

Allison and the Primdales

by [Daddycums](#)

(inc, MF+mf+)

Part 2

Little Sister

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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 how 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 pleased 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 hangers 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 teasers 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 sent 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 at 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 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 it 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 be the 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 like 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 pleased 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 pleased 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 pleased 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 though 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 to 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 pleased 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 pleased 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 pleased 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 pleased 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 side 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 heard 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, her 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 pleased 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 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 pleased 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 took 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 pleased 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 pleased 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 if 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 on 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 thrust 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 teasers."

"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 piña 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!"

"AaeEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" 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.

END OF PART TWO

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