anything* right now."

"I know. Sometimes you go into kind of an emotional shock when you break off a relationship. The only comfort I can give you is to tell you that it doesn't last. Sometimes you need to just go out there and find someone else to love. In your case though, I still think you need to spend more time with Kari. I know she wants to help you through this more than anything."

That brought up another thing that he had been thinking about lately.

"Allison," said Jeff, "I was wondering, Brit's about the same age as I was when you first started encouraging me to get a girlfriend. So why aren't you encouraging her to get a boyfriend?"

"I would think that would be obvious," Allison replied.

"Well, it's not."

"All right. The reason I'm not encouraging her to get a boyfriend is that I would rather see *you* as her boyfriend."

"What? But I thought... I mean, Dad said..."

"Forget about what your father said. I've been working on him. Maybe eventually he'll come around. I just know that Brit was happiest when you two were in love, and I want her to find that same happiness again. And I want you to be happy too. I love you, Jeff."

"I love you too, Allison. I just... sometimes I just need..." He could feel the tears welling up in his eyes. For some reason, it didn't bother him to cry in front of her.

Allison reached out and drew her to him, hugging him tightly. He hugged her back, and suddenly a part of

the old Jeff came through, the Jeff that remembered how to *feel*. He had shut off that part of him because it hurt too much, but now, sitting there with Allison's arms around him, he could let the pain come, to be swallowed up in his love for her. She had been many things to him: playmate, mother, and even lover. He didn't know which he needed right now, only that he needed to be held by someone who loved him the same way he loved her.

He drew back then and gazed into her eyes, and he could see the same expression on her face that he knew he must have on his own. For the moment at least, they felt exactly the same thing. As one, they leaned in and pressed their lips together in a beautiful, tender kiss.

The door suddenly opened. Jeff and Allison pulled back, but it was too late. Greg stood there, a look of shock on his face.

For the longest time, nobody said anything. Jeff and Allison sat there on the bed, too stunned to think. The surprise on Greg's face slowly transformed into a cool yet stern look.

"I want to see you two in my office immediately," he told them with an icy tone.

Allison and Jeff nodded, then rose to their feet and followed him down the hall to the office.

Jeff couldn't remember ever feeling so scared. Even that day when he had had to talk to Allen Williams about his relationship with Kari wasn't as bad as this. As he took a seat next to Allison, he glanced at her for moral support, but she seemed as scared as he was. That was the most frightening thing of all. Ever since he had known her, Allison had been strong, bold, indestructible even. Now seeing her like this made his own fear all the more potent because he couldn't lean on her for support.

Greg sat down in his office chair and stared at the two of them for the longest time, as if sizing them up. Jeff felt so uncomfortable under his gaze that he wanted to jump up and run out of the room. But he couldn't do that to Allison. He decided right there that whatever happened, he would do what was best to keep the family together. He would take the blame if that meant letting Allison stay.

"I'm going to assume," Greg finally said, "that you two have been having an affair behind my back. Don't try to deny it, because I wouldn't believe you anyway."

Jeff and Allison glanced at each other once more. It sounded as bad as they had imagined it would be.

"Now I'm going to say a word, just to get it out in the open," Greg continued, "so that there will be no ambiguity about what we're talking about. That word is 'divorce.'"

"But she didn't--" Jeff blurted out, but Greg raised his finger to cut him off.

Now Allison looked ten times as scared as before. She even looked on the verge of tears. Jeff had never seen her lose control like that before.

"Let me use another word," said Greg, staring straight at him. "'Disown.' Either of these would be a perfectly acceptable response to a situation like this. In any conventional family, I would be well within my rights to either divorce you, Allison, or disown you, Jeff. Or both.

"But this is hardly a conventional family," he said, in a somewhat softer tone. "Let's look at the facts. Allison, you're closer to Jeff's age than mine. You married me for my money, but later you told me you're in love with me. Even so, you've shared me with other women. Jeff, you've recently had an affair with your little sister. You've also been attracted to your stepmother from the moment you first met her. Yes, I know all about that. Even I'm not exactly a typical father; I took some dirty pictures with my own daughter. Add these all up, and the result is that we're a family that's as far from conventional as it's possible to get. What does this mean? It means that we can't play by the usual rules."

"Dad," said Jeff. "You can do what you want with me, but I want you to know that Allison's not to blame. Please don't punish her for something that was my fault."

"If I decide to punish either of you, I will do it on my own terms."

"Then you might as well know," said Allison, "that our 'affair' consisted of one night of passion, after which we decided not to continue it. Since then, we've done a little groping, and had one good night kiss that you happened to walk in on. If you ask me if I'm ashamed of what I did, then the answer is yes. Greg, I'm still in love with you, and I'll do anything to keep you, but I also know I've hurt you badly and I deserve whatever you decide to do with me. I'm not begging for mercy; I just wanted you to know the truth because I hate lying to you."

"Well you may be above begging," Jeff told her, "but I'm not. Dad, please don't break up with Allison. She's the best thing that ever happened to us. I've betrayed you twice, and if you want to kick me out of the house, that's fine. But you and Brit need her every bit as much as she needs you."

Greg sighed. "The thing that I'm mad about," he said, "is that you did this behind my back. I don't blame you; it's not exactly the type of thing you would tell me up front. So I guess that much at least I can forgive.

"Now as to the affair, need I remind you, Allison, that you let me have sex with your sister?"

Allison nodded. "But what does that have to do with this?"

"It has everything to do with this. You told me from the first day that you weren't the jealous type. You said that if I wanted to have a mistress or two, you wouldn't mind. Now that we've fallen in love, does that still hold?"

"Well... yes, I suppose. I would hope that you would never love another woman the way you love me, but if we're just talking about sex, I don't really see what the big deal is."

"Then I would be selfish if I didn't allow you the same privilege."

"I don't want another lover," she insisted. "Only you."

"And Jeff," he corrected.

"Um..."

"And as for you, Jeff," said Greg, "I was furious when I found out that you were sleeping with Brit. And so I told you in no uncertain terms that it had to end. But I hadn't taken into consideration just what kind of pressure a teenage boy is under. I remember that when I was your age, I was pretty much driven by my hormones. I thought about sex twenty-four hours a day. So you need an outlet for your desires. And having a woman like Allison around certainly couldn't have helped things. But you're a good kid; you've been trying your hardest to forget your sister, and I appreciate that.

"I guess my primary concern is for Brit. Jeff, you're old enough to make your own decisions, but she's still a little girl as far as I'm concerned. She's only on the verge of turning fourteen, after all. And although it's a little sexist of me, I'll admit it bothers me more to think of my daughter having sex than my son. So what you choose to do, or who you choose to spend your time with, is your business. As long as you don't start up your affair with Brit again."

"Greg, just what are you saying?" asked Allison.

He stared at them for another minute, as if trying to make up his mind.

"I'm saying that maybe the best thing for everyone is if you two continue your relationship."

Jeff was shocked. His father was actually giving him permission to have sex with his stepmother! He couldn't believe it; it was so unlike Greg, who had always been so conservative.

"But..." Allison stammered. "Greg, do you still love me?"

He smiled, then cupped her cheek in his hand. "Absolutely," he said. "It's just like you said, sex isn't as big a deal as most people make it out to be. It's going to take some getting used to, but I refuse to let it bother me. After all, you shared me with your sister. Why shouldn't I share you with my son? Especially since I think this will be the fastest way to help him get over Brit."

Allison, who had been on the verge of tears through the whole lecture, finally broke down. She threw her arms around his neck and sobbed into his shoulder. "I was so afraid of losing you," she said.

"You're going to have to do a hell of a lot more than that to lose me," Greg told her, stroking her hair. Then he waved Jeff over, and the three of them hugged each other for a long time.

"Just do me one favor," Greg told Allison.

"Anything," she replied.

"I want you to break the news to Brit. I feel she deserves to know, but I don't know how I could possibly tell her. You're so much better at that sort of thing than I am."

"I will," she replied.

"Good. Now, I'm still a little overwhelmed about this whole thing, so I need some time alone to think things through. I'm going to take a nice, long drive, say, about three hours. In the mean time, you two feel free to take advantage of my absence."

"Are you serious?" asked Jeff.

"I've made up my mind, so I might as well get used to the idea of you two together."

Brit took the news as well as could be expected, which is to say, not well at all. Allison took both children into her room the next day and told Brit the situation, and Brit's face darkened. She nodded when Allison asked if she understood, but it was clear that she wasn't pleased.

Jeff could understand how she felt. Up to this point, Allison had been a part of their relationship; she had helped to instigate it after all. Brit had been more than happy to let her make love to Jeff the night he took Brit's virginity, so there was a kind of intimacy there. Now Allison was continuing that relationship while leaving Brit behind.

She continued to stay away from Jeff as much as possible. She spent more and more time at Crystal's house, leaving Jeff home alone. Allison's presence comforted him in these times. Now that his father had given his approval, Jeff's relationship with his stepmother grew more sexual. Jeff still didn't have much enthusiasm for anything, including sex, but he did need to cling to someone once in a while. Allison was nice to hug and kiss, and sometimes it did lead to full intercourse, but usually when they were alone together in the house they just lay together in each other's arms, either in his bed or hers. Sometimes they left their clothes on, but sometimes they undressed.

One time, Greg came home from work early and walked in on them while they lay nude together in the master bedroom. Allison and Jeff both sat up guiltily, but Greg merely sighed in resignation and ducked back out of the room, closing the door behind him to give them some privacy.

The therapy helped. Over the next few weeks, Jeff regained more and more interest in life. At first content to just cuddle with Allison, they started making love more often, until it became almost a daily routine after school before Greg got home. Now that Greg had given his permission, Allison let go of her inhibitions and was enthusiastic about it. She loved to go around nude when he was about to arrive home from school just so that he could walk in on her. Then she would either get down on her knees right in the front room and suck him off, or he would strip off his clothes and they would head downstairs to the hot tub, or they would retire to the bedroom to make love.

Brit's reaction to his newly awakened interest in his stepmother threatened to spoil it all for him though. She could have moped, or argued, or thrown tantrums. He could have handled any of those, because as long as she was angry or sad, it meant she was jealous of all the time he spent with Allison, which meant she still loved him. But she retaliated with the one thing she knew would hurt him. She grew more affectionate with their father.

Sometimes after coming home from an evening at Crystal's house, she sought out Greg to sit in his lap and cuddle up against his chest. Greg didn't mind; in fact, he enjoyed it. He would sit there stroking her back as she closed her eyes and let herself fall asleep in his arms. She tended to make a big deal of it in front of Jeff, which really angered him. The worst part of it was that he had no right to complain. A girl could sit in her father's lap if she wanted; it was natural and wholesome and far more innocent than what Jeff had been doing with Allison.

Sometimes at night after getting ready for bed, she would slip out of her room, making sure not to be too quiet about it, then descend the stairs and make her way into Greg's and Allison's bedroom. Although Jeff kept his door closed, he could hear her footsteps as she passed, then his jealousy would spike as he thought of her downstairs snuggling with Greg. He would stare up at the ceiling for ten minutes, or twenty, or half an hour, before he heard her footsteps returning back up the stairs and down the hall.

He got his revenge one night when she did that, because after Brit had made her way downstairs, Allison left her alone with Greg and came up to visit Jeff. Though he wasn't in the mood for sex, he made love to Allison that night just to spite Brit. He didn't know whether it worked, but just the thought that it bothered Brit as much as her time with Greg bothered Jeff made him feel a little better.

The weekend before Brit's fourteenth birthday, she spent Friday and Saturday night at the Williams house. Greg had some extra work to catch up on at the office that weekend, something that had almost never happened until his discovery of Jeff's and Brit's relationship. Now it seemed to come more frequently. Jeff suspected that it wasn't a coincidence; Greg was just looking for excuses to get out of the house. He was having a hard time dealing with the fact that his family was falling apart around him.

On a positive note, that left Allison and Jeff alone together. Since Jeff still hadn't recovered completely, she was determined to make the most of it. As soon as Greg left, she took him into the bedroom where she treated him to a slow striptease. Despite his recent lack of enthusiasm for pretty much anything, the sight of her bit by bit exposing her sexy body was enough to excite even the most uninterested of men.

As soon as she finished, she set to work undressing him as well, and soon they lay naked together on the bed kissing and fondling each other. They didn't have sex then; there was plenty of time for that during the rest of the day, and they wanted to draw it out as long as possible. They both knew that on a good day Jeff was capable of performing multiple times, but with his lack of enthusiasm lately, even two orgasms might have been asking too much of him, so they had to assume he would only be capable of one.

After half an hour on the bed, Allison suggested they jump in the hot tub. They left their clothes upstairs, a dangerous thing to do in case Greg should come home early, but since he had already reluctantly given his

approval, the consequences if that should happen would be limited to a bit of embarrassment.

In the hot tub, Allison sat on Jeff's lap, which had the effect of pressing his erection up against her back side. That felt really nice, especially when she leaned back against his chest and had him reach around to fondle her tits. Jeff loved the feel of them in his hand; especially damp like this. He could just sit and play with them for hours if she were willing.

He let his fingers tease her nipples, and in no time they were hard. Allison mewled with delight as the stimulation, her body reacting by wriggling and squirming unconsciously. The motion against his cock was almost too much for Jeff, and he nearly climaxed right there.

To prolong it, they climbed out of the tub and made their way into bathroom for a shower. Of course, they couldn't keep their hands off one another, but at least they toned it down by mostly limiting their touching to washing each other's backs and fronts. Allison seemed to love having Jeff wash her like that; she smiled as he let his hands roam all over her body. She even slipped her hands between her legs as he worked, moaning in pleasure from the self-stimulation. After a few minutes of that, Jeff pressed his body up against hers and slipped his hands around to replace hers. She let him take over, placing her own hands on her breasts.

It took only a couple more minutes for her to climax, which hit her so strongly that her legs gave out and Jeff had to grab her to keep her from falling. He held her in his arms as the orgasm passed through her, supporting her weight almost entirely by himself. After it was over, she gave an embarrassed laugh, then turned around and kissed him.

"Would you like me to do the same for you?" she asked. "Just keep in mind that I expect you to give me a proper fucking later."

"I think I'll be up for it," he grinned.

"Good," Allison smiled. She poured some liquid soap into her hand, then slipped her fingers around his shaft and stroked up and down on it. He loved the slippery feeling of her hand running over it, sending waves of pleasure through him. He closed his eyes and moaned at the sensation.

"Does my Jeff like that?" asked Allison. "Is Mommy making you feel good?"

"Oh god yes, Mommy!" he exclaimed.

"Good. Now cum for Mommy. Let me see a nice, big cum so that I know how much you love me."

Between her stroking and her dirty talk, he didn't stand a chance, and within seconds he felt the pressure building. He groaned as the pleasure spiked, and his cock jerked as it shot its load all over Allison's stomach.

"That's my big boy," she smiled as she continued to stroke him until he stopped spurting. "I love the feel of your hot seed all over me. Mommy loves her big boy."

Gradually he descended from the high, and Allison released his deflating cock. She turned and let the water wash away the evidence of their sex play.

With a recent orgasm each, they could now relax and enjoy each other more slowly. After finishing cleaning themselves, they turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. Jeff had a sudden idea, and asked Allison if she wanted to do Rachael's trick with the blow dryer. She grinned and nodded, then reached into the cupboard under the sink to retrieve the device.

They spent the next several minutes drying each other's bodies. Jeff loved this game; even after his orgasm, he still enjoyed the sight of Allison's nude body, especially since the task required long looks at it. He was growing familiar with every detail of it, from the creamy bronze color to the soft and silky texture.

As he ran the hot air over her, he allowed himself to touch her as well. His hands caressed her skin gently, lingering especially long on her breasts. He even leaned down and sucked one of her nipples into his mouth momentarily, causing her to moan again.

Without any clothes on it took hardly any time for her to dry, so a few minutes later they switched places and Allison ran the hot air over his own body. Like him, she wasn't shy about touching, so she let her hands run all over his body. She started with his shoulders, then worked her way down his chest, then his stomach. When she reached his thighs, she cupped his balls in her hand, gently fingering them as she ran the hot air all over the region. Despite his recent orgasm, her touch had its effect on him, and in just a few seconds he was hard again.

"Ready for me already, are you?" she grinned.

"Maybe not just yet," he replied. "I'm still a little tired."

"Well, maybe we can take a nap together for a while and then continue where we left off."

"That sounds nice."

They headed back upstairs to the master bedroom, where they lay down together, relaxing in each other's arms. Allison pulled him over on top of her so that he could lay his head down on her breast, and he snuggled up next to her with a contented smile on his face. He fell asleep to the peaceful sound of her gentle breathing.

They both awoke about the same time, about noon. Allison suggested they have lunch to build up their strength before making love again, so without bothering to put their clothes on, they descended the stairs and made their way through the dining room into the kitchen. Since neither of them wanted to spend too much time fixing the meal, Allison simply threw some leftover chicken stir fry into the microwave to reheat while Jeff grabbed a couple of plates for them and set them on the dining room table. They sat down to eat, sitting across from one another where they could see each other's bodies and give each other suggestive grins and playful winks.

There was something surprisingly erotic about doing ordinary household things in the nude, Jeff realized. Of

course, that could just be because of Allison's presence, but he would probably feel the same way if it were Kari or Crystal with him instead.

After lunch, Allison took his hand and they returned to the master bedroom to make love. They lay down on the bed and began kissing each other on the lips. It soon spread to other parts of their bodies, and they pleasured one another with their mouths for a while to get themselves warmed up for the main event.

Jeff climbed on top of her and gently guided his cock into her waiting hole. She sighed in pleasure as he slid inside of her. He took it slowly, letting himself enjoy the feeling of her body surrounding him. There was no rush, so he thrust gently as he continued to kiss her. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, holding him to her tightly.

Jeff was the first to climax, but Allison wasn't far behind. This time she didn't scream or cry out; she merely groaned as shudders ran through her body. It wasn't the most intense orgasm for each of them, but it was very fulfilling.

They took another nap afterward, this one much shorter. Then they showered together for the second time, and afterward Allison changed the sheets on the bed, throwing the soiled ones in the washer. Greg might have given his approval to their relationship, but he certainly wouldn't appreciate sleeping in the dirty bed.

Since they weren't sure when he would arrive home, they got dressed and spent the rest of the afternoon just sitting on the couch watching TV with their arms around each other. They were still in that position when Greg arrived home. They immediately drew apart when he walked in the door, but he simply came over and sat down in the chair on the other side of the room.

"Did you two kids have fun today?" he grinned.

Jeff and Allison glanced at each other in surprise at his change of attitude.

"Um, yes," Allison replied, staring at him. "You seem... well, you seem a little more cheerful than I would expect."

"I've had some time to think," he explained, "and I've come to the conclusion that I can take two attitudes about this. I can let it bother me, in which case I'm going to have to deal with a lot of pent-up frustration. Or I can simply accept it as a new lifestyle. You don't mind sharing me with other women after all, and you seem to be happy about it. So I suppose I can do the same for you. I don't mind you two making love, I don't mind you being affectionate with each other even in front of me. Just promise me one thing."

"What?"

"I don't want to know any details. Don't tell me any more about your sex life than you would tell a perfect stranger." Then he chuckled. "Actually, let me rephrase that. Don't tell me any more about your sex life than a *typical person* would tell a perfect stranger."

"You got it," she smiled.

At bedtime, Greg surprised them again by suggesting that Allison sleep in Jeff's bed that night. Allison was reluctant; she was worried that it was a subtle hint that he no longer wanted to sleep with her. But he assured her that it was only because he still needed some more time to get used to the idea of Allison and Jeff together, and the more it happened the faster he would get over the final lingering remnants of jealousy. He promised to make it up to her the next night, but with Brit sleeping over at Crystal's house tonight it was a perfect opportunity.

Jeff was in favor of it, and when Allison joined him in bed, the two of them made love for the third time that day.

In the morning he awoke to the wonderful feeling of her body pressed against his. For a moment he forgot what had happened and thought it was Brit, but then all of the memories of the past couple of months returned. Unfortunately, the reminder put him back in a bad mood, though not as serious as before. Still, it lingered for the rest of the day.

Kari drove Brit back home that night. When she arrived, Jeff and Allison were sitting on the couch in the living room watching television while Greg sat nearby in his favorite chair. As soon as she came in, Brit skipped over and sat down on her father's lap. He chuckled, and wrapped his arms around her.

Jeff's mood instantly darkened. Brit hadn't even acknowledged his existence. No "hi Jeff" or "I missed you Jeff" or even "Kari says hi." He would have even settled for "I hate you Jeff." Anything to show that she still felt something, *anything* toward him. He even missed fighting with her. At least then he could apologize and she would come over and give him a hug and then they would be friends again. But he had no weapon against this indifference.

As she snuggled up next to Greg, he felt a surge of jealousy. Well, two could play at that game. He scooted in a little closer to Allison and put his arm around her. Allison glanced at him and smiled, then turned her attention back to the show. Out of the corner of his eye, Jeff caught a glimpse of Brit looking at him, but managed to suppress his grin of satisfaction.

Brit, however, had never backed down from a challenge. She retaliated by turning over on Greg's lap and laying her head down on his chest. Greg smiled down at her, holding her tightly. If he realized what she was trying to do, he didn't say anything or try to stop her.

Jeff refused to be outdone. With his free hand, he reached over and took Allison's, holding it in his lap. Once more, she gave him a quick smile. Now it looked less like a mother and son sitting together on a couch, and more like a romantic date between two lovers. There was no way Brit could beat that, because Greg would never cross that line. Greg, in fact, stared at Jeff and Allison for a moment with a disapproving glare, but said nothing.

As it turned out, Jeff had underestimated his little sister's determination. She sat back up on her father's knees, her body facing forward, but she turned her head to the side and said in her sweetest tone, "Daddy, would you rub my back?"

"Of course, angel," he replied. He put his hands on her shoulders and gently rubbed them. Brit smiled and sighed, but Jeff could see a victorious look in her eyes. She had still managed to beat him at this game.

Now he was really getting mad. He remembered how he used to rub her back like that, how one incident like that had led to his private vow never to hurt her. He knew he was breaking that vow even as he sat there with Allison, but Brit was pushing him to it! *He* should be the one with her on his lap, running his hands all over her and giving her simple pleasures like that. Now Greg had stolen even his fond memories of those beautiful, intimate moments with her.

He knew he should give up this stupid game. He should get on his knees and beg Brit to forgive him for being so affectionate with Allison. If he thought it would work, he would do it in an instant, but since Brit's transformation back into the bratty little girl that scorned him at every opportunity, he wasn't sure she wouldn't just laugh at him and ridicule him. He had his pride after all. So he was forced to continue, to attempt to win this game at any cost.

He yawned and stretched. "I'm getting sleepy," he commented.

"It's not bedtime yet," Greg replied.

"I know. Maybe I'll just lie down here for a minute. You don't mind, do you Allison?"

"Mind what?"

Instead of answering, he moved over to the other side of the couch, then lay down on his back and put his head in her lap. "That feels nice," he murmured. "I must be the luckiest man alive, to get to rest here in the arms of the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Well, I'm the luckiest girl in the world, to be having my back rubbed by the handsomest man in the world," Brit retorted with a vicious smile. Jeff glanced over at her. As soon as she confirmed that he was watching, she turned around one last time, threw her arms around Greg's neck, and kissed him on the cheek.

That did it. Jeff's anger overflowed now, and he was likely to get violent if he didn't do something about it. He sat up, then leaned in and kissed Allison directly on the lips.

She pulled back in shock. "Jeff!" she exclaimed. "What's gotten into you? I mean... right in front of your father and your sister!"

"Dad's already given his approval," he replied, deliberately not mentioning anything about Brit. He wanted to make it clear that he didn't care about what she thought of it.

"That's okay," Brit smiled. "You two can do whatever you want. As long as I have Daddy to cuddle with. I'll never love anyone as much as I love you, Daddy."

Those words stung Jeff worse than anything he had ever felt before. She had found his weakness and attacked with viciousness he never knew she possessed. She had once given him her heart, even claimed to belong to him. Now she had not only taken back her heart, but in one instant ripped his own right out of his chest.

Somehow he managed to keep his temper. He rose to his feet and calmly said, "I think I'll go to bed now after all."

Allison glanced up at him. "Would you like... would you like me to join you?" she asked.

"No thanks," he replied. "Not tonight. I just feel like getting to sleep early."

"Good night, Jeff," said Greg.

"Pleasant dreams," Allison added.

Brit said nothing.

Jeff headed up the stairs and down the hall to his room. Without even changing out of his clothes, he lay down on the bed on his side and stared at the wall, wishing he could go to sleep and never wake back up.

Unfortunately, he did wake up in the morning, and in no better mood than when he had gone to sleep. Brit was being so selfish. He really didn't want to have anything to do with her, despite it being her birthday.

She was turning fourteen today, but he really didn't care. The last thing he wanted was to spend the day with her and her stupid friends. He ate breakfast in silence, not even speaking to her. Although he drove her to school, he didn't say one word to her during the trip, and she didn't try to make conversation either.

His mood remained the whole day. Even Kari couldn't cheer him up. She remained as cheerful as ever, but lately she had been giving him a lot of worried looks, not that he blamed her. Jeff wasn't anything like he used to be. Now he acted like he didn't want anyone's company, even hers.

The weather seemed to reflect his mood. Clouds gathered overhead, threatening to soak anyone unfortunate enough to be caught outside. It wasn't good weather for a birthday party, but fortunately they weren't planning any activities outside.

He drove Brit home after school, again without talking. She kept glancing at him as if wanting to say something, but the angry look in his face deterred her each time. Eventually she gave up, and just stared forward.

When they arrived home, Jeff announced that he was going to his room, then did just that. He had a lot of homework to catch up on, and the truth was that with Brit's birthday party soon to start, he didn't want to be anywhere nearby. He would have gone over to Kari's to avoid it, except that he was sure Greg and Allison would tell him he couldn't. Not on his little sister's birthday.

Still, he could at least stay up in his room the whole time. When her friends started arriving and he could hear the sounds of the girls having fun downstairs at the party, Jeff simply tuned them out by putting on headphones and listening to music while reading a book.

About an hour later, the bedroom door opened, and Crystal poked her head in. He hadn't heard her knock because he had the music cranked up, but he took off the headphones and glanced at her.

"Aren't you going to come join the party?" asked Crystal.

Jeff shrugged. "I'm not in the mood."

"You sure? We're all having a lot of fun down there."

"I'm happy for you," he mumbled.

"I for one miss having you there, and I'm sure Brit does too."

"No she doesn't."

Crystal sighed. She stepped into the room and closed the door, then came over and sat down on the bed next to him. She tried to put an arm around his shoulder, but he pulled away.

"Jeff, don't do this," she said. "Remember when I had boy problems and you helped me through them? I want to help you through your girl problems."

"I don't want help. I just want to be left alone."

Crystal stared at him for a while, and Jeff began to feel guilty about being so rude to her.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I really appreciate what you're trying to do. But this is just something I need to get over on my own."

"Okay, but I'm not giving up on you. And neither is Kari."

"Thanks," he said, managing a weak smile. "And tell Kari thanks for me too. I just need some time, that's all."

Crystal nodded, then impulsively leaned in and gave him a kiss on the cheek. She rose to her feet and left the room, leaving Jeff once more alone with his thoughts.

He stayed in his room during supper that night, and Allison brought him a plate of food including a piece of leftover birthday cake. He barely acknowledged her presence with a mumbled thanks, and she nodded and left him alone.

The storm broke just after bedtime. It wasn't a particularly strong one, just a drizzle of rain and the occasional roll of thunder in the distance. He really didn't mind; the sound of the rain on the rooftop actually helped him sleep.

During the night he dreamed of Brit. That wasn't surprising; she was on his mind a lot lately. In the dream, she crept into his room, then stood over his bed for a minute or two. Finally she leaned down and kissed him on the forehead. "Goodbye," she whispered, tears in her eyes. Then she disappeared out the door.

He woke up the next morning feeling horrible. He hated Brit for being so affectionate with his father, he hated his father for coming between them, he hated Allison for making Brit jealous, and most of all he hated himself for taking his frustrations out on his little sister by not being there for her birthday.

Why did things have to be this way? For a couple of months, he had been truly happy. Life had been going well for him. Now it was all falling apart, and the worst part was that he shared in the blame. His jealously and anger were hurting his little sister, and she didn't deserve that. She deserved an older brother who cared for her and looked out for her and protected her.

There was one thing he could do for her, he realized. He got out of bed, quickly dressed, then headed across the hall to knock on her door. Maybe he couldn't make it up to her, but at least he could apologize to her, and let her know how much he loved her.

There was no answer, so he knocked again. Again, no answer. Well, Brit was sometimes a sound sleeper. He opened the door and peeked in.

She wasn't in her room. That was unusual; she usually took a shower as soon as she got up, and didn't make her bed until it was almost time to leave for school. But maybe she had gotten up early for some reason. Maybe she had taken her shower while Jeff was still asleep. No, that couldn't be it. The bathroom door was open, and he could clearly see the mirror, and it had no lingering fog on it. Unless it had been an hour or two ago, it would be obvious that she had already showered. Furthermore, her towel was dry and hanging on the rack.

He was about to head back into his room when he spied a sheet of paper on her desk. It wasn't like her to leave things lying around like that. She was usually meticulous about cleaning up after herself. He strode over and glanced down at it. Immediately he froze.

"Goodbye," it read. "I can't take it any more, so I'm running away."

Chapter 81

Guardian Angels

Jeff sat on the school bus, staring vacantly at the back of the seat in front of him. He felt literally sick from worry, wondering where his little sister could be.

He had to admit, he had been pretty much useless all morning. All he had done was sit and stare, trying to fight back the tears. Allison had broken down and cried, and only his father had managed to keep his head. Greg had immediately called the police, then the Williams house to see if she had spent the night with Crystal, then his work to tell them he wouldn't be coming in. Eventually even he broke down and began to weep though. Jeff had been shocked; except for the night Greg had discovered his children's affair, Jeff had never seen his father cry before.

Now Greg and Allison were out looking for Brit, but they had insisted that Jeff go to school because he couldn't do anything for her. He felt so helpless, but worse than that was the guilt. If only he hadn't tried to make her angry or jealous. Or if he had put on a good face for her birthday, or even just apologized last night. If he had done any of those, she would be sitting here beside him instead of lost and alone out there. The thought of never seeing her smiling face again almost made him want to scream.

Fortunately the rain had stopped and the clouds had mostly dispersed, but Brit had been out in it all night. He knew it was possible for someone to die of exposure in weather like that, especially someone small without a lot of fat to insulate them. And Brit was still kind of a skinny girl.

As soon as he arrived at school, he was greeted by the volleyball team.

"I told them all about what happened," Kari explained. "They said they want to help."

"We'll probably get detention for this," said Tracy, "but we're going to leave in a few minutes and start searching the town."

"Really?" he asked, in both surprise and gratitude.

"Absolutely. We told you we're your guardian angels, and that applies to your little sister too. We've all arranged transportation of one kind or another, and we've all got our cell phones so we'll keep in contact. Don't worry; we're going to find your sister."

"Thanks," he said with a weak smile. Tracy came over and hugged him.

When she stepped back, she glanced at Kari. "You stay here and take care of Jeff. I've arranged it so that for any class you don't share with him, one of the other girls who's in that class will come back for that time in case he needs us for anything. Oh, and Jeff, can we get the numbers of your parents' cell phones? I want to

coordinate with them."

Jeff was too overcome with emotion and gratitude to speak, but he wrote the numbers down on a sheet of paper and handed it to her.

All through his first class he felt sick with worry. He tried to keep it in as much as possible, but finally broke down crying. There were a few snickers from some of his classmates, but he didn't care. Mr. Greenville stopped his lecture and asked if it was another headache, but Jeff blurted out that his little sister had gone missing and he was worried about her. A silence fell on the class then; no doubt those who had laughed at him were feeling guilty about doing so.

"Miss Williams, would you be so kind as to take Jeff to the nurse's office?" asked Mr. Greenville. "I think he needs a place where he can be alone for a while."

Kari nodded, and put a comforting arm around his shoulders. "Come on, Jeff," she said quietly.

He allowed her to lead him to the nurse's office. Kari explained the situation, and Mrs. Browning let them go into the back room. Jeff lay down on the cot, and Kari sat by him without saying a word, her eyes filled with pity.

Jeff was grateful to have someone like her to help him through his tough times. She had stuck with him after Brit and Jeff had been found out, even though he gave her no sign that he even wanted to be around her. For months she had stayed loyal without asking for a single thing in return.

"Thank you, Kari," he told her. "I don't deserve someone like you."

"Oh, hush," she replied. "Let's have no talk like that. I love you, Jeff."

"I love you too, Kari. I'm just sorry I haven't shown it lately."

"It's all right. You're just going through a hard time right now. If I were to leave you just because things aren't going so well, I'd be missing out on so much in the future."

"But what if we never find Brit? What if she's... what if she's dead?"

"Don't say that, Jeff! Don't even think of things like that. I'm sure she's just fine, wherever she is. I'll bet your parents or my friends find her before the day is out."

"But the storm last night. She was always afraid of storms. To think of her out there, unprotected from it... I can't stand it!"

"I know. You care for her deeply. I'd probably be the same way if it were Crystal out there. But right now there's nothing you can do, so try not to think about it."

That was easier said than done. He expected the nurse to come in at any minute and say, "They found your

sister's body." Those words echoed over and over in his mind, terrifying him. What would he do if it happened? If only it were him out there alone in the cold instead of Brit. He would gladly let the storm take him, if it would mean Brit came home where it was safe. *Why, Brit?* he wondered. *Why did it have to be you?*

Half an hour later, the nurse entered the room, just like he had imagined. He could still hear those words in his head, as clearly as if she spoke them. When she opened her mouth, he dreaded what would come out.

"Good news," she said. Jeff started crying in relief even before the nurse could explain the situation to him.

"Erica Bryant found your little sister. Your father's with her right now."

"See, Jeff?" Kari said. "I knew my friends would come through for you." Then she turned back to the nurse. "Is she all right?" she asked for him, as he was too emotional even to speak.

"She's fine. A little cold and scared, but nothing that a hot bath won't cure. The only problem is, she refuses to come home. Jeff, your stepmother's on the way over here to pick you up and take you to her. She seems to think that you might be able to convince her."

"Thank you," he managed to say between his sobs.

"It's all right," she smiled, then left the room.

Kari hugged him then, whispering comforting words in his ears. He was so preoccupied with his thoughts that he didn't know what she said, only that it felt nice to hear them.

A couple of minutes later Kari's cell phone rang. She put it to her ear. "Hello?" she said. "Yes, I heard. Erica found her. Are you coming back? Yeah, he's fine. Just a little shaken up right now. We're in the nurse's office. What's that? Yes, his stepmom's coming to pick him up. You guys should get back to school. If you hurry it'll only be first period and part of second period that you miss. Okay, bye." She hung up.

"That was Tracy," she explained. "She's just calling everyone to make sure we know Brit was found."

Jeff suddenly threw his arms around Kari and hugged her tightly. "This is for you and all of your friends. Especially Erica." Kari held him to her, not saying a word.

They were still sitting there like that twenty minutes later when Allison opened the door and stepped through.

She immediately hurried over and threw her arms around him. Kari stepped back, letting him cry on her shoulder. Right now he just needed a mother to comfort him.

Once they broke apart, Allison took his hand. "Brit's all right, but we need your help. Kari, thanks for staying with Jeff. Why don't you go back to class? We'll call you tonight and let you know how it works out."

Kari hugged her, then the three of them left the room.

Allison and Jeff made their way out to her car. She started it up, and then they drove in the direction of the city. Jeff was shocked at just how far Brit had traveled. She must have been walking all night! They followed the road until Jeff spied their father's car on the side of the road near an open field by a large billboard. Allison pulled over behind the car, and they hurried toward the billboard.

The first thing Jeff saw was Greg standing there, staring down at something on the ground. Then he realized that that something was Brit! She lay there in the dirt, facing away from them with her arms wrapped around one of the poles suspending the billboard.

"As soon as I tried to pick her up, she grabbed hold of that pole and wouldn't let go," Greg explained as soon as they arrived. He looked tired and haggard, even a little frightened. "We could force her, but Allison says if she doesn't come home willingly, she'll just resent what we've done, and she'll run away again. I think..." He sighed in resignation. "I think you're the only one who can convince her."

Jeff nodded, then knelt down beside her. He ran his hand through her hair, but she pulled away. Then he leaned over, brought his head down, and nibbled on her earlobe.

Brit burst out laughing. Greg and Allison stared in surprise. "I don't believe it," Greg breathed.

"Let's go home, Brit," said Jeff.

"No!" she insisted.

"Come on. You must be freezing."

"I don't care."

Jeff lay down on the cold, hard ground behind her, put an arm around her and hugged her to him. Greg took a step forward, but Allison placed a hand on his, giving him a look warning him not to interfere. He hesitated, then stepped back.

"You're soaking wet," said Jeff, "and you're shivering like crazy. You're going to catch pneumonia out here."

"I'm not going back," she stubbornly insisted.

Allison suddenly turned around and jogged back to the car. When she returned, she had the blanket that they kept in the trunk for emergencies. She knelt down and spread this over the two children. Brit sighed.

"Won't you at least tell us why you ran away?" asked Jeff.

"It's your fault!"

"Mine?" he asked, taken aback.

"Yesterday at my party, you just stayed in your room the whole time and wouldn't come down. It was my

birthday, Jeff! But you didn't even say happy birthday to me!" She began to sob again.

Jeff's eyes filled with tears as well. "Oh, Brit, I'm so sorry!" he said. "If I had realized it would hurt you this much, I wouldn't have done it. I was just sulking because... because I've seen how affectionate you are with Dad, and I got jealous. I miss how you used to be that way with me. Please come home, Brit. I'll make it up to you, I promise."

"How? Everything you could do to make me feel better, you're not allowed to do, remember?"

"I know, but I'll find a way. I love you, Brit. Please come home."

"I can't go home. Things are just going to be the same, and I hate it there. Even though I know you love me, I can't just keep going on like that. I can't stand being near you and not being able to touch you, Jeff. Please don't make me go back to that."

"Okay," he said soothingly. "If you'll be happier running away, then that's fine. Just tell me one thing."

"What?"

"Where are we going?"

Brit's eyes went wide. "What did you say?" she asked.

"You've made up your mind not to come home, and I don't want to either if you're not there. So there's only one thing to do. I'm coming with you. Wherever you go, I'm going too."

"But Jeff--"

"Do you think I'd just leave you alone? If you're going to run away, then I'm going to run away with you. I promised I would protect you. I even said I would give my life for you, don't you remember?"

"I remember."

"So how can I look after you if you leave me home?"

Greg had to look away. His emotions were too conflicted right now. He hadn't seen before just how good Jeff was for Brit. If not for the fact that they were related, Greg would have been overjoyed to have Jeff date his daughter. Here was a boy who was strong, and gentle, and kind to her. On the other hand, that kind of relationship between them was impossible.

"So you never answered my question. Where are we going?" asked Jeff.

"I don't know," Brit replied. "Some place warm."

"How about Hawaii?" asked Jeff. "We could lie out on the beach all day soaking up the sun, then at night we

could rest in a hot tub. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"I like hot tubs," Brit commented.

"Me too. It's too bad we can't go home and get into the tub right now."

"You're trying to trick me," she said.

"Yes I am. Is it working?"

Brit actually giggled at that.

"So you're off to Hawaii?" asked Greg. "Okay, I'll call for the plane tickets right now."

Brit turned her head to stare at him. "You mean... you mean you don't want me to come home?"

"Of course I do," Greg replied. "I'll probably cry the whole time you're gone, but I'd rather see you happy. If you think running away to Hawaii will make you happy, then I'm willing to give you up. But only if you have Jeff to look after you."

"You would really cry for me?"

"I started crying all this morning after you turned up missing, and I don't think I stopped until we found you."

"I'm so sorry, Daddy. I didn't know."

"It's all right, Angel, now that I know you're safe."

"We all cried for you," said Allison.

"Even Jeff?" asked Brit.

"Absolutely," said Jeff. "I was so worried that I had to go to the nurse's office."

"Really?"

"Really. Remember how scared you were when I hit my head on the stairs and knocked myself unconscious?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was ten times as scared for you this morning. You're my little sister, and I don't think I could survive if anything ever happened to you."

"I'm so sorry, Jeff."

"It's okay. As long as I can be with you to look after you, I don't care where we go. I don't know how we'll get money to eat or pay for a place to stay, but just being with you so I can protect you is enough for me."

Brit hesitated for a minute, just lying there with her brother's arm around her. "Jeff?" she asked.

"Yes, Brit?"

"I want to go home now."

Jeff rose up to a kneeling position, then slid his hands under her and lifted her into his arms. He stood then, letting her rest against his chest. He followed Greg and Allison back to the car, and by the time they reached it Brit was asleep. She probably hadn't slept all night because of the storm.

"Greg, if you don't mind, I'd like to ride home with you," said Allison. "We can come back and pick up my car later."

Greg nodded.

"Is it all right if I ride in the back with you two?" asked Allison, and Jeff nodded. He managed to slide into the seat with Brit still in his arms, and Allison went around and climbed in the other door. Jeff let Brit spread out on top of both of them, her head resting in Allison's lap and the blanket still covering her. Greg started the car and they began the drive home.

For a while nobody said anything. This had been an emotional experience for all of them. It was Greg who finally broke the silence.

"Jeff, I'm very proud of you," he said. "This is the third time you've saved Brit's life."

"Actually it's only the second," Jeff replied. "The first one Brit just made up. You know what kind of imagination she has."

Greg laughed. "Okay, so it's the second time. Still, I'm in your debt. I don't think I can ever repay you fully for what you've done."

Jeff glanced down at the girl sleeping in his arms. "I'll be honest. There's only one thing I want, and I know it's something I can never have."

"I know," said Greg. "It's hard for you both. Just so you understand, I think you're wonderful for her. I hope some day she finds someone just like you to marry. If you weren't her brother, I'd give your relationship my blessing. But you understand, this can never be."

Jeff nodded.

"Tell you what. She's been through a lot, and I think she needs you right now. It's okay with me if she wants to sleep in your bed tonight. Just make sure you keep your clothes on, and don't... you know."

"Thanks, Dad. I think she'll appreciate that."

As soon as they reached the house, Jeff climbed out of the car and carried Brit to the door. She woke up and glanced around.

Allison hurried and unlocked it, and Jeff carried her inside. Instead of heading over to the living room or even up to her bedroom though, he started down the stairs.

"Where are you going?" Brit asked.

"You'll see," he told her.

Once at the bottom of the stairs, he crossed the rec room toward the bathroom at the far end. He slipped inside it, then out the other door into the alcove. There he slipped off his shoes and pulled the blanket off of Brit. As he ascended the steps to the hot tub, Brit gasped, "You wouldn't dare!" She managed to kick off her shoes at the last minute, realizing that he was serious.

"Oh wouldn't I?" he asked, then plunged into the water with her. She squealed and laughed and struggled to get away, then finally gave up and let him hold her there in the water.

"You said you liked the hot tub, so I figured this should be the first thing we did when we got home."

"But with our clothes on?"

"You were already soaked from the rain, and I don't mind getting wet. So why not?"

She giggled and climbed off his lap, then sat down next to him. He wrapped his arm around her.

The screen opened and they saw Greg and Allison standing there. Both of them started laughing. Jeff and Brit joined in too.

Then Greg did something unexpected. He took off his coat, slipped off his shoes, removed his belt and wallet, and climbed in with them. Allison followed. The four of them sat in the hot tub, fully clothed, laughing almost to the point of tears. It was a well-needed release after the ordeal they had all been through.

"I'll bet this feels nicer than that cold ground you were sleeping on, Brit," said Allison.

"Much better. Nice and warm. I think I'll have to cancel the trip to Hawaii after all."

"Brit, I want you to promise never to run away again," said Greg. "If you have a problem, any problem at all, you can come to Allison or me. I meant it when I said I wanted you to be happy."

"And I meant it when I said I would do anything to protect you," Jeff added.

Greg looked at him then as if seeing him for the first time. He didn't say anything, though.

"I promise I won't run away again," said Brit. "I'm still a little sad that I don't get to spend time with Jeff, though."

"Well, maybe I was a little harsh," Greg told her. "I think it will be all right once in a while to let you two spend some time together alone, as long as you promise to behave. Jeff, I'm going to trust you to make sure you don't cross the line."

"Oh, thank you, Daddy!" Brit beamed, sloshing over to him and throwing her arms around his neck.

They sat there another ten minutes before Jeff pointed out that since they were all in the tub and none of them had a dry change of clothes nearby, they had a problem.

"Actually, my bathrobe's hanging in the bathroom," said Allison. "I was in the hot tub the other day and I forgot to take my robe back upstairs. I think it's time I got out anyway."

She climbed out of the tub and headed into the bathroom, closing both doors. A couple of minutes later she re-emerged wearing her bathrobe, and tossed her wet clothes in the corner. "I'll get some robes for the rest of you," she said, heading toward the stairs.

Later, they all sat in the rec room in their robes. Brit spent the rest of the morning sleeping on Jeff's lap, her head against his chest. Greg looked like he didn't know whether he approved of that or not, but at least he didn't try to put a stop to it. Allison sat by him, holding his hand.

"Jeff," said Greg. "I need to apologize to you."

"For what?" asked Jeff.

"For misjudging you. You know how conservative I am. I was always raised to think that sex is a bad thing, except between husband and wife. Your mother and I even saved ourselves for our wedding night. I've always believed that anything deviating from normal sexual relationships between husband and wife is wrong. That includes incest. So when I saw those pictures with you and Brit... well, I jumped to the wrong conclusion."

"What wrong conclusion? It was true."

"I'm not talking about the act itself. I'm talking about the emotions involved. You see, I had never even considered the possibility that a deviant sexual relationship could actually involve love. To me, what you did with Brit was pure, emotionless sex, and that's what I wanted to protect her from."

"I'm not sure I understand."

"How do you feel about your little sister?"

"I'm in love with her."

"Exactly. That's what I couldn't see, because I had never even considered that that was possible."

"So are you saying that now you approve of our relationship?"

"No. I don't. I still think it's bad. Just maybe not as bad as I thought at first. You love her, and that at least means something. At least part of your love for her I can approve of. I mean, it was because you love her that you saved her life twice. If it was a choice between her being with you and being with a man who abused her or treated her like dirt, well, I suppose I would have to pick you. You have to understand, though, that she's still a little girl. She just turned fourteen, after all. To have this kind of relationship with anyone, especially her brother, can really hurt her."

Jeff shook his head. "I'm sorry, but I don't agree. I might as well be honest, Dad. The only reason why I've stopped having sex with her is because you've made it a rule in this house and in this family. It's a rule that I happen to disagree with, but because I love you and don't want to disappoint you, I'm following it. But I'm not happy about it."

"All right, I can respect that. I suppose it comes down to this. We both want Brit to be happy. We just have conflicting ideas of how to make that possible."

Jeff nodded.

"So can we at least not be enemies about it? We have the same goal, after all. Are there maybe a few things we can agree on?"

Jeff stared at him in surprise. It was the first time that he could remember that his father was treating him like an equal. Greg had always been his father, always the authority figure but also the strong one in the family. Now he was talking to Jeff on an equal level.

Jeff didn't want to disappoint him. If his father was willing to reach out to him like this, Jeff wanted to prove himself worthy of such a gesture.

"I think if we start listing what we know about her, we can figure out what she needs," he said. "And then we can discuss what the appropriate role is for each of us."

Greg nodded with a smile on his face.

"I think you're right," he said. "So what do we know about her?"

"Well, first of all, she's very emotional."

"And vulnerable sometimes."

"And affectionate."

"She has a wonderful imagination."

"And she needs to hear the words 'I love you' as often as possible."

"I think that at least is something we both can do for her," Greg told him. "I'm a little concerned about what you do to show your love for her, but I don't think there's any harm in telling her, even though there are some components of your love for her that I don't approve of."

"Dad, do you think maybe her imagination is part of the reason why she fell in love with me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when I saved her life that first time... I think maybe she got a case of hero worship. She probably saw me as her knight in shining armor."

"I can say with a pretty good degree of certainty that she was in love with you before that incident," Allison said. "No, whatever happened, it happened while we were taking Lissa to school."

"Any ideas of what that might be?" Greg asked Jeff.

Jeff thought he knew exactly when it had happened. She had suddenly become very affectionate after they had seen those naughty vacation pictures. And that meant that it was probably because he had been there with her when she had her first orgasm. Perhaps to Brit, it was like he had taken her virginity at that point.

"I think I know," said Jeff. "I suppose after everything that's happened, there's no harm in telling you, but I made a promise to Brit that I wouldn't say. So unless she releases me from that promise, I can't reveal it."

"I wouldn't ask you to break your promise to her," Greg told him. "It's all right to keep it a secret."

"Thanks."

"So anyway, I'm going to loosen the rules a little. It's okay for you two to be alone together once in a while, but just to avoid temptation, you're not allowed to touch each other unless you're with Allison or me. When one of us is around, you can be affectionate with each other. You can hug, and she can sit on your lap if she wants. No kissing, though, even on the cheek or forehead. And you have to obey Allison and me. If we tell you to stop doing something, you have to stop. And you're not to sleep together unless I give you permission. Do you understand?"

"I understand. And thank you. I think if we're allowed to hold each other like that, that will be enough."

"Make no mistake about it, though. The goal is still to have you fall out of love with each other. I just think in light of what's happened, it's better to do it gradually. I made a mistake the first time in thinking it was better to end it abruptly."

"Well then, you know I disagree with the goal, but I'll follow the rules. And I'll make sure Brit follows them

too."

"That's all I'm asking."

They sat in silence for a while then, each lost in their own thoughts. Finally Greg broke the silence, bringing up the point that they still had to go get Allison's car. They agreed to let Jeff and Brit stay home from school for the rest of the day, because Brit hadn't gotten much sleep last night, and they didn't want to leave her alone while they went for the car. There was also the practical issue of her being asleep on Jeff's lap, which meant he couldn't get off the couch without waking her. Greg and Allison went upstairs to their bedroom to change their clothes, and then left the two kids alone while they drove back to where they left the car. Brit continued to sleep soundly on Jeff's lap the whole time, and he gently stroked her back. She was still asleep when Greg and Allison returned.

When Brit awoke a while later, Greg gave her a kiss on the forehead, then they went over the new rules again with her. Since the part of the relationship that Greg mostly objected to was the sex, and Brit was more interested in just the intimacy of being held by Jeff, she immediately agreed to the rules. She joked that she would agree to anything that allowed her to sit on his lap, and proved her point by doing so all the rest of the day, with the obvious exceptions of lunch and dinner.

They brought up the subject again of when exactly she had fallen in love with him, and she admitted it was when she had her first orgasm while sitting on his lap looking at those naughty pictures. Once they started talking about it and Greg simply listened without being judgmental, they found it easier and easier to keep going. Almost like a form of therapy, it felt relieving to finally get it all out in the open. The only things they didn't mention were Brit's lesbian encounters with Allison, Kari, and Crystal. They had seen his reaction to finding out that Lissa had a girlfriend, and by unspoken agreement they decided that for the time being at least, they wouldn't tell him that Brit was also bisexual.

That night just before bedtime, Kari called Jeff. "How's Brit doing?" she asked immediately.

"Much better," Jeff replied. "Tell the girls we really appreciate what they've done."

"About the girls," Kari said, "They've all got detention to serve next Monday after school. Principal Foster called it 'truancy.' Basically, leaving school grounds during class time."

"That asshole!" Jeff exclaimed. "They saved Brit's life, and he's going to make them serve detention for it?"

"Yeah, he said he approved of their motivations, but he couldn't allow that kind of rule breaking, no matter how noble the purpose."

"I think I'll tell Principal Foster exactly what I think of him!" Jeff growled.

Suddenly, Kari burst out laughing. "Well, maybe you can tell him on Monday," she giggled.

"What? You mean I have detention too? But--"

"He didn't actually assign you detention, but he said you're still invited, especially if you swing by the junior high after school and pick up Brit."

"I don't understand."

"He's going to have some pizzas and sodas delivered."

"You mean..."

"Exactly. It's detention in name only."

Jeff laughed. "Maybe Principal Foster isn't such a bad guy after all."

"By the way, you're sworn to secrecy for the rest of your natural life. He says he doesn't want to be seen as promoting truancy or gangs."

"Gangs?"

"'An organized group engaging in anti-authoritarian activities,'" she quoted in her best impersonation of the principal. "In this case, skipping out on school. He said what the girls did could be misconstrued as gang activity."

"I can see that. First they start by finding lost children, and before you know it, they're adopting homeless puppies! Just think where it could lead!"

"Anyway, we're not to let on that this is anything but detention. You *can* keep a secret, can't you?"

"I won't tell a soul. Like I never told anyone that Lissa's really a boy. Oops! I let that one slip, didn't I?"

Kari laughed. "It's good to hear that you're in a good mood again. You really haven't been fun at all for the longest time."

"I'm just happy that my little sister's back home safe. I never did get to thank the girls for their help. Tell them... I don't know. You're much better with words than I am. Just let them know how much I appreciate them."

"I will. And by the way, Crystal's anxious to see Brit again. Did you know that she cried as much as you did?"

"Tell her she's a sweet girl. She's been so good for Brit these past few months. If there's anything I can do for her, I will."

"I'll tell her. Thanks. So I'll see you tomorrow at school?"

"I'll be there."

"Good. Bye."

"Bye."

After hanging up the phone, he ascended the stairs to his bedroom. He changed into a tee-shirt and sweat pants, then climbed into bed. A few minutes later, Brit came into his room, holding her father's hand. Allison stepped in behind them.

Jeff glanced at his little sister. She was wearing a cute little set of pink pajamas that made her look three years younger. He was well aware of how grown-up she could sometimes be, but tonight she was a little girl.

"Jeff," said Greg. "I'm going to trust you not to do anything. Please take care of my little angel."

"I'll take care of her," he promised. "Come on, Brit." He opened the covers, and she skipped over to him, then climbed into bed with him. He threw the blankets back over them as she snuggled up next to his chest.

Greg came over, then knelt down and kissed her on the forehead.

"I love you, Brit," he told her.

"I love you too, Daddy."

"Now I want you to behave. I know how much Jeff loves you, and I know he wouldn't do anything he's not supposed to with you. But I also know that you can be irresistible sometimes, so please, don't do anything to tempt him. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Do you promise?"

"I promise."

"Good," he smiled. "Now I don't have to worry, because I know I can count on both of you." He turned and headed for the door. "Are you coming, Allison?"

"In a minute," she told him. "I'd like to talk with Jeff and Brit for a while first."

"All right. I'll be in the bedroom." He vanished through the door and closed it behind him. Allison turned back to the children.

"Jeff, Brit," she said. "Despite what I've said in the past, I'm going to re-emphasize what your father told you. Make sure you behave yourselves. Brit, you especially. Don't flirt with Jeff, don't be too affectionate, don't even tease him."

"I would think Dad would be happy if I went back to teasing Jeff," she said.

"You may not realize this, but lately your teasing has become... well, to be perfectly frank, sexy."

"Sexy?" she giggled.

"Yes. Something that is just cute or innocent when done by a little girl is downright provocative when done by a fourteen-year-old teenager. So be careful of what you say or do with Jeff. Your father was right; Jeff is absolutely wonderful and would never take advantage of you, but you can sometimes make it really hard for him."

"Okay. I understand. No teasing. But Allison, why are you telling us this? I thought you were in favor of our relationship."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Sure."

"You too, Jeff?"

"Of course," he replied.

"I think your father's wearing down. I'm working on him, and I think there's a chance he'll come around. But we have to be cautious; if we push him too hard, he'll just close up and we'll lose our chance. That's why you two need to be very careful. If you can just hold out for a few months, I think Greg will give in."

"You're serious?" Jeff asked, surprised.

"Jeff, I want you to continue to be a good brother to Brit. Do nice things for her and spend lots of time with her, especially when your father's watching. Brit, you need to be careful about being too affectionate with your brother. The occasional brief hugs are okay, but don't kiss him, even on the cheek. And although your father said it's okay for you to sit on his lap or put your head on his shoulder, try to keep it to a minimum, at least while your father's watching. Do you think you can do that?"

"I think so," said Brit.

"Jeff?"

"That's fine."

"Good. We'll have another talk in a couple of months and I'll let you know how far Greg's come along."

Chapter 82

In a Moment of Weakness

The next day at school, as soon as he found the girls from the volleyball team, he walked right up to them and gave Erica a hug.

"Thank you so much for finding my little sister," he told her.

"Hey, the rest of us helped too," Jenny complained. Jeff released Erica and hugged Jenny, then he hugged Tracy, then went around the rest of the group, hugging them all. He paused at Gwen, who might not appreciate a hug from a boy after all, but she merely shrugged and threw her arms around him.

All through school, he couldn't get his mind off his little sister. At least he paid more attention in class; now that his melancholy had passed, he started to care more about everything, including his education. After school, Jeff headed home with Brit, happy to be able to spend time with her again.

He realized that afternoon that their relationship had changed once again, this time for the better hopefully. At first they had been enemies, always bickering and fighting. Then they had become lovers. Now, both of those were in the past, and they were free to be friends.

By Monday, Brit was back to her old cheerful self. The danger seemed to have passed, and all the sadness and melancholy of the past couple of months had just about vanished as well. That was a good sign, but secretly Jeff still felt a little bitter because it looked like she no longer needed him. Still, as long as it kept her from running away again, he was willing to limit his contact with her. It still pained him to see her acting affectionate with Greg, but he could live with it.

That afternoon, as soon as the last bell rang he dashed out to his car and took a drive over to the junior high to pick her up for the "detention." He couldn't find her out front, and he had a moment of panic as he thought she might have run away again. But he made his way inside to look for her there. He knew she had Mr. Nelson for homeroom teacher, and unless they had rearranged rooms since he had been in junior high himself, he knew exactly where that was.

To his relief, he found her there, sitting alone with Mr. Nelson in his class. He opened the door and stepped into the room.

"Hello, Jeff," Mr. Nelson smiled. He had been Jeff's teacher three years ago, and they had always gotten along well together.

"Hi, Mr. Nelson," he smiled back. "I'm just here to pick up Brit."

"I know, and I'm sorry to keep you waiting. She and I were just having a little talk."

Again Jeff had a momentary suspicion; Mr. Nelson's daughter Kimmy had confessed to having a sexual relationship with him, which meant he liked young girls. But he couldn't imagine the man ever taking anyone against their will. He had always been one of the kindest and gentlest teachers in the school. No doubt Brit was perfectly safe with him.

"All right," said Jeff. "If you need a few more minutes, I can wait outside..."

"Oh no, we're done here," replied Mr. Nelson.

"Come on, Brit," said Jeff, reaching out his hand to her.

"Jeff," said Mr. Nelson. "Do you mind if I have a word with you in private?"

"Sure," he shrugged. "Brit, you go ahead and go out to the car. I'll be right with you."

"Okay, but don't wait too long," she smiled.

As soon as she left the room, Mr. Nelson sat down on the corner of his desk. "I'm going to be perfectly frank," he said. "Britney told me about your relationship."

"What?" asked Jeff, astonished.

"Don't be mad at her. I kind of pried it out of her. And just to be perfectly clear, she also mentioned that both of you know about me and my daughter Kimmy. So don't worry about me disclosing your secret. If I ever did that, you have enough on me to send me to prison for a very long time."

"I wouldn't ever do that. I've met Kimmy, and I know she loves you a lot."

"Yes she does, and I love her. Just like you and Britney love each other. You see, I'm in a unique position here. I can give you the kind of advice that you can get nowhere else."

Jeff nodded. Actually, he felt kind of relieved. Here was someone who had gone through many of the things Jeff had, someone who actually understood him.

"Before Kimmy came to live with me," Mr. Nelson continued, "she wasn't very happy. I won't go into details, but let's just say it wasn't the kind of life she deserved. When I was pretty much forced to take care of her, I was reluctant at first, but after a couple of days of seeing just how sweet of a girl she is, I decided that I would do anything to make her happy. And it seems to have worked.

"Now, you did something that hurt your little sister. Fortunately, there was no permanent harm done. We'll just call it a bad decision and move on. It's what happens in the future that concerns me. And that's where my advice comes in. If you want to make things right between you two, then do what I did. Make it your goal in life to see that she's happy. If you do that, then I promise you that what happened last week will never happen again."

"I wish it were that simple," Jeff said. "But my dad found out about us, and he was furious. He's set up some rules, so I'm limited in what I can do to make her happy."

Mr. Nelson nodded. "Well, that does complicate things, but it just makes it more of a challenge. You're a bright young man, so I'm sure you'll find a way to do what needs to be done. Just like Kimmy, Britney deserves it."

"Yes she does," nodded Jeff.

"All right. I've said my piece. If you ever need to talk, understand that I'm here for you. Tell Britney that too."

"I will. And thanks."

"And one more thing. Kimmy also told me about that slumber party at the Williams House on Crystal's fourteenth birthday. She admitted fooling around with some of the girls, but that she drew the line at doing the same with you. Is this true?"

"Yes sir."

"Good," said Mr. Nelson, sounding relieved. "I don't mind her having fun with her girlfriends like that; I think a little experimentation between girls at that age is healthy, and besides," he laughed, "it kind of turns me on to think of it. On the other hand, I want you to promise me that if you ever find yourself in another situation like that with her, you won't touch her. I ask you that both as a protective parent and as a jealous lover."

"Absolutely. I would never do anything that a girl doesn't like, and I would never ask her to cheat on the person they love." He actually felt a little guilty about that; he had made love to Allison behind his father's back after all. But in the end it had turned out all right.

"All right. I know I can trust you."

It sounded like that was the end of the discussion, so Jeff headed for the door. On the way out, he met Kimmy, who was just going in to see her father.

"Hi Jeff," she smiled.

"Hi Kimmy," he replied. "You know, you've got one hell of a dad."

"I know," she giggled, ducking into the room.

Jeff headed outside to the car, where he met Brit. He was about to climb into the car when he spotted his friend Rick across the parking long, standing there with his little sister Amy mounted on his back with her arms wrapped around his neck and her legs wrapped around his torso. At thirteen, she was way too old for piggyback rides, but from the grin on Rick's face, it was obvious that he didn't mind.

"Could you hold on a minute?" he told Brit. She nodded.

He waved to Rick, then headed over to them.

"Hi Jeff," said Rick.

"Hi Rick," he smiled. "I take it you came by to pick up your little sister too?"

"He comes by every day," Amy grinned. "He just can't stay away from me."

Rick laughed. "You're the one to talk," he said. "Hanging on me all the time. Literally sometimes, like right now."

"Yep, I guess we're just stuck with each other."

"So how's Brit doing?" asked Rick. "I heard about what happened last week. Amy's in some of her classes at school."

"She's much better than she was," Jeff replied.

"That's good. So if you don't mind my asking, why did she run away?"

"Well, that gets complicated. Let's just say she and I got into a fight."

"Not unusual for you two," Rick grinned. "At least, not until this year. You seem to be getting along a lot better than you used to though. At least, until just recently."

"Yeah, we had our differences. Speaking of which, you used to hate your sister too, didn't you?"

"I never hated her," replied Rick. "I just didn't realize how much I loved her."

Amy grinned, then leaned in and kissed him on the cheek.

"Except when she gets all affectionate in public," Rick laughed. Amy stuck out her tongue at him. "But seriously, I used to be embarrassed by her hanging all over me all the time, but now I just don't let it bother me."

"So what happened between you two?" asked Jeff.

Rick and Amy both turned red, though they tried to hide it. Jeff suddenly had a sneaking suspicion. Could it be possible?

"So do you two ever..." he said, then wondered how he could possibly ask them that.

"Ever what?" asked Amy.

"Do you two ever... fight still?" It wasn't what he had intended to ask, but at least it came out as a harmless and reasonable question.

"Sometimes," said Amy. "But as long as I know Rick loves me, I don't mind. Besides, it just means we get to make up later."

Rick turned his head and gave her a stern look, and Jeff's suspicions were confirmed.

"Anyway," said Jeff, "I've got to go. I'll see you tomorrow for our study group, Rick?"

"I'll be there," he smiled.

"As long as Vanessa is there," Amy teased.

"Hey!" Rick exclaimed. It was all in fun, of course. Rick and Vanessa had been friends for a long time and it was likely that if they hadn't gotten together by now, they never would. Besides, it appeared that Rick already had a special someone in his life. But Jeff knew from experience that little sisters loved to tease their older siblings about any potential love interest.

Jeff turned around and headed back to Brit and his car, pretty confident now that Mr. Nelson wasn't the only one who understood what he was going through. Maybe it wasn't so unusual after all.

As they drove back to the high school, Jeff glanced over at Brit, who had a nervous look on her face. He thought he knew the reason for that nervousness.

"If you're worried that I'll be mad at you for telling Mr. Nelson about us, don't be," he said, and she seemed relieved.

"I'm sorry," she told him.

"It's okay. He told me he pried it out of you. You never could keep a secret," he chuckled. "But never mind that. I don't think there's a problem telling him because he's got his own secret that we know about. He was just concerned for your welfare, so he gave me some advice."

"What advice."

"Basically to make it my goal in life to make you happy. It's good advice."

"Really?" Brit grinned delightedly.

"Of course, I expect you to do the same," he teased.

"Okay," she replied. "I'll make it my goal in life to make me happy."

"No, I meant..."

"Just kidding. I'm going to do everything I can to make *you* happy. Fair enough?"

"I think things are going to be a lot better from now on," he smiled.

The "detention" turned out to be all fun and games. All the girls gave Brit a hug as soon as she arrived, though she had to endure several lectures about running away, by Principal Foster and some of the girls on the volleyball team. Jenny even mentioned that she had run away once, when she was seven. Her resolve had lasted only two blocks. When she returned home, her parents hadn't even known she was missing, and never did find out that she had run away.

Jeff came to Brit's rescue and claimed that he was entirely to blame, though he gave no details, only saying it was because he had gotten into a fight with her. It seemed a satisfactory answer, especially to anyone who knew about his past history of fighting with her all the time, and no one pushed for any more details than that. He figured that several of the girls suspected that there was something more going on between them, especially after that day in September when they had practiced at the Primdale house. They had seen firsthand how affectionate Brit was with Jeff. None of them mentioned it though, especially not in front of Principal Foster.

The pizza was good, and they all had a lot of fun sitting around eating and talking. It was the most un-detention-like detention he had ever attended, not that he had much experience. He was a good kid, and rarely found himself in trouble.

Principal Foster did give them a lecture at the end, about how important their attendance was and that they shouldn't make it a habit to skip school, even with the noblest of intentions. He said that just because it had turned out all right this time didn't mean it was always the right thing to do. He stopped short of making them promise not to leave school grounds again, only asking that they think about what they were doing if they ever felt the urge again. Brit voluntarily promised, however, that she at least would never give them a reason in the future, which seemed to put his mind at ease.

After another round of hugs, they all left to return to their various homes. Jeff held Brit's hand as they drove back, only releasing it once they arrived at the mansion, where Allison and Greg awaited them.

After the emotional ordeal of Brit running away, things seemed to improve. Jeff and Brit got along much better, to Greg's immense relief. Somehow after all that had happened, they had managed to find the happy medium, where they neither bickered nor showed too much affection. They acted like normal, loving and caring brothers and sisters.

The only problem was that they always seemed to have guilty expressions on their faces whenever he walked in on them. Even if they had just been sitting together on the couch, they tended to scoot apart as soon as he entered the room. They cut off their conversations or abruptly changed subjects. He felt like an intruder every

time he joined them.

He wondered whether it was because they were doing things they shouldn't, but he tested that theory by eavesdropping on their conversations a couple of times for a minute or two before entering the room. He didn't like the idea of spying on his children, so he limited it to only a couple of instances. The things they talked about were just normal, everyday subjects, but for some reason his children felt it was necessary to end their discussions as soon as he arrived.

Granted, several times he caught Jeff with his arm around his little sister was they sat together on the couch, but Greg didn't mind that at all. Still, Jeff immediately withdrew his arm upon spying his father.

For some reason, those guilty expressions and hasty actions bothered Greg. He had always tried to be caring and understanding, but now his kids seemed intimidated by him. They might be getting along well with each other, but they certainly weren't getting along with their father. There was no open animosity, just a certain barrier between father and children, a kind of cold war.

After a couple of weeks of that, he could stand it no longer, so that night he decided to ask Allison about it. She always seemed to be very perceptive when it came to the kids, especially since they didn't have the same problems around her as around him.

"Allison," said Greg as they were getting ready for bed, "am I a bad father?"

"You're an extraordinarily *good* father," she replied.

"Then why do I feel like a villain in my own house?"

She hesitated before responding. "Do you want the honest truth?"

"Actually, I was hoping for emotional support," he laughed.

"Well, I can give you that too, but not at the same time."

Greg sighed. "All right. The truth. Just be gentle; I don't think I can handle a brutal assault on my parenting skills." He sat down on the bed; he didn't think he would be able to take this standing up.

"All right. You want your children to turn out the best they can. You want them to be happy. That much just makes you an average parent. But you've done more than that. You've sacrificed for them. You could be living in a house fifty times this size, with maids and butlers and a full-time gardening staff, and servants ready to wait on you hand and foot. Or you could be living a glamorous and hedonistic life, like Kristen and Roberta. I saw the look of envy in your eyes when we visited them last Spring. But you wanted your children to grow up in a normal home with a loving family, learning to do things for themselves instead of expecting others to do them for them. You even sent them to public school, when you could have afforded the best private schools in the country, because you wanted them to be normal teenagers, learning to socialize with a variety of kids from various backgrounds, having all the experiences teenagers should, dealing with typical

problems and learning to stand on their own feet. In short, you don't want your kids to grow up to be brats. Am I right?"

"Exactly."

"In that sense, you're more than an average parent. You're downright heroic. The problem is, somewhere along the way, you got boring."

"Hey, that's a little--"

"Just hear me out, Greg. Since I'm being honest here, I might as well tell you that I've often suspected that that was the reason your first wife left you. Because frankly, I can't think of any other reason. You're charming, devoted, gallant, chivalrous, and a great lover. It's just that, until I came along, you really didn't know how to have fun."

"Okay, I suppose I can see that. I kind of disagree, but for the sake of argument, I'll humor you."

"But then I *did* come along, and that's when the problem started. You still want your children to turn out healthy, emotionally strong, and well-adjusted. That's fine. You want your daughters to one day fall in love with good and honest men, and you want your son to fall in love with a good and honest woman. You consider any deviation from that to be, well, deviant. I disagree with how narrow-minded that view is, but I really can't fault it.

"But you're no longer leading by example. You don't want Lissa to become a lesbian, but you've slept with two women, and let them have sex with each other right before your eyes. You even let your own daughter get frisky with me last year on that sailing trip. You don't want Jeff and Brit to fall in love with each other, but you condone my relationship with my sister. I'll admit, on that score I'm far more to blame than you are, but then, at least I'm consistent. I'm not trying to keep Lissa away from Alya, or Jeff away from Brit. But you are, and that makes you a hypocrite. That's why your kids see you as kind of a villain. They're still too young to understand your reasons for wanting to limit who they fall in love with; all they see is a double standard. You're allowed to have fun, but they're not. To them, it's that simple."

Greg nodded. It was a long time before he spoke. As he stared at the floor, Allison sat down next to him and put an arm around his shoulder.

"You're right," he said. "I'm a hypocrite. I just want to do the right thing, but I don't know what that is any more."

"For the record, I still think you're an extraordinary father," she told him.

"But what should I do? I love them and I would do anything to make them happy."

"One option is to simply let them fall in love with whomever they want. Let Lissa have Alya, and let Brit have Jeff."

"That won't make them happy. That will just give them some moments of pleasure now, but it will ruin their lives later."

"How do you know that? Have you seen the future? Maybe Brit could never be happy with anyone less noble, gentle, and charming than Jeff. You have to admit, that's a pretty high standard. And maybe the worst thing Lissa can do is try to repress her sexuality, to limit herself to loving just men. You still have that ideal of normal heterosexual relationships for your children in your mind, but maybe that's impossible to reach, and attempting it is worse than just admitting that they're going to be a little unconventional."

"I don't know. It seems so... I don't know. So what are my other options?"

"Well, you could leave things how they are. Refuse to negotiate on the rules you've set up, and hope that eventually they come around. And maybe some day they will. Or maybe you'll just end up alienating yourself, they'll do what they want anyway, and they'll resent you for interfering."

"I suspect that's what's already happening," he mumbled.

"Or you can just let them experiment with these relationships, hoping they'll run their course and then end. Maybe Jeff and Brit will fall out of love with each other on their own. Maybe Lissa and Alya will break up. But there are no guarantees of either of those happening."

"I just wish I could put things back how they were."

"If it will make you feel any better, that much at least is a normal part of parenting. Things change. Children grow up. Kids become teenagers, then adults. Sometimes you just have to accept that one part of your life is over, but that doesn't mean you can't enjoy the next."

Greg suddenly chuckled. "Here I am, fifteen years older than you, and you're giving me all kinds of motherly advice. I still don't know what to do, but I feel a little better at least."

"Do you want my opinion on where to go from here?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You have conflicting goals, and you have to decide which you want more, because you may need to choose between them. You want your kids to be happy, and you want your kids to have normal relationships. Maybe you can't have both. So focus on their happiness, and trust their judgment enough to let them decide who can make them happy."

Greg shook his head. "I wish it were that simple. I really do. I wish I could just tell them to do whatever they want, and they would be happy. But I still think what they're doing is wrong, and it can only end in misery."

Allison shrugged. "It worked for Rachael and me."

"You're not my children."

"Neither are you."

He sighed. "Okay, I don't want to argue with you. Maybe I've been a little harsh on the kids. Lissa especially, because she's an adult now, and can make her own decisions about things like that. I may not like it, but I'm going to have to learn to live with it. I'll try to be supportive of Lissa in her decision, even if I'm dreading Alya's visit this summer. But Jeff and Brit... I don't want them to hate me, but I don't know what to do."

"Just love them. No matter what they do or how much they disappoint you, hold onto that, and somehow we'll get through this."

"I hope you're right."

His trepidation might have been unfounded. Jeff and Brit still loved their father, and whatever guilty reactions they showed whenever he walked into the room were more or less subconscious. After their heart-to-heart talk the day they had found Brit and brought her back home, Jeff certainly didn't harbor any animosity toward his dad, and eventually the nervousness he felt when Greg walked in on his children faded.

As winter passed and spring returned with its rejuvenation of life, Jeff felt its effect. He was happier and more energetic than he had been the past couple of months, and not just because of the change in the season. Brit and he were back on good terms. They had come through their ordeal a little more sober, and perhaps a bit wiser as well, but happy nonetheless. A few hugs a day from Jeff seemed to be all Brit needed to keep her from slipping into a depression. There was always a bit of sadness and longing in those hugs, a longing for what could never be. Nevertheless, they seemed to cheer her right up. Even the sparkle returned to her eyes.

With the spring also came thoughts of romance and love. Jeff spent plenty of time with Kari, realizing now just how good she was for him. She had remained loyal to him even when he hadn't treated her so well; sometimes he thought he didn't deserve such a kind and caring girlfriend. But every time he even hinted to her that he had those thoughts, she immediately insisted that he had just gone through some temporary troubled times, and she knew that the real Jeff was sweet and kind, the type of man worth holding onto. In the end, the only thing that mattered was that they were in love.

He spent time with Crystal as well, whenever he could get away with it. She sometimes joined in their lovemaking, but more often, she wanted to be alone with Brit. Jeff was grateful to her for that; what Brit needed more than anything right now was to feel loved, and since Jeff couldn't give her as much love as he wanted to, he left that job to Crystal. It seemed to help; Brit always returned from the Williams' house with a smile on her face.

He had to admit that he felt a little jealous. It was the strangest thing to be jealous of his girlfriend's little sister, but he couldn't deny that he wished he could do the same thing for Brit that Crystal did. But his gratitude overwhelmed his jealousy, so overall he was happy for them.

One thing remained constantly on his mind throughout the next couple of months. Even during the time that

he had been together with Brit, he had thought that such a relationship was unusual, rare even. He had thought he was the exception. Granted, he had seen those pictures of Greg and Lissa on the boat, but Allison had explained that as just a joke that got out of hand. Now he had evidence that such relationships between family members were much more common than he thought. Kimmy Nelson, for instance, was sleeping with her father. That didn't really mean much to him; he had only met her once, so he didn't know her much at all. And although Mr. Nelson had been his teacher a couple of years ago, he was a lot like Allison described herself to be: less an authority figure and more just someone who was fun to be around. At least when Jeff was in his class, half the girls were in love with Mr. Nelson, and his good looks were only part of the reason. He had always been a friendly, kind man, easy to talk to and easy to get along with. It wouldn't take much for even his own daughter to fall in love with him. And Kimmy was a really beautiful girl, a bit shy perhaps, but that just made her all the sexier.

What really surprised him though, was that his friend Rick was having an affair with his little sister Amy. While they hadn't come right out and admitted it the way Kimmy and Mr. Nelson had, Jeff was almost certain that that was the case. Rick had been his friend since childhood, and so he had also known Amy. Sure, she had always been somewhat infatuated with her big brother, and Jeff had always thought it was cute. But Rick had always seemed annoyed and sometimes even a bit exasperated with her. Rick was the last person Jeff would expect to fall in love with his little sister.

Except, perhaps, Jeff himself. Now that he thought about it, it really wasn't all that unusual after all. He knew what it was like to love his sister in an entirely inappropriate, yet beautiful and powerful way. It didn't bother Jeff at all that his friend was carrying on such a relationship.

What did bother him, however, was that Jeff wasn't. There seemed to be an inherent unfairness about the situation. All around him, people were having these incestuous affairs, while he was forbidden. Why shouldn't he be allowed to love Brit like that? Mr. Nelson and Kimmy seemed genuinely happy. And it had done nothing but good for Rick. The boy no longer cared about impressing anyone because he had his little sister, and that was enough. That made Rick more confident and cheerful, qualities that everyone agreed were good.

But because Jeff loved his father and wanted to do the right thing, he was denied such a relationship with his own little sister. It was unfair.

At least he didn't slip back into that melancholy that had dominated his mood for almost two months. Kari was to be given credit for that, not to mention Allison, who still sometimes slipped into his bed at night and made love to him. Brit no longer seemed to mind; as long as she got to hug him and cuddle with him and sit on his lap occasionally, that seemed to be enough to satisfy her. When that happened, Greg always wore a disapproving look on his face, although it was probably unconscious and he never said anything.

Crystal also confessed to Jeff one day that she had been working hard to keep Brit happy. Whenever the two girls had some time alone together, Crystal made passionate love to her, keeping her sexually satisfied. Jeff was grateful to her for helping his sister like that; no doubt it helped to get her through this tough period in their lives.

At the same time, he still felt a little jealous. If their father found out about Crystal's and Brit's relationship, there would be hell to pay. He would disapprove of it just like he disapproved of Jeff being together with Brit. The only difference was that Crystal and Brit hadn't been caught.

Through the spring months he often pondered on the unfairness of it all. Worst of all was his guilt at his own selfishness. He was regularly having sex with the two women he had always fantasized about, but he still wanted more.

As time wore on, he realized that he was spending more and more of his time thinking about Brit. Their dad had thought that they would eventually stop loving each other, but it seemed to be going in the opposite direction. He missed being with her more in April than he had in March, and he missed being with her even more in May than in April.

As the end of the school year approached, they began making plans for Lissa to return. Since she already knew about Jeff and Brit, there wouldn't be awkwardness of having to explain the situation to her, but her presence would still change things. She had been quite a different girl at Christmas than she had been when she left for college, and Jeff wasn't sure what that would mean when she arrived. He was forbidden from having sex with Brit, but did that apply to Lissa as well? And would she even want to do it now that she had a girlfriend?

He needed to talk to Brit about it, he realized. If there was even a chance that Jeff and Lissa would get together, he had to find out if it would bother Brit at all. If so, he would have a frank discussion with his big sister as soon as she arrived home, and tell her clearly that they couldn't do it.

Just over a week before Lissa came home, Jeff found himself alone in the house with Brit after school. Greg was still at work, and Allison had gone out shopping. Both kids had some homework to do, so they disappeared into their respective rooms to work on it. After working through the problems in the book, Jeff decided now was a good time for that talk. He got up from his desk, left his room, crossed the hall, and knocked on his sister's door.

"Come in," said Brit. Jeff opened the door, then froze and stared at her. She wore the tiniest little swimsuit, a bright red bikini that looked about two sizes too small. She giggled when she saw his reaction.

"What do you think?" she asked, spreading her arms to the side and turning around to give him a good view from all sides.

"Wow!" he exclaimed with a grin. "Are you actually planning to go out in public like that?"

"Only to the pool in the back yard," she replied. "Allison took me shopping last week, and I bought it then. I've decided it's time I stopped wearing little-girl swimsuits and started going for something a little more sexy."

"It's certainly that!" he said. He closed the door, then strode over to her. He couldn't help himself, but reached around her back, pulled her to him, and kissed her on the lips.

She immediately drew back. "Jeff!" she said, though she didn't sound at all annoyed. "We can't do that anymore."

"I just had to do that one more time, for old time's sake," he smiled.

Brit giggled. "In that case, I guess it's okay," she said. Then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him back.

It had been a long time since he had felt the sweet softness of her lips, the sexy stimulation of her half-naked embrace. He remembered holding her like this, kissing her tenderly yet passionately, basking in the warmth and softness of her young body. He had meant to come in here to talk with her, satisfied just to be in her presence. But seeing and feeling her like this, he realized now that that would never be enough.

Almost without thinking, he lifted her into his arms. Her eyes went wide with surprise as he held her and kissed her.

"Oh my god Jeff," she breathed. "Really?"

"Brit," he said, "I can't go on pretending anymore. No matter how hard I've tried to hide it, the truth is that I'm still in love with you."

"Jeff, I'm in love with you too. I don't want to be just brother and sister, or just friends. I'm just scared. I mean, what if Dad finds out?"

"Then we're no worse off than we are right now, being so close but not allowed to touch each other the way we want. Brit, I've been trying my hardest, but I don't think I can be strong if I know we'll never be able to do it again. But if I know that just once in a while we can forget ourselves and be free, then I think I can find the strength."

"Then let's do it," she smiled. "I want this as much as you do. And I guess as long as we're just doing it once in a while, it's okay to go behind Daddy's back like that."

Jeff laid her on her bed, gazing down at her beautiful face as she stared up at him, so beautiful and loving and vulnerable. He kissed her lips, savoring the sweet taste of her that he had been denied so long. As he did so, he placed his hand one her breast, fondling her through the fabric of her swimsuit.

They lay like that for a few minutes, then Jeff reached under her back and unfastened the strap, loosening the bikini top so that he could pull it off of her and discard it on the floor. He took a good, long look at her gorgeous bare chest, loving the sight of it, especially after not being able to see it for four months. His hand roamed all over her body as he reveled in the softness of her skin, a softness he remembered with fondness and yearning. He couldn't help himself, but lowered his head and began to kiss her all over the chest.

"Oh Jeff!" Brit gasped as he teased her nipple with his tongue. "I love you!"

"I love you too, Brit," he replied, continuing to kiss and lick her.

One of his hands wandered down to her thigh, where he slipped it under her bikini bottom and let his fingers trace the outline of her slit. He sought out the little nub at the top that he knew gave her so much pleasure, rubbing it gently and feeling the dampness between her legs. As her body began to squirm in response to his ministrations, he knew that she would soon be ready for him.

He took a moment to remove the last bit of her clothing, then stared down at the treasure between her legs as she spread her knees to give him a wonderful and enticing view. It had been too long since he had been permitted to gaze upon it, and now he realized that he wanted to do much more than look. He climbed off the bed and moved around to position himself between her legs, lowering his head and opening his mouth.

She squealed in delight as he let his tongue explore her there, running all over the area with eagerness and excitement. He loved the flavor of her body, the feeling of her soft skin on his tongue, and the way she writhed and wriggled from the stimulation. He listened to her moans as he ate her out, especially the squeals and cries as he flicked his tongue against her now engorged clit. He didn't stop until he brought her to a shrieking orgasm. Only then did he lift his head, smiling at her as she lay panting in exhaustion.

But he wasn't finished yet. He let her rest for a few minutes, but kept his fingers lightly playing with her to keep her warmed up for the main event. After a few minutes she gave him a nod to continue, and he did so.

He climbed on top of her, positioning himself at her opening. She spread her legs wide to give him room, and he slowly descended onto her, pressing inside. They both groaned at the penetration, a feeling they hadn't felt in far too long.

He began to thrust gently, keeping it slow to make it pleasurable for both of them. He took it at a leisurely, relaxed pace, wanting to savor every moment of it.

Brit wrapped her arms and legs around him, holding him tightly to her as he penetrated deep inside her body. He loved the feel of her sweaty skin against his own as they made passionate love. He kissed her deeply, letting their tongues entwine inside their mouths. God, how he loved his sister!

He felt the pleasure building, and let it come, flowing through him and filling him with love and passion. When he exploded inside of her, he could hear her crying out at the same time in her second orgasm. It was the most wonderful feeling to finally do this again with her. No matter what their father claimed, this was right. It was special. It was beautiful. Without each other, they could never be whole, but for the moment, they were both complete.

After it ended, Jeff rolled over and lay down beside her. Brit lay her head against his chest like she used to do when they lay together in the same bed, and he hugged her to him tenderly and affectionately.

They slept for a while then, clinging to each other tightly as if it would be the last time. That wasn't too far from the truth; they didn't know when they would get this opportunity again. Jeff promised himself that he wouldn't make it too often; he felt a little guilty about going behind his father's back, but figured this was an

acceptable compromise.

After they got up, they headed into the bathroom to shower. They washed each other's bodies, spending plenty of time fondling each other affectionately. Jeff loved to run his hands all over her skin, especially with it wet and glistening like this.

They couldn't stay in the shower forever, and eventually they grudgingly turned off the water and stepped out, spending a few minutes to dry each other. Then they returned to Brit's room to get dressed again.

They were just finishing putting their clothes on when they heard a knock at the bedroom door. They stared at each other for a moment, surprised. Then Jeff glanced at the clock, and realized that it was after the time that Greg was due home. He hadn't realized how much time had passed.

He hurriedly threw the blanket over the sheets on the bed to hide the evidence, then sat down at the foot. Brit sat in the chair next to her desk.

"Come in," said Jeff, trying to sound casual.

The door opened, and Allison stepped in, to their relief. "Brit, I was wondering..." she began, then cut off. Her eyes went wide. "What the hell?" she exclaimed.

"What... what do you mean?" asked Brit.

"I told you two I was working on your father, and now you go and do something dangerous like this!" she snapped.

"I don't--" Jeff began.

"You two have wet hair, which means you've both recently come out of the shower. Then there's the guilty faces, the deliberately casual poses as if trying to seem nonchalant, not to mention the smell. Why would you go and do a thing like that when we're so close? You might have ruined everything!"

"I'm sorry," said Brit, a scared look on her face. "It just happened."

"You'd better hope your father doesn't find out," she said. "You two hurry and get the sheets off the bed. I'll get you some clean ones."

She hurried out of the room and closed the door behind her. Jeff sighed. She was right; it was a stupid thing to do. Fortunately Allison had been the one to catch them, not Greg. Anything she noticed, he would have noticed too.

They set to work stripping the bed. Allison reappeared in the doorway a minute later with a can of air freshener and a set of clean sheets. "I hope this does the trick," she said, shaking the can and then spraying it into the air. "Sex has a very distinct smell; there's no mistaking it. I only hope your father doesn't think we're trying to hide anything."

"Too late," said a voice at the door. They turned to see Greg standing there, a stern look on his face.

"Greg..." said Allison, but he cut her off.

"No excuses," he told her.

Seeing the nervous look on Allison's face, Jeff realized that by trying to cover things up, she was in just as much trouble as them. He might not be able to save himself and Brit, but at least he could spare his stepmother.

"Dad," he said, "don't be mad at Allison. She didn't know about this. She was just trying to--"

"She was just trying to protect you," Greg interrupted. "I can't fault her for that, especially since she didn't have any time to think through her actions. You two are the ones who put her in that position. I want to see all three of you in my office right now."

They headed for the door, expecting the worst. At least Greg took Allison's hand as she passed him; that was at least partially encouraging. Whatever happened to Jeff and Brit, Allison wouldn't be a part of it.

As soon as they entered the office, Greg had his children sit down on one of the couches, looking nervous and even a little frightened. Allison and he took the opposite couch.

"Before we begin," he said, "there's something very important for you to understand. I'm setting up some rules, but they are not for punishment. I know how hard this is for you, and I'm not interested in making it any harder. Just the opposite in fact. I want to make it as easy as possible for you to fall out of love with each other. So that's what these rules are for. I'm willing to clarify any questions you have on them, but they are not negotiable. Do you understand?"

Jeff and Brit both nodded uncertainly.

"Good. Are there any questions before I get to the rules?"

They glanced at each other, but neither of them spoke up.

"All right then. So here are the rules.

"First, and this is pretty self-explanatory, you two are to be fully-clothed any time you're around each other. That means no swimsuits, not even pajamas.

"You are not to touch each other at all, except incidental contact, and you will keep that to a minimum. You are not even to hug each other."

Brit opened her mouth as if to protest, but a stern look from her father shut her up.

"I'll make one exception. You can hug once to say goodbye if you're not going to see each other for a while.

We'll say twenty-four hours minimum. And you can greet each other with a hug once you get back. Both of these have to be in the presence of an adult.

"Speaking of which, you are not to be left alone together. In fact, if you're in the same house, only one of you may be left alone at a time. I don't want there to be any chance of you two getting together alone."

"What about when we sleep?" asked Jeff.

"I was just about to come to that. Your sister Lissa will be coming home next week. Until that time, Jeff, you will sleep downstairs on the couch. Once Lissa arrives home, I'm going to put her in charge of chaperoning Brit at night. She will sleep in Jeff's old room like we planned, but both bathroom doors are to remain open so that there's no chance of you two slipping into bed together without her knowing about it."

Jeff nodded. That didn't sound too bad. Actually, Lissa would probably have no problem with letting Brit slip quietly away during the night, but Jeff decided he wouldn't take advantage of the fact. He loved Brit, but he loved his father too, and didn't want to betray his trust.

"Finally, and this is less of a hard, fast rule, I want you two to stay away from each other as much as possible."

"But--" Brit began.

Greg cut her off. "I'm going to talk to Allen Williams and see if he'd be willing to let you stay with Crystal several times this summer for a week at a time. In the mean time, Jeff, you're welcome to invite Kari over whenever Brit is with Crystal. And when she's at home, you can spend as much time as you want at Kari's house, as long as Allen agrees."

Both Brit and Jeff looked horrified. To have to be chaperoned or required not to touch each other was one thing, but to be separated like this was worse than they could possibly imagine!

"Are there any questions?" asked Greg.

The children both shook their heads.

"Good."

With that final word, it appeared that the Primdale family was doomed. The separation of the children like that could only end in heartbreak. Jeff wanted to tell his father that it was too late; that they could never return to the way they had been before. Given the choice between his incestuous relationship with his sister and the collapse of the entire family, the choice should be clear.

But Greg would have none of it. He had made his decision, and wrong though it was, he simply would not change his mind no matter how logical Jeff's arguments. In the end, Jeff gave up trying.

It would take a miracle to save the family now. Jeff and Brit were powerless to do anything to ward off the impending disaster, and Greg was unwilling. So Allison realized it was up to her to come up with a plan.

Chapter 83

Farewell Party

With the semester coming to a close, some of Lissa's worries returned. She both dreaded and looked forward to returning home to see her family. Although her father knew all about her relationship with Alya, he hadn't yet had a chance to sit down and talk to her about it. No doubt when that time came, he would try to convince her to break off the relationship. That just wasn't going to happen, so they were bound to end up angry, or hurt, or both.

She also felt a certain melancholy about temporarily separating from Alya. True, it would only be for a month or so, but she missed her already. Lissa talked to her and confirmed that she would come and visit during the summer, and Alya assured her that she was still planning to. She admitted that she felt a little nervous about meeting Lissa's family, especially her father, but if the two of them were going to remain together, there was no getting around it. They promised to support each other no matter what happened.

She found that she was going to miss her other roommates as well. Fortunately, all four of them were planning to return in the fall, and they all planned to live in the same apartment. Monique joked that that should keep Tony Bullard happy. At least, as long as she didn't move out. Once Lissa and Alya had gotten together, the roommates had stopped drawing straws, and now Monique "paid the rent" every month.

Lissa came home from her last final on Wednesday afternoon, happy to be finished with school for three months. She felt like celebrating, and knew exactly whom she wanted to celebrate with. Fortunately, she found Alya in the apartment when she returned home, sitting and talking with Monique.

"That's it," Lissa announced with a smile on her face. "I'm done with my Freshman year of college."

"How did your test go?" asked Monique.

"I think I did well. Now I have nothing to do until I leave for home on Friday."

"We can't have that," Alya grinned. "I can think of one or two ways to occupy our attention."

Lissa sat down next to her, threw her arm around her shoulder, and leaned in to kiss her on the lips. She could feel Monique's eyes on them, but at the moment she didn't care. All she wanted to do was make out with her girlfriend. In fact, if they spent their entire time doing that until Friday, she would be happy.

Finally they broke the kiss, moving apart but still smiling lovingly at each other.

"You two really love each other, don't you?" asked Monique.

"Was that ever in doubt?" Lissa smiled, then gave Alya another quick kiss on the lips.

"I think it's wonderful that you two have found each other," Monique continued. "Two of my best friends are going to live happily ever after."

"I'm glad you accept us the way we are," Alya told her. "Not everyone would be so open to it. It really doesn't bother you to see us kissing in front of you?"

"I think it's beautiful. Sometimes I'm even a little envious."

"I'll kiss you if you want," Lissa grinned.

"You know I didn't mean it like that," Monique laughed. "Sometimes you're as bad as Meg, Lissa. I just meant, well, after seeing you two with Matt, it sometimes makes me wonder whether there are any decent men left."

"You ought to meet my brother," Lissa said.

"Oh, I know there are still good men out there. I just sometimes think it would be so much easier just to fall in love with a woman."

"Is that so?" Alya grinned.

Monique laughed. "I guess you two are the wrong people to be talking to about this."

"Or maybe we're the *right* people. I think it's safe to say that Lissa and I know exactly how you feel."

"It's less physical and more emotional," Lissa nodded. "Women can be friends with each other in ways that they can't with men, and the love that grows out of that friendship is in some ways deeper than it could ever be with a man."

"Now if I could only get over my hangups about not having the slightest interest in having sex with a woman," Monique laughed.

Lissa glanced at Alya, then back at Monique. "You know..." she said. "I wouldn't mind helping you get over that hangup."

"It was a joke," Monique explained.

"I know, but seriously, if Alya's interested, maybe the two of us could give you a little taste of what it's like."

"What are you talking about?" asked Alya.

"A little hands-on demonstration," Lissa smiled.

"What are you saying? That you want to have sex with me?" asked Monique.

"Just to show you what it's like," Lissa nodded. "So that you can better decide whether that's a road you want to explore."

Monique stared at her. "You're serious, aren't you?"

Lissa shrugged. "Why not? Alya, you wouldn't mind helping Monique out like that, would you?"

"Well... I don't know," Alya said. "I mean, you're the only woman I've ever really been attracted to."

"Then it sounds like it would be good for you too," Lissa smiled. "Seriously. What do you guys think?"

Monique continued to stare. "I..." she stammered. "I don't know. You kind of caught me off guard with your offer. I mean, I'm used to Meg's flirting, but that was always a joke. But a serious offer like that... I just never considered... I guess I'm going to have to think about it."

"Alya?" asked Lissa.

"I suppose I would be willing if Monique is," replied Alya.

"Okay, Monique," said Lissa. "Don't take too much time to make up your mind. Tomorrow is our last day here after all."

"All right. I'll tell you tonight before we go to bed. That should give me plenty of time to think it over. And tomorrow if I've agreed to it, we'll have our little party."

"What's this 'party' thing you mention?" asked Lissa. "Is that kind of like an orgy?"

Monique laughed. "In this case, yes."

"So that brings up an obvious question," said Alya. "Should we invite Meg?"

"Oh god, not that!" Monique laughed. "I'll never live it down."

"Oh come on," Lissa insisted. "It just wouldn't be right if we had a lesbian orgy in this apartment without Meg."

"Okay, fine," conceded Monique. "Just don't mention it to her until I make up my mind. The last thing I need is to have her teasing me about it all day."

Meg came home about the time that Monique had to leave for campus to take her own last final. Lissa and Alya kept their word, not letting on that they had discussed their idea with Monique. Secretly, Lissa hoped that the girl would accept the offer. She really was quite gorgeous, and Lissa wouldn't mind getting her hands and mouth on her body. Ever since falling in love with Alya, she had been completely faithful to the girl. She had even broken off the get-togethers with Meg and Sandy. But if Alya was willing to join her in fooling around with other girls, Lissa planned to take full advantage of it.

Monique returned in time for supper, but she didn't mention anything about her decision. That was fine; as long as she didn't say no, that meant she was still considering it.

The four girls pooled their remaining supplies of food to make dinner together, and with the worries of the testing over, they could finally relax and enjoy themselves. The conversation was lively throughout the meal, especially since Meg stepped up her teasing and flirting.

They had so much fun that they continued talking and joking with each other as they washed up, then sat down together in the living room. The fun continued until almost midnight, when they finally decided to retire for the night.

As Lissa and Alya were getting ready for bed, they heard a knock on the bedroom door. Despite both being topless, Lissa went over and opened the door. Monique stood there. She glanced down at Lissa's chest for a brief instant, then back up at her face.

"Okay," said Monique. "I'm in."

"Great!" Lissa exclaimed, then threw her arms around her.

"Hey!" Monique chuckled. "Don't get too excited just yet. We'll do it tomorrow, like we said."

When they talked to Meg about it, she was, not surprisingly, thrilled with the idea. She asked if she could invite Sandy to join in, and Monique agreed. Meg gave Sandy a call and told her about it, and soon they had all the arrangements made. They all went to bed, with one last comment by Monique about how for the first time, if Meg tried to sneak into bed with her, it wouldn't bother her.

In the morning, Lissa was the first to wake. She lay on her side, holding Alya's nude body in her arms. She gave Alya a kiss, which woke the girl. The two women smiled, spent a few minutes kissing and hugging, then eventually got out of bed.

Normally Alya dressed as soon as they woke, though Lissa sometimes went naked from the bedroom to the bathroom to take her shower. This time, they both left their clothes off, holding hands as they left the bedroom. Since all four roommates would be naked together soon enough anyway, there was no point in being modest.

They continued to grope and fondle each other under the shower, though they limited themselves because they wanted to wait until Sandy and their roommates joined in later. Still, a little tender caressing wasn't out of order.

Neither of the girls bothered to dress after the shower, but left the bathroom to find Meg and Monique sitting at the kitchen table eating breakfast. Meg had also left her clothes off, though Monique wore a tee shirt and shorts.

"Oh come on," Lissa teased her. "Follow the dress code."

"Someone's got to answer the door when Sandy gets here," Monique explained.

"I'm sure she won't mind," Meg smiled.

"No, but until we open the door we won't know if it's her. What if it turns out to be a door-to-door salesman?"

"Wouldn't that be fun!" Alya laughed. "But you've got a point."

The girls all ate breakfast, after which Monique headed into the bathroom to take a shower, refusing to give in to Meg's pleadings to let her join her. After showering, Monique emerged fully dressed in jeans and a blouse. Meg gave an obvious disappointed sigh, to which Monique simply laughed.

Meg then took her own shower. She neglected to put her clothes on afterward, but merely walked out to the front room naked to join the girls on the couch. She slipped her arm around Monique's shoulder, but this time instead of getting up and moving to a different chair, Monique actually put her own arm around Meg in return.

"I might as well get used to it," she said. "We're going to do a lot more than this pretty soon."

When they heard a knock at the door, Monique went over to answer it. She glanced back at the girls, still seated on the couch.

"You're just going to wait right out here in the front room where everyone can see you?" she asked.

"It's just Sandy," Meg told her. "She won't mind."

"Just be prepared to have me laugh at you if you're wrong," replied Monique, then answered the door.

It was Sandy.

She wore a gray trench coat which was wrapped tightly around her and tied at the waist with a sash. Lissa had a sneaking suspicion about the purpose of that trenchcoat.

Sandy immediately threw her arms around Monique's neck and kissed her right on the lips. Monique, caught off her guard, stood there frozen, her eyes wide with shock. Her roommates chuckled at her predicament.

When Sandy drew back, she grinned. "That was nice," she said. "I think I'll have seconds."

Lissa hopped off the couch, grabbed her arm, and pulled her into the apartment. "Oh no you don't," she laughed. "We're not going to start that, or we'll never finish."

Monique, still in a daze, closed the door and walked over to the others.

Meg hopped up the couch and threw her arms around Sandy, drawing her in and giving her a kiss. Monique stared, as if seeing them kissing for the first time. Lissa had a pretty good idea what was going through her head. Despite the fact that Sandy and Meg often kissed in front of her roommates, no doubt Monique was looking at it from an entirely different perspective this time.

Eventually the two girls drew apart. Meg glanced down at Sandy's coat and grinned. "You've got me curious," she said.

"We all are," Lissa added.

"I know what you're thinking," Sandy smiled. "Sorry to disappoint you, but this trenchcoat isn't the only thing I'm wearing." She untied the sash, then opened the coat and dropped it on the floor, revealing her bare body. "I'm also wearing shoes," she explained. The girls all laughed, though Monique gawked at her body.

"Okay, we're all naked," said Sandy. "Now it's your turn, Monique."

The girl sighed, then reached for the base of her shirt.

"Not like that," Meg insisted. "Do a striptease."

"We can put on some music if it will help," Lissa grinned.

"The hell with that," Monique laughed, pulling her shirt over her head. Not wearing a bra, that exposed her bare chest to their view. It wasn't the first time Lissa had seen it; she had been topless that day when the three of them went down to Mr. Bullard's office to pay the rent. She really did have a gorgeous body.

Monique then proceeded to drop her shorts and her panties to the floor, then stood in front of them, arms spread wide to give them a good view. Now that she had made up her mind, she apparently had no more qualms.

"It's a good thing you didn't show me what you got before today," Meg said. "Otherwise I really *would* have jumped into bed with you every night."

"Well, you get have all you want today."

"I plan to. She reached out and squeezed one of Monique's breasts. Monique jumped back, startled, then giggled. "Sorry," she said. "Just a nervous reaction." Then she threw her shoulders back and stuck out her chest. "Care to try again?"

"You bet!" Meg grinned, and reached up to fondle her again. Sandy came up to her other side and gave the same attention to her other breast. Lissa and Alya watched with amusement, fascination, and growing lust. Lissa felt her girlfriend's hand on her knee, caressing her gently. Lissa returned the favor, but let her hand slide up a little higher.

When Meg leaned down and sucked Monique's nipple into her mouth, the girl gasped at the contact. "Oh my

god!" she breathed.

"Feels nice, doesn't it?" asked Sandy. "I love it when Meg sucks my boobs. She's a world-class expert in boob-sucking." Everyone laughed at her description. Lissa knew from experience that it was pretty accurate.

"Hey Monique," said Lissa. "Have you ever kissed a girl before?"

"Yes," she replied. "Sandy, just now."

"No, Sandy kissed you. Have *you* ever kissed a girl?"

"No," said Monique, blushing.

"Want to?"

The girl nodded, a coy smile on her face. Lissa rose to her feet, strode over to her, then reached out and placed her hands on Monique's hips. Meg and Sandy got out of the way as Lissa pulled the girl toward her, pressing their bodies together. Like this, she could feel Monique's heart pounding rapidly in her chest, no doubt from both excitement and nervousness. Lissa leaned in, tilted her head to the side, and kissed her roommate fully on the lips.

She could sense a little hesitation in Monique still, but the girl seemed to relax as they held out the kiss. Lissa let it go on as long as possible, only drawing back after Monique broke it off.

"That was nice," Lissa commented. "But *you* still haven't kissed a girl."

Monique sighed, then stepped in again and pressed her lips against Lissa's. This time, Lissa decided to be bold. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. Surprisingly, Monique opened her own mouth and let her own tongue brush against Lissa's.

"Oh my god!" Alya breathed as she watched them. "That is so hot!"

"You don't have to just watch, you know," said Meg with a grin. Alya glanced at her, then let her own face break out into a smile.

"Are you offering?" she asked.

"I've had the offer open ever since I met you."

Alya laughed. "Then I guess it's time to fulfill your fantasy." She stepped up close to Meg, slipped her arms around the girl's waist, and pressed their bodies together. The two girls leaned in and let their lips touch, opening their mouths and letting their tongues tease each other's.

Lissa and Monique now stepped back and watched their two roommates kissing. Instead of jealousy, Lissa felt only excitement at seeing her girlfriend kissing another woman. No doubt that was due to her temporary

foray into the world of uninhibited sexual freedom. Jealousy was another one of those feelings like guilt that she had given up on. Although she had left that world behind, some of its remnants still lingered. She could understand now how Allison could be willing to share her husband with other women. While sex could be an intimate act between two people in love, it didn't have to be. It could just be a way to have fun. And she didn't mind Alya having fun with other people.

A moment later, Meg took a step back and collapsed on the couch, panting heavily. "Wow!" she said. "Having your fantasies fulfilled like that sure takes a lot out of you."

"So are we just going to stand around kissing, or are we going to have an orgy?" asked Sandy.

"An orgy," said Lissa.

"Let's take things slow though," Monique told them. "Remember, this is my first time."

"Okay, we'll keep it nice and relaxed," said Sandy. "You don't mind if I do this, do you?" She placed her hand on Monique's breast and gave a squeeze. Monique sucked in her breath and a shiver ran down her spine, but she stood her ground.

"That's fine," she said.

"Then you don't mind if I do this," Lissa told her, leaning down and sucking her nipple into her mouth. Monique gasped at the contact, her eyes opening wide.

"Lissa!" she exclaimed. "I..."

"Relax," said Alya, coming up behind her and putting her hands on her shoulders to gently rub her. "Enjoy it. Trust me, Lissa knows how to suck boobs, so you might as well take advantage of it."

Lissa closed her eyes and stood there, a smile slowly creeping onto her face.

"You know, that does feel kind of nice," she sighed.

When Sandy leaned down and began suckling on the other one, Monique's smile grew wider. "I can't believe I'm letting a couple of girls suck my boobs," she commented.

"Just remember," said Meg, "you're going to have to do the same to us."

Monique sighed again. "I suppose you're right, although I'm not exactly looking forward to it."

"Just wait till you taste it," Meg grinned. "It's addicting."

Yeah, sure it is," Monique laughed.

"Don't believe me? Come over here and suck my boobs. I'll prove it to you."

"Okay, you're on."

The girls backed off as Monique approached Meg. Blushing bright crimson, she lowered her head, took a moment to collect her wits, then stuck out her tongue and ran it against Meg's nipple.

"Ooh!" Meg exclaimed with a giggle. "Do that again."

Monique licked her roommate once more, then feeling a little more bold, opened her mouth and took the nipple in. She sucked on it for a few seconds, then drew back. The other girls all clapped and cheered. Monique, still blushing and with an embarrassed grin on her face, took a bow.

"So how does it taste?" asked Alya.

"Tastes like chicken," Monique replied.

"No it doesn't!" Sandy laughed. "And I should know."

"Okay, it doesn't. But it's not addicting either. So I proved you wrong, Meg."

"That's okay; I got you to suck my tits, didn't I?" Meg grinned. Monique stuck her tongue out at her.

"Well, now what?" asked Alya. "I mean, we could stand around sucking tits all day, but I think it might be better if we lie down."

"I have an idea," said Monique. "Let's get the mattresses off of all the beds and bring them out here to the front room. We'll move the furniture out of the way and put them all down side by side to give us plenty of room."

The other girls agreed, so they set to work pushing the couch and end table against the wall, then headed back to their bedrooms to grab the mattresses off of their bed. Five minutes later, they had a makeshift mat in the middle of the floor.

"Since Monique's a first-timer," said Sandy, "I suggest we all do her first. Any objections?"

"You mean, all at the same time?" asked Monique.

"Exactly."

"Okay," she grinned. She lay down on the mat and spread her legs. Since it was Sandy's idea, she got first pick of Monique's anatomy, and not surprisingly she went straight for the girl's pussy. She lay down between Monique's legs, opened her mouth, stuck out her tongue, and ran it along Monique's slit, causing the girl to jump. Everyone laughed at her reaction, then Sandy did it again. This time Monique simply lay there with a smile on her face.

Lissa and Alya decided to go for her boobs, so they lay down next to her and began teasing her nipples with

their tongues. That left Meg to kiss her roommate on the lips.

Lissa loved the taste of the girl's nipples, loved the feel of it in her mouth and how it hardened more and more as she teased it with her tongue. She enjoyed the jiggling of Monique's breasts as the girl shuddered from the ministrations of her four friends. Lissa glanced down between Monique's legs and watched delightedly as Sandy licked her all over. Monique's cute little clitoris was starting to peek out of its hiding place, and Sandy attacked it with her tongue, causing the girl to squeal with pleasure.

Her body squirmed and writhed on the mat as the girls pleasured her. Lissa knew that feeling; she had felt it on many occasions with Meg, Sandy, and Alya. Having all three of them here with her at once, with Monique as an added bonus, just made it all the better.

When the girl's squeals rose in pitch until they were practically screams as her body tensed up, her chest thrusting upward to rise off of the mat, Lissa smiled at the thought that Monique had just completed the journey, albeit temporarily, to the other side. She had now experienced the ultimate pleasure at the hands, or rather the mouths, of other women.

Her body finally collapsed as she panted in post-orgasmic exhaustion. Her eyes were closed, and she had a smile on her face from the pleasure she had just received. Sandy lifted her mouth from Monique's body and grinned. "Add one more to the number of straight girls I've seduced," she said. "God, I love to eat pussy!"

"So how was that, Monique?" asked Meg. "How does it feel to have been brought to orgasm by another girl."

"That was intense!" she replied. "Supposedly it shouldn't be any different whether it's a man or a woman eating me out, but Sandy seemed to know just what I needed."

"She's good at that," Meg agreed. "And now, Lissa," she added, "if you don't mind letting me borrow your girlfriend, I want to live out the rest of my fantasy with Alya."

"She's all yours," Lissa smiled. "Just don't be surprised if I borrow your girlfriend too."

Meg grabbed Alya's hand and led her onto the mat, where the two of them knelt down. Immediately their hands and lips were all over each other's bodies. Meg went at it with reckless excitement; no doubt her teasing about wanting to get with Alya had some truth to it. A *lot* of truth to it, considering how she attacked the girl's body.

"Come on, Lissa," Sandy said. "If Meg's going to steal your girlfriend, I'm going to steal Alya's right back."

"I've got an idea," offered Monique, sitting up and grinning. "I want to try something. Lissa, go sit on the couch."

Lissa nodded, then walked over and took a seat in the middle of the couch, which had been pushed against the wall but was nevertheless still accessible.

"Sandy," said Monique, "go sit in her lap."

"So far I like this idea," Sandy grinned, then made her way over to the couch, turned her back to Lissa, and sat down on the edge of the couch in front of her. She smiled and leaned back against Lissa's chest, wiggling around to get into a comfortable position.

"Lissa, you do whatever you think will make Sandy feel good," Monique said. "Sandy, spread your legs."

Lissa reached around and cupped the girl's boobs in her hands, squeezing and rubbing them. She leaned over and kissed her on the neck. Sandy moved her knees apart. Then Monique shocked them all by kneeling down in front of the two girls.

"If I'm going to try out being a lesbian, I might as well go all the way," she said. "Besides, I need to repay Sandy for giving me an orgasm earlier." To everyone's delight, she lowered her head, stuck out her tongue, and touched in to the top of Sandy's pussy.

"Ooh!" Sandy exclaimed in delight. Monique drew back for a second, smiling up at the girl.

"That's not as bad as I expected," she said. "I think I'll have some more." She repeated the gesture, but this time she continued to lick the girl. Lissa had a great view of the action from her vantage point at Sandy's shoulder. Monique traced around the girl's lips with her tongue, then took a couple of licks on the slit itself. Sandy groaned with excitement as Monique worked her over.

Lissa glanced over at the girls on the mat. Meg had lay down on her back, and Alya was kissing her deeply on the lips as she ran her hand all over the girl's body. From the look of ecstasy on Meg's face, Lissa could tell that she really did enjoy being with Alya. The tiniest spark of jealousy rose up in Lissa's heart, but she quickly suppressed it. Meg might be willing to have a permanent relationship with Alya, but Lissa trusted her girlfriend. Lissa and Alya were in love, and they would never betray one another.

Alya didn't just kiss Meg on the lips, though. She moved her head down to the girl's chin, then lower to her neck. Meg was groaning now just like Sandy. And why not? She was being made love to by a beautiful woman. Lissa knew the joys that Alya's lips could bring; she knew exactly what Meg was feeling right now.

When Alya reached Meg's breast and flicked her tongue against it, Meg cried out with glee. The three girls at the couch giggled at her reaction, especially Monique, who was turned the opposite direction and had only the sounds to tell her what was going on. Lissa and Sandy, on the other hand, had a perfect view of the action, and loved every minute of it.

Sandy was especially fortunate, as she had Monique's tongue to stimulate her as she watched her girlfriend on the mat. Now that Monique had made up her mind, she seemed to have absolutely no inhibitions about giving pleasure to another woman. She used her hands to pry the girl's outer lips apart, then ran her tongue all over the pink interior, causing Sandy to gasp. Lissa couldn't believe how enthusiastic the girl was being. Of course, not too long ago Lissa herself had received her first lesson on performing oral sex on a woman, so she had a fair idea of what was going through Monique's mind. In Lissa's case, she had *wanted* to do it. She

had wanted to learn, to change herself into something different. Monique was just doing this to try it out, to see if she could get used to that kind of lifestyle.

Despite her lack of experience, she was having her effect on Sandy, who was breathing heavily and even whimpering a little as the girls stimulated her. Lissa liked to think that she was part of the cause, with her hands groping Alya's tits like that. But she had to admit that it was mostly Monique.

She had grown to love the sound of a woman reacting to such pleasure. Alya always made the cutest little sounds whenever Lissa made love to her. Sandy's were not that different. It was also nice to feel the girl squirming against her body. Her own nipples had hardened, and no doubt Sandy could feel them poking into her back.

Across the room, Alya had continued her journey down Meg's body, leaving the girl's breast behind and moving gradually to a new delight. Lissa watched in growing excitement. She knew the pleasure of Alya's lips, and it thrilled her to see Meg enjoying it. She knew it had been a long-time fantasy of Meg's, and it was nice to see that fantasy being fulfilled.

Meg groaned as Alya reached her destination. Alya ran her tongue all over the slit, touching it to various parts to judge Meg's reaction. Mostly, Meg just moaned with each touch, though that moan became an excited squeal when Alya brushed against her clitoris.

Alya moved her lower body around toward Meg's head. Then she lifted one of her legs and straddled Meg's face. She lowered her hips slightly, and Meg opened her own mouth to run it against Alya's pussy. The two girls pleasured each other with their mouths, groaning and panting and gasping with pleasure.

Meanwhile, Lissa could tell that Sandy was getting close. She had moved beyond the simple shudders and squirms of pleasure and was bucking her hips against Monique's face. Her whole body was reacting to the stimulation, her breaths coming in gasps. Monique attacked her pussy wildly and savagely, driving Sandy into a frenzy. Lissa had never known Monique to get so excited. Even that time when Lissa had watched her sucking off Mr. Bullard was nothing compared to this. Perhaps the girl had more lesbian in her than she admitted.

Then Sandy's moans became a shrieking wail as her orgasm hit her. Monique didn't let up, but continued to lick her all over between the legs, driving her further and further into an orgasmic frenzy.

She was just calming down from her peak when Meg went off. She literally screamed from the pleasure of Alya's tongue, taking her own mouth off of Alya's pussy just long enough to let out that scream as her body tensed and quivered. Once it passed, however, she immediately returned her mouth to the task of getting Alya off.

Sandy climbed off of Lissa's lap and sat next to her, watching the erotic show in front of them. Her hand went to Lissa's thigh, rubbing her gently and perhaps even unconsciously. From the delight in her eyes, she enjoyed seeing her girlfriend having sex with another woman as much as Lissa did.

Since Meg had already had her release, she gently pushed Alya off of her, who rolled over onto her back. Meg immediately moved between her legs to lick and suck and nibble her again.

A few minutes later, Lissa noticed the telltale signs of Alya's imminent explosion. Lissa was very familiar with those signs; in the past few months she had become as familiar with Alya's body as with her own.

It wasn't long before the girl's body tensed up, her hips raising off of the mattress to mash against her lover's face. Meg opened her mouth and drove her tongue deep inside Alya's body, bringing her to a screaming and shuddering climax.

A moment later, Alya collapsed in exhaustion, gasping as the aftershocks of her climax ran through her.

"God, that felt good!" Meg exclaimed. "I've been fantasizing about that for a couple of years now."

"So are we done?" asked Sandy.

"We'd better not be," said Lissa, "because I haven't had an orgasm yet. I feel kind of cheated."

"Well then, we'd better make it up to you," Sandy replied, leaning back and turning her head to the side so that she could kiss her on the cheek. "How about we do to Lissa what we did to Monique earlier?"

"I get dibs on her pussy," Monique said, to everyone's astonishment.

"Really?" asked Alya.

"I want to try it one more time, just to see if I can get used to it. You girls have half convinced me to become a lesbian already."

"You'll get no complaints out of me!" Lissa grinned. She lay down on one of the mattresses and spread her legs. Monique immediately took her position down below, lowering her head and sticking out her tongue. Lissa gasped at the first contact, excited by the thought that she was being stimulated by a previously straight girl. It had been similar with Alya, and she could feel that same hesitation in Monique as she tried to decide whether he liked it or not.

Meg and Sandy took positions on either side of her, opening their mouths to suck on her nipples. Lissa squealed happily at the triple stimulation; she had made love to two girls before, but never three. There was something particularly intense about having the three most sensitive points of her body pleasured at the same time.

When Alya lay down on her stomach above her head and lowered her head to kiss her on the lips, it was almost too much for Lissa to bear. Alya was the most kissable girl she had ever met, with delicious red lips and a tongue that was so fun to toy with. Lissa could just sit and kiss the girl for hours. Alya's lips, added to the pleasure the three girls were giving her all over her body, put Lissa into a dizzying ecstasy. She soon lost herself in the excitement, blinded by passion and lust.

Monique had found her clitoris and was teasing it mercilessly. Meg and Sandy were sucking powerfully on her nipples, using their tongues inside their mouths to add to her delight. And Alya had her tongue shoved deep inside Lissa's mouth, who sucked on it greedily. She knew she wouldn't last long against the mind-blowing multiple stimulations that she was experiencing.

How long she remained in that lustful haze she didn't know, but soon she felt the excitement building deep inside her. She stood no chance against the oncoming orgasm, which built up like a torrential tide straining against a dam too small to contain it. It burst forth, causing her to scream in sublime ecstasy.

She couldn't believe how good it felt to be stimulated to orgasm three different ways. The feeling was indescribable. It filled her up, touching her deeply and continuing longer than almost any orgasm she had ever experienced.

It finally ended though, slowly tapering off as if reluctant to leave her. Bit by bit she calmed down, and the real world replaced the world of intense pleasure that she had occupied for a short time. She found herself gazing up at Alya's beautiful face, which wore a loving smile. She felt the mouths of the other girls leaving her body, having accomplished their task. Lissa lay there in exhaustion, riding out the last waves of her orgasm.

"Wow," she breathed. "That was amazing."

"You sure you've never eaten out a girl before?" Sandy asked Monique. "You seemed to know just what to do."

"I just did what I knew gave me pleasure on my own body."

"That's ninety percent of what it takes to be a lesbian," Meg told her. "Congratulations."

"Don't count me among your ranks just yet," she said. "I'm still not convinced I want to do this again."

"That's fine," Meg smiled. "We'll just have to work on you some more next year." She gave her a wink, and Monique didn't even blush at the innuendo.

Part 4

Family Reunion

Chapter 84

A Desperate Plan

With a two day drive back home, Lissa had plenty of time for quiet reflection. Things were spiraling out of control, and she worried about the end result. She had managed to put it out of her mind during the farewell party with her roommates, but now with nothing to occupy her attention, her thoughts kept returning to the problems she faced when she arrived home.

She would have been happy for some company, and had tried to convince Alya to ride back with her and spend all summer there. But although her girlfriend had agreed to come visit, she was a little hesitant to show up right away until Lissa had had a chance to gauge the situation, and besides, Alya wanted to spend some time with her own family. They were quite a bit more open-minded about the whole situation. From Alya's retelling of the conversations she had had on the phone with her parents, they sounded a lot like Meg's family. Maybe later that summer, Lissa would go home with Alya and meet them.

Lissa had also considered asking Greg and Allison to drive down to get her, but they would have had to leave before Jeff's and Brit's last day of school, and there was no way that their parents would leave them alone now. So Lissa had to sit in the car, alone with her thoughts.

She had spoken with her dad on the phone a couple more times after that call that had left her crying, but by unspoken agreement neither of them had brought up Alya again. Lissa would likely need to start over with convincing him to let Alya come visit later that summer. But she had made up her mind, and she just knew that if Greg met Alya, he would feel a lot better about the situation.

Then there was the situation between Jeff and Brit. Allison had talked to her at length about it, so she had a pretty good grasp of what had been going on. She had been overjoyed at Christmas time to find out that the two of them had finally gotten over their differences and learned to love each other, even if it wasn't the most conventional kind of love between siblings. Now that all seemed to be over. No doubt in a few months they would return to their bickering and fighting, and things would be back the way they had been last year. It pained her to think of that happening; she loved both of them and wanted desperately for them to get along, even if it meant an incestuous affair.

Especially if it meant an incestuous affair. Lissa couldn't deny she had ulterior motives. If Greg refused to allow that kind of behavior between Jeff and Brit, he most certainly wouldn't allow it between Jeff and Lissa. She wondered how willing Jeff would be to go along with her plans when their dad had made it quite clear how opposed he was to that kind of relationship between brother and sister.

She spent the night in a motel room with troubled dreams. For all her show of bravado, of liberation, of refusing to worry about things, sometimes she was still just a frightened little girl.

She felt lonely that night; for the first time in months she slept alone, with nobody to cuddle with or make love to. She thought of Alya, and longed for the girl's company. *What am I doing?* she thought. It's just the first night, and already I'm pining like a lovesick little girl. Of course, that was exactly what she was. She loved Alya, and a little yearning was expected during their first separation since falling in love. She figured she would feel much better once she got home, and that thought took the edge off of her loneliness.

She got up the next day early and headed out. It would still be almost a full day's drive, so she would arrive home in the evening. She was anxious to see her family again. Her dad, little Brit, sexy Jeff, and especially Allison. She had a momentary fantasy of getting Allison to take Alya's place temporarily; now that Lissa had become a lesbian, she could allow herself those fantasies. But no, that might spoil their friendship, and right now more than anything Lissa needed a friend.

The hours passed surprisingly quickly, probably due to the thousands of thoughts running through her head. She stopped for a burger at noon to tide her over until dinner time, but other than that she limited her stops; if she hurried she would be home in time for dinner, and she missed Allison's cooking.

The sun was well on its way toward the horizon before she found herself in familiar surroundings. She drove down the highway toward her home, finally turning onto the road that wound up the hill. Finally, she pulled into the driveway next to her father's Jaguar.

It was not a happy group that met Lissa at front door. Sure, they put on a good show, and they were all glad to see her. But with all of the things that had happened in the past few months, they were far from the cheerful, amiable family that they had been at Christmas time. Jeff and Brit hardly spoke to each other, and Greg seemed a little distant perhaps just a little worried. Lissa knew the reasons for the melancholy. Allison had filled her in on all of the details, including the problems between Jeff and Brit, and Greg's inability to cope with the idea of Lissa's newfound sexuality. In short, it looked like she wouldn't enjoy this vacation at all.

At least she had a nice home-cooked meal to comfort her for once. It was just like the food she remembered, though it lacked the jovial conversation at the dinner table that she remembered and loved. She would have even settled for Jeff and Brit yelling at each other.

That night before bed, Jeff helped Lissa carry her bags up to her room. It was strange, she thought, to be sleeping in Jeff's old room. Greg and Jeff had done a good job of trying to rearrange things the same as they had been in her own room, and she understood the need for more of a separation between where Jeff and Brit slept. After all, there was a direct path through the shared bathroom between the two rooms.

Speaking of the bathroom, she was in the mood for a nice, hot shower. Deciding to do her unpacking in the morning, she headed into the bathroom, closed and locked both doors, stripped off her clothes, and stepped into the shower. After her long drive, the massaging warmth of the water felt incredibly soothing. Like a thousand hands running all over her body, it gently caressed her skin. Maybe she could get Jeff to massage her shoulders some time, like they used to do when she was still living at home. That thought made her smile. Yes, she would take advantage of her little brother's presence. And perhaps her little sister's too.

After her shower, Lissa didn't bother to get dressed. Ever since getting together with Alya, she always slept nude, and she wasn't about to change her ways now that she was home. She opened the bathroom doors, peeking into Brit's room to see if she was all right. There was really no reason for it, but Lissa had always felt protective of her little sister. Brit lay in her bed, mostly covered by her blanket. She smiled at Lissa, who waved and then headed back to her own room. She yawned, stretched, then switched off the light and climbed into bed, feeling again a bit of loneliness without Alya there to snuggle with.

Her loneliness was short-lived, however, when she heard Brit crossing the floor to her room. The girl climbed into bed with her, and Lissa realized that she was naked too.

"You don't mind, do you?" asked Brit. "I just want to cuddle."

"I don't mind a bit," Lissa replied, then leaned in and gave her little sister a kiss on the lips. They wrapped their arms around each other, and together they dropped off to sleep.

The next morning, the children awoke to the smell of banana pancakes, bacon, eggs, toast, and orange juice. Allison had prepared a special breakfast to celebrate Lissa's return home. They ate with a show of cheerfulness, though there was still that edge of gloom that had pervaded the home for months now. Greg sighed with frustration, but it was obvious that there was nothing he could do.

Allison seemed to sense it too, but she took a more proactive approach. "Kids," she said as they were finishing up breakfast, "we need to have a talk. Especially you two, Jeff and Brit. Greg, do you mind if we borrow your office for a while?"

"That's fine," he smiled.

"And I think maybe we need a little privacy. Lissa's welcome to join us, but it would be better if you weren't there. I'll be perfectly frank; I think it's obvious that the kids see you as kind of the bad guy here."

He nodded. "I know. I don't like it, but somebody had to do it."

"And that's exactly what I'm hoping to get over," Allison continued. "But they need to be able to talk this out without you there to scare them. You would never do it by choice, of course, but right now with the role you've adopted, you can be a little intimidating."

"Okay," he said with a forced smile. "I don't mind giving you some privacy to talk things over."

After clearing away the dishes, Allison took the kids up to the office, where they all sat down on the couches. They didn't know what she had in mind, and whether to be excited or nervous about it.

"We all know what's going on here," she began. "Brit and Jeff, you've fallen in love with each other, and despite your father's best efforts, it doesn't look like you're going to get over each other any time soon. Lissa,

you couldn't have picked a worse time to announce that you're a lesbian, at least as far as Greg is concerned. I know, I can hardly blame you for your timing. Falling in love isn't something you can schedule. But it comes right down to this. Your father loves you all, and he thinks he knows what's best for you. He just feels that you've all betrayed him."

"But we weren't--" Brit began.

"I know," Allison interrupted her. "But the fact of the matter is, you've all gone completely contrary to how he raised you. Greg thinks he can pick up the pieces of this shattered family and glue them all back together to make everything just like it used to be. He's wrong."

They stared at her in surprise. She had always been so optimistic, so carefree and happy. Now it sounded like she was giving up.

"Allison," said Lissa, "just because things are different around here doesn't mean the family can't be mended."

"Oh, I'm not admitting defeat," Allison replied. "I'm just saying that we can't go back to how we were before. We can only go forward, and that means becoming something completely new."

"What?" asked Jeff.

"I'm not entirely sure, but at the bare minimum it means Greg accepting Alya as Lissa's lover, and you and Brit as lovers."

"You're serious?" asked Brit. "You think we can convince him that it's all right?"

"Absolutely. I have an idea that will solve everything," said Allison, "but it's not going to be easy."

"Tell us what we can do to help," Jeff said.

"You, nothing. Unfortunately, there's only one person now who can save this family. Britney, it's up to you."

"Me?" asked Brit, her eyes going wide.

"Yes. I wouldn't ask this of you, but I think it's the only solution. Even so, I'm only going to tell you what I think will work. I'm not going to ask you to do it, because I don't want to put any pressure on you. This is a decision that you, and you alone, have to make. Do you understand?"

"I think so. Just tell me what I have to do."

"All right. You have to..." Allison sighed, "...seduce your father."

"You can't be serious!" exclaimed Jeff.

"I'm absolutely serious."

"But Brit... and Dad... I mean... you're really going to share your own husband with another girl? Especially his daughter!"

"First of all, I have no problem with sharing him with other women. We do it all the time. Of course, I'm always on the lookout for bisexuals so that we can do a threesome."

"Oh my god, really?" asked Lissa, delight showing on her face. She was loving this.

"Really. And as for this one being his daughter, Jeff, the reason that Greg is so opposed to you two being together has nothing to do with incest, or at least, it has nothing to do with thinking that it's wrong. Those photos we took with Lissa prove that. Deep down inside, he's just as accepting of it as we are. We just need to reach that spot."

"Then why don't I seduce him?" asked Lissa. "Everyone knows I'm the slut of this family. It would be no big deal for me."

"No, dear," said Allison. "I mean, if you want to try it I wouldn't be opposed; it might help to move things along, but not as much as you might expect. That's a road he's already started down, and we can see that it hasn't changed his attitude. Even if he began fucking you on a regular basis, he would still want to protect Britney, even from her own brother. No, it has to be Brit herself. Once he's screwed her, he won't have any qualms about screwing you, but I'm afraid it won't work the other way around."

"I'll do it," said Brit quietly.

"What? No way," Jeff insisted. "Brit, you don't know what you're saying."

"Why? Because I'm willing to fuck my own daddy? I was willing to fuck you, so why should this be a problem?"

"Because you're just doing this to help out. That's too much like using sex to get what you want."

"And that's a problem why?" asked Lissa.

"Because she shouldn't be having sex with someone she doesn't love."

"But I *do* love him," Brit insisted. "He's my daddy."

"But you don't love him in that way. It's not the thing girls do with their fathers."

"Just like it's not the thing girls do with their brothers."

"That's not fair."

"Jeff, this is my decision. I know you just want to protect me, but I think it's better for everyone if I do this."

He sighed. "All right, I'm not going to tell you you're too young, because that would be hypocritical of me. To be honest, my main argument against it is that I'm jealous. I can't stand seeing you getting affectionate with Dad; it really bothers me because I know you're not allowed to act that way with me."

"I know," said Allison with a tone of pity. "But once Greg accepts an incestuous relationship with his daughter, he can't very well keep her from having the same kind of relationship with her brother. He's said himself he would approve of it if not for the fact that you two are siblings."

"All right. Brit, if you want to do this, I won't stand in your way. Just be careful."

"I will, don't worry," she said with a smile, then kissed him fully on the lips. "Thank you for looking out for me."

"Good," said Allison.

"I don't know where to start, though," said Brit.

"I do. Now this is something we can all do. We need to create the right atmosphere here."

"Time to call Rachael?" asked Jeff hopefully. "She seems to be an expert at that."

"She sure is," replied Allison. "Ever since I started sharing my boyfriends with her, she's been pretty creative about coming up with sexual positions involving a man and two women. There's nothing quite like being brought to orgasm by a guy and your sister at the same time."

"Sounds fun!" said Lissa. "Want to try it some time, Brit?" she asked.

Brit just stuck her tongue out at her sister.

"Maybe next time she comes over, we can show you," continued Allison. "I'm sure Jeff would love to help out in that way."

"You bet I would!" he exclaimed, growing excited at the thought.

"Actually, now that I think about it, having Rachael come and visit might not be a bad idea," said Allison. "I'm sure Greg would be more than happy to let her come over. After all, he already knows I set her up to take Jeff's virginity, and he's looking for ways to keep Jeff's mind off of Brit. I'm sure he would have no problem having her 'chaperone' him.

"But we can't wait for her. We need to start working on this plan now. Besides, I can be just as good as she is," said Allison. "I've had to tread carefully because I have something at stake: my marriage to your father. But I think it's time to go all out, because I don't want to see this family fall apart."

"What do you have in mind?" asked Lissa. "Something wicked, I hope."

"All in good time. Summer's just starting, which gives us all a chance to dress down a little bit. I expect to turn this into a house full of exhibitionists before long."

"I like it," grinned Lissa. "Can we start now?" Without waiting for a reply, she took off her shirt, literally throwing it across the room. Not surprisingly, she wasn't wearing a bra. Jeff stared at her breasts. Though they hadn't really changed since he last saw them six months ago, it was always a delight to see her like this.

"Your turn, Brit," Lissa said.

"Too fast," Allison chided.

"That's what everyone keeps telling me," Lissa laughed.

"Seriously, we need to take things slow. For starters, I suggest we all spend as much time out at the pool as possible, preferably with the tiniest bikinis we can find."

"I've got the perfect one," said Lissa. "I outgrew it a couple of years ago, and I would give it to Britney, except that I still wear it," she grinned.

"Jeff, you're welcome to join us if you want, but your part in this will be minimal," said Allison.

"I think there might be times when he may need to disappear," said Lissa. "We need to have Dad all to ourselves sometimes."

"That works out well," said Brit. "Dad already said he wants Jeff to spend as much time as possible over at Kari's place."

"That gives me a great idea," said Allison. "Jeff, you should invite Kari over as often as possible. And Crystal too, for that matter. We'll get them in on the action. The more half-naked beauties he has around, the faster he'll drop his barriers. We especially want to get him thinking about Crystal sexually, because we want his mind on girls Britney's age."

"So you want me to bring over my girlfriend and her sister so my own dad can ogle them?"

"Sure. Why not? He's going to be doing just as much ogling at his own daughters, which most people would consider to be quite a bit worse."

"I suppose you're right."

"Okay. So like I said, we'll start slow. I think having him walk in on Lissa or Brit topless or naked a couple of times is our first priority. I've got a few ideas along those lines, which we can discuss later. I can gauge your father's excitement each night when I sleep with him, to speed things up or slow them down as needed."

"I've got another idea," said Lissa. "I know for a fact that dad likes lesbians. So we should all try to do some ambiguous lesbian stuff. You know, like accidentally brushing up against each other, rubbing suntan lotion on each other, hugging (innocently of course), that sort of thing. That will help get him excited."

"I like the way your mind thinks," grinned Allison.

"Hey, Brit, you want to practice?" Lissa asked.

"Fuck you, you pervert," replied Brit, but in a playful tone.

"Well, I wasn't thinking of going that far, but, okay."

"Get away from me, you pervert!" Brit giggled.

"Actually, I was thinking more of Alya."

"Your girlfriend?" asked Jeff.

"Yes. I already invited her to come visit this summer; we just haven't made any definite plans yet. I told Dad that she's coming, and although he's reluctant, he agreed to let her come. I think we need her. Not only will she add one more girl to get Dad in the mood, but it will give me an excuse to do some flirting with another girl in front of him."

"And where am I this whole time?" grumbled Jeff, not wanting to be left out of the excitement.

"Don't feel so bad, Jeff," said Allison. "Sometimes you'll be off with Kari alone somewhere, and I know you won't mind that. But sometimes you'll be right here in the middle of the action. Either way, you have no cause to complain."

He grinned, feeling much better. "No I don't. You know, I'm beginning to like this plan more and more."

After the meeting broke up, Allison called Rachael and invited her to come visit. Unfortunately Rachael couldn't make it until about the middle of July, but that would still give her more than half the summer. Allison explained the plan to her little sister, who was even more enthusiastic about it than the Williams girls, which wasn't surprising in the least.

Lissa called Alya and confirmed that she would be visiting in late June, and also mentioned the (as she called it) "devious plot." Alya wasn't as thrilled about it as the others; she had enough to worry about already just trying to get Greg to like her. Still, she agreed to do her part for Lissa's sake.

That left only the Williams girls. Jeff wanted to be the one to talk to them about it, and Brit agreed not to mention it to Crystal until Jeff did.

They didn't have to wait very long, because Jeff went to visit Kari the next afternoon. As soon as he got the two girls alone together, he explained the plan to them. It was hard for him to talk about Brit seducing his father, and just as hard to talk about the Williams girls getting involved. Frankly, he didn't like the idea of his dad getting aroused by Jeff's girlfriend. Kari and Crystal, however, took to the idea instantly.

"You mean we get to flirt with your dad?" asked Crystal with a grin.

"Well... yeah," Jeff replied.

"And Allison seems to think we'll eventually be able to turn your house into some kind of nudist colony?" asked Kari, as enthusiastically as her little sister.

"Something like that."

"Sounds fun," Kari smiled. "I can't wait to run around naked with the whole Primdale family."

"But Kari," said Jeff, "what if things get out of hand?"

"Out of hand?"

"Yeah. What if it works too well, and Dad ends up wanting to... um..."

"Oh," she nodded. "I see. You think he might try to seduce us?"

"It's a possibility."

She thought about it for a moment. "Well," she said, "there are really two questions there. First, would I be willing to have sex with him under any circumstances? The answer to that one is yes. He's a pretty handsome man, despite being forty years old. He looks a lot like you after all. And he's always been really nice to me. A little formal, I'll admit, but I understand that that's just his way. Besides, his biggest endorsement is that Allison loves him. I can't imagine her ever loving someone who wasn't extraordinary in some way."

"So what you're saying is that if the situation were different, you would have sex with him?" asked Jeff.

"Sure. I'd probably even enjoy it. Especially if he's as nice to snuggle with as you are," she added with a smile. "So that just leaves the second question. If he makes a pass at me, should I go along with it? That's a little trickier, but under the circumstances, I think the answer is still yes."

"I'm not sure I agree," said Jeff, "but that just might be jealousy on my part."

"Look Jeff, the goal is to break down all his barriers, right? Turn him into 'one of us,' if you'll pardon the science-fictiony sound of that. I just think the more girls he has sex with, the more likely he is to cross that final line with his own daughter. And especially if he seduces his son's girlfriend, then he'll be open to the idea of sharing. So then when he does have sex with Brit, he'll be more inclined to let you do the same. Jeff, I was happiest when it was you, me, Crystal, and Brit together, and I know you were too. I'm willing to do

anything to go back to that. But what if the only way to make that happen is for me to have sex with your father?"

Jeff sighed. "Okay. I'm still a little jealous, but if it means getting back to Brit, I think I can get over that."

"Don't worry, Jeff. I'll always love you more than him. It sounds like Greg's not the only one who needs to learn a thing or two about sex from Allison. After all, what is she always saying about sex?"

"That it's fun?"

"Specifically, that it's just a way for people to have fun together. Sure, it can enhance the relationship between two people who love each other, but sometimes it can just be a pleasant way to spend the time."

"Okay, I guess you're right. I'm not happy about it, but I'll go along with it. But what about you, Crystal?"

"What about me?" Crystal asked.

"I think he's just as likely, no *more* likely to make a pass at you than at Kari. Kari's already spoken for, after all."

"So am I."

"Yes, but he doesn't know that. Remember Chad? You had a bad experience, and it nearly ruined you."

"Fortunately, I had a dashing and handsome hero sweep me off my feet right afterwards," she grinned.

"I'm just wondering... I mean... what if Dad seduces you and you don't like it? It would break my heart to see you hurt again."

"That's so sweet of you, Jeff, but I don't think there's anything to worry about. Any man who raised such a chivalrous and gallant son couldn't possibly be the type of man who would treat me like Chad did."

"From the way he acts with Allison, it's obvious he knows how to treat a lady," Kari added.

"Besides, even if he used me and thew me away," said Crystal, "it wouldn't hurt me like it did the first time, because I know there are always guys like you out there who are absolutely wonderful. So in the worst-case scenario, you would just have to go out with me like you did a couple of years ago. Then I would be just fine again."

Jeff laughed. "You two really know how to stroke a guy's ego," he said. "I came in here feeling gloomy at the thought of having to share you with my dad, but now I'm feeling pretty good about myself. Better be careful, or I might get a big head."

"You've already got a big head," Kari grinned. "And I'm not talking about the one on top of your shoulders."

"Was that an invitation?"

"Of course. All this talk of seducing your dad has gotten me kind of horny. Maybe I'll get you and him to double-team me," she teased.

"Better fuck her quick," Crystal told him. "When Kari gets into one of these moods, she'll just keep going on and on until you wear her out sexually."

"You know this from experience, do you?" asked Jeff.

"Absolutely."

"Then I just might need some help to tame her. Care to give me a hand?" He glanced at Kari, who had a wild look in her eyes. "Better make it two hands," he said. "And a tongue."

"Okay!" Crystal agreed enthusiastically.

Since the plan required a house full of scantily-clad girls, Allison decided to take the girls shopping for swimsuits on Tuesday. She even invited Kari and Crystal along. Although Brit already had that red bikini, she came along as well. Jeff stayed home, of course; although he wouldn't have minded watching the girls try on their new swimsuits, he thought it best not to push things by going on an outing of that kind with Brit. He didn't mind; he had his computer and that website that Allison had showed him last year to keep him company. When he had browsed it with Allison, she had talked about the various girls she had met there, pointing them out in the pictures, so it brought it a little closer to home. He hadn't visited it in months, and had some time now to browse the latests photo sets.

Allison and the girls made it up to him on Wednesday though, by coming over for a swim in the pool. On Tuesday night when Brit asked their dad if Kari and Crystal could come over the next day, he was hesitant to give his permission; naturally if Kari went out to the pool, Jeff would want to also, and Greg wasn't too keen on having him too close to Brit with her in a swimsuit. But Jeff had been so good in staying out of the house the past few days, Greg decided he could compromise now and then, especially since Allison promised to be there with them the whole time, and Jeff promised to spend Thursday at the Williams house.

Kari and Crystal arrived shortly after Greg left for work in the morning. Since the early morning chill still lingered, they spent an hour downstairs shooting pool and playing ping-pong. Later they all retired to their various rooms to change for the pool.

Jeff was eager to see the girls mostly undressed, so he hurried and changed, then grabbed a towel from the bathroom and dashed downstairs to discover that in his eagerness he was the first one finished so he had to wait for the others.

Lissa was the second to appear, wearing what must have been that bikini that she said she had outgrown. It

certainly didn't do much to cover her assets. Brit, Crystal, and Kari were next, wearing equally daring bikinis. No doubt these were the swimsuits that they had just purchased, except for Brit's, who wore that same red one that had tempted him enough to make him lose control and have sex with her. Kari's had a pretty floral pattern in tropical colors that he found quite appealing. Allison brought up the rear, wearing what was for her a pretty typical swimsuit, meaning one that was hardly there at all.

"What do you think?" Kari asked Jeff, spreading her arms and slowly spinning around to give him a great view.

"I think I'm in love," he replied.

The Williams girls grabbed his hand, then everyone hurried out the back door and down the stairs to the pool deck. They were about to jump into the pool when Allison stopped them.

"I have an idea," she said.

"I like it already," Jeff grinned.

"As well you should," she replied. "Jeff, you've been so good about following your father's orders, aside from that little accident a couple of weeks ago."

"Accident?" asked Crystal. "Spelling a word wrong is an accident. Dropping a plate is an accident. Having sex with your sister is not an accident. Otherwise, he should have just told his dad, 'Oops. Sorry. I accidentally screwed my sister.'"

Jeff stuck his tongue out at her.

"Be that as it may," continued Allison, "I think he deserves a little reward."

"I've got all kinds of rewards for him," Kari grinned.

"I'm sure you do. What I'm talking about, though, is to let him watch our dress rehearsal."

"Did I miss something?" asked Lissa. "Are we putting on a play?"

"*Making* a play would be more accurate," replied Allison. "At least Brit is. For her father."

Brit giggled at that.

"But what does that have to do with us?" asked Lissa.

"We're the supporting cast in the play. I just think we ought to have a dress rehearsal, and there's no time like the present. Girls, get into your costumes."

"You mean...?" Kari grinned.

"Let me show you exactly what I mean," smiled Allison, then unfastened her top and took it off.

"Okay," Lissa agreed, then took off her top too. To be fair, it looked like it was about to pop off of her anyway. The other girls followed suit. They didn't stop at their tops, but stripped right down to their skins, to Jeff's delight.

"But Jeff," said Allison, "this reward comes with a catch. We still want to stick to the letter of the law that your father has established. So you are not to touch Brit at all. Not even incidental contact. You break this rule and I'll insist that everyone get dressed."

"What about the rest of you?"

Kari came up behind him and threw her arms around his neck, pressing her magnificent body up against his back. "I don't think there's anything wrong with a little incidental contact," she grinned.

"That's incidental?" asked Brit.

"Compared to what I'd really like to do, yes, this is incidental," she laughed.

"I'll allow that kind of incidental contact on two conditions," said Allison. "First, I don't think Jeff will be able to control himself surrounded by naked girls, so Kari, if it looks like he's about to lose control, you have to take him inside for a little one-on-one private time."

"You'll get no argument out of me," Kari said enthusiastically.

"What's the second condition?" asked Crystal.

Allison approached Jeff, and he wondered what she meant by that. It became clear a moment later when she suddenly dropped to her knees in front of him. "This!" she exclaimed, yanking down his swimming trunks and exposing his engorged cock.

Everyone burst out laughing and cheering, including Jeff. In any other situation, he would be mortified to have someone pull his pants down. But right now he was more than happy to be exposed to everyone's eyes like that.

Now that they were all naked, it was time to get in the pool. Lissa led the way, jumping off the edge into the deep end. The others followed, either descending the steps, climbing down the ladder, or simply diving in. They took a few minutes to get used to the chill of the water, a refreshing coolness in the hot sun.

"So Lissa," said Brit with a grin, "when we were plotting against Dad the other day, you mentioned about incidental lesbian contact. What did you mean by that?"

Lissa suddenly grabbed Kari, who happened to be within reach, and wrapped her arms around her, pulling her under the water. The girls came up spluttering and laughing.

"That," Lissa replied.

"I like it," said Crystal, pouncing on Brit's back and shoving the shrieking girl under.

"What about incidental heterosexual contact?" asked Jeff, lunging for Allison. Unfortunately, she was ready for him, and when he reached her she put a foot behind his and leaned forward, pushing him off balance so that he toppled over backward. He came up a moment later, soggy and drenched, to see a triumphant look on Allison's face.

"It takes more than that to conquer me," she said in a challenging tone, a moment before Lissa leaped onto her back and dragged her under.

Jeff and the girls continued their horseplay, chasing each other all over the pool. He made sure to stay away from Brit though; as much as he would have loved to tackle her, he knew that that would end the fun. Strangely enough, Allison didn't seem to mind when Lissa grabbed him and dunked him, despite the fact that for a moment there she had her whole front pressed up against him, from her shoulders to her bouncy breasts with their hard nipples, right down to her hairless thigh.

It didn't take long for exhaustion to overcome everyone, so they all gave up on their roughhousing and relaxed in the water. Crystal swam over to Brit and hugged her. "Hey Lissa," she said. "Is this what you meant by incidental lesbian contact?" Then she leaned in and pressed her lips against Brit's. The two girls kissed and caressed each other as Jeff watched with growing excitement. With their torsos out of the water, their boobs pressed together, their stringy wet hair, and rivulets of water running down their hot young bodies, it was certainly an incredible sight.

"That's a little more than incidental," said Lissa. "But don't rule it out."

Then Allison came up behind her and started massaging her shoulders. It would have been completely innocent except for the fact that they were naked and Allison pressed her chest up against her back. "Is this incidental?" she asked.

"A little better," Lissa replied with a grin. "You don't quite have it, but don't let that stop you."

"Since we're pairing up, I guess that means I get to take care of Jeff," Kari grinned.

"If you insist," he replied.

"Go over there and sit on the edge of the pool," she told him.

"Why?"

"So I can suck your dick without drowning, stupid."

He laughed, then waded over to the side, where he climbed out and turned around, sitting down on the concrete and dangling his feet in the water. The others stopped what they were doing and watched as Kari

followed him over, then positioned herself between his legs and took him into her mouth. He groaned as she started to suck, ignoring the others as they crowded around to watch.

"God, that makes me horny," Crystal grinned. "Brit, finger my cunt, will you?"

"Only if you finger mine too."

"Okay!" The two youngest girls stood side-by-side, their arms around each other and their other hands reaching between each other's legs.

"You know what I'd like to see?" asked Lissa. "That is, if Kari doesn't mind giving up Jeff for a minute."

Kari drew her head back and let his cock slip from her mouth. "What?" she asked.

"I want to see Allison do that," Lissa replied. "Ever since I found out she's been fucking him, I've been dying to see it."

Allison grinned. "You don't mind, do you, Kari?"

"Be my guest," Kari grinned. "Of course, you're going to have to let me fondle your boobs while you do it." She stepped aside and let Allison take her place. Jeff stared down at his stepmother's beautiful face, thrilled at what was about to happen to him. Allison gave him a wink, then lowered her head onto his cock, taking almost the entire thing inside. She closed her lips around it and began to suck, causing Jeff to groan again. She certainly knew how to suck dick!

Kari moved around behind her and pressed her body against Allison's back. She reached around and gripped Allison's breasts, groping them firmly yet gently.

"That looks fun," Lissa said, positioning herself behind Kari and doing the same thing to her. That set off a chain reaction as Brit moved in behind her big sister and Crystal moved behind Brit. Jeff watched in delight as the girls all played with each other's chests.

Of course, the sight of the erotic train coupled with Allison's ministrations meant he stood no chance. A minute later he froze up and groaned in supreme ecstasy as he hit his climax, sending his cum shooting into his stepmother's hungry mouth. She moaned in delight as she swallowed it eagerly.

"Wow!" Lissa gasped after it was all over. "That was sexy! Jeff is the luckiest boy alive."

"I won't argue with you there," he told her, then collapsed back onto the hard concrete, which, in his exhaustion, made a perfectly adequate bed.

Yes, he decided, he was going to enjoy this plan after all.

Chapter 85

Bathing

When Greg came home from work the next evening, he found Brit and Crystal sitting in the front room watching television. Crystal waved, but Brit hopped up off the couch and skipped over to him to throw her arms around him. He wrapped his arms around her tiny, slender frame and gave her a squeeze.

He wondered why she was being so affectionate with him, not that he minded of course. Probably she just needed to hug someone now and then, and with Jeff no longer available she naturally went to her father. He really enjoyed those hugs; a lot of teenage girls wanted nothing to do with their parents, so he considered himself fortunate.

For about the hundredth time since imposing the new rules, he wondered if he were being too harsh on them. He hated to hurt them, but considering that they had already proven their inability to control themselves around each other, he had to do something. He just wasn't sure if what he had done was the right thing.

Sometimes he felt isolated, even in his own family. Everyone else had gone their own way, discarding seemingly everything he had taught them. He had tried to instill in them a certain sense of morality, an old-fashioned concept of right and wrong. Yet every one of his children had committed what he considered grievous sins.

He knew the cause of it, of course. They had seen Allison's open-mindedness, and how her liberal attitude had made her happy. Compared to that easygoing, upbeat, and fun-loving attitude, how could they possibly be expected to follow Greg's strict, conservative, and frankly boring ways?

He just couldn't bring himself to blame Allison though. He knew what he was getting into when he agreed to marry her. She had changed him too, opening his eyes to new possibilities and in fact, a whole new world that he had only dreamed of before. He had watched her seduce her sister. He had made love to both of them at the same time. He had even shared his wife with his son. And yet, the guilt that he expected from all of those horrible things he had done just wasn't there. Instead, there was a certain passion in his second marriage that had been largely missing from his first, because Allison and Greg were willing to try so many new things.

So whether he liked it or not, things were different around here, and likely to stay that way. He had lost control, and he had to accept that he could never get it back. Perhaps he had never had it. His children were independent, thinking individuals after all, capable of making their own decisions. And despite his efforts, sometimes they made the wrong ones.

At least he could protect them from some of the consequences of those decisions. Insisting that Jeff and Brit stay away from each other was a little harsh, but it had to be done. In time, they would thank him for it. He

just knew that it would be difficult for a while.

At least he had Brit's promise not to run away again. He had a backup plan if it ever looked like she was thinking about breaking that promise. He could always have a talk with Allen Williams to see if he would agree to let her stay with Crystal for a month or two. It would be awkward; Greg would have to reveal more to Allen than he would like, but if Brit just needed time away from the family for a while, it would make a good compromise.

For now though, she seemed happier than the first time he had intervened in her relationship with Jeff. That was good; it meant she was taking it better. All she needed was some time to fall out of love with her brother, and then things would be all right again. Greg could probably handle the other changes in the family, such as Lissa's relationship with Alya, as long as Brit and Jeff didn't get back together.

With Lissa being home for the summer, the mood seemed to lighten a little. She had certainly changed over the past nine months. Still only on the verge of turning nineteen, she seemed much older. Perhaps her college education had instilled in her a little wisdom. Or perhaps it was just her same mature attitude that she had had for years now. Either way, he was glad she was home.

She seemed happy and cheerful, and he had to consider the possibility, no matter how much it pained him, that being in love had done that to her. And that meant that when she broke up with Alya, as he hoped she would, it would hurt her. He didn't want to see her hurt, but it might be the best thing in the long run.

In the mean time, he liked seeing her happy. She talked and laughed with the family, playing games and teasing her younger siblings. Not that she could outdo her little sister of course; Brit had had much more practice, and she always came out on top.

Lissa and Allison seemed to get along really well too, not that that was any change from before. They had always been best friends. They chatted and talked about nothing in particular, just catching up on old times.

Just before bedtime, Allen Williams came to pick up Crystal and drop off Jeff. Kari of course had come along, and she gave Jeff one final goodbye kiss before the Williams family headed out the door to drive home. Jeff and Brit headed upstairs, but Lissa stayed down to talk some more with her stepmother. Greg didn't mind; anything to keep the mood lighthearted and cheerful in the house.

As he had started doing lately, he gave the kids a few minutes to get ready for bed, then went upstairs to tuck them in. There was a part of him that felt guilty about what had happened with his children, a part that wondered whether he could have prevented it by being more active in their lives. So now he often visited them at bedtime for a little heart-to-heart talk. He also wanted to reassure his children that he wasn't their enemy; lately he had felt like a villain for intruding on their private lives, noble though his intentions were.

Jeff was probably easier to talk to, because he could relate to him more. Greg had been that age once, and knew what it was like to have his hormones raging within him all the time. Greg cautioned him about keeping them under control, hopefully without sounding like a lecture. Jeff was a good kid who had made a couple of mistakes.

Then Greg went across the hall to Brit's room. He had to admit, he enjoyed visiting with her even more, despite the fact that he had never been a teenage girl himself and therefore had no idea what was going through his daughter's mind. But he loved how affectionate Brit had become lately. On more than one occasion in the past week, Greg lay down beside her in her bed and let her cuddle up to him for a few minutes. One time she had even fallen asleep before he left. He gently laid her on her back, tucked her in, and gave her a kiss on the forehead. She looked so beautiful asleep; with her eyes closed like that her youth really shone through; and he remembered her as a child.

Tonight he just sat by the bed and talked with her, although for some reason she insisted on holding his hand. He didn't mind that in the least. She had such tiny hands, so small in his own. He remembered what she had said about needing to hold onto someone strong and loving, so that she could feel safe and protected. Greg could be that man. He could be her guardian and protector. He was her father, after all.

He couldn't stay there all night, however. After a few minutes, he got up, gave her a kiss, and then headed out the door, turning off the light as he passed it. He descended the stairs, where he found the living room empty. No doubt Allison and Lissa had gone to bed, though he hadn't heard Lissa come upstairs.

Still thinking about Brit, he headed down the hall to the bedroom. It was empty. He noticed, however, a light peeking out from beneath the bathroom door. A bath sounded nice right about now; maybe Allison would let him join her. He knocked on the door.

"Come in," said Allison from the other side.

Greg opened it, then suddenly froze. Allison was fully dressed and sitting on the edge of the tub, but Lissa was in the bath.

"I'm sorry," he hurriedly said as he averted his eyes and turned around.

"It's okay, Dad," said Lissa. "I don't mind. Come on in. Just close the door behind you."

"But you're... you're..."

"Naked? Taking a bath? Arousing you?"

"Lissa! Don't even joke about that."

"Dad, you've seen me nude before, so it's no big deal. So are you coming in or staying out?"

"Um..."

Allison got up and walked over to him. She reached around and closed the door behind him. "There," she said. "Now what did you want to talk about?"

"I... um... I completely forgot."

Allison laughed. "Oh Greg, don't be so bashful. Lissa's just taking a bath, and she doesn't mind if you watch, do you, dear?"

"Not at all," Lissa replied. "You sometimes bathed me when I was a kid. The only difference is that I'm a little older now."

"That's a pretty big difference," he insisted. "Look, I shouldn't be standing here arguing about it. I'll come back when you're finished." He reached for the doorknob.

Allison immediately grabbed his hand. "Really, Greg," she said, "you've got to get over these inhibitions of yours. She's just taking a bath, that's all. Look, remember when Jeff was having his headaches, and you were prepared to stay in the bathroom when he took his showers? What if it had been Lissa? Would you still have been willing?"

"But I would have had you do it instead."

"Well, suppose you were the only one available. Would you do it then?"

"I suppose so. But that's different."

"Why? Because there's more of a need in one case, whereas it's completely optional in the other? You agree that it's all right for a father to watch his daughter taking a bath or shower in some cases, so why is it so wrong now?"

He sighed. Allison was right. So what if he happened to be in the room with her when she bathed? It wasn't as if he was going to do anything to her.

A little hesitantly, he turned around. When his eyes fell on his daughter, he saw that she was grinning. "Now that wasn't so bad, was it Daddy?" she asked.

"No," he replied. "I guess not."

"Good. Allison, would you do me a favor?"

"What, dear?"

"Would you wash my back?"

"Of course."

Greg watched in awe as his wife took the wash cloth and began to rub it all over his daughter's back. Lissa closed her eyes but she kept the smile on her face, as if enjoying herself. Greg didn't know what to think now. What was going on here? First she let him watch her taking a bath, and now she was letting Allison put her hands on her.

In one sense, there was nothing wrong with it. Allison was just doing her a favor. It wasn't really naughty or anything, at least, not *per se*.

He suddenly realized why it bothered him. Both Allison and Lissa were openly bisexual. Two women washing each other in the bath wasn't necessarily sexual, but two women who liked other women was something else entirely.

But maybe he was reading too much into it. Maybe *he* was the only one with dirty thoughts in this room. Allison was just washing his daughter's back, after all, nothing more. If Lissa were three years old, he would just think this was a tender moment between mother and daughter.

Finally, Lissa yawned and lay back in the tub, letting the water cover most of her body. Greg noticed, however, that her breasts remained above the surface, still exposed to his view.

Allison glanced over at him, catching him staring. He turned away in embarrassment. She gave him a sympathetic smile, then took his hand. She took the washcloth and ran it over Lissa's shoulders and upper chest. Greg wondered just how far she was going to go. She would only have to lower her hands a little along Lissa's body, and then she would be touching her in a far too intimate manner.

But she stopped just at the top of Lissa's breasts, finally handing the cloth to her stepdaughter so that she could wash herself the rest of the way. Greg almost let out a sigh of relief. He probably wouldn't have been able to handle the sight of Allison touching Lissa like that. It wouldn't be the first time he had seen it, but that incident last year had been just a single time, and all just in fun. The thought that it might be more permanent than that both bothered and excited him. He still didn't understand just what their feelings were toward each other; could there really be some sexual chemistry between the two women? It wouldn't be the strangest thing that had happened in this house.

No, he couldn't bring himself to believe that. Despite their lesbian tendencies, they had never before shown the slightest interest in each other sexually. Sure they were affectionate. Sure they were best friends. But he was no doubt projecting too much of his own thoughts and worries into it.

Finally, Lissa sat back up. "I think it's time to get out," she said. Greg felt an unhealthy disappointment at that. He really shouldn't *want* to see his daughter nude, but he couldn't deny that he really enjoyed the look of her body. And why not? She was a beautiful woman after all. It was natural for him to feel something when seeing her naked body exposed to his eyes, no matter how he was related to her. There really wasn't anything wrong with that, as long as he didn't act on it.

She rose to her feet, and Allison reached for a towel. Instead of handing it to her, though, she placed it over Lissa's shoulders and began to rub her dry. Again, if Lissa had been a child, Greg wouldn't have thought anything of the gesture. But with her almost nineteen, there was something vaguely sexual about it. Probably just his own imagination again, he decided.

There was a little more to it this time though. Allison rubbed the towel all over her body, and he noticed that she didn't have any compunction about touching her more intimate spots this time. Granted, her hands were

always separated from Lissa's skin by the cloth of the towel, but she didn't seem to mind running it over the girl's breasts or even between her legs.

He almost spoke up, but decided to hold his tongue. Maybe he would ask Allison about it later. Maybe. It could still be completely innocent; perhaps sex was the furthest thing from Allison's or Lissa's mind, and the very idea hadn't even occurred to them. He found it hard to believe that that was the case, but if so, bringing it up would only embarrass them, and if they were just being affectionate, he didn't want to ruin it for them.

He noticed that Lissa had followed Allison's example and shaved off her pubic hair. He wondered what that meant, or if it meant anything at all. Maybe she had just done it to see what it felt like. Whatever her reason, it didn't bother him; he was merely curious. And when he was honest with himself, delighted. It put her pussy right out there in the open, with nothing to conceal it from his eyes. He had to admit that she did have a beautiful one.

After Allison finished drying her, Lissa threw her bathrobe around her, finally covering herself. She gave Allison a kiss on the cheek, then did the same to Greg. For some reason, he blushed at that. Lissa apparently noticed it, because she gave him a knowing grin, but she didn't make a big deal out of it. Instead, she simply thanked Allison and then headed out the door.

Greg continued to stand there, staring at the floor and thinking about what he had just witnessed. In the end, he just decided that there was nothing wrong with it. If the girls wanted to wash each other's backs in the tub, that was fine.

By morning, he had forgotten all about it. When he entered the bathroom to take his shower, the sight of the tub brought back the memory of seeing Lissa sitting in it, but without the worries and uncertainty of last night. A good night's sleep had helped to clear his head and now he could think through it with an emotional detachment. There was really nothing for him to get upset at, he decided. In fact, he looked back on it with happy thoughts. It was just a tender moment between mother and daughter, nothing more.

He still had plenty of other things to worry about though. Jeff and Brit seemed to be getting along just fine, though admittedly either Jeff or Brit was gone from the house most of the time so there weren't too many opportunities for them to fight. And there were no wistful looks, sad eyes, or longing sighs either. Perhaps having them separated like that had already cured them of their unwholesome love for each other. He would just have to be on the lookout for another relapse.

He also dreaded the eventual arrival of Alya. With everything going on in the house, it seemed more and more like a bad idea to have her visit. But he had given his word, and Lissa had told him that Alya knew all about everything that had been going on, and it didn't bother her. Greg had to admit, it would take a remarkable person to accept it just like that, and it intrigued him to think that Alya was such a girl.

Things at work were going well. Summer was a busy time in most of the company, since that was the most common time for people to move into a new house, and since the company was based around real estate, that

tended to make things a little more lively around the office. In the upper echelons of the corporation where he worked, he was mostly insulated from it; the decisions he made were usually on a time scale of years or even decades rather than weeks or months. When he had found out about Jeff and Brit, he had considered taking some time off to deal with it; he had some vacation time saved up after all. But he didn't know what he could do at home that would help things, so in the end he didn't take off the work. He might do it some time later that summer though.

When he arrived home that afternoon, this time Jeff and Kari were there, and Brit was missing. Allison mentioned that she had called from Crystal's house and asked if she could sleep over. In Greg's absence, Allison had given a tentative yes, and Greg saw no reason to overrule her. After all, every night Brit spent at Crystal's was a night not spent under the same roof as Jeff.

When bedtime approached, Jeff drove Kari back to her house, then returned home to get ready for bed. Greg met him upstairs for his usual nightly talk, then returned downstairs, where he found Allison in the bedroom, sitting at the desk on her computer. He shut the door, then came over and stood behind her, placing his hands on her shoulders and rubbing her. She had her email program open on the screen in front of her.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"Oh, just another email from Kristen and Roberta. The owner of the mansion ran into some problems and had to sell it, so Kristen and the girls had to relocate, but they're settling in nicely to their new place. Other than that, the site's going really well."

"Any invitations to come back?" he asked jokingly.

"Why, are you getting horny again?" she laughed. "You know, Rachael's coming to visit pretty soon. We can have our own little sex party right here."

"I think I'll take you up on that offer," he grinned, then leaned over and kissed her cheek.

He heard a knock at the door. "Come in," he said.

Lissa stepped into the room, still wearing her normal clothes. But she carried her pajamas in her hand. "Hi Daddy," she said. "Do you mind if I borrow Allison for a bit? I want to take a bath with her."

He stared at her for a second. "You mean... like last night? With you in the tub and her sitting on the edge?"

"No, this time I want her to get in the tub with me," Lissa replied, completely seriously.

His jaw dropped open.

Allison saw his expression and burst out laughing. "Lissa, maybe you shouldn't have been so blunt. Greg dear, it's not what you're thinking, really."

Lissa grinned. "Shame on you, Dad," she giggled. "Get those naughty thoughts out of your mind."

"So tell me, what *am* I supposed to think?" he asked.

"Greg, I want you to listen carefully," said Allison. "Your daughter and I are not ashamed of our bodies. We don't have any compunction about being naked together. We don't even mind touching each other. In fact, we both enjoy it very much. It's a sign of trust and affection, but that's all. But we have not, and have never been, lovers."

"I... don't understand."

"Look, to Lissa and me, hugging naked is just like hugging with our clothes on, except that there's a certain closeness that we feel when we do it nude because of that trust that I mentioned. It's not about sex, but it is about love."

"So then, you two *are*... I mean..."

"No. Get that thought out of your mind right now. Look, if you really want to understand, why don't you come in and watch us?"

"Watch you?"

"Yes. You've seen us both taking baths separately. This is the same thing except that we'll be together, that's all."

He thought about that for a moment. She did have a point; if he were to understand this, he would have to at least see it first hand. He nodded, and she took his hand and led him into the bathroom, followed by Lissa.

He watched in delight as the two beautiful women stripped off their clothes. Now that he had admitted that he thought Lissa had a beautiful body, he didn't have to feel self-conscious about looking at it. And of course, not even the most pious preacher would claim that there was anything wrong with him looking at Allison's body.

After filling the bath with hot water, two women climbed into the tub and sat down. Greg sat down on the toilet lid and watched the girls settle in. Lissa sat facing away from her stepmother, and Allison took that as a sign that Lissa wanted her back washed. Allison picked up the wash cloth and ran it over her daughter's shoulders, causing the girl to sigh.

As he watched his wife continue to wash his daughter's back, he began to understand what they meant by it not being sexual. Tender, yes. Intimate, yes. But no more so than a daughter sitting on her father's lap for instance, something that Brit had been doing increasingly frequently since she could no longer do it with Jeff. If the bathing scene in front of him were by necessity sexual, then so was Brit's affection toward him, which obviously wasn't the case.

"You have beautiful skin," Allison commented. "You've been taking care of yourself, I can tell."

"Thanks. And your hands feel really nice on my back," Lissa replied. "Alya may be a great lover, but I've been missing these massages from you. You really know how to use your hands."

"I'm glad you like it. Of course, you're going to have to return the favor some time."

"Of course. Hey Dad, does Allison ever do this for you?"

"Sometimes," he replied.

"Good. Then you know how it feels. And you know why I like it so much."

"That's different," Allison smiled. "Because with Greg it's usually a part of our foreplay before sex. And that's where I draw the line with you."

Lissa laughed. "Okay, I suppose I left that wide open. But the point is, it feels nice in and of itself. So just because I like Allison touching me like this doesn't mean I want to jump into bed with her."

"I guess I can see that," said Greg. "It just surprised me, that's all. And I'm certainly not used to seeing you without your clothes on. Add the fact that you're both at least partly lesbians, and you can see why I jumped to the wrong conclusion."

"That's okay. As long as you understand now."

"I don't think I'll truly understand," he said. "Women tend to be more affectionate with each other than men are, so I'm just going to have to file this under 'things I don't understand about women but accept anyway.'"

"Must be a pretty big file," Allison grinned.

"About a hundred times bigger than my 'things I *do* understand about women' file."

After a few more minutes of Allison washing Lissa's back, they turned themselves around. Lissa took the cloth from Allison's hand and set to work on the woman's back. Greg loved the smile of contentment and serenity on his wife's face as Lissa washed her. She had the most beautiful smile, one of the many reasons he had fallen in love with her.

Not for the first time, and not for the last, he wondered how a guy like him had been so lucky to end up with a girl like her. She was beautiful, charming, and so very fun to be with. Sure, she had her flaws. She had made some mistakes that had bothered him at first, but he realized that now it was all a part of what made her who she was, so he couldn't fault her for that. So what if she sometimes had sex with his son? That was just a manifestation of her open-mindedness about it, her tendency to push the boundaries and sometimes step right over them. Those were the parts of her personality that he loved the most. And now, seeing her in the tub with her stepdaughter, he could understand that this was just another manifestation. As a partial lesbian, she didn't feel any revulsion toward touching another woman's body. So she could be free to express her affection toward Lissa by bathing with her or washing her back.

"You know, I think sometime we ought to let Dad join us," Lissa grinned.

"Why not right now?" asked Allison. "You wouldn't mind, Greg dear?"

He stared at them in shock. "What..." he stammered.

Lissa and Allison both giggled. "Lissa, I think we caught your father off his guard," said Allison. "But seriously, Greg, why don't you get in with us? It's a big tub; there's plenty of room."

"You mean, just strip off all my clothes, right here?"

"Unless you want to get in the bath fully clothed, but that's not as fun. Look, it's not something either of us haven't seen before."

"Yes, but last time we got into a lot of trouble."

"Tell you what. I'll sit in the middle. That way you won't be anywhere near Lissa."

Greg considered. Actually, the water did look nice and inviting, and his pants at least were feeling a little tight. He always loved to bathe with Allison; it was nice and relaxing to hold her there in the hot water. And she was right about it not being anything Lissa hadn't seen before. If he believed that there was nothing wrong with a stepmother and stepdaughter in the tub together, shouldn't he also believe that there was nothing wrong with a father and daughter being in the tub together?

"Make up your mind," said Lissa. "The hot water won't last forever."

"All right," he conceded, then began unbuttoning his shirt. "As long as you don't mind that--"

"--you have an erection," Allison finished for him. "I know. That's a pretty obvious bulge in your pants."

He glanced down and saw that she was right. He chuckled nervously, and Lissa and Allison both giggled at his embarrassment. A moment later he had his shirt off and unfastened his belt, then dropped both his pants and shorts at the same time.

I can't believe I'm exposing myself to my daughter, he thought. *Again.*

He hurriedly climbed into the tub, sitting down in the water in front of Allison, which unfortunately, left the tip of his cock still exposed. Fortunately, with Allison between them, Lissa couldn't see it, and he didn't mind showing it to his wife.

"Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" asked Allison.

"No, I guess not," he sighed.

She moved her feet on either side of his waist, then slid up close to him, pressing her body against his in a

warm hug. "I love you," she whispered in his ear.

"I love you too," he replied.

"And I love both of you," Lissa grinned, scooting up next to them and pressing her own body against Allison's back. She reached around with her arms as far as she could to hug them both.

"This feels nice," Allison said. "I could get used to this."

"Well don't," Greg told her. "I don't know if I'll ever do this again."

"What, you're never going to hug Allison again?" teased Lissa. "What a shame."

"You know what I meant, young lady," he said, though with a chuckle in his voice.

"I know, Daddy. I'm just glad that you're doing it this time. And just maybe Allison and I can convince you to do it again. You know, there's always the hot tub downstairs. Some time when Jeff and Brit are gone, we could get in it without our clothes. Allison and I used to get in the hot tub naked all the time when no one was around. I'm sure we wouldn't mind having you join us."

"It's an intriguing idea, but I doubt we'll get the chance this summer. The most likely place for Jeff and Brit to be when they're not here is at the Williams house, and I'm not having them there together. And of course, we'll have... visitors... soon enough." He had managed to avoid thinking of Alya so far, but he still couldn't bring himself to say her name.

"Oh, you mean my girlfriend," Lissa smiled.

Greg sighed. "Yes, your... um..."

"You can say it, Dad."

"Lissa..."

"Or would you prefer 'lover'? Or 'partner'? How about 'lesbian sex slave'?" She giggled as she said it.

"Lissa, please don't tease your father," said Allison. "He's having a hard enough time with it as it is."

"Sorry, Daddy," she smiled.

"Well, if we're not going to do this again, let's get the most out of it this time," Allison suggested.

"What do you mean?" he asked. Usually suggestions like that led to naughty fun. Did she really plan to have sex with him, right in front of his daughter?

"Turn around and let me wash your back," she said.

"Oh." That seemed harmless enough. He drew back from her, and then managed to turn his back without splashing too much water out of the tub. Allison grabbed the wash cloth and ran it over his shoulders. The effect was instantaneous. He closed his eyes and sighed as the water ran down his back and chest.

"See, Dad?" asked Lissa. "Do you understand now why I like to take baths with Allison?"

He nodded. It really did feel nice, and not even in a sexual way. Sure, it was especially fun that he was being washed by a beautiful woman, particularly one that he loved very much, but mostly it was just the relaxing warmth of the water and the softness of her hands.

He felt one of her hands lower along his back, then it reached around and grasped his cock. He gasped as she gently stroked it up and down.

"Allison!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing?"

"Just having a little fun," she replied.

"But in front of Lissa?"

"I don't mind," said his daughter. "You're a handsome man, and Allison is a beautiful woman. Why should it bother me to see you having fun like that?"

"Because you're my daughter. Isn't it disturbing to think of your father... well... having sex?"

"My very existence is proof that you have sex, Dad. It might bother me if I caught you cheating on Allison, but this is your own wife. There's nothing wrong with it."

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to draw the line. I think it's time we got out. The water's getting cold anyway."

The girls grudgingly agreed, so Allison released him, and the three of them stood up and climbed out of the tub. Allison wasn't about to let him off that easily though. Even before reaching for a towel, she wrapped her arms around him and hugged him, pressing her lips against his own and even slipping her tongue inside.

Lissa giggled. "Looks like Allison's getting into a frisky mood," she said. "If it bothers you that much, Dad, I suppose I can leave you two alone."

"I would appreciate that," he sighed, kissing his wife back.

"Maybe I can get Jeff to do the same for me as Allison is doing for you," she grinned.

"Oh, very funny."

Lissa hurriedly dried herself off, then dressed in her pajamas. Greg and Allison didn't bother to get dressed; by now there was no point. It made him feel a little uncomfortable when Lissa gave him a hug and a

goodnight kiss on the cheek, but then she slipped out the bedroom door, leaving him alone with his very horny wife.

"Okay, now you can do whatever you want," he told her with a grin.

"I'll take you up on that offer," she replied, taking his hand and leading him to the bed.

Chapter 86

Father-Daughter Bonding

Greg worked half a day on Saturday, finishing up some last-minute work that he couldn't avoid. During the gloomy period after his discovery of his children's incestuous affair, he had tried to stay out of the house as much as possible, which often meant working extra hours. It eventually became expected, and now he was having a hard time getting back to his original 5-day schedule. Fortunately, he was caught up now and it would likely be the last Saturday that he went into the office.

Jeff had gone out with Kari, and Allison had mentioned that she was going to take the girls into town to do some shopping, which meant he would be home alone. That was fine; he felt like putting on his swimming suit and going out back to relax by the pool, maybe take a short dip, and enjoy the peacefulness of an empty house.

After parking the Jaguar, he headed inside and down the hall to the master bedroom. He quickly stripped out of his clothes and put on his trunks, then grabbed a towel. Yes, a nice cool dip in the pool was just what he needed to relax after everything that had happened lately. No doubt Allison, Lissa, and Brit would want to join him when they got home, but for a couple of hours at least, he would have it all to himself.

He left the bedroom and headed out the back door to the deck overlooking the pool. As he glanced down below, he froze. Brit lay in a lawn chair, eyes closed. But the thing that caught him off his guard was that she wore only half her swimsuit. Her breasts were completely exposed to his view. It was the first time he had seen them, at least since she had been a child and it didn't matter. In fact, he probably hadn't seen her chest for at least ten years. Now he found himself getting excited by seeing her this way. She had perky little tits, about what he would expect on a fourteen-year-old. Her body was every bit as beautiful as her face.

He cleared his throat to let her know he was there. She opened her eyes and looked up at him, putting her hand up to shade her eyes from the sun. "Oh, hi Daddy," she said, as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Um..." he said. "Didn't you go into town with everyone else?"

"No, I'm not in the mood for shopping today. I'd rather work on my tan."

"Yes, I noticed. Are you... are you sure you don't want to put your top on?"

She laughed. "Does it bother you?" she asked.

"Well, no, I suppose not."

"Then I'll leave it off. I don't want a tan line."

What was happening to this family? Were they all becoming exhibitionists? But then, he had seen Allison and Lissa naked before; that left only Brit. And now here she was, exposing her gorgeous little body to his eyes!

Catching him staring, she laughed. "It *does* bother you," she said.

"Well, I... yes, it does. You're not supposed to be topless in front of your father like that."

"It wasn't my fault. I didn't know you were going to be home so early. But since you've already seen me like this, there's no point in covering up now, is there?"

"I suppose not. Well, I'd better go inside."

"You've already got your swimming trunks on, Daddy. Were you planning on going swimming?"

"Well, yes, but I had meant to be alone."

"You don't want me out here with you?"

"You were here first. I don't want to kick you out."

"So you don't want to be with me?"

"Like I said, I want to be alone right now. Not that I mind your company. I just... oh, never mind. I'm going inside."

She gave a pouty little frown of disappointment. She had a way of making any expression adorable. Even her frown could charm him.

"Well, if you're going inside, would you do me a favor?" she asked.

"Sure, honey."

"Bring me out a glass of ice water?"

"Okay. I'll be right back," he smiled.

Greg headed inside and made his way to the kitchen, trying not to think of what he had seen. Brit had certainly begun to develop nicely in the last couple of years. He had always thought she was beautiful, but it had always been a childlike beauty. Today he had become aware of just how grown-up parts of her were.

He couldn't deny that seeing her like that had aroused him. Perhaps it was a natural reaction. He was a man, and she was a gorgeous, nearly naked girl. He was already aware that she had a great figure for a girl her age, but now he had seen it in all its glory, and despite the fact that she was his daughter, it was quite appealing.

He wouldn't let it bother him, he decided. So what if he was secretly excited about seeing her like that? If he were to believe what Allison always claimed, it wouldn't even matter if he fantasized about her. As long as he didn't touch her, there really wasn't any harm done.

Of course, it made him wonder if this was only the first of many opportunities to see her bare chest, and that thought pleased him. For an instant he wondered if she would mind letting him take a few pictures. After all, her older sister had modeled nude for him. But he also knew that that kind of picture would be considered illegal even just to possess. Besides, he had already insisted that no nude photos of any member of the family should be stored on any of the computers in the house, so it would be hypocritical to take more of that kind of picture.

All of these thoughts swam through his head as he followed the hall to the dining room and afterward, the kitchen. He grabbed a glass out of the cupboard, then filled it halfway with crushed ice from the ice dispenser on the fridge, and then filled the rest with water. He then headed out back again.

He tried not to stare as he descended the steps to the pool deck and his topless daughter. But he couldn't help taking a few peeks, especially when he got up close and handed the water to her. Unfortunately, just as she took the glass, a drop of cold water that had condensed on the outside of the glass dripped right into the valley between her breasts. A shiver ran through her body, causing them to jiggle in the most delightful manner. Greg had a hard time keeping from gasping at the sight.

Brit laughed, hopefully more from her reaction than from his. He wasn't sure what kind of expression he had on his face, but hopefully his lust didn't show. He couldn't believe just how sexy his little girl looked to him right then.

He hurried and headed up the stairs to the house, anxious to get his mind off of her. At the upper deck he paused for a moment to look down one last time at the teenage nymph below him. With her body all laid out to his view like that, he almost began to drool. She glanced up and spotted him looking at her, but she merely smiled and waved. Greg smiled back, then disappeared inside the house.

That was just too much. A man shouldn't be having those kinds of thoughts about his daughter. On an intellectual level at least, he had no problem with families exposing themselves to each other like that. In many places in Europe, nobody would think anything of a family outing to a nude beach. Ironically, the strictness of his upbringing was what caused his indecent thoughts; if he had been raised in a more permissive family, he might not have given his daughter's nudity a second thought.

Greg hurried down the hall and plopped down on the couch in the front room, grabbing the remote to the television. He needed to do something to get his mind off of that mental image that kept intruding on his thoughts. He turned on the TV and flipped through the channels looking for an interesting channel. Unfortunately, the most interesting thing was his own memory.

A few minutes later he heard the back door open, then Brit appeared in the hall. He stared at her in surprise; she was still topless.

"Brit, what are you doing?" he asked.

"Getting a refill," she smiled, holding up the glass of ice.

"But... shouldn't you put some clothes on?"

She walked over to him. He tried to keep his eyes from straying to her chest as she walked. It was very difficult.

"What's wrong, Daddy?" she asked. "I thought you said it didn't bother you."

"But that was when you were just sunbathing."

"And I'm going to go right back out, as soon as I get some more water. I figured it was pointless to put my top back on for all of thirty seconds, since you're the only one who would see me, and you already said you don't mind."

"I don't mind when you're outside like that while I'm inside. But if we're together... well..."

"So it *does* bother you."

"Maybe just a little."

"So do you want me to put my top back on?"

"No, it's okay. Just be careful of who sees you like this."

"You mean Jeff, don't you?"

Greg sighed. "He's at the top of the list, yes. Look, you're really a beautiful girl. Maybe you don't realize this, but you can really be... tempting sometimes. When a man sees a girl as beautiful as you wearing nothing or almost nothing, it's natural for him to get aroused."

"Are you aroused right now?" she asked.

"Brit!" he exclaimed.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she said. "Please don't be mad at me."

"I'm not mad at you, Brit. That's just not the type of question you should go around asking people."

"But you're not just anyone. You're my daddy. I just want you to help me understand."

He nodded. In some ways she was still innocent, despite her past activities. She deserved the truth. "Okay, yes," he said. "I'm aroused. That's why it bothers me, because I shouldn't be getting aroused by my own

daughter."

"But you said it's natural."

"Yes it is, but it's still wrong. That's why you can't just go around naked in front of me. It's really more for me than for you. You have to help me out here, okay?"

"Of course I'll help you, Daddy," she nodded.

"Good girl," he smiled. "So do me a favor and either put some clothes on or go back outside, all right?"

"All right. I love you, Daddy." She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek, catching him off guard. It wasn't that he didn't enjoy when she kissed him; just the opposite in fact. With her like this, he enjoyed it *too* much. Brit turned around and skipped into the kitchen, where she poured herself another glass of water. When she returned to the hall she flashed him a quick smile, then headed back down the hall to the back door.

She stayed out another half hour, after which she returned inside. Fortunately, this time she wore the top half of her swimsuit as well as the bottom. Unfortunately, it still didn't cover much. It was a brilliant red bikini that should have been illegal to sell to a girl her age. No doubt she had bought it on one of her shopping trips with Allison; if Greg had been with her he certainly wouldn't have agreed to let her purchase it. He would have to have a talk with Allison about it later. It was too late too take it back, but he might at least put a stop to similar purchases in the future.

Brit came over and gave him another quick kiss on the cheek, then scampered up to her room to change. He sighed in relief; at least now she would have some decent clothes on, and maybe he might stop thinking of her with lustful thoughts.

When she returned downstairs, she wore a pretty little pink blouse and yellow skirt. It was a rather conservative outfit, all things considered, but now that he had seen her almost nude, he just couldn't get that sight out of his mind. Yesterday this outfit would have just seemed cute and innocent. Now she looked incredibly sexy in it. He had a feeling that after what he had seen today, she would look sexy wearing just about anything.

She plopped down on the couch next to him, immediately grabbing his hand and holding it in her own. He glanced over at her, but she simply gave an affectionate smile. Greg really wished he knew what was going through her mind. There was nothing wrong with a girl holding her father's hand, but until recently she hadn't really done it much, at least not since she was a child.

She even lay her head against his shoulder. That felt nice; he really enjoyed how affectionate she was lately. He knew that earlier in the year she had done it to make Jeff jealous, but since he wasn't here right now, it meant Brit really did want to be close to her father. That made him feel good. He loved his little angel, and hoped to continue these moments for as long as possible.

They were still in that position when Allison and Lissa returned later that afternoon. Lissa came and sat down

on the couch on Brit's other side and reached out to stroke her little sister's hair. Brit smiled at her, but kept her head resting against Greg's shoulder.

A few minutes later, Brit yawned and announced that she was going up to her room for a nap. Greg felt a little disappointed when she released his hand and rose to her feet, but he knew there would be other opportunities like that.

Jeff wasn't planning to arrive home until just before bedtime, so Greg had the whole afternoon and evening to spend with his girls. Allison and Lissa put on their swimsuits and headed out to the pool, and he decided to join them. He didn't get in himself, but just sat in a chair and watched them frolicking in the water. Allison was just as playful as Lissa, perhaps even more so. She had always been that type of girl. When she was eighty she would still probably think of herself as a child.

They stayed out there for only about an hour, and Brit hadn't even woken from her nap before they went back inside. After changing back into their normal clothes, they started preparing supper.

They maintained a jovial atmosphere during dinner that night. Greg was happy to see that Brit had recovered from the initial shock of not being allowed near Jeff much. Perhaps that explained her recent affection toward himself. It was a redirection of what she could no longer give Jeff. She just needed someone to love. Greg didn't mind, as long as she didn't cross the same lines that she had crossed with her brother.

When Jeff returned home that night, he seemed in pretty good spirits too. And why shouldn't he be? Kari was a beautiful, charming young lady, the type of girl any boy would be lucky to go out with. She had already stuck with Jeff through some hard times which occasionally, in Greg's opinion, put her loyalty to the test. She had passed that test, proving herself a rare kind of girl that he hoped Jeff would hold onto as long as possible. It was obviously too early to be thinking about the future of their relationship, but Greg kind of hoped that this would be a case of them marrying their high-school sweetheart.

Since bedtime was approaching, Jeff and Brit headed upstairs. Greg decided to give them a break tonight, so he didn't accompany them to their bedrooms for the usual fatherly talk. After the younger children disappeared up the stairs, Lissa accompanied Greg and Allison to their bedroom again. This time she didn't ask, and Greg realized that her bathing in their tub had become something of a nightly ritual. It just seemed like the most natural thing in the world.

Tonight though, he felt a little uncomfortable about it because Allison had some last minute washing up to do in the kitchen, which left Greg and Lissa alone together. Though he couldn't really explain why, he felt it was a little more inappropriate for him to be alone with his nude daughter; with Allison there it felt more like a family activity.

Lissa didn't seem to mind though. Without saying a word, she headed into the bathroom and stripped off her clothes, not bothering to shut the door behind her. Greg followed her in, wondering whether he should stay in the bedroom. But if he did, he might look like he was trying to avoid her, which might lead to her asking him about it, a conversation he really didn't want to have at this time. Besides, he had to admit that he did like to

look at her body.

It didn't bother him so much with her as it did with Brit. Part of that was because Brit was the baby of the family; to him, she was still a little girl. She was still young, impressionable, and even a bit naïve. Lissa, on the other hand, had a year of college under her belt (or lack of belt, considering her attire). Plus she had always been so mature and independent; by now she knew enough of the world that she wouldn't get the wrong impression.

As soon as Lissa finished undressing, she slipped into the tub, sighing as she relaxed in the warm water. Greg took a seat beside her on the toilet lid, just watching her bathe. She didn't seem to mind his gaze a bit, but simply closed her eyes and lay back against the side of the tub. He took the opportunity to gaze upon her lovely body. Her breasts were half out of the water, and he watched with fascination as tiny waves lapped at her nipples. Beneath the surface, he could see the clear outline of her bare thigh, half hidden by the ripples in the water.

"What's going on?" asked Brit, appearing in the doorway. Greg glanced up at her in surprise. She wore an accusing look on her face as she saw him sitting there with Lissa in the tub.

"Hi, Brit," Lissa grinned. "I'm just taking a bath."

"But Dad's in here!" she exclaimed.

"It's okay," Lissa replied. "I don't mind."

"Dad," said Brit, "I thought you said..."

Greg suddenly knew what she was thinking. He was sending her mixed messages; on the one hand he had told her that a daughter shouldn't go around naked in front of her father, and on the other hand, here was Lissa naked with him right now.

"Brit, I'm sorry," he said. "I know I'm not being consistent with you, and you don't deserve to have me confuse you like that."

"What are you talking about?" asked Lissa.

"Today we had a father-daughter chat," he explained. "She was sunbathing topless and I walked in on her. I told her it wasn't appropriate for her to be undressed like that in front of me."

"Oh, I see," Lissa nodded. "So now she sees that you really didn't mean it."

"But I *did* mean it!" he exclaimed. "I mean, I meant it at the time. Oh, I don't know."

"It's okay, Daddy," said Brit with a smile. "It sounds like you're as confused as I am."

"Maybe I am," he sighed. "I'm sorry. I want to be a good father to you, Brit, but sometimes I make mistakes.

And sometimes I don't even know whether what I'm doing is a mistake or not."

"You *are* a good father," Brit insisted. "You're the best father in the whole world!" She threw her arms around him and hugged him.

"Thank you, angel," he told her. "It means a lot to me to hear you say that."

"I think you're the best father in the whole world too," said Lissa. "You'll excuse me if I don't hug you."

All three of them laughed at that.

"So just for clarification," said Brit, "Can I or can I not get naked with you, Dad?"

"Um, that's an awkward way of putting it."

"Why?"

"Because it implies that you *want* to. It should just be something you're comfortable with, not something that you actually want to do."

"But what about Lissa? Doesn't she want to?"

"I wanted to take a bath," her big sister said, "and I wanted to talk with Dad. It doesn't mean I was actually looking forward to him seeing me in the tub, just that I don't mind if he does."

"Oh," said Brit, still a little confused. "I guess I can understand that. Does that mean that I can take a bath with you watching, daddy?"

"Why don't you get in the tub with me right now?" suggested Lissa.

"Okay," Brit agreed immediately, then put her hands to the bottom of her shirt.

"Um..." said Greg. He still wasn't sure this was a good idea. Somehow they had just bypassed him completely in this decision.

"What?" asked Brit.

He thought about it only for a moment longer. If he was going to send any kind of a clear message to Brit, he had to be consistent. And that meant that whatever rules applied to Lissa had to apply to Brit as well.

"Fine," he said. "Go ahead and get into the tub."

Brit smiled and immediately set to work stripping off her clothes. He tried not to stare as her body once more came into view, but he found it difficult not to, especially when she casually slipped off her panties. He had seen her topless today already, but not fully nude. He only caught a glimpse between her legs, just enough to

see that the last hidden piece of her was just as appealing as the rest of her. She had a healthy, though not yet particularly thick crop of hair down there, unlike Allison, Rachael, and now Lissa, who had all shaved it off. There was a certain sexy charm about that natural look, especially on a girl who was still developing.

Before he could get much more of a look, she climbed into the tub. As with her big sister, the water didn't quite reach her chest, so her breasts remained exposed to his view. He felt an erection coming on, so hurriedly shifted his position to hide it from their eyes.

Unfortunately for the growing lump in his pants, Lissa asked Brit if she minded washing each other's backs. Brit immediately agreed, so Lissa turned around, and her little sister scooted in closer. As she lifted the washcloth and ran it all over Lissa's skin, Greg almost couldn't stand the pressure between his legs. Despite having seen Allison and Lissa doing this same thing a couple of times, it still excited him more than was really healthy.

After Brit scrubbed her sister's back for a few minutes, they turned around and Lissa returned the favor. Once again Greg wondered what Brit was thinking. She knew that Lissa was a lesbian; her girlfriend Alya would be arriving in a couple of weeks after all. Greg certainly wouldn't feel comfortable sitting in the tub with a gay man, family or not, let alone let him touch him. Then again, he was still projecting his own prejudices here. Women were just naturally more affectionate with each other than men were. Especially considering that they talked as they bathed, continuing their conversation from earlier at dinner in fact, there was nothing indecent going on here at all. Probably the last thing on Brit's mind was her big sister's sexual orientation. Greg just needed to get over his own hangups.

Eventually they finished their bath, so they stood up, giving Greg a perfect view of their bodies. When it came right down to it, they were really a couple of sexy little vixens. Seeing them together like this, he could tell the difference that five years made. Lissa's body was more developed, though still with a bit of room to grow. Her hips had a nice, well-defined curve, and her breasts were quite large, though plenty firm. Brit, on the other hand, was just starting to develop those womanly curves; she was if anything a bit skinny, with thin shoulders and small breasts, along with a pretty little pussy covered by a thin bush.

"Would you hand us a couple of towels, Daddy?" she asked. Greg took the towels from the rack and handed them to the girls, almost shivering as his hand brushed against Brit's in the process. *I just touched my daughter's nude body,* he realized. Even though it wasn't on any part of her that he couldn't touch with her clothes on, just the thought of it sent delightful chills down his spine.

After dressing, the two girls simultaneously kissed him on either cheek, and this time he actually blushed. They giggled, then headed out of the bathroom. Greg followed them, seeing that Allison had already finished her chores and was sitting naked in bed.

"Good night, Allison," both girls told her, then left the bedroom to head upstairs.

Allison grinned at Greg. "So does this mean it doesn't bother you to have both of your daughters take a bath in front of you?" she asked.

"No," he replied as he crossed the room to the bed. "It still bothers me a little. I just recognize now that it's no big deal."

Allison reached out and grabbed his crotch. Greg jumped back, laughing.

"I can see that it did something else to you as well," she smiled. "Do you want me to do something about that?"

"You bet I do!" he exclaimed, hurrying to strip out of his clothes.

Wild sex with Allison certainly helped, but he couldn't get the memory of his daughters bathing from his mind. Through the rest of the week, whenever he found himself daydreaming, his thoughts went back to the vision before him in that bathroom that night. Fortunately, with work taking up most of his time during the weekdays, he didn't have much opportunity to think about it. But each night when he returned to the house and saw his daughters, the memory came back full force.

Of course, it didn't help that Lissa continued to bathe with Allison. She didn't do it every night, only twice during the week. But it was enough to keep him thinking about her with Brit. For some reason, the thought of Lissa nude didn't bother him as much, possibly because she had always been so mature for her age, and especially now that she was only a couple of months from her nineteenth birthday, she was old enough to understand things like that. But Brit was still the baby of the family. To Greg, she would always be a little girl, so seeing her in a sexual way disturbed him a little more.

He decided to have a talk with Allison about that swimsuit one night. As soon as he brought it up, Allison nodded.

"You're right," she said. "I should have asked you before buying it."

"You knew I would have said no, but you bought it anyway."

"Yes I did. Greg, you need to understand something. Brit is a teenage girl now. An adolescent. And that means she's learning to come to terms with her sexuality. I know you don't want to hear this right now, but Brit needs a certain amount of sex in her life."

"So you bought her that bikini so that she could attract boys to have sex with her?"

"You're not listening, Greg. Mostly what she needs is to learn to be comfortable as a sexual being. She needs to understand that it's natural and healthy, and yes, that there are limits. But unless we allow her to explore those limits, she'll never learn them. She latched onto Jeff for exactly the reason I told you before: to practice being sexy with someone she could trust. Now that you've taken that away from her--"

"So you're saying this is my fault?"

"No. My statement was completely neutral, not judgmental. Right or wrong, you simply removed one avenue of exploration for her. So what she has left is herself. Sometimes a girl just has a need to feel sexy, even if there's no one else around. So I bought her that bikini to wear when she's all alone. It wasn't my intention when I bought it for you to walk in on her while she was wearing it."

Greg nodded. It did make a kind of sense. Brit hadn't meant for him to see her in that swimsuit after all. His anger at Allison then was most likely a redirection of his own guilt for his unwholesome thoughts. It wasn't fair to Allison or Brit for him to get after them for it.

"Just tell her she's not to wear it anywhere but in our back yard," he said. He couldn't quite bear to insist that Brit wear it only with nobody else around, because in truth, Greg hoped to see her in it again some day.

He thought Saturday might be his chance, especially since Allison and Lissa went out again, and Jeff spent the day with Kari, leaving Brit home alone with Greg. But this time she never even went out to the pool. After breakfast she headed out back to the art studio, and spent the whole morning there. Greg didn't know whether he felt relieved or disappointed. He had hoped to spend a little more time with her, not even necessarily at the pool. He thought it would be fun to sit in the house playing games or even just talking to each other, just the two of them, father and daughter.

When he came right down to it, he felt kind of lonely. The family was big enough that usually when he was at home there was at least one person there with him. But he couldn't fault Allison and Lissa for wanting to catch up on old times, and he had all but told Jeff to stay away as much as possible, so that left only Brit. And if she wanted to be by herself, there was nothing he could do about it.

At noon he decided he could at least go see her in her studio. He fixed some lunch and carried it on a tray out back. When he knocked on the door, she opened it, and her eyes lit up with delight.

"Oh thank you, Daddy," she smiled. "You read my mind. I was just starting to get hungry."

"Anything for my little angel," he said, and she rewarded him with a kiss on the cheek. He brought the food in and set it down on the one clear spot on the large desk.

"So what are you working on?" he asked.

She pointed to a bowl of plastic fruit on a stool in the middle of the room, near her easel with her large sketch pad. "Just practicing a bit of still life," she said. "Drawing always helps me think."

"What are you thinking about?" he asked, then realized it probably sounded like prying.

"Oh, just things. Girl things."

"Ah," he smiled. "That's code for 'I don't want to talk about it, especially with an old fogey like my dad.'"

She laughed and threw her arms around him. "Don't be so hard on yourself, Daddy," she said. "Just because I need to keep some of my thoughts private doesn't mean I don't still love you."

"I know you do, sweetie," he said, hugging her back and kissing her on the forehead. "And I love you."

They ate lunch together, after which Brit said it was time for her to take a break from her drawing. Greg wondered if that meant that she now planned to go swimming, but unfortunately she went back in the house and headed straight for her room. Oh well.

He went into his office and spent some time doing work-related things on the computer in there. It helped to keep his mind off of her for a while at least. But half an hour later, he ran out of things to do, and his loneliness returned.

Suddenly, he was in the mood for a milk shake. And not just any milk shake, but one from the ice cream stand near the park. It had been there for nearly twenty years, and he remembered it used to be a family tradition to go get milk shakes from it during the summers. Like many of their traditions, it had stopped after his ex-wife left, but there was really no reason why they couldn't start it up again. Besides, it would give him another excuse to do something with Brit. He got up and headed down the hall to ask if she wanted to hop in the car with him and drive down to the park.

As he approached her door, he heard a sound coming from her room. It was a kind of moaning whine, almost a mewling like a cat. He wondered what was causing that sound, so he stepped up to the door, which was already open a crack, and peeked in.

Brit lay naked on her bed, her legs spread wide and one of her hands between them, rubbing herself vigorously. Her hips squirmed on the bed, thrusting forward and back as she writhed in the pleasure of her self-stimulation. Her other hand groped one of her breasts.

When his eyes went to her face, the image before him was one that he knew he would never forget for the rest of his life. With her eyes closed and an open-mouthed smile on her face, it was an expression of pure ecstasy. Brit was in the throes of intense pleasure.

He knew he should turn away. If he were a proper father he would leave her there and return downstairs. This was a private moment, and the last thing she needed was for someone to spy on her.

He was her father, true, but he was also a man. The sight of this teenage beauty in the midst of erotic self-stimulation was enough to keep any man's attention, father or not.

His throat was dry, and he felt a constriction in his pants as suddenly there was a whole lot more of him down there. He couldn't believe what he was seeing, and worse, the effect it was having on him.

Brit's motions suddenly became more intense, almost violent, and he recognized the signs. *My daughter is about to have an orgasm!* he thought with delight. *And I'm going to see it!*

Brit sucked in her breath, and her fingers suddenly stopped moving. Time itself seemed to come to a standstill as her body tensed up in its climax. Greg watched with erotic fascination as his daughter experienced the ultimate pleasure, the limits of what her body was capable of.

The sight almost did the same thing to Greg. Not being a natural voyeur, this was a new experience for him. The fact that it was his daughter, rather than disgusting him, made it all the more thrilling because of just how naughty it really was for him to be standing here watching her. It also didn't hurt that she was a beautiful girl that he loved more than just about anything in the whole world.

Then her body gave out, and she let a satisfied groan escape her lips. She lay on the bed panting, her body twitching in the aftershocks of her orgasm. The look on her face remained though, as she lay exhausted on her bed.

Then her eyes went to the crack in the door, and she froze up when she saw him standing there.

Greg was in just as much shock as she was. What was he thinking, watching his daughter masturbate like that? He reached for the doorknob to pull the door closed.

Brit broke down into tears, probably of shame and embarrassment. She closed up her legs and rolled over onto her side facing away from him. "Daddy, I'm sorry!" she sobbed.

Greg felt some of that same embarrassment, and knew that he couldn't just leave her like that. He opened the door and slipped into the room, then closed the door behind him. Her body shook with the sobs.

"Brit," he said soothingly as he sat on the bed. "Angel. It's okay."

"No it's not!" she exclaimed.

He put a hand out, then hesitated as he wondered just how much contact was appropriate between them. He decided that at least he could touch her in places that were fine if she were clothed. He put his hand on her arm, just below the shoulder.

Surprisingly, she didn't pull away. She just continued to cry.

"Daddy, please don't yell at me," she pleaded. "I'm so sorry."

"Britney, I'm not going to yell at you," he replied. "There's no reason for me to. Maybe *you* should yell at *me*."

"Yell at you? What for?"

"For invading your privacy. I had no right."

"But... I was the one who was... I mean..."

"You did nothing wrong."

She rolled over onto her back and stared up at him with hope. He forced himself to keep his eyes away from her body, locked on her eyes. Somehow he managed, though not without extreme difficulty.

"Really, daddy?" she asked. "But I thought this was bad."

"I was raised to think that it was bad, and I still have a little bit of an issue with it. On the other hand, I know how hard you've been trying to keep yourself away from your brother," he told her. "Without him to take care of you... well, sometimes a girl just has to spend some time alone."

She sat up, tears still running down her cheeks, but she seemed a little less afraid now.

"So it's really okay, daddy?"

"It's okay. I'd rather have you take care of your own needs than get into a relationship that could hurt you. I just want to see you happy."

She suddenly threw her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly. "Oh daddy, I love you!"

It was an awkward position, absolutely wrong in one sense and perfectly innocent in another. But before he realized it he had his hands around her back, holding her close.

"I love you too," he whispered.

"Do you love me infinity?" she asked.

He had never heard that term before, but he could guess as to its meaning.

"I love you infinity," he replied with a smile.

"Me too," she said.

"Let me just give you a word of advice," he told her. "Next time, close your door."

Brit giggled.

They held each other for the longest time. It felt so nice that Greg lost track of the time. It could have been five minutes or half an hour later when he heard her breathing slowly and deeply against his shoulder, and he realized she must have fallen asleep.

He put one of his hands behind her head for support, then slowly leaned forward to lay her gently down on her bed. As he was about to pull away, she squeezed him tightly around the neck.

"Don't go, daddy," she pleaded.

"What?" he asked.

"I want you to stay with me. Just a few more minutes, okay?"

"Brit, I..."

"Please daddy? I love you."

He found it incredibly hard to resist her when she was like this. On the other hand, he shouldn't be letting her hug him without her clothes on in the first place, much less lie down together in bed.

But they had already stepped over that line, and he knew he wouldn't take things too far, so he decided just to stay until she fell asleep. He knew that the years when she wanted to be with him were drawing to a close; in a few more years she probably wouldn't want to have anything to do with him. He was going to cherish the time he had with her. Right now she needed her daddy, and he was not about to refuse her.

He climbed up onto the bed with her and lay down next to her. Only then did she release her stranglehold on his neck. He cupped her cheek in his hand, then kissed her tenderly on her forehead. She sighed and smiled, and his heart went out to her. He loved to see her smile, especially when he was the cause of it. He closed his eyes and relaxed.

He didn't know how long he had been asleep, but when he woke up the sun was still shining, and Brit was still lying in his arms. He had rolled over onto his back, and she lay with her head on his chest, her eyes closed and her breathing heavy.

There was a knock at the door. He suddenly realized that whoever was there might get the wrong impression if they saw them like this. He glanced around the room, trying to find something to hide what was going on.

Too late. The door opened, and Allison peeked in.

"Oh, sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to wake you. I knocked, but nobody answered."

"Allison, I..." he stammered.

"What?" she asked casually. "Is there something wrong?"

"Well, no... I just thought..."

"Oh, I see," she smiled. "You thought that because I caught you in bed with your daughter, I might suspect you of having sex with her, right?"

"Something like that."

"Well, did you?"

"No, of course not!"

"Then there's no problem, is there? So stop worrying."

"Really?" he asked. "You're not mad?"

"Mad? Because your daughter is taking a nap with you? I think it's wonderful that she still doesn't mind being close to you like that."

"But she doesn't have any clothes on."

"Greg, you know my opinion of nudity, especially among family members. Even if you were naked too I wouldn't think anything of it. If she wants to take her clothes off with you, so what?"

"I guess you're right," he mumbled, though he still wasn't convinced that being in bed with his nude daughter was at all appropriate. Trying to disturb her as little as possible, he laid her on the bed, then got up and followed Allison out of the room, trying unsuccessfully to purge from his mind a new image that had supplanted the one of Lissa and Brit in the bath.

Chapter 87

A Not Entirely Welcome Guest

The next week was much like the one before it, with Greg trying to rid his mind of the sexy images of his daughters. He couldn't deny that they had beautiful bodies, the kind that made him think thoughts he shouldn't. No matter how hard he tried to fill his mind with business or other concerns, every so often those images would pop right back in.

With Alya arriving on Saturday, he had plenty of other thoughts to occupy him. Worries, more precisely. He still didn't know how he would manage to keep things civil when he was so opposed to Alya's very existence. She was an affront, an insult to him and everything he stood for. As the week passed and the weekend drew nearer, he found himself feeling more and more on edge, uptight and even occasionally grouchy.

Allison had a talk with him every night, trying to make him see reason. It usually helped to soothe him, but the effect was only temporary, and by morning he was as stressed as ever.

The fateful day arrived, and with the exception of Greg, most of the family looked forward with eager anticipation to meeting her. Finally they would get their chance.

Lissa insisted on driving to the airport alone to pick her up, and for good reason. She wanted some time alone with her girlfriend to explain the mood in the household, and what to expect. No one argued this point with her, so that morning Lissa left the house and drove into town, leaving the others waiting and wondering what the encounter would be like.

Allison, calm as ever, went about her usual routine as if nothing were out of the ordinary, though she got Jeff and Brit to help her do a bit of last-minute cleaning. Greg sat in silence, though he didn't look forward to the inevitable meeting. He didn't know what to expect when Alya arrived, but realized that more than likely it would end in some kind of confrontation. Maybe that was his own fault; maybe he was just too closed-minded to accept the girl as his daughter's lover. But he certainly wasn't happy that this day had arrived.

It was just after lunch time when he heard Lissa's car pull into the driveway. Jeff in particular seemed anxious to meet Alya, not surprisingly if she turned out to be as pretty as Lissa made her out to be. Not that they could really trust Lissa's opinion; when a person was in love, they tended to see only the good in the one they were in love with.

Brit skipped to the front door and opened it. Jeff continued to sit at the table with Greg, apparently not wanting to appear too eager. That was just his way; he tried to always seem casual. He did turn around, however, as soon as the girls appeared in the doorway. From the dining room table they had a clear view of the front door, and as soon as they saw Alya, Greg realized that Lissa hadn't exaggerated one bit. Though not as stunning as Allison, she was still extremely beautiful.

"Come on in," Allison grinned, and Alya hesitantly stepped into the great hall. Lissa took her by the arm and led her into the dining room.

"Everyone, this is my girlfriend Alya," said Lissa. Though her tone was cheerful, Greg couldn't help but sense a hidden challenge there, as if daring anyone to make a big deal of her sexuality. But nobody did.

Allison strode over and threw her arms around the girl. "It's so good to finally meet you!" she exclaimed.

"Likewise," said Alya.

Allison drew away. "So this is our family," she said.

"No need for introductions," Alya said. "Lissa's shown me pictures of all of you." She glanced at Jeff. "You must be the little brother that she had lots of good things to say about. If even half of the things she said are true, then I'm jealous that I don't have a brother, especially one like you."

Jeff actually blushed at the compliment.

"And you must be Lissa's little sister Brit," she said. "You're even cuter in person than in the pictures."

"Thanks," Brit grinned.

"So how was your trip?" asked Greg, perhaps a little more formally than was strictly necessary.

"A little tiring, truth be told. I'm glad it's over."

"Well come and have a seat," Allison smiled. "You just have a nice rest. Jeff, would you be a dear and go get her bags out of Lissa's car?"

"I'd be happy to," he smiled.

"Thank you, Jeff," said Alya. "You're a real gentleman. Of course, the way Lissa's described you, I already knew that."

He beamed at the compliment as Lissa handed him her keys. He headed out to the car, returning a minute later with two suitcases in his hand, making a big deal of carrying both of them at the same time. Greg couldn't fault him for that; as a teenage boy, it was just his nature to want to show off his strength for the girls, especially their new guest. She glanced over and grinned at him from the dining room as he placed them in the hall. Then he came back over and sat down at the table.

"So are you hungry, Alya?" asked Greg. "We just ate, but we can always throw together another sandwich."

"No, Lissa and I picked up some lunch on the way over, but thanks anyway."

"Well then, let's just get these dishes out of your way," said Allison, picking up some of the plates and

carrying them into the kitchen. Greg grabbed his own and rose to his feet.

"You really have a beautiful house," Alya commented.

"That's why I married Greg," Allison called from the kitchen. "That and the rest of his money." She said it with a lighthearted tone, almost jokingly; she wasn't ashamed of the fact, and she knew that Lissa had told Alya all about the situation with the family.

"Well, I'm not interested in Lissa for her money," Alya grinned. "I'm interested in her because she's such a good kisser." She leaned in and kissed Lissa on the lips.

Greg froze, a thousand emotions suddenly flooding him simultaneously and overwhelming him. He just couldn't handle the sight of his daughter kissing another woman. He put his plate on the counter and hurried out of the room, ignoring the shocked looks on everyone's faces. He managed to catch the look on Alya's face as he passed her, a frightened and even a little hurt expression. He hurried into his room, then sat down on the bed and stared at the floor, trying to piece together his thoughts.

A moment later, Lissa appeared in the doorway. She came over and sat down beside him. "Daddy," she said meekly, "are you mad?"

He shook his head. "I don't know what I feel right now. I'm just a little overwhelmed."

"I'm sorry," she said. "Would it help if Alya and I weren't so affectionate when you're around?"

"No. It's just something I'm going to have to get used to, that's all. Look, I've told you before that I don't approve of your relationship with Alya."

"So you *are* mad."

"Yes, but that's only part of it."

"Tell me."

"You want me to list them all? It's a long list."

"I know, but I have to know how you feel, Dad."

Greg sighed. "All right. I'm feeling mad, and a little bit betrayed, because you're acting so contrary to the way I thought I had raised you. But I'm also feeling guilty because of that sailing trip last summer. I wonder if maybe in part I'm to blame. I feel helpless because you're doing something that I don't want you to do, but I'm powerless to stop you. I'm feeling excited at seeing two beautiful young women kissing, and guilty again because one of them is my daughter. I'm feeling lost because I've never thought of how I would act in this situation, I'm feeling happy for you because you've found someone, but I'm worried about what people might think, and even a little jealous because, well, you're not my little girl any more. And that's just what I can think of off the top of my head."

"I'll always be your little girl, Daddy," she said, throwing her arms around his neck.

"But you're all grown up now, and falling in love."

"Yes, but this is even better. Do you know why?"

"Why?"

"Because this way you know you'll always be the number one man in my life."

Greg chuckled. "Okay, you have a good point." He hugged her back tightly. "Thank you, Lissa. You always know what to say to cheer me up."

"Does that mean you're not mad any more?"

"No it doesn't. This isn't something I can get over in just a few minutes. I'm going to need time."

"How much time?"

"Months. Years, maybe. But in the mean time, I can at least be friendly to Alya, because it wouldn't be fair to you if I went out of my way to make you unhappy. I love you, Lissa, even if I don't approve of what you're doing."

"And I love you too, Dad. I'm glad you're willing to put forth this effort. I only wish there was a way I could spare you this pain."

"I know, honey, and I appreciate it."

"Dad, can I tell you something that might help you understand what Alya means to me?"

"Of course, dear."

"Okay. You remember I wrote to you a couple of times about Matt, right?"

"Your old boyfriend?"

"Yes. And how he betrayed me. He did something to me. He changed me. And the person he changed me into... well, she scares me."

"What do you mean?"

"I thought I was a victim because I allowed myself to be hurt, and because I tried to follow the rules. I thought as long as I had negative emotions-- guilt, sorrow, hurt-- then people could take advantage of me. So I threw all of that off, threw off all of my inhibitions, and became the same thing that Matt was: a monster. I hated him, but I also realized that he wasn't a victim because he didn't feel guilt."

"What are you saying, Lissa?"

"I might as well tell you. For about a month, I was... well, I was a slut."

"I'm not sure I want to hear this, Lissa."

"Please just listen, Dad. I did whatever I wanted, to whomever I wanted. My motto was 'damn the consequences.' It felt so liberating, so exciting. But at the same time, I was becoming a horrible person. I was willing to sacrifice even my friends and family to get what I wanted.

"And then I fell in love with Alya. It only took a moment. Just one kiss. And I realized I would do anything for her. I started to care again, care about what happened to her, and therefore what happened in general to the people around me. Oh, I'm still a lot more liberated than I used to be, but now I think about the consequences of my actions, especially on the people I care about. I know it sounds so cliche, but it was love that saved me, Daddy. Love for Alya. Without her, I would be a completely different girl. You wouldn't even recognize me."

Greg stared down at the floor again, but he nodded. "Thank you, Lissa. I think I'm beginning to understand why you love her so much. Maybe my disapproval will never go away, but when I hear things like that, it doesn't hurt so much any more." He chuckled. "Now we can add one more emotion to the list." He looked her in the eyes. "Gratitude," he smiled. "If Alya has saved you, then she can't be all that bad."

"There's nothing bad about her," Lissa smiled. "If you give her enough time, I'm sure you'll see that too."

"I'm willing to make the effort, but I can't give you any promises as to the result."

"That's all I want, Daddy. Just try."

He nodded. She took his hand and led him back down the hall to the rest of the family.

By the time he arrived back in the dining room, the mood had brightened. He found Alya sitting and joking with Jeff and Brit. Brit, of course, was teasing her about her lesbian relationship with Lissa, but Alya was taking it rather well. She was fitting in nicely.

As soon as he entered the room, the conversation came to a screeching halt, and all eyes turned to him. An awkward silence filled the room. He decided the only one who could get them past it was him.

"It's all right," he said. "I was just a little overwhelmed there for a minute."

"I'm sorry," said Alya, still looking somewhat nervous.

"You did nothing wrong," he told her. "It's just something I'm going to have to get used to, that's all. I want Lissa to be happy, and I'm going to have to come to terms with the fact that you're the one who can make her happy right now."

She nodded, but still seemed a bit uncertain.

Despite his misgivings, Alya did seem to put a lot of his fears to rest. The way she immediately took to the family reminded him of Kari. He had liked Kari right from the beginning, and was delighted when she started going out with Jeff. Alya had that same friendly, easygoing manner, and fit right in with the kids.

There was something a bit mechanical, though, about how she went about it, and he noticed her occasionally glancing over at him. He thought he knew why. Of all the people in this house, he was the most her enemy, and it was his approval, perhaps more than anyone's except Lissa's, that she wanted. He stopped short of thinking she was putting on an act; if Lissa loved her, she had to be something special after all. But it looked like she was trying just a little too hard.

Despite that, he realized that overall he really didn't mind her. He would even go so far as to say that she was really likable. She had a certain charm, and not just because of her good looks, of which she had plenty. Under any other circumstances, he would love to have her as a guest in his house.

He decided that he needed to talk to her alone, to ease his apprehensions, and perhaps hers as well. Out here in front of the family, there were some things he just couldn't say to her.

"Alya, would you mind coming up to my office for a minute?" he asked at the next lull in the conversation.

She looked a little worried about that. "Um, sure," she said hesitantly. "What do you... I mean..."

"Let's put it this way. A long time ago I decided that when my girls brought home their boyfriends for the first time, I would have an interview with them. Well, this isn't exactly the same thing, but I'd still like the interview."

"Oh," she said.

"Don't worry," Greg smiled, trying to make it look friendly. "I'm not going to shoot you or anything. Let's just get this over with, okay?"

"Okay," she nodded. Lissa gave her an encouraging smile as she stood up, then Greg and Alya left the room and headed up the stairs to his office. He motioned for her to take one of the couches, and he took the other.

"Let me explain something," Greg told her immediately. "If I want to be formal or even intimidating, I sit behind my desk. The couches are for a relaxed, casual atmosphere. So you can guess the tone I want for this conversation."

"Thanks," she said, still looking a bit nervous. "The last thing I need is for you to be any more intimidating."

"I want you to understand something," Greg said. "I'm very conservative. Some would even call me prudish. So I'm bothered by the thought of my daughter being... well..."

"A lesbian?" Alya offered.

"Yes. You see? I can't even say it. But she's old enough to make her own decisions about her sexuality. I won't lie; I'm hoping that it's just a phase she's going through that will pass. Not because I don't like you," he added hastily, trying not to give her the wrong impression. "Alya, I think I know what you're doing: you're trying hard to be especially nice to us so that we'll be more accepting of you. Well, the truth is, it's working. Despite my reservations, I like you. Part of me is glad that you're a good friend to Lissa. It's the other part of me that's struggling right now."

"I appreciate your honesty, Greg," she replied. "And I can understand how hard it must be. This is my first romantic relationship with a girl, and I'm glad it's with Lissa. She means everything to me, and I would do anything for her. I know that's not what you want to hear right now. You want to think it's just a superficial relationship that will end in a couple of months, but that's not going to happen. I don't like that it makes you uncomfortable, but there's really nothing I can do short of giving her up, and that's something I'm not willing to do. I just hope that you can accept me for who I am, because I really don't want to see you as an enemy, and I hope you won't see me as an enemy either."

"Then I'm going to need your help," said Greg. "You see, I'm torn between feeling that there's something inherently wrong with your relationship, and feeling that what's wrong is with *me*. Although I was never very religious, I was brought up in a strict home with strong beliefs about right and wrong. Two women being in love was something that was quite simply beyond comprehension. So is this kind of thing bad, like I was always brought up to believe, or do I just need to get over my intolerance? I don't know. But I love my daughter, and if she's going to get involved in a long-term relationship of this kind, I'm going to have to learn to deal with it. So help me. Prove to me that this is good for her. That *you're* good for her. I think if you can convince me of that by the time you leave, I can manage the rest."

Alya suddenly scooted over to the couch where he sat, then threw her arms around him and gave him a hug. "Thank you," she said. "I've been terrified of you for months now. I was almost too scared to come visit. But now that I know how hard you're trying to accept me, I'm not frightened of you any more. Your daughter is so lucky to have a father like you. I'm going to try to make it as easy for you to accept me as possible. You'll see that my relationship with Lissa is the best thing that ever happened to her."

"I half hope you're right."

Alya smiled, and this time it was without that edge of nervousness or worry that had been there before.

"So that's it then," Greg said with a smile. "Now that the interview is over, we can be friends. Okay?"

"Okay," she agreed.

The two of them rose to their feet, and Greg impulsively put an arm around her shoulder as he led her to the door. She wore a smile on her face as they descended the stairs like that to join the rest of the family.

"So I take it everything's okay between you two?" asked Lissa hopefully as soon as she saw them.

"No," said Greg, "but at least we have an understanding. Despite our differences, we've decided to be friends."

Lissa dashed over and threw her arms around him. "Really?" she asked.

"Really," he smiled.

Alya and Lissa sat down on the couch together, taking each other's hands. Greg stared at them and gritted his teeth, but didn't say anything, even when they gave each other a quick kiss on the lips.

When suppertime came around, they sat around the table eating and talking. Alya seemed to fit right in; she laughed and joked with the rest of them. It was good to see Jeff and Brit enjoying themselves as well too; with company there, they were on their best behavior.

It wasn't that they were trying to hide anything; Alya knew all about their incestuous relationship, and it didn't seem to bother her. They didn't speak of it, but she seemed perfectly willing to accept that this was not the most conventional family in the world.

That, of everything else he knew of her, impressed Greg the most. She seemed to have a completely nonjudgmental attitude about the family.

After dinner, they returned to the living room, where they sat around and talked some more. Brit brought out one of her favorite card games and they all played and had fun with it. As time wore on, though, Alya yawned and sighed and generally looked sleepy. Lissa picked up on this, and leaned over to whisper something in her ear. Alya smiled and nodded.

Lissa took Alya's hand and they stood up. "Alya's kind of worn out from her trip, so I think I'll give her a nice hot bath to help her relax," said Lissa. Greg clenched his teeth and grunted, looking away.

Lissa obviously caught on to the gesture. "Dad," she said. "Can we talk for a minute?"

"Oh, there's no need for that," he said, trying to sound casual. "Go have a bath. I think I'll take one tonight too."

"Please, Dad?" she asked again.

He nodded and stood up. "Come on, Alya. You too," said Lissa. She led them both up the stairs and down the hall to her room. Lissa and Alya sat on the bed, and Greg sat in the chair by her desk.

"Dad," said Lissa. "I don't think it's any big secret, but it needs to be said. While Alya is staying here, we're going to continue our love life. Yes, that means sex."

Both Greg and Alya turned bright red at that.

"I'm sorry to be so blunt about it," Lissa continued, "but I think bluntness is exactly what we need right now. Let's just get it out in the open right now, and so later when we hint about it, it won't embarrass you any more."

"Lissa, maybe we shouldn't--" Greg began.

"Yes we should," she insisted. "Dad, you knew we were going to have sex. Otherwise you wouldn't have let her sleep in my room. You could have put her in the guest house--"

"The guest house is Brit's studio," Greg said.

"Okay, then the spare room."

"Rachael's going to sleep there when she comes. It seemed pointless to--"

"Stop making excuses, Dad," Lissa interrupted. "My point is that you're allowing us to sleep in the same room, the same bed even, so at least you're not entirely opposed to the idea of us having sex, because you're making allowances for it."

"I'm not--"

"Dad, there's no point trying to deny that things are a lot different around here than they used to be. Your son and daughter just got over an incestuous relationship, your other daughter is going to sleep with her girlfriend, and your wife is sleeping with your son."

"Lissa!"

"Alya knows all about it, Dad, and she's fine with it. But if she's open-minded enough to accept what's going on around here, shouldn't you be open-minded about our relationship?"

"I'm not comfortable--"

"But you do know what's going to happen tonight between Alya and me when we go to bed."

"Okay, fine," he said. "The two of you are going to have sex. I said it. Now are you happy?"

"Not quite," she continued. "There's something Alya and I discussed on the phone before she left to come visit us."

"Lissa, maybe this isn't such a good idea," Alya said.

"Oh, don't be shy. It never hurts to ask."

"But... oh, all right. But *you* ask, okay?"

"Okay."

"What are you talking about?" asked Greg.

"I'm going to ask you to do something, and your first impulse is going to be to say no. But I don't want you to answer until you've heard my reasoning, and I don't want you to be mad. You have to promise not to be mad, no matter how shocking my request is."

"Shocking?"

"Yes, shocking. Promise you won't be mad. That doesn't mean you have to say yes."

"Okay, I promise I won't be mad."

"And you have to promise not to say anything until I'm through."

"Okay, I promise that too."

"Good." She reached over and took his hands in hers. "Dad, I want you to watch Alya and me take a bath."

"What?" he demanded.

"You promised!" she said sternly.

"All right, I promised," he agreed. "Actually, I'm very interested in hearing your reasoning."

She smiled. "It's simple. You've seen me take a bath with Brit, and you've seen me take a bath with Allison. So that much at least, you're not opposed to."

"That doesn't mean--"

"Just hear me out. The girls of this family are not shy about their bodies. You know that from experience. We don't have a problem with touching each other, even in ways that are a little intimate. We've already explained this to you. It's not anything sexual; it's just girls showing affection for each other. There's nothing wrong with it.

"Now, that incident today at the dining room table, where you had to leave because you were too overwhelmed... It just seems to me that you have to get used to seeing Alya and me being affectionate in ways that *are* sexual. I'm not talking full on lesbian muff diving here, I'm just talking about hugging and kissing and things like that. They're only sexual because we're in love.

"So if you watch us take a bath together, if you see us naked and realize that it's really no big deal, then you won't be so uptight when we kiss and caress and everything with our clothes on."

"Do you mean that you're going to... well... have sex in the bathtub? Right in front of me?" he asked.

"Not necessarily."

"Not necessarily?"

"We don't always have sex when we bathe together. In fact, we've only done it in the tub... what is it?"

"Four," said Alya.

"Four times," Lissa nodded. "But we do like to get intimate. *That's* what I want you to see, Dad. We're trying to get you to accept the fact that two women in love is really no big deal. And I think this is the best way to show you that."

Greg sighed. Maybe she was right. Maybe it would help him to overcome his uneasiness.

He glanced at Alya. "What about you?" he asked.

"Me?"

"Yes. I've seen Lissa naked before, just like she said. That's okay, because we're family. But it's a little different in your case. Wouldn't it make you feel awkward to have a man see you like that? Especially since you're a lesbian."

"Actually, I'm bisexual," she explained. "I'm attracted to men too. I didn't even start liking women until Lissa."

"But still, I'm not related to you. Wouldn't it bother you to be naked in front of me?"

"A little," she admitted. "But I really do want you to like me."

"But... not like that, surely."

Alya laughed. "No, not like that. I just meant that I'll do anything I can to help you overcome your discomfort or uneasiness about your daughter's relationship with me. If that means letting you see my body, well, I'm willing to do that."

Greg nodded.

"Was that a yes?" asked Lissa hopefully.

"That was a maybe," he told her. "I need to talk to Allison first."

"That's a good point. You probably should ask her permission."

"That too," he laughed. "Actually, I'm sure she'll be wholeheartedly in favor of it. I just need a little more persuasion, and she's always been very convincing when it comes to getting me to accept things like this."

"Okay, go talk to Allison," Lissa said. "We'll wait five minutes, and then we're getting into the tub. If you decide to do this, go ahead and come up."

Greg stood up and left the room, making his way downstairs. Allison and the others still sat in the living room.

"Allison, can I talk to you for a minute?" he asked.

"Sure," she smiled. She rose to her feet and followed him down the hall to their bedroom.

"Lissa and Alya want to take a bath together," he blurted out as soon as they were alone.

"Well they have my permission," she laughed.

"No, I mean, they want me to watch them."

"Oh," she said. "I see. Any reason in particular, or is it just that having you there turns them on?"

"No, it's not that. They think that what I need is to be exposed to them..."

"So you're going to get in the tub with them?"

"No! I guess 'exposed' wasn't the right word. I mean, they think that I need to see them being affectionate with each other. Lissa thinks that once I see them nude together, I won't be so bothered anymore by what they do in front of me."

"She's a smart girl," said Allison.

"Then it doesn't bother you? I mean, with Lissa it's different because she's family, but with Alya..."

"First, I agree with Lissa. Second, now that they've brought up the subject, you're bound to start wondering what Alya looks like naked. I'd rather have you take a good long look and get it over with than to mentally undress her every chance you get."

"I would never--"

"If you wouldn't, then you're not a man. Alya's a beautiful woman. Even I can see that. In fact, maybe I'd better join you up there."

"Really?" he asked. Actually, he would feel a lot better if she were there with him. It might be a little crowded in the bathroom, but it wouldn't feel so much like he were intruding on a private moment between the girls. More people meant less intimacy, and the last thing he needed was an intimate atmosphere.

They left the bedroom and headed up the stairs and down the hall. They avoided the living room, which was a relief to Greg. The last thing he needed was to have the kids ask questions that he didn't feel like answering.

They knocked on Lissa's door, and Lissa opened it, dressed in only a towel. Alya was similarly attired.

"I decided to take you up on your offer," said Greg. "You don't mind if Allison comes along too, do you?"

"Not a bit," Lissa smiled. "I've already told Alya that Allison and I like to sit in the hot tub naked when no one else is around, and Alya's keen on joining us some time."

The four of them entered the bathroom, where Lissa and Alya removed their towels and hung them on the rack. Alya wore a somewhat embarrassed look on her face, but she did nothing to cover her body from Greg's eyes, which, admittedly, were staring right at it. She really was quite beautiful, especially nude. Seeing her like this was gave him mixed emotions. Since she wasn't a part of his family, it was a lot less appropriate for her to be nude in front of him. That of course, was tempered by the fact that since meeting Allison he had been exposed to quite a few nude women that had no relation to him whatsoever. Still, he felt a little guilty about seeing her in the buff, even with his wife's lack of objection.

On the other hand, since she was simply a beautiful young woman and not his daughter, he had no reason to feel guilty about his excitement and, yes, his arousal. In a situation like this, it was perfectly natural for a man to get aroused by seeing a beautiful woman's nude body.

The girls climbed into the tub and sat down in the warm water. Unlike with Lissa and Allison, or Lissa and Brit, who had just sat at opposite ends of the tub and washed each other's backs, this time Lissa leaned against the end of the tub and Alya came over to lie back against her chest. Lissa's hands immediately started working on her shoulders, causing Alya to sigh contentedly. Lissa's hands wandered lower and slipped onto Alya's breasts, massaging them gently.

Greg stared, realizing that he had one more naughty image added to the growing collection in his mind. His daughter was actually fondling another woman's breasts. Right in front of him.

Lissa glanced at him and giggled. "Hey Alya," she said, "I think my dad likes to see me playing with your boobs."

"I..." he began, then realized that there was no point trying to deny it. So what if he was getting turned on by the lesbian display in front of him? What man wouldn't?

Lissa leaned down and kissed Alya on the side of the head. Alya reached one of her arms up and placed it behind Lissa's head, stroking her hair tenderly as Lissa continued to massage her chest.

After a few minutes, Alya sat up. She moved to the center of the tub and turned around to face Lissa, who scooted in near. Lissa lifted her legs so that Alya could get her own underneath, then the two girls leaned in close and pressed their bodies together. Greg shivered as a chill went through his body at the sight of his daughter and her girlfriend in a naked embrace. When they leaned in and kissed each other on the lips, he thought he would pass out from the sight. Despite the fact that one of them was his daughter, or perhaps even because of it, the scene before him was insanely erotic.

Yet at the same time, he also found it tender and charming. The girls weren't having sex after all, and their kisses were sweet and beautiful. He had seen Lissa and Allison touching each other's bodies in a similar fashion, and had managed to recognize it for what it was, just a tender moment between two women who were very close. They had claimed that it was nothing sexual, and he could at least understand that. Now, with Lissa and Alya similarly touching, he could recognize some of that same tenderness. The sight before him didn't feel sinful or perverse, but sweet and beautiful. Perhaps that was what Lissa meant when she said he needed to see it for himself. He had to see that what they shared wasn't just naked lust, like he had assumed. There was love there, real love. As with Jeff and Brit, he just hadn't been able to see it.

When Alya leaned back and Lissa planted a kiss right on her nipple, it completely changed his mind. He stared in shock. Maybe there was love there, but what they were now doing in front of him was much more like what he had expected.

As Lissa ran her tongue all over Alya's breast, she glanced over at him, giggling at his reaction. "Oops," she grinned. "I kind of got carried away. Maybe Dad isn't ready to see that just yet."

"Probably not," Allison agreed. "Greg dear, have you seen enough?"

"I think I've seen far more than is healthy," he replied.

She nodded. "Lissa, you two carry on. I know how much lesbians excite your father, so I think what he needs right now is a good dose of wild sex."

"Have fun," Lissa nodded. "I know Alya and I will."

Still in a daze, he let Allison lead him downstairs to the bedroom.

Chapter 88

Double Date

Jeff woke up the next morning to the sound of someone knocking on his bedroom door. He opened his eyes and stared groggily at the door for a moment, not sure if he had actually heard it or not, until the knock came again.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's Lissa."

He rose to his feet and threw on his bathrobe, then stumbled groggily to the door and unlocked it. Lissa came in and sat down in the chair by his desk. He took a seat on the bed.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked.

"Fine. You?"

"Not a wink," she grinned. "After a month without Alya, I was going through withdrawals, so I made up for lost time."

Jeff laughed. Ever since last Christmas, she had never been shy about her sex life. She was like Allison in that regard.

"So anyway," Lissa continued, "we didn't spend the whole time munching each other's cunts. We actually did some talking. I told her all about the plan to have Brit seduce Dad. So far Brit's doing a fine job, but she needs to keep it up. That means giving her plenty of opportunities alone with him."

"Right. So we all need to get out of the house."

"Exactly. But there's no rule that says we can't enjoy ourselves in the mean time. So I thought it would be fun if you call up Kari and we do a double date tomorrow."

"You mean... me and Kari, and you and Alya?"

"Unless I missed something, they're our usual partners."

"I don't know..." he said.

"Oh, come on. Are you embarrassed to be seen in public with your sister?"

"No, that's not it. I'm more... embarrassed to be seen in public with... my sister's girlfriend."

Lissa stared at him. "Well, I never expected *that* from a boy who lets his girlfriend make love to other women."

"Oh, don't get me wrong," he said. "I really like Alya, and I'm glad you two are together. It's just that Kari has kept her lesbian tendencies private; there aren't too many people who know that she's that way. So I'm just not used to going out in public with a couple of girls who are open about it."

"Okay, I think I understand. But look, Alya and I do it all the time. We hold hands, we kiss, we get really affectionate in public. Yes, the first couple of times it feels awkward because you're not used to the stares you get from people, but you get over that really quick. Besides, they won't be staring at you and Kari, they'll be staring at Alya and me. Won't you at least give it a try? You'll see it's no big deal."

He sighed. "I suppose," he said. "As long as Kari is okay with it."

Just then, they heard another knock at the door. Jeff opened it to see Allison standing there.

"Hi," she said. "We need to talk."

"What did I do this time?" Jeff grinned.

"Not just you. All of us. Lissa, go get Alya. I'll get Brit."

A minute later, all five of them gathered in Jeff's room. Jeff and Lissa sat on the bed, while Alya and Brit sat in the two available chairs. Allison stood in front of them.

"We need to talk about your father," she said.

"Is there something wrong?" asked Lissa.

"No, nothing concrete. I'm just getting the feeling that all these girls getting naked with him kind of bothers him. Jeff and Brit, you might as well know that Lissa and Alya took a bath in front of him last night."

"Ooh!" Brit grinned.

"I had a talk with him last night, and I think we need to tone down the nudity a little."

"But it's so fun!" Brit facetiously complained.

"Just until Rachael arrives," Allison qualified. "I have a feeling that she'll spend plenty of time out of her clothes in front of Greg, and the rest of us can use that as an excuse to get naked."

"So the plan's on hold for now?" asked Lissa, sounding disappointed.

"Absolutely not," Allison grinned. "Brit and I will spend as much time out by the pool as possible whenever we're alone with Greg, flaunting our bodies in microscopic bikinis. Brit, I think you ought to invite Crystal over as often as you can. Have her bring that bikini I bought her when we went shopping."

"What about the rest of us?" asked Alya.

"I'm afraid we need to get you out of the house sometimes. Your relationship with Lissa still bothers him, so any time you're here, it distracts him away from the business at hand, which is getting him thinking about Brit sexually."

"Okay, but he also needs time to get used to me and Lissa."

"That's a very good point. So let's not have you go away all the time. A couple of times a week should be enough, as long as you make sure you're not back until bedtime. Brit and I need a couple of hours after Greg gets home from the office to work on him."

"That's actually perfect," said Lissa. "It fits right into our plans. Jeff and I were just discussing it. We're going to go out on a double date. That is, if Kari is willing."

"Great!" Allison smiled. "Knowing her, I'm sure she'll be okay with it."

Kari, as it turned out, was more than okay with it. She was pretty enthusiastic about it. That was partly due to the fact that she had never mentioned her secret to her father, but she knew she would have to tell him eventually. He had always been pretty open-minded, but if she could see his reaction when she mentioned that she had gone out on a double date with a lesbian couple, it could help better prepare her for what to expect when she finally told him that she herself was bisexual.

With no further objections, Jeff decided to just relax and enjoy himself.

He talked with Lissa and Alya, who suggested they go check out the amusement park that had just opened in the next county. It would take about an hour to get there and an hour back, but nobody seemed to mind a long drive, and they had all day after all. Jeff was also secretly relieved that it would be far enough away that they likely wouldn't run into anyone they knew. He still felt a little awkward about being seen on a double date with a couple of lesbians. If nobody recognized them, however, it took the edge off of his embarrassment.

Since nobody had any firm plans for Sunday, Greg suggested they have a barbecue out on the back porch. He wanted it to be just a family event, however, something all too rare in the past six months. Besides, Jeff and Brit had been so good about staying away from each other that he wanted to give them a little break and let them enjoy themselves together for a change. He asked them if they would mind not inviting the Williams girls over, and they were fine with it. Jeff would see Kari the next day after all. Alya was the exception, but Greg came right out and admitted that part of the reason for the barbecue party was to help him get used to her in a nice, relaxed atmosphere. He seemed to be going out of his way to make concessions for her, which

made Lissa feel good.

The one rule he imposed, however, was that they not get in the pool. He didn't want Jeff and Brit together in swimsuits. Brit joked that if swimsuits bothered him, she would just go nude, but that only earned her a stern look from her father that told her he didn't approve of her joke.

Greg started grilling up some hamburgers and hot dogs, but also added shish kebabs for those who wanted to try them. As it turned out, that was the most popular food, so he ended up grilling more of those than of the burgers and dogs combined.

Mostly they just sat around talking as they ate, but after lunch they got out a deck of cards and played a couple of games. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, even Jeff and Brit. Greg was happy to see them having fun, though wary of having too may of these family get-togethers for a while. He still thought they needed some time away from each other.

They ate the leftovers from the barbecue for supper that night, then when it cooled down in the evening, retired inside to shoot pool or play ping-pong downstairs in the rec room. That night, they all went to bed and had peaceful dreams.

On Monday morning, Jeff woke up with a smile on his face, an all too rare occurrence since Greg imposed the new rules. He headed into the bathroom for a shower and a shave, then dressed in a pair of jeans and a tee shirt shirt. He usually dressed up a little nicer when going out with Kari, but considering that they would be outside most of the time, everyone had agreed to go casual. The girls would all be in jeans too. He always enjoyed going out with Kari, and having Lissa and Alya join them this time, despite his reservations, sounded like fun. He opened his bedroom door and stepped out into the hall to see Lissa and Alya emerging from Lissa's bedroom as well, fully dressed and ready to start the day. The three of them headed downstairs, where they met Allison, Greg, and Brit at the breakfast table.

Since Jeff, Lissa, and Alya would be gone, that left only Allison and Brit in the house. If Greg were there, Allison might have schemed to leave him alone with his daughter for some more father-daughter bonding, but since he had to work, that left no time for that.

Since there was no chance for her to work on the plan, Brit asked if she could invite Crystal over. With Greg's and Allison's approval, she called Crystal and invited her over, and Lissa offered to deliver her when they picked up Kari for her day with Jeff.

With that all settled, they all sat down to breakfast, then Lissa, Alya, and Jeff climbed into Lissa's car and drove down the hill. They proceeded to the Williams house, where they found Kari and Crystal waiting for them. The two girls climbed into the back seat with Jeff, sitting on either side of him and both taking his hands in their own, to his delight. He glanced up to see if Alya saw Crystal holding his hand, then realized that it didn't matter; Lissa had revealed pretty much all of the family secrets to her girlfriend, including his relationship with Crystal and even Brit.

They returned to the Primdale mansion to drop off Crystal, then the four of them climbed back into the car. Alya grabbed the California state map out of the glove box to help navigate, since none of them had been to the amusement park before. Actually, the highway went almost right by it, so there wasn't much chance of missing it.

A cheerful atmosphere filled the car as they drove. This was the first time Alya and Kari had a chance to get to know each other, so they started talking, and as it turned out, they had enough in common that they got along great. Jeff didn't pay much attention to the conversation itself; it was mostly girl talk, in his opinion, and the important thing was just that they seemed to enjoy each other's company. That suited him well. It appeared that both Kari and Alya would be around for a long time, so he would prefer as little tension between them as possible.

He had gotten to know Alya pretty well over the past few days, but so far it had always been with Greg in the room with them, so they hadn't really been free to just talk. After Kari and Alya dominated the conversation, Alya decided to be bold and ask him about some things that were a little more personal.

"So Jeff," said Alya, "I don't mean to pry, but what's the story with you and Brit?"

Jeff blushed. "Um..." he said. "Well..."

"Don't be bashful," she told him. "Lissa told me all about your relationship with her. At least in general. I don't know any of the details."

He sighed. "Okay, I just sort of... fell in love with her. Can you blame me? She's really the most adorable girl, and once she started acting all affectionate..."

"Not to mention Crystal and I helped her to break down his resistances," Kari added. "He really didn't stand a chance."

"I've heard you're not exactly the jealous type," said Alya. "You really don't mind sharing your boyfriend with all these other women?"

"I'll let you in on a little secret. Being bisexual myself, there are certain benefits to letting my boyfriend fool around with other women."

"Yes, I'd heard about that too," Alya laughed. "If even half the stories Lissa has told me are true, it sounds like you guys really know how to have fun."

"And the whole incest thing doesn't bother you?" asked Jeff.

"When I fell in love with Lissa, I had to reevaluate a lot of things I took for granted. Until then, I never thought I would ever fall for another woman. Now that it's happened, though, I can understand how people can end up doing something so contrary to society's expectations. I think if you're in love with Brit, why should it matter that she's your little sister?"

"Exactly," he smiled. "Now if only we could get my dad to see it like that."

"We're working on it," Alya said. "All of us. I agreed to help with Allison's plan, and Lissa and I have already taken some steps in that direction. I know how uptight your dad can be, but I also know that he's slowly breaking down, getting used to thinking naughty thoughts about certain girls, even girls in his own family."

"Like Lissa."

"You bet like me!" Lissa grinned. "I've already gotten him into the tub with me once."

"Really?" Kari asked, her eyes lighting up with delight.

"It's not what you think. I'm not fucking him, if that's what you're asking. Not yet at least. Allison was in the bath with us, and it really wasn't much different than sitting in the hot tub together."

"But you were naked?"

"We were naked," she admitted.

They continued their conversation during the rest of the trip. It felt relieving for Jeff to be able to talk about his relationship with his little sister, among people who wouldn't judge him for it. Alya not only accepted it, but actually seemed to approve of it. It felt like she *wanted* Jeff and Brit to get back together. Of course, she had a good reason for that; if Greg broke down and let Jeff and Brit carry on, he could hardly disapprove of Lissa's and Alya's relationship anymore.

They were having so much fun talking that they arrived at their destination before they realized they had been driving for an hour. The park was large and full of brightly-colored yet terrifying looking structures. After parking and paying the entrance fee to get in, they wandered around for a while to get a feel for it and see which rides they wanted to go on.

Lissa wanted to try all the scariest, motion-sickness-inducingest rides in the park, but Alya, who was slightly more timid, vetoed her on most of those. Jeff was actually relieved; he didn't want to look like a coward in front of the girls, but staring at some of those mechanical horrors, he was glad he had an excuse not to climb aboard.

They did go on one of the roller coasters, though not the big one with half a dozen loops and vertical drops that looked like it was designed to serve the single purpose of making the riders lose their lunch. Jeff didn't mind the thrill of the smaller one, especially when Kari grabbed his arm in a moment of panic as they came over the highest drop. He welcomed any excuse to get his girlfriend to cling to him.

They spent a good hour ramming each other with bumper cars, though Lissa and Alya tended to come out ahead in that contest, being more experienced drivers. Lissa in particular was very enthusiastic about annihilating the competition, and Jeff thought on more than one occasion that she would do well in a

demolition derby. He didn't enjoy himself quite as much, mainly because it separated him from Kari. He preferred rides where he could snuggle up next to her, holding her hand or preferably putting his arm around her.

Of course, that also meant Lissa and Alya doing the same. At first Jeff felt a little uncomfortable being seen in the company of two women holding hands. More than one mother with several kids in tow gave them a reproving stare in passing. But Lissa and Alya didn't seem to mind; no doubt they were used to that kind of stare by now. Since it didn't bother them, Jeff found it surprisingly easy to not let it bother him. After about an hour in the park, he didn't even notice those stares any more.

They ate corn dogs for lunch, admittedly not the healthiest food but perfectly acceptable for the environment they were in. At carnivals and amusement parks it was customary to gorge on stuff that would lower your life expectancy by a year and a half just from the single meal. As if to drive home the point, they bought four snow cones for dessert.

After their greasy meal, they didn't think it prudent to go on any rides that would shake the lunch right out of them, so they stood in line for the ferris wheel instead. Since none of them were particularly afraid of heights, it seemed like a safe choice. Plus it would let the two couples sit together looking out over a romantic view.

Alya and Lissa took one gondola, and Jeff and Kari took the next. They snuggled up next to each other, their arms wrapped around their waists as the great wheel lifted them up to the sky. He was right about the view; it was breathtaking. Of course, having a gorgeous girl like Kari to share it with made it that much more perfect. He gave her a kiss on the cheek, and her eyes lit up with delight as she hugged him tighter.

He was so wrapped up in being so close to Kari that the ride ended before he realized it. It was too bad they couldn't stay on all day; he would have loved to be able to just sit there with his girlfriend throughout the afternoon and well into evening, watching the sun go down. But there were plenty of other fun things to do, so he wasn't too disappointed.

That afternoon they tried out several of the other rides, but Jeff's favorite was the haunted house. It wasn't that he liked the ghosts and goblins and skeletons; it was more the fact that when Alya suggested it, Kari immediately wrapped her arm around his and said, "As long as you promise to protect me, Jeff," with a cute little grin on her face.

Not wanting to be shown up, Lissa grabbed Alya's arm in the same way and asked, "Will you protect me too, Alya?"

"I will if you give me a kiss," Alya replied, and Lissa responded not just with a quick peck, but with a passionate, open-mouthed kiss that lasted almost thirty seconds.

Jeff happened to notice a group of young men nearby, probably in their twenties, staring and grinning. As soon as Lissa and Alya separated, several groans of disappointment were clearly audible from the group. Someone even called out, "Do it again!"

"Sorry," Jeff told them. "The shows over."

"This kiss was brought to you by the letter 'L'," Lissa added, giving the men a wink. "For 'lesbian.'"

"See what I have to put up with?" said Jeff. "I have to live with these two." The last thing he saw before turning away and heading toward the haunted house was a wide-eyed stare of shock, and probably more than a little jealousy, on each of their faces.

Jeff realized that he had gone from feeling embarrassed to be seen with the girls, to not minding it, to actually having fun with it. Of course, most of that was due to Lissa's and Alya's great attitude about it. They didn't let it bother them, but in fact seemed to enjoy being the center of attention. And of course, Kari didn't have any problem with it.

They stood in another annoyingly long line, then climbed into another train much like the one for the roller coaster. It entered a hole in the wall of the haunted house, plunging them into darkness.

When the first spook leaped out at them, both Kari and Jeff jumped. They immediately chuckled nervously, but he put his arm around her shoulder and held her with what he hoped was a comforting embrace. Truth be told, he was probably just as scared as her; if he didn't have her with him, he probably wouldn't have gone on the haunted house ride at all.

They rode past witches, skeletons, bats, and even through a giant spider web. Eerie shrieks and moans filled the air, which had a certain subterranean feeling about it, as if they were enclosed inside a mountain rather than separated from the bright sunlight by only a windowless wall. It really had a creepy feeling to it, as if they would never see daylight again.

But they did. Jeff blinked in the surprising brightness of it as they emerged from the tomb-like interior and the ride came to a stop. He could feel Kari shivering next to him, although he wasn't entirely sure the shivering didn't come from himself.

After a few more enjoyable rides, they realized that it was getting late. They still had to eat supper and drive home. So they left the park and climbed into Lissa's car again, then headed for the nearest town to find a restaurant to eat at.

They dined at a Chinese restaurant, having fun talking about their long day. Jeff decided that if Lissa and Alya wanted to do this again some time, he would be happy to go along with it. It really was fun double dating with a couple of playful lesbians.

After dinner, the four of them left the restaurant and climbed back into the car.

"So now what?" asked Alya.

"Let's go back to my place," Kari suggested. "We've got all the fixings for ice cream sundaes. The drive back should help to get the food settled in our stomachs so we're ready for dessert."

"Sounds good to me," said Jeff enthusiastically.

"That's Jeff for you," commented Lissa. "The way to his heart is through his stomach."

"Could have fooled me," Kari replied. "I seem to have no trouble getting to his heart through his dick."

"That works at least as well," Jeff laughed.

Lissa started up the car, and they started on the long drive back. Jeff settled into a comfortable position, meaning one in which he held Kari's hand in the back seat. They continued to talk and laugh all the way back. Eventually they found themselves in familiar surroundings, and Lissa turned off the road toward the neighborhood of the Williams home. Finally they pulled into the driveway, then everyone got out and stretched their legs for a minute before heading inside.

Kari led them to the kitchen, where she dug into the freezer for some vanilla ice cream, then went to the fridge for chocolate sauce, caramel, nuts, whipped cream, and maraschino cherries. She set these on the table and got out four bowls and spoons, and a few minutes later they were all sitting around the table eating sundaes.

"So Kari," said Lissa, "am I right in thinking that your dad's out of the house all night?"

"He is," Kari replied. "He's got basketball camp."

"Good. Then we've got it all to ourselves until it's time to go home."

"Right. But why is that important?"

"I have a confession to make. Last night Alya and I had a little talk. We know that you two have fooled around some with Crystal and Brit. And Allison and Rachael too, for that matter."

"That's true," Kari grinned. "Does everyone know about our sex life?"

"Pretty much," Lissa shrugged. "But the point is, you like to do it with others."

"Depends on the others," said Kari.

"Well, Alya and me, for instance."

Kari stared at her for a moment. "You're serious?" she asked.

"Absolutely. We think it would be fun to have sex in front of each other."

"What?" asked Jeff, astonished. "You mean, like an orgy?"

"Well, not quite. I mean, Kari and you will be together, and Alya and I will be together. We'll just be in the

same room."

Kari grinned. "I have to admit, that kind of turns me on," she said. "What do you think, Jeff?"

"You'll get no complaints out of me," he grinned.

"The let's do this," said Alya.

"There's only one bed in my room though," said Kari.

"Do you have the sleeping bags from our camping trip last year?"

"Sure. They should be in the closet."

"Get them out. We'll do it in the living room."

They were all eager to finish their dessert, and although Jeff normally would have had seconds, he made an exception in this case. They hurried and put the dishes in the sink, then Kari went to the hall closet to retrieve the sleeping bags. They all helped her spread them out on the living room floor, excited about what was about to happen.

Jeff and Kari sat down on one of the sleeping bags, and Lissa joined Alya on the other. The two couples glanced nervously at each other for a moment, then all at the same time the four of them broke out laughing.

"Okay, it seems like none of us know what to do now," said Alya.

"The first step to having sex is taking your clothes off," Jeff replied.

"Good idea," Lissa said. "You and Kari undress each other, and Alya and I will do the same."

Jeff nodded, then reached for the bottom of Kari's shirt. She lifted her arms to help him, and he pulled it up and over her head, tossing it aside. He glanced over at his sister and her girlfriend and saw that Lissa was also absent her shirt. Kari then removed Jeff's shirt in a similar fashion, then Jeff turned and grinned as Lissa reached for Alya's.

"He's peeking on you," Lissa told Alya, who turned and gave him a wink.

"Oh, I plan to do my share of peeking on *him*," Alya said. "So it's only fair."

Lissa grabbed her shirt and pulled it off. Jeff stared at her torso, bare except for a small, white, lacy bra covering her breasts. He was eager to see more, so he reached around Kari's back and immediately unfastened the clasps, pulling the garment forward and off of her and letting her tits come into view. The girls glanced at her and smiled.

"That's a nice pair you got there," Alya commented.

"Ooh, I'm getting gawked at by a couple of lesbians!" Kari exclaimed teasingly. "I feel so exposed. So... turned on." Everyone chuckled.

Since Jeff had removed Kari's bra next, the other girls decided to do the same to each other. Jeff was happy with that; he thought there was something erotic about a topless girl in jeans. Now he would be sitting here with three of them.

Lissa's bra came off first, and Jeff took a moment to admire her breasts. He had seen them plenty at Christmas time, and he had always thought his big sister had a beautiful body. Of course, he was anxious to get a look at Alya's boobs as well.

He didn't have to wait long. Lissa reached around her girlfriend and undid the clasps, then pulled off the bra, exposing her gorgeous tits to his eyes. He smiled when he saw them. They weren't actually any larger than Lissa's, despite her being a couple of years older. Rather, they looked quite firm.

"Now my boyfriend's staring at another girl's tits!" Kari exclaimed. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Fuck him so good that there will be no need for his eyes to stray," Lissa suggested.

"Good plan." She reached for Jeff's belt buckle. He rose up on his knees to give her plenty of room to operate, and soon she had his pants unzipped and was pulling them down to his knees. Lissa and Alya grinned as his boxer shorts came into view.

"Very nice," said Alya.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Lissa told her. "Just wait till he gets them off."

He sat back down to let Kari pull his pants off the rest of the way, then immediately went for hers. Meanwhile, Lissa and Alya did the same for each other, and a moment later all three girls wore nothing but their socks and panties.

To prolong the anticipation, the socks came next, then it was time to remove the last of their clothes.

"I vote Jeff gets naked first," Lissa grinned.

He shrugged. "As long as the rest of you follow, I don't have a problem with that."

"I suspect Jeff has a bit of an exhibitionist streak," Kari remarked. "You should have seen him at Crystal's fourteenth birthday party last year. Imagine Jeff stark naked with half a dozen young teenage girls."

"I don't want to imagine him naked," said Alya. "I want to see it."

"Ooh!" Lissa taunted. "Do you have the hots for my little brother?"

"Of course. Didn't you know? I've been drooling over him since I first saw him."

"Oh no," Jeff groaned. "Lissa, I don't mind you falling in love with a woman, but why did you have to pick one who teases as much as Brit and Crystal?"

"You think I'm teasing?" asked Alya. "I was dead serious."

"Okay Lissa," said Kari. "I think *you* need to fuck your girlfriend so good that there will be no need for her eyes to stray."

"I think you're right. But the striptease isn't over. Get his shorts off."

Just for fun, Jeff rose to his feet and stood in front of his sister and her girlfriend. Kari knelt beside him, then reached around, grabbed the waist band of his shorts, and yanked them down.

Alya giggled.

"Hey!" Jeff exclaimed.

"Sorry," she replied. "I didn't mean that as an insult. I was just laughing out of nervousness."

"Nervousness?"

"I'm really not used to doing something so naughty."

"Except with me," Lissa qualified, leaning over and kissing her on the cheek.

"With you it's not naughty; it's beautiful."

"Oh come on," Lissa grinned. "You can't say that an orgy with Monique, Meg, and Sandy isn't naughty."

Kari laughed. "Really?" she asked, her eyes lighting up with delight.

"Our last day together," Alya explained.

"Well, naughty or beautiful, it's your turn to get naked now," Jeff told them.

"You first," Alya told Lissa.

"No, you first," Lissa insisted. She lunged at her girlfriend, who squealed and tried to fend her off. Jeff watched with a stupid grin on his face as the girls wrestled around, grabbing for each other's panties. A few seconds later they were as naked as him.

He noticed with delight that they had both shaved between their legs. He wasn't sure why he liked the shaved look so much. Possibly because Allison was the first one he knew who did it, and everything about her was so perfect. Of course, Kari didn't shave, but he loved her more natural look too.

Speaking of Kari, she was the only one now still in her underwear. She stood in front of Jeff, and he quickly slipped her panties down. Then he leaned in and gave her a kiss right on her pussy.

"Wow, that makes me hot!" Lissa gasped. "Alya, would you mind doing the same to me?"

"Only if you do it to me afterwards."

"It's a deal!" Lissa rose to her feet and stood next to Alya. They both turned to face each other, Alya on her knees in front of her lover. As Jeff and Kari watched, Alya leaned in, but instead of just kissing Lissa, she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, running in up and down Lissa's pussy.

"Oh god!" Lissa exclaimed. "Keep that up, and I'm bound to finish before the party even starts."

"We wouldn't want that, would we?" Alya asked. She climbed to her feet, then wrapped her arms around Lissa's back, pressed their bodies together, and kissed her on the lips. Both girls opened their mouths and let their tongues tease each other. Jeff watched with absolute fascination at the lesbian kiss. He was especially intrigued by the way their breasts touched each other, tightly together with nothing in between them to lessen the physical sensation. There was something so incredibly arousing about two nude women hugging.

Now it was Lissa's turn to take care of her girlfriend. She didn't just get down on her knees, she kissed down Alya's body as she lowered herself. Jeff couldn't suppress a gasp when Lissa slipped Alya's nipple momentarily into her mouth. But it was just a fleeting instant, and then she continued her journey down Alya's body, past her breasts, her rib cage, her stomach, and finally to her bare little pussy. She opened her mouth and took as much of it in as she could, and from the subtle little motions in her cheeks, Jeff could tell that she was running her tongue all over it inside her mouth.

"That is incredibly sexy," Kari breathed. "I'm glad I'm bisexual, because I can enjoy that kind of pleasure with girls too. Maybe I'll get Crystal to do it for me tonight."

"I hope not," said Jeff, "because I'm planning to get you so satisfied that you'll have no need to have sex for days."

"I'm going to take you up on that offer," she said, then grabbed him and hugged him tightly, kissing him just like Alya had kissed Lissa. Now it was their turn to watch as Jeff and Kari kissed naked in front of them. Jeff's cock, already rock hard, was pressed between their bodies, shoved up against Kari's hot little stomach. He could feel her swollen nipples nestled delightfully against his chest, and all the rest of her body pressed tightly to his own. As he held her in his arms, he caressed her up and down, delighting in the smooth softness of her skin.

Finally, she broke away. "Time to come up for air," she said, her face flushed and a dreamy look in her eyes.

"Well, let's get down to business," Alya suggested. She knelt down on the floor next to Lissa, slipping a hand onto her breast to gently fondle her. Jeff mimicked her motions with Kari, kneading her breast in her hand and enjoying the firm yet spongy feel of it.

Lissa lay down, spreading herself out on the sleeping bag. Alya leaned over her, and Jeff loved the way her long, brown hair fell to the floor on the other side of her face as she gazed down into Lissa's eyes, her hand still on her breast. It was quite a picturesque view, and he suddenly wished he had a camera. Maybe he could convince the girls to do this same thing out in Brit's art studio some time.

Then Alya lowered her head and kissed Lissa on the chest, just below the neck. Lissa sighed, closing her eyes and smiling. Alya certainly knew Lissa's body well. She seemed to know just what to do to make her feel good. She continued lower, moving off to the side, and Jeff knew exactly where she was headed. A couple of years ago he might have been embarrassed to stare at his sister's boobs, but ever since his affair with Brit, he had no problem admitting that his sisters were sexy. When Alya ran her tongue around Lissa's nipple, Jeff couldn't help but shiver in excitement.

"You like that, do you?" asked Kari, who had by now joined him on the sleeping bag.

"Of course. Don't you?"

"Of course. I don't suppose you'd be willing to do the same for me?"

Jeff lowered his head and flicked his tongue against her nipple, causing her to gasp. He ran it all over the areola, loving the taste and the feel of it as the nipple hardened. Once he decided that he had given it enough treatment, he moved to the other breast and did the same. Kari's breathing grew heavier as he stimulated her, and he enjoyed the knowledge that he was the one doing it to her.

After a couple of minutes of tit-licking, Kari lay down on the sleeping bag. Jeff placed his hand between her legs and began to rub.

He glanced over at his sister and her girlfriend, delighted to see that Alya had reversed her position and was in the process of putting one leg over Lissa's head to straddle her face. That lined up her own face with Lissa's pussy as well. She lowered both her hips and her head, and both girls opened their mouths to lick each other's cunts.

"Oh god, that's hot!" Kari gasped, also watching them. By now she was leaking like crazy down between her legs. Jeff gently pried her open and slipped a finger inside to get her ready. He was so horny he was about to burst, so he needed to get inside of her quick before he went off.

He lay down next to Kari and kissed her on the cheek. She turned her head so that he could repeat the gesture on her lips. As the two lovers continued to kiss passionately, Kari's hands unconsciously went to her breasts to squeeze and pull on her nipples. Jeff could feel her pussy opening up to his finger, and he knew that she would soon be ready for him.

With his head down by Kari's, he could no longer see the other two girls, but he could hear them moaning and panting, and the rhythmic swishes of the sleeping bag told him that they were moving all over the place.

"Jeff," moaned Kari, but she didn't have to finish. He smiled at her, then rolled over on top of her, placing

himself between her spread legs. He pressed the tip of his cock against her pink, feminine opening, and gently lowered himself. She was so wet and slick that he slid right in with no problem. They both groaned at the sensation.

He began to rock his hips forward, slowly at first while she warmed up to his presence inside of him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly, letting her own body fall into the same rhythm as his. He thrust faster and deeper, gradually picking up the tempo. He was so excited right now that he didn't think he would last very long at all. Hopefully Kari was similarly turned on, so that he wouldn't have to leave her unsatisfied.

Across the room, he heard Lissa suck in her breath, and a moment later a strangled squeal escaped her lips. He glanced over in time to see her body tensed up in ecstasy, and he knew that she was having an orgasm.

It lasted a few seconds, then her body relaxed once more. She resumed her attack on her girlfriend's cunt, and from the sounds Alya was making, Jeff could tell that she was close to her own climax. He heard her moans increase in pitch until they became a squeal of pleasure. He loved the sound of a girl having an orgasm. There was no sound quite so erotic.

After Alya rested for a minute, she rolled off of Lissa, and the two of them lay down together, cuddling each other and watching Kari and Jeff go at it. He felt a certain exhibitionistic thrill at being watched like this, especially by a couple of girls as gorgeous as Lissa and Alya. When he glanced over at them, he could see the delight in their eyes at seeing the sexual display in front of them.

He didn't last much longer. He felt the surging pleasure as it spiked, washing through him. Through the sound of his own wailing, he heard Kari also screaming out in pleasure, and when her pussy clamped down tightly on his cock, it confirmed that she had hit her orgasm at the same time. He held her to him tightly as his cock twitched inside her, erupting with ecstasy. He mauled her lips with his own, until finally the pleasure waned and fatigue overtook him. He rolled off of Kari and lay there staring up at the ceiling, the room spinning around him.

"Oh my god," he heard Alya breathe from across the room. "That was about the sexiest thing I've ever seen. Kari, you're one lucky girl. Jeff, wow. Just wow."

"That's my little brother," Lissa said with a note of pride. "My brother the sex maniac. Our own Don Juan, right here. No wonder he's got so many girls after him."

"Add one more to the list," Alya laughed.

Chapter 89

Trading Partners

With Allen Williams gone to basketball camp, Brit and Jeff both wanted to spend some time at the Williams house. Greg wasn't particularly comfortable having Jeff alone with Kari there with no supervision, but he was happy to let Brit sleep over with Crystal for a couple of nights, as long as Kari was there to keep an eye on them. Jeff thought that was a little unfair, but Brit took him aside later and said with a sly grin that she would bring her camera and let him see the resulting pictures. That immediately put an end to his objections.

He really didn't have much cause to complain; although Kari couldn't come over to visit him while Brit and Crystal were at her house, the other girls all spent a lot of time out at the pool, and they were more than happy to let him join them. It gave him plenty of time to ogle Allison's, Lissa's, and Alya's mostly uncovered bodies.

Toward the end of the week, Alya suggested they do a double date again, and Jeff was happy to agree. His embarrassment at being seen in public with a couple of lesbians was pretty much over, and the possibility of having a little get-together at Kari's house afterward meant that he was completely in favor of it.

They decided to just take in an afternoon movie followed by dinner this time. As they discussed plans, it was apparent that everyone was thinking the same thing; they wanted to leave plenty of time for another orgy afterward. That meant convincing Crystal to get out of the house for the evening. When they called Kari to discuss the plans, they decided on Friday afternoon, because Brit would still be sleeping over at the Williams house Thursday night. Crystal suggested they continue the sleepover at the Primdale house on Friday night, which seemed to be the best solution all around. Crystal joked that if she flirted with Greg hard enough, maybe he would seduce her. Allison warned her about moving too fast, but told her not to cut out the flirting entirely.

Because the date wouldn't begin until the afternoon, they wanted to spend all of Friday morning swimming. Allison, however, had Jeff help her set up the bunk bed in Brit's room so that Crystal would have a place to sleep. That cut into his swimming time, but only for an hour or so, and then he had plenty of time to have fun with the rest of the girls.

Even while splashing in the pool with the girls that morning, he found it hard to concentrate on the present, with the anticipation of the date later, and especially afterward.

They ate a light lunch, then climbed into the car. As they drove to Kari's house, Jeff noticed that Lissa and Alya kept glancing at each other, as if sharing a secret. He wondered what that meant, and if it had anything to do with him. Usually he never tried to fathom the workings of a woman's mind, but he was curious.

"Okay, what's going on?" he asked them.

"Oh, Alya and I were just thinking," Lissa said.

"Telepathically?"

"No, it's just something we discussed last night, and we were just wondering whether to ask you about it."

"What's your question?"

"It's not a question. It's a favor. It's all right if you say no, but I'd really like it if you agreed to it."

"What is it?" he asked with a smile.

"Well... Alya and I were thinking of having a little fun."

"No one's stopping you," he replied with a grin.

"That's not what I meant," said Lissa. "You know that time when you went out with Kari's little sister?"

"Sure," he nodded.

"Well, I was wondering... I was wondering if you would go out with Alya?"

"What?" asked Jeff, shocked.

"I told your sister that I thought you were really good-looking," Alya explained, "and she came up with this idea."

"So you want to go out with me?" he asked.

"Sure," she smiled.

"I'm flattered," he replied. "Really. And I'd be willing, but it all depends on Kari. I'll only do it if she gives me her permission."

Alya actually laughed at that. Jeff stared at her with a puzzled expression.

"Just like I told you," Lissa said to Alya. "He passes the Matt test."

"The mat test?" asked Jeff. "Is that like a door prize or a floor show or something?"

"Well, you remember I told you about Matt," said Lissa.

"Yeah, he sounds like a real asshole."

"He is. Well, if a girl as gorgeous as Alya were to ask him out, he wouldn't get his girlfriend's permission; he would just go behind her back."

"He did, in fact," Alya added.

"Oh, so this was all just a test."

"Yes, and the reward is that I'm going to go through with it," she grinned. "That is, if Kari is willing."

When they arrived at the Williams house and met Brit and the Williams girls, Alya asked Kari about it.

"So what am I supposed to do in the mean time?" asked Kari.

"You can be *my* date," Lissa grinned.

Kari laughed. "So that's what this is about," she said. "You're trying to seduce your little brother's girlfriend."

Lissa shrugged. "Well, now that you mention it..."

"So what do you think, Jeff?" asked Kari. "Are you up for a little girlfriend swapping?"

"As long as it doesn't bother you that I'm going out with a gorgeous college coed," he told her.

"So am I," said Kari. "Let's do it."

Despite Brit's and Crystal's nonstop teasing as they drove back to the Primdale house, they maintained a good mood, and a sense of excitement.

After dropping off the younger girls, they drove into town. The movie they chose was a comedy, a compromise between the disgustingly romantic movie that the girls wanted to see and the much more entertaining action movie that Jeff preferred. They were all satisfied with the choice, so nobody complained as they sat down in the theater to watch it.

Alya immediately took Jeff's hand. When he glanced at her, she smiled, reminding him of the time he went out with Crystal. Well, he had gone through this before, so he knew just what to do. He released her hand, but only so that he could put it around her shoulders. Then he reached across with his other hand and held hers.

Glancing over at Kari and Lissa, he could see that they were in a similar affectionate position. Kari even leaned over and gave Lissa a kiss on the cheek. He heard someone three rows back gasp at the sight, but he didn't care. It was just too fun sitting here with the girls.

Throughout most of the movie, he massaged Alya's shoulder. She was warm and soft, and nice to touch. She didn't seem to mind at all, and since they were playing this girlfriend-swapping game, he was happy to take advantage of it. He just wondered how far they were willing to take it. With Crystal, it had been months before he had gotten her in bed, and that had been Kari's idea. He wondered if the girls would want to go back to Kari's place again and have some more fun.

He got his answer after the movie ended and they sat in a restaurant eating supper. Kari brought up the topic of ice cream sundaes again, and from the sly grins on everyone's faces, they knew exactly what she meant by that. Nobody came right out and said it, but Jeff had a suspicion that once they got back to the Williams' place, sundaes would be the last thing on anyone's mind.

He was right. After supper they climbed into the car again and Lissa drove them back. When they arrived back at Kari's house, the four of them sat down in the living room to talk. Still maintaining the illusion, Alya snuggled up next to Jeff on the couch and slipped her arm around his back. Kari and Lissa were a little bolder. Lissa sat down in the reclining chair across the way, and Kari plopped down on her lap, to everyone's amusement. She then shocked them all by turning and planting a long, drawn-out kiss on Lissa's lips.

Neither Lissa nor Alya seemed to mind, so Jeff didn't speak up. Truthfully, he wouldn't have minded doing the same thing to Alya right then. He just wasn't sure if she would go for it.

"Jeff, dear," she said, as if reading his thoughts. "You haven't kissed me all day. I'm getting a little impatient."

"You're serious?" he asked, his eyes brightening up with glee.

"What's wrong with giving your girlfriend a little kiss?"

Jeff glanced over at Kari, who grinned and nodded. That was all the encouragement he needed. He leaned in and kissed Alya, at first a little hesitantly but relaxing as he got into it. She was very nice to kiss. No wonder Lissa had turned into a lesbian, with someone like this to tempt her.

He glanced over at Lissa and Kari, and saw that they were still kissing. They were really getting into it, pressing their bodies together and running their hands all over each other's backs. Both girls seemed enthusiastic and eager about it, and why shouldn't they? Since they were both at least partially lesbians and both gorgeous, it was natural for them to get turned on by each other. He even thought he caught a glimpse of one of their tongues.

Alya seemed to be getting into the spirit of things as well. He could sense her body starting to squirm a little as he kissed her, as her excitement took its toll on her. He wasn't doing much better, as he could feel a tightening in the front of his pants. It wasn't that there was anything special about Alya; sure she was pretty and soft and nice to hug and especially nice to kiss, but it was more just the thrill of doing something new. It was the first time he had kissed her, after all.

When they drew back, Alya smiled and licked her lips. "That was really nice," she said. "Now I'm getting jealous of Kari."

"Get in line," Kari laughed from across the room.

"From what I've heard, that's a pretty long line," Alya grinned, giving Jeff another peck on the lips.

"Depends on your definition of 'long,'" said Jeff. "Compared to those lines at the amusement park the other day, only in my dreams."

"So you want to have sex with an amusement park full of women?" asked Lissa.

"No. I'll just settle for the occasional volleyball team."

Alya laughed. "So the story's true," she said.

He shrugged. "It was Kari's idea."

"That's right," she said. "I had to drag Jeff kicking and screaming into it. He hated every minute of it, didn't you, Jeff?"

"Absolutely," he grinned. "I just wanted to spend some nice, relaxing time with my girlfriend, and she had to bring over the whole volleyball team to perform oral sex on me. It was a nightmare."

Kari had no comeback for that, since she had returned her attention to smooching with Lissa. Lissa's hand had gone to Kari's hips and was caressing them gently. As Jeff watched, Kari removed her lips from Lissa's, and began kissing her on the neck. She reached up and started to unbutton Lissa's blouse.

Jeff glanced at Alya, who watched the proceedings with undisguised excitement. He wondered if she would be willing to do the same. He would be happy to go as far as she wanted to take it, since Kari was here to put a stop to it at any time.

Soon Lissa's blouse came off and dropped to the floor, and Lissa went to work on Kari's. Jeff realized that the two girls probably had no intention of stopping any time soon.

Alya pulled her gaze from the lesbian show and met Jeff's eyes. A grin spread across her features, and he knew in that moment that she wouldn't mind at all if he took things in the same direction. He leaned in and kissed her, letting his own hands reach up to the top button of her blouse. As soon as it came undone, he spread the collar and planted a kiss on her chest right at the base of her neck. She moaned in delight, which he took as a signal to continue. He reached for the second button and unfastened it, then the third, then the fourth. Soon, he had the last button undone, and opened her blouse to reveal her glorious torso. He slipped his arms around her back under the blouse, and leaned in for another kiss. Alya wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. He let his lips wander lower again, but this time he kissed all the way from her chin right to her cleavage, causing her to blush and giggle.

By this time, Lissa and Kari were down to their underwear. Jeff slipped a hand under Alya's skirt, caressing the inside of her leg just above her knee. She smiled and sighed, and so encouraged, he let his hand inch gradually higher. He continued his ascent, kissing her as he continued rubbing her thigh, until his finger brushed against her panties. He wasn't sure whether he should be surprised to find them slightly damp.

"Enough of this," said Alya. She reached down, opened the snap in front of her skirt, and slid it down off of

her legs. Jeff glanced down at her panty-clad thighs and grinned at the thought of what he was about to do.

Lissa and Kari, still ahead of them, had each other's bras of by now and were rubbing their chests together as they kissed each other. Jeff grew even harder as he watched the sapphic display going on across the room. Lissa noticed him staring, and gave him a wink. It was hard to believe that just a few years ago, Lissa was an uptight girl who didn't know how to have fun, and Kari was just the object of his fantasies. How things had changed in the past few years! Ever since Allison had walked into their lives, the world had become very different.

"We'd better catch up," Alya said, nodding to the two girls who were now in the process of removing each other's panties. Alya grabbed Jeff's shirt and lifted it over his head. Then she enthusiastically attacked his belt buckle, and soon she had his pants completely off. In return, he reached around her back and found the clasp to her bra, which he immediately released. She grinned as he pulled the garment off of her body, exposing her chest to his view.

It wasn't the first time he had seen it, but the thought of what he was about to do with her made it especially exciting. Until now, he had just thought it was fine that Lissa was a lesbian. Now he was excited that she had fallen in love with a girl who was every bit as open-minded as herself. He was about to have sex with a gorgeous college coed.

Before he got to her panties though, she reached for his shorts. He was fine with that; it didn't matter in what order they undressed, as long as eventually they would both be naked. He even stood up to make it easier for her. Alya grabbed his boxers and yanked them down. Her eyes lit up with delight as his rock-hard member came into view, just inches from her face. She reached up and took it in one of her hands, stroking it gently.

"How do you like that?" she asked, smiling up at him.

"That feels fantastic!" he exclaimed.

"Hey Kari," she said, "you don't mind that I'm jerking off your boyfriend, do you?"

"Right now Lissa's making me so horny I'd almost be willing to make a permanent trade."

"Me too," said Lissa. "How about it, Alya? Do you want to take Jeff off Kari's hands and leave her all to me?"

"Sorry to spoil everyone's fun," she replied, "but I'm still madly in love with you, Lissa."

"Oh well," Lissa shrugged, then turned her attention back to Kari. "At least we still have tonight, darling."

As much as Jeff loved the feel of Alya's hands on his cock, there was much more that he wanted. He sat down next to her and reached for her panties. Sensing his intentions, she rose to her feet to let him strip her the way she stripped him. He wasted no time, but dropped her panties to the floor, staring at her gorgeous bare pussy. He reached out and stroked it gently with his fingers, loving the softness of the lips and the

indented crease in the middle. Feeling bold, he leaned in and gave it a lick, causing her to both blush and squeal in delight.

"Don't put that pussy in your mouth," Kari grinned from across the room. "You never know where it's been."

"I do," Lissa replied. "Mostly it spends its time in *my* mouth."

"Ew!" Kari giggled. "That's like kissing your sister on the lips second-hand."

"For the opportunity to taste such a sweet pussy, I'm willing to overlook that," he said, then gave Alya another lick. He would be happy to continue, but she sat back down on the couch next to him.

Since it was obvious by this time that they were going to go all the way, the four of them agreed to spread out the sleeping bags like last time. Not bothering to get dressed, Kari went to the hall closet to retrieve them, then the four of them set to work laying them down. Once they had the floor covered, the two couples sat down on them.

Alya appeared to be quite eager to go on, as she lay down and spread her legs. Jeff was more than happy to oblige her. He kissed her again, letting one of his hands go to her breast to fondle it. He found it every bit as delightfully soft yet firm as Kari's. He toyed with the nipple until it hardened in his fingers, then moved his hand to the other one to give it the same treatment.

He glanced over at the other girls. Lissa lay on her back, and Kari reclined by her head, her lips eagerly devouring Lissa's as her hands massaged the girl's boobs. Jeff loved the sight of them making love in front of him, especially with a cute college coed like Alya to take care of his own needs.

She grabbed his cock and began to stroke it as he groped her boobs. Her enthusiasm proved that she wasn't completely a lesbian; she still enjoyed fondling him, and she was doing a really good job. It didn't take long before he was groaning in pleasure at the stimulation. She reacted similarly to his own ministrations; her breathing deepened as she smiled up at him. He thought the face of a beautiful girl lying beneath him with her head spread out on the floor and a smile on her lips was the greatest sight ever. While he preferred it to be Kari, or perhaps Brit, he certainly didn't mind Alya in that position.

He lowered his head again, but this time he aimed for her chest. His lips sought out one of her nipples, which he sucked into his mouth and teased with his tongue.

"Oh Jeff!" she cried out in delight. He smiled, happy and even a bit proud that he was able to give her such pleasure. Plus she certainly tasted good. He was almost jealous that Lissa got to do this to her any time she wanted.

With his mouth on her chest, it freed up his hand to explore other parts of her body. He caressed her stomach and hips for a moment, rubbing her gently and causing her breathing to grow even more heavy. Then he slid it down lower, rubbing her thighs for a minute until finally letting it come in contact with her pussy. She gasped and tensed up for an instant when he touched her there, then relaxed. Jeff used his three center fingers

to fondle her, running the left and right ones along her smooth outer lips while the middle finger pressed into her groove. He touched her only lightly at first, not wanting to delve too deeply until she was ready for him. Soon though, he felt dampness down there, and used it to coat his fingers and make them more slippery. Then he pressed one of his fingers inside, causing her to cry out. It was a cry of pleasure though, not pain, and he knew it wouldn't be long before he was ready to go on to the next step.

But there was something else he wanted first. He scooted down along her body, which unfortunately meant she had to let go of his cock. That was fine; if she kept up her stroking much longer he would have gone off in her hand.

"I want another taste of what Lissa seems to love so much," he told her. She nodded with excitement, and he moved his head down to her pussy. Sticking out his tongue, he touched it to her slit.

Her whole body convulsed at the first contact, and he knew he had done the right thing. He let his tongue run all over her pussy, enjoying the feel and taste of her. Although he still preferred Kari, he loved the taste of just about any girl. There was something about the taste of pussy that just drove him into a frenzy. He attacked her almost violently with his tongue, drilling it inside her or flicking it against her now exposed clit. He separated her lips with his fingers and licked all over the pink tissue inside. Alya's body reacted by wriggling and squirming, and she even reached down to grab his head and hold it tightly against her, mashing her thigh against his face.

He didn't want to give her an orgasm with his mouth though. She could have that pleasure any time she wanted with Lissa. Tonight, that privilege was reserved for his dick. He lifted his head, eliciting a groan of disappointment from her. But he gazed up at her and smiled, and her eyes lit up as she realized what he meant by that smile. She nodded, and he crawled forward on his hands and knees on top of her.

He took a moment to glance over at Kari and Lissa, who by this time were locked in a sixty-nine position eating each other out. They seemed to have forgotten all about Jeff and Alya, not that he blamed them. When he got wrapped up in sex with a beautiful woman, he lost track of time and space, forgetting that there was a whole world around him.

"Take me now, Jeff," Alya whispered, and he pressed the tip of his cock against her pussy. Then he lowered his hips, letting it slide inside. She gave a loud moan as he penetrated her.

"Oh god, I've missed having a cock in me," she said, more to herself than to him. It made sense; he understood that sex felt different depending upon what was pleasuring his cock, whether it be a hand, a mouth, a pair of tits, or a cunt. While he knew from experience that a tongue could drive a girl to orgasm, no doubt it wasn't as fulfilling as being deeply penetrated.

He lifted his hips back up, the pressed into her again, causing her to cry out again. Over and over he thrust, keeping it gentle to make it feel especially good for her. She held him to her chest, which felt absolutely wonderful. There was nothing like the feeling of a woman's nude body against his own, skin-on-skin contact as he buried his cock inside her pussy.

For what felt like forever, he continued to thrust into her, hard and deep. Alya was screaming by this point, lost in the savage ecstasy of their lovemaking. She had her legs wrapped tightly around his hips, squeezing him with every thrust and helping to drive him deep inside her.

He could hear the girls to the side of him crying out in orgasm, but that barely mattered right now. The only thing he cared about was the feeling of Alya's body wrapped around him, the heat of her pussy engulfing his cock.

He didn't last long. Soon he felt his own impending orgasm, and welcomed it. The pleasure built to the point of bursting, then exploded from him. His cock jerked rapidly inside of Alya's pussy, and from the sounds she was making he could tell that it had triggered her own orgasm. The two of them held each other tightly as together they rode of the waves of their ecstasy, which pulsed electrically inside their bodies.

After it was all over, Jeff rolled off of Alya, who curled up in his arms. Like Kari, she apparently loved to cuddle after sex. He wasn't about to complain; she was soft and warm, and very nice to cuddle with.

"You know, this has been fun," said Kari. Jeff glanced over and noticed that they were finished too, and Kari lay with her head on Lissa's chest, watching Jeff and Alya.

"It sure has," Alya agreed. "Now I have even more of an incentive to hold on to Lissa, if I get to spend time with Jeff now and then."

"Speaking of which, I just had an interesting idea," Kari grinned.

"Uh oh," said Jeff. "When Kari has an interesting idea, look out."

"I was just thinking, doing it with my boyfriend's big sister was kind of exciting, but I think it would be fun to swap again tomorrow."

"I don't have a problem with that," said Jeff, giving Alya a smile.

"No, you don't understand," Kari told him. "I meant we would *swap* one more time."

"You mean, back to our original partners?"

Kari shook her head, a grin on her face.

The others stared at her for a few seconds, then Lissa's eyes grew wide. "Oh!" she exclaimed. She glanced at Jeff, who was just beginning to realize the implications of Kari's words.

"Oh my god," Alya breathed, and Jeff could tell she was excited by the idea. He wondered whether that was for the thought of doing it with Kari, or for the other result of the trade.

"What do you think, Jeff?" asked Lissa.

"I don't know. I mean, it's one thing to go out with my sister's girlfriend, but what if someone we knew caught you and me holding hands?"

"There's an easy solution to that," said Kari. "We just won't go out."

"Well somebody ought to come right out and say it," Lissa said. "She's talking about you and me having sex, Jeff. Brother and sister. Incest. Come on. It's not anything we haven't done already. Remember Christmas?"

She was right about that. Christmas vacation had certainly been fun, and it was no secret that he had no problem doing it with his sister. There was one problem though.

"I'm not so sure it's a good idea," he said. "I mean, I'd love to continue our little affair from Christmas vacation, Lissa, but Dad went ballistic when he found out about Brit and me. This would feel too much like going behind his back."

"That does make a kind of sense," she said. "But I talked with Dad, and I know why he doesn't want you having sex with Brit. Because he thinks she's too young to be having sex with *anybody*. But he knows about Alya and me, and he even lets his own wife fuck you, so since he at least accepts that we're both having sex with different people, I don't think he would have too much of a problem with us having sex together."

He had to admit, she had a point. He felt a little guilty about it still, but not nearly as much as he had before she explained it to him. There was still a little flaw in her logic, but for the chance to have another fling with Lissa, he was willing to overlook it.

"To tell you the truth," said Alya, "when Lissa mentioned her little indiscretions with her family, my first feeling was disgust, but my second was... well... arousal. I'd love to see it first hand. Especially if I get a cute little teenage girl like Kari in the trade."

"Okay," Jeff shrugged. "I'm in."

Jeff could hardly get to sleep that night, back in his own bed at home. He was too excited for the next day to arrive. He thought back on those times, years ago, when Lissa and he had fooled around as teenagers, experimenting with their sexuality. And then when she had returned home for Christmas vacation a completely different girl, so wild and uninhibited, not to mention damn sexy. And now it looked like they were going to continue where they left off.

In the morning he awoke to find Crystal curled up in bed with him. That surprised him; she was taking a big risk sneaking into his bed like that. What if Greg happened to come up to check on her?

"Brit thought you might be feeling a little lonely," she explained, "and since she's not allowed to come herself, she sent me instead."

Actually, he wasn't feeling particularly lonely at all at the moment, but that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy her company. He slipped off his boxer shorts, then Crystal lay down on top of him, facing in the opposite direction. "After we're done here," she said, "I think I'll go back to Brit's room and kiss her. She's been longing for a taste of your spunk for months now, and at least she can have it second hand."

With that, she slipped his cock into her mouth. He opened his own mouth and ran his tongue against her slit. The two of them pleasured each other until they both climaxed hard. Crystal swallowed most of the evidence, but she made it clear that she kept just a little in her mouth as a treat for Brit. Crystal threw on her clothes, which she had wisely brought with her, then left the room to return to Brit's.

He showered and dressed, then met everyone downstairs for breakfast. Lissa and Alya kept giving him knowing glances throughout the meal, but fortunately Greg didn't pick up on it, or he might have asked about it. And despite Lissa's logic yesterday about how he shouldn't be opposed to it, there really wasn't a good way of explaining to him what they were about to do.

After eating breakfast, the four of them climbed into the car and set out to Kari's house. Jeff couldn't stop grinning the whole time, which Kari thought was hilariously amusing. As soon as they reached their destination, he was the first one out of the car.

"My, Jeff, you sure are eager," Alya teased. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you're horny for your sister."

"Oh, I am!" he exclaimed, and Alya laughed.

They entered the house, and this time Kari immediately went for the sleeping bags in the closet to lay them down on the floor. Alya and Kari sat down on one, while Lissa and Jeff took the other.

"Okay, now for the moment we've all been waiting for. At least, the moment *I've* been waiting for. Lissa, I want to watch you kiss your little brother."

Lissa leaned in and gave Jeff a peck on the cheek.

"You know what I mean," Alya grinned.

Lissa turned to Jeff, gazing into his eyes with a mischievous look. She leaned in, and Jeff met her lips with his own, kissing her the way he often kissed Kari. He let his hands slip around her waist to hold her to him. She opened her mouth, and he knew exactly what she wanted. He let his own mouth open, and a moment later he felt his sister's tongue touch his own.

"Oh my god!" he heard Alya gasp from across the room. It was the sound of a girl excited by what she saw.

Then Lissa slowly drew away from him, their mouths regretfully separating. The two of them glanced over at the other girls, who were watching in awe.

"Wow!" Alya commented. "Lissa told me about the fun you two had during Christmas break, but to see it is

something else entirely."

"I hope you mean that in a good way," said Lissa.

"Oh, I do," she smiled. "The thought of incest always disgusted me. The reality of it, I have to admit, kind of turns me on."

"Well, there's a lot more where that came from," Lissa grinned. "Come on, little brother. Let's show these girls a thing or two about sex."

Jeff, who already had his hands on Lissa's hips, grabbed the bottom of her shirt and lifted it up. A moment later, she sat there in front of him with only her bra covering her tits. Jeff leaned in and kissed her at the top of her cleavage, to the delight of the onlookers.

"You're really going to go through with it," Alya breathed.

"You bet we are," Lissa replied.

"Come on, Alya," said Kari. "Let's not let them have all the fun." She kissed the girl on the lips, mimicking Jeff's and Lissa's earlier kiss. Now it was his turn to stop and watch in excitement.

That didn't last long, because Lissa immediately attacked him, grabbing his shirt and pulling it off of him. She pounced on him, knocking him to the floor and lying on top of him. In the last few years he had gone through several growth spurts and was now quite a bit bigger than her, so if he wanted to, he could easily overpower her. But it was so much more fun to lie back and let her attack him with her lips, especially with the heat and softness of her body against him. He did, however, reach around and unfasten her bra. She didn't even bother to take it off, but just let it fall off in the course of her onslaught. Soon though, he felt her pointed nipples against his chest as she kissed him all over the face.

He was so wrapped up in the feeling of his sister's lips and topless body that he barely noticed the girls going at it to the side. They had also begun stripping each other, and now all six boobs were plainly visible. Jeff was in heaven, surrounded by such a quantity of girl flesh and especially with his sister rubbing against him.

He wrestled around with her, grabbing for her skirt in an attempt to take it off. She fought back by reaching for his pants. He had to pause for a moment to let her unfasten his belt, but they they resumed their stripping game, fighting to be the first to get the other one completely nude.

Alya and Kari had adopted a different strategy. They were working more slowly, taking time to feel each other up in the process. Jeff glanced over at them and saw Kari's hand down the front of Alya's panties, rubbing her there as Alya sucked on one of Kari's tits. If Lissa's body against his own wasn't enough to get him hard, seeing the two girls groping each other across the room certainly made up the difference. When Lissa managed to get his pants off, the tent in his boxers was plainly evident.

By this time, he had her skirt off, so now it was down to their underwear. Jeff tried to snatch Lissa's panties,

but she was too fast for him, and she slipped out of his grasp. He wasn't quite so fortunate, because a moment later she had hold of the waistband of his shorts, and started tugging them down. He probably could have escaped if he tried hard enough, but this type of game was just as much fun to lose as to win, so he only halfheartedly struggled against her, and a moment later he found himself exposed to their view. Kari and Alya paused to applaud Lissa's successful efforts, and he had a sneaking suspicion that at least part of that applause was for his swollen cock.

"So Alya," said Lissa, "since you're so excited about this whole incest thing, do you want to see me suck my little brother's dick?"

"Oh god, yes!" Alya grinned.

Jeff raised himself up on his knees, and Lissa went down on all fours in front of him. As the two girls watched from the other side of the room, Lissa opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around his cock.

"Oh god oh god!" Alya breathed, her eyes wide with delight. No doubt part of her excitement was from Kari's fondling, but Jeff could tell that the rest was for the sight in front of her.

He of course was at least as excited as her, with the pleasure of his big sister sucking him off. She was doing a masterful job of it, shooting waves of pleasure through him with each suck. Her tongue wasn't idle, but ran all over it inside of her mouth. He couldn't help himself, but began to rock his hips forward. Lissa didn't seem to mind; in fact, she hummed with delight as he penetrated deeply into her mouth.

Kari and Alya had by now lost their underwear too. Alya lay on her back, and Kari knelt between her legs. She stuck out her tongue and ran it up and down the girl's slit. Alya whimpered in pleasure as the teen girl tongued her all over between the legs. Jeff watched in fascination as her body squirmed around on the sleeping bag. Her hands went to her own tits and fondled them as she lifted her legs and rested them on Kari's shoulders.

The sight was so erotic that Jeff realized he was about to climax. He was sure Lissa wouldn't mind him cumming in her mouth, and he was tempted to do just that. But he preferred to hold off until he could get it inside her pussy. Grudgingly and with supreme effort, he willed himself to pull out of her mouth. She gave a sound of displeasure, but when he explained that he wanted to do the same to her, her face lit up with delight. She lay down on the floor, and he pulled off her panties.

Jeff stuck out his tongue and touched it gently to the top of her slit, and she shuddered from the contact. He swirled it around the area in tiny little circles, very gently stimulating her. Even that slight motion had a tremendous effect on her. Lissa's breathing grew deeper, and her hips began to squirm. Like Alya, Lissa put her hands to her breasts to fondle them as Jeff concentrated on her pussy.

He let his tongue wander lower, pressing gently into her slit and causing Lissa to groan. He knew that she would soon be ready for him to enter her. He let his tongue get her nice and slick, and used his fingers to pry her open. He slipped one finger inside her and darted it in and out, loosening her up. When she began to gasp in her breaths, he realized he might have overshot his goal, and almost brought her to orgasm.

He quickly pulled back, and the sigh from his sister told him that he had averted her climax. He crawled up until he was on his hands and knees staring down into her beautiful face as she lay sprawled out underneath him.

To the side, he heard Alya scream in ecstasy, and he glanced over in time to see her body tensed and trembling as Kari's mouth still worked furiously over her. Then Alya collapsed, panting in exhaustion. Jeff turned his attention back to Lissa.

"Do it, Jeff," she told him. "Fuck your big sister. I want to feel my brother's hard dick shoved up inside of me."

Her dirty talk excited him, making him even harder than he was already. He placed his dick against her opening and pressed forward, groaning in pleasure as he slipped inside. This was what he had been waiting for. He had wanted to feel her pussy wrapped around him, and now here it was.

Though he started out gentle, Lissa began ramming her hips upward forcefully, and he got the signal that she wanted it hard. He was happy to oblige her. Her thrust in deep, slamming his body against hers. He could see Lissa smiling as he fucked her; apparently she loved it like that.

He glanced over at Kari and Alya, who by this time were just resting and watching them. Alya seemed particularly excited to see brother and sister fucking. Yes, she was going to fit right in with this family.

His already excited state, coupled with the rapid and rough sex, brought him to orgasm quickly. He groaned as it hit, washing through him and filling him with supreme pleasure. He spurted over and over again into his sister's hot body, and she screamed as her own orgasm overtook her. He loved the thought that he was fucking his own sister, and that he had just unleashed his load inside her body. There was something enticingly erotic about such a forbidden act. Of course, he had done the same to Brit many times, but he never quite got used to it.

Eventually the pleasure ebbed, and Jeff rolled over onto his back. He could see Alya and Kari with bright grins on their faces. Alya was panting almost as if she had been the one getting fucked. Of course, that might have been leftover from Kari's ministrations, but he liked to think it was from excitement at watching Jeff and Lissa.

Only one of the four hadn't been satisfied yet, so now that the show was over, Alya went to work on Kari. Jeff always liked to see his girlfriend with other women, and this was no exception. Alya shoved her face between Kari's thighs and started licking her all over. It didn't take long for Kari to collapse into a squirming heap of girl flesh, writhing and wriggling on the sleeping bag as Alya mercilessly devoured her cunt. The look of joy on Kari's face was a familiar sight to Jeff, having seen it on numerous occasions and been the cause of it many times himself. He was delighted to see her receiving pleasure from another girl. If he hadn't just finished fucking Lissa, he would be tempted to crawl over to the two girls and join them.

Soon Jeff could see the signs of Kari coming to her own climax. She screamed in pleasure, her eyes shut tight and her body tensing up. Her hips lifted right up off of the floor as her orgasm hit her and drove her over the

edge. Then she collapsed once more, panting and gasping in the aftershocks.

"So that's it then," said Jeff. "We've done every combination in this group."

"Every combination of *two*," Lissa qualified. He glanced at her, a grin spreading on his face as he realized what she meant.

"You know," Alya commented, "after seeing you two going at it, I'm absolutely committed to this plan to get Jeff and Brit back together. What I wouldn't give to see him fuck her."

"What I wouldn't give to fuck her," Jeff laughed.

Chapter 90

Auntie Rachael Returns

On Thursday after Greg left for work, Allison held another "family council" to discuss the plan. Brit, Crystal, and she had spent a good deal of their time out at the pool the prior evening, and they had coaxed Greg into joining them. He had done plenty of gawking at the girls in their bikinis, and not just at Allison or even Crystal, but at Brit as well. He tried to be discreet about it, but Allison kept one eye on him the whole time, and caught him leering several times.

With less than a week left before Rachael arrived, she wanted everyone to be prepared to lose their clothes at a moment's notice. Rachael would be the instigator, but she suggested that everyone be ready to follow her lead. Jeff asked, not surprisingly, if he would be allowed to be present on some of these occasions, and Allison reassured him that pretty soon there would be so much nudity at the Primdale mansion that he was bound to end up in the middle of it sometimes no matter how often he stayed away.

On Friday, Jeff turned seventeen. They decided to throw him a pool party, and he invited several of his friends. Mike, Jesse, and Rick came, and not surprisingly, Rick asked if he could bring his little sister Amy along. Knowing what he did about their relationship, Jeff could hardly say no. Besides, it gave him an excuse to allow Kari, Brit, and Crystal to invite over all their sexy young friends too. Jeff could think of no better birthday present than to be surrounded by a bunch of cute girls in swimsuits. Kayla Fallon and Vanessa Moon came along, as well as Shelley Hooper, Gwen Franks, and Erica Bryant from the volleyball team. Brit and Crystal brought Kimmy Nelson and the Dover twins. Mike even asked if he could bring along his girlfriend Holly.

Since it was Jeff's birthday, Greg made an exception to the rule that Jeff and Brit couldn't be in swimsuits together. With a whole crowd of people there, it wasn't as if there would be any opportunity for the two kids to get into trouble.

They had barbecue hamburgers on the upper deck outside the back door, and afterward everyone jumped in the pool. Brit, Crystal, and the Dover girls spent most of their time ganging up on Jeff trying to dunk him. He enlisted Kari's help to retaliate, and it helped a little, although they were still outnumbered and therefore ended up on the losing end of that battle more often than not. As expected, Jesse stared and drooled over Allison almost the entire time, probably remembering what she looked like naked. It certainly didn't help that she wore a bikini rather than a more conservative one-piece swimsuit. Mike stared sometimes too, and even Rick couldn't help but steal the occasional glance, though Vanessa and Amy caught on and spent the rest of the afternoon teasing him about it and trying to distract him.

Lissa and Alya provided a little maturity among the otherwise younger group, though they too eventually joined in the fun. And Allison, of course, had as much fun as anyone.

Jeff got a little surprise later that afternoon when he caught Gwen and Erica kissing on the other side of the house where the partygoers couldn't see them. Erica shrugged and grinned sheepishly as her face turned bright crimson, but Gwen just laughed and kissed her again. Jeff gave them the thumbs-up sign, then turned around and walked away, giving them their privacy. He was glad that the two of them had gotten together; at least someone had a happy ending. He was still waiting for his own.

All in all, the party was a big success, though there was one birthday present that wouldn't arrive until the next week. He had hoped that Rachael would be there on his birthday, because she would no doubt want to give him a special present that night. Still, having her come at all would be fun, and she didn't necessarily need an excuse to give him that kind of present. He knew it was kind of selfish to fantasize about Rachael when he already had Kari, Crystal, Allison, and now Lissa and Alya sleeping with him, but try as he might, he just couldn't make himself feel guilty about it.

Kari, of course, would have been happy to give him that kind of birthday present, but with all the partygoers around, and him being the guest of honor and all, there was no chance for privacy. That was fine; he would have plenty of chances with her later.

When the day ended and all their friends headed home, Allison made up for Rachael's absence. As if reading his mind, she took Jeff up to his room that night and climbed into bed with him. They stripped off their clothes, and she fucked Jeff through two orgasms. It was the kind of birthday present that made him forget all about his aunt, for the moment at least.

Of course, his forgetfulness didn't last long, with Rachael arriving in a couple of days. Only Allison seemed more excited and anxious than Jeff. They both were almost on edge the day before she Rachael was scheduled to arrive. Jeff could hardly concentrate on anything, and of course Brit took it as a great opportunity to tease him about it. He didn't mind; it was no secret that he thought his Auntie Rachael was a very hot woman.

That night, he could hardly sleep. That actually worked to his benefit, because he woke up late, leaving less time before she would arrive. That still didn't keep him from spending a good deal of his time pacing that morning.

Greg took the day off from work to be there when she arrived. After what he had gone through for the past few months, and especially the past few weeks with Alya here, he was looking forward to seeing a welcome face for a change.

When lunch time came around, Jeff ate his food almost unconsciously, not even realizing he had eaten until he stared down at his plate and found it empty. They all then retired to the living room to wait for their new guest.

When they heard Rachael's car drive up, Jeff immediately hopped out of his seat and strode to the front door. Normally he didn't want to seem too eager to see a girl, but by now everyone in the house knew that he had had sex with her, so it was kind of pointless to try to deny just how much he liked her. He opened the door

and waved to Rachael as she pulled into the driveway and parked her car.

She climbed out of her car and stretched seductively, no doubt deliberately forming it into a provocative pose to try to get him excited. She gave him a wink as soon as she was finished, then blew him a kiss. She walked over to him and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, it's so good to see you!" she exclaimed.

By this point, most of the rest of the family had gathered around the front door too, so she went around the group giving them each a hug, reserving an extra big one for her sister. When she got to Alya, she stopped.

"So you must be Alya," said Rachael with a smile. "I was right."

"Right about what?" asked Alya.

"When Lissa called me in January and told me she had a girlfriend, I knew that any girl who could turn her into a lesbian must be damn sexy."

Alya blushed, but she also laughed. Lissa had warned her about Rachael's personality after all, basically saying that Rachael was like Meg, only bisexual instead of strictly lesbian.

Rachael gave her a hug as well, then Greg suggested she come in and have a seat on the couch. She sat down and sighed, grinning at everyone. "It's been way too long since I was here," she said. "I need to visit more often than just once a year."

"You can visit as often as you want," Allison told her. "Isn't that right, Greg?"

"Our house is your house," he told Rachael.

"Oh good," Rachael grinned. "At my house I usually go around in my underwear all day." She began unbuttoning her blouse.

"Stop that!" Allison scolded, swatting her hand.

"She really *is* like Meg," Alya laughed.

"Jeff, would you be a dear and go get my luggage out of my car?" asked Rachael. "I'm exhausted after that long drive."

"Sure," he smiled.

"I'll help," offered Greg. They headed outside to the car, and between the two of them they carried her bags into the house, setting them down in the great hall. Jeff was almost disappointed to see upon her return that she was still fully clothed. With Rachael, one never knew whether that talk of stripping down to her underwear was a joke.

"We've got the spare room made up for you again," said Greg. "Jeff and I will be happy to help carry your luggage upstairs."

"I appreciate it, but forget the spare room," Rachael smiled. "Jeff's room will do nicely."

"Rachael!" Allison exclaimed. Everyone stared at Rachael in shock, even Jeff.

"What?" she asked. "I want to do my part to help Jeff and Brit get over each other."

"Rachael, maybe you shouldn't..." Allison began.

"Everyone here knows about the situation between them, so there's no point pretending it's a secret. Besides, I'm not the only woman helping Jeff get over his little sister," she said with a wink at Allison.

"But moving in with Jeff..." said Lissa.

"What better way? Besides, I missed his birthday, so I need to make up for it with an extra special present."

They continued to stare at her, but Jeff's face broke out into a wide grin.

"See?" she said. "Jeff likes the idea."

"I still don't know if I'm comfortable with it," said Greg.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Rachael told him. "If you're jealous, I'm happy to give you a little one-on-one time too, Greg. And anyone else who's interested. Lissa? Alya?"

Allison rolled her eyes, but she wore a grin on her face. "You never cease to amaze me," she laughed.

"I think for now we'll put your luggage in the spare room," Greg said. "Whether you actually sleep in there or not... well, we'll discuss that later."

"Okay, but I still want to give Jeff a belated birthday present tonight."

Greg sighed. "I guess that's up to Kari and him. As long as she gives her permission, I really don't have any objections, although I would have hoped you wouldn't be so obvious about it."

"I'll give her a call right now," Jeff grinned. He hopped up off the couch and headed into the hall to the phone. The others tried not to eavesdrop as he made the call, but it was hard not to, especially when he asked his girlfriend point blank whether she had any objections to Rachael having sex with him that night. He returned a minute later with the grin still on his face.

"Looks like it's a date," he told Rachael.

"You know, Jeff," said Alya, "you're about the luckiest boy I know. Not only is your father letting you sleep

with a girl right in this house, but your girlfriend just gave you permission, too."

"For the record, I don't like it, but considering the alternative, I'm willing to compromise," Greg mumbled.

"And don't forget he gets to have wild sex with his sexy stepmother whenever he wants to," Rachael added.

"I can't believe you just said that," Allison told her, growing red. Rachael was about the only person on the planet who could make her blush.

"Why not?" asked Rachael. "That's not a secret to anyone in this room either. You told me how much you enjoyed having him shove his great big cock up your pussy, and how much you loved the taste of his cum as he shot his load down your throat--"

"That's enough!" Allison shouted. Rachael quieted down, but she kept a grin on her face.

To avoid a return to the subject, Greg and Jeff set to work hauling her suitcases up the stairs and to the spare room. Jeff would have been happy having her move in permanently with him, but it looked like he wouldn't get the approval from his dad to take things quite *that* far. Still, she was just right down the hall and could slip into his bedroom any time she wanted. He decided not to lock the door during the whole time she was there. With so many hot girls in this house willing to have sex with him, he figured that privacy was overrated.

The rest of the afternoon, Rachael caught up on old times with everyone. She focused particularly on Alya, whom she had never met before. The two of them seemed to get along, maybe because Rachael was so much like Meg, and Alya had gotten used to her roommate's constant teasing and flirting. Rachael also focused quite a bit on Jeff, though her comments tended to be somewhat on the obscene side when she did. On more than one occasion Allison had to reprimand her and change the subject, but somehow the conversation always seemed to wander back to Jeff and what Rachael wanted to do with him.

Dinner was a little better, since they had the food to occupy them. Even Rachael toned down her naughty remarks somewhat. They had ice cream for dessert, after which Rachael wanted to go downstairs and play some ping-pong. That seemed like a good way to get her mind off of sex, so the whole family joined them downstairs. Rachael and Jeff teamed up against Lissa and Alya. Rachael was a little rusty, so Jeff and she lost the first couple of rounds, but then she got her game back and played much more competitively.

In the mean time, Greg and Allison shot pool. They offered to let Brit join in, but she was happy just watching. All in all, everyone had a fun time, and the time passed so quickly that they were surprised to look at the clock and realize that it was nearly bedtime.

Jeff glanced at Rachael, who gave him a wink to let him know that she was thinking the same thing that he was.

"Well, I've had a long day, and I'm getting tired," she said. "I think I'll turn in. Coming, Jeff?" She stood up and held out her hand to him.

Jeff couldn't help grinning as he rose to his feet and took her hand. He glanced over at Brit, hoping that she wouldn't be too jealous, but he saw her smiling too.

"Have fun, you two," she told them.

The two of them left the room and ascended the stairs. They entered Jeff's room, and he closed the door behind them. Rachael glanced around. "Ah yes," she said. "I know this room well."

"What do you mean?" asked Jeff. "Last time, I was in a different room."

"Yes, but this is where I seduced Lissa," she replied.

"Oh yeah. I forgot about that."

"That doesn't bother you, does it?" asked Rachael. "That I slept with your sister?"

"Why should it bother me?" he asked. "So did I."

Rachael laughed. "So Allison's suspicions about last Christmas were true," she said.

"That and last week. We've been doing a little girlfriend swapping."

Rachael laughed again. "Wow, Jeff! You're even more promiscuous than me. Is there girl in this house you haven't had sex with?"

"Let's see... nope."

"Well then, I'd better get working. I only have a couple of months to catch up. Of course, I'm not going to settle for a tie; I play to win. I plan to have sex with one more person in this house than you."

"If you're talking about my dad, I think I'll concede that one to you," he laughed. "But that's for later. Right now, I've booked your time all night."

Rachael wrapped her arms around his neck and gave him a kiss. Jeff held her to him, enjoying the warmth of her body. When Rachael drew back, she had a smile on her face. "It's been far too long since I did that," she said. "It's not fair that I only get to visit once a year."

"You know, we have plenty of extra rooms," said Jeff. "I wouldn't complain if you wanted to move in."

"Careful, or I might take you up on that offer."

She released him, but only so that she could grab the bottom of his shirt and pull it over his head. Jeff returned the favor, slipping off her shirt to reveal her bra-clad chest. He took a second to admire it, then reached around her back to unfasten her bra. By now he was getting to be somewhat of an expert at it. Once the clasps were unhooked, he grabbed the ends and pulled them forward off of her chest, letting her gorgeous

tits spring free.

"Now that's what *I* miss," Jeff grinned. "May I?" He reached out for her breasts, pausing only long enough for her to nod her head in permission. He grabbed hold of them and gave them a squeeze.

"You like my boobs, do you?" she asked.

"Oh yeah."

"Well, you can play with them all you want. Any time you want."

"No time like the present," he grinned, continuing to fondle her. He rolled her nipples between his fingers, enjoying how they hardened. Rachael smiled, obviously enjoying the sensation even more than him. As long as she was willing to let him toy with her, he would take advantage of it.

As he groped her, Rachael reached down and unfastened his belt. She then unbuckled and unzipped his pants.

"Your fly's undone," she commented.

"Oh," he replied. "I would take care of it, except my hands are preoccupied with something much more fun right now. Why don't you do something about it?"

"Like this?" she asked, then yanked his pants down. They fell in a pile around his ankles.

"That's exactly what I had in mind," he told her. "Of course, now I feel a little underdressed. I think we should change the dress code so that I don't feel so uncomfortable." He grabbed her own pants and pulled them down too. They both stepped out of their pants and stood facing each other again.

"I think we should make this the permanent dress code around here," Rachael suggested.

"I wouldn't mind that a bit," replied Jeff. "But you're going to have to take it up with my dad," replied Jeff.

"I will," she smiled.

"With anyone else, I would think they were joking. But with you, I'm not so sure."

"Well, if we're going to change the dress code, let me make one more suggestion."

"I think I know what you have in mind. And I agree with it."

They grabbed each other's underwear and together they pulled them down. A moment later, they stood there completely naked.

Rachael immediately grabbed his cock and began to stroke it. "This is also something I've been missing," she commented.

"Me too," he replied. "But I think it would be more fun in bed."

"Everything's more fun in bed," she grinned. They sat down together on the bed, and Rachael immediately returned her hand to his cock. Jeff lay back, giving her plenty of room to play with her new toy. Her hands caressed it firmly but gently, taking long, slow strokes. Jeff began to squirm on the bed as she toyed with him, his body reacting instinctively to her touch. He always enjoyed this part of lovemaking especially, the warm-up as they began to lose control of themselves.

He wasn't going to let her have all the fun though. He reached out and slipped his own hand between her legs. Rachael lifted her knee to give him better access, and he took full advantage of it, rubbing her from the base of the slit all the way to her clitoris. She moaned every time he touched her there, her own body falling under the same spell as his. She soon grew moist there, ready to go on to the next stage.

Finally, Rachael released his cock and lay down on her back next to him. Jeff rolled over on top of her, getting into position to enter her. He lined up his cock with her hole and lowered his body to press inside. Rachael groaned with pleasure as he penetrated into her body.

As soon as he bottomed out, he lifted his hips back up a couple of inches and pressed down again. He repeated the motion, gradually getting into a rhythm. Rachael's own body reacted to that rhythm, rising up to meet him with every thrust.

Over and over again he drove into her body. He slammed her hard, the way she liked it. With most of the other girls he had made love to, he had to be gentle and tender, not that he had any problem with that. He actually preferred to take his time and enjoy it. But Rachael preferred it hard, raw, and passionate. She seemed to be the exception to the rule that sex was mostly emotional for girls; with her, the physical sensation was good enough, provided he did it hard enough to please her.

As he thrust deep into her, the two of them worked themselves into a frenzy, grunting and moaning and panting and screaming as they slammed their bodies together. They were so loud that Jeff suspected that everyone in the house could hear them. But he didn't care. It was no secret that they were fucking; let everyone hear it first hand.

Rachael hit her peak first, judging by the sudden increase in pitch and volume of her screaming and the vise-like pressure as her cunt muscles squeezed down on his cock. That set him off too, and his own body spasmed, his cock jerking inside her as it spurted over and over again. Their screaming gradually tapered off, coming down from the heights of pleasure as the ecstasy faded.

They lay there panting for a minute, gripping each other tightly and enjoying the feel of each other's hot, sweaty bodies pressed together. Then Jeff rolled off of her and lay down next to her.

She turned her head to smile at him. "That settles it," she said. "I'm going to have to do that a lot while I'm here. Two or three times a day if I can."

"Careful, or you'll wear me out," he laughed.

"Okay, I'll have to pace myself. I'll give you just enough sex to keep you satisfied until the next time I visit."

"Good plan," he smiled, then closed his eyes, yawned, and drifted off to sleep.

Downstairs in the master bedroom, Greg had a restless sleep. Despite a session of mind-blowing sex with Allison, he had a hard time sleeping, with the knowledge that his son was upstairs having sex with Rachael. It wasn't that he was jealous; Greg had no more claim over Rachael than Jeff did. And the thought of sharing a woman with another man bothered him less than he expected it would, especially since he had even shared his own wife with his son. But he wondered whether he was doing the right thing by letting his teenage son be so promiscuous. Jeff had slept with Allison and Rachael, and although they never came right out and admitted it, Greg was pretty sure he sometimes slept with Kari too. Having three partners was certainly not normal for a boy his age.

It was all for Brit's sake, but Greg sometimes felt that he was sacrificing one of his children for the other. Or to put it more bluntly, that he was choosing between his kids. True, the psychological damage was potentially much worse for a girl than for a boy, and Brit was still just a child in his opinion, but perhaps it was wrong to let Jeff get away with so much.

He finally fell asleep to troubled dreams and half a dozen periods of waking.

In the morning he felt much better; the night always brought on worries, most of them unfounded. He glanced over and saw Allison sleeping peacefully. She was so beautiful like that, with that half-smile on her lips that she always wore when asleep. It would be a shame to wake her, so he didn't. He merely kissed her cheek, then climbed out of bed and made his way into the bathroom for a shower.

The hot water felt nice and soothing, and the last remnants of his worries seemed to rinse away. So what if Jeff was sleeping with three women? He was living a teenage boy's fantasy. As long as he didn't expect it to become permanent, everything was fine. Greg would just have to have a talk with him about it, to explain that some day he would have to settle down with just one woman. Actually, Greg hoped that it would be Kari. She was really a nice girl, and so good for Jeff. So far the two of them had shown no sign of wanting to break up; in fact, their relationship had already gone through some rocky times and come out stronger than ever. Kari's loyalty was commendable. Jeff would be a lucky man to marry his high school sweetheart.

On the other hand, if Jeff did marry her, then maybe he *could* expect to have multiple partners in the future. Kari seemed particularly open-minded about it. Greg couldn't exactly get after Jeff for sleeping with more than one girl when he himself was doing the same thing.

Suddenly, the shower door opened. Greg turned to look, expecting to see Allison. Instead, it was Rachael, completely nude.

"What...?" he began.

"Now is that any way to greet a naked lady?" grinned Rachael.

"What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in Jeff's room?"

"That was last night," she said. "But we made a deal remember? Whenever you, me, and Allison get together, we're going to have sex. I promise we'll have all kinds of fun tonight, but I just couldn't wait, so I had to get you alone." She reached out and slipped her hand onto his cock, which immediately began to harden at the contact.

"So you just jump between my own son and me?" he asked. "Just like that?"

"Oh come on. Give me some credit."

"What do you mean?"

"I thought you knew me better than that. It's not just Jeff and you. There's Allison too. And now that Lissa has switched over, I might try to steal her away from Alya. Speaking of which, Alya's worth going after too. Then there's Kari..."

Greg laughed. "You really are too much, you know that?"

"No, I'm just right."

He shrugged. "I really can't argue with you there."

Rachael took her hand away from his cock, to his disappointment. He perked right back up when she reached for the soap, squirting a bit onto her hand. She lathered up her hands, then returned to her previous task, but with the effect multiplied from the lubrication.

"Better be careful," he told her, "or I'm liable to--"

"That's the plan," she grinned, increasing the tempo. It didn't take long for him to start grunting as he spurt all over her chest and stomach. Rachael giggled as his cum splattered her body. She reached down with a finger and scooped some of it off her chest, then put it in her mouth with a grin.

Suddenly, her face screwed up and she spit it back out. "Gross!" she exclaimed.

"Gross?" he asked. "This isn't the first time you've tasted it."

"But it's the first time I've tasted it mixed with a bunch of soap," she replied, causing him to laugh.

After the shower, Greg and Rachael left the bathroom to find Allison getting dressed. She glanced at them and smiled. "Trying to steal my husband away?" she asked Rachael.

"Just borrowing him," Rachael replied. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Just put him back in the same condition as you found him."

"Oops," Rachael grinned sheepishly. "Too late."

"Okay, let me rephrase that. Just leave an orgasm or two for me tonight; that's all I'm asking."

After dressing, the three of them left the room. They found the others in the dining room eating breakfast, and sat down to join them. Jeff seemed to be in a great mood, and why not? He had just spent a night of passion with a gorgeous woman.

"So Daddy," said Brit with a mischievous grin, "did Jeff and Rachael keep you up all night with their noises like they did me?"

"As a matter of fact, I slept like a baby," he lied.

"I guess we weren't trying hard enough," said Rachael. "I promised your dad to spend some time with him tonight, but do you want to try again tomorrow night, Jeff?"

"You bet!" he exclaimed.

"You know," said Greg, "I would appreciate it if we discussed something other than my son's love life at the breakfast table. Or mine, for that matter."

"Fine," said Brit. "Lissa, did you and Alya have a good time last night?"

"That's not much better!" said Greg, and Brit giggled.

"Just kidding, Daddy. Anyway, is it all right if I spend the day at Crystal's house?"

"That depends. Where is Jeff going to be?"

"Kari's coming over here," he replied. "But we're planning to go out a little later."

"Us too," added Lissa.

"All right, that's fine," Greg said. "As long as Jeff and Kari don't go back to her place."

"You're really insistent on not having Brit and me spend time together, aren't you?" asked Jeff.

"I just think it's best for everyone, for the time being."

Jeff shrugged. "That's fine," he said. "Kari and I were planning to be out all day anyway."

Greg had to leave soon for work, so he finished breakfast, kissed Allison goodbye, then hopped into the Jaguar and drove to work. Actually, he had no intention of spending the whole day there. The kids had given

away a little secret. With Jeff going out with Kari, Lissa going out with Alya, and Brit over at Crystal's house, that left Allison and Rachael alone together in the house. Greg took half a day off, leaving work at noon. The official reason was to spend time with his "visiting family," which was technically true. The unofficial reason was because he wanted to spend some time alone with Allison and Rachael without the kids there, and this seemed like the perfect opportunity. He wouldn't be surprised if he walked in on the two sisters in bed together; in fact, he kind of hoped he would. And considering how willing Rachael was to join him in the shower that morning, she probably wouldn't be opposed to starting their nocturnal festivities in the afternoon instead.

Unfortunately, when he arrived home, they were in the middle of lunch. Fully dressed, to his disappointment. That was fine; it had really just been a fantasy. He didn't have time to get too disappointed though; as he sat down to join them for lunch, Rachael mentioned that she wanted to go swimming that afternoon. Allison suggested they all take a dip in the pool, to which Greg was more than happy to agree.

After lunch, they changed into their swimsuits and headed out back. Rachael, of course, was dressed in just about the skimpiest bikini Greg had ever seen, and Allison's wasn't much better. For a moment, he worried what would happen if the kids walked in on them like that, but then he realized that it wouldn't matter to the girls, and Jeff had already seen both Rachael and Allison in even less.

The three of them waded into the pool, which felt cool and refreshing in the hot sun. Greg let himself float on his back for a moment, staring up at the blue sky as he relaxed in the nice cold water of the pool. Then he put his feet down and glanced over at Allison and Rachael, loving the sight of them mostly naked and wet.

Suddenly, Rachael reached behind Allison's back and yanked on the string to her bikini top, freeing the garment and leaving Allison standing there topless. Greg laughed, not surprised at Rachael's boldness.

Allison wasn't about to let her little sister get the better of her like that. "Thank you, Rachael," she smiled. "I was about to ask if you wouldn't mind helping me out of my bikini top. Greg dear, you don't mind if Rachael and I take our tops off, do you?"

"I would mind if you didn't," he grinned.

"Good," said Allison, then reached for her sister's bikini top. Rachael, however, dashed away, laughing. Allison chased her around the pool as Greg watched in delight. He loved the way his wife's breasts jiggled with every movement, and how her splashing threw water drops all over her body that clung to her and shone in the sunlight like tiny diamonds. And as soon as she got Rachael's top off, the same effect would apply to her as well.

Rachael turned her back on her sister, exposing the bow where she tied the strings to her top together. Instead of going quickly, Allison took her time, grabbing just the end of one of the strings with her thumb and forefinger and drawing it back slowly. The two girls looked at Greg, who was watching with interest. The slow pace turned this into a rather sexy striptease.

Finally, the bow came undone, and the bikini top hung limply around Rachael's breasts. Instead of pulling it

away, however, Allison slipped her hands under it, resting them on her sister's boobs. Rachael lifted the neck strap over her head, then tossed the garment onto the deck nearby. The two girls turned toward Greg, now with only Allison's hands covering Rachael's breasts from his view.

"I wonder what I have in here..." Allison commented.

"Gee, I don't know," said Greg facetiously, "but I'm curious to find out."

Allison lifted just the top of one of her hands away, then peeked down into the opening. "My, that looks good enough to eat," she said.

"Why don't you then?" asked Rachael.

"I think I will." Allison removed her hands, giving Greg a perfect view of Rachael's bare torso. He grinned as the girls turned toward each other, then Allison lowered her body, moved in, and sucked Rachael's nipple into her mouth.

"Mmm..." she hummed as she sucked. Greg watched the lesbian show with delight. He always loved it when Allison and Rachael got frisky in front of him. Of course, he loved it even more when they let him join in.

"That looks like too much for you to eat all by yourself," he said. "You don't mind sharing, do you?"

"Help yourself," Rachael told him, and Greg waded over to her. He lowered himself and stuck out his tongue to lick her all over her breast. This was what he enjoyed most about Rachael's visits: the naughty playfulness where he could just relax and have sexy fun with the girls. Of course, it was often like that when he was alone with Allison, but having Rachael there with them added an entirely new dimension to their playtime.

Allison lifted her head and kissed Rachael on the lips, leaving Greg room to fondle the girl's other breast. He could get used to this. After all of the gloom and worries of the past six months, a little time with Rachael was just what he needed to cheer him up. Things were certainly going to be interesting around here for a while.

Just then, the back door opened, and the three of them glanced up. Lissa and Alya stood on the upper deck, staring down into the pool.

"Well well well," said Lissa with a grin. "What have we here?"

"We're just having some fun," Rachael explained. "Care to join us? You have to take your tops off though."

The last thing Greg needed right now was to see his daughter and her girlfriend topless. With Rachael there keeping the atmosphere lively, he just might end up doing something he regretted.

"Actually, I think it's time I got out," he said.

"Oh, you're no fun," Rachael pouted.

He ignored her and climbed out of the pool. Lissa and Alya descended the stairs.

"Something wrong, Dad?" asked Lissa.

"No, I'm just a little tired. I think I'll go take a nap." He grabbed a towel and dried himself off, then wrapped it around his waist and headed up the stairs. It was too bad that the girls had arrived and spoiled his fun. On the other hand, he still had that night to look forward to. The thought made him smile. Yes, Jeff would just have to do without her for one night.

Chapter 91

Swimwear, or Lack Thereof

If Greg thought he was going to maintain an air of modesty around the house with his children there, he was sorely mistaken. For one thing, he still had to work every week day, which left the girls alone in the house. On Friday he sat behind his desk at work, daydreaming about the girls all swimming nude in the pool. Or perhaps "fantasizing" was a better word. It was made all the more realistic by the knowledge that it was probably going on even as he was thinking about it. That didn't bother him too much because Jeff had left early that morning to go out with Kari again, leaving only girls in the house. As long as it wasn't in front of anyone of the male persuasion, he considered it perfectly fine if they wanted to go nude around the house or in the pool.

He worried, however, about Saturday. He didn't think most of the girls would take their clothes off in front of Jeff, but Jeff was planning to go out with Kari again. That would leave Greg alone with them. And now that he thought about it, he had seen every one of the remaining girls nude at least once. None of them had seemed to be the slightest bit shy about it. Even little Brit didn't seem to mind parading around topless in front of him.

He woke up Saturday morning worried about what he would do if they decided to swim topless. He realized that if he wanted to, he could simply lay down the law, telling them that they were not to do it. But the problem was that part of him didn't want to. He *wanted* to see Allison and Rachael, Lissa and Alya, even Brit, topless. They all had such gorgeous bodies, and although two of them were his daughters, they were also sexy young women.

Of course, he had a couple of sexy young women in bed with him right now. Rachael had joined Allison and Greg on Thursday and Friday night, and between the wild sex and his worries, he hadn't gotten much sleep. He figured he would take another nap on Saturday to catch up, after frolicking in the pool with the girls of course.

At the breakfast table that morning, Lissa announced that Alya and she were going to spend the day at the mall. That took care of two of the three girls, leaving only Brit to deal with. He tried to think of some way to get Brit out of the way so that he could enjoy himself with Allison and Rachael alone, but he really couldn't think of anything. True, he could encourage her to spend the day at Crystal's house, but they would have no adult in the house, and that meant that when Jeff took Kari home after their date, he would be in a house with his little sister and no adult supervision. Knowing Kari, she might not be opposed to taking Crystal into one room while Jeff and Brit spent time in another.

After Jeff, Lissa, and Alya left, Allison cleaned up the breakfast dishes, then asked the rest of them if they wanted to go out to the pool. *Here it is,* he realized. He knew what he should do. He should stay inside all day, so if they took off their clothes, it wouldn't matter. Yes, that was the best solution all around.

"Sounds fun," he smiled.

Brit headed upstairs to change, but Rachael changed downstairs in the bathroom with Allison and Greg. They grabbed some towels and met Brit out on the pool deck. She wore that same red bikini that she had half worn that day he had walked in on her. At least she had the top on this time. Allison and Rachael, of course, wore bikinis as well.

Greg set his towel down on one of the deck chairs, then slowly descended the stairs at the shallow end of the pool into the water. He had just made it to the bottom step when he heard Brit splashing down the stairs behind him, then she suddenly jumped up on his back and clung to his shoulders.

"Hey!" he laughed.

"Hey what?" she asked.

"Hey you're too old for piggyback rides. And I'm too old to be able to hold you up."

"You're not too old," she told him with a grin. "You're just right." She kissed him on the cheek, then climbed down and splashed toward the deeper end of the pool.

Allison and Rachael slipped into the pool as well, taking a few minutes to get used to the cold of the water. It actually felt really nice once he got used to it, especially with the sun quickly heating the air.

It didn't take long for his fears to be realized.

"Greg," said Allison. "You don't mind if I take off my top, do you?"

He stared at her in surprise. It was true that she liked to go topless whenever she swam, and he liked to watch her. And of course, she certainly didn't mind it with Rachael there. But Brit was also swimming with them.

"You mean... right in front of Brit?" he asked.

"I don't mind," Brit told him. "In fact, I want to take my top off too."

"I..." he said. "I don't think..."

"What?" she asked. "You've seen me completely naked before, so it's not like there's a problem."

He didn't know how to respond to that. Although she was his daughter, he always got aroused when he saw her body. With only the thin material of his swimming trunks covering him, that arousal would be painfully obvious. On the other hand, if Allison took her top off too, maybe he could pretend it was her doing it to him.

"Well, I'm not your wife and I'm not your daughter," Rachael grinned, "so I don't have to ask your permission." She immediately reached behind her back and unfastened the strap of her bikini top, then pulled the whole thing off and set it down on the deck.

Greg stared at Rachael, unable to tear his gaze away from her beautiful, young body. It wasn't the first time he had seen it, but he never grew tired of the sight. As he felt his cock starting to swell, he realized that seeing Brit like that would be a moot point.

Allison grinned. "Now that Rachael has exposed herself, I don't see why it would be a problem if I did the same," she said.

He sighed. "Oh, all right," he conceded.

"Me too, Daddy?" asked Brit.

"You might as well," he shrugged, secretly delighted that she was about to show him her body again.

He tried to keep from watching as she unfastened her top and slipped it off of her body, tossing it onto the ground near the pool. His throat went dry as her beautiful young breasts came into view. He knew he shouldn't be having those thoughts, or especially those feelings, about his own daughter, but he really couldn't help it.

The girls all splashed and played as if nothing were out of the ordinary, and Greg tried not to gawk at them. When Brit deliberately splashed him, he tried to act casual, and joined in on the fun, splashing her back. The water fight drenched all of them, and fortunately with the water flying everywhere, he didn't have much chance to stare at their bare chests.

He couldn't keep it up forever though; with the lack of sleep the past few days, he didn't have much energy. So he climbed out of the pool and took a seat in one of the nearby lawn chairs. That served two purposes. First, it gave him a comfortable position to rest in, and second, it gave him an excuse to watch the girls in the pool. Now that he was out of the cold water, his cock began to harden in his swimming trunks, but fortunately they were baggy enough to hide it.

They continued to frolic in the water for several minutes longer, then Brit also got out of the pool. He watched her approach him, such a sexy little girl. She probably didn't even know just how arousing she could be to a man like him. As she picked up a towel and dried herself, he found himself hoping that she wasn't done playing; it would be a shame for her to wrap the towel around herself and cover her beautiful body like that. Fortunately, when she was done she dropped the towel on one of the chairs.

Suddenly, Brit plopped down on his lap, facing him and straddling his waist. She put her hands on his shoulders and gazed at him with a cheerful smile. He realized with alarm that through the thinness of their swimsuits, he could feel everything. In fact, the shaft of his erection was pressing into the fold between her outer lips!

Brit made no sign that she realized what she was doing. "Do you think Crystal will come back with Jeff and Kari?" she asked casually, as if nothing were out of the ordinary.

"I..." he said, finding it hard to concentrate on the words. It took him a few seconds to regain his composure.

"Well... maybe. Why do you ask?"

"Just curious. What if Kari and Crystal want to take their tops off too?"

"I'll bet you'd really like that, wouldn't you, Greg?" said Rachael from the pool. "Crystal's a real cutie, and she's got a nice figure."

"That's not funny, Rachael," he told her. "I don't think it would be appropriate for me to see her like that. She's not family, after all."

"Neither is Rachael," Brit pointed out. "Besides, I don't think Crystal would mind. It's not like you're going to try to grope her or anything. Or are you?" she giggled.

"Come on, Brit. You know I would never do anything like that," he insisted.

"Not unless you could get away with it."

"Brit!"

She laughed again, then leaned in and hugged him, surprising him even more. It wasn't the first time he had felt her bare torso pressed up against his like this, and it felt just as nice as last time. Too nice in fact.

"I just like to tease you, Dad," she said, then drew back slightly. But instead of pulling back, she leaned in and gave him a quick peck on the lips. Only then did she sit up.

He couldn't believe what was happening. If he didn't know any better, he'd say his own daughter was flirting with him. In fact, there was no way she couldn't feel his hardness between her legs. What did that mean? Just what was going through her mind right now? Usually he didn't even attempt to divine a woman's thoughts; that was a task far beyond the abilities of a mortal man like him. But the possibilities in this case both intrigued and alarmed him.

He knew for a fact that she didn't have the same reservations as other girls when it came to having a relationship with close family members. So she very well might have designs on him. On the other hand, maybe he was reading too much into it. It wasn't uncommon for girls to flirt with their fathers after all, and most of them never ended up doing anything wrong.

"Brit," he croaked, his mouth dry. "Maybe it's time you got off my lap."

"Why, because you have an erection?" she asked playfully.

From the pool, Allison and Rachel both broke down laughing.

"Okay, that does it," he told her sternly. He grabbed her by the waist and literally lifted her off of him, placing her on her feet on the deck beside him.

"I'm sorry," she said penitently. The look in her eyes made him wish he hadn't been so gruff with her.

"Oh, it's all right," he told her with a reassuring smile. "I shouldn't have yelled at you. It's just that you were making me a little uncomfortable. Your teasing is... well..."

"It's okay, Daddy. I guess I just got a little carried away. I miss being able to do this with Jeff, and I just wanted to feel sexy again, if even just for a moment. It wasn't right of me to practice with you like that."

"It's okay," he told her with a smile. "Just don't do it again. Come on. Let's get back in the pool."

They got up and headed down to the water again, where they once more took up the water fight, albeit at a more subdued pace.

He heard the door open at the top of the stairs, and glanced up. Jeff and Kari stood there, staring down at them in shock.

"What's going on here?" Jeff demanded.

Greg glanced around at the girls, realizing just how bad this looked, especially considering that Jeff had seen those photos taken on the boat last summer. No doubt Jeff had some nasty suspicions going through his mind.

"I thought you had gone to Kari's house," Greg said, a feeble attempt to change the subject, or at least to stall the inevitable confrontation. He found himself in the awkward position of trying to come up with an excuse for his behavior to tell his own son.

"I remembered I forgot something, so we came back to get it. Why are Allison, Rachael, and Brit... I mean, I guess it's all right for Allison because she's your wife, and we both know there's no stopping Rachael, but Brit..."

Greg sighed. He had been caught red-handed, and there was nothing to do but tell the truth.

"Would you like me to explain it to him, dear?" Allison asked him.

Greg shook his head. "Give me a minute, Jeff. I'll meet you in the house. Kari, if you don't mind, I need a minute alone with my son."

"That's fine," Kari smiled. "I'll just come down and join the party. You don't mind if I take my top off too, do you?"

"Actually, I do mind," Greg said.

"Just teasing," she laughed.

Greg climbed out of the pool, then dried himself off and put his shirt back on. He headed up the stairs, where

Jeff and he entered the house. They each took a seat, Greg in the chair by his desk and Jeff on the bed.

"I know what you're thinking," Greg told his son. "After what happened last summer, you're wondering if there's going to be a repeat of my mistake. I can assure you that there isn't. Nothing has gone on between me and Brit, and nothing will."

"I'm not worried about that," Jeff replied. "I know that after what happened between Brit and me, you're on your guard against anything like that happening in this family again. I just don't think..."

"What?"

"Can I be frank with you, Dad?"

"Of course."

"Okay. Brit and I screwed up, and you set some limits on our behavior because of it. That's fine; it's just something I have to live with. But I come home and see you in the pool with her, and she's practically naked. I'm not allowed to see her in even a swimsuit, but you get to see her topless."

"It's not that I *get* to do anything. It's just that neither of us minds. Look, I happened to walk in on Brit one day while she was sunbathing topless. We had a talk about it, and decided that it doesn't really bother either of us."

"Dad, it's not a question of whether it bothers you. It just seems to me that if you want me to follow these rules you came up with, you shouldn't be setting a bad example like this. I just think it's a little hypocritical of you."

Greg nodded. "You have a good point. I'll go tell Brit she has to put her top back on."

"Dad, the damage has already been done. Seeing this makes me think you're not committed to the rules at all. I've been trying my hardest to live up to them, and now it looks like all that effort was wasted."

"Look, Jeff..."

"No, you look, Dad. I'm angry at you right now. And I don't think I can live up to the rules you set any more. That doesn't mean that I'm going to go out and have sex with Brit, but if you're just going to change the rules on a whim, I don't think I have any obligation to follow them."

"Jeff, that's not fair."

"No it's not, but that's the way I feel. So here's the deal. Since you've broken my trust, I can't accept any rules that you make up any more."

"Are you threatening me?" Greg glowered.

"No, I'm offering you a compromise. *I'll* decide the rules, because then I know I can follow them. And don't worry; I'll be reasonable. I think I can come up with something that we both can agree to. The only other option is for me to disobey you, and for you to scold or punish me for it. I don't think either one of us wants that."

Greg sighed. He didn't like being in this position, but then, he had put himself here. Right now Jeff had the upper hand because he was right, and it didn't look like Greg had much of a chance. He could only hope to gain Jeff's trust once more by being conciliatory.

"I'm willing to listen," he told his son.

"Good. So here are my rules. Brit and I are not to be alone together. That much is fine. We are not to sleep in the same bed, or even in the same room. We will not kiss each other, even on the forehead. Hugging will be kept to a minimum, and she won't sit on my lap. Ever. We're going to loosen the restriction on spending time together. Better yet, we'll do away with it altogether. I'll try to be mindful of spending too much time with her, but I don't want to set some absolute maximum. And if you think we're getting a little too affectionate, you can tell us to stop and we will. That's it."

"I noticed you didn't mention anything about attire," said Greg.

"That one's your fault. Since you apparently aren't restricting yourself, then I won't restrict myself either. In fact, I think I'll go drive Kari back home and have her get her swimsuit, then we'll all go out back and play in the pool."

"You mean--"

"Don't worry; Brit and I will both promise not to touch each other. We're just going to have a swim. So those are my rules. Now can you accept them, or are we going to end up yelling at each other a lot?"

Greg gritted his teeth. He really didn't have a choice in the matter. On the other hand, those rules really weren't that bad after all. Jeff was being more than reasonable; he was voluntarily limiting himself, when he really could have just refused to set any rules at all.

"Fine," he replied. "I'm not happy about it, but if you'll do what you said you would, I can't really complain."

Jeff and Kari drove back to her house, where they found Crystal sitting in the front room reading. "That was a short date," the younger girl smiled.

"Actually, we changed our plans," Kari explained. "I'm going to change into my swimsuit, and then we're going back to swim at Jeff's pool."

"Can I come too?" asked Crystal eagerly.

Jeff and Kari glanced at each other. Kari shrugged.

"Okay," said Jeff. "Just keep in mind that Dad's there, and remember the plan."

"Yep," Crystal grinned. "I'm supposed to flirt with him to get him thinking about little girls like me, so that hopefully he'll be willing to fuck his daughter."

"In a nutshell, yes," said Jeff.

"In a nutshell? That wouldn't give them much room."

Jeff laughed, then came over, grabbed her in a headlock, and rubbed her head with his knuckles.

"Hey!" she exclaimed, and he released her with a grin on his face.

"I'll get you back for that," she laughed.

The three of them headed upstairs, where Crystal disappeared into her bedroom while Jeff accompanied Kari into her own. Kari immediately slipped out of her clothes, soon standing nude before him.

"So which one should I wear?" asked Kari, pulling down a couple of coat hangers from the closet. One of them had a conservative one-piece swimsuit hanging on it, while the other one had the tiny little flower-print bikini that she had worn before.

"Neither," he grinned. "I think you look fine with just what you're wearing."

She laughed. "Not just yet," she said. "Not until we've worked on your dad for a while."

"Well, in that case, it depends on if you're feeling a little bold," he said.

"Oh, the bikini's not that bad," she laughed.

"No, I mean, with the one-piece, you can't take off your top."

A broad grin spread onto her features. "He already said I'm not supposed to, but maybe when he sees Crystal in me in these little bikinis, maybe he'll change his mind."

"I'll bet he would. Besides, it's all part of the plan, after all."

"You know, I think I'm going to enjoy prancing around nude in front of him. He's actually a handsome guy, considering his age. I can see where you get your looks."

"Just remember, if you dump me for my dad, that just frees me up to go after your little sister," Jeff teased.

"Oh, don't worry. I'd have to get Allison out of the picture first, and I doubt I'd have much chance there. So I

guess you and I are stuck with each other."

"And a good thing, too. It's bad enough having a stepmom only ten years older than me. I can't imagine having one two months younger."

Kari stuck her tongue out at him playfully, then slipped on the bikini bottoms and then her shorts over the top. Knowing how much Jeff liked to see her nude torso, she then put on her shoes and socks, and only afterward did she put the top on. She covered it with a tee shirt, then put her bra and panties in her duffel bag. The two of them headed across the hall, where Kari knocked on Crystal's door and opened it.

Crystal stood in the middle of the room, wearing absolutely nothing. She put her hands on her hips defiantly and glared at them.

"That was rude," she said.

"I'm sorry," Kari replied. "I shouldn't have barged in on you while you were changing."

"No, I meant it was rude to keep me waiting. I had my clothes off five minutes ago, and I've been waiting *specifically* for you to barge in on me while I was changing."

They laughed, then Jeff and Kari entered the room. Jeff came over and wrapped his arms around Crystal, drawing her in for a long, slow kiss.

"Does that make up for it?" he asked.

"Close," she replied. "But don't think that gets you off the hook until you fuck me silly."

"If that's my punishment, I think I should keep you waiting more often," he grinned.

"By the way," Kari interrupted, "wear a bikini, Crystal. With luck we may be able to take off our tops before the day is through. I'm sure Jeff's dad would love to see a cute little pair of fourteen-year-old tits."

"Actually, these tits are only a couple of years old," Jeff grinned, sliding his hand down and giving one of them a squeeze.

"You've been paying attention, have you?" asked Kari, then came over and squeeze the other one.

"Ooh, you guys are making me so horny!" Crystal exclaimed. "I hope as soon as Greg sees me topless he loses control and ravishes my body right there."

"You know, maybe this isn't such a good idea," commented Jeff. "I'm going to end up losing both of you. And to my own dad, even."

"It's only fair," teased Kari. "You've made love to me, Crystal, Allison, Lissa, Brit, Rachael, and Alya. You wouldn't begrudge Crystal and me one more lover, would you?"

"Nope. But you've already got that one more lover. Each other. So ha!" he grinned.

"Two more lovers then," Crystal said.

"Brit," he countered.

"Okay, you've got us there," said Kari.

"Anyway, if it results in me getting back together with Brit, then I guess I have no cause to complain. You two do what you have to do."

Back at the Primdale mansion, Greg received another surprise when Lissa and Alya appeared at the back door. It was just like the other day, except that this time Brit was topless in the pool too.

"That looks like fun," Lissa grinned. "What do you think, Alya? Should we go put on our bikini bottoms and get in the pool too?"

"I'm game," she replied, and the two of them disappeared into the house.

Greg sighed. He had just lost another battle. On the other hand, considering that it meant being surrounded by beautiful, topless women, he really couldn't bring himself to feel too bad about it. Besides, Kari had also asked if she could go topless too, and at this point he could hardly refuse her, so he would get to see her as well. He probably shouldn't be thinking things like that about his own son's girlfriend, but he had to admit that she was as gorgeous as any of the other girls in the pool. Maybe Crystal would want to come along too. That was even more disturbing, because she was only fourteen. On the other hand, so was Brit.

He was still pondering this when the back door opened again. Lissa and Alya came through, wearing nothing but bikini bottoms and carrying towels. With them were Jeff, Kari, and Crystal, who had no doubt just arrived.

Not surprisingly, Kari spoke up. "I thought you said I couldn't take my top off?" she asked Greg. "So what about Lissa and Alya?"

"Oh, all right," he conceded, rolling his eyes but secretly happy that he would get a chance to see her bare chest.

"Me too?" asked Crystal.

"You might as well," he shrugged. "I don't know whether I should be angry that my house has turned into a den of iniquity, or happy that I get to be surrounded by a bunch of topless girls."

"For a den of iniquity, this is pretty tame," Crystal said. "We ought to all have an orgy."

"Oh, very funny."

Kari and Crystal proceeded to remove their shoes, socks, shorts, tee shirts, and bikini tops, leaving almost nothing covered. Greg tried not to stare, but found it difficult to keep his eyes off of them. Seeing their bare torsos for the first time, he realized that they both had gorgeous bodies. Kari's was, of course, more developed, and she had beautiful womanly curves. Crystal's body had a certain youthful allure to it, probably especially enticing because it was so wrong for him to see her like that, and there was a certain excitement in such naughtiness. He found that what disturbed him the most was the thought of what Allen Williams would do to him if he found out.

Soon, the pool was filled with two men and plenty of girl flesh. Greg was particularly glad for the cold water, which helped to keep down what would otherwise have been a very obvious erection.

The kids all had fun splashing and trying to dunk each other. It seemed that every time they came out to the pool they ended up getting into epic battles. Even a year ago, he would have expected Brit and Jeff to end up getting vicious and taking it far beyond fun, but now they just laughed and enjoyed themselves.

True to his word, though, not once did Jeff so much as lay a finger on his sister. Of course, he laid more than a finger on Kari plenty of times. More than once they got wrapped up together as they fought, and Greg suspected they did it on purpose just so that they could rub their bodies together in an entirely inappropriate way. He couldn't really fault them for it; he often felt like doing the same thing to Allison or Rachael.

Suddenly, Crystal came up behind Greg and leaped on his back in a feeble attempt to push him under the water. Since he was probably twice her weight, that plan didn't go too well, so she just ended up clinging to his back with her arms and legs wrapped around him. Considering her attire, or more properly, her lack of it, that put him in a rather embarrassing situation.

"Crystal!" he chuckled.

"What?" she asked with a grin.

"Um... maybe this isn't such a good idea."

"Why not?"

"Because you're topless. I can feel..."

"My boobs?" she giggled.

"Well.. yeah."

"Don't you like to feel my boobs?" she teased.

"That's not funny."

"Yes it was," she said, but thankfully she slipped off of his back.

That wasn't the end of it though. Brit, who had been snickering from the other end of the pool, said, "Looks like Crystal has the hots for my dad."

Crystal wasn't about to let that get to her though. "Of course I do," she grinned, then turned her attention back to him. "Greg, dearest," she said in the sweetest tone she could. "It doesn't bother you that I'm madly in love with you, does it?"

By now, his face was beet red from mortification. Now it was Jeff's turn to laugh. "It's nice to see Brit and Crystal ganging up on someone else for a change," he smiled. "You might as well enjoy it, Dad. When they get going, there's no stopping those two."

"Oh, I'm sorry Jeff," Crystal said. "Are you feeling jealous because I'm going after your dad now instead of you?"

"I think 'relieved' is the correct word," he replied. "I've finally gotten rid of my girlfriend's pesky little sister. Have fun, Dad."

"You know, I just thought of something," said Crystal. "if you married Kari, and Greg divorced Allison and married me, then I would be my sister's mother-in-law."

"Greg, you're not thinking of divorcing me, are you?" asked Allison with a grin.

"Oh, not you too!" he exclaimed, rolling his eyes.

"I've done everything for you, the cooking, the cleaning, and giving my body to you whenever you want, and now you repay me by having an affair with a fourteen-year-old girl?" Allison teased.

"I'm not having an affair with her!" said Greg. "She's the one who's been coming on to me."

"Either way, it looks like I have a rival. I guess there's only one way to settle this."

"How?" asked Crystal.

"A fight to the death!" Allison immediately lunged toward Crystal, who squealed and fled toward the other end of the pool.

"Help me, Kari!" Crystal pleaded. Kari laughed, then pounced on Allison's back as the older woman passed her. Allison's feet went out from under her, and both girls submerged for a moment.

Greg caught himself staring, and turned away. Apparently the girls were not only exhibitionists, but perfectly willing to touch each other's bodies. While Allison and Lissa had taught him not to read too much into it, he couldn't help but feel a thrill of delight every time he saw a bit of ambiguous lesbian touching.

Lissa, Alya, and Rachael came in on Allison's side, and Brit joined in with Crystal and Kari.

"No fair!" Crystal whined. "it's four against three. And you're all bigger than us."

"I'll join you," offered Rachael.

"Traitor!" Allison said. "My own sister!"

"I'm only doing it because it's so much fun to attack you," she replied, then launched herself at Allison. The two girls wrestled around, leaving Lissa and Alya to fight against Brit and the Williams girls.

Suddenly, Jeff jumped on Lissa's back and dragged her under the water. When they came up, they fought until Alya snuck up behind him and tickled him under the arms, causing him to give an almost girlish shriek and race to safety, to everyone's amusement.

"That's what you get for going against your own family," Lissa taunted.

"Hey, Brit's my family too," he replied. "And Kari's my girlfriend."

"And I'm your mistress," Rachael added, as she grappled with her older sister.

"Yeah, Rachael's my mistress," Jeff grinned.

"Hey!" Kari exclaimed with mock indignation, but she grinned and kissed him on the cheek.

"But Dad still hasn't chosen a side," noted Lissa.

"You would never go against li'l ol' me, would you, darling?" Crystal asked him, batting her eyelashes and causing him to blush again.

"As a matter of fact, being the completely loyal and faithful husband that I am, I'm on my wife's side," he replied.

"Oh sure, just toy with my affections and then discard me when you're through," she pouted. "Well, in that case, let's get him, Kari!"

The two girls dashed toward him, causing him to stare in surprise. He was still staring when they caught him, pouncing on him and knocking him over with a splash. The three of them went underwater in a tangle of bodies, and he noted with delight that for a moment he had both girls' chests pressed right up against him.

Then something happened that he hadn't expected. Crystal reached down and grabbed his swimming trunks. Before he could react, she yanked them down. Kari grabbed him and held him so that he couldn't stop her as she pulled them completely off.

When Crystal emerged, she held Greg's swimming trunks in her hand. Everyone laughed and cheered, and he

could hear quite a few catcalls as well.

"That's not funny," he told her, holding out his hand.

Instead, she tossed it over to one of the chairs.

Greg sighed. This was getting out of hand. "Allison," he said, "would you be so kind as to bring me my swimming trunks?" He heard quite a few snickers at that, but he tried to ignore them.

Allison climbed out of the pool and headed over to the chair, where the garment had landed right in the center. She picked it up and smiled at him. "Is this what you want?"

"Yes."

"Too bad," she grinned, then turned and headed toward the stairs up to the house.

The whole pool erupted with laughter at that, and Greg turned beet red. His own wife had betrayed him!

"Wait a minute," called Rachael, then suddenly lunged at Jeff, knocking him over. The two of them went under the water for a moment, and when Rachael returned to the surface, she had his trunks as well, which she tossed to her sister. Jeff, however, simply laughed. Apparently it didn't bother him at all, not surprisingly since most of the girls here had already seen him nude, at least that Greg knew of. He wasn't entirely sure that the rest of them hadn't seen him as well.

"It's only fair," said Allison. "You get to see our boobs, so we should get to see your dicks."

"No, it's not fair," Greg insisted, "because we're completely naked and you're not."

"Good point," she said, then surprised him by dropping her bikini bottoms. "New rule," she announced. "The pool area is for nudists only. No swimwear will be permitted."

Surprisingly, all of the girls agreed. Greg opened his mouth to protest, then as he saw them all taking off their bikini bottoms, he just didn't have the heart to put a stop to it. His embarrassment quickly gave way to arousal.

Lissa was the first to have her swimsuit off, and she tossed it over to Allison. In a moment, the air was filled with flying bikini bottoms, too many for her to catch all at once. They all laughed as she scrambled to pick them all up off the ground. Despite threatening to take them inside, she simply placed them in a heap on one of the chairs instead, but she flashed Greg a challenging look as if daring to go collect his. He just shrugged and grinned.

He probably should have said something. He should have immediately put a stop to it, insisting that everyone put their swimsuits back on. But surrounded by gorgeous boobs and the occasional sight of a beautiful pussy, he just couldn't bring himself to do it.

Maybe it wasn't so bad after all. Jeff and Brit still weren't touching each other, which was his biggest concern. So what if everyone ran around naked? Brit and Crystal probably just thought it was fun and perhaps just a bit naughty, and everyone else was already having sex with someone here, so they all had an outlet for any arousal they felt. All he knew was that Allison and probably Rachael too were going to get the fucking of a lifetime tonight.

Unfortunately, Crystal decided that teasing him was too fun to stop, so she kept at it. She blew him kisses, yawned and stretched seductively right next to him, yelped and pretended he had pinched her behind, and even did backflips in the water, giving him tantalizing glimpses of her young pussy. Worse still, she jumped on his back again and wrapped her arms and legs around him, even taking the opportunity to kiss him on the cheek. Brit, of course, made it worse by teasing her friend about it, which only encouraged Crystal to see just how far she could push the boundaries.

When she reached out as she was passing him and grabbed his cock for a moment, he knew that she had crossed the line. It was just a quick motion, one squeeze, and then she released it and continued on her way. She didn't glance back at him or giggle or wink or anything. It had been so sly and instantaneous that probably nobody knew about it but her and him. He probably should have said something, but he didn't want to draw attention to what she had done, and probably embarrass himself even more. A brief vision of Allen with a shotgun in his hands flashed before his eyes.

Eventually, everyone started getting tired, so they began climbing out of the pool one by one. Greg felt embarrassed about getting out of the water and having everyone see his erection, so he was the last one out. Jeff, on the other hand, seemed to have no problem with it. He climbed out, exposing his lower half to all the girls and just grinning at the whistles and catcalls. He was just as hard as Greg, and when Rachael grabbed his cock and gave it a few strokes, Greg just stared in shock at the blatant sexual display in front of him.

"I'll do the same to you," she offered Greg, who by now was the only one still in the pool.

"Come on, Dad!" Brit grinned. "We all showed you ours. Now it's time to show us yours."

"Yeah, show us what you've got!" Crystal added.

"Um..." he said, growing red. There was no chance of him getting out discreetly now, with most of the girls staring at him.

Crystal leaned in and whispered something in Brit's ear, and Brit giggled and nodded. He didn't like the look of that.

Suddenly, the two girls bolted down the swimming pool stairs and charged straight for him. Before he knew what was happening, they grabbed his arms and tried to pull him toward the stairs. He was too strong for them, though, and they couldn't make any progress.

Not until Lissa and Alya jumped into the pool behind him and began pushing, that is. With the four girls ignoring his protests and pushing and pulling him, he didn't stand a chance. Slowly they managed to drag him

into the shallower water, right to the stairs. He made one last desperate attempt to break free, then they dragged him up the steps and out of the water, exposing his rock-hard erection to everyone's view.

Rachael came over and grabbed his cock, pumping it up and down several times as he stood there frozen in shock. When she let go, Crystal shocked him even more by doing the same, then released him and broke down into a fit of giggles.

Finally, he regained control of his senses, and hurried over to grab a towel to wrap around himself.

"Looks like you've got yourself quite a fan club," Allison commented with a laugh. "You might as well enjoy it."

Fortunately, after heading back up to the house, everyone got dressed after that. Crystal continued to tease him, but now that they were dressed, it wasn't half as embarrassing.

Everyone was cheerful as they sat in the living room and talked, or played games or watched movies downstairs for the rest of the afternoon. Something had changed in the atmosphere, due to their nudity together. It was as if all secrets had been revealed, so there was no point hiding anything anymore. They seemed to be much more relaxed. Even Greg and Alya, the closest thing to enemies in this group, found themselves joking together.

He managed to steal away to take a long and much needed nap that afternoon, locking the bedroom door so that Crystal wouldn't try to sneak into bed with him. She probably wouldn't be *that* bold, but he wasn't entirely sure.

To his relief, Jeff drove Kari and Crystal home that afternoon, thereby temporarily relieving his father of the most immediate threat. Jeff returned in time for supper, during which the jovial atmosphere continued.

"We should do that again some time," Brit suggested during the meal. Greg just stared at his plate, trying to ignore the looks everyone was throwing him. After all, he was the most likely to object.

In the end, he neither agreed nor disagreed. By pretending he didn't hear her suggestion, he remained noncommittal. He wasn't sure whether he wanted a repeat of that morning's fun.

He had his usual talk with Jeff and Brit that evening before bed, during which Brit asked him point blank whether it was all right if they swam naked again. He said he would think about it, the best answer under the circumstances. She gave him a goodnight kiss, then he headed back downstairs, where Allison and Rachael were waiting for him.

In the morning, Jeff woke to the delightful discovery that Allison had crept into his bed, She lay there in the nude, smiling at him. As soon as she noticed that he was awake, she reached out and started running her hand over his chest.

"Jeff," she said, "your father and I had a talk last night. He told me all about your confrontation. I'm impressed that you stood up to your father like that."

"Impressed?" he asked. "You're not going to lecture me about being rebellious and all that?"

"Why should I lecture you? You did exactly what needed to be done. Right now, Greg needs to get used to the idea that as long as he thinks we can go back to the way we were, he's not going to have control. The sooner he accepts that and learns to live with it, the better. Just don't get into the habit of arguing with Greg, because he really does want what he thinks is best for you. I just happen to believe that he's wrong in this particular case."

"I'm glad you came up here to tell me that," he said. "I was worried that I had done more harm than good."

"Actually, that's not the reason I came up here," she told him.

"Why did you, then?"

She grinned. "I was wondering if you had a kiss for Mommy," she said.

Jeff grinned back. "I always have a kiss for Mommy," he replied, reaching out to draw her to him.

Chapter 92

A Daughter's Offer

Despite Greg's ambiguous "I'll think about it" answer to Brit's question about whether they could swim naked again, the girls just assumed that they were to go nude at the pool. Allison's "no swimwear" rule, originally meant as a joke, became the standard in the backyard.

With the girls spending so much time at the pool without their swimsuits, it was only a matter of time before nudity became the norm around the house. Rachael of course was the first to stop wearing clothes completely. One day after going swimming in the morning she left her clothes off the rest of the day, and the next day she never bothered getting dressed at all.

Lissa thought it was such a good idea that the next day she did the same, though Alya at least kept her clothes on until going swimming that afternoon. But the next day she broke down and went nude as well, followed by Brit. Finally Allison asked Greg whether he minded if she did the same, and he gave a sigh of resignation and said that it was all right.

Seeing how much fun the other girls were having, Kari and Crystal began stripping down every time they came over, eventually doing so as soon as they entered the house. It became as natural as taking off their shoes.

To his distress, Crystal decided that teasing him in the pool the other day had been so fun that she continued her little game. She stopped calling him "Mr. Primdale" and now referred to him as "Greg dearest" or "Sweetheart" or "Honey buns." Of course Brit and Kari thought this was hilarious, so they constantly egged her on.

She liked to grab his hand when he least expected it, and sometimes even snuck a kiss on his cheek, which immediately turned bright crimson. Fortunately, Allison found the whole thing amusing, so he didn't have to worry about a jealous confrontation. Actually, he almost would have preferred for his wife to get angry at her, because Crystal took her silence as tacit approval, which just encouraged her all the more.

For all of Greg's show of reluctance, secretly he was delighted by the sight of all of these gorgeous women running around naked in front of him. Of course he loved to see Allison's body especially, and Rachael's too, but it was a little different with the others. Lissa and Brit were his daughters, and although he had to admit that they both had beautiful bodies, he also knew that he shouldn't be thinking about them like that. It bothered him every time he got an erection from seeing one of them nude.

Even more confusing were his feelings toward Alya. To him, the word "lesbian" had two meanings. There was the ideal, the gorgeous porn star that got it on with other women for the enjoyment of the men who watched them. Then there was the short-haired, tomboyish dyke that was more masculine than any woman

by rights ought to be. When he had first heard about Lissa's relationship with Alya, he had imagined the latter. But ever since he had met her, in his mind she had been changing bit by bit into the former. When he got right down to it, seeing Lissa and Alya being so affectionate with each other, especially now without any clothes on, really excited him.

Each day, he found himself looking forward to coming home from work to a house full of naked girls. He especially liked it when Kari and Crystal visited, because they just added to the visual appeal. Of course, that usually meant that Jeff was there as well, which still bothered him. With Rachael, Allison, and Kari all willing to have sex with Jeff, Greg suspected that it happened a lot more than he liked to think. For all he knew, every day was an orgy in the Primdale mansion. But Jeff had promised not to have sex with Brit any more, and Greg had to trust that he would keep his word.

Sometimes they would go for an evening swim. The pool patio could be lit, so they could have fun out there even late at night. Sometimes he would find everyone still in the pool when he came home in the evening, and more often than not he would throw on his swimming trunks and join them. He was still a little too conservative to go nude by choice, although Crystal found it amusing to try to strip him in the pool. Now that he expected it, he could have prevented it, but the truth was that as long as he could rationalize that it wasn't his fault, he didn't have the willpower to resist her for long, and he usually ended up as naked as the rest of them. Jeff, of course, went naked just like the girls.

On more than one occasion, Greg and Allison crept out to the pool for a late night swim after the kids went to bed. Usually Rachael accompanied them, if she hadn't already promised Jeff she would sleep with him that night.

Greg especially looked forward to the weekend, when he would get to stay home all day with the girls. Jeff, Kari, Lissa, and Alya had one of their double dates planned that day, which left only Allison, Rachael, and Brit. That actually worked out better; while he certainly liked the idea of being surrounded by nude girls, if he could convince Brit to spend some time out in her studio, that would leave him alone with Allison and Rachael. And they might do a little more than just get naked with him.

As it turned out, they decided to go swimming that day. That wasn't quite what he had hoped for, but he wasn't going to complain about the girls skinny-dipping in the pool. He joined them, but kept his own swimming trunks on. If Brit hadn't been there, he might have been tempted to lose them completely, but even if no one else in the house had a sense of decency, he still did.

He swam with the girls and had fun as they tried to dunk him. Even Brit pounced on his back, wrapping her arms and legs around him to try to throw him off his balance. With her naked body pressed against his back, he knew that it was very inappropriate contact, but they seemed to be having so much fun that he felt too awkward to try to mention it to her. Besides, she probably thought nothing of it. It was no more sexual to her than if she had her swimsuit on.

He didn't want to touch her too much, so he mostly left her alone, but with Rachael and Allison he was more aggressive, retaliating for their attempts to pull him under the water. More than once he got wrapped up in

their bodies as both, or occasionally all three, of them went under. While it was technically just innocent horseplay, he couldn't deny that he was doing it mostly as an excuse to feel the softness of their bodies against him.

Unfortunately, he wasn't as young or fit as the others, so eventually he had to take a break. He climbed out of the pool and dried himself off with a towel, then plopped down in one of the lawn chairs, leaning back and watching the girls continue their roughhousing. Without him as a target, they turned on each other, and he watched with delight as the three gorgeous girls waged a nude battle before his eyes. As usual, he found the sight of women rubbing up against each other, even just in incidental contact, very alluring. It wasn't just Allison or Rachael, but even Brit. She pounced on Rachael and Allison the way she had pounced on him, and he had to remind himself that there was nothing sexual about the contact despite the fact that sometimes they touched each other with the most intimate parts of their bodies.

A few minutes later, Allison climbed out of the pool. He watched with excitement as the water dripped from her nude body, beads of moisture clinging to her or running in rivulets down between her breasts. She walked over to the lawn chairs and grabbed her towel to dry off. Greg couldn't keep his eyes off of her, and frankly, he didn't care. So what if he wanted to stare at his wife like that? His only reservation was that Brit could see his no doubt lustful expression, but really in the end, that didn't matter.

Allison saw him staring, and flashed him one of those gorgeous smiles that he loved so much. It was amazing how much her face changed; normally she looked beautiful, sexy, glamorous, even a bit unapproachable. When she smiled, suddenly she looked affable, flirtatious, and above all, playful.

As soon as she was dry, she sat down in his lap, facing him and straddling his hips. She leaned in and pressed her body up against his, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him on the lips.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, chuckling.

"Hey what?" she asked.

"Brit and Rachael are watching."

"So what? Can't a wife give her husband a kiss in public?"

"It's not just the kiss. With you naked like that, we're practically..."

"Having sex?"

"Well, yeah."

"If you insist," she grinned, reaching for his swimming trunks.

"Allison!" he exclaimed. She gave a playful laugh, then kissed him again.

"Just teasing," she said.

Greg glanced to the side, and noticed Brit staring at them. The look on her face, though, surprised him. He expected shock or disgust; most teenagers were abhorred by the thought of their parents as sexual beings. But his daughter simply wore an amused smile.

"Brit," he said, "look, Allison and I..."

"It's okay, Dad," she said. "It doesn't bother me. I like to see you and Allison being so affectionate."

"Even without her clothes on?"

"Especially without her clothes on. I think it's sexy."

"Brit!"

"I'm serious, Dad. There's nothing wrong with it at all, because you're married and you're in love, and I think what you're doing to express that love is beautiful."

"See?" said Allison. "We have Brit's permission to continue."

"Mine too," called Rachael from the pool. "Fuck her, Greg!"

"Rachael, I would appreciate it if you wouldn't use that kind of language in my house," he insisted.

"Okay. Screw her."

"That's not much better."

"Put your penis in her vagina?"

He sighed. "You three are really too much, you know that? What am I supposed to do with you?"

"Take us up on the offer," said Allison with a wink. She reached again for his swimming trunks, but this time she slipped her hand inside. Greg's eyes opened with shock, and he turned to stare at Brit to see her reaction. She still watched with interest as Allison moved her hand around inside his shorts. He started growing hard, and not just from the physical stimulation. There was also a certain exhibitionist thrill at doing this in front of his daughter.

A moment later, his dick popped into view, and he saw Brit's eyes lower to his crotch. So that was it. His own daughter was looking at his cock. She had seen it on several occasions before, whenever Crystal managed to get his swimming trunks off in the pool. The same excitement he had felt then he felt now as well, exposing himself to his daughter's eyes.

Allison climbed off of his lap then, but only to slip his swimming trunks down his legs. He thought about protesting, but he was too far lost in the excitement. Again, his mind went back to that sailing trip, and how he had lost control. It was happening again, despite the fact that he had made up his mind that it wouldn't. For

some reason, he just couldn't work up the willpower to put an end to it.

Once he was nude, Allison reached out and took his cock in her hands, stroking it up and down. Greg closed his eyes and groaned at the sensation. He loved it when she did this to him, and the open air with two extra pairs of eyes watching made it all the more thrilling. Maybe, when he came right down to it, he was an exhibitionist at heart. Maybe he had just never discovered it because of his strict and conservative upbringing, but now that he had married Allison, he was beginning to discover that side of himself.

He nearly laughed at the absurdity of it. When Allison started working on him, he was apt to have all kinds of strange thoughts. He couldn't trust any of the wild and crazy ideas that came into his mind when he was in this state.

Then Allison lowered her head and took him into her mouth, and he gasped with shock. He certainly hadn't expected her to do *that* in front of his daughter. He opened his eyes and glanced over at Brit, who saw the worry in his eyes and gave him a smile.

"It's okay, Daddy," she said. "I know all about oral sex. I used to suck Jeff's dick all the time. I got pretty good at it, in fact."

"Oh god!" he groaned as that mental image flashed through his mind. Little Britney giving a blowjob to her big brother, or even better, to her father! His cock twitched inside Allison's mouth at that thought, and she glanced up at him with a knowing smile. Maybe she couldn't read his mind, but she knew him well enough to be able to guess what he was thinking. Well, let her, damn it. She always claimed that fantasies were harmless, and she had shared quite a few of her own with him. Considering that they often involved other members of the family, she certainly wouldn't begrudge him a little daydream about his daughter.

During this time, Rachael had also climbed out of the pool and approached them. She knelt down beside Greg's chair, leaned in, stuck out her tongue and began running it all over the shaft of his cock. Allison let it slip from her mouth so that the two women could lick him together.

To his surprise, Brit giggled. "Now you're getting naughty, Daddy," she laughed.

"It's not me," he protested. "It's Rachael." It was a weak claim, and he knew it; he was at the very least not trying to stop her. His mere acceptance of her attentions made him just as guilty as Rachael.

Well, it wasn't like she didn't already know what had gone on between them. By now he figured that nothing was secret anymore in this house. He decided just to enjoy it. He closed his eyes and leaned his head back, relaxing and letting the two women pleasure him with their tongues.

Of course "relax" was an overstatement, considering how much he squirmed in the chair from their attentions. Plus his heavy breathing and the pounding of his heart revealed his excitement. But as long as the girls were willing to do this to him, he would take advantage of it.

He felt a pair of soft hands on his chest, and opened his eyes to the sight of two arms right in front of his face,

running from the top of his view down to his chest to gently rub him. He glanced up, and what he saw shocked him. Brit stood behind his chair, leaning over him to massage him. She smiled sweetly down at him, but that wasn't what bothered him. In this position, her breasts were only a couple of inches from his face. This close, he could see every detail of them, from the gentle swell at the bottom to the pointed little nipples that capped them.

"You're staring at my boobs, Daddy," she giggled.

Well what do you expect, when you shove them in my face like that? he almost said, but changed his mind and gave her an embarrassed apology instead.

"That's okay; I don't mind," she smiled.

"It's only natural," Allison explained. "You're a gorgeous girl with a beautiful body. And when a man gets excited, he can't be responsible for anything he does."

"Oh is that so?" asked Brit with a grin. "Maybe I'd better stop this then, before he tries to rape me."

"I wouldn't--" he began, but she laughed.

"Just kidding," she said. "Besides, this is too fun."

"Don't worry, Brit," said Rachael. "If he tries to rape you, I'll jump on him and rape him instead."

Greg laughed weakly, too lost in pleasure to do much else. Brit continued to rub his chest as Allison and Rachael returned to running their tongues up and down his shaft.

When Allison slipped the end into her mouth again and began to suck, he knew he wouldn't last much longer. He was already aroused by the girls working over his cock and his daughter's bare chest in his face. Now with the intensity of the pleasure he didn't stand a chance.

When Brit leaned over and pressed her lips against his, that set him off. His body tensed up and his cock began to jerk, squirting his load into his wife's mouth. He couldn't believe what Brit was doing! She was kissing her own father!

But she only allowed her lips to linger there for a moment, a second at most, pushing it right to the edge of what could still be called innocent. Then she drew back, smiling at him as his orgasm washed through him.

When the pleasure ebbed, a new feeling replaced it. Guilt. He had lost control, and done something he shouldn't have. He had let his daughter touch him.

It wasn't the first time he had done something he regretted. Allison had coaxed him into quite a few activities that he would have never considered doing before he met her. She just had that way with him. Not that he blamed her, of course. She had been clear right from the beginning that she wanted to open him up to new experiences. She liked to push the boundaries, seeing just what she could get away with. And sometimes it

had led to situations that he should never have been in. This was just one of those situations.

His guilt carried through the rest of the day. He managed to force it to the back of his mind by talking and laughing and having fun with his family, especially when Jeff and Lissa and Alya returned that evening. But he couldn't get rid of it completely. Suppertime was as cheerful as ever, although he did receive a shock halfway through when Alya dripped a bit of food onto her bare chest and Lissa casually leaned over and licked it off. He stared at them for almost two minutes, almost not believing what he had just seen. Nobody else seemed to notice it, or at least to make a big deal out of it, so once he got over his own shock, he pretended he hadn't seen it either.

That night when everyone went to bed, Allison and Greg retired to their own room. They undressed and climbed into bed. Allison leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. He hardly noticed; he was too distracted by his thoughts and guilt. He stared up at the ceiling, thinking about all of the changes that had happened lately. For a while there, he had lost control, and thought that things were falling apart around him. He had never really regained control again, but he found that it didn't bother him as much anymore. Things were different, *very* different, around here, but not necessarily worse. His daughter's lesbian lover had turned out to be a really nice girl after all, Jeff and Brit were no longer fighting but no longer continuing their incestuous relationship either, and he was surrounded by gorgeous nude women all the time. The Greg of four years ago would have been horrified by everything that was happening, but he was no longer the Greg of four years ago. He recognized now that he could no longer go back to that innocent time, but he found that he really didn't want to. He merely had to accept this new lifestyle, and things could be just as happy, if not happier, than they had been before.

It still bothered him that he had had sex right in front of his youngest daughter, and worse, that she had touched him and even kissed him as he did so. Involving her like that was only one step away from having sex with her. How could he have done such a thing?

"A penny for your thoughts?" said Allison. "Although, in this household the going rate for thoughts has to be at least ten dollars."

Greg turned his head and glanced at her, almost surprised to see her there. "Oh, I was just thinking," he said. "What we did this afternoon..."

"...was fun," she grinned. "We should do it again sometime."

"That's where I'm going to have to disagree with you. I mean, Brit was there. She even... I mean..."

"I think it's sweet how affectionate she is with you."

"Sure, it's sweet when we're fully dressed and I'm not having sex at the same time. But this was different."

"I don't see how. All I saw was a daughter snuggling with her daddy. She wasn't touching you sexually, so

why should it make a difference what you're doing in the mean time?"

"Because she was doing it to enhance the good feelings I was having. The sexual feelings. Don't you see? Any kind of touching while someone is having sex is sexual touching by default."

Allison shrugged. "I guess I can understand that, although I disagree with it. Look, if it bothers you so much, why don't you go talk to her about it?"

"Right now?"

"Sure. If you want to make it a rule that she's not to touch you while you're having sex, that's fine. Just make sure she understands it. It's that simple."

He nodded. "I guess you're right. It *is* that simple. Thanks, Allison. I think I'll go have a talk with her."

Greg climbed out of bed and threw on his robe. He slipped out of the room, then made his way down the hall and up the stairs. He knocked on the door to her room, but there was no answer. Opening it a crack, he peeked in.

Brit lay on top of the covers on the bottom bunk of her bed. Ever since they had set it up the first time Crystal slept over that summer, Brit found it entertaining to alternate between sleeping in the top and bottom bunks, and tonight she had chosen the bottom.

She was nude, which didn't surprise him; she often went naked during the day, so why not at night? Her eyes were closed, and her breasts rose and fell with each breath she took through half-closed lips. For a few minutes he just stared at her, an icon of young feminine beauty. She was gorgeous, and he was proud to have sired such a lovely creature.

At the same time, he felt a stirring in his loins, as he did whenever he saw her undressed. No matter how many times she ran around naked, he never got desensitized to it. As his member grew erect, he realized that forbidden feelings were creeping into his mind, and he had to put an end to them. He suspected that Allison had sent him up here on purpose, to get him nice and aroused for their lovemaking tonight. It had definitely succeeded. He turned to leave.

She had her eyes closed, and it appeared that she was already asleep. He stood at the door and gazed upon her for a while, wishing he could tear his gaze away but unable to do so. How did things progress in this house to the point that the women ran around naked all the time? While he didn't mind seeing Allison and Rachael that way, and it was perfectly healthy to enjoy looking at Alya like that, what was he supposed to think of Kari and Crystal, or especially Lissa and Brit? Beautiful, angelic Brit, so young and pretty, only fourteen years old and already sexy beyond imagining. For a fleeting moment, he imagined what it would feel like to lie down in her bed with her, to take that beautiful body of hers in his arms, to make passionate love to her. Allison always claimed that there was nothing wrong with fantasies, but fantasies about his own daughter? He wasn't sure whether he should feel ashamed of the lustful thoughts running through his mind, but right now he just couldn't get rid of them.

"Daddy," mumbled Brit, and Greg turned to look at her. Her eyes were open, and she stared straight at him, a loving smile on her lips. "Aren't you going to kiss me goodnight?" she asked.

One kiss. That was innocent enough, he reasoned. He crept into the room and closed the door behind him, then strode over and leaned in to kiss her on the forehead.

She had other plans, though. She pulled his head down and pressed her lips against his. For a moment, he forgot himself. He opened his mouth and extended his tongue. She took it in eagerly, and the fatherly kiss suddenly became one of intense passion.

Then he realized what was happening, and he drew away. "I'm... I'm sorry," he stammered, not knowing what to say. But Brit gazed at him with that same innocent smile. Was it possible she didn't understand what he had just tried to do?

"You've never kissed me like that before," she said. "That's the way boyfriends and girlfriends kiss."

"I know, and I shouldn't have done it."

He saw her eyes lowering to his crotch, and even through the thick material of his robe, it was impossible to hide the bulge there.

"Daddy, you're... um..." she stammered.

"Oh, that," he said, trying to downplay it. "Sorry."

"Is it because of me? Because of that kiss?"

He sighed. "I guess so," he mumbled, wishing the conversation would take a completely different turn.

"That's what happens when a boy wants to have sex with a girl, isn't it?" she asked. "Does that mean you want to have sex with me, Daddy?" She asked the question so sweetly, so innocently. But the words were anything but innocent.

"No," he said, but it lacked conviction. He had never wanted anything so much in his life.

"Don't lie to me, Daddy," Brit scolded, with a cute little pout on her lips. "You promised you would never lie to me."

She had caught him. Yes, he had promised, and he could never break a promise to her. So he had to come clean.

"All right," he said. "Yes. I do. But we--"

"Okay."

He blinked a couple of times. Had he heard right? He stood dumbfounded for a moment. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Okay," she repeated. "You can have sex with me, Daddy."

He gulped. She was actually willing to make love to him! On one hand, this was his daughter, and the thought repulsed him. But on the other hand, she was one of the most beautiful women he had ever met. It would be insane to pass up such an opportunity.

"But we can't," he said. "It's not right. And Allison's right downstairs waiting for me."

"So we'll be fast," she grinned. "I want to make you happy, Daddy. Please?" She blinked a couple of times, and he almost thought she was batting her eyelashes at him. It was just the type of thing she would do; she knew how adorable she was, and that she could get him to agree to anything by acting sweet and innocent.

It worked.

He unfastened his robe and threw it aside. Brit stared down at his engorged member, a wide grin growing on her face. He stepped up next to the bed, looking up and down her naked body. She was so sweet and beautiful lying there, with her developing breasts and thin patch of hair covering her pussy. He would hardly be a man if he didn't take advantage of this situation.

He leaned over and kissed her gently on the stomach, just above the navel. Brit giggled at the touch. "Oh, that feels good, Daddy!" She reached out and took his cock in her hand, sending thrills of pleasure through him. So this was it. His daughter was actually touching him sexually.

As she began to gently stroke it, he kissed up her body. His ran his lips between the valley of her still-forming breasts, then up to her neck and finally to her lips, where he kissed her deeply and passionately again. She put her free hand behind his head and held him to her.

When he drew back and stared at her lovely face, with its big blue eyes and cute little pouty lips, he couldn't remember ever loving her as much as he did right then. She was so beautiful, so innocent and yet at the same time so very very sexy. She reminded him a bit of his ex-wife; Brit was taking on some of her features as she grew up, features that had attracted him to her mother in the first place.

"I love you, Daddy," she breathed. He loved to hear those words, an expression of love from his angel, his child, his daughter.

His daughter.

Oh my god, what am I doing? he thought. Immediately he pulled back.

"Brit..." he stammered. "I'm sorry. I just..."

"What's wrong?"

"This. This is wrong. I shouldn't be doing this with you."

"Why not?"

"Because I shouldn't. Look, you're a very attractive young lady, and I love you very much."

"I'm sorry," she said with a pouty look on her face.

"No, don't apologize, Brit. This is entirely my fault. Remember when I said it was all right to cuddle with me and sit on my lap? Remember I said that I knew where to draw the line? Well maybe I was wrong about that. Maybe I *don't* know where to draw the line."

"Does that mean you won't cuddle with me anymore, Daddy?"

"Not without your clothes on, at least." He reached out and stroked her cheek. "Brit, I really do love you. I just think we've both forgotten how to keep that love wholesome, that's all. Now you go on and get some sleep. And don't worry, or be embarrassed, or anything like that. As far as I'm concerned, this never happened."

"Okay," she said, but he could see a look of disappointment on her face. "Good night, Daddy."

"Good night, Angel." He leaned in and kissed her on the forehead, then slipped out of the room.

He could hear grunts and moans coming from Jeff's room, and realized that Rachael had decided to pay him a visit. *What's happened to this household?* he wondered. *Has my home become a den of iniquity? My sister-in-law is making love to my son, my daughter is in bed with her lesbian lover, and I myself almost seduced my other daughter.*

He hurried downstairs, as if leaving the scene would wipe out the memory. Allison lay in bed when he arrived, completely naked and with the blankets lowered to her waist, exposing her gorgeous chest. After the erotic encounter with his daughter, he needed some kind of release, and perhaps Allison would be willing to give it to him. He came over and lay down next to her in the bed, leaning over and kissing her on the cheek.

"You were up there quite a while," Allison commented.

"Er... was I?"

"Let's see... she's too old for you to be reading her a bedtime story. So what was it? A father-daughter bedside chat? Or something more sinister?"

Allison always teased him like this about other women. Any time they saw a good-looking young woman, especially if she was scantily dressed, Allison would always playfully accuse him of getting turned on. But to be saying those things about their own daughter...

Then he realized, the bigger crime was that it was true. He had very nearly had sexual intercourse with Brit.

He had made that mistake once with Lissa; he should know better than that!

"We were just talking," he explained.

"Did she have her clothes off?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, yes."

Allison giggled, squirming around in the bed. "Oh, wow! I knew it. You were up there ogling her naked body."

"She's my daughter!"

"And she's also a beautiful, nubile, young fourteen-year-old girl lying naked on a bed. You can't tell me you weren't feeling horny."

"I think this conversation needs to end," he said.

"But the thought that you were up there getting excited by your own daughter is turning me on more than you can imagine. You're going to have to fuck me extra hard tonight. Oh, god, what if you actually touched her?"

"What kind of game are you playing, Allison?"

"It's not a game. I'm really getting excited thinking about it! Did you put your hand on her tits? Or maybe between her legs? Did you whip out your dick and shove it up her pussy? Or maybe her mouth! Please tell me you stuck it in her mouth!"

In truth, Greg was also getting turned on by all this foul talk, and by the thought of his daughter lying there, sucking his cock! Would Britney ever consider doing such a thing? But he would never give her the chance. That was something that could never happen.

Allison, meanwhile, had unfastened his bathrobe and pulled it open. There was no hiding his erection from her, but actually he didn't want to. She had done this to him, so she was going to see it through to the finish!

"Well, I can see she at least got you excited," Allison beamed, and Greg didn't even try to deny it. Allison lowered her head and took it into her mouth.

Greg groaned in pleasure. It was great to have a wife that knew how to give blowjobs. She even liked to swallow.

This time, Allison rose back off of his cock. "Well, I can't taste any of her pussy juices, not that I know what she would taste like, unless it's like her big sister. And you haven't cum out of this thing in a while, so I guess that blows my fantasy. On the other hand, you've been leaking pre-cum for a while, so maybe you *were* getting aroused by her."

Once again, Greg was grateful that he hadn't finished what he started up there with Brit, realizing that Allison would have been able to tell by the taste. But she couldn't sense any lingering scent from his daughter's hands, which was good. How would he have explained that to her?

Then he had another thought. He had assumed Allison was only joking, that this dirty talk was just one of her fantasies. But then again, she had been the one to instigate that event on the sailboat last summer. Would Allison really have let him fuck his own daughter?

When Allison mounted him and began to bounce up and down on him, he forgot all about Brit. He had a gorgeous wife that would take care of him as often as he needed. Why should his eyes be straying elsewhere, especially to his own daughter? With that happy thought, he gave in and made love to Allison. It was, however, perhaps just a little more intense than usual.

Chapter 93

The Seduction of Gregory Primdale

He found it hard to sleep that night. The thought of what he had just about done with his daughter haunted him, causing nightmares when he slept and insomnia when he woke. What kind of a father was he, to almost seduce his daughter? The fact that she had been willing didn't make it any easier; in fact, it made him wonder where he had gone wrong in raising her. How had it come to this, that she actually agreed to have sex with him? But try as he might, he just couldn't point to any one mistake he had made that had set her on this path. There were dozens of little things, from fooling around with Lissa last summer, and letting Brit sleep in Jeff's bed, to more recent activities like letting the girls run around naked and watching Lissa bathe. If he had made a single mistake, he could live with that. But over and over again he had done things he shouldn't, and that made him a bad parent.

Worse still, he had enjoyed those little indiscretions. When he had walked in on Brit sunbathing topless, he should have made her put her clothes back on. The only reason he didn't was that he *wanted* to see her bare chest. When the girls all stripped their clothes off in the pool the other day, he realized now that if he had asserted himself, he could have made them get dressed, Allison's encouragement notwithstanding. Greg, the owner of this house, the breadwinner of this family, could have ended things at any time. If he had insisted, his children would have followed his rules, perhaps reluctantly but faithfully nonetheless.

Thank god he hadn't slipped up last night. Having Brit stroke his cock was bad enough, but it could have been much worse. What if he had gone through with it? What if he had fallen just that once? He could have ruined his daughter's life. Brit, his little angel, could have been hurt badly.

There was only one thing to do. He decided to have a talk with her. After breakfast that morning, he asked her to come into his bedroom to talk. He sat down in the chair in the corner and expected her to take the other one nearby, but instead she gaily skipped over to him and climbed into his lap.

This much, at least, was all right. Though she might decide to go swimming nude later, for now she still had her clothes on.

"Brit," he told her as he wrapped his arms tenderly around him. "I'm sorry about last night."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I nearly screwed up. Maybe I don't know where to draw the lines after all."

"It's okay, Daddy," she told him. "I love you. And I don't mind if you screw up."

"Well, maybe I shouldn't come visit you at night anymore. I think from now on I'm the one who needs to

follow rules."

"If you think you need to, okay, but it really doesn't bother me if you want to visit me at night. Whatever you want to do with me, I'm happy to do it."

"But... sex?"

"Even that," she smiled. "I miss doing it with Jeff, and sometimes I feel like I'll go crazy if I don't get to experience it again."

"You will," he told her. "Some day. But for now I think it's best if you settle for taking care of your own needs."

"But--" she began, but he cut her off.

"You have to trust me on this, angel," he told her.

She sighed. "Okay. I trust you, Daddy. I don't like it, but I guess it will have to do."

"Good. I love you, Brit. More than you can possibly imagine."

"Yes I can imagine it, because I love you just as much."

He smiled, then gave her a kiss on the forehead, and suddenly everything was all right again.

Brit spent most of her days that week over at the Williams house playing with Crystal, which actually suited Greg just fine. He had insisted that Jeff spend some time away from her, but apparently Greg needed the same.

When she asked if Crystal could sleep over Friday night, Greg was almost reluctant to agree. However, he figured that with her friend to occupy her attention, she wouldn't spend much time with him, so it seemed pretty safe.

Kari wanted to come over on Friday too, though obviously she wouldn't be spending the night. Secretly, he was delighted any time they came over. It seemed that more often than not they ended up naked, and both girls had very beautiful bodies. Although it wasn't appropriate for him to think about them like that, at least it was more appropriate than his thoughts about his own daughters.

As usual, he found it hard to concentrate on work that day at the office. With a forecast of good weather for the weekend, another pool party was likely to occur on Saturday, probably a nude pool party. He had long since given up on trying to keep any sense of modesty in the house, and figured that since he had lost that battle he might as well enjoy it.

When he arrived home after work that evening, he found Allison, Jeff, and Kari sitting on the couch in the living room. Jeff sat between the two girls and had his arms around their shoulders. All three of them were bare-chested.

"Hi," Allison smiled. "How was your day?" She said it as if there were nothing unusual about her to be topless with her stepson. Actually, considering how all the girls liked to run around naked in this house, it really *wasn't* all that unusual.

"Um... fine," he said. It also wasn't unusual for him to be both embarrassed and aroused by it. "And yours?"

"Just great," she replied. "After a dip in the pool this morning, Jeff and I made love, then I took Lissa and Alya shopping. We got back about an hour ago."

He couldn't believe how casually she threw in the subject of sex, right in the middle of the list of other activities. And right in front of her husband and his girlfriend.

"Oh," he said, not wanting to dwell on it. To change the subject, he asked, "so where is everyone else?"

"Alya and Lissa are upstairs in her bedroom having sex," Kari commented, just as casually as Allison. "Brit and Crystal are out in her studio drawing or taking pictures or something. I think Rachael's out there with them."

Taking pictures. There was nothing inherently wrong with that, but he realized that with the way the girls had been dressed lately, or more accurately *hadn't* been dressed, it might not be quite as innocent as it seemed. Would Brit actually take photos of Crystal nude? Considering how much of an exhibitionist the girl had turned out to be, it was definitely within the realm of possibility.

He didn't know how he should feel about that. If Crystal was nude in front of Brit, there was nothing wrong with it, since they were both girls. But the instant Brit hit the shutter button on her camera, it became child pornography. Granted, he had seen a few pictures of Jeff and Brit that were even worse, but he had insisted that they delete them. He didn't want to encourage Brit to build up her own collection.

On the other hand, he couldn't deny that the thought of Crystal posing nude for some photographs aroused him. If he thought he could get away with it, he would like nothing more to peek in on the photoshoot. He could just imagine Crystal's hot little body striking all kinds of provocative poses for the camera.

Then he had another thought which actually sent tingles down his spine. Maybe Brit would do some posing herself. His little angel, naked as the day she was born, posing erotically in front of the camera as Crystal snapped away. God, what he wouldn't give to see that! He knew he shouldn't think such things about his daughter, but the very forbidden nature of those thoughts made them so enticing.

Of course, it could all be just completely innocent. Maybe Brit and Crystal knew where to draw the line. Maybe they realized how appropriate it would be to take that kind of picture, and put their clothes on first. Maybe they weren't even taking pictures. Brit's primary artistic medium was still, first and foremost, pencil

and paper.

On the other hand, Rachael's presence out there made it much more likely that they would cross the line. She loved to encourage naughty behavior, so probably having the girls take nude photos of each other would be like a dream come true for her.

"I was just about to go check on them in fact," Allison said. "Do you want to come with me?"

His heart pounded in his chest as he realized that here was his opportunity. If they were out there taking that kind of picture, he could just walk in on them with Allison there beside him, and claim they were just checking up on them. Being such a notorious flirt, Crystal might not mind if he decided to stay and watch; his presence might actually encourage her to have even more fun posing naked. He wondered what his own reaction would be if that were the case. Would he tell them to put a stop to it? Would he just sit there and watch? At the very least, he would love to walk in on them while their naughty photoshoot was going on. It was an opportunity too good to pass up.

"Sure," he shrugged, somehow managing to keep a casual tone to his voice. Allison rose from the couch, leaving Jeff and Kari alone. That probably wasn't the smartest idea, but he figured he would let Allen Williams do all the worrying about that particular relationship. Greg had enough worries of his own.

Greg and Allison made their way down the hall to the back door, where they descended the stairs to the pool deck, then crossed the lawn to the guest house. He was so eager to see what was going on that he was the first to reach it.

He opened the door and poked his head in, expecting to see the girls naked and taking pictures of each other. He was entirely unprepared, however, to see what was really going on in the room. Like he suspected, all three girls were nude, but that wasn't the shocking part. Brit sat on the couch with her legs spread, with Crystal kneeling in front of her with her face buried in Brit's crotch. Nearby, Rachael stood with the camera, snapping pictures. Greg stared wide-eyed at the three of them, his daughter especially. He didn't think he would ever forget that look of rapture on her face, her head thrown back against the back of the couch, her eyes closed, her mouth open in a wide smile as she gasped in her breaths. Her chest heaved with every breath, every lungful of air she took. He still wasn't used to his other daughter being a lesbian, and now, here was his angel, his little girl, receiving pleasure from the mouth of another girl.

He should put an end to it. He should storm in and demand an explanation. But seeing the three girls like that weakened his resolve. The sight was intensely erotic; how could he tell them to stop it when he wanted so much to see it to the end?

Behind him, Allison opened the door and took a peek in as well. "Oh my," she commented.

The three girls, surprised expressions on their faces, turned their attention to the two intruders.

"Daddy!" Brit exclaimed in horror. Crystal drew back from her task, and Rachael merely stared.

Greg and Allison stepped into the room, closing the door behind them. For the longest time, nobody said anything, as if nobody could believe what was happening. Greg and Allison hadn't expected to see Crystal eating out Brit, and the girls hadn't expected Brit's parents to walk in on them.

Greg was the first to break the silence. "What..." he began in a parched voice, then cleared his throat and began again. "What's going on here?"

"Isn't it obvious?" asked Crystal, her face slowly breaking out into a grin. "Rachael's photographing Brit and me having sex."

His jaw dropped open at her brazenness. She didn't seem the least bit embarrassed about it. Here she was, seducing his daughter right in front of him, and she had the audacity to be smug about it!

He didn't know what to do. Should he order them to put their clothes back on? Should he send Crystal home with the orders that she was never to see Brit again? Or should he take a less stern approach. After all, despite his anger he was also aroused at seeing the two girls go at it like that. There was something overwhelmingly erotic at seeing two young teenage girls engaged in lesbian sex, especially since one of them was his daughter.

"Greg dearest," Crystal said in that sweet and flirtatious voice that she had recently begun to use on him. "Don't be mad."

"It's no use flirting with me," Greg told her sternly.

"But wouldn't it be much more fun to join us than to get mad at us?" she asked, batting her eyelashes. "I'll make you feel really good, I promise."

"That's not funny."

"It's not a joke. I'm a good little cocksucker. Jeff says so, at least."

"Jeff..." he gasped.

"That's right," she smiled. "You didn't know, did you? It wasn't just Jeff and Kari, or Jeff and Brit. It was all four of us. We all made love to each other. Brit loves it when I eat her out. Your innocent little daughter is my little lesbian slut. And Jeff loves it when I suck all the sperm out of his dick. I'll bet you would love it too," she winked.

"Oh my god..." he croaked, his mouth going dry. This revelation was almost too much for him. He knew he should get angry, but he realized that instead of offending him, it got him excited. He felt his cock come to life inside his pants. Crystal glanced down at the bulge growing in his fly and giggle.

"Does that excite you, Greg dear?" she asked. "Do you want me to suck you off? Ever since the first time I saw your big fat cock, I've been dying to get it in my mouth. Every night when I play with myself in bed, I

fantasize about you ramming your great big cock right down my throat. The thought of you filling my mouth with your hot cream gets me off every time. Drop your pants and let me know what it feels like for real."

"You can't hope for a better invitation than that," Rachael commented with a grin.

Greg expected that from Rachael, so he turned to Allison for some kind of support. "You can't be in favor of this," he said.

"As a matter of fact, I am," she smiled. "You're the one who told Brit she couldn't fuck her brother any more, so she's had to look for satisfaction elsewhere. As long as you stubbornly refuse to let her get back with Jeff, I don't see how you can be so cruel as to deny her this relationship with Crystal."

"But about Crystal wanting to... I mean... with me..."

"To tell you the truth, the thought of you receiving oral sex from a fourteen-year-old girl is kind of a turn-on. I want to watch you cum in that little girl's mouth."

"Oh god, really?" he asked, astonished. How was he supposed to stay strong when even his own wife wanted him to give in?

Without even rising to her feet, Crystal crawled over to him on her knees and reached out for his pants, placing her hand on the crotch. Greg jumped back, but not before she got a good feel of just how aroused he was.

"Ooh, nice and big," she grinned. "And so hard. Just the way I like it." She reached out again, and this time Greg hesitated. Part of him wanted desperately to end this before it started, to set things back to a sane and appropriate world, a world where daughters didn't have sex with their girlfriends, where little girls didn't offer to perform oral sex on older men, where wives didn't encourage their husbands to take them up on that offer. But most of him just wanted to drop his pants and shove his cock into Crystal's mouth.

As she reached for his belt buckle, he froze to his spot. It was a kind of compromise; he was neither rejecting her nor actively accepting her offer. It was not lost on him, however, that merely standing there was a kind of acceptance. He just couldn't bring himself to pull away again.

Once she had his belt unfastened, she unzipped his fly and spread it to reveal his boxers underneath. She grinned, slipping her hand onto the front and feeling the solid shaft underneath. Her fingers wrapped around it, giving it a squeeze through the fabric of his shorts and causing him both to gasp and to blush.

She licked her lips. As he gazed down at her, she lifted her eyes and met his, and in that moment he realized that she really planned to go through with it. He turned once more to Allison, hoping for some kind of help from her, but she just shrugged.

Crystal grabbed his pants and pulled them down. Without thinking, he stepped out of them, removing his shoes at the same time. Then she took the waistband of his shorts in her hand. With a quick tug, she dropped

them to his feet, letting his cock spring free, mere inches from her face.

To his astonishment, Allison stepped behind him and lifted the bottom of his shirt up. Unconsciously, he lifted his arms, and a moment later he stood in front of everyone wearing only a pair of socks.

"Come over to the couch," said Crystal. She stood and took his hand, leading him dumbly across the room. Brit moved to the side to give him room to sit, but she didn't attempt to close her legs. He couldn't help but notice her beautiful young pussy, wet and swollen, laid out for his view. His throat went dry as he saw her hand slip between her legs to stroke herself there.

"Daddy," said Brit in a pleading voice. "I want you to put your arm over my shoulder."

It was a simple enough gesture, but just the thought of being in physical contact with his daughter while receiving oral pleasure from another girl drove him wild with lust. He happily obliged her, and she scooted in closer to cuddle with him.

Crystal knelt once more in front of him, then took a moment to remove his socks. She wrapped one of her hands around his cock and began to stroke it up and down. He groaned in pleasure at the sensation of this little girl beating him off.

"That is incredibly erotic," Allison commented from across the room. "You can't imagine how much that's turning me on."

Crystal leaned forward, but instead of taking his cock into her mouth, she gently blew on it. The stimulation sent a powerful shudder through his body, and he couldn't suppress a low wail that escaped his throat.

Suddenly, Crystal removed her hand from his cock, and he groaned in frustration. How could she torment him like that? "Greg dearest," she smiled. "Promise me you're not mad at Brit and me."

"Fine. I'm not mad."

But she wasn't finished yet. "Promise you'll let Brit and me keep having sex with each other as often as we want."

"Oh god..." he moaned. For such a young girl, she certainly was a devious little vixen.

"Promise," she insisted. He hated to give such a promise; it would mean forever forfeiting his right to tell Brit to stop engaging in such a perverse act. But how could he refuse Crystal?

"You know we're just going to do it behind your back if you don't agree," Crystal told him. "Brit's pussy is so sweet and delicious, I could never give it up. And her lips are just made for sucking dick and eating pussy. Look over there and see just how absolutely adorable her mouth is. You can't tell me that if she were to suck you off that you wouldn't immediately get addicted to it. I love it when she shoves her tongue deep inside my cunt, fucking me with it almost as well as any cock."

Greg's mind was overloaded by these mental images. If she kept it up, he would likely have an orgasm just from the erotic images of his imagination.

"Promise me you'll let her tongue my pussy to orgasm whenever I want," Crystal insisted. "And that you'll let me do the same to her."

"Okay, I promise!" he exclaimed, his last vestiges of willpower breaking down. He would probably go to hell for that promise, but right now he felt like a few minutes with his cock in Crystal's mouth was worth an eternity of fire and brimstone.

"Then I guess you've earned your reward," she smiled, giving him a wink and then opening her mouth as she lowered her head. She stuck out her tongue and flicked it across the tip of his cock, and he gasped as pleasure shot like lightning through him. She was right; she very definitely knew how to give a man pleasure with her mouth. She tongued the head of his cock several more times, at first just brushing it across the tip but then running it all over. He watched in excitement as she scooped up the moisture leaking from the fissure with her tongue and then brought it back into her mouth to taste it.

"Delicious," she commented. "That makes a fine appetizer. But I can't wait for the main course."

"What about me?" asked Brit. "I'm so horny right now, I need someone to get me off. You took Crystal away from me, but maybe I can have Allison or Rachael take her place?"

"Or both?" Rachael grinned, and Brit nodded enthusiastically.

"Wait..." Greg stammered. He wasn't sure he liked where this was headed. He had already agreed to let Crystal be her lover, but to let his own wife seduce his daughter?

Crystal, however, knew he was in her power. She drew back from his cock and grinned, and he realized he could deny her nothing by this point.

"Promise you'll let Brit fuck any girl she wants," she said.

"Oh hell, fine. I promise," he groaned.

"Well then, I guess with your permission, I wouldn't mind a taste of that pussy myself," Allison said. The two older women approached the couch where Brit sat, then knelt down in front of her. She spread her legs extra wide so that they could lean in and pleasure her at the same time. Greg watched in fascination as Allison and Rachael both stuck their tongues out and touched them to her outer lips. Brit squealed with delight at the sensation. "Oh god yes!" she cried out.

The sight was almost too much for Greg to bear. His own daughter was getting orally stimulated by his wife and sister-in-law. There was something so perverse, so wrong about it, but also to incredibly erotic. Having a young teenage girl like Crystal do something similar to him at the same time multiplied the excitement.

He glanced down at her and saw her smiling up at him as she continued to run her tongue all over the head of his cock. Maybe she was just doing this to obligate him to keep his promise, but there was no faking that look of delight in her eyes. She was actually enjoying this!

Then she lowered her head and ran her tongue up and down the shaft, bathing it with her saliva. He watched in intense fascination as she licked him all over, not missing a spot. Sometimes she just flicked her tongue against it, and sometimes she tilted her head and wrapped her tongue around the shaft. She also kissed it all over, worshipping it with her mouth. Her free hand cupped his balls, gently rolling them between her fingers.

He was in heaven. Maybe at one time he had had his doubts, but right now he just wanted Crystal to continue. He wanted to feel her mouth engulf him, the suction of her lips as she coaxed the cum from his cock, the moist softness of her tongue teasing him even inside her mouth, the glorious ecstasy as he shot his load straight down her throat. And it looked like she was going to give him just what he wanted. How could have have ever considered refusing such a gift?

When she finally opened her mouth and slipped his cock inside, he sighed from much needed relief. Her hot, wet mouth seemed like it was meant for his cock, perfectly shaped to take it in and eager to please him.

Then came the suction that he had been fantasizing about, and he lost all control of himself. His body squirmed all over the couch, his hips rocking forward as if trying to spear Crystal's throat. Fortunately she kept her hand on the base, or he probably would have shoved it in too deep.

He glanced over at the action next to him, with Allison and Rachael pleasuring his daughter in much the same way. They had brought their hands in to spread her lips, and were running their tongues all over the pink tissue beneath. Allison focused on her exposed clit up top while Rachael drove her tongue deep into the opening.

Brit's body was squirming around every bit as much as his own. Her spread legs overlapped his own, and he could feel the tremors running through her body as the women drove her into a frenzy of lust and desire. It was still hard for him to imagine Brit as a lesbian, even seeing it right in front of him. But she seemed to have no problem receiving such intense pleasure from other women, not that he could really blame her. He had a feeling that if he were a woman, Allison and Rachael would be tempting enough to convert him instantly. Hell, every time Allison walked down the street she probably gave half the straight women around her at least a fleeting thought of switching over.

Rachael then began to move up her body. She kissed her all over her flat stomach, even teasing her a bit by thrusting her tongue momentarily into her navel, causing the girl to break out in a fit of giggles. Then Rachael moved higher, up toward her chest and the twin mounds there. She kissed the underside of one of her breasts, moving slowly toward the nipple. When she reached her destination, she ran her tongue all over it. Brit squealed in excitement from the sensation. Rachael didn't neglect the other breast, but reached out with her hand and traced around the nipple with her finger. She let her finger mimic the motion of her tongue, twin stimulations that soon had Brit gasping in her breaths.

Taking advantage of her sister's absence down below. Allison scooted over to a more central position. Brit lifted her legs and threw them over Allison's shoulder, her knees still spread wide but her feet crossing on top of Allison's shoulder blades. Allison's tongue probed into the depths of the girl's pussy, lapping up the moisture that by now was almost dripping from the girl's excitement.

Greg was just as excited. Crystal worked him over skilfully with her mouth, not only sucking him hard but also using her tongue to stimulate him inside her mouth. She alternated between different motions, sometimes taking as much in her mouth as she could manage, but sometimes pulling back so only the head remained between her lips, giving her the opportunity to run her tongue all over the tip. That felt particularly good, and every time she did it, he nearly climaxed right there from the pleasure. It was an almost ticklish sensation, enough to make him squirm all over the couch and moan loudly. But each time he felt the pleasure building, she somehow sensed it, and backed off and let him calm down. She was almost sadistic in denying him relief; perhaps it was an extension of her teasing. Even now that she had taken it beyond flirting and was actually fulfilling the fantasy that she had created within him, she still made it playful and torturous; but what exquisite torture it was!

Perhaps she enjoyed the power she wielded over him. Maybe she liked the thought of being able to control a grown man. Certainly he hadn't shown himself to be anything more than her slave today. She could have asked him to promise anything, and he would have done so gladly. She knew it, and had taken advantage of it.

Next to him, he could hear Brit's moaning quickly rising in pitch, mimicking the spike of the pleasure that he realized she must be experiencing. His own daughter was about to have an orgasm, right in front of him!

Allison attacked her pussy viciously, her tongue mercilessly slapping against the girl's clit. Brit's legs suddenly snapped shut on her stepmother's head, but from his vantage point he could tell that it didn't bother her; she continued to lap at Brit's cunt. Brit closed her eyes and threw her head back, her hips lifting off the couch as her body tensed up in climax. He heard her scream in ecstasy, pushed over the edge by Allison's skillful use of her mouth. Greg knew all too well the joys of that mouth; he had felt it giving him similar pleasure many times.

He was just about there himself. With the visual stimulation of four gorgeous naked women surrounding him, the sound of his lovely daughter's orgasm from her lesbian lovers, and the feel of Crystal's mouth sucking him hard as if trying to draw his cum out through sheer force of will, it wasn't long before he felt the rising pleasure that signaled his impending climax. He threw his head back, his body beginning to tighten up.

Then he felt a new sensation on the base of his cock. He glanced down and saw to his astonishment that Brit had reached over and grabbed him there. She started jerking him off rapidly even with him buried inside Crystal's mouth.

That did it. He erupted with one of the most powerful orgasms he had ever experienced. He could feel the cum surging up his cock, and realized that with such an explosive orgasm, no doubt Brit could feel it too. That thought made it all the more intense, and a moment later he released into Crystal's mouth. Her eyes lit

up with delight at the first spurt, which she swallowed down quickly in anticipation of the next. Over and over again his cock twitched, sending more and more of his cum into Crystal's hungry mouth. He watched with delight the contractions of her throat as she swallowed everything he gave her. There was no doubt about it; she actually enjoyed getting him off with her mouth.

Exhausted and even dizzy from the intensity of the orgasm, he closed his eyes and panted, his head thrown back against the top of the couch. He was too weak even to move.

Then he felt a shifting of the weight next to him, and a moment later a delightfully soft and warm body against him. He glanced down and realized that Brit had climbed onto his lap. She wrapped her arms around him in a tender embrace, laying her head against his chest and smiling happily.

For about the millionth time that day, he didn't know what to do. He could feel her torso, especially her breasts, pressing against him. But he just couldn't bring himself to push her off of him. Instead he just lay there and let himself enjoy it. Maybe he would have to have another talk with her later, but for now, he was perfectly happy to feel her hot young body against him.

Chapter 94

Shocking Mistake

Greg wondered how things would change, now that Crystal had sucked him off. She had been flirting with him like crazy this past week, and he had mostly just taken it as her usual teasing. But she had taken it to the next step, so maybe there was something more to it after all. Maybe she really *was* attracted to him like she claimed.

If anything, for the rest of the evening her flirting increased. After the incident in the rec room, she wasn't just content to flaunt her body in front of him or blow him kisses or call him affectionate names. Now she made excuses to hug him or sit on his lap, despite still being naked.

He put his clothes back on, at least. Now that she had, in a sense, seduced him, he couldn't really insist that she get dressed. After all, a little nudity was nothing compared to what she had just done. But he could maintain a certain degree of modesty and dignity himself.

They agreed that what had happened should remain a secret, even from Jeff, Kari, Lissa, and Alya. It wasn't that he thought they would go blabbing to the police that he had received a blowjob from a fourteen-year-old girl; but the less people who knew about it, the less chance there would be of any of them slipping in their discretion.

That didn't, however, stop Crystal from trying to see what she could get away with. Even after joining the others in the main house, Crystal continued to flirt with him like crazy. At dinner, after the first bite she commented, "that's the second best thing I've tasted all day."

Greg shot her a stern look, but when Alya asked what was first, she simply replied, "We had ice cream for dessert after lunch." As soon as everyone looked away though, she gave Greg a wink.

It still disturbed him that he had just committed an illegal act with an underage girl. If caught, he would be labeled a sex offender and put away for a very long time. He had jeopardized his family for a moment of pleasure.

Actually, Greg was more worried about her father than about the police. He felt seriously guilty about letting the daughter of one of his friends do that to him, and considering the man's size, if Allen ever found out about it he would probably pulverize Greg into a lump of flesh only remotely resembling a human being.

On the other hand, it hadn't really done any harm to Crystal. If anything, she seemed proud of the accomplishment. It made him wonder if maybe the law in this case was wrong. If he enjoyed it and she enjoyed it, what was wrong with what they had done?

He almost dreaded going upstairs that night to tuck Brit into bed, since Crystal was sleeping over that night. But she insisted that he come up and have his nightly talk with her. He gave Crystal and her a few minutes to change into their pajamas, then headed upstairs to her room to talk.

He found her on the top bunk, smiling at him. Crystal was on the bottom. They actually wore pajamas tonight, or more accurately, oversize tee-shirts. That was almost disappointing; he had kind of hoped to see them nude again. Still, it was probably better this way. It meant less temptation for him.

As Greg stepped up to the bed, Crystal reached for his belt buckle.

"Stop that!" he scolded, swatting her hand away. But his heart really wasn't in it, and he couldn't keep the smile off of his face.

"Just kidding, sweetheart," Crystal grinned.

"Listen, you two," he told them. "I'm not sure how I feel about what we did today. I mean, I can't deny that I really enjoyed it. Crystal, you're a gorgeous young girl. I just think maybe it's best if we don't do it again."

"Fine," said Crystal. "But if you wake up in the middle of the night with a change of heart, you know where you can find me."

Greg sighed. She really wasn't going to stop teasing him.

"Just so you understand, I don't mind," Brit told him. "If you want to have fun with Crystal, I think it's great. And I liked having fun with Allison and Rachael too."

"That's another thing that's going to take some time getting used to. I can hardly get after you now that I sort of condoned it by joining in myself, but it was hard enough discovering I had one lesbian daughter. Now it turns out I have two."

"I'm bisexual, Daddy," Brit corrected.

"That doesn't make it any better. But I guess I'm just going to have to learn to live with it. I promised I wouldn't get mad, and I won't. Just do me a favor. Stay in your own bunks tonight. I need some time to sort through my feelings, and knowing that you two are... well... having sex, would just make it that much more difficult."

"As long as it's just for tonight," replied Brit. "But you also promised you'd let us keep doing it."

"I know, dear, and I'm going to keep my promise. I'm just asking you to do it as a favor, to make it easier for me."

"Okay. I love you, Daddy."

"I love you too, Angel," he smiled.

"I love you too, Greg dearest," Crystal grinned.

Greg chuckled. "Good night," he told them.

"Good night, Daddy," Brit replied, hopping down from the bed momentarily to give him a kiss on the cheek. He turned to go, but Crystal hopped up and grabbed him, pulling him down to give him a loud, wet kiss on the lips.

As she climbed into bed again, Greg sighed and left the room, blushing again at her forwardness. He would probably never get over it.

Ignoring the moans and cries coming from Jeff's room across the hall that meant that Rachael had decided to sleep with him tonight, he made his way downstairs, where he found Allison, Lissa, and Alya still talking in the front room. He wasn't in the mood for conversation right now, so he simply bid them good night and retired to his room, where he changed into his bathrobe and prepared for bed.

Allison joined him a few minutes later, saying that Lissa and Alya had gone to bed too. She immediately started taking off her clothes.

"That was fun today," she commented as she undressed.

"I suppose so," said Greg. Then he laughed. There was no point trying to deny it or downplay it. "Actually, I enjoyed every minute of it."

"Crystal's a real cutie," Allison grinned. "You're lucky you got to fuck her mouth. Maybe she'll do me next time."

Now was the right time to talk about what had been bothering him all day.

"I'm not sure there's going to be a next time," he told her.

"Why not?"

"She's only fourteen! I could go to jail for a long, long time if anyone ever found out."

"Oh, don't worry. We're sworn to secrecy. Nobody's going to find out. It's something we all wanted, so what's the problem?"

"It's just that... I don't know. Maybe I'm overreacting. You know me. Intellectually, I'm very conservative. But when I lose control and let my passions rule me..."

"That's when I love you the most," she said, sliding into bed next to him and kissing him.

"But sometimes I feel so guilty afterward."

"Is that what this is all about? You're feeling guilty for what you did with Crystal?"

"Sort of. But it's more than that."

"Tell me, Greg."

"I'll admit that seeing you and Rachael was a real turn-on. But then when Brit joined in... I mean, she's my daughter! How am I supposed to feel about that?"

"How are you supposed to feel? You're supposed to feel outraged that she got involved in a lesbian threesome with her stepmother and aunt. But you know I've never been a fan of doing things just because you're supposed to. I think as long as she was okay with it, you should feel whatever you want. If it excites you to see her like that, then great!"

"But it's all so wrong, Allison."

"Only because you've believed that so long that you're not willing to look at it from any other perspective. Brit's a beautiful girl. You at least agree with me on that, don't you?"

"Yes I do."

"And what about Rachael?"

"She's good-looking too."

"And I *know* you like the way I look. And you've always had a thing about lesbians. So when you see three beautiful women making love, regardless of who they are, especially when you have a fourth one going down on you, I think it's perfectly natural to have unwholesome thoughts, don't you?"

"All right, you have a point. But that doesn't mean I should act on them."

"Doesn't it?"

"Let's be honest here. If I had acted on every one of my feelings I had this afternoon, I would have had sex with Crystal, you, Rachael, and even Brit. My own daughter!"

"And what's wrong with that?"

"Allison! I'm not going to sit here and let you try to convince me that it's all right to do that."

"You had no qualms about Lissa last year."

"I thought we weren't going to bring that up."

"I'm sorry, but it's relevant to the discussion."

"Fine. We've always said that it was a joke that got out of hand, and as far as I'm concerned, that's the truth. Look, this is just like last time. It's something I shouldn't have done, and I'm afraid of what the consequences will be. You saw what happened to Jeff and Brit when they found out about that vacation last year."

"Yes, it made them happier than they've ever been. You already know my feelings about that. I still think you should let them love each other."

"You know I can't do that, Allison. Look, maybe the best thing is to just forget this whole thing ever happened."

"Is that what you really want?" she asked, looking him in the eyes.

He stared at her for a second. "No," he finally conceded. "I already told you I enjoyed it. But it's wrong for me to enjoy it. I mean, Crystal's only fourteen. I'm no pedophile."

"No, you're just attracted to nubile young women, and if some of them happen to be underage, so what? There's nothing magical that happens on a girl's eighteenth birthday that suddenly makes her attractive when she wasn't before. Besides, it seemed to me that she was enjoying herself every bit as much as you were."

"She just did that because she didn't want to get into trouble," he insisted.

"Is that what you think?" asked Allison.

"Yes. Why else would she do it?"

"Because she's attracted to you just like you're attracted to her, maybe?"

"Oh, very funny."

"It's not a joke. So what if you're forty? You're still very handsome. I thought so the first time I met you, and I still think so. And I'm not just saying that because it's what you want to hear. So is there any reason to believe that Crystal wouldn't think so too?"

"She's a teenager. She would only be attracted to boys her own age."

"How do you know who she's attracted to? Have you asked her?"

"Of course not," he said. "What am I supposed to do, go up to her and say, 'Do you like me?'"

"No, but now that she's already given you a blowjob, you could ask her if you can make love to her."

"Allison!" he exclaimed.

"What? I'm absolutely serious."

"But... well, she's still just a little girl. What if I'm too big for her?"

"You're not."

"How do you know?"

"Because Jeff's been having sex with her for almost two years, and he's about the same size as you are where it counts."

"So she was telling the truth about that? And you knew about it?"

"Absolutely. I don't like to keep secrets from you, but I didn't tell you because I knew you wouldn't approve. From what they told me, Crystal *needed* Jeff back then. She needed to fall in love with a kind and sweet boy who would help her get over a bad relationship. If you had broken that up, noble though your intentions were, it would have done far more harm to her than letting that relationship continue."

"So then maybe I should just let Jeff have her."

"Maybe. But that was two years ago. She's grown a lot since then. Maybe what she needs now is a mature and experienced man who can teach her more than Jeff ever could."

"Okay, now you're just making things up."

"Maybe. But back to my original point, if you had the opportunity to fuck her, without any consequences, would you do it?"

He thought about that for a moment. "I don't know," he said.

"I'm serious. Suppose I was in favor of it, and everyone who knew about it was sworn to secrecy, and she agreed to do it. Would you?"

"I suppose... if you didn't mind... yes, I would."

"Okay, well, as it turns out, I *am* in favor of it, everyone who could possibly find out about it already knows what you did with her today, and they've already agreed not to say anything. So all that's left is to find out if she's willing."

"But I can't just go up to her and ask her. I mean, think how awkward she would feel, especially if the answer was no."

"If you ask her the right way, she won't feel awkward at all."

"And what's the right way?"

"Tonight, after she and Brit are asleep, go wake her up. Gently. A little tenderness goes a long way. Whisper

in her ear how much you're attracted to her, and how much you want to make love to her. Girls like to know that men think they're attractive. But let it be her decision. Make sure she knows that you're all right with her saying no if she's uncomfortable about it. And if she refuses, never bring it up again."

"But... tonight? What if Brit wakes up?"

"After what happened today between you and Crystal while she was watching? I'd have to say that that should be the least of your worries. If it didn't bother Brit today, why should it bother her tonight?"

"Okay, that's a valid point, but I still don't think I should do this."

"That's up to you," Allison shrugged. "But I know you too well. You were really getting excited today when she sucked you off, and I think if you don't do this, you're going to regret missing the opportunity."

Greg laughed. "I can't believe my own wife is trying to convince me to seduce another woman. A girl, actually."

"Just think about it. If I catch you sneaking out of bed later, I'll know where you went. And I won't wait up for you."

Greg lay down and stared up at the ceiling. He wrapped his arm around Allison when she snuggled up to him, but his mind was elsewhere. At least to himself, he had to admit that he found Crystal attractive. Kari too, but since she was his son's girlfriend, he wasn't about to make a move there. But Crystal was unattached.

At least, if he didn't count Jeff or Brit. That was something that bothered him too. He had been furious when he found out that Lissa had a girlfriend, and now it seemed to have spread to her younger sister. Worse still was his own reaction to it. Rather than get upset, he had actually given in to his lust and let Crystal seduce him. Now he could no longer claim the moral high ground with Lissa or Brit, because his actions that afternoon had condoned it.

That meant he had to accept what had happened to Brit, and in part, accept that it was his own fault. He was the one who had broken up her relationship with Jeff, so perhaps that had caused her to go looking elsewhere. Maybe Crystal had provided a shoulder for her to cry on, and then Brit had made the same mistake as she had made with her brother, mistaking tenderness and friendship for sexual attraction.

If so, then as the responsible party, Greg would have to decide how to handle it. He could try to convince Brit to break off her relationship with Crystal, but now that he had given in to the same temptation, how could he expect her to agree?

Or he could try to come between them himself. That meant seducing one or the other of them. Naturally Brit was out of the question, so maybe in a way it was his *responsibility* to try to steal Crystal away from her.

What was he thinking? Was he actually justifying having sex with a fourteen-year-old girl by claiming that it was the moral and ethical thing to do? Granted, everything that had happened these past few months had

forced him to reevaluate his values over and over again, but how could he even consider seducing Crystal?

Yet here he was, trying to come up with reasons to do just that. Allison was right about one thing; if he didn't, he would regret the missed opportunity. The real question was whether he would regret doing it more than he would regret not doing it.

If Crystal were willing, really what harm could it do? He wouldn't be corrupting her; she had already had sex with both his son and his daughter. Like Allison, she seemed pretty liberal about her sexuality. And he couldn't deny that despite her age, she was really sexy. Maybe even because of her age. Like Brit, she still retained some of that childlike cuteness, while at the same time having all of the attributes of a sexually mature woman, though admittedly not as developed as, say, Allison.

Of course, he could go to prison for a long time if anyone found out, and if Allen found out, Greg wouldn't survive long enough to even worry about prison, but he was already in danger of that just from what had happened that afternoon. Taking it to the next level wouldn't make much of a difference.

He turned off the light, then closed his eyes and tried to sleep, which was difficult with Crystal on his mind. Every so often he opened his eyes to glance at the clock to see that another five minutes had passed.

Finally, after almost a full hour, he sat up.

"Going somewhere?" asked Allison, who apparently hadn't fallen asleep.

"Maybe. You really think I should do this?" he asked.

"I think if it makes you feel good, and it makes Crystal feel good, then there's really no problem. Greg, I've seen the way she looks at you. The way she's been flirting with you like crazy lately."

"She was just teasing. Trying to embarrass me."

"If that were the case, she wouldn't have sucked you off this afternoon, would she? You have to admit, there's at least some sexual attraction there."

"Maybe."

"Just go upstairs right now and find out. The worst that will happen is she'll say no."

Greg sighed. "Okay, I think I will," he said. He threw on his bathrobe and headed out the door into the darkened hallway. Every footstep echoed far too loudly for his liking, as if announcing to the whole world that he was going upstairs to seduce an underage girl. The creaking of the stairs added to his trepidation and anxiety. What if Jeff or Lissa caught him? What would he tell them?

Actually, they would probably tell him to go for it. There was so much sex going on in this house that a little thing like this hardly mattered. The Primdale mansion, once a respectable, conservative home, had become a den of iniquity. Since he could do little to put an end to it, he might as well have his share of the fun.

By the time he finished rationalizing his decision, he stood in front of the door to Brit's room, staring at the final barrier. He turned the knob, half hoping that Brit had locked it and therefore given him an excuse not to go through with it. But it turned freely, and he slowly pushed open the door. In the dim light, he could barely make out the shapes in the darkness: the desk, the dresser, the bunk bed. Crystal was on the bottom, hidden in the shadows. Ever since Brit had stopped using a night-light, her room was very dark at night, and the bunk bed enhanced the blackness.

Greg glanced once at the form of his sleeping daughter on the top bunk. She was curled up almost completely hidden under the covers; he couldn't even see the top of her head on her pillow. But he ignored her and focused on his target on the bottom bunk.

This is crazy! he thought to himself. *I'm about to seduce a fourteen-year-old girl, with my daughter right in the room with me!* If he thought he could talk himself out of it, though, he was wrong. Those very words fueled his excitement, adding the thrill of forbidden passion to his already aroused state.

He quietly closed the hall door behind him, then slunk stealthily to the bed. He knelt beside it and ever so slowly put a hand out. He could barely even see Crystal's outline in the inky blackness, could barely tell where her head was.

He hesitated only a moment, then gently but firmly put his hand over her mouth. It wasn't that he wanted to restrain her; he just couldn't afford to have her scream or cry out if she mistook him for a burglar or rapist.

She tensed up, and he knew she was awake. Quickly leaning his head in, he brought his lips close to her ears.

"It's all right," he whispered. "It's just me. I'm not going to hurt you."

She relaxed then, and he knew it was all right to continue. He withdrew his hand. "I'm sorry about that," he told her, still whispering in her ear. "I just thought I might have startled you, and I didn't want you to scream and wake everyone up."

"It's all right," she whispered back.

"I've come up here because I had to see you," he said. "I know it's not really appropriate, but I had to let you know how I feel about you. Ever since I saw your naked body, I knew that I was smitten with you. Everything about you is so beautiful. I would be honored if you would share yourself with me. Let me make love to you. I want to take you in my arms right now and bring you to the heights of pleasure.

"But I won't do it if you don't want to. I just want to make you happy, and if you would be happier if I just left right now and never mentioned this again, then that's good enough for me. Just tell me, yes or no, will you let me make love to you?"

"Yes," she whispered without hesitation.

Greg climbed into the lower bunk next to Crystal and reached out to stroke her cheek. It was too bad that he

couldn't see her; she had a really beautiful face, and he would love to be able to gaze upon it as he made love to her. But he couldn't exactly turn on the lights; it wouldn't be fair to Brit, who was trying to sleep in the bunk above them. Still, just being able to hold the girl in his arms and worship her body was enough for him.

He leaned in and kissed her lips, savoring the sweet taste. Crystal sighed, evidently enjoying it. It made him feel good that a young and beautiful girl like Crystal liked a forty-year-old man enough to let him do this to her. He vowed that she wouldn't regret it. He would make sure that she loved every minute of it.

Greg let his hand rest on her hip, and he caressed her there for a few minutes as he continued to kiss her. He would take it slow, letting her gradually warm up to it. A little tenderness went a long way toward getting both her body and her mind ready. She wore only a tee shirt and panties, so as he rubbed her, his hand naturally pushed up the bottom of her shirt, making contact with her delightfully smooth skin. She was so warm and soft, and he could be happy just lying here doing this for hours.

Her own hand went to his chest, and she slipped it inside his robe. She ran it all over his chest, to his delight. Her touch felt exquisite against his skin; he enjoyed the softness of her tiny fingers.

He let his lips leave hers, but only so that he could kiss her on the cheek, then lower, to her neck. He could hear her breathing growing heavier with his caresses, and he knew that her body was beginning to respond. Suspecting that she still might be a little afraid, he decided to take things very slowly in order to make this as special for her as it was for him. He let his lips linger on her neck for several minutes, just enjoying the softness and taste of her. When her breaths eventually became quiet little whimpers, he decided to take it to the next level.

"Sit up," he whispered in her ear. She rose up on the bed, and he took hold of the bottom of her shirt. Sensing what he was about to do, she lifted her hands. Greg carefully slipped the shirt from her body, wishing at the moment that the lights were on so that he could see it. Still, just the thought that she was sitting here exposed to him caused a shudder of excitement to run through his body.

He unfastened his robe and let it fall on the floor, then leaned forward and hugged her. As he suspected, he could feel her trembling, no doubt a bit nervous. For all her show of being flirtatious and sexy these past few weeks, when he had her here alone in the darkness of the night she was still just a frightened little girl. Maybe she hadn't expected him to take her teasing so seriously. Maybe she had just thought it was fun to get a reaction out of him. But in the end, she had agreed to let him make love to her.

He stroked her long, silky hair, holding her gently. "It's okay," he whispered soothingly. "I won't do anything you don't want me to do. You can tell me to stop at any time and I will."

"No," Crystal whispered. "I want you to continue."

The words delighted him; whatever her past feelings for him, now she seemed to want this too. Maybe there had been more to her flirting than he had realized, perhaps more than even she realized. Either way, he would make sure she did not regret this night.

Greg leaned in and kissed her on the neck again, then gently laid her down on the bed. He reached for her panties, slowly easing them down and off of her legs. Now they were both completely nude together, ready to make each other feel good, ready to have sex.

He cupped her cheek with his hand, then let it slide down her neck and shoulders until it rested on her breast. He gave her a squeeze, but gently so as not to hurt her. His fingers sought out her nipple, and he toyed with it for a moment. Once again he could hear her breathing growing heavy with the stimulation. He kissed her one more time, then lowered his lips to her neck, then kissed his way down to her shoulders, her chest, and finally to the peak of her other breast, where he ran his tongue around her nipple.

Crystal gave another whimper as he teased her, feeling both of her nipples hardening. She had such delightfully soft yet perky breasts; he could spend all night just working on her chest. He did spend several minutes working her over in fact, enjoying the little reactions he was causing in her, those little shudders and wiggles as he hit upon particularly sensitive spots. The best way to help her over her nervousness was to replace it with sheer desire and anticipation.

He let his hand leave her breast and start slowly moving downward along her body, caressing her wonderfully soft skin as it made its way past her ribs, past her stomach, and finally to the lightly furry treasure between her legs. He could feel moisture there already; her body was already anticipating the coming seduction. He let his fingers gently rub her there, releasing more of her juices and slowly beginning to loosen her up. She separated her legs to give him more room to work down there.

He delighted in the sounds of her breathing, the rising and falling of her chest, and the little quivers that ran through her body as his fingers brushed against her clitoris. There was even a certain smell about her, a familiar smell but one that was distinctly hers. In his mind he could picture her body, so young and beautiful, almost frail, but ever so pleasing. It was just too bad that he couldn't turn on the lights and gaze upon her nude figure. Perhaps there would be other times, though. She would visit Brit again, and she didn't seem to be shy at all about exposing herself to him. Maybe one day he would be able to make love to her with more light, so that he could see her magnificent young body, and stare into her beautiful eyes.

Right now, though, the lack of light seemed to heighten the rest of his senses. It magnified the softness of her skin, the sound of her breathing, even the taste of her nipples in his mouth. He was enjoying himself so much that he could just do this for the rest of the night and be happy.

Crystal reached out and took his cock in her hand. It was already hard just from the excitement, and her tiny little hand just made it harder. He could feel waves of pleasure shooting through him as she slowly and gently stroked it up and down, and he noticed his own breathing getting heavier as well. She hadn't been joking earlier about her affair with Jeff; she obviously knew what she was doing. Greg didn't know whether to feel jealous about that or not; after all, he was the one taking this girl away from his son, not the other way around. He only knew that he wanted to make love to her, no matter what her past history was. Jeff would just have to get over it.

He loved the feel of her hand on his cock. It was so tiny, barely able to wrap around the diameter. The thrill

of being touched by her like this was almost too much to bear. It was so wrong, even illegal. She was only fourteen. There were words for men who enjoyed the company of fourteen-year-old girls, none of them very flattering. Greg didn't consider himself to be one of those men; it was just that Crystal was so damn desirable. It would be hard for any man to resist her. The way she had been flirting with him lately, her smile, her beautiful face and gorgeous nude body all combined to make her unbearably attractive.

He realized that she wasn't the only one he had been drawn to recently. He thought that Brit was even more beautiful, though that could just be his fatherly love for her. And Brit had also been quite affectionate with him these past few months. He hesitated to call it flirting, although she had done some of that as well. But he love to hold her in his arms, to let her sit in his lap and lay her head down against his chest. She had even hugged him while topless or nude a couple of times. Even offered to have sex with him once. Somehow he had managed to stay strong with such a beautiful, naked young girl so willing to make love to him. His daughter, yes, but a gorgeous girl nonetheless.

But at least he could fulfill one of his fantasies tonight. It wouldn't be with Brit, thank God, but with another girl of her same age. He had never been with a girl this young before, not even when he was that age himself. He had been several years older when he had first lost his virginity. Now he had the chance to do something that very few men would experience.

"Are you ready?" he asked her, and even in the darkness of the night he could see her nod. It was time to fulfill his purpose for visiting her tonight. He needed to feel her around him, to penetrate inside of her and give her deep and fulfilling pleasure. He wanted to show her just how wonderful it could be.

He climbed on top of her, taking a moment to position himself correctly as she spread her legs wide to accommodate him. She seemed so tiny beneath him; he wondered whether it would be more comfortable for her to be on top. But she reached up and placed her hands on his shoulders to pull him down to her, and he knew what she wanted. He let his hips lower enough for him to line up with her now swollen and dripping wet pussy. He let the tip slip in a little. Now was the point of no return. He was about to have sex with a young teenage girl.

He thrust in very gently, past the point where her hymen would have been had she still been a virgin. She was not. He wasn't sure whether Jeff had been the one to take her virginity, but whoever had done it, this was obviously not her first time.

His cock penetrated deeper, and she gasped as the pleasure filled her. He was just as excited and just as thrilled by it. Finally, he found himself buried deep inside her moist tunnel. He drew back a couple of inches and thrust in again.

"Oh god!" Crystal whispered. Greg repeated the motion, over and over again, getting into a rhythm matched by the thrusts of her own hips as she rose up to meet him. He hugged her sweaty body tightly to him and kissed her all over the face and neck. He wasn't satisfied with just having sex with her; he wanted to make love to her. Crystal deserved to be treated not just as an object, but with respect, caring, and love.

Their breathing soon turned to grunts and moans as he thrust into her body. In the back of his mind he knew that they were likely to wake Brit if they kept this up, but right now he didn't care. In fact, the thrill of getting caught actually added to the excitement. It was such a naughty thought, the idea that his daughter was listening to everything going on as he fucked her best friend in the bunk below him. What if next time she wanted to watch? Or even join in?

That thought did it. To have his own daughter join in his lovemaking with her best friend pushed him over the edge, and without warning the pleasure spiked. His cock throbbed inside of Crystal's body, erupting and filling her with his cream. He had done it. He had just had sex with a young teenage girl.

She wasn't far behind. As her pussy contracted around his still-hard cock, she cried out in pleasure.

"Oh god, Dadeeeeeeee!" she screamed, her whole body tensing up. She held herself like that for about five seconds, then relaxed, panting heavily.

He lay there for about thirty seconds, still inside her, reveling in the feel of her youthful body. It felt so wonderful, so soft, so exquisite...

Then his eyes opened wide with horror. What did she say? What had she called him?

"Brit, if you're going to fuck your dad, at least do it more quietly," came Crystal's voice from the bunk above them. "I'm trying to sleep."

Chapter 95

Sexual Intervention

Greg felt horrible. It was the worst feeling in the whole world, knowing that he had just seduced his own daughter. That wasn't something that happened in real life; it only happened in the news, to people that he didn't know. But he had just become one of those monsters.

Brit's reaction was completely opposite. "Oh thank you, Daddy!" Brit whispered in his ear, hugging him to her. "You've made me so happy."

"Happy?" he mumbled, astonished.

"I've seen the way you kept stealing glances at Kari and Crystal and the other girls. Never at me, though. I was beginning to think you didn't think I was pretty."

"Pretty? I think you're beautiful," he said, almost automatically. It was the type of thing fathers said to their daughters when they were feeling self-conscious. *My daughter!* he thought. *What have I done? Brit, can you ever forgive me? Do I even deserve to be forgiven?*

"I know, Daddy," Brit replied. "Now I know for sure, because you've just proven it."

"Brit... I..." he stammered. What was he supposed to say? What should a father tell his daughter in a situation like this? But he was operating in a place far out of the rules, because fathers were never supposed to be in this situation in the first place.

"I love you so much, Daddy," Brit said. "Ever since Jeff and I stopped being together, I've been feeling so lonely, especially because I felt so guilty for letting you down. I thought maybe I was a bad person, because even my own daddy was avoiding me."

Was that what she thought? True, he had scolded her a couple of times for getting fresh with him, and he had tried to hide how attracted he was toward her, plus with Crystal flirting with him so much he had spent a good deal of his time trying to fend off the girl's advances, but he certainly hadn't been trying to avoid Brit.

"How could you believe a thing like that, Angel?" he asked. At least this was familiar territory. He could at least tell her he loved her, because that much was true. While he was being truthful, and since there was no point denying it any more, he might as well confess a few more things to her. "Brit, I love you more than you could possibly imagine. The reason I've been cold toward you," he said, "is because I'm attracted to you in ways I shouldn't be. I was afraid of lowering my guard because I could end up..."

"Doing exactly what you did to me?" Brit giggled. "Good. I'm glad you let down your defenses. Now I know just how much you love me."

That put him in a terribly awkward position. He should admit that it had been Crystal that he was trying to seduce, to get any thought out of her mind that he had done this on purpose. On the other hand, if he told her that, it would be a terrible blow to her self-esteem. After she bore her heart to him, to tell her he hadn't done it on purpose would embarrass her, turning this into a painful and degrading memory. But if he let her think that it wasn't a mistake, would she expect him to do it again?

To do it again... that was a shockingly pleasant thought. To come up here night after night after night...

No! he screamed inside his head. He couldn't do that to his angel. His sweet, beautiful, sexy little girl. How young, how innocent, how adorable.

He leaned down and kissed her on the lips. Brit, his little baby. He could get used to this.

Then he pulled back, and rolled over off of her. What was he doing? How could he even think those things about her? She was his daughter!

It certainly didn't help when she climbed on top of him and lay her head on his chest. The feeling of her body against his was almost more than he could bear. It wasn't fair! A father shouldn't have such an irresistible beauty for a daughter. How could he hope to fight these feelings when she was just so damn gorgeous?

"Your heart's pounding," Brit commented.

"I suppose it is," he replied.

"Why?"

He sighed. "Because I'm scared."

"Why are you scared, Daddy?"

"Because I don't know what to do. I know what we just did is wrong. I know we should never do it again; we shouldn't have done it in the first place. But I'm scared that I'm not strong enough."

"I don't want you to be strong," she told him.

"I'm sorry, Angel, but that's just making it harder for me. Please, Brit. Do you mind if we stop talking about it right now? I'm too confused; maybe in the morning I'll be able to think straight."

"Are you mad at me, Daddy?" she asked.

"Mad at you? What for?"

"For wanting you like this. For tempting you. For... seducing you."

"Of course I'm not mad at you. What happened tonight was completely my fault, not yours."

"You're saying that like you think it was bad that we did it."

"It *was* bad, honey. That's just it. It was a horrible thing for me to do to you."

"I didn't think so."

"I know. That's the one thing that I'm happy about. I'm glad that I didn't hurt you."

"But you're not happy that we did it in the first place?"

"I don't know. That's the part that's confusing me. How can I be happy about something so wrong? But how can it be so wrong if it felt so good? I'm sorry, baby. I know I'm not making any sense. That's why I think we should just go to sleep now, and talk about it again in the morning. Is that all right?"

"Okay, Daddy. As long as you're not mad at me. I couldn't stand it if you were."

"I'm not mad at you, so you don't have to worry about it."

"Daddy?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Would you do me a favor?"

"Sure."

"I want you to say something. Say, 'I love you. Good night.'"

"I love you. Good night," he repeated.

"Thank you, daddy. I love you too. Good night."

He awoke to the feeling of sweet, loving lips pressed to his. "Oh, Brit," he sighed.

"Not quite," an amused voice said. "Guess again."

He opened his eyes. Allison knelt by the bed, a grin on her face.

He gasped as he realized that his daughter was still lying on top of him, and they were both naked.

Allison put a finger to her lips to silence him. She nodded toward Brit's face as the girl slumbered peacefully away. Greg watched in astonishment as his wife leaned over and kissed Brit on the forehead.

"Looks like you missed," Allison whispered with a smile.

"Missed?" he whispered back.

"Yes, you hit the wrong target, dear. Not that I blame you."

"You're not... you're not angry?"

"Angry? I'm overjoyed," she replied. "These past few months you haven't been fun at all, always worried about your feelings for your daughter but too scared to do anything about them. I've been waiting a long time for you to decide one way or the other, and I'm glad you finally made your decision."

"But I didn't--"

"I know. You were aiming for Crystal. That doesn't really change anything, though. Now that you've finally slept with your daughter, there will be no more what-ifs. Now you'll see first hand the consequences of your actions, so you'll be able to more easily make the decision of whether to continue the relationship."

"Continue... what are you saying, Allison?"

"I'm saying that if you're worried about whether I would approve, I do. I want you to love your daughter in whatever way makes you happy."

"But what about Brit? It's *her* happiness I'm worried about."

"If this scene played out last night anything like our conversation, then that means she knew what she was doing, and was perfectly willing to do it. Before you start feeling guilty, remember one thing. She said yes."

Greg sighed. He didn't know what to think. He figured a good night's sleep would clear his head, but it hadn't helped. The truth was that he had just seduced his own daughter, and nothing would change that fact.

One thing was for sure; he couldn't face Brit right now. Being careful not to wake her, he got out of bed and threw on his robe, then with Allison by his side he left the room to make his way downstairs.

As soon as he was gone, Crystal leaned over the side of the bed and gazed down at Brit, who opened her eyes and smiled.

"How did it go last night?" asked Crystal.

"I just had sex with my daddy," Brit grinned. "I loved it."

"From the sounds he was making, I could tell that he loved it too. I think our problems are just about over."

Greg didn't know what to think. How could he have done that to his little girl? Granted, he hadn't planned it that way, but just the fact that he had just had sex with his own daughter wasn't something he could easily get over. The worst part about it was that he didn't even feel disgusted by it. He should be sick with revulsion, but somehow that part of him was numb, leaving only the excitement and thrill at having made love to such a gorgeous girl.

Even when Allison joined him in the shower and washed his back, he was too distracted to enjoy it. He was just too confused right now. He didn't even know how he was supposed to feel about what happened, much less be able to figure out where to go from here. The warm water splashing on his body, which usually relaxed him and helped him to think, did nothing for him today. After getting out of the shower, drying himself off, and throwing on his clothes, he simply told Allison, "I'm going for a drive," and promptly left the house.

Allison didn't waste any time, but immediately set to work telling everyone the news. She told Rachael first, who immediately ran up to Brit's room to give her a hug of congratulations. Alya and Lissa were next, and they also went in to talk to Brit about it. Allison left it up to Brit, however, to tell her brother.

She knocked on his bedroom door and entered, finding him just waking up. She came and sat down on his bed, surprising him by taking his hand.

"Well," she said, "it's happened."

"What's happened?" he asked.

"Last night I had sex with Daddy."

"Oh," he said, staring at the floor. "I see."

"Jeff," said Brit, "how... how are you feeling?"

"Great," he smiled. "It looks like the plan is really coming along now."

"That's not what I meant," she said. "I mean, does it bother you that Daddy and I had sex?"

He sighed. "A little, but not nearly as much as I expected. These past few weeks I've thought long and hard about it. Look Brit, I would love nothing more than to be able to have you all to myself. But that's hardly fair because you've always been willing to share me with Kari and Crystal. Even Allison sometimes."

"But I was never exclusive to you, Jeff. I was Crystal's girlfriend first, remember."

"I know, but it's different with another man. I think it's just a selfish streak that all men have, a certain possessiveness. But the truth is that, when it comes right down to it, I don't really mind you getting together with Dad. All of the jealousy, envy, anger, even hatred that I had expected just isn't there."

"I hope that doesn't mean you're not in love with me anymore," she teased.

"I think it's all right with me *because* I'm in love with you. I'm willing to do anything to be together with you, even share you with Dad. Besides, I get Allison out of the deal, so it's not like I'm losing out," he grinned.

"Hey!"

"But seriously, I think things are going to work out. We're on the verge of something wonderful here, so I'm sure not going to spoil it with a little jealousy or bitterness."

"I hope you're right," smiled Brit.

The two of them descended the stairs to meet the others, who all seemed to be happy about what had happened. It was a victory of sorts, a win for all of them and not just Brit.

Crystal was already on the phone with her sister telling her the news, and Kari decided to come over to talk with Brit about it. Allison suggested that once everyone was together, that they all stay in the house. It was time to for all of their planning from the beginning of summer to pay off.

When Greg arrived home, Allison immediately approached him. "Greg," she said, "we need to talk."

"Yes we do," he replied. "But I think I should have a talk with Brit alone first."

"And I think you shouldn't."

He stared at her, wondering what she meant by that. Did she think if he spent five minutes alone with his daughter he would make the same mistake as last night?

"Greg," she said with a reassuring voice, "what happened between Brit and you affects the whole family. I talked to them all about it this morning, so there's no use hiding or denying anything. The only thing to do is decide where we want to go from here."

Greg sighed. While he would have preferred to keep this a secret, everyone would have found out about it eventually anyway, so perhaps it was better that Allison tell them right away.

"I'd like to have a family council," said Allison. "And that includes not only the Primdales, but Rachael, Alya, Kari, and Crystal. They're practically family anyway."

He nodded. Better to get this over with.

She led him downstairs to the rec room, the least imposing room in the house. Greg sat down on the couch while she called down everyone else. When Brit arrived, he just couldn't make himself look her in the eyes. Not after what had happened.

After everyone took seats around the room, Allison stood and faced them.

"It's time we made a decision," she said. "By now most of you are aware that Greg and Brit made love last night. That shouldn't come as a shock to anyone; it was only a matter of time. But what that means is that everyone in this family has had some kind of incestuous relationship with another member of the family."

"In other words, you're a family of perverts," Kari laughed.

"Basically, yes," Allison smiled. "But that's only a label that society has come up with to frown upon such activities. I personally see no problem with it."

"No problem with it?" asked Greg. "It doesn't bother you that Brit and I... I mean..."

"Brit," said Allison. "I'm going to ask you something, and I want you to answer truthfully. Do you love your father?"

"Of course I do!" she smiled.

"Do you feel any kind of anger toward him about what happened last night?"

"No. I really enjoyed it."

"Do you feel any guilt? Any shame? Any negative emotions at all?"

"The only thing I feel bad about," she replied, "is that Daddy feels bad about it."

"Fair enough. Now Greg, it's time for you to be honest. Why do you feel bad about what happened?"

"Because I could have hurt Brit. Oh god, I could have ruined the life of my little angel!"

"Brit, did Greg ruin your life?" asked Allison.

"Of course not!"

"So let's not talk about 'could have's' or 'should have's'. Greg, Brit is just fine. Better than fine. So there's no point feeling bad about the consequences, because from what I can see, they're all positive."

"Positive?" he asked. "But this is so wrong!"

"Why?"

"Because fathers aren't supposed to have sex with their daughters."

"Who says?"

"Well, the law, for one thing. I mean, this is illegal."

"When was the last time you drove over the speed limit?"

"That's not fair."

"Yes it is," she insisted. "The way I see it, the laws are there to protect us from the 'could have's'. The speed limit is to keep us from getting in accidents. Laws against incest are to keep men from ruining the lives of their daughters, like you thought you might have done. But we can see now that that didn't happen. So in our particular case, the law serves no purpose whatsoever."

"So you're saying it's just fine that I had sex with Brit?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying. As far as I'm concerned, you can carry on an affair with her for as long as it makes you both happy."

"I don't know. I'm just so confused right now."

"Do you know why you're confused?" asked Allison. "Because you seem to think you can put things back the way they used to be. But you can't. You can't break up Lissa and Alya, you can't make Jeff and Brit fall out of love with each other, and you can't take back last night. We are not who we used to be. We're something quite different. And we need to decide how we're going to continue from here."

"The way I see it," said Lissa, "we have two choices. We can either fight the inevitable and try to return to the way we once were, or we can accept our new lifestyle. Enjoy it even."

"What new lifestyle?" he asked.

"The lifestyle where you get to make love to Brit, where Brit gets to make love to Jeff, where Jeff gets to make love to me, and where Lissa gets to make love to Alya," Allison said. "And we're all happy because of it."

"I know what my vote's going to be," grinned Brit.

"Mine too," said Lissa. "What about you, Jeff?"

"Does this mean Brit and I can get back together again?"

"Absolutely," Allison replied. "I don't see how your father can refuse if he's doing exactly the same thing."

"Then I'm in," he said.

"So Greg, you're the only other member of the immediate family who hasn't voted yet. What do you think?"

"I don't know..." he mumbled. "It's all so new to me. This is a little too much to accept all at once."

"We know, but that's exactly what we're asking you to do, Dad," said Lissa. "To accept it all at once. There's

no other way."

"Look," said Allison, "the nine of us are all a part of something special. Something unusual I'll admit, but special all the same. We all know about each other's sex lives, and it doesn't bother anyone. In fact, there's enough crossover that we could say that we're all each other's lovers. I hope no one minds me giving away a few details. Jeff and Kari have traded partners with Lissa and Alya. Yes, that means Jeff had sex with Lissa too. Brit, Crystal, Kari, and Jeff formed a kind of foursome for a while until you put a stop to Brit's and Jeff's relationship. Yes, that means your little angel has had as much lesbian sex as her older sister. And Rachael and I have both had sex with Greg and Jeff, not to mention I joined in with Kari, Jeff, Crystal and Brit a couple of times. To top it all off, every girl in this room is bisexual.

"So I think the best thing for us all is to just give up any pretense of exclusivity. We might be in love with one or more members of this group, but we should all be willing to share each other. No limitations. Except of course for Jeff and you, since neither of you has shown any of that kind of tendency. Greg, just because I love you doesn't mean I don't sometimes want to be with Jeff. Or some of the girls, for that matter. And Jeff may be in love with Kari, but he's also in love with Brit. And Brit and Crystal have been lovers since before Brit and Jeff got together. But that doesn't mean Crystal was jealous that you slept with Brit. I talked to her earlier today, and she thought it was great that you finally came around."

"So what are you saying?" asked Greg. "That you wouldn't mind if I slept with every girl in this room?"

"Absolutely. And I think they'd be more than happy to take you up on that offer. Isn't that right?"

All the girls voiced their agreement.

"That includes Brit," said Lissa. "And me. We never did get to finish what we started last summer."

"Lissa!" he exclaimed, growing red.

"Don't be embarrassed, Daddy. There's no need to keep anything secret from this group. Nobody here is going to tell anyone, and we're all in favor of it. So what do you say?"

"But you're my daughter!"

"Which is why I love you so much. The only one who thinks this is wrong is you. All you have to do is throw off your inhibitions, and you'll see just how liberating it can be. I did it, and only good things happened to me as a result. That's how I ended up with Alya."

Alya came up beside her and took her hand, planting a kiss on her cheek.

"Dad, my birthday's coming up next week," she said, "and I can think of no better birthday present than to have every one of us get together in a loving, caring, and even sexual way," Lissa continued. "That includes you. I love you so much, and I want this more than anything."

"Greg," said Rachael, "you've known for a long time that Allison and I are part-time lovers. And we're sisters. We've accepted it, and we're happy because of it."

"And look at Jeff and Brit," said Kari. "They were most happy when they were together. Nothing bad happened because of their relationship except that they got into trouble because you didn't approve. *You*. You're the only one standing in your way."

"Greg, I love you," Allison told him, sitting down beside him and putting an arm around his shoulders. "And so do all your children. We all want to make you happy. Please give us the chance."

Brit came over and sat down on his lap. She turned to him, then suddenly drew in and kissed him slowly and deeply on the lips.

"That's not fair!" he complained after she drew away. But he had an amused smile on his face. "You know my weakness."

"If you don't think that's fair," grinned Lissa, sitting down on his other side, "wait till it's two against one." She pulled his head to the side and kissed him just like Brit had. Brit leaned in and made it a three-way kiss. They kept it up for several minutes, the girls deliberately rubbing their bodies up against his and even sliding their hands down to his crotch. They kissed him all over his face and neck, and the others could tell from the look on his face that he was enjoying it.

"I'm impressed," commented Rachael. "I had no idea Greg could hold out that long. I know if they were doing that to me, I would have given up in three seconds. But you've got some serious willpower."

"I hate to spoil your impression," Greg replied between kisses, "but I gave up two minutes ago. I just didn't say because I was having too much fun letting the girls try to convince me."

"Does that mean it's all settled then?" asked Brit.

"It's settled," he replied. "I'm willing to give this new lifestyle a chance."

His announcement was met by a chorus of cheers and applause from the group. Lissa and Brit both threw their arms around his neck in glee and hugged him tightly. He glanced over at Jeff, who was grinning from ear to ear. They were right, of course. They had been right all along. Greg realized now that he was the only one who had been unable to see that.

"But how is this going to work?" he asked as soon as the cheers quieted down. "When I'm in the mood for one of the girls, do I just go right up to them and ask them to have sex with me?"

"Sounds good to me," Lissa replied. "As long as I can do the same to you."

"And what about me?" asked Jeff. "Same rules? Because I'm in the mood for Brit right now."

Brit immediately hopped up off of her father's lap and dashed over to him, where she threw her arms around

Jeff. "Me too!" she said enthusiastically.

"I think before we start jumping into bed with each other," said Allison, "we need to figure out a set of rules that we can all live with."

"You're no fun," Rachael whined.

"Just so that we have no false expectations," Allison told her. "Besides, you'll like my rules. The first rule is that Greg and Jeff are allowed to have sex with any of the girls here."

"Okay!" Jeff agreed enthusiastically.

"Before you start acting so happy," Allison told him, "keep in mind that that means you have to be willing to share Kari with your father. And Brit too."

He nodded. "I can live with that. Neither of them mind sharing me, so I figure I can do the same."

"Good. The second rule is that the girls here are not only allowed to have sex with Greg and Jeff, but each other too. Every girl in this room must be willing to have sex with anyone else in this room. That means any combination of boy-girl or girl-girl."

"As long as everyone understands that I'm first and foremost in love with Lissa," said Alya. "But I'm willing to fool around with everyone else."

"That's a good point, and it takes us to Rule Number Three," Allison told her. "Just because we're all each other's sexual partners doesn't mean that our love for each other is identical. Greg, I would hope that your love for me is different from your love for Lissa and Brit."

"It is," he reassured her with a smile.

"And despite Crystal's teasing, you love me more than her," she added.

"Sorry Crystal," said Greg, "but she's right."

"That's okay," Crystal grinned. "Our relationship was always defined by sex anyway, so as long as I don't have to give that up I'm happy."

"Which brings up Rule Four, which is a corollary to Rule Three," Allison continued. "No jealousy. If you think you would have a problem with your girlfriend or boyfriend having sex with someone else, even right in front of you, speak up now. Jeff? Greg?"

"I've already said what I think about Kari having sex with Dad," said Jeff. "I can accept it. And of course, watching her have sex with other girls is a turn-on."

"And you've already been having sex with Jeff," Greg told Allison. "If I was likely to have a problem with it,

it would have happened months ago."

"Very well then," Allison smiled. "Rule Five. Although we should be open to the idea of having sex in front of each other, it's okay to do it in private too. There are some times when I just want to be with Greg alone and spend some intimate time with him. And I'm sure Jeff and Kari feel the same way."

"And don't forget me and Jeff," Brit added.

"And Brit and Jeff," Allison repeated. "And now for the final rule. My personal favorite. Sex will not be limited to just two people at a time."

"That gives us a lot of room for creativity," said Lissa. "Allison, you're an ex math teacher. Just how many possible combinations is that?"

"Let's see... nine people, each person counted or not... That's two to the ninth power. Minus one. No, minus two. Five hundred ten."

"Where did you get the minus two?"

"One of those is for the case of no people having sex."

"What a depressing idea," Rachael commented.

"And the other one is the case where only Jeff and Greg are involved. We'll assume that the two of them double-teaming one of us is acceptable though."

"Well, with five hundred ten possibilities, we've got our work cut out for us," grinned Rachael. "I suggest we start with the five hundred and tenth combination. The one where we're all involved."

"What, all together?" asked Greg.

"Why not?" asked Kari. "It would be a great way to start us off."

"I don't know," he said. "I'm willing to make the effort, but I'm not sure I'm really comfortable with an all out... I mean..."

"Orgy?" Rachael helpfully suggested.

"Right," he nodded.

"Hmm..." said Allison. "I certainly don't want to do anything that would make you nervous, but at the same time, I think this would be the best thing for you."

"We could always take it slow," said Kari. "Start by pairing up with our usual partners. We would all be together, but with someone we're comfortable with. Greg and Allison, Lissa and Alya, Jeff and me--"

"But I want to be with Jeff!" insisted Brit. "I haven't been allowed to for over six months now, and I'm not going to wait any longer!"

"That's fine," said Kari. "I suppose that leaves me with my little sister. What do you say, Crystal?"

"You're making me horny," she replied.

"Is that all right, Greg?" asked Allison.

He nodded. "I suppose so."

"And what am I supposed to do, just play with myself?" asked Rachael.

"You can be with Greg and me," Allison offered. "We'll make it a threesome. Nothing we haven't done already. All right, Greg?"

"That's all right with me," he grinned.

"I have another suggestion," said Allison. "And sort of a confession. I think we should start the festivities tomorrow instead of today."

"Why?" asked Lissa.

"To give me time to put together a slide show of all the naughty pictures we've taken. We'll play them on the big screen down here to get us in the mood. Greg, I have to admit, before I deleted those vacation photos from last year, I made a backup. And Jeff, if you got my hint about those pictures you took, you should have a backup as well. And if anyone has any other pictures to contribute to the cause, I'm sure we'd all like to see them."

Greg laughed. "Why you devious little..." he said, then pulled Allison in and kissed her.

"And now that you've finally decided to stop acting like it's a crime for families to love each other, I have one more confession to make. And this is on behalf of everyone here. We've all been plotting against you."

"Plotting against me?" he asked, astonished.

"Yes. I'm surprised you didn't catch on earlier. The girls running around naked, Brit and Crystal switching bunks, even that fun time we had with the girls yesterday. That one was a little dangerous, I admit. After all, I got the idea from the floor show at the Pajama Club. Remember that?"

"No wonder it seemed so familiar!" he exclaimed.

"So you're not mad?"

"Answer me one thing. How long have you been plotting against me?"

"Since the day after Lissa returned from school."

"Then I'm not mad. I think by that time it was pretty obvious to everyone, except perhaps me, that we couldn't go back to how we were. So you were just trying to help me see that. Besides, the only way I can make this change in my lifestyle is if I to believe that it's good for me. And if I believe it's good, then I really can't fault you for trying to convince me of that. Even if I take issue with some of your methods, I appreciate your effort."

"I'm glad," said Allison.

"So I guess there's only one thing left for me to do," Greg smiled.

"What?"

"Call my secretary at the office to let everyone know I'm not coming in next week. I've got some vacation time saved up, and I think now is a great time to use it."

That night as everyone got ready for bed, Allison and Brit came into Jeff's room. "Jeff," said Allison, "Brit wants to sleep in your bed tonight."

"Absolutely!" he agreed immediately.

"The thing is, I'm not sure that's a good idea," Allison told him.

"What? I thought you were all for us getting together like this."

"Oh, don't get me wrong. I want you to fuck her silly. I just think it would be more enjoyable if you waited until tomorrow, when we can all watch you."

"Oh. Yeah, I guess you're right. Brit, what do you think?"

"I can wait," she replied. "But I still want to sleep with you tonight. We don't have to have sex."

"I'm not sure Jeff could control himself," said Allison.

"Well, what if we kept our underwear on? That way there would be less of a temptation."

"I suppose that would work. Jeff, it's up to you. Could you control yourself like that?"

"I think so," he nodded. "But if Brit doesn't mind, I'd like her to wear just her panties."

Brit giggled. "You naughty boy," she said. "Okay, it's a deal." She immediately set to work stripping down.

Chapter 96

The Fun Begins

The next morning, everyone set to work preparing for the activity. Jeff and his dad moved the couches around in the rec room to open up a large area on the floor. Lissa and Alya went through the house and stripped the mattresses off of all the beds, bringing them downstairs to place on the floor so that the couples wouldn't have to do it on the ground. Allison and Rachael went into town to pick up some "supplies," whatever that meant, but from the guilty looks on their faces, it was obvious that they had something in particular in mind. Kari and Crystal arrived that morning with the dog collar and leash that they had used before, and spent all morning teasing Brit about it. Brit, of course, ran to her big brother for protection every time the girls approached her with the items, but it was obvious that she was more excited by them than afraid of them.

By unspoken agreement, they mostly wore their underwear all morning. The girls stripped down to their bras and panties, and Greg and Jeff wore just their boxer shorts. Just before noon, Lissa said she was warm, and took off her bra, never to put it on again for the rest of the day.

When Allison and her sister arrived home, they hid their supplies, telling the others that they would bring them out at the right time. They did at least show everyone the food they bought: snacks and ingredients for making various hors d'oeuvres (it was going to be a party after all), wine and champagne for the adults, juice and soda for the kids (Allison jokingly said she didn't want to be accused of corrupting minors), and for dessert they had bought a fondue pot with chocolate and various fruits. That had been Rachael's idea; she said with a grin that the first rule was if anyone accidentally dripped chocolate on themselves, somebody else had to clean it up for them, and the second rule was whoever did the cleaning wasn't allowed to use their hands. Kari and Crystal burst out laughing at that, but for some reason Brit had an embarrassed look on her face.

"We were also going to get some naughty lingerie," Rachael explained, "but they didn't have any of the good stuff in sizes that would fit fourteen-year-old girls. You should have seen the look on the lady's face when I asked her about it. You would think that if she worked in that kind of shop she would be open to a little perversion. Anyway, because they were so discriminatory against younger girls, we walked out of the store in protest."

"So what was all the other stuff you bought?" asked Alya.

"Just a few things from another shop. These are one-size-fits all. Although, it might be a bit of a tight squeeze for Brit and Crystal."

"Oh my god!" Brit gasped, and Rachael burst out laughing.

"For the record, I wasn't joking this time," she said.

Allison and Lissa worked in the kitchen to prepare the food. Since Lissa was topless, Allison decided to strip down to her panties as well. Rachael, of course, refused to be outdone by her big sister, and so this began a chain reaction and soon all of the girls were running around with their chests exposed, to Greg's and Jeff's delight.

They had a light lunch, knowing that they would be snacking all afternoon. Allison went to her room to make some last-minute preparations for the photo slide show, and returned with her laptop all ready to connect to the big screen downstairs. In the mean time, Greg and Jeff set up a card table in the corner, and Lissa and Alya brought down several trays of food and drinks.

Brit was the most eager to get things started. Even while Allison was connecting her computer to the screen, Brit took Jeff's hand and led him over to the couch. She immediately dropped to her knees and pulled down his shorts, exposing his already-hard cock. She took a few preliminary sucks on it, to everyone's amusement. Greg looked astonished, but excited at the same time. He was still obviously getting used to the idea of his daughter as a sexual being.

Rachael slipped her hand down inside his shorts and pulled out his cock, slowly pumping it up and down. Crystal suddenly dashed over and held out her hands, placing them, palm open, one at the base and one at the tip. Then keeping her hands in the same position, she headed over to Jeff, where she placed them like she had on his father.

"I don't know," she said. "The preliminary test says they're about the same length."

Everyone laughed at her boldness.

"What about the thickness, though?" She immediately grabbed Jeff's cock, causing him to groan in pleasure from the contact. Her hand couldn't quite reach all the way around. Then she released him and returned to Greg, where she grabbed his as well.

"That's amazing!" she exclaimed. "Your dicks are identical! You hear that, girls? It really doesn't matter which one you get, because they're the same."

"There's more to a man than his dick," Allison insisted.

"Says who?" asked Rachael.

With the jokes over, the girls began to undress as well, or more accurately, the boys undressed them. Jeff knelt in front of Brit and slipped her panties down, then leaned in with his tongue, returning the favor she had given him. She shivered and squealed with delight. Then he did the same to Kari, and finally Crystal.

Greg, meanwhile, pulled off Allison's panties, though he was too conservative to lick her like Jeff had done to the girls. Rachael insisted on the same treatment, so he stripped her as well. Then Lissa came over to him.

He was still a little hesitant; it took him a few seconds to work up the nerve to strip his own daughter, but with an encouraging word from some of the girls, he finally did it.

He was even more nervous to do the same to Alya, especially since she looked a little uncomfortable as well. But Lissa insisted, and finally, he relented and pulled down her panties. She giggled shyly, growing red, but in the end it was all right.

Everyone took their places. Greg, and Rachael lay together on the mattress closest to the TV, so that after Allison joined them she could easily get up if she needed to fiddle with her computer. Lissa and Alya took a nearby mattress, and Kari sat down next to Jeff on the couch. Crystal sat on Kari's lap, and Brit sat on Jeff's. For now, she just sat there with his rapidly hardening cock peeking out between her legs. Greg glanced over at them, but when Jeff and Brit caught his eye, he just smiled and shrugged. Jeff reached around and fondled his little sister's breasts, trying to see just how far their father would let them go, but Greg didn't seem to mind it at all.

As soon as everyone was in position and the slide show was ready, Allison stood up in front of the TV. "Welcome to the first annual Primdale Family Orgy," she smiled, eliciting several chuckles from the others.

"Annual?" asked Rachael. "Can't we make it monthly instead? Or better yet, daily?"

"Some of the family is only home for the summer," said Allison. "But when we're all here, there's no reason the annual orgy can't last three months."

"I guess that will have to do."

"Anyway, to start things off, we're with our usual partners. How long that lasts is up to you. We're all part of the floor show, but if that's not enough entertainment for you, I'll have the naughty pictures we've taken playing in the background. I've put them roughly in chronological order, so we'll start with the infamous sailing trip last summer."

"Oh god," groaned her husband. "I'm never going to live that down, am I?"

"I think after the next couple of days, it will be a moot point, don't you agree?"

He shrugged. "I guess you're right."

"Anyway, without further ado, here it is." She pressed a button on the computer, and immediately a picture of herself in a tiny little bikini, posing on a boat, appeared on the screen in front of them. It remained on the screen for about five seconds, then automatically changed to the next picture.

"Brings back memories, doesn't it?" Jeff whispered in Brit's ear.

"I want you to do something for me," she told him. "I want you reenact what happened last September. At least, the best part."

"The part where you had your first orgasm?"

"Exactly. You wouldn't mind rubbing me down there, would you? Let's see if we can time it so that I climax at the same place in the photos as last time."

"Absolutely," he grinned. He slid one of his hands down between Brit's legs and let his fingers trace her slit. He could feel her shudder and hear her gasp as he made contact.

The others were also getting into the mood. Next to them, Crystal and Kari were similarly occupied with each other. Crystal sat sideways on Kari's lap, which allowed her to fondle her big sister's boobs while Kari played with her pussy like Jeff played with Brit's. Lissa and Alya sat facing each other, Alya practically in Lissa's lap. Alya's watched the screen, obviously excited at seeing these erotic pictures that would soon feature her lover. Lissa, however, was more interested in Alya's boobs, which she groped and kissed hungrily.

Strangest of all to Jeff's eyes were Rachael, Allison, and Greg. He was well aware that his father had sex sometimes, and especially since marrying Allison, Greg's sex life was really no secret to the family. But although Jeff had made love to both of the women with his father right now, it was quite something else to see his father enjoying himself like that. It wasn't particularly disturbing in a "walking in on your parents" sort of way; Allison talked about sex with Greg enough that any discomfort he might have felt at thinking of his father that way had long since vanished.

Actually, what they were doing was pretty mild. Their backs were turned to Jeff so that they could see the pictures on the screen, which cut off the view of the most interesting parts. But Greg had his hands in the girls' laps, and the girls had their hands in his. From the motions of their arms, he could tell that their hands were certainly not idle, and he could imagine what they were doing to each other.

By this point on the screen Allison had her top off, exposing her gorgeous boobs. Jeff remembered the first time he had seen that photo, with Brit sitting on his lap just like this. Well, it wasn't *just* like this. That time they had been clothed.

The pictures continued, with Allison modeling in a number of erotic poses, then it switched to Lissa in her swimsuit.

"Now we're starting to get to the good parts," Alya commented. "I can't wait to see you without your clothes though."

She didn't have to wait long. A few pictures later, the on-screen Lissa stood with her breasts exposed to view.

"Fuck, that's hot!" Kari exclaimed.

"Watch your language," Allison insisted. "There are ladies present."

"Who?" asked Jeff. Several pairs of feminine eyes glared at him for a second, and he grinned sheepishly.

Alya seemed to get more and more excited as the photos continued, especially when Lissa removed her swimsuit completely, leaving her completely bare. Then when Allison joined her on-screen, Alya actually gasped.

Jeff was almost more amused to see Alya's reaction than than to view the pictures on the TV. As Allison and Lissa touched each other in increasingly erotic ways, Alya began moaning unconsciously. Of course, several of the other girls in the room were already in a similar state of arousal, so it kind of took some of the fun out of it.

Then she calmed down for a little when it switched to Greg and Allison posing naked together. It was still quite erotic, especially the shots of Allison on her knees sucking off her husband. Rachael seemed to get a kick out of those ones in particular, and Jeff wondered whether she had actually seen them before. There had certainly been time to show her last September when she visited, although considering that some of them featured Lissa, Greg and Allison probably would have hesitated.

When it switched to Lissa and Greg, Alya squealed with delight. It wouldn't be long now before that infamous photo, the one that had given Brit her first ever orgasm. Jeff knew exactly what he would do when it arrived. He knew the pictures leading up to it, and as it approached he rubbed Brit harder and faster.

"Oh Jeff!" she exclaimed delightedly. "That feels wonderful!" He continued to pick up the pace until he was furiously fingering her. Her body wriggled all over his, lost in the pleasure and the sight of the erotic photos on the screen.

Now the last picture before the most exciting one showed on the screen, and Jeff worked his fingers over her as fast as he could. "Are you ready?" he asked her, rubbing vigorously. She nodded, too overcome by ecstasy to give him a verbal answer.

When the picture changed to the one with Greg's cock in Lissa's mouth, Brit squealed and tensed up. Jeff continued to run his fingers over her clit as he felt an orgasmic shudder run through her body, and he realized they had done it. They had managed to time her climax so that it coincided with the same picture that had given her her first ever orgasm. The others glanced over at her, most of them with amused looks on their faces. Brit squirmed around on his lap as she continued to squeal, perhaps being overly dramatic to give them all a good show or perhaps just extra excited to be doing this in front of so many spectators.

"That is so erotic," he heard Alya comment from the nearby mattress, but because Brit's face was in the way, he couldn't tell whether she was looking at him or the image on the TV. It probably didn't matter.

When Brit came down from her high, she collapsed against his chest, and he wrapped his arms around her and held her warm body to his own just like he had done last September. He remembered that day clearly because it was the first time he realized just how much he loved his little sister. They had been through some rough times since then, but his love for her now was as strong as ever, perhaps stronger than it had ever been now that he didn't have to try to hide it from anybody. He could let himself love her freely, the way he wanted to.

She turned over on his lap and lay her head against his chest, and he reacted by reaching up with one of his hands and stroking her hair. Gazing down at her lovely face, he saw that she had her eyes closed and wore a peaceful and content smile. She almost glowed in her happiness. He couldn't resist giving her a kiss on the forehead.

By this point that photo had passed, and there were no more of Lissa and Greg. The rest were more tame in comparison. Still, they had done their job, and Jeff was happy that he had helped Brit to relive that memory. She continued to rest peacefully against his chest, and he suspected that she had fallen asleep. While it left him unsatisfied, he didn't mind; just the fact that he got to hold her in his arms like this was enough. Besides, there would be plenty of other opportunities now that Greg had given in.

The first set of pictures ended, and they went on to the next. These were ones Jeff hadn't seen, of Allison posing on the balcony of a room overlooking a sandy beach.

"When was this?" asked Lissa.

"Our honeymoon," Greg replied. "Normally I would insist on keeping these pictures private, but I think under the circumstances..."

Jeff watched with scarcely concealed enthusiasm. The pictures were absolutely stunning, with the glow of the sunrise giving Allison's skin a certain radiance that was very alluring. When it switched to a set of her posing next to a waterfall, he couldn't help but grin, almost to the point of drooling. She had always been the type of woman who looked particularly beautiful wet, with her dark hair hanging limply and damply about her shoulders.

Then she was joined by a couple of other women on the screen, ones that he recognized from the website she had shown him. Kristen and Roberta, if he recalled correctly. Although they were also gorgeous, they were nothing compared to Allison. Admittedly, the fact that he knew her made a difference to his opinion.

The next set were the ones that Greg and Allison had taken in Los Angeles for the website run by their friends. While Jeff wouldn't have been opposed to including the photoshoots of some of the other girls, Allison had selected only the ones from her own. That was fine; she certainly looked gorgeous, and in fact one of the sets included another girl as well, though all they did was shoot pool. He wouldn't have minded some lesbian pics mixed in.

When they started in on the sets of the Primdale and Williams kids getting together for naughty fun, Jeff was particularly interested because some of them included him. Having Brit lie there sleeping against him was certainly relaxing, but he was too excited to take a nap. What kind of a man would he be if he fell asleep in the middle of an orgy? At least, not until he had had an orgasm. After that, it would be just fine.

Crystal was the second one to climax. Her moans grew higher in pitch, and multiple sets of eyes turned to her as she gave out a wail of ecstasy, her body shuddering as Kari fingered her to orgasm.

Suddenly, an unexpected photo flashed on the screen, a photo of the Jeff's friend Jesse, nude and tied to the

bed. Jeff burst out laughing, which woke Brit. She glanced at the screen and giggled too, but Greg looked shocked.

"Oops," Allison grinned. "How did that get in there?" She said it with such a deliberately innocent voice that it was quite obvious how it got in there.

Brit yawned, turning back over on Jeff's lap to face the TV. Now that she had had her nap, she was wide awake. Plus she had something fun to play with: Jeff's cock. With it poking out from between her legs, it was in the perfect position for her to grab it with her hands and stroke it. He groaned at the sensation, excited that they were playing their little game in front of everyone.

Brit didn't just use her hands, but rubbed it against the lips of her pussy as well. He wondered whether she planned to stick it inside; although she had just climaxed not too long ago, she had also napped since then, so maybe she had enough energy to go again. But for now she just toyed with his cock, keeping it on the outside.

They kept watching the pictures on the screen, including several sets with Kari and Crystal that Brit must have taken when Jeff wasn't around. There seemed to be a heavy emphasis on Crystal, not surprisingly since she was Brit's girlfriend, and Brit was the most prolific photographer of the family. Some of them had clearly been taken at the Williams house, most likely when Allen was away at basketball camp earlier in the summer.

By this point, several others in the room were having orgasms, judging from the sounds coming from them. With Brit working him over, he was too distracted to pay much attention to who it was happening to, but every so often he glanced around and noticed that one or more people had moved into a more relaxed position, some of them even napping. Of course, a couple of them were already on their second round.

Since Brit had begun stimulating him later than most of the others, he outlasted almost anyone, but eventually he too succumbed to the double pleasure of the pornographic photos on the screen and his baby sister's hands on his cock. He felt the pleasure building, and knew it wouldn't be long.

"Brit..." Jeff groaned. "I'm going to..."

He didn't have to finish that sentence; she knew exactly what he meant. With a grin, she hopped up off his lap and knelt in front of him, slipping her mouth over his cock and sucking furiously. He groaned again, feeling the pleasure build deep inside of him. He glanced down at her beautiful young face as she gazed up at him with adoring eyes, and he knew that she wanted this every bit as much as he did.

Then the pleasure spiked, sending him over the edge. He cried out as his cock jerked inside her mouth, shooting the first load of cum against the back of her throat. She hummed in delight as she gulped it down, eager for the next spurt. It came immediately, followed by a third, and a fourth. Brit hungrily swallowed them all, making noises like this was her favorite food in the world. Actually, she had come right out and said just that on more than one occasion, so it was no wonder she seemed so happy.

He glanced over at Greg, who stared at them in shock. But there was no disapproval in his expression, only surprise and perhaps a bit of excitement. It looked like he actually *enjoyed* seeing his young daughter performing oral sex on her brother.

Finally, after she was sure she had sucked every last drop of cum out of him, Brit stood back up. She turned around to give a wink to her father, then climbed back onto Jeff's lap to cuddle with him again. He was so exhausted from the intensity of his orgasm that he barely had the strength to wrap his arms around her. They sat there together, snuggling and watching the rest of the pictures on the TV in front of them.

By the time the slide show was finished, almost everyone was exhausted from one or more orgasms. They lay there in collapsed heaps, dozing or at least resting for nearly an hour. Finally, Allison got up, commenting that it was time to start fixing supper. Lissa and Alya followed her up the stairs to help her. Rachael rolled over on top of Greg and began kissing him all over the face, obviously ready for the next round. Kari suggested that the four remaining kids climb into the hot tub while they waited for supper. They all agreed, so they headed back to the alcove and climbed into the tub. Brit of course insisted on sitting in Jeff's lap, so Crystal decided to sit in Kari's. Jeff and Kari both reached around and played with their little sisters' boobs until Allison called them upstairs for supper.

They ate their dinner happily and excitedly, then Allison and Rachael disappeared into the kitchen to bring out the fondue pot and a large tray full of sliced fruit. The kids were overjoyed, and attacked it immediately and enthusiastically. Of course, the adults got their fair share as well.

When Brit accidentally dripped a bit of chocolate onto her bare chest, Jeff remembered the rules Rachael had made up that morning and leaned over to lick it off her. She giggled as she did so, then deliberately dripped chocolate onto his chest so that she could return the favor.

Needless to say, a lot of chocolate got dripped onto various parts of the people's anatomy that night.

After supper, they returned to the rec room to continue their fun. Greg joined Allison and Rachael in the same spot as before, while Lissa and Alya headed back to the alcove to bathe in the hot tub. Kari looked like she wanted to join Jeff this time, but Brit got to him first. He shrugged at Kari, who flashed him an amused smile. Apparently Brit wasn't through making up for lost time yet. As long as Kari was all right with it, he didn't mind. Besides, he missed having his cock in her pussy, and this seemed like the perfect opportunity.

He lay down on one of the mattresses, and Brit lay on top of him, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him passionately on the lips. He kissed her back, caressing her hips with his hands and enjoying the closeness of her soft and warm body.

"Before you get too comfortable, Brit," said Crystal, "I've got a surprise for you."

Brit lifted up her head. "What is it?" she asked.

"You'll see," Crystal replied, turning to dash up the stairs. When she returned, she held her hands behind her back. The grin on her face made it clear that she had a naughty idea in mind.

She held the dog collar and chain leash that she had brought that morning. Brit's eyes grew wide, and her face turned bright crimson.

"Come on, little Britney," Crystal giggled. "Let me put these on you like a good little doggie."

"Hell no!" she exclaimed. "I only agreed to it last time because you beat me wrestling so I had to do everything you say."

"Well then, why don't we wrestle for it again?" asked Crystal. "Whoever loses has to be the other one's pet."

Brit considered. Jeff thought it was a great idea; he would love nothing more to see the two girls wrestling naked. He could see from Brit's expression that it excited her just as much.

"Okay," she finally said.

"Clear some space in the middle of the room," Kari told everyone, taking the collar and leash from Crystal. Everyone scooted to the outside mattresses, leaving the ones in the middle free.

The two girls stood in the middle, facing each other. Then as one, then reached in to grapple with each other. The others watched with amusement, excitement, and even a little arousal as the two naked teenagers fought.

Brit was the first to go down. She fell backward, Crystal on top of her, and Jeff noticed with delight the way their nude bodies mashed together as they hit the floor.

Brit wasn't about to give up so easily; he wrapped her arms around Crystal and managed to roll her over. The sight of the girls rolling around on the floor wrestling naked had Jeff almost drooling. It was clear that they were at least as interested in rubbing their bodies together as they were in fighting.

This became even more evident when Brit managed to pin Crystal momentarily. "One..." she grinned. "Two..." she added. Then Crystal suddenly lifted her head and kissed her on the lips. Brit, maybe taken by surprise but maybe not, released her grip, and Crystal managed to roll her over and press Brit's arms to the floor.

"One, two--"

Brit kissed Crystal this time, who at least pretended to be caught off guard. Crystal let go and Brit once again claimed dominance.

They repeated their game over and over again to everyone's amusement, until it became obvious that neither one of them was really surprised by it. By the time they had switched places half a dozen times, they had given up on the count and spent more time kissing than trying to pin each other.

Finally, Brit managed to get Crystal down, and after the third count and the obligatory kissing, Brit held on. She lifted her head from Crystal's lips and said, "Three!"

Everyone cheered, not necessarily for the victory but for the entertainment of the battle.

"I won!" Brit exclaimed with glee. "Now *you* have to wear the collar."

"Yes, Mistress," Crystal replied enthusiastically. Rather than appearing embarrassed, she seemed overjoyed to have lost this time. Jeff had a sneaking suspicion that she had wanted to lose. Brit took the items from Kari, then fastened the collar around her friend's neck.

"I'm your pet, Mistress," Crystal told her. "I love my mistress." She leaned in and licked Brit on the face. "I love to lick my mistress," she continued, then leaned down and licked her on the nipple. "I'm such an affectionate little pet." Now she knelt down and licked her right on the pussy.

"Hey!" Brit complained, though with a giggle.

"I'm just showing you how much I love my mistress," Crystal told her, then licked her again.

"But you have to do everything I say. And I say stop."

"Oh, all right," Crystal grudgingly conceded. "So what's your second command, Mistress."

"Let's see..." Brit mused, glancing around the room. Her eyes fell on Greg, who sat nearby with Allison and Rachael cuddling with him. A grin spread on Brit's face, every bit as wide as the one on Crystal's. "Go have sex with my dad," she ordered the girl.

"Really?" asked Greg, casting Crystal an excited look.

"Unless Allison or Rachael object," Brit replied.

"Oh, so you're going to carry on this affair right in front of me?" Allison playfully complained. "I knew you've been secretly seeing Crystal behind my back."

"No I haven't, but there's a foolproof way to keep me from starting," he said.

"Which is?"

"Give me permission. It will then be impossible to go behind your back."

"Good idea. Okay, you have permission to have an affair with Crystal. Rachael, you don't mind, do you?"

"Actually, the idea of watching a forty-year-old man having sex with a fourteen-year-old girl gets me kind of horny."

"Everything gets you horny."

Rachael shrugged and grinned sheepishly. The two women moved out of the way to give Crystal room. She

immediately sat down in Greg's lap, throwing her arms around his neck and pressing her chest up to his. She deliberately rubbed her body against him, causing him to groan. He didn't seem to have any hesitation any more, but wrapped his own arms around her back and kissed her fully on the lips.

"I've been wanting to do this ever since you sucked me off yesterday," he told her. "No, scratch that. I might as well admit that I've been wanting to do this for weeks now, ever since you started flirting with me."

Crystal giggled, then kissed him again. She released him with her arms, then placed her hands on his chest and pushed him gently to the ground. He lay down, and she lay on top of him, kissing him all over the chest. Greg closed his eyes and relaxed, enjoying her attentions.

Meanwhile, Brit and Jeff lay down on one of the other mattresses. She climbed on top of him and mimicked her friend's actions, and soon Jeff was moaning in delight. She kissed him all over the face and chest, reaching down to grab his cock and stroke it. His hips soon began to squirm from the pleasure. He reached out his own hand and slipped it between her legs, feeling her dampness there. He stroked her gently, getting her loosened up and ready for him. Earlier that day they had just played with each other, but now he wanted to feel his baby sister's pussy wrapped around his cock. It had been too long since he had felt that pleasure.

He noticed Greg doing the same thing to Crystal, and soon the girls were squirming and moaning just as well as the men. Brit and Crystal glanced at each other, giving each other a knowing look. They grinned and nodded, then together they sat up and straddled their respective partners. Jeff sighed as Brit impaled herself on his cock, lowering her body onto him. He felt himself sliding into her soft and hot little pussy, and let himself enjoy it to the fullest.

"Oh god!" his father groaned nearby, and Jeff glanced over to see that he was buried to the hilt inside of Crystal. The girls rose up and lowered again, quickly falling into a rhythm. Four sets of moans filled the room as the girls rode the men.

Brit seemed particularly excited by the fact that she was doing this in front of her father. "Look at me, Daddy!" she cried out with glee. "I'm fucking my big brother! Your little angel is an incestuous little slut for her brother!"

Greg stared dumbfounded as she bounced up and down on Jeff's lap, apparently getting excited by the words she was saying and her father's attention on her.

"My incestuous big brother is fucking his incestuous little sister," she continued. "I want him to squirt his incestuous cream all the way up into my incestuous tummy! And later I'm going to make my incestuous daddy do the same incestuous thing!"

"Well then Jeff," said Kari, "since you're having so much fun fucking your incestuous little sister, do you mind if I go join my sister with your incestuous daddy?"

So this was it. His commitment to this new lifestyle was being put to the ultimate test. Was he willing to share his own girlfriend with his father? He realized that in the end, it didn't bother him at all. Kari still loved

Jeff, and he loved her. If they fooled around with other partners, that did not diminish their love for each other at all.

"Have fun," he grinned.

Jeff watched as Kari slinkily strode over to Greg, who watched her approach with astonishment and delight. Kari lay down next to Greg, snuggling up against him and kissing him on the lips. With a grin on his face, he wrapped his arms around her and held her to him as Crystal continued to ride him.

Jeff watched with actual excitement as he saw his girlfriend getting friendly with his dad. Of course, it didn't hurt that he had his gorgeous little sister impaled on his stiff rod, but there was something deliciously naughty about seeing Kari and Greg together.

He also noticed Rachael and Allison getting friendly with each other, kissing and licking and fondling and caressing each other's bodies. From the sounds coming from the hot tub, he could tell that Alya and Lissa were similarly enjoying each other. Apparently the afternoon fun hadn't sapped anyone of their energy. After tonight though, he was pretty sure that no one would have trouble sleeping.

Brit's body and her enthusiastic lovemaking soon had Jeff building to what felt like it would be a powerful orgasm. He held out as long as he could, both to prolong the enjoyment and to intensify the climax when it finally happened. He felt the pleasure spiking and was not surprised to hear his father also crying out in the throes of his own orgasm. Jeff's cock twitched inside of Brit, shooting his seed deep inside her body.

"Oh god!" she squealed. "I can feel my incestuous big brother squirting his incestuous sperm in me! Oh god oh god oh god oh god!" Her pussy clamped down tight on his cock with a vice-like grip as her own body exploded into a shuddering orgasm. Then she collapsed on top of Jeff, gasping in her breaths as the aftershocks of her climax still wracked her.

Crystal didn't last much longer, and soon she too screamed in pleasure as she rode Greg. Finally, she lay her head down on his chest as well, the two girls exhausted yet content as they snuggled in their lovers' arms.

Jeff was so tired that he paid no heed to the sounds of other orgasms as one by one the rest of the girls went off. He was vaguely aware of the differences in the voices; first Allison, then Lissa, then Rachael, then finally Alya screamed out their excitement, then the noise died off to the tranquil sounds of nine people breathing in post-orgasmic bliss.

As the nine bodies rested in each other's arms, Allison came over to Greg and sat down nearby. She ran her hand tenderly over Kari's back, massaging her gently and smiling down at the three of them.

"So I take it you no longer mind having sex with other women in front of your family?"

"I guess not," he smiled. "Crystal sure cured me of that quickly."

"So then tomorrow we can do some more trading off and pairing up?"

"Sure," he agreed.

They spent the rest of the evening mostly just relaxing, since they were all pretty exhausted from multiple orgasms throughout the day. Brit didn't want to waste the opportunity of having Crystal as her pet, so she took her leash and had her go around licking everyone's bodies. She sucked on both Greg's and Jeff's cocks, but both were so drained that she couldn't bring them to climax. She did, however, manage to get an orgasm out of Lissa, Alya, and Rachael. Rachael was no surprise; she seemed to have a never-ending supply of orgasms in her.

Everyone took some time to bathe or shower; after several rounds of sweaty sex and messy fun at supper time, they really needed it. Allison and Rachael changed the sheets but suggested they leave the mattresses downstairs so that they could all spend the night together. Nobody had any objections, so when bedtime came around, they grabbed a bunch of blankets to keep them warm. Allison said with a sly grin that it didn't matter where they slept, or with whom; they were likely to wake up next to someone else entirely anyway. Still, they mostly paired off with their usual partners. Allison and Rachael cuddled up next to Greg, Lissa and Alya lay down together, and Kari and Crystal snuggled with each other next to Jeff.

Brit, of course, lay down on his other side. She snuggled up against him and planted a goodnight kiss on his lips, then lowered her body so that she could lay her head down on his chest. He wrapped one arm around her and held her gently to him.

"I love you," he told her. "Good night."

"I love you too," she replied with a giggle. "Good night."

He fell asleep, happy to once again have the chance to hold her soft, warm, and comforting body to him. He would be doing a lot of this from now on.

Jeff awoke in the middle of the night to the feeling of someone's hand wrapped around his dick. In the darkness, he couldn't see who it was, only a vague outline next to him. If it hadn't been for the fact that he had just fucked Brit several times that day, he would say that it was her, considering how much she loved to play with his cock. But he could still feel Brit lying against his other side, her head cradled under his chin and her arm gripping his shoulder. So unless one of the other girls had taken her place while he was asleep, this new girl was one of the other six.

She continued to stroke his cock for a few minutes, and he just lay there enjoying it. He wasn't sure if the girl knew he was awake, but it really didn't matter. It wasn't like she would be embarrassed to know that he was aware of the whole thing.

When he began to moan, the girl lowered her head and let his cock fill her mouth. She sucked him for several

minutes as his arousal increased and he found himself losing control.

Finally, he let out a gasp as he erupted inside her mouth. She swallowed it down hungrily, not spilling a single drop. Then, just as mysteriously as she arrived, she vanished back into the darkness. Jeff closed his eyes, wondering who it was that had pleasured him like that. He fell asleep, still confused but content.

Chapter 97

A Taste of Each Other

He never did discover the identity of the mystery girl. He only knew it wasn't Brit, because on Monday morning he awoke with her in basically the same position next to him as when they had gone to sleep together last night. In the end, it didn't matter anyway who his nocturnal visitor was. He was likely to have sex with her several times over the next week anyway.

Several of the others were already awake. Greg had gotten up early to call into the office and tell his secretary that he wouldn't be coming in that week. There was a fairly unimportant board meeting planned for Wednesday, but he could just conference in over the phone line in his office upstairs. Other than that, he was free to have all the fun he wanted with his family this week.

Brit was the last one up, not surprisingly. Even after waking, she just wanted to cuddle with Jeff for a while, so while the others got ready for the day's activities, the two siblings just lay there together holding each other until Allison announced that it was time for breakfast.

Everyone headed upstairs to a breakfast of bacon and eggs with toast and jam, and orange juice to wash it down. Under normal circumstances, they would want to slow down and enjoy it, but they had much more interesting things to do later. So they hurried and ate, then returned downstairs to continue where they left off last night. Allison stood up in front of the group, taking charge.

"Before we begin," she said, "I want to make sure we all understand what's about to happen. Yesterday we mostly went with our regular partners."

"With some notable exceptions," Crystal interrupted, flashing Greg a smile.

"Exactly," continued Allison. "Today I want to mix things up a little more. Let there be no mistake about it; this is an orgy. As I mentioned before, that means that everyone has to be willing to have sex with anyone else in this room. I know that every girl here is at least partly bisexual, so there shouldn't be any objections on that basis. We'll make an exception for Jeff and Greg of course, but other than that, we all have to be willing."

"I'm more than willing!" Kari exclaimed.

"If anyone wants to back out, this is the time," asked Allison. "Nobody will think less of you if you do. Or if there's anyone in this room you don't want to have sex with, go ahead and say so. I'm sure we can work around you."

Nobody spoke up.

"Greg?" she asked. "Are you okay with this?"

"What I'm not okay with," he said, "is standing around and talking about it, when we should be doing it. We've got some serious fucking to accomplish."

Everyone laughed, especially his kids. He had never been one to use bad language; on the contrary, he had even insisted that the kids keep their speech clean in the house. Now that he had accepted the new lifestyle, he was apparently as enthusiastic about it as anyone.

"Okay, then we're all in," Allison announced. "So does anyone have any suggestions about how we pair off?"

"If we want to have lots of fun," Jeff said, "I vote we put Kari in charge of the fun and games."

"Is Kari good at games?" asked Greg.

"You'd better believe it!" Jeff laughed.

"Any objections?" asked Allison. Again, everyone remained quiet. "Okay, Kari, looks like you're the boss. So what do you want to do?"

"Oh, I've got a few ideas," she replied. "It's just a matter of deciding what we want to do first. Let's see... who here likes oral sex?"

Jeff immediately raised his hand, and the others laughed. Then one by one, the other hands went up until they were all raised.

"All right, since Jeff was so enthusiastic, we'll let him start. This game is really simple. Jeff, you pick someone in this room to bring you to orgasm with her mouth. Then the one you pick will choose someone to do the same for them. So as not to leave anyone out, we'll make it a rule that you're not allowed to choose someone who's already done it. And you're not allowed to choose Jeff, because he'll be last, in order to complete the circle. Agreed?"

The others nodded.

"Good. Jeff, who do you choose?"

"I'll bet I can guess," Lissa commented, glancing at Allison.

"I'll bet I can narrow it down to three at least," Kari added. "And I'd better be on the list, Jeff!"

He laughed. "On the list of girls I most want to suck me off, you're at the top. But I'm going to surprise everyone this time. I pick Alya."

Alya grinned. "My pleasure," she said.

"Actually, I think it will be *my* pleasure," Jeff laughed.

"So Jeff, any reason why you picked Alya?" asked Lissa.

He shrugged. "Simple. It's the novelty of it. She's the only girl in this room who hasn't already sucked my dick at one time or another."

The others glanced around at each other.

"You know, I think he's right," Allison commented with an amused grin.

Jeff sat down on the couch and spread his legs. Alya came over and knelt on the floor in front of him. Everyone crowded around to watch. Brit even walked behind the couch so she could massage his shoulders.

"Can she do that?" asked Crystal. "Is touching allowed?"

"I don't mind," Jeff grinned.

Alya reached out and took his cock in her hands. She gave it a few strokes to put it at full hardness, then lowered her head and stuck out her tongue. Jeff groaned as she licked all around the head. He always loved receiving oral sex, and it was especially exciting since it was the first time Alya had done it to him. She opened her mouth and let his cock slip in, then closed and sealed her lips around it.

When she began to suck, he sighed in pleasure. He was no stranger to blowjobs; every other girl in the room had given him one, after all. But it was always exciting when a new girl did it to him. He loved the hot and moist sensation of her tongue as it cradled his cock, the dimples in her cheeks as she sucked him, and especially the suction inside her mouth that stimulated his nerves, as if trying to draw out the pleasure from deep inside his body.

Apparently her practicing on "Mr. Bullard" had paid off; she certainly knew what she was doing. And obviously she hadn't learned this technique practicing on Lissa. While not as enthusiastic as, say, Brit, she really seemed to enjoy giving him oral sex.

Under normal circumstances, he might try to hold out to prolong the pleasure, but there would be plenty more fun later. So when he felt the rising pressure in his loins, he gave Alya a warning and then let the orgasm overtake him. He tensed up as it hit, releasing into her mouth. She smiled and hummed contentedly as she swallowed it down, and he watched in fascination as her throat contracted with each swallow. That sight was enough to keep the orgasm going extra long, but eventually the pleasure waned and his body relaxed once more. He let out a sigh as Alya let his cock slip from her mouth.

"Yummy, isn't it?" asked Brit. Alya blushed as she nodded.

"Better than Mr. Bullard's?" asked Lissa.

"Absolutely," Alya replied.

"Who's Mr. Bullard?" asked Kari.

"Our landlord," Lissa explained. "We paid him in blowjobs."

Greg's jaw dropped open and his eyes widened as he heard this. Everyone else laughed, probably more at his reaction than at Lissa's statement.

"Okay Alya, your turn," said Kari. "Out of anyone in this room, who do you want to eat you out the most?"

"Well, Lissa's mentioned her experiences with other women. Ever since she mentioned her first time, I've been curious about what it would feel like to be pleasured by that same woman."

"Allison?" asked Greg. "You're talking about that time on the boat?"

"Not quite, Dad," Lissa grinned. "I never told you this, but my first lesbian experience was with Rachael."

Greg gasped. "Are you serious?" he asked. "When did that happen?"

"That first time she babysat us."

"But I thought... Allison told me she was *Jeff's* first time."

"I was," Rachael replied. "That was only the first night. Remember, I spent three nights here. And yes, that means that during that visit I had sex with every member of this family except for Brit."

"Dad and Allison too?" asked Brit.

"Your dad and Allison at the same time," she grinned. "But enough talk. Alya, go sit on the couch so I can eat you."

Alya sat down on the couch, then spread her legs. She seemed a bit nervous, despite being the one to choose her partner. Rachael, of course, wasn't bashful at all. She knelt between Alya's legs and immediately set to work with her tongue. It didn't take long for Alya to warm up to Rachael, which wasn't surprising. Jeff knew from experience how good Rachael was with her tongue, though admittedly it was different with him.

From his vantage point on the couch next to her, he could see everything. Rachael used only the tip of her tongue, running it up and down Alya's slit and over the hairless outer lips. She especially focused on the little bump at the top, and Jeff could see Alya's clit just starting to peek out of its hiding place. Alya was gasping in her breaths now, her eyes closed and an open-mouthed smile on her face.

Lissa came around behind the couch and placed her hands on the girl's shoulders, massaging her like Brit had massaged Jeff. Alya opened her eyes and smiled up at the naked girl above her.

Rachael attacked her with enthusiasm, mercilessly ravishing her pussy with her tongue. She speared it inside the hole, or flicked it over and over again against the clit, driving Alya into a frenzied excitement. Rachael, of

course, seemed to enjoy it almost as much as Alya did. From what Jeff knew of her, she got really excited about being the one to get someone off, male or female. She enjoyed wielding that power over them.

It didn't take long for her assault to do its job. Alya soon screamed in ecstasy as Rachael's mouth pushed her over the edge into an explosive orgasm. Her body shuddered as her muscles all tensed, her hips twitching with each wave of pleasure.

When she calmed down, she lay there panting, her eyes closed and her mouth locked in an uncontrollable smile. Rachael stood up and licked her lips, a similar smile on her own face.

"Yummy," she commented.

"All right, Rachael," Kari said. "Now it's your turn to pick."

"Like I said, I've had sex with everyone in this family except for Brit. I'm getting impatient. She's already fourteen. A couple more years and she'll be too old for me."

"Hey!" Brit exclaimed, but with a grin on her face.

"Just kidding," Rachael told her. "But seriously, Brit, you're about the sexiest girl I've ever met. I was hoping to seduce you the last time I was here, but I had to go away frustrated. I'm not letting another opportunity pass by."

"Well let's get to it then," Brit said with an excited grin. Jeff stood up to give Rachael room to sit down on the couch, and Brit knelt in front of her. Rachael spread her legs wide, giving Brit room to work and everyone in the room the opportunity to see that she was already wet between the legs. That didn't come as a surprise to Jeff; sometimes he thought she lived in a permanent state of arousal.

She squealed at the first touch of Brit's tongue. Brit giggled, then continued to lick her. Rachael seemed particularly excited to have Brit do this with her; like she said, it was her final conquest in the Primdale family. Considering she had already had sex with Kari, Jeff figured that Crystal would probably be her next target. Then she would have seduced everyone in *two* families.

Her hips writhed around on the couch as Brit tongued her pussy. Brit seemed to get a kick out of the reactions she was causing in Rachael, which made her more enthusiastic about her work. Though she didn't put as much energy into it as Rachael had done for Alya, she still tried her hardest. She used her fingers to pry apart her aunt's lips so that she could lick all over the pink parts underneath. She moved up to the clit and ran her tongue over it, eliciting more squeals and gasps from Rachael, who by now was completely lost in the excitement. She grabbed Brit's head and held her there, as if afraid the girl would leave her unsatisfied.

But Brit apparently had no such plans. She was having too much fun making her aunt squirm. Maybe she too enjoyed the power of giving someone an orgasm, especially someone experienced like Rachael. Jeff had always thought of the person performing oral sex as being in a submissive position, but he could see now that it didn't have to be that way at all. Right now, Brit was in complete control of her aunt; Rachael was, for the

moment, her slave.

Rachael's orgasm was the most obvious yet; her moans turned into a shriek of excitement and her hips literally lifted off the couch to mash against Brit's mouth. Brit giggled, but continued to lick her hungrily until her aunt's body once more collapsed on the couch, her legs still spread obscenely and her head thrown back over the back of the couch as she panted in exhaustion.

"Oh god..." she moaned quietly. "Oh god..." Then she lifted her head and stared down at Brit, who now sat at her feet with a grin. Rachael smiled back at her. "Do you realize how long I've wanted you to do that to me, Brit? I've been lusting after you for the longest time."

"Don't worry," Brit told her. "I have a feeling this won't be the last time we have sex."

"Damn right!" Rachael laughed.

"So Brit," said Kari, "Who--"

"Daddy!" she exclaimed with a grin on her face.

Greg laughed. "With such an enthusiastic invitation, how can I refuse?" he asked.

Brit took Rachael's place on the couch. Instead of going straight for her pussy though, he first kissed her tenderly on the lips. When he drew back, he gazed into her eyes for a few seconds, and they both smiled at each other.

"You are so beautiful, Brit," he told her, and she blushed at the compliment. "Last time it was too dark for me to get to enjoy your beauty," he said.

"If you had, we wouldn't be here right now," she grinned.

"That's a very good point. Still, I want to take my time and do this right," he told her.

"Just remember, the rest of us are waiting for you," said Crystal. "So don't take *too* much time."

Greg moved his lips to her cheek and kissed her again, then slowly descended to her neck. She sighed as he kissed her there, running his mouth all over her smooth skin. He smiled in delight at the thought that she was enjoying what he was doing to her. Now that he had the chance to really enjoy her, he realized that there was something comforting and familiar about the feel of her skin, the sound of her breaths, the warmth and even smell of her body, something that was unmistakably Brit. He didn't have to see her to know who he was making love to. Perhaps, even last night, he had known it all along. Perhaps he had simply deluded himself into thinking he was with Crystal instead of her, because he had wanted so much to make love to his daughter, and wanted an excuse, a way to rationalize it so that he wouldn't feel guilty. Yes, now that he had succumbed to his baser instincts and the wiles of not only Allison but his whole family, he could admit freely that he wanted this. He wanted to bring his daughter to the heights of pleasure.

Now he understood how Jeff felt. Brit was a precious treasure, a little angel, a girl who above all needed to be loved. And if society frowned on certain aspects of that love, so be it. She was more important to him than the rules of society anyway. Allison had taught him that lesson, and now he finally understood what it meant.

His lips reached her cute little perky breasts, and he let his tongue wander over her nipple, savoring the delicious flavor and loving the sensation of it growing harder as he teased it. He glanced up and saw that she had her eyes closed and her head thrown back against the top of the couch. Crystal stepped behind her and placed her hands on Brit's shoulders as Brit had done to Jeff. As Greg moved to toy with the other breast momentarily, Crystal rubbed her best friend's shoulders. It still took some getting used to, knowing that these two little girls were lovers. But it also thrilled him. Both girls were absolutely adorable, so tiny and fragile, and infinitely feminine. The thought of them giving each other such pleasure was almost a mind-blowing concept.

As if reading his mind, Crystal let her hands wander lower when Greg left his daughter's breasts and made his way down to her spread legs. Crystal let her hands slide onto Brit's breasts, taking over from her daddy. He had something even more tasty to occupy his attention now.

From the moment his tongue touched her slit, Greg was in love. He loved the flavor of her hot little pussy and the juicy nectar dripping from it. He just couldn't get enough of his daughter's love juices. He licked her all over, running his tongue up and down the slit and burrowing inside. The taste of her drove him wild with desire, and he attacked her mercilessly. He felt her hands on the back of his head, pushing him deeper into him, and he accepted it enthusiastically. All he could think about was her delicious little cunt.

He could hear her whimpering in delight from the onslaught of his tongue, but that sound only drove him wilder and wilder. His tongue ran around and around her cute little clitoris, teasing it as she moaned above him.

"Oh god Daddy, oh god Daddy!" she whimpered, and the sound of it excited him even more. Daddy, she called him. She was getting pleasured by her very own father. It was a thought almost too horrible to even contemplate, yet the perverse nature of it only made it that much more arousing.

As his tongue worked over her clit, he shoved one of his fingers inside her hole. That did it. Her hips bucked, and she cried out. "DADEEEEEEE!" she screamed as her climax hit her hard, reducing her to a quivering mound of orgasmic feminine flesh. He loved the thought that he was doing this to his own daughter, the girl he had brought into this world and spent so much of his time raising. Now he had just shown the extreme depths of his love for her.

After it was all over, Brit lay sighing on the couch, her eyes closed and a satisfied smile on her lips. Greg rose up and kissed those lips, slipping his tongue between them momentarily. Then he sat down beside her and wrapped an arm around her. She leaned in and lay her head on his chest for a few minutes, smiling in contentment.

Eventually she opened her eyes and sat back up, glancing around at the people surrounding her as if surprised

to see them. Perhaps she had been so lost in the moment that she had forgotten where she was.

Then she turned to her father. "Now it's your turn, Daddy," she said. "It's too bad I'm not available, because I'd love to show you how much I love you."

"I'll have to take you up on that offer later," he said. "But for now, I'd like to take Lissa up on her earlier offer to finish what we started on the sailing trip last year."

"I was hoping you'd say that, Dad," Lissa grinned.

Greg rose to his feet and took Brit's place on the couch. He shivered with excitement as he watched Lissa kneel in front of him. So this was it. Up to this point, he hadn't crossed any line today that he hadn't already crossed before. If he allowed his daughter to do this to him, then he would truly be accepting this new lifestyle.

As she glanced up at him with a loving smile on her face, his mind went back to that event that started it all a year ago, the event that had wracked him with guilt for a year now. That was why he had chosen Lissa today. He wanted some form of closure to this whole thing. The guilt wouldn't completely disappear until he surrendered himself totally to an incestuous relationship with his family, so he needed to repeat that event, this time taking it to the end.

He sucked in his breath as Lissa took his dick in her hand. The excitement and thrill of what was about to happen to him had already gotten him as hard as could be, so she really didn't have to use her hands at all. He watched in excruciating eagerness as she brought her face close to his cock. Instead of taking it straight into her mouth, though, she planted a kiss right on the tip.

"Oh god," he groaned, and she smiled at him. Then she kissed it again, this time on the underside just below the head. She stuck out her tongue and brushed it against that spot, that extremely sensitive and pleasurable point that she apparently knew about.

Then she lifted her head a little, opened her mouth, and let her tongue run all over the head, flicking it against the slit at the top that by now leaked pre-cum like crazy. Greg threw his head back and began making groaning noises as she teased him mercilessly.

Brit stepped behind him, placing her hands on his shoulders and rubbing him like she had rubbed Jeff. Greg gazed up into her smiling face, remembering that time on the pool deck a week ago when she had done the same thing with Rachael and Allison pleasuring him. This time he let himself go, enjoying the sight of her perky little tits just inches from his face. How he would love to suck on them! No doubt he would have many chances later, so he just relaxed and let the pleasure overtake him.

Then he felt the moist warmth of Lissa's mouth enveloping his cock, and he gave a much louder groan of pleasure. She bobbed up and down on him, slowly at first so as to prolong the waves of pleasure that washed through him at every motion. He couldn't believe how wonderful it felt to have his daughter do this to him. It was so wrong, yet it felt so right. Ever since those pictures on the boat last year, he had had the occasional

fantasy about Lissa continuing the experience. Sometimes he even dreamed about it. Fortunately, Allison enjoyed it when he woke up from such erotic dreams and groped her until she awoke and took care of his needs.

He stared down into Lissa's beautiful face, losing himself in the depth of her eyes as she gazed back up at him with adoration. He could see now that she wasn't just doing this as part of the scheme to get him over his moral issues with the relationships that he disapproved of. The expression on her face told him that she was doing this because she loved him. He understood fully now what that meant.

Across the room, he noticed Alya watching with fascination. Lately he had come to know what it felt like to share his lover with someone else, and learned that it could be done without jealousy. Alya was experiencing the same thing, though from what Allison had mentioned earlier, it wasn't the first time. Still, she probably wasn't all that used to it.

Soon he felt the pleasure spiking. He threw his head back against the couch, letting out a wail. Lissa kept sucking, and a moment later he released his load into her mouth. She swallowed it enthusiastically, and he realized that in that moment he had crossed the final line. For the first time, he had willingly allowed one of his daughters to bring him to orgasm. He had no regrets about it; of course, the intense pleasure filled him so completely that there was no room for regrets.

When it was over, he collapsed again against the couch. Lissa rose up and sat down next to him. Then she leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you, Dad," she said. "I've been wanting to do that for almost a year now. That was the best birthday present I could ever ask for."

"So Lissa, who do you want to do you?" asked Jeff.

"Allison," Lissa replied. "We've been such good friends, and I've felt so close to you these past few years. I love to hug you and caress you and just be with you. Our friendship has always been about tenderness and affection. Now that we're all shedding off our inhibitions, I want to add sex to it."

"Lissa, I've wanted to do this for a long time," Allison replied. "I was just afraid that it might hurt our relationship. Now I don't have to worry any more, and I finally get my chance to show you how much I love you." She came over to Lissa and kissed her on the lips. Lissa closed her eyes and relaxed, letting herself enjoy it. From Jeff's perspective, he could tell that this kiss wasn't just about the game they played, but about the love between the two women. Lissa and Allison really did care about each other.

He glanced over at Alya, wondering if she might be a little jealous. But the smile on her face suggested that she approved of this. Greg's face had a similar expression; apparently, neither of them had the slightest issue with their lovers in the arms of someone else.

When Allison drew back, Lissa kept her eyes closed, smiling and licking her lips. She sighed in happiness, still lost in that kiss.

Allison leaned in again, this time kissing her on the neck. Lissa threw her head back and let out a whimper of

delight. Allison reached out with her hands and fondled the girl's breasts, gently running them all over.

"Oh god, Allison!" Lissa exclaimed. "That's so nice."

"It gets better," her stepmother said, then leaned in to lick one of the nipples. Lissa gave an excited and even comical squeal at the contact, causing everyone to laugh. The two girls on the couch ignored it though, too caught up in each other.

"I love the way you taste," Allison commented. "I should have done this a long time ago. You have such a wonderful body; you can't imagine how much it turns me on to finally get to experience it to the fullest." She continued to kiss, lick, and suck Lissa's nipple for a few minutes, then moved to the other one to give it the same pleasure.

Lissa's breathing grew heavier by the minute. Her body was reacting to the stimulation, squirming on the couch and occasionally shuddering. Her motions increased when Allison slipped her hand between Lissa's legs and began to rub her gently there. The girl's breathing turned to moans.

Allison removed her lips from Lissa's breast so that she could gaze at her face as she fingered her pussy. From the look on Allison's face, she loved seeing the girl's reactions.

Finally, she knelt down between Lissa's legs. Lissa glanced down at Allison, pure lust in her eyes. Her stepmother gave her a wink, then leaned in with her head, opening her mouth and extending her tongue. She moved in slowly, drawing out the anticipation until it appeared that Lissa could stand it no longer. Then Allison's tongue touched the girl's pussy, and Lissa screamed with joy.

Again, it was obvious that this was more than just the game. Allison attended to the task with love and devotion, the expression on her face showing that it was a privilege for her to be able to do this to Lissa. Her tongue ran all over the girl's pussy, up and down the slit, over the now exposed clitoris, and sometimes delving inside to taste her sweet nectar. Allison looked like she was in heaven as she made love to her stepdaughter. Her own moans matched Lissa's; she obviously got as much satisfaction out of this as the girl she was stimulating.

Lissa unconsciously put her hands to the back of Allison's head and pulled her in, holding her tightly against her cunt. The woman didn't complain at all, but simply responded by attacking the girl's pussy more vigorously. She placed her hands on the insides of Lissa's knees to spread her legs even wider and give her room to go even deeper with her tongue.

The passion and love between the girls was so obvious that it was clear that they both had wanted this for a long time. Jeff, who watched from nearby, realized that he was witnessing the culmination of a relationship every bit as beautiful as the one between his sister and himself. He could see now that Lissa and Alya were meant to be lovers.

Soon, Lissa's moans and movements increased, her body clearly building to an orgasm. Her legs nearly clamped together around Allison's head as her body tensed up; only Allison's hands pressing on Lissa's thighs

and holding her legs open prevented it from happening. She kept running her tongue up and down and all over Lissa's pussy as her stepdaughter collapsed into a screaming orgasm. The girl's body shuddered almost violently, each wave of pleasure causing her to tense up and gasp. It lasted surprisingly long, as if trying to make up for all the missed opportunities between the women. Then finally she relaxed, her knotted muscles loosening up and her body falling back once more against the couch, exhausted and spent.

Allison rose up and smiled at her, then leaned in and kissed her deeply on the lips, pressing their bodies together in a caring embrace. When they separated, they continued to gaze lovingly into each other's eyes.

"Oh god, Allison," Lissa smiled at her. "That was one of the most wonderful things I've ever experienced. All this time I've been afraid of stepping over the line with you, because you mean so much to me and I didn't want to make a mistake that could hurt our relationship. But now I see that this just makes me love you all the more."

"I'm glad," Allison replied, "because that's exactly the same way I feel about you."

"So Lissa," Alya said, "does this mean you're in love with Allison?"

Lissa glanced at her, then at her stepmother.

"I don't know..." she replied.

"It's all right if you are," Alya smiled. "I'm not jealous. Even if you two have a history, the fact that you chose me means you're in love with me even more."

"That's not in doubt," Lissa told her. "Alya, you'll always be the girl I love the most. But maybe I *am* in love with Allison too."

"It's okay," Allison told her with a smile. "You don't need to try to analyze it, or to make up your mind right away. It took your father and me years to admit that we were in love with each other. I know you love me, Lissa, but if it's just as a mother or as a friend, that's good enough for me."

"Of course you say that now that she's willing to have sex with you," Rachael commented, causing the others to laugh.

"Well, there is that," Allison conceded with a grin. "Besides, I might be in love with Lissa too. I'm not quite sure, but then, I've been in this position before with Greg, so it doesn't worry me too much." She climbed onto the couch and sat down next to Lissa, putting her arm over Lissa's shoulders to cuddle with her.

"Well, Allison, it looks like it's just down to the Williams girls," Rachael told her sister. "Take your pick."

Allison grinned. "You're not the only lesbian pedophile here," she replied. "I like young girls too. Crystal, would you mind?"

"Not a bit!" Crystal said.

"Well this is a first," Kari laughed. "It's not often I get picked last. Not in sports, and certainly not in sex!"

"If it will make you feel better, you were my second choice," Jeff replied.

"Oh, now that makes *me* feel bad," said Allison teasingly. "I thought for sure *I* would have been second."

"Okay, let's not start putting the women in order," Greg insisted. "No good ever came of comparing women to each other. Without fail, you always end up making them all mad at you."

Everyone laughed at that.

Allison spread her legs to give access to Crystal, who seemed eager and enthusiastic. She knelt before the older woman, then brought her face down to Allison's crotch. She stuck out her tongue and ran it from the base of the slit all the way to the nub at the top. Allison shuddered at the contact, a glowing smile on her face.

Crystal's technique was quite different than Allison's. Where Allison had been loving, caring, almost worshipful, Crystal was instead playful. That was perfectly appropriate, of course. It fit her personality well. She teased Allison's outer lips with her tongue, using just the tip to limit the area of contact and focus the pleasure. She used quick, fleeting strokes that caused Allison to jump and gasp with each contact. She had been doing this to her girlfriend and her big sister long enough to become quite the expert, and the reactions she was causing in Allison's body showed it.

Jeff loved the sight of Allison's face in her aroused state. Of course, he loved her face anyway, but it was hard to imagine a sight more arousing than the most beautiful woman in the world in such a state of pleasure, especially when that pleasure came from another girl. Allison had a dreamy look in her eyes as she focused on nothing in particular, and her beautiful, tasty lips were open wide in a smile as she gasped in her breaths. He watched the rising and falling of her chest that really emphasized her gorgeous tits. He wanted to just reach out and fondle them right now.

Unfortunately, Rachael got there first. She stood behind the couch, leaning over her sister like some of the other girls had done to each other earlier, and slipped her hands down onto Allison's chest, running them over the woman's big, beautiful boobs. Allison let out a moan at the double pleasure.

Crystal's tongue flicked against Allison's now engorged clit, sending spasms of pleasure through the woman's body. Crystal giggled at the reaction and continued to do it, having fun causing Allison to jump like that.

With such expert attention to her pussy and breasts, she soon began gearing up for an orgasm. Her hips writhed in ecstasy beneath Crystal's ministrations, and her body pulsed with the waves of pleasure that wracked her. She let out a long, high-pitched wail as her orgasm washed over her, and Jeff thought that the mere sight of her in the throes of ecstasy was so erotic that it might bring on his own climax.

Crystal kept licking her, focusing specifically on her clit, until the pleasure dropped off and left the woman sighing in bliss on the couch, exhausted yet satisfied.

"My turn!" Kari grinned. The others laughed.

"You're kind of anxious, aren't you?" asked Rachael.

"That's because my baby sister has the sweetest, tastiest pussy in the whole world," Kari replied.

"I don't know," Lissa told her. "It's got to be hard to beat Alya's."

"Or Lissa's," Alya added.

"Remember, I've tasted all three," Kari told them. "Neither of you have tasted Crystal's."

"Not yet at least," replied Lissa.

"Ooh, I like the way your mind thinks," said Crystal. "I'd love to take you up on that offer later."

"Right now, it's all mine," insisted Kari. Lissa got up and let Crystal take her place on the couch, then Kari knelt in front of her. She didn't just lick the girl's pussy, but opened her mouth and covered her whole mound, as if literally trying to eat it.

Crystal squealed with excitement and pleasure as Kari worked her over. The older girl seemed particularly enthusiastic about this, showing just how much she enjoyed pleasuring her little sister.

From the motions of her mouth and cheeks, it was clear that she was both sucking on Crystal's pussy, as well as using her tongue to stimulate her at the same time. The stimulation was having its effect on the girl; her breathing grew heavier, her face was flushed, and her body squirmed, rocking her hips forward and back as if trying to fuck her sister's mouth. Her hands went unconsciously to her small, immature breasts and caressed them.

Seeing that, Brit went around behind the couch and slipped her hands down onto Crystal's chest the way Rachael had done to Allison. Now that she had someone else to do the job for her, she placed her own hands on the couch cushion beside her to steady herself.

Her breathing gradually turned to moans as the pleasure took over. Kari seemed encouraged by those sounds, as she picked up the pace. She took her mouth off of her sister's pussy, but only so that she could reach up with her fingers and pry the girl's lips apart. She then thrust her tongue inside, licking her all over. Crystal squealed at the new sensation, her hips rocking faster now.

Brit's hands went to the girl's nipples, and she rolled them between her fingers, causing more squeals and moans. She was lost in the pleasure now, incapable of doing anything but reacting unconsciously to the things that the girls were doing to her.

When Kari moved up a couple of inches and ran her tongue over Crystal's clit, it was too much. The girl cried out and tensed up, her body wracked by her explosive orgasm. Tremors ran through her body as she continued shrieking as waves of pleasure ran through her, pushing her over the edge.

Bit by bit, those waves diminished, and she came down from the heights, still gasping in her breaths and smiling giddily but now just collapsed in a heap on the couch.

"Delicious," Kari commented, licking her lips. "That's my second favorite food, next to Jeff's cum, of course."

"I'll be happy to serve your favorite food any time you want," he told her.

"Later. Right now, I'm going to serve you *your* favorite food. At least, it *better* be your favorite food."

"I don't know..." he teased. "It's hard to beat a nice lasagna with extra spicy Italian sausage."

She playfully slapped him on the shoulder. He gave her a kiss, slipping his tongue inside her mouth and tasting the remnants of Crystal's juices. That little taste made him hungry for more, so he pulled back and helped Kari to her feet so that she could take Allison's place on the couch next to her sister.

Kari spread her legs, and Jeff got down on his knees, eager to taste her.

"You know," said Jeff, "I think I'm going to have to disagree with you, Kari."

"About what?" she asked.

"*You* have the sweetest and tastiest pussy in the world."

Kari giggled, and Jeff opened his mouth and let his tongue run up and down her slit.

From the moment his tongue touched her soft skin, he was addicted. He attacked her with fervor, running his tongue all over the area as if unable to decide what part of her he wanted to taste the most. Maybe that was true. The tender outer lips, the juicy pink flesh inside, the bump at the top that sent tremors through her body whenever he touched it, they all had their appeal. He wanted it all.

He remembered the first time he had performed cunnilingus on her. He had been hesitant, perhaps even a little disgusted at the thought. Sure, he enjoyed receiving oral sex from her and she enjoyed giving it, but the thought of tasting her down there had seemed kind of gross at the time.

But his desire to make her feel good had overwhelmed his trepidation, so he had tried it. Now he was glad he had done it, because otherwise he would have missed out on so much. Sure, the thought that he was giving her such intense pleasure was one of the main joys of dong this, and he loved to see the reactions he caused in her body, but now that he had gotten used to it, he loved the taste and feel of it. He loved to run his tongue over her soft skin, to taste her juices, to toy with her clitoris. Sometimes he felt like he could just do this for hours.

Of course, Kari couldn't keep it up that long. Her body was reacting to him, growing hotter and moister and squirming with every breath she took. Jeff glanced up at her face, loving the look of intense pleasure there and knowing that he was the cause of it. She moaned loudly, not caring that everyone could hear her, or

maybe even enjoying that fact. Sometimes her body jumped when he hit a particularly sensitive spot, often when he brushed his tongue against her clit.

After several minutes, he sensed her body building up to her orgasm. He kept licking her all over, driving her insane with pleasure. Her moans began climbing the scale, building to a wail of pleasure as he drove her over the top. Jeff continued to torment her with his tongue, drawing out the climax for as long as it was physically possible for her body to continue in such intense pleasure. He flicked his tongue over and over again against her clit as if trying to keep her from ever coming down from that high.

It couldn't last forever though. Finally her body had had enough, and she slowly calmed down. The aftershocks of the climax continued to pound her, especially with Jeff still working on her pussy, but bit by bit they diminished until he left her panting and helpless on the couch, sapped of all her energy.

"So that's it," Lissa commented. "Everyone's had a turn."

"Yeah, but after getting all excited from eating out my girlfriend, I'm all ready for a second round," Jeff said.

"Don't worry," Kari told him weakly. "I've got another game in mind for this afternoon."

"I can hardly wait," he grinned.

Chapter 98

Fantasy Pairings

After the excitement of the morning, they decided they needed a rest. Even those who hadn't been involved since early in the game agreed to a cooldown period.

Since they were in no rush (other than Jeff), they decided to take a break from their sex play. After lunch, they all headed out back to go skinny dipping. It was particularly fun now that there was no pretense of propriety anymore. First, the girls had fun rubbing suntan lotion all over each other, and the men. Then they all hopped in the pool to enjoy each other.

When Crystal jumped on Greg's back and wrapped her arms around his neck, everyone knew it wasn't just a playful gesture, but a sexual one. When Lissa and Allison wrestled and tried to dunk each other, it was obviously just an excuse to rub their bodies together. And of course, there was a lot of kissing and groping and fondling of each other. Rachael in particular thought it was hilarious to sneak up on people and grab them either by the tits or cock, depending up whether her victim was a boy or a girl.

Whenever anyone climbed out of the pool and sat on the side, by unspoken agreement they decided it was a signal that that person wanted someone to perform oral sex on them, and usually the nearest person or two would take on the job. More than one of them was brought to a screaming orgasm that way.

They continued their wet and wild fun until suppertime. Eager to get on with the evening's adventures, they didn't want to take time to prepare anything, so Allison just heated up a bunch of leftovers.

After supper, they gathered once more in the rec room, or "Den of Iniquity," as they dubbed it. Crystal was the first to suggest the name, and everyone thought it so funny that from that point forward that was what they called it.

"So Kari," said Jeff, anxious to get things started, "you said you had another game in mind?"

"I do," she replied. "This is another one where most of us watch. I need a hat or other container, some pencils, and some strips of paper. One for each of us."

"I'll get it," said Allison, and hurried upstairs. She returned a minute later with the items. The "hat" turned out to be an old shoe box. "Will this do?" she asked.

"Perfect," Kari agreed. "So here are the rules of the game. We each write down two names of people in this room. Two people that we would like to see have sex together. This is a chance for you to make your fantasies come true. And before anyone asks, you're not allowed to include yourself."

"You're no fun," Rachael joked.

"We'll put the names in the box and draw them out one by one. The two people who get drawn have to fuck. Afterward, we all try to guess who put those names in. We might not get through all of them, but we'll go until everyone has been involved at least once. Any questions?"

"Yeah, do we have to limit it to two people?" asked Jeff.

Kari laughed. "Oh, all right. If you want to put down three, that's fine. But no more than that."

Allison distributed the paper and pencils, and everyone set to work jotting down their fantasies. One by one they folded them and placed them in the shoe box. As soon as they were finished, Kari placed the lid on, shook it, then opened it again. "Who wants to do the honors?" she asked.

"I will," said Brit. She hopped up off the couch and came over to reach into the box. She retrieved a piece of paper and unfolded it. She grinned when she saw the names.

"Greg and Alya," she read.

Both of them stared at her in shock. "Really?" asked Greg.

Brit turned the paper around and showed him. The names were clearly written.

Alya looked nervous, even a little frightened. Lissa put an arm around her. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"I don't know..." Alya replied. "I guess... I guess I'm still a little intimidated by your dad. I've wanted to impress him, because I wanted him to approve of you and me being together. But I..."

Greg stood up and strode over to her. He knelt in front of her and took her hands in his own. "You don't have any reason to be afraid of me any more," he told her with a tender smile. "I only want my daughter to be happy, and she's made up her mind that you're the one who can give that to her. Since she loves you so much, I would be doing her a disservice if I tried to come between you. And since I'm turning over a new leaf, I might as well admit that I really do like you, both because of how happy you're making my daughter and just because you're a likable person. I *want* you to be with her."

"Really?" she asked.

"Really," he replied. "I want you to think of me as your father. Call me Dad if you like, because I want you to be a part of this family."

"Dad," she smiled. "I like that."

"Which makes what you're about to do all the more creepy," Crystal teased. Alya giggled at that.

Greg drew her hand to his face and kissed it. "I would be honored if you would let me make love to you," he said. Alya blushed, but she had a smile on her face. She nodded. Greg leaned in and kissed her on the lips, and she closed her eyes and let herself enjoy it.

Lissa actually had tears in her eyes as she watched them. The smile on her face indicated that her tears were of happiness.

Greg and Alya lay down on the mat. He let his fingers slide between her legs to gently rub her. She closed her eyes and smiled, relaxing from his ministrations. Greg lowered his head and began kissing all around her breasts. He loved the thought that he was making love to his daughter's girlfriend. Strangely enough, there was something even more twisted about that than making love to his daughter herself. The perverted nature of the act added its own kind of excitement to it.

His tongue ran around one of her nipples, causing her to gasp and shudder at the sensation. While his mouth worked on her breasts, his hand went between her legs, where he found that she was already damp. Despite her nervousness, she was also quite apparently aroused. His fingers traced her slit, working up and down in the groove to loosen her and increase her excitement. Her hips began to thrust upward, as if trying to spear themselves on his fingers.

After a few minutes of stimulating her and listening to her gasps, Greg positioned himself above her. He kissed her lips, enjoying the sweet flavor of them. He might not have originally approved of Lissa's relationship with her, but right now he could understand how his daughter would fall in love with this girl.

He lowered himself, feeling his cock slide inside of her. She cried out, but with pleasure rather than pain. She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him down to her, and it excited him to feel the soft and warm skin of her bare chest against his own. He began to thrust, and it didn't take long to get into a rhythm.

Making love to Alya was different from making love to Allison, or Rachael, or even Brit. With Allison and Rachael, it had been hot and passionate. With Brit, it had been sweet and tender. There was something different about Alya, and he suddenly realized what it was. Perhaps she was still trying to impress him, or perhaps it was just her style, but she seemed to be trying to please him as much as possible. An almost imperceptible difference in the way she moved made it clear that this was for his pleasure rather than hers. Her kisses were those of a devoted lover, but an inferior rather than an equal. It wasn't that she was submissive; far from it. But for her, sex was a matter of giving rather than taking. There was something about this style of lovemaking that was extremely appealing. No wonder Lissa loved her so much!

That gave him a great idea. If she was going to try to please him, then he would try to please her back. He was determined to make sure that she enjoyed it every bit as much as he did. He slowed his pace and kissed her lips, cheeks, and forehead as he thrust into her with gentleness and love. He spent a few minutes trying to find the right rhythm that would coincide with her breathing to make it more natural and therefore more pleasurable. He soon found just the right pace, which from her reaction made each motion culminate in a higher level of pleasure, the waves coming deeply instead of rapidly. He could tell by the smile on her face that she knew why he had done it, and appreciated it.

With this new motion, it wasn't long before she began to wail as her orgasm overtook her. Her body tensed up and she gripped him to her, as if trying to pull his whole body right inside of her. He could feel her pussy spasming, and that set him off too. He let out a loud groan as the pleasure spiked and he erupted inside of her.

As soon as their mutual orgasm subsided, he rolled over off of her. She snuggled up next to him and lay her head on his chest, smiling.

"That was wonderful, Greg," she said. "I mean, Dad. I think that's one of the most fulfilling orgasms I've ever had."

"I'm glad," he told her.

As Alya lay on Greg's chest and sighed in contentment, Kari stood back up. "We'll let them rest for a while. They've earned it. In the mean time, let's have a vote for who we think put their names into the box."

"I'm guessing Lissa," said Jeff. "Just seeing how happy she is, I can't imagine that she would have chosen anyone else."

There was a general chorus of agreement with his suggestion, so it seemed to be unanimous.

"All right, will the person who put their names in the box raise their hand?" said Kari.

Not surprisingly, it was Lissa. "Until now I still wasn't sure if Dad really accepted Alya," she explained. "I knew I had to do something to get them to like each other, and this seemed like the perfect opportunity."

"Because you knew how good she is in bed and figured that once I slept with her I'd never be able to reject her?" asked Greg. Alya giggled.

"More or less," said Lissa.

"It worked," he replied with a broad smile. Alya kissed him tenderly on the cheek.

"Thanks, Dad," she smiled.

"All right, let's see who's next," Kari announced. "Jeff, why don't you do the honors this time?" She picked up the shoe box and brought it over to him. He reached inside and drew out a slip of paper. As soon as he read it, he broke out into a wide grin, and even started laughing.

"What is it?" asked Kari.

"Me and Allison," he replied, turning the paper over and showing the names to everyone to confirm it.

"Jeff, you didn't put your own name in, did you?" asked Allison, though she certainly didn't seem opposed to the idea.

"I swear it wasn't me," he replied. "Although it certainly sounds like whoever did it was trying to do me a favor."

"Greg, this isn't going to bother you?" asked Allison.

"If it bothered me, I wouldn't have agreed to this orgy in the first place. Besides, it's only fair. If you don't mind watching me with Alya, why should I mind watching you with Jeff?"

"Well then, what are we waiting for?" asked Jeff with a grin. He grabbed Allison's hand and led her over to the mat, where she lay down on her back. Jeff lay on his side next to her, letting his hand roam over her body. Though it wasn't the first time he had made love to her, he never tired of seeing her amazingly beautiful face, her perfect body, her soft and delicate skin. His hand immediately went to one of her breasts, and he rubbed her there.

He glanced up at his father to see the man's reaction, but Greg simply gave him an encouraging smile. In that look, Jeff found the answer to all of his questions. It was okay, he realized, to make love to his father's wife. He could have her without fear of anger or jealousy from his dad. But there was another question that it answered too, one that had been bothering him since the day they had begun to plot against Greg. Not only was it possible for a man to see the woman he loved making love to another man and not feel jealous, it was possible to watch it and even enjoy it! In his father's eyes Jeff had even seen a touch of excitement. Greg actually *wanted* to see him seduce Allison. And that gave Jeff another insight; all this time the goal he had been shooting for was to share Brit with his father without jealousy. But now he realized that he could take it a step further, and have that sight actually turn him on.

His hand slipped between Allison's legs, and she hummed in contentment at the contact. He leaned over and ran his tongue around her nipple, causing her to gasp. She closed her eyes and let herself enjoy the sensation.

Jeff loved playing with her body, giving her such pleasure. To think that he was making love with the most perfect women in the world was almost an unthinkable concept, yet here he was. And he realized that for the first time, he could do it without any worries or inhibitions. His joy was no longer tempered by fear of getting caught or melancholy from not being allowed to be with Brit.

She was really getting aroused from his hand and mouth; perhaps she felt something of the same about him. It excited him to know that she wanted this, perhaps as much as she did.

Soon enough she gazed into his eyes to let him know that it was time. Jeff rolled over on top of her, kissing her passionately on the lips as he positioned himself to penetrate her. He lowered his hips, feeling her hot, moist pussy engulf his cock. It was such a wonderful feeling, especially with a woman like Allison.

She wrapped her arms around him and held her to him as he began to thrust. He glanced over at Greg, who smiled. *He actually smiled!* The man was watching his son screw his wife, and he seemed to enjoy it!

The thought of just how naughty that was fueled Jeff's desire, and he picked up the tempo. Allison wrapped her legs around his hips and cried out in excitement as he pumped her. Jeff loved the feel of her hot, sweaty body against his, especially her gorgeous tits with their hard nipples poking him in the chest. He attacked her lips with her own, and she responded by opening her mouth and thrusting her tongue inside his. The two of them kissed passionately and greedily, lost in the ecstasy of their lovemaking.

Over and over again he slammed into her, and from the sounds she made and the way she rocked her hips

forward to meet him, he could tell she loved it hard like that. Maybe there was a certain exhibitionistic excitement at doing it in front of the others, especially her husband. Jeff had never minded an audience; he thought it added another dimension to it. He glanced around the room at everyone's faces, noticing that Kari and Brit, the two most likely to feel jealousy, instead watched with looks of arousal on their faces.

No matter how much he wanted this feeling to last forever, he knew that it couldn't. Fortunately, the ending was better than the beginning. He felt the approach of his orgasm, and gave himself up to it, not wanting to delay the intense feeling any longer. He shoved deep into Allison one last time, exploding inside of her and releasing his cum into her body.

"Oh Jeff!" she exclaimed in delight, feeling the release and apparently loving it.

She wasn't quite through, but continued to thrust her own hips into his. Despite wanting to rest now, he knew it would be unfair to leave her unsatisfied, so fell into the rhythm again. The tightness and slickness of her pussy was enough to keep him hard, and fortunately she didn't last more than a couple of minutes longer. Soon she screamed and tensed up, her pussy clamping down hard on his cock as her own orgasm burst forth.

Afterward, they lay panting in each other's arms, eyes closed and smiling in satisfaction, basking in the post-orgasmic glow and the warmth and softness of each other's bodies.

"All right, so who do we think wanted to give Jeff the opportunity to live out his fantasy?" asked Kari.

"I think it was you," said Lissa. "You're obviously not the jealous type, so maybe you wanted to do something nice for your boyfriend."

"Okay, that's one vote for me," said Kari. "Any other ideas?"

"I'm guessing Brit," said Rachael. "She's obviously infatuated with her brother. She's always looking for ways she can make him happy, so this would be a perfect opportunity."

"So one vote for Brit," Kari said. "Anybody else want to throw out an idea?"

"I think it was Jeff himself," Brit replied. "I know it's against the rules, but for a chance like this, how could he resist cheating?"

"Yeah, well in that case, I think it was Allison," Jeff laughed.

"All right," Kari grinned. "Any other suggestions, or are we ready to vote?"

No one spoke up, so she continued. "Who thinks it was me?" she asked. Lissa and Crystal raised their hands. "Who thinks it was Brit?" Kari and Rachael raised their hands. "Who thinks it was Jeff?" Alya and Allison raised their hands. "Who thinks it was Allison?" Only Jeff raised his hand.

"Greg, you're not voting?" asked Allison.

"It would be pointless for me to vote," he grinned, "since I'm the one who put your names in."

There were at least three audible gasps in the room. "You're not serious!" Lissa exclaimed with an amused smile.

"All a part of the new me," he said. "If I'm going to change my lifestyle so radically, I'm going to have to get used to the idea of sharing Allison with Jeff. After all, I fooled around with his girlfriend yesterday, so it's only fair that he get to fool around with my wife. And besides, none of you suspected it, did you?"

"Well I for one am insulted that Jeff didn't cheat," Allison said, though in a joking tone.

"Who says I didn't?" he asked. "Maybe there's another one in there with our names on it."

"I can only hope," she grinned seductively.

"So should we go for a third, or do we want to take a rest first?" asked Kari.

"Let's keep going," said Rachael. "My name hasn't come up yet, and I'm getting a little anxious."

"I thought the word was 'horny,'" Lissa corrected.

"Oh yes. I was never good at vocabulary."

"All right. Let's go again," said Kari. "Lissa, you pick this time." She brought the box over, and Lissa pulled out a slip of paper. It read, "Greg and Brit."

"What do you think, Greg?" asked Kari. "You've already had two orgasms today. Are you up for a third?"

"With Brit? Absolutely!" he exclaimed, and Brit's eyes lit up with delight.

"Oh, Daddy!" she grinned, skipping over to him.

"Besides, watching my son screw my wife has made me horny again," he laughed. "Horny enough to fuck my own daughter."

Greg and Brit lay down together on the mat, but surprisingly, Brit immediately took over. She rolled her father onto his back, then grabbed his cock in her hands and began stroking it up and down. It quickly hardened in her hand.

"Since you just got fucked not too long ago, you need to be warmed up more than me," she explained.

"You're not getting out of the hook that easily," he laughed, reaching out and fingering her pussy.

"Ooh!" she exclaimed with delight, working even harder on his cock. Both of them soon started moaning and gasping from the stimulation. Greg's cock leaked pre-cum like crazy, and Brit's pussy was nice and damp.

Brit sat up and straddled his hips, rubbing the tip of his cock all over her pussy. They both groaned at the sensation, and it was clear that they were both ready.

"Can I be on top?" asked Brit. "I want you to play with my titties while you fuck me."

"Oh god yes!" Greg exclaimed with excitement. Brit rose up on her knees, scooted forward a couple of inches, took her father's cock in her hand to point it straight up, then slowly descended on it. The smile on her face widened as he sank deeper and deeper into her body.

Greg was in absolute ecstasy. The last time he had had sex with her (other than with his tongue), the lights were out and he had even thought she was Crystal. Now, gazing up at her beautiful face and body as she bounced up and down on his cock, he reveled in the sight and feel of her, and in the knowledge that he was experiencing something so beautiful with the girl that he loved so very much. His daughter. His incestuous little daughter.

Incest. The word had once been so abhorrent to him. Now he embraced it, loved it even. It described a kind of love that most parents never got to share with their children. The world might frown upon their relationship, but to Greg it was the ultimate expression of familial love. It brought him closer to his daughter than he had ever been before. Ordinary love was for ordinary families. This was something special, something more complete and fulfilling.

His hands roamed over her breasts, fondling them gently. There was something particularly enjoyable about touching the silky smooth flesh of a young girl like her. She certainly had a lot of room to grow; she was still pretty skinny and her breasts were tiny compared to Allison's, for instance. But he loved the feel of them all the same.

He also loved the tightness of her young cunt wrapped around his cock. She would probably do quite a bit of growing in that area too over the next few years, but for now her tiny little hole felt particularly nice on his cock. It was so hot and slick and soft, all adding up to an incredible sensation. As she pistoned herself up and down on him, his own hips instinctively matched her rhythm, rising up to meet her as she drove herself down upon him.

She had her eyes closed now, but kept her mouth open in a smile to gasp in her breaths as she luxuriated in the pleasure. Greg kept his own eyes open; the sight of her body riding him was too beautiful for him to think about missing even one second of it.

I'm fucking my little angel! he thought with delight. *My sweet little girl.* He would probably go to hell for it, but this taste of heaven was worth it.

"Oh god, Daddy!" she cried out as she bounced up and down on him. "I'm fucking my incestuous Daddy! I'm going to feel him squirt his sperm up inside me! The same sperm that made me is going to fill me up!"

Her dirty talk was too much for him. The excitement and lust that her words instilled in him pushed him toward his climax. Between the hot, tight tunnel of his daughter's cunt, the sight of her beautiful young body

on top of him, and the shock of her filthy language, he rapidly shot toward the peak. He groaned as the pleasure spiked, and suddenly he could hold it back no longer. His cock jerked inside his daughter's hot young pussy, and he could feel the surge of cum as it exploded from the tip.

Apparently Brit could feel it too. "Oh my god!" she screamed. "He's doing it! My Daddy's cumming inside of me! Oh Daddy, I love you!"

Her words cut off as her own climax hit her. Her pussy clamped down hard on his cock as her body tensed, and a shudder ran through her, tiny and imperceptible at first but gradually building until she shook violently with the force of it. She shrieked in extreme pleasure, riding out the waves of their mutual orgasm.

When the pleasure ebbed and they found themselves coming down from that high, Brit lay down on top of him, her head against his chest. Greg slipped his arms around her back and held her to him, letting his love for her fill him with a warm, internal glow. Now that love was complete. He understood now what she meant when she asked if he "loved her infinity."

They snuggled together for a few minutes, and Brit even fell asleep, though only for about a minute. Then she woke again, glancing around at the rest of the group who were smiling at her. She smiled back.

"So who do we think put their names in?" asked Kari.

"I'm guessing Jeff," said Brit. "I think it's kind of like Daddy putting Jeff's and Allison's name in. He wants to get used to the idea of me with my father."

"I think Rachael," Lissa suggested. "For no other reason than this is the type of thing that gets her off."

"It could be Allison," said Jeff. "She's been trying to get Brit and Dad together for months now."

"Good point," said Kari. "Any other ideas?"

No one else spoke up, so they started the voting. As it turned out, Jeff was correct. Allison had put their names in.

"I just wanted to see the results of my efforts," she explained. "It's all well and good to have Greg seduce his daughter in a dark bedroom, but I missed out on that particular fun, so I wanted to see it first hand."

"You just may be seeing a lot of it from now on," Greg told her with a smile. "I think you've created a monster."

"Two monsters," Brit added with a wink.

Kari grabbed the shoebox, this time handing it to Greg. He reached into the box and withdrew a slip of paper. He opened it up and stared at it. "This one's not valid," he said.

"Why not?" asked Rachael.

"Because there are more than three names."

"Let me see," said Kari. She came over and stared over his shoulder at it. "Allison + Rachael, Lissa + Brit, Kari + Crystal. Oh, I see. The three sets of sisters."

"It may not be valid, but since it has my name on it, I'm all for it," Rachael insisted. "I'm so aroused right now I'm about to attack someone, and I don't care who."

"I guess it's up to me to take care of her," said Allison. "Even if the other girls aren't willing, at least Rachael and I can perform."

"I'm willing if Brit is," said Lissa, "but maybe she needs to rest for a bit."

"I don't think I'm up for another orgasm just yet, but I'll be happy to give you one," she smiled.

"Fine with me," Lissa grinned.

"That just leaves you and me, Crystal," said Kari. "What do you think?"

"I'm in!" her sister exclaimed enthusiastically.

The three pairs lay down on the mat. Allison lay on her back, and Rachael immediately mounted her in a sixty-nine position, lining up their faces with each other's pussies. Kari and Crystal took things more slowly. Kari sat down and spread her legs, and Crystal sat facing her in her lap, straddling her hips. They leaned in, hugging and kissing. Lissa lay down and let her little sister go to work on her pussy.

With all three sets of sisters on the mat, that left only Greg, Jeff, and Alya. Greg and Jeff sat down on opposite sides of the couch, but Alya surprised them by coming over and sitting between them. She glanced over at Jeff and gave him a wink, then placed her hand on his cock. Then she did the same for Greg. Both men gasped at the contact, especially thrilled when she began to masturbate them. Both cocks grew immediately hard in her hand, despite having been thoroughly drained multiple times that day. Most likely the boost came from the excitement of experiencing this new lifestyle for the first time.

All the girls on the mat were really getting into it. Allison and Rachael moaned in pleasure as they licked each other eagerly and greedily. Kari's and Crystal's kisses had become passionate, energetic, and almost violent. Lissa was massaging her own breasts and squirming all over as Brit attacked her with her tongue.

Finally, Kari and Crystal felt they were warmed up enough, and lay down together in opposite directions. Kari lay on her back and her little sister mounted her in a similar position to Rachael and Allison. They immediately set to work devouring each other's pussies, as if trying to make up the difference in the head start that the older women had on them.

The sight before him and the sensation of Alya's hand stroking him was beginning to be too much for Jeff. He knew he wouldn't last much longer. His moans of pleasure increased in pitch and volume as the pleasure

began to build.

Suddenly, Brit rose to her feet. Ignoring her sister's groans of protest, she dashed over to Jeff, knelt down in front of him, wrapped her lips around his cock, and sucked hard.

"Oh shit!" he exclaimed as the feel of her mouth on him brought him over the edge. He shot a dozen streams into her willing mouth as she gulped them down hungrily. Only after she had milked every last drop out did she pull away.

"I didn't want to waste it," she explained with a grin and a wink.

Then she glanced over at her father, who was similarly close to his climax.

"Oh god, Brit..." he stammered. "I want... would you...?"

"You too, daddy?" she asked, and he nodded. She scooted over in front of him and slurped his cock into her mouth.

He didn't last any longer than Jeff had. Immediately he threw his head back and let out a loud groan as his cock jerked, releasing his load. Jeff watched in fascination as her throat contracted over and over again as she swallowed her own father's semen.

Jeff was impressed. That was his dad's fourth orgasm of the day. Granted, he himself had gone as high as six once, but he was a lot younger than Greg. No doubt it had to do with the novelty of this new lifestyle.

Greg collapsed in exhaustion, and Brit stood back up with a smile on her face.

"So now you've tasted both," Alya commented. "Tell me, whose do you like better?"

"That's a tough one," Brit replied. "It's a close call, but I think Jeff barely beats out Daddy. Sorry, Daddy."

"That's all right," he smiled. "I don't mind being in second place as long as you're willing to do that again for me occasionally."

"Oh, I'm more than willing," she laughed.

"Come on, Brit," Lissa told her. "Quit wasting time over there. You're supposed to be working on *me*, remember?"

"Don't worry, big sister," said Brit. "I haven't forgotten you. I just had Jeff and Dad for dinner, and now I get you for dessert." She headed back over, lay down on her stomach, and shoved her face back between Lissa's legs.

Allison was the first to climax. Her moans elevated into a scream as Rachael ravished her pussy with her mouth. That set off Rachael too, and both women shuddered with the power of their orgasms.

It seemed to cause a chain reaction; Crystal was next, then Kari, and finally Lissa. The mass of moaning and whimpering girls on the floor became a mass of screaming and wailing girls. The sight of so many beautiful women climaxing together was so erotic that if Jeff hadn't just cum in Brit's mouth, he would probably have an orgasm himself right then.

Finally the top girls rolled off the bottom ones, and the six of them lay there panting, their breasts heaving and their bodies trembling in the aftershocks of their orgasms.

It took the girls a while to recover, but eventually they all sat up. Most of them had tired or even sleepy looks in their eyes, exhausted from their wild lovemaking.

"So who do you think put our names in?" asked Kari.

"We know it wasn't me," said Greg, "and unless one of you cheated, it wasn't any of you either. So that just leaves Jeff and Alya."

"Jeff has a thing for sister-on-sister sex," Crystal grinned. "I say it was him."

"Everyone who thinks it was Jeff, raise your hand," said Kari. She raised her own hand, along with everyone except Lissa and Alya.

"Everyone who thinks it was Alya?" asked Kari. Both Lissa and Alya raised their hands.

"So it *was* you," Lissa told her girlfriend.

"Ever since I found out about your affair with your siblings, the thought of incest has gone from disturbing to arousing. Just like the thought of lesbians. Put those two together, and what do you have? Lesbian sisters! And of course, the only thing more arousing than a pair of lesbian sisters, is three pairs."

"I like your logic," Greg chuckled. "Of course, I like any logic that results in a bunch of gorgeous women having sex with each other in front of me."

"Well, we've all been involved at least once tonight," Kari said. "Should we go for any more?"

"I'm pretty exhausted," Lissa replied. "I don't think I could stand another round if it were me."

"Me neither," Greg agreed.

"So should we call it a day?" asked Allison.

"I could stand to go another five or six rounds," Rachael said, "but on the other hand, I'd rather wait until tomorrow. After all, it's Lissa's birthday, and I have a feeling it's going to be her favorite birthday ever."

Lissa grinned. "Well then, what are we waiting for?" she asked. "Let's go to bed."

"That's what Rachael always says," Jeff commented, and they all laughed.

Chapter 99

Guest of Honor

Jeff awoke in the morning happy, for the second morning in a row surrounded by the naked bodies of the people he loved. This time, he found Allison and Crystal curled up in his arms, slumbering peacefully. Next to him, Kari lay on her back with her arms wrapped around Brit, who lay on top of her, her head on Kari's chest. Jeff couldn't help but smile at the peaceful and serene look on his little sister's face as she cuddled with his girlfriend. Across the room, his father and Rachael lay together.

He heard the shower going, and figured that Lissa and Alya must be in there together. Since he needed to get clean anyway, he decided to see if they minded some company. He gently moved the girls off of him and got up, then made his way into the bathroom. He couldn't hear Lissa and Alya moaning, so he figured that if they were having sex, at least they were just starting. He didn't want to interrupt them right as they were about to get off, after all.

He drew the curtain back, and the girls turned to look at him. They were all soaped up and hugging each other, and had had their lips pressed together when he opened the curtain.

"Sorry to interrupt," he told them.

"No you're not," Alya laughed.

"Okay, no I'm not," he chuckled. "I was just wondering if you would like some company."

"Come on in," Lissa invited.

Jeff stepped into the shower, and the girls separated to give him room between them. As soon as he climbed in, they scooted up next to him and wrapped their arms around him. As one, they leaned in and kissed him on the cheek.

"Was that what you were after?" asked Lissa.

Alya reached down and grabbed his cock. "Or was it that?"

"A little of both would be nice," he smiled. Lissa slipped her own hand over Alya's, and the two girls began pumping their hands up and down. With their hands soapy, it felt particularly nice. They leaned in and kissed him again, and this time he turned his head toward Lissa and opened his mouth. Taking the hint, she opened her own mouth and teased his tongue with hers. He kissed her for a few seconds, then turned to the other side so he could do the same with Alya.

He couldn't help letting out a moan as the girls' soapy hands stimulated him. They seemed to take as much

pleasure from groping him as from groping each other. Of course, they had plenty of other opportunities to do it together, and if they really wanted to be alone, they could have told him and he would have left.

Suddenly, the shower curtain opened again, and this time Brit and Crystal stood there grinning. "Well well well," teased Crystal. "What have we here?"

"We're just getting clean," Alya replied.

"Looks to me like you're getting dirty," said Brit. "But don't get off too soon. I'm going to get my camera. Come on, Crystal."

The two girls giggled as they dashed out of the room, leaving Jeff and the girls to their fun. They slowed down their attack on his cock, not wanting to end the fun before Brit returned.

Fortunately, Brit was quick about it; she returned soon holding Crystal's hand in one of her own, and her camera in the other. Crystal carried the tripod.

The girls set up the camera, then Brit checked the viewfinder to adjust it so that the three bathers were centered in the screen.

"All right," said Brit. "Let me get a couple of pictures of you standing still first." Lissa and Alya stopped the motion of their hands but didn't release his cock. The three of them grinned into the camera while Brit snapped the picture. Then for the next one they leaned in and kissed him on the cheek again.

"Well, that's enough of that," Brit said after snapping the second picture. "Now jerk him off as hard as you can!"

The girls rapidly pumped him, giving him such an exquisite feeling between his legs. He began to moan again, ignoring their giggles at his reaction. The feel of their slippery hands running up and down his shaft was too much, and in a moment he felt the pleasure mounting.

"I'm going to cum!" he groaned, but that just encouraged them to go even harder and faster. As the pleasure spiked and he felt the first blast erupt from his cock, he heard a rapid series of clicks from the camera. Brit kept snapping pictures as the second, third, and fourth waves hit. Finally it tapered off, and his body relaxed as the girls pumped the last of his cum out of him. Even their hands weren't enough to keep him hard after that, so gradually his cock deflated. Finally they released it.

"Perfect!" Brit announced, scrolling back through the pictures on the camera. "I've got a great shot of Jeff's orgasm, with his cum in the air."

"What a waste," said Crystal. "Everyone knows Jeff's cum isn't supposed to go anywhere but in a girl's pussy or mouth."

"Maybe I'll take you up on that offer later," he grinned.

Now that the fun was over, Crystal and Brit left the bathroom while Jeff and the girls finished washing themselves off. Once clean, they met the others out in the rec room. Greg, Allison, Rachael, and Kari were just getting up.

Allison immediately came over and threw her arms around Lissa, then kissed her deeply on the lips. When she drew back, she smiled. "Happy birthday, Lissa," she said.

"Well so far this is turning out to be my best birthday ever," she commented.

"Too bad we didn't have more time to plan," Rachael told her. "With a little more time, I could have baked a cake and jumped out of it."

"Save it for next year," Lissa grinned.

"So who's up for breakfast?" asked Allison. "I'm in the mood for crepes with strawberries and whipped cream."

"I'm in the mood for boobies with whipped cream," Rachael said, causing some of the girls to giggle.

"It's a good thing we bought plenty the other day," Allison told her.

With that inspiring thought, they all ascended the stairs. Allison, Rachael, Lissa, and Alya headed into the kitchen to work on making breakfast. Crystal grabbed Greg's hand and pulled him down the hall toward his bedroom. "Come on," she told him with a grin. "Let's go take a shower."

He shrugged. "How can I refuse such an invitation?" he asked, following her down the hall.

That left Jeff, Kari, and Brit together. Jeff had already had a shower that morning, but he wasn't opposed to taking a second one, so the three of them scampered up the stairs to Brit's bathroom. They climbed into the shower and took turns washing each other's backs and fronts, making sure to spend plenty of time on the naughty bits. Then they stepped out, dried each other off, and descended the stairs once more to the dining room.

By the time breakfast was ready, Greg and Crystal had also finished their shower. They all sat down to the dining room table, where Allison and the other girls brought out a large plate full of crepes and toppings, including multiple cans of whipped cream.

They lasted five minutes before turning the meal sexual. Then Rachael grabbed the nearest can of whipped cream and nonchalantly squirted it onto the closet nipple of Crystal, who happened to be sitting next to her. Then, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, she leaned down and licked it off, causing everyone to stare.

Crystal was the first to giggle, then suddenly everyone broke down into laughs. Of course, Rachael's actions started a chain reaction. Next Lissa did the same to Allison, Allison did it to Brit, then Kari squirted whipped

cream all over Jeff's cock. Brit and Crystal decided that it was too much for her to eat on her own, so soon he had three girls licking it off of him. Allison, Rachael, Lissa, and Alya decided to do the same to Greg, which he was happy to go along with.

Before it got too out of hand, Allison put a stop to it. Most of them wanted to continue, but she warned them that they were likely to get sick if they kept it up too long, and that would spoil their fun for the rest of the day. With that kind of motivation, they agreed to end their fun, at least until the end of breakfast.

Once they were finished eating, Brit asked Crystal to join her out in the studio. Lissa asked if she and Alya could join them, and Rachael wanted to come along too. The five girls headed out back to do who-knows-what. Rachael first grabbed a duffel bag from her room, winking at the others as she followed the girls outside.

That left Greg, Allison, Jeff, and Kari alone in the house. Jeff realized that this was an opportunity to good to pass up.

"So Dad," he said. "Now that you've had a good night's sleep, are you ready for some more fun?"

"What did you have in mind?"

"I want to do some wife and girlfriend swapping. You fuck Kari while I fuck Allison."

"That's twice with you and me in two days," Allison told him with a grin. "Is this going to become a daily habit?"

"I hope so," he replied unashamedly.

"Well then, I might just have to make it a daily habit of fucking your dad," Kari told him, then turned her attention to Greg. "What do you think? Are you up for it?"

"Hell yes!" he exclaimed.

The four of them ascended to the basement again. Jeff and Allison sat down next to each other on the couch, while Greg and Kari took the mattress at their feet. Allison reached out and took Jeff's rapidly hardening cock in her hand, slowly stroking it as she leaned in and kissed him on the cheek.

Kari climbed into Greg's lap, straddling him. She leaned in and pressed her lips against his, opening her mouth to thrust her tongue between his lips. Jeff watched in excitement as his girlfriend seduced his father, feeling nothing of the jealousy that might be expected. Granted, Allison's hand on his cock probably had a good deal to do with it; how could he feel jealous of his dad when Jeff had a woman like Allison to occupy his attention?

He couldn't help reaching over and squeezing one of her breasts. She had the most perfect breasts in the world, soft but not flabby, large but not droopy, and so very very fun to hold in his hands. He could just sit

here for hours and play with them.

At their feet, Kari was hugging Greg tightly as she kissed him eagerly and passionately. Her beautiful tits rubbed up against his chest, with the obvious results in him. His cock peeked out between their bodies, hard as a rock and pointing straight up. He held her to his body in a tight embrace.

Jeff's attention was suddenly distracted from the display in front of him by Allison, who leaned her head down to his lap and opened her mouth. Now Greg pulled back from Kari's kiss to watch as Allison took Jeff's cock in her mouth and began to suck.

"Oh god, that's nice!" Jeff groaned as pleasure surged through him with each of Allison's motions. Her warm mouth felt exquisite on his cock as she sucked him.

"That looks tasty," Kari grinned. "Since Allison's hoarding Jeff's dick, I guess I'd better find one of my own." She glanced down into Greg's lap. "Oh!" she exclaimed, as if in surprise. "There's one right here!"

She climbed out of his lap and lay down on her stomach between his legs. From the eager look on Greg's face, it was obvious he liked what she was about to do to him. Jeff watched in fascination as she lowered her head and wrapped her lips around his father's cock. He saw her cheeks deflate as she sucked in, forming cute little dimples. His dad groaned much like he himself had earlier.

Jeff couldn't believe how arousing it was to see his girlfriend sucking his own father's dick. It was so deliciously naughty, just like the dozens of perverse, immoral, and usually illegal acts that the whole family had engaged in. He loved the whole idea that the Primdales had transformed into a bunch of sick and twisted perverts. But at the same time, there was something so beautiful about a family that loved each other in such a way. Very few families had the opportunity to experience such love. It was more than just sexual perversion; it brought them together like nothing else could.

Jeff loved the sight of his girlfriend in such a state of arousal, and now he realized that as long as she was still willing to be with him, it didn't matter that that arousal came at the hands of another man.

Allison's mouth and tongue were taking their toll on his body. His hips were getting into the action, thrusting forward as she sucked him in. Greg was in a similar state; he leaned back on his hands and had his head thrown back, gasping in his breaths as Kari worked him over. Kari continued sucking with eager enthusiasm; she apparently had zero compunction about blowing a man who was over twice her age and the father of her boyfriend.

Jeff knew he wouldn't last long if Allison kept this up, so he had he ease off. She sat back up, smiling at him and reaching for his cock with her hand. Apparently she wasn't about to give it up completely.

Jeff had other ideas though. Before she could take hold of him, he scooted off the couch and knelt down in front of her. He wanted to give her the same pleasure she had given him.

"Ooh!" she exclaimed with glee as she saw what he was about to do. She spread her legs wide to

accommodate him, scooting her hips up to the edge of the couch. Jeff leaned in and kissed her on the bump at the top of her slit, and he felt a shudder run through her body at the contact. With such an encouraging sign, he continued. His tongue grazed against that same spot, and she cried out in pleasure. He continued to lick her there, flicking his tongue against it or running it in tiny circles around that one spot, watching the ever increasing signs of her arousal. Every breath came in as a gasp and went out as a moan, and her hips squirmed all over.

On the floor, Kari had also stopped sucking Greg, who was now fingering her pussy as he kissed and licked her all over her chest. Her nipples were hard and pointed by now, and the sheen of fluid between her legs made it clear just how excited she was.

"Jeff..." Allison groaned, and he knew it was time. He kissed up her body until he reached her lips, where he kissed her passionately and deeply. She rose up off the couch, but only so that they could lie down beside Greg and Kari. The two women lay on their backs, the two men by their sides eager to mount them.

"Are you ready?" Greg asked Kari, and she nodded. He glanced over at Jeff. "Let's show these girls that Primdale men know how to make a lady feel good," he said with a smile.

"You got it, Dad," Jeff replied.

As one, the two men rolled over on top of the girls. Jeff stared down into the beautiful face of Allison, who smiled up at him. He glanced over at Kari, who was grinning at Greg in a similar manner. Jeff moved his hips into position, then lowered his body, feeling himself slip inside his stepmother's soft, moist, hot pussy. No matter how many times he did this, he didn't think he would ever get tired of fucking her. Or any of the girls on the premises.

Beside him, he heard Kari groan as Greg penetrated her as well, and he realized that this was it. He was allowing his own father to fuck his girlfriend. That thought added to his arousal, and he immediately started thrusting with his hips. He pumped in and out of Allison's hot and sweaty body, enjoying the exquisite pleasure and passion as he made love to her. Their lips met, and they kissed enthusiastically as he continued to pound her. She had her arms and legs wrapped around him, holding his body tight against her own.

Next to them, Kari was squealing in delight as Greg rammed her over and over again. Jeff watched his hips rise and fall, loving the thought of what that meant. Unless she had hidden something from him, Greg was only the second man she had ever made love to. In a sense, this was like making her part of the family. From now on, that would be a hallmark of the Primdale family; any girl who wanted to belong would have to have sex with both Jeff and Greg.

Of course, making love to Allison was more than enough to occupy his attention, so pretty soon he forgot all about his father and girlfriend, focusing only on the beautiful woman beneath him and the intense pleasure that wrapped itself around them. His body was reacting instinctively now, no longer under the control of his conscious mind. His hips rose and fell over and over again, his cock burrowing deep inside her cunt. He heard her crying out with pleasure from the penetration, her own body in the same lustful and uncontrolled

state. They couldn't stop now if they wanted to; their conscious will was completely subservient to their overwhelming desire.

With the thrill of making love to the most perfect woman in the world and seeing his girlfriend riding his father, Jeff didn't last long. He felt the stirrings of a powerful orgasm in his loins, and welcomed it with delight. The pleasure built until it reached the breaking point, and he couldn't help but let out a long wail as it overcame him. He felt his cock jerking as it fired its load into Allison's hot body.

"Oh god!" she cried out. "I can feel it, Jeff! Fill me up with your seed!" Her own body tensed up and her pussy clamped down on his shaft as her own orgasm hit her.

Greg and Kari climaxed together not long after. Jeff was thrilled at the sights and sounds of their orgasms, knowing that his father had just planted his own seed in his girlfriend's belly. She belonged to both of them now, or rather, to the whole family. She might love Jeff most of all, but she was now, first and foremost, a part of the Primdales, despite her last name. Jeff grinned as he realized that some day, even that might be remedied.

The four lovers lay down together to rest in each other's arms. For some reason, Jeff loved the sight of Kari curled up on Greg's chest, cuddling with him the way she liked to cuddle with Jeff after sex. From the look on his dad's face, apparently he enjoyed it just as much.

Of course, Jeff couldn't complain, having a gorgeous woman like Allison to snuggle up to. He held her tightly, enjoying the heat, softness, and in some places bounciness, of her body.

After resting for a while, they got up and all four of them headed to the bathroom to shower together. They had fun washing each other's backs, and of course they couldn't resist reaching around to cup breasts or squeeze cocks. After getting sufficiently clean, they stepped out of the shower and dried each other off.

Since it was getting close to lunch time, Greg suggested they have a barbecue to celebrate Lissa's birthday. The others agreed, so he went to go get dressed, not for modesty but for safety. An inconvenient splash of grease could otherwise put an end to his fun not only for the day but for the next few weeks. The others, of course, left their clothes off.

While the kids helped Greg set up for the barbecue, Allison whipped together the ingredients for a cake. She was just putting it in the oven when Jeff and Kari came into the kitchen to check if she needed any help.

"Not at the moment," she told them with a smile. "But you can help me frost it later."

"Save some frosting," Kari suggested.

"Let me guess," Jeff grinned. "Boobies and frosting?"

"Exactly."

The three of them headed out back to meet Greg, who was in the process of cooking the burgers. The smell of the grill made Jeff hungry, and his hunger made him impatient. Allison sensed this and asked him if he would go check on the girls in Brit's studio. They had been in there all morning with no sign of reappearing.

Jeff headed down the stairs and across the lawn to the guest house. He didn't bother knocking; he couldn't think of anything that the girls might be doing that they would mind him walking in on. He opened the door, and immediately his face broke out into a grin at the sight before him. Brit and Crystal sat next to each other on the couch, their legs spread wide. Lissa knelt in front of Brit, dressed in an outfit made entirely of strips of black leather. It really didn't cover much; even the "bra" portion was just leather triangles outlining where the cups would normally be, but leaving her breasts otherwise completely exposed. She did wear fingerless black leather gloves and thigh-high, black leather boots. She was ramming her hips forward; Jeff could see something sticking out of Lissa's crotch and disappearing into Brit's pussy, and he realized it was a strap-on dildo, probably part of the outfit. He had never seen one for real before, though he had certainly seen his share on the porno websites he watched with Allison.

Alya wore another one, though this one didn't include the full outfit. She was using it to fuck Crystal. Rachael stood by, grinning and snapping photos with Brit's camera.

"Good to see you, Jeff," Rachael said. "So what do you think?"

"I just got done screwing Allison and I'm already horny again. That's what I think," he smiled. "I thought you said you didn't buy any lingerie?" he asked, indicating Lissa's outfit.

"Oh that? It's been sitting in my suitcase this whole time. I've had it for years, but now I figured under the circumstances I'd give it to Lissa as a birthday present."

"I'm... going... to... make... lots... of... use... of it," Lissa grunted, keeping up her thrusting.

"And Alya's?" asked Jeff.

"Allison and I bought several of them the other day when we went shopping. We figured the men aren't the only ones who should have the opportunity to shove their cocks up a tight little pussy."

Just then, Brit screamed in ecstasy as her orgasm exploded through her. Her big sister continued to ram her until Brit lay there panting in exhaustion, but otherwise unmoving. Then Lissa pulled out, revealing a rubber phallus several inches longer and almost twice as wide as his own cock.

"Hey Jeff," grinned Lissa. "Mine's bigger than yours."

"Now don't give him an inferiority complex," Rachael told her. "It still doesn't beat the real thing."

"As long as Brit doesn't get so used to the big one that she won't be satisfied with mine," he shrugged.

"No chance of that," Brit told him. "Besides, even if I stopped letting you fuck my pussy, I could never give

up tasting your sperm. It's just too yummy."

By now, Crystal was also in the throes of her orgasm. Brit leaned over and sucked on her nipple to add one more element to the pleasure. Crystal's body tensed up and shuddered, then she too collapsed on the couch.

"Anyway, we're doing barbecue hamburgers for lunch," Jeff announced. "They should be done by now."

"And I was hoping to have your sperm for lunch," Brit facetiously complained.

"Be good and I might let you have it for dessert," he replied.

The left the guest house, waving to Greg on the upper deck. They came around by the pool and up the stairs to find the first batch of hamburgers cooked and ready to start eating. Lunch was fun, to say the least. The condiments such as ketchup and mustard ended up on the girls' chests as often as on the hamburgers, which resulted in a lot of mouths on each other rather than the food. Still, they managed to eat their fill.

Afterward, Allison disappeared inside the house for a few minutes, then returned with a large cake with chocolate frosting and nineteen candles. She lit the candles, then everyone sang Happy Birthday to Lissa, who blew out the candles in one breath.

While Greg divided up the cake for everyone to eat, Allison went back inside again momentarily. When she returned, she had her hands behind her back.

"We have a request for something to go along with the cake," she said.

"What is it?" asked Brit.

Allison brought her hand forward, which held a tube of frosting. She immediately squirted some of it onto one of Kari's breasts. "Boobies and frosting!" Allison announced, to everyone's amusement.

By the time they were done, everyone had been covered in enough frosting that they needed showers again, so they split into three groups of three. Kari suggested they draw straws to determine who went with whom. Greg ended up with Kari and Lissa, Jeff went with Alya and Rachael, and Allison had Brit and Crystal. They separated into the various bathrooms in the house and had fun soaping each other up and rubbing their bodies together. They kept it up until the water started running cold, so they hurriedly rinsed off and climbed out of the showers, meeting once more in the Den of Iniquity.

"So now what?" asked Rachael.

"Any more brilliant ideas, Kari?" asked Greg.

"Oh, I've got plenty more. I've been saving up one that I think is perfect for today in particular."

"Why today?"

"Because it's Lissa's birthday. So we need to do something special for her."

"I like it already," Lissa grinned. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well, my first plan was to give you nineteen orgasms, one for each year. Kind of like we did for Jeff that one time."

"That was only six though," Jeff replied.

"Right. Nineteen seems kind of a lot. Especially if we made it a tradition for the whole family. Greg, for instance, probably wouldn't survive his next birthday," she grinned.

"At least I'd die happy," he replied.

"So I came up with a new idea," she continued. "Actually, Rachael gave me the idea. The five-hundred tenth combination."

"What combination?" asked Rachael.

"Remember the other day when we had Allison tell us how many possible combinations there are between the nine of us?"

Rachael grinned. "Oh yeah. The five hundred tenth combination is all of us having sex together at the same time."

"In this case, it will be eight of us having sex with Lissa at the same time."

"Ooh!" exclaimed Lissa, her eyes lighting up with delight. "You're serious?"

"Absolutely. Since you're the guest of honor, you tell us how to arrange ourselves. It's all up to you. Whatever you think would give you the most pleasure."

Lissa grinned, glancing around the room at the various faces, no doubt coming up with fun ideas. Although she had never been as creative as Brit for instance, Jeff just knew she would come up with something fun.

"Okay," she finally said. "There are a couple of obvious choices. Dad and Jeff will take my pussy and mouth. I especially want to feel Dad squirt his cum inside my pussy, because I haven't yet had that pleasure. Plus I know how much Jeff likes to receive oral sex."

"You bet I do," he replied, approaching her.

"Now wait a minute," said Lissa. "Don't shove your dick down my throat until I'm finished talking. Besides, I need to be warmed up first. Rachael, after seeing how enthusiastic you were with Kari this morning, I think I

want the same treatment."

"Absolutely," Rachael grinned. "Ever since I first seduced you, I've wanted to do it again. Remember that night you called me and told me you were a lesbian? I lost track of how many orgasms I had playing with myself and fantasizing about you."

"Well then, here's your chance. Just don't get too enthusiastic. I don't want to cum until I've got my daddy's cock shoved up my cunt."

"I don't know if I'll be able to stop myself," Rachael grinned.

"I'll pull her off if she gets too frisky," Allison smiled.

"You're just saying that because you think it would be fun to tackle me," Rachael told her.

"Exactly."

Lissa lay down on one of the mattresses and spread her legs. Rachael lay down on her stomach and lowered her head to tease Lissa's pussy with her mouth. She brushed the tip against Lissa's slit, causing the girl to gasp.

As she worked her over, Lissa's body reacted by squirming on the mattress, and moans escaped her lips. When Rachael slipped a finger inside Lissa's pussy, the girl cried out with glee. Rachael finger-fucked her for several minutes, teasing her clit with her tongue, until Lissa finally told her to stop.

Not surprisingly, Rachael didn't. Allison quickly grabbed her and pulled her off, and everyone laughed. Rachael turned herself around, grabbed Allison, and began to kiss her all over the face, to everyone's amusement.

Lissa sat up, still panting. "Dad, you sit down on the mattress here," Lissa told him. Greg did so, excited at what was about to happen. He would finally get to complete what they started a year ago. He would finally fuck his own daughter.

Lissa came over and sat down in his lap, facing him and straddling his hips. She lifted herself up, grabbed his cock, pointed it at her pussy, and then gently impaled herself on it. She let out a sigh as she did so, a look of happiness on her face.

"God, that's nice!" she gasped. "I'm finally letting my dad screw me. The hell with the law; I think every girl should have the chance to make love to their fathers."

"I agree," Brit giggled.

Lissa leaned back, gently lowering herself until her back touched the mattress. She lay there like that for a few seconds, getting used to the position. With her hips still in Greg's lap and her legs wrapped around his waist, it was a very open and inviting position, and incredibly sexy.

She turned her attention to her little brother now. "Jeff," she said, "you're going to be the last one to get into place, but let me explain what you're going to do. I want you to get on your hands and knees with your legs over my chest and your hands up past my head. That should put your dick right in my face, a perfect location for sucking."

"I can't wait!" he grinned.

"Well, you're going to have to. I still have to figure out what to do with everyone else. Let's see... Brit and Crystal, you two have the smallest heads. You go sit over there on either side of Dad."

Brit took her place to the left of Greg, and Crystal went to the right.

"Now, can you both lick my pussy at the same time? And Dad's cock, of course."

"Let's give it a try," Brit grinned. She leaned down and ran her tongue from the base of Greg's cock right to Lissa's clit. Lissa gave a delighted squeal at the contact. Crystal moved her head into position too, and although it was a bit of a tricky position, they both managed to lick them at the same time. Of course, it meant that their tongues often overlapped, but they certainly didn't have any issues with that.

"Now I want Alya and Kari to suck my tits," Lissa said. The girls grinned, then took positions on either side of her. Together they lowered their heads and opened their mouths, sucking Lissa's nipples. She squealed with delight at the first contact.

"Oh god!" she exclaimed. "We'd better hurry and get everyone else into position, because I'm not going to last long like this."

"Looks like we ran out of the fun parts," Allison said. "There's nothing left over for Rachael and me."

"Sure there is," Lissa grinned. She spread her arms and wiggled her fingers. "Each of you take one of my hands. Right now, think of them as sex toys. Use them to do whatever feels good."

"I like that idea," Rachael grinned.

"I figured you would. A nymphomaniac like you needs all the orgasms you can get."

"That's certainly the truth!"

Allison and Rachael sat down by Lissa's hands. They spread their legs and placed her hands in between. She wriggled her fingers against their pussies, causing them both to burst out into giggles.

"Is it my turn yet?" asked Jeff, getting anxious.

"It's your turn," Lissa told him. He came over and straddled her head, being careful where to put his legs. It took a bit of rearranging to get a position that worked; Lissa had to raise her arms a bit so that he could place his knees below her shoulders, which meant that Allison and Rachael had to move a little. In the end though,

it worked out all right. Jeff leaned forward, placing his hands on the mattress above his sister's head. That dangled his cock right in her face. She grinned, then opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue to run it all over the head, causing him to groan. He lowered his body a little more, and she wrapped her lips around it.

Jeff sighed in pleasure as she sucked on it. He loved the feeling, especially when she began to moan herself from the others pleasuring her own body. It was such an exquisite feeling to be involved in a nine-way sexual experience like this, especially with his own family. He glanced over at Allison, who had Lissa's thumb and forefinger squeezed between her own fingers, teasing her clitoris. Rachael had a couple of Lissa's fingers in her pussy and was fucking herself on them, using the thumb to stimulate her clit.

Greg was having as much fun as Jeff. He was finally consummating his relationship with his daughter. It was one thing to have her suck him off, but now he was actually having real, honest-to-goodness sex with her. She felt so hot and tight around his cock, and with the girls' tongues teasing his cock it felt even better. He loved the sounds Lissa was making, especially when either Brit or Crystal moved up to lick her clit. Allison and Rachael were making similar sounds, and Jeff occasionally groaned when Lissa did something especially pleasurable.

He continued pounding into her, his lust taking control. Lust for his daughter. He was proud of what she had become, a sexy young woman full of confidence. She would be the pride of any father. But despite the fact that she was an independent woman now, she still belonged to him in a more complete and total way than most daughters belonged to their fathers. She was giving herself to him sexually, allowing herself to share with him a love that very few daughters ever experienced. He understood now what Jeff and Brit felt for each other. He understood it, and accepted it.

He also allowed himself to enjoy the sight of Alya sucking on Lissa's nipple. His daughter had a lesbian lover, and that was okay. No, it was more than okay; it was exciting and erotic. He could finally admit to himself that what had most bothered him about Lissa's relationship with Alya was that it thrilled him to think of her naked and making passionate love to another woman. His own desires had been too disturbing, so he had latched onto a weak excuse: that it was morally wrong. Well, everything they were doing now was morally wrong, but he no longer cared. It was what he wanted.

Brit lifted her head for a moment and grinned up at Jeff. She had a mischievous gleam in her eye.

"Hey Jeff," she said. "I want to see you do some pushups." The others giggled at that, knowing where it would place his cock.

"I don't think Lissa would appreciate that," he replied.

Lissa, however, surprised him. "Go ahead," she mumbled around his cock.

"Really?" he asked, and she nodded.

Jeff lowered his legs further along her body so that he could straighten them out and get into the pushup position with his cock still dangling above her mouth. Lissa opened her mouth wide, a smile on her face.

That was all the encouragement he needed. He lowered his body, feeling his cock slip further into her mouth until it hit the back of her throat. Surprisingly, she didn't gag on it. He raised himself back up and glanced down at him, seeing that she still had that smile on her face.

That did it. He lowered himself again, and this time she closed her lips over his cock and teased it with her tongue. He repeated the motion over and over again, getting more and more excited each time he hit the back of her throat. From her moaning, she seemed to enjoy it too, although that could partly be due to the others stimulating her.

When he felt the pleasure building, he put his knees down again by her shoulders. It wouldn't do to collapse on top of her when the orgasm hit. Still, he didn't withdraw, but left his cock in her mouth. She was the one who had wanted him to fuck her face, so she was going to get a mouthful of his cum.

His orgasm hit a moment later, and he felt his cock twitch in her mouth. She squealed with delight as he fired his load down toward her throat. She gulped it down hungrily, swallowing each blast as it hit. Her tongue continued to caress his cock, making sure he had nothing left to give her by the time he was through.

Lissa was the next to reach her climax. She suddenly screamed as every muscle in her body tensed up. Fortunately she kept from clamping her mouth shut, or Jeff would have been less than thrilled.

Her own orgasm set off Greg, who groaned in pleasure as he erupted inside her body.

I'm doing it! he thought. I'm shooting my seed right up into my own daughter. He didn't think he would ever get used to that idea, no matter how many times he made love to Lissa or Brit. But that just meant it would be just as thrilling every time he did it.

Allison and Rachael climaxed at the same time, both of them shuddering and squealing with pleasure from Lissa's fingers. Finally they all separated, rolling off of each other and lying down on the mattresses, panting in exhaustion.

They slept then, tired from the exertions of the day. Brit, of course, crawled up to lie in Jeff's arms as they napped, happily dozing for a couple of hours. After what they had all been through, they needed it.

The rest did them good, and when they woke later, they were ready to go again.

"So what's the next game?" Allison asked Kari enthusiastically.

Kari grinned. "This one's easy," she replied. "I call it... Free-For-All!" She immediately pounced on Allison and began kissing her passionately as she rubbed her body up against her.

Grinning and laughing, the others paired up and went at it. They never stayed with the same partner for long; after a few minutes they traded off and went after someone else. Jeff and Greg had their cocks inside every

one of the girls' pussies and mouths at one time or another. Every pair of tits got sucked dozens of times. In their wild passion, they lost track of everything but the pleasure. More than once, Jeff had to glance down to remind himself who was sucking him off at the moment.

They didn't just group into couples either. Several times Greg found himself fucking a girl while another girl sat on her face. Jeff got sandwiched between two girls, or took a girl from behind while she was on her hands and knees with Greg's cock in her mouth.

The orgasms came quickly and frequently. The air was almost constantly filled with the screams, squeals, or groans of someone in the height of ecstasy. Most of them lost count of the number of climaxes they had during their wild, passionate, and unrestrained lovemaking.

After an eternity of sexual debauchery, fatigue and exhaustion finally won out over their hyperactive libido. One by one they dropped out of the game, lying down on the couch or the mattresses, sometimes curling up and going to sleep again. Jeff had been using the weight training equipment faithfully every day for a couple of years now, but he couldn't remember ever having such a strenuous workout.

Eventually the sounds of passion gave way to silence, and the nine of them lay tired and worn out, sprawled all over the room.

As Greg lay on the floor, he felt something touch his hand. He glanced over and saw that it was just Allison, taking his hand in her own. He gave it a squeeze, smiling at her.

My wife, he thought. *The woman of my dreams.* Then he glanced around at the others, relaxing or sleeping. *My family.*

He included not just Lissa, Jeff, and Brit in that, but Rachael, Kari and Crystal, even Alya. They were all a part of one another now, a loving group who shared a special secret. Whatever he had started out as, he had become something very different over the past four years. But now, looking back on it, he realized that despite going completely contrary to everything he had always believed, he was happy. And it was all due to these people who now surrounded him; his family, friends and lovers. Especially Allison.

"I love you," he told her with a smile.

"I love you too," she replied.

The fun didn't end there. They had all the rest of the week after all, before Greg had to go back to work. Even then, there would be the mornings, evenings, and weekends. There would be many happy times in the future, many opportunities for them to show how much they loved each other. It was a love that most people would frown upon, but that didn't matter to the family. To them, this kind of love was more complete and fulfilling than most people ever had the opportunity to experience. They loved each other not only as brothers and sisters, or fathers and daughters, or mothers and sons, or sisters and sisters, but as lovers as well. That made it

all the more special.

It was Allison that transformed the Primdale family, and they never wanted to change back.

Epilogue

Jeff sat in the back seat of Kari's and his car, his arm around Crystal. Kari was driving, and Brit rode shotgun. Jeff was smiling; road trips had become very fun ever since the four of them had come up with an entertaining game. The girls traded off sitting in the back with him, sucking his cock. Whichever one got him to cum won the game. This time it had been Crystal, although each of them had had a couple of turns. He had to admit, even though Kari was his wife, Brit was still his favorite cocksucker.

"Here we are," announced Kari as they pulled onto the road leading up the hill to the Primdale house. Jeff had fond memories of that house, though he only got to see it at Christmas and during the summer these days. Between finishing up his Mathematics degree at college and managing the apartment complex, he had very little free time, which he mostly spent in wild sex with Kari, Brit, and Crystal.

He was delighted to see that Lissa and Alya were already there; apparently they had just arrived and were hauling their suitcases out of their car. Kari pulled into the driveway alongside them. They all got out of the car, and then the hugs began. Even though Lissa and Alya lived only about an hour's drive from Jeff and the girls, they hadn't seen each other in two months.

"Jeff, would you mind helping us in with our luggage?" asked Alya. "A big, strong guy like you should have no problem with the bags. Besides, I want you to work up an appetite," she added with a sly wink.

"Trust me, I've got plenty of appetite," he grinned. "But I'd be happy to help anyway." He picked up both Lissa's and Alya's suitcases and headed for the door.

As soon as they stepped inside, Jeff saw a streak of lightning race from the front room and strike his leg. It was Kristalia, Greg's and Allison's two-year-old girl. She wrapped her arms around Jeff's leg in a tight hug. Her name was essentially a concatenation of "Crystal" and "Alya." Greg had come up with the idea for the name, to the delight and pride of both girls, because it was a symbol that he truly accepted them as his daughters' lovers.

"I don't know what it is about her," said Allison, who sat in the front room next to her husband and her sister. "She really likes you, Jeff."

Jeff glanced over at his stepmother, amazed at how she kept getting more and more beautiful every time he saw her. It was hard to believe she was over thirty now. Depending upon the clothes she wore, she could still pass for a college coed. Even after bearing a child, she somehow managed to retain her perfect figure.

He picked up his little half-sister and kissed her on the cheek, then she threw her arms around his neck.

"Jeff just has a way with the ladies," Rachael said. "I think every girl in this room can attest to that. Come here, Kristy. It's time for Auntie Rachael to go put you down for a nap." She got up, strode over to Jeff, and

took the girl from his arms. Then she leaned in and gave Jeff a long, open-mouthed kiss.

"Knock it off, Rachael," Kari grinned. "We don't want to start the fun too early or we'll have nothing left for later."

"You're just jealous because I'm kissing your husband," Rachael told her. "Would it make a difference if I kissed you instead?"

"I'll be happy to take you up on your offer, but later. Go put Kristy to bed."

"I will in a minute. I just wanted to say hi to everyone first." She glanced over at Brit. "Wow, Brit!" she commented. "You're even hotter at nineteen than you were at eighteen. Is it too early to call dibs on her for this afternoon?"

"There will be plenty of opportunity for everyone," Greg chuckled.

"I know, but I want to have her first."

"That's all right with me," said Brit.

As Rachael made her way to the master bedroom, the others sat down in the living room to talk.

"So how's the apartment managing business going, Jeff?" asked Greg.

"It's great, Dad. I still can't believe you bought the whole apartment complex."

"It's a good investment. Besides, by hiring you on as the manager and having you live there, I know I have someone I can trust to look after Brit."

"Normally I would complain about how you still treat me like a kid," Brit grinned, "but I'm happy to pay that price to live across the parking lot from Jeff."

"Half the time she sleeps over there," Crystal laughed. "It's nice to have a bedroom to myself."

"Hey, you sleep over at Jeff's and Kari's as often as I do," said Brit.

"Good point. I think our other roommates are happy when we do that, because it's the only time they can get to sleep, what with all the moaning and screaming we do in the bedroom at night."

"You're not much quieter when you come sleep with us," Kari commented with a laugh.

"Yeah, but then you get to join in on the fun," Crystal countered.

"So do the girls in Apartment 207 still draw straws?" asked Lissa with a grin.

"Well... sort of," Jeff explained.

"What do you mean?"

"I think there's some kind of curse on Apartment 207. As it turns out, almost all of the girls who stay there are either lesbians or become lesbians before the year's out."

"That's not what I would call a curse," Lissa grinned.

"I'd say that the ghost of Megan Harrison haunts the place, except that as of a week ago, she was still alive," said Alya. "That was the last time I got an email from her. But wait a minute. Does that mean that *Kari* gets to collect?"

"Basically, yes," replied Kari.

"And poor Jeff gets left out of the fun," said Alya.

"Not exactly," he replied.

"The drawing straws thing has spread to Apartment 208," Kari explained. "And as far as I know, all the girls there are straight, unfortunately. There are a couple of cute ones there that I wouldn't mind collecting from. Of course, Jeff's hoping to get 206 in on the action as well. He's got his eye on this gorgeous girl there. She looks kind of like you, Allison."

"I'm not surprised," she laughed.

"Maybe it wasn't such a good investment after all," Greg laughed. "By the time you're done you won't be collecting any rent money at all."

Just then Rachael returned from the bedroom. "Kristy fell right asleep," she said. "She's a really good little girl. And she's absolutely adorable."

"Speaking of which," said Lissa, "When are you going to move out? I thought you had just moved in a couple of years ago to help around the house when Kristalia was born."

Rachael laughed. "I know. I took on some of Allison's duties, like cooking, cleaning, and fucking Greg. I found I liked one of those too much to give it up."

"The cleaning?" asked Alya with false ignorance.

"No, the cooking," Rachael explained. "A woman's place is in the kitchen, didn't you know?"

"I thought you were always claiming a woman's place is in the bedroom," laughed Brit.

"Oh yeah, that too. But seriously, Kristy's still too young to sleep in her own room, which means her parents

wouldn't get much time alone together if not for me. So we take turns. Sometimes I watch Kristy while Greg and Allison have fun in one of the other bedrooms, and sometimes Allison watches Kristy while Greg and I have fun in one of the other bedrooms, and sometimes Greg watches Kristy while Allison and I have fun in one of the other bedrooms."

"Sounds like a convenient arrangement," Crystal laughed. "Maybe we should do the same thing, Kari."

"Only if you include me," Brit insisted.

"So what happens when Jeff and Kari graduate and move away?" asked Alya. "How's Brit going to cope, not being near her brother?"

"We've already discussed it," Kari explained. "We'll keep managing the apartments until Brit and Crystal graduate, then we'll look for a couple of homes near each other. You already know it's not too difficult to find a neighborhood tolerant of two women living together, and since they're our sisters, there's nothing suspicious about them spending lots of time with us. No one has to know that anything sinister is going on."

"I wouldn't exactly call it sinister," Rachael commented. "Shocking, immoral, indecent, naughty, or perverted might be more appropriate."

There came a knock at the door. "I know who that is," Kari grinned. She hopped up and skipped over to it, then opened it. "Daddy!" she exclaimed with delight, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him on the cheek. Crystal also dashed over and hugged him.

Allen Williams chuckled as he hugged his daughters back, enjoying the attention. "Come on, now," he grinned. "Don't get too carried away. I'm not a part of this family reunion."

"Not yet at least," Crystal winked. "But we'll keep working on you."

Allen knew exactly what went on when the family got together. Although he was in on the secret, he had staunchly refused to be a part of it. That didn't mean he disapproved or tried to stop it; he accepted it as just a different lifestyle.

"We just put Kristalia down for a nap," Greg told him, "so it will probably be an hour or so before she's ready to go. We appreciate you being willing to babysit her for us while we... um..."

"Get dirty?" Rachael suggested.

"Yeah," Greg agreed.

"That's fine," Allen replied. "It will give me a chance to visit with my daughters. It's good to see you again, Kari and Crystal. And you too, Jeff and Brit."

They sat and talked for a while, catching up on old times. They talked about their camping trips, their previous family get-togethers, and all the fun things they used to do. Brit asked about her studio, and Greg

said that he made sure to keep it in good repair to give her an incentive to come home each summer, not that she needed much incentive.

Besides, they always took naughty pictures in the studio whenever the family got together, to add to the growing family album. They kept two albums: one that they showed to guests, and one reserved only for people who were in on their secret. Allen had seen the "special" album, and had taken it surprisingly well when he saw pictures of his daughters naked in erotic poses with men, women, and even each other. Crystal liked to tease him, claiming that those pictures made him horny. While it might have been true, he did nothing to show it.

When the bedroom door opened about an hour later and they heard the sound of feet pattering down the hall, they knew that Kristy had finished her nap. She carried her favorite blanket with her as she plodded groggily into the front room. She immediately made her way to Jeff, who picked her up and cuddled her in his lap, giving her a kiss on the forehead.

"So why does Kristy like Jeff so much?" asked Brit.

"We don't know, dear," Allison replied. "But we're happy that she does."

"I have a suspicion," said Lissa.

"What is it?" asked Allison.

"I'm not sure you should hear this. It's a little awkward, all things considered. But it's something I realized as soon as she was born two years ago. I'm surprised you haven't already figured it out."

"Lissa, you were always the smart one," said Jeff. "It's no wonder you know something we don't."

"Well, I for one am very curious," Allison told her. "Greg, do you want to know?"

"Sure," he agreed.

"All right," Lissa sighed. "Consider her birthday."

"March 22, coincidentally the same as Brit's," Allison said.

"Subtract nine months from that."

"Let's see..."

"It's the same as adding three months," Lissa continued. "March to April, April to May, May to June."

"All right. June 22 then, or thereabouts."

"June 22, three years ago. What were you doing at the time?"

"Having sex with your father," Allison laughed.

"Are you sure?"

"How else would she have been conceived?"

"I mean, are you sure it was Dad you were with?"

"Who else would it be? The only other--" She cut off, and her eyes grew wide. She suddenly turned her attention to Jeff.

"That would have been about the time of our annual family reunion," Lissa explained.

Jeff suddenly understood. "She's mine?" he asked, astonished.

Lissa shrugged. "I have no idea. But it's just as likely that she's your daughter as it is that she's your sister. So maybe, just maybe, Kristy is so affectionate toward you because she somehow recognizes her daddy."

"This... this changes things, doesn't it?" he stammered.

"No it doesn't," said Allison. "As far as I'm concerned, Greg's her father. And I don't think even a paternity test would disagree, since you and he are so genetically similar. I think we should just raise her the same as we've been doing. Maybe someday we'll tell her, but not now."

"I agree," said Greg.

"Same here," Jeff nodded. "It's just that the thought that I might be a father is a little overwhelming. I'm glad, Lissa, that you brought it up."

"This revelation gives me another idea," said Allison. "Why not make Jeff and Kari her godparents?"

"I would love to!" said Kari. "Jeff, what do you think?"

"Of course."

"Well then," said Allison, glancing at Greg with a slightly nervous look in her eyes. Jeff wondered what that meant. He rarely saw Allison nervous like that. "We were wondering..." she continued. "That is, if it's okay with you, Jeff..."

"It's okay, Allison," he told her. "Go ahead and ask me."

She took a deep breath. "Jeff, we all know how sweet and caring and kind and gentle you are, and we want someone just like you to... well, to be frank, to take her virginity when she's old enough."

"Not someone just like you," Greg clarified. "You in particular."

"We'll start preparing her for it," said Allison. "We'll talk to her about it so she knows what's going to happen, and hopefully as the time nears she'll start getting excited about it. Then on her thirteenth birthday, we want you to give her a very special birthday present."

"Even though I may be her father?" asked Jeff.

"What's wrong with that?" asked Brit, giving Greg a wink.

Jeff chuckled. "Good point. I would be honored, but it's up to Kari. I've never had sex with anyone without her approval, and that's the way it's going to stay."

"Only because you know I rarely disapprove," Kari teased. "But seriously, I think it would be wonderful."

"Then it's settled," he smiled.

Allen stood up. "Well, I think it's time I took Kristy off your hands and let you have your fun. I think Rachael at least is going to explode if you don't start soon," he joked.

"Damn right," Rachael agreed.

Jeff stood and handed Kristalia to his father-in-law. She didn't protest; ever since Jeff and Kari had gotten married, Allen had become very good friends with the Primdales, and spent enough time visiting them that Kristy accepted him just like a member of the family. For a big, tough, scary-looking guy, he was surprisingly good with children.

"I'll see you tonight for dinner," he told everyone. Kari and Crystal hugged him again, then he headed for the door.

As soon as he left with Kristalia, Rachael sighed. "Alone at last," she said.

"Alone?" asked Jeff.

"Yes. Now I can finally spend some nice, quiet, intimate time with the eight people I love most in the world."

Everyone laughed at her joke.

"Then let's get started," said Greg eagerly. "So how are we going to do it this time?"

Kari grinned. "I have some ideas for games we can play," she said.

THE END

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