

A Good Neighbor

I make a pretty good living as a free-lance programmer. I sort-of specialize in writing assembly-language code for microcontrollers, and I'm damn good at what I do — the people I work for are *always* happy to give me a reference when I need one. That I'm able to meet tight deadlines, too, makes customers glad to pay my only slightly outrageous fees.

Because I can make the income I do, I've never had to go out and get a "real job"; I get to work from home, instead of slogging in to some beige corporate environment. Another benefit is that because I don't have to punch any kind of time clock, and my only job requirement is to deliver good code by the deadline, I'm free to work whatever schedule makes me happy... if I want to take a couple hours off to go play golf on a nice day, there isn't anybody to tell me "no". It also means that I've been able to get to know my neighbors pretty well. The couple in the place south of mine are a couple of retirees that aren't visited by their kids as much as they'd like, though they get to spend plenty of time with their grandkids. Every so often, they'll ask me to come over and deal with some technical issue that they can't figure out; stuff like programming numbers into their cell phones, or hooking things back up whenever she decides their TV/stereo stand has to be rearranged, and that kind of thing.

Across the street is a middle-aged couple that both have to work more time than they'd like to support their keep-up-with-the-Joneses lifestyle. They're a nice couple, and doing the best they can, but argue over money that they don't have, to pay for stuff that they don't need... or even really want.

To my north, a younger couple moved in a few years ago. Bill and Andrea Patterson were just a few years younger than me, with two daughters — Emma, then 3, and Gail, 2, both of them cuties. He was an office drone with some big company, worried about his job more than he should, and had to travel a lot. He made enough money that she didn't *have* to work, but she had a part-time job mostly for something to do after their girls started school. Bill was about my height, though a little heavy from not enough exercise, with dark hair and brown eyes. Andrea was a couple inches shorter, and somewhat slender, which made her bust look larger than it really was. With pale blond hair that she usually wore in a loose pony tail, and lovely blue eyes, she was always nice to look at. Them being close to my age, and living right next door, I got invited over for back yard cookouts and the like fairly often. In exchange, I gave their daughters permission to use my above-ground pool any time they liked, once they got old enough. They were well-behaved, and intelligent and vivacious enough that I actually didn't mind having them around; I'm usually not much on other people's kids. As a result, they grew up knowing me; I was even closer to them than some of their blood relatives.

All of that changed a couple of years ago when he told his wife that he'd met someone else, and wanted a divorce. She was heartbroken, and tried to find some way to salvage their marriage, but he didn't want any part of it. When she finally got the whole story from him, it turned out that he and one of the female execs at his company had been on a business trip and ended up spending

more time together than was necessary. From there, things quickly escalated to the two of them having an affair; he wanted the divorce so that he could go live with his mistress. Realizing that she was fighting a lost cause, Andrea finally agreed.

Their divorce wasn't particularly nasty or vicious, but there was still a fair amount of upset and ill-will by the time it was done. I know, because Andrea would come over to cry on my shoulder... figuratively and literally. After Bill bailed out on her, Andrea didn't have anywhere near the financial resources she did before; she even had to get a regular full-time job to make ends meet, despite the alimony and child support she got from Bill. That meant that Emma and Gail weren't able to do the things that *they* wanted as much, either — which had them coming over to swim in my pool more than they had before. I said that both of them were cuties, and that was true when they were younger. But shortly after the divorce, first Emma, then Gail, hit puberty and started to grow up — and out. With them coming over to use the pool more often, I got more and better chances to appreciate their developing bodies, and how pretty both of them were getting. I've always thought that pubescent girls had an innocent beauty, and seeing the blond Emma and Gail starting to grow more womanly shapes didn't do anything to change my mind.

One of the things that developed before the divorce was that both of the girls knew that they could come over to my place if they needed help with something when their parents weren't home. It didn't happen very often, but there were still a few times that I'd go over to deal with an overly-aggressive spider or other bug, or they'd want to stay at my place for comfort and reassurance when there was a particularly enthusiastic thunderstorm going on.

After the divorce, with Andrea working full time, they gradually began to turn to me more and more. Not for dealing with bugs (Emma was quite capable and willing to dispatch them by that time), but more as a substitute father figure. I'd brought it up with Andrea, and while she wasn't happy about it, she realized that they needed SOME adult male figure in their lives after losing their father. She did tell me that if they ever got in the way of my work, or became nuisances, that I should send them home; otherwise, she was just grateful that I was willing to give them the attention they needed. I asked if there was any subject she needed or wanted me to stay away from with them, and she managed to give me a half-grin before answering "If you're asking that, then I think it would be a good idea if I said 'no'." I quickly assured her that neither of them *had* brought up anything special; that I was just trying to find out **ahead** of time. I could see that she was relieved, but she still told me "Even so, it still seems like a good idea for them to have someone I can trust to go to. I'm only going to ask that you let me know if anything comes up that you think I need to be aware of, and that you don't say anything bad about Bill — he's still their father, and he does get custody of them sometimes."

After I assured her that I'd be happy to comply with both requests, she just smiled and said "Thanks, Gary. I appreciate that."

Several weeks after that conversation, Andrea came over one evening. Even though I was always glad to see her, I could tell that there was something on her mind as we idly chatted. I finally just

came out and asked her "Andrea, I can tell that there's *something* going on with you tonight. You want to tell me what it is?"

Realizing that she'd been busted, Andrea blushed before telling me "My boss talked to me the other day, and told me that he'd like to promote me a level at work — but that he can't until I get this one certification; something I have to take care of on my own. I've checked around, and there's a place not too far away where I can get it. I've got the money to pay for getting there, and the test, and everything; there's just one problem that I can't seem to get around."

From the way she'd acted, and how she was telling me all that, I pretty much knew that I had to figure into whatever solution she'd come up with. "What is it?", I asked, "You know I'll help, if I can."

Somewhat nervously, she told me "There isn't any way I can take the test for the certification without spending at least ONE night away from home. Would... would you be okay with watching after Emma and Gail? For just one night? It could be here or at my place; either one would be fine with me, and I'd be glad to give you some money for a pizza or something so you didn't have to worry about feeding them. I know they wouldn't be any trouble, because both of them like you so much. And..."

Waving my hands in the air, I interrupted her to say "Sure, I can keep an eye on them for a night; that's not a problem. Don't worry about getting them fed, either. Go take your test and get certified for whatever, so you can get that promotion and start making a little more money. I know you have a hard time keeping up with everything, sometimes."

From the look on her face, I knew that she still thought she was asking me a big favor (she wasn't), and that she was grateful that I was willing to help her out that way. It didn't take us long to work out the details; I had only MY bed at my place, so me going over to her house so the girls could sleep in their own beds was a no-brainer. I agreed to let Andrea cook supper for us before she left, so that all we'd have to do would be heat it up when we were hungry. Despite her assurances that it was fine for me to use her bed, I told her I'd just sleep on the couch, since it was easily large and comfortable enough for me. Emma and Gail would be informed in no uncertain terms that whatever I said was **law** until she got home, just to make sure they behaved themselves; I knew they would, anyway, but it made Andrea feel better to tell me that she'd say it. There were a couple of other things, but they were fairly trivial and easily dealt with. Andrea was going to call to make her appointment to take the test the next day; when she got home, she'd be able to tell me when I'd be pulling Substitute Parent duty.

We chatted a little bit longer before she told me that she needed to get home again. On her way out, she thanked me again (a couple of times) for agreeing to help her out.

She let me know the next evening that her appointment was for Tuesday of the following week. That easily fit with what I had to do, and I reassured her that I'd be able to look after the girls without any problems.

The next time Emma and Gail came over, both of them were happy for their mother, and delighted that I was coming over to spend the night with them. I let them know that I was glad to keep them company, and that seemed to be all they needed to hear before they went out back to swim for a little while. I welcomed the opportunity to stay inside where I could watch them without being noticed, entranced by their lithe figures in the bikini swimsuits their mother let them wear. Both girls had small, but noticeable, busts (Emma's was naturally a trifle larger); and both of them had firm little asses that were a treat to watch. At their age (14 and 13, at that time), they still looked a little coltish with their long, slender legs — but that was part of their beauty, to me. As they splashed around in the cool water, I caught occasional glimpses of hard nipples denting the cups of their bikini tops.

They came over again a couple of days later, and I let them talk me into joining them in the pool. A water fight gave me the opportunity to see that their suits weren't quite as opaque when wet; the bumps of hard nipples told me where to look for nipple colors — I couldn't see a color for Emma, and Gail's looked to be a dark pink. I couldn't see any indication of the color of their pubic hair, which suggested that they either didn't have any, or it was as blond as what was on their head — both choices appealed to me equally. A little later, we got into a dunking contest, which gave me the chance to get their nubile young bodies in my hands and arms as we tried to push each other under the surface. By the time we got out of the pool, I was actually looking forward to spending the evening with them...

When the fateful day arrived, Andrea came over to get me about an hour before she had to leave; that let her make sure I heard her tell them to behave themselves, and that they knew what their bed time was, and that they should go to bed just like they always did. The girls exchanged a look with each other at that, but I didn't think anything of it. Some time later, the cab Andrea needed showed up, and she left to catch the train that would take her the couple hundred miles to the town where her test was given. Emma and Gail wanted us to play a board game, but I told them that they needed to take care of their homework first. Andrea had told me that both of them had schoolwork to do almost every night, and I thought there was a pretty good chance that they'd try to get out of it without their mother there. The expressions on their faces told me that they'd tried to put one over on me, and it hadn't worked; with the admonishment that they needed to take care of school first, both went back to their rooms, leaving me alone to watch a little bit of television.

Not being much of a cook, I carefully followed the printed instructions Andrea had left for the casserole she'd made for us. My timing was almost perfect; the girls came into the kitchen to ask about supper just a couple of minutes before the timer went off, letting me know that the food was ready. Supper was casual, and informal; when it was over, both of them got up and quietly went about taking care of the dishes and leftovers. After they were done, I told them that I'd take both of them on in the board game they'd wanted to play. After Gail had beaten Emma, and thoroughly trounced me, the three of us sat in the living room to watch television. When their bed time came, both of them got up and let me know they were going to bed — and asked if it would be okay for them to kiss me good night. I said that it would, and they hurried back to their

rooms to get ready for bed.

My attention was on the TV, so I didn't notice when they came back into the living room until one of them cleared her throat. When I turned toward them, I wasn't anywhere *near* ready for their appearance — all either of them had on was a (very!) brief pair of panties. No shirt, no top, no bra, **nothing** to conceal their breasts. After I managed to drag my eyes up to their faces, I asked "And just what do you think you're doing, coming in here like that?"

Emma just smiled, and told me "Mom said we should go to bed just like we always do — and this is it. Honest, you can even ask her when she gets back."

Gail calmly informed me "Besides, we saw how you were looking at us in your pool the other day, and we thought you'd like to see what we look like.", followed by Emma's nod of agreement.

Somehow, I didn't doubt that that was *exactly* how they "dressed" for bed each night. With Gail's invitation that I could look at them, I did just that.

As I'd thought, Emma's bust was a bit larger than her sister's — but not by a whole lot. Her areolas were just a trifle darker than her skin, which easily explained why I hadn't been able to see them through her bikini top. Each was about the diameter of a nickle, and sported a nipple that was perhaps a quarter of an inch across, and the same high. Her breasts were each roughly the size of half an orange, and rounded. When I looked at Gail, I saw that her areolas were rose pink, and slightly puffy, with nipples that were perhaps the size of a Navy bean. Her breasts were a bit larger than half a tennis ball, and more conical than rounded. I couldn't see a mark or blemish on either girl, and their skin looked like pale pink porcelain, it was so fine and delicate in appearance. My eyes dropped to their panties, and I saw that both pairs were sheer enough to let me see that each girl had small, sparse patch of hair only marginally darker than what was on her head.

After I'd done my best to memorize the sight of them, I told them "You're lovely — both of you. Thank you for letting me see you like this, though your mom would have a conniption if she ever found out you did it. Now, off to bed for you both."

First Gail, then Emma, stepped forward to give me a kiss on the cheek before turning and walking back toward their rooms — giving me the pleasure of watching their lovely little butts as they moved away from me.

Once they were gone, I sat back on the couch again and started wondering what had prompted them to give me that little show. Yes, Gail had said they thought I'd like to see what they looked like; and yes, Emma had said that was how they always went to bed — but I didn't think for even a **moment** that they didn't know what Andrea had meant about them going to bed, or that there wasn't something more involved than just letting me look at them.

For the rest of the evening, I couldn't figure out what was going on with them. But by the time I was ready to go to bed, I'd decided that I was not only willing to accept whatever they offered,

but even see how far I could get them to go with it.

Both girls turned up fully dressed for breakfast the next morning, and after they'd left for school, I went back to my place to work. Andrea got home late that afternoon, and came over to collect the girls, who had come to my house after school. I didn't have any trouble convincing her that they hadn't been any trouble at all, which pleased all three of them. Andrea told me that she'd passed the test, and would have her certification within a week — and then hugged me and kissed me on the cheek, thanking me for helping her get it by watching out for her daughters. While she wasn't movie star material, Andrea was still attractive and had a nice shape, so I was glad to be able to hug her back. When she'd released me, she told me that I was invited over the following Sunday for a special meal to thank me. I told her it wasn't necessary, but gave in when she insisted.

Emma and Gail both came over to use the pool on Saturday, and after they'd been in the back yard for a little while, I went out to check on them. Both told me how happy their mom was to have been able to take the test, and that her boss had promised her a promotion by the end of the month.

As we were chatting, I make a point of letting both of them see me looking them over; after a bit, I casually commented "After I stayed with you the other night, and the way you came in to kiss me good night, I thought you'd be letting me look at you more."

Gail asked what I meant, and I told her "After you let me see you like that once, it isn't like you've got to *hide* yourselves, or anything. And I told you that I thought you were both lovely, so you don't have to worry that I won't like how you look, either. I guess you're not as grown up as I thought you were, after that."

Both of them looked at me for a few seconds before Emma asked "You... you really liked how we looked? You didn't think our boobs are too small, or anything?"

"Of course I liked how you looked — didn't I tell you that? And no, I don't think your boobs are too small. As a matter of fact, I think they're very nice — both of you."

Gail hesitantly told me "We weren't sure you really meant it when you said we were lovely; we thought maybe you were just saying that to make us feel good, or so we'd go away."

When she was done, Emma asked "It's really okay with you if we show you our boobs again?"

I answered them by saying "I think you know that I have **never** lied to you" — both nodded, because I hadn't — "so why would I say something like that if I didn't mean it? It's certainly okay with me if you want to show me your boobs, if that's what you want to do. I think both of you are very pretty, and your breasts are nice to look at. Even if you wanted to just go around topless over here, it would be okay with me. But it's up to you whether you think you're mature enough to do that or not, of course." With the tall privacy fence around the back yard, nobody was going to be able to see the relatively secluded corner where the pool was.

As I figured, the suggestion that only *mature* people would be agreeable to going topless hit them in a sensitive spot; one of the things I'd learned over the years was that pubescent girls almost always want to believe they're more mature and adult than they really are.

But I changed the subject to something else, and we chatted for another few minutes; when their was a lull in the conversation, Emma looked at me, then her sister, before reaching back and unfastening the top of her bikini — then removed it and set it aside. A few moments later, Gail did the same thing, leaving me sitting there with clear views of two pairs of firm young mammaries. I didn't make any big deal out of what they'd done, however. I just smiled at both of them, then went back to talking to them as though half-naked teenyboppers was something I saw every day. After a bit, both of them stopped looking quite as nervous; by the time I had to go back to work, they were as calm and relaxed as they could be. Inside my house, I looked out at them and watched as they decided to go for another dip in the pool — without bothering to put their tops back on.

I checked on them a few more times while they were at my place, and they didn't put the tops of their suits back on until right before they went home.

The next time Gail and Emma came over, they were on their own in the back yard; I was busy with a tricky bit of code I was working on. When they first showed up, I noticed that both kept their bikini tops on; but when I looked at them a little later, both had opted to shed them, to my pleasure.

When I went out to check on them, both looked a trifle nervous at first, but when I didn't stare or say anything, they settled down again quickly enough.

After that, any time they came over, one of the first things they'd do would be rid themselves of the encumbrance of the top half of their suits. Emma finally told me that they'd decided that they *liked* the feeling of swimming and laying in the sun topless, and that my casual acceptance of their semi-nudity made them feel a lot better about it. Even so, both kept the cloth handy on the off chance that their mother came over — neither thought that she'd understand. The gate they and Andrea used had a noisy spring on it, so the sound of the gate opening would give them time to grab their tops and jump in the pool where they'd be out of sight while they got them back on; something that proved necessary a couple of times. Both times that happened, they had an attack of nerves afterwards. The first time, they kept their tops on the rest of the time they were swimming; after the second, Emma, then Gail, opted to go topless again after a few minutes.

Once they'd gotten comfortable about being topless around me, I finally let them talk me into joining them for a swim again. It wasn't difficult to get them into a dunking contest again, and even though I was careful not to actually put my hands on their tits, I still got enough of a feel of them on my arms and chest and back to appreciate how firm they were. Neither girl seemed to have any problems or concerns about the contact while we were playing, or afterwards.

Andrea got the promised promotion, and the pay raise that went with it.

She also discovered that she'd also acquired some additional duties — duties that made it necessary for her to work later than she liked, and more often than she wanted to. But the additional income was too good to pass up, so she accepted the necessity of the added hours.

Those additional later hours meant that she wasn't home as much, too. Rather than leave the girls on their own all the time, she asked if it would be okay for them to come over to my place sometimes, while they did their homework, or studied. With Emma and Gail both understanding that when I was working, I couldn't give them much of my attention, I didn't have any problem with that. Still, Andrea and I both made sure that the girls knew that it wasn't to be an every day kind of thing, and that the business of not bothering me while I was working still applied.

After a few weeks, it became clear that the two of them were coming over maybe a bit over half the times Andrea had to work late. I wasn't obliged to be working all that time, so there were chances for me to sit around with them — helping with their homework if they needed it, just generally keeping them company, or whatever.

I used those occasions to begin getting them comfortable talking to me about things; more than just the day-to-day kinds of stuff that usually occupied our conversations. Rather, I was interested in moving things to the point that either of them would be willing to talk to me about more and more personal and intimate topics. I started out by just making small comments about minor things in passing; then I began to include more and more subjects, again keeping my remarks short and casual. Once they were comfortable with that, I gradually drew **them** into the subjects; by the time I was done, neither of them was the slightest bit reluctant to talk to me about virtually *anything* — even to letting me know when one of them wasn't going to swim because she was having her period.

While that was going on, I was also getting them used to physical contact with me. Before, I'd always been pretty meticulous about touching either of them — ironically, for the very reasons that I was then trying to get it to happen. I'd always accepted a kiss on the cheek from one of them, or was willing to hold hands, but I carefully and patiently went about increasing the frequency and intimacy of my touches. From simply sitting a trifle closer to them when I helped with their homework, I eventually got them to casually accept a playful pat on the butt from me — and then even more carefully proceeded to even more personal contact with them.

I really *knew* my efforts were paying off one afternoon when it was just me and Emma one afternoon. Gail had stayed late for some school event, so rather than sit home by herself, Emma had come over to my place to talk. It seemed that she'd been in the girls locker room after her Gym class, and had heard some of the older girls talking — about being with their boyfriends.

While she knew, at least in general terms, what they'd been saying, there was still some of it that she didn't understand. Rather than bother her mom after she got home from work, Emma had decided that I might be able to help with her questions. We were sitting at opposite ends of the couch when she began to tell me what prompted her to come over.

"When I heard the older girls, they were talking about whether or not their boyfriends made them

cum. I had to hear them talk about it for a little bit before I understood that they were talking about having orgasms. I told you that Mom already talked to me and Gail about that stuff, so I kinda knew what they were talking about, but not really, you know? I mean, I've touched myself between my legs and everything, and it feels good — sometimes **real** good — but I don't think I've ever had one of those. Anyway, then they started talking about what their boyfriends did to them, and what they did to themselves. I understood the stuff they were saying about themselves okay, but I didn't know what they meant when they were talking about other stuff."

I nodded, and she went on "Anyway, after they were done, they finished getting dressed and went to their other classes. I don't think any of them really noticed I was there, because none of them said anything to me; usually, they tease me about having small tits or not having enough hair, you know, between my legs; and that made me start wondering if having bigger boobs or more hair had something to do with what they were talking about. I kept thinking about all of it the whole time I was at school — one of my teachers even kinda yelled at me for not paying attention. I know I should maybe wait for Mom to get home from work, but she always has to work late on Thursdays, and she's usually pretty tired when she gets home. I don't want to bother her if I don't have to, so I was hoping that maybe you could explain what those girls at school were talking about to me, so I understand. We don't usually talk about stuff like *this*, but I figure if I can talk to you about touching myself and all that, then it should be okay to talk about this stuff, too. So would you?"

"Well, I can, if you want. But from what you said, there was some of it that you kinda understood, but not really, because even though you've talked with your Mom and everything, you've never really **DONE** some of it. I don't know how much us just talking about it is going to help with stuff like that. Then there's the things that you said you aren't sure if they make any difference, or not. I don't **think** they would, but I'm not you, so I can't be sure. I'm perfectly willing to sit and talk with you like this about all of it, for as long as you want. I just don't know how much good it will do, just talking. I'm sure you would understand better if you had actually done some of the things they were talking about, but whether or not you want to... that's something *you're* going to have to decide. Why don't you think about it for a little bit, and I'll go get us some sodas?"

She nodded her agreement, and I got up and went into the kitchen. To give her a little more time, I didn't just grab a couple cans of soda; I actually put it into glasses, with ice cubes to help keep it cold. By the time I got back and settled myself at the other end of the couch from her again, a few minutes had gone by. I handed her a glass, and after she'd taken a sip from it, I asked "So what do you want me to help? Talking? Doing? Both?"

She hesitated only a moment before answering "I think both. As much as they tease me about my boobs and hair, I... I'd like you to look at me, and see if I'm okay. I know you think my boobs are big enough, but you've never seen my hair... you know, *there*. After you look at me, you can tell me if what *I* have makes any difference. From the way those girls were talking, and the stuff I've read, I think that an orgasm sound like it's pretty good — so if you can maybe help me have one, I'd like that. I kinda know what some of the other stuff they were talking about it, but if it's okay

with you, I want to make sure I'm right. Then maybe I'll understand what else they were saying."

Even though I kept my face impassive, I was jumping for joy in my mind — I was finally going to not only see the cute little Emma *completely* naked, but it sure sounded like I was even going to be able to get my hands on her... and better still, for the express purpose of helping her have her first ever climax. Could life **get** and better?

Outwardly calm, I asked her "When did you want to start? And how?"

"I thought I'd just get naked first, so you could look at me. Then if there's something wrong, we won't have to bother with that other stuff..."

"That's fine, Em. I told you, you don't have to do anything with me. If you want to, that's fine with me; I'm not going to do anything to hurt you or scare you, because you're asking me to *help* you, and that's what I want to do. If **anything** starts to bother you, tell me, and we'll stop, okay?"

She smiled and nodded before answering "I know you wouldn't hurt me or scare me, Gary. But if I don't like something, I'll tell you."

With that, she turned and set her glass on the table at her end of the couch, then stood up. I could see that she was a trifle nervous, but she didn't hesitate for a moment while ridding herself of her blouse, then bra, then skirt, shoes and socks, and finally her panties. Naked as the day she was born, she turned to face me, not doing anything to cover herself. With the time and opportunity to really *look* at her, I could see that her bust had grown some since the time she and her sister had exposed themselves to me the first time. Her waist and hips were still developing more womanly curves, but formed a series of gentle arcs that was nice to look at. Her belly only had a little bit of the paunch that most women do from having their reproductive organs on the inside; at the base of her belly, she had a small narrow wedge of somewhat sparse hair that was only marginally darker than what her head sported. I didn't have any trouble making out her mons, or the cleft that divided it. When I raised my eyes to her face, she actually surprised me by turning around to show me how she looked from the back. The first thing I had to look at was the pair of small, tight globes that formed her ass. Smooth and visibly firm, it was all I could do to drag my eyes away from it to look at the rest of her. The expanse of her back was as smooth and blemish-free as it could be; her slender and graceful neck sat atop her delicate shoulders. After dropping my eyes to marvel at her ass again, I lowered them some more, and found myself enjoying the look of her long, slender legs. I cleared my throat, and she turned to face me again before asking "Do you want to look between my legs, too? I hardly have any hair there, and I'm not sure how much difference that makes."

Careful not to reveal my delight at her offer, I answered "I suppose it couldn't hurt to look..."

She didn't blush in the slightest at the idea of me looking at her so intimately; she just took a seat on the couch, then rested on her tailbone before putting one foot on the floor, and raising the other leg to rest it on the back of the couch. I started to lean forward, then stopped and looked at her. She realized I wanted to know if I could look closer, and she told me "It's okay."

Careful not to get *too* close, I leaned forward so that I could see the area between her smooth thighs. Her pubic hair thinned quickly past about the midpoint of her mons; the lower third of her mound was completely bare. With her spread open that way, I could see her inner lips, which were small and thin — between them, I could faintly see the entrance to her vagina. To my surprise, the area between her labia looked like it was somewhat shiny — as though some of her young woman's oils had escaped her. I caught only the faintest whiff of her unique female scent, but it was enough to make my mouth water with how light and fresh it was.

I didn't spend as much time looking at her as I would have liked for the simple reason that I was ostensibly simply making sure she was suitably developed; when I'd sat up again, she demurely brought her legs back together, then just sat there, still naked. I looked into her eyes and told her "You've got everything you're supposed to have, and I don't see that you're missing anything. *For your age*, I think you're about as developed as you should be. Maybe it doesn't seem like much, now, but I don't doubt that everything will be okay as you get older. You're **very** pretty now, and I know you're going to be beautiful when you're grown up. Okay?"

I could tell that my words gave her the comfort and reassurance she needed and wanted. We sat there in silence for a few seconds as I watched her deep in thought. When she turned her attention to me again, she wanted to know "Is that orgasm thing really as nice as it sounds like? That it's even better than the best I've ever felt when I touched myself?"

I smiled before answering "I can't answer those questions, Em. First, I'm not a girl, so I don't know what an orgasm is like; when it happens for guys, it's usually called a climax. Second, I'm not *you*, so I can't know how good you feel. All I can tell you is that when I've been with a woman that has had one, **she** sure seemed to like it. And there's no point in asking me what it's like, even for guys — honestly, there really aren't the words to try and describe it. It's just one of those things that you have to experience; once you do, you'll know why you can't tell anyone else how it feels. I'm sorry."

She considered that in silence for a few moments before asking me "Could you maybe help ME have one, then? So I know? Sometimes when I touch myself, I can kinda feel myself getting close to *something*, but it hasn't happened yet."

With a serious expression, I told her "I *could* try to help you, but there are a couple of things that I have to make sure you understand, first."

"What's that?"

"The most important one is that for me to do that, I'd have to touch you. Not just pat you on the butt like I do, but on your boobs, and even between your legs; the same way you touch yourself."

Giving me a mildly exasperated look, she said "Of course you'd have to touch me. That's what I want you to do!"

I gave her a smile before getting serious again so I could say "Okay, I just had to make sure you really understood that. Something else that you have to understand is that there are laws that say

I'm not *supposed* to touch you like that because it's sexual. I know, that's what you want to find out — what it's like to have an orgasm, which is **automatically** sexual, but that doesn't change the fact that there are laws against it. So what you have to understand is that if I did that, I could be sent to jail, or even prison, for a long time. I'd almost certainly lose everything I own so that I could try to pay for lawyers so I could try to stay out of jail or prison, or at least be there for as little time as possible. The last thing is that people would know that I *did* touch you that way, and everybody would think I was some kind of pervert or child molester. I probably wouldn't be able to get a job anyplace because of that, and nobody would want to be my friend. Almost nobody would want to have anything to do with me; I probably wouldn't even be able to have a girlfriend. The last thing is part of the against the law part — all of that would happen to me if **anybody** ever found out about it... the police, one of your teachers, the parents of one of your friends, *anybody* could tell on me, and get me into all that trouble. Now, I know that I'm not doing anything to hurt you, or trying to trick you into doing anything you don't want to, and I'm *willing* to help you like you want. But I have to be SURE that I'm not going to have all those other problems because of it — I have to KNOW that I can trust you not to say anything to anybody that would tell on me. Remember, almost every adult you know would think that I was doing something bad to you, and would tell on me because they didn't understand what we were doing, and why. You'd have to be careful about all the people you know that are your age, too, because I think you know that they don't always think about things the way they should before they say or do something — and it would only take just ONE of them to make a mistake like that to get me into all that trouble. So you have to decide if you can **really** keep it secret that I'm helping you with stuff like this."

By the time I was done, I could see that she was horrified by all that might (probably would!) happen if anyone found out what she wanted me to do. She was old enough to understand that as bad as things had been after her parents divorced, she and her sister and mother hadn't lost *everything*, or had to face the kinds of personal problems that I'd described. It was plain as it could be that she knew how serious what she'd asked was, and that she understood the consequences of failing to keep that particular secret.

I sat across from her, waiting patiently as she thought about everything I'd said. The longer she sat there thinking, the more sure I was that whatever answer I got from her was something I could count on — that it wouldn't be a quick, glib, off-the-cuff response.

So I was actually pleased when a good five minutes went by before she looked into my eyes as she seriously told me "I wouldn't tell *anybody*... not even Mom. Sometimes Gail tells me about stuff like this that she's having trouble with, so would it be okay if I told her some of what I learn with you? Not where I learned it, or anything, just what I know? And... and maybe tell her it's okay to talk to you about this stuff, too?"

That was what I'd wanted, and hoped, to hear — but I still let a few seconds go by as though I were thinking about her questions, before I answered "I think that might be okay, as long as you're as careful as you say."

Still serious, Emma nodded her head before informing me "I will be, I promise!"

After a few seconds, I took one of her hands between mine and gently squeezed it before telling her "Okay, Em, I'm going to trust you.", making her look relieved and pleased, both.

We both sat there for a bit, with me still holding her hand, before I told her "I'm sorry if I worried you, or ruined things for today, or maybe even sounded like I didn't want to do anything with you. I really wasn't trying to do any of that; like I said, I just had to make SURE I wasn't going to get in trouble because I was *helping* you. If you want me to help you have an orgasm, I'll be glad to do that; we can do it today, if you want... or some other time, if that's better."

She considered it for a moment before saying "No, today would be okay. Better, even, 'cause Gail's still at school, and Mom won't be home until later, so it's just you and me."

"Okay, if you want to do it today, we can. I think it'd be easier and more comfortable if you were laying down, and I sat next to you. How about if I spread a blanket on the floor? You can use one of the pillows, here, if you want, too."

She smiled at me before answering "Yeah, that sounds good...". When she turned to select one of the throw pillows on the couch, I got up and dug out the old, soft blanket I kept handy. After I'd spread it out on the floor so she'd have a comfortable place to lay down, she dropped the pillow she'd chosen at one edge before waling out onto it, then laying down. As I stood there looking at her, I couldn't help but be delighted that I was starting to reap the results of my efforts of the past several months — I was finally going to get my hands on her delectable little body. I wasn't going to get to do anything more than that (I didn't consider the kissing I figured we'd be doing to count for anything), but it was still well ahead of where I'd started from...

Still, I took a few moments to really look at her — the blond hair, cute face, developing curves, and all the rest. As I treasured the sight of her, she looked up at me in complete confidence and trust; she **knew** that I wasn't going to do anything to hurt her, and had every reason in the world to think that I was going to help her.

Although I didn't *want* to, I remained dressed. I was ostensibly there to help Emma find out what an orgasm was like, and **me** getting naked with her would probably ruin things — something I sure didn't want at that point!

Maintaining my guise of calm acceptance, I sat next to her before telling her "Em, I know that this is the first time you've done anything like this, so I want to make sure you know that I'm not going to hurt you. Because I'm older, I know that there are things that I can do that will help make you excited enough to have an orgasm, and I'm going to do them — unless you decide that you don't like them. If you do, TELL ME, and I'll stop, okay?"

Interested, but not afraid, she asked "What things?"

Smiling, I told her "Things like kissing, and touching you different ways and on different places. Kissing your boobs. Stuff that *really* hurts a **lot**.", teasing.

She grinned at my description, knowing that I wouldn't hurt her, before nodding her head in understanding.

"Now, if I start to do something you're not sure about, I'm going to ask that you at least give it a try before you decide you don't like it. Like I said, I'll stop if you want me to — just what I'm doing then, or completely, if that's what you want, any time you say. But like I said, some of those things are stuff that I think you'll like if you give them a chance, too. You've never had an orgasm before, so *we* are going to help you have one by finding out if there's something new or different that will help, okay?"

"I understand, Gary. I won't tell you to stop unless I'm **really** sure."

Next, I told her "Emma, there's something that I want you to know."

As she looked up at me in curiosity, I continued "There are probably girls at school that you hear people talking about." She nodded, and I went on "To those girls, the things they do with boys... it just doesn't *mean* anything to them. Oh, it probably feels good, but they don't think of it as anything **special**. So because it isn't anything special to them, they aren't very careful about what guys they're with — and because what they do isn't special to the girl, then the girls isn't special to the guys. So because the girl isn't special to them, the guys tell each other about what happened, and it isn't long before everybody is hearing about it. What I want you to know is that *I* think **you're** special, and that it really means a lot to me that you trust me to do this with you. What I feel about you is more than just liking you; you could even say that I love you. Not like your mom and dad do, or that I want us to be married or anything like that — but what I feel is still love. I hope you understand that I'm willing to stuff like this with you because of that love, and that you'll be careful and picky about any guy that you're with. I love you too much, and think you're too special, and I care about you and want you to be happy."

"But I *do* think this is special, Gary, and I... I love you, too, like you said — caring about you, and wanting you to be happy, too. If you weren't already somebody special to me, I **never** would have asked you to help me like this, or even started talking to you about all that other stuff. I loved you, and knew that you loved me, and that's why we're like this, now. But it was still nice to hear you say it."

After giving her a smile in answer, I got myself stretched out next to her, and propped up on my elbow. I could see that she was a trifle nervous, so the first thing I did was to reach out so I could softly cup her face in my hand — something that I could see surprised her a little bit. Lowering my head, I briefly touched my lips to hers as softly and chastely as I could. When I pulled back, I could see in her eyes how much that small, simple gesture meant to her. When I kissed her again, it was just as tender and innocent, but lasted longer when she started kissing me back.

She was a little hesitant at first; it took a couple of times before I realized that at her age, she was likely nervous about getting it "right". After a few more kisses (and my non-verbal encouragement) she seemed to realize that there wasn't really any way to get it *wrong*, and was soon returning my kisses easily and comfortably.

When we'd reached that point, I gently caressed her face for a little bit before slowly drawing my hand down her throat, then between her breasts, and finally coming to a halt with my hand splayed just below her navel. She looked into my eyes and smiled up at me as I did, my fingertips making only grazing contact with the smooth surface of her skin. When we started kissing again, I slowly curled my fingers several times so that my fingertips drew little lines on her soft flesh before finally beginning to move my hand. I kept my touch to the area bounded by her sternum and a couple of inches above her mons, and her sides — at least, at first. When she didn't exhibit any anxiety or nervousness, I gradually expanded my touch to include her hips and waist, then the outsides and tops of her thighs.

She continued returning my kisses with enthusiasm, and even began using her hand to touch and caress MY body; with that to let me know she was still comfortable with what I was doing, I began easing my touch closer and closer to the mounds of her developing mammaries at the top, and more and more toward the insides of her thighs at the bottom of my reach.

My caresses had reached perhaps halfway between the top and insides of her thighs when she surprised me by spreading her legs so that I could reach their inner surfaces. With that to encourage me, I finally made contact with one of her breasts after softly drawing my hand up her young woman's body. That first touch was simply to cup my hand over the warm mass of her breast. I felt her press it into my hand, and didn't hesitate to investigate it further. Slightly firmer than a fresh marshmallow, it barely filled my cupped hand; it was warm and smooth, and I could feel the small pebble of her nipple pressing into the palm of my hand. As I tenderly squeezed and mapped its surface with my fingertips, Emma's kisses slowly began to reveal the arousal and desire that she was starting to feel.

Though I was spending no small amount of time trying to memorize the size and feel of her bust, I didn't neglect the lower areas I'd been granted access to; I continued to draw my fingertips down her body so that I could take pleasure in the silken feel of the insides of her thighs, and the soft smoothness of her skin.

The increasing intensity of our kisses and the feel of my hand on her body finally got her panting hard enough that we couldn't really kiss. That was okay with me, since it meant that there wasn't any reason that I couldn't or shouldn't move my head down so I could use my mouth and tongue in place of my hand and fingers. Emma was a bit disappointed when I stopped kissing her, but when I fastened my lips on the peak of one of her breasts, she released a pleased gasp.

My first considered action was to use my lips to do what I'd done with my fingertips — try to map every bit of surface I could get them on. In the process of doing that, I also applied a few tender nibbles with my lips, and touched the tip of my tongue to her soft skin. Then I went back to fastening my lips over random sections of her breasts and softly sucking on them briefly before moving on to do the same somewhere else. I deliberately chose not to do that to all of her areolas, however; instead, I made her even *more* aware of what I was doing by taking roughly half of each into my mouth — and it was hit-or-miss as to whether I included her nipples each time.

Even as I was orally assaulting her breasts, I was shifting the attention I was paying her with my hand lower. The soft strokes I applied to the insides of her thighs always started near her knees — but gradually ended closer and closer farther and farther up. When the end of one caress let me gently brush her mons with the side of my hand, Emma released a soft moan as she slightly lifted her pelvis up. Still, I maintained my gradual approach; it was another couple of minutes before I finally cupped her mons in my hand, laying my finger along the cleft of her sex.

I was careful to take my time as I drew the tip of my finger upwards, giving her time to express any objections she might have. There were none, and I was able to slip my finger between the folds of her mound and softly draw it across her opening before easing upwards. Her clitoris was starting to make an appearance from beneath its protective covering, and she moaned her pleasure when I slowly twirled my finger around that small nubbin of flesh.

It took only a couple of passes like that before I was able to start collecting some of the lubrication that she was making in increasing quantity. Once I'd gotten enough of them transferred, and was sure I wouldn't cause her any pain or discomfort, I patiently began to apply different kinds of stimulation to see what I could do that would arouse and please her the most. It took several minutes before I began to get a feel (no pun intended) for what worked best on her. As I refined my efforts, they began to have more and more of an effect on her, and her passion and desire increased proportionally. When I lifted my head for a moment to look at her, I could see that she had gotten aroused enough to develop a faint blush. I was feeling somewhat pleased with myself when I went back to trying to see how long and hard I could get her nipples...

As I was tending to her clitoris, I continued to make frequent side trips to collect some of her oils to keep things comfortable for her. Careful to never press against it, I still drew my fingertip across the entrance to her vagina; each time I did, she would moan softly, and lift her hips a bit.

I wasn't disappointed or bothered by the time I was spending with her — as far as I was concerned, it simply meant that I got to keep my hands and mouth on her that much longer. Still, I could tell that what I was doing was having the desired effect; it wasn't all *that* long before I knew that her increasing arousal was reaching the point that she'd find the kind of pleasure she didn't know existed.

She'd been moaning and slowly wriggling under my ministrations for several minutes when I felt her body begin to tense up. Having an idea of how close she was, I maintained the pace of my finger on and around her clitoris — but increased my efforts at her breasts by sucking a little harder on her nipples, and even gently biting them with my teeth. After just a few seconds of that, she practically convulsed with the force of the first spasm of her first-ever orgasm.

Her clitoris quickly took shelter under its cloak, but I continued applying gentle pressure in a circular motion around it as I released her nipple from my mouth. Raising my head, I looked down at her and watched as a progressively milder series of spasms coursed through her young body — leaving her weak and gasping when the last of them had faded. Drawing my hand from between her thighs, I lay down and pulled her into my arms, holding her as she panted for the oxygen her body was demanding.

A couple of minutes went by before I heard her quietly say "I never... I didn't know... that was... **wow!**"

Giving her a soft hug, I answered "Now you know why nobody can describe what it's like."

"I guess!", she softly exclaimed.

A minute or so later, she asked "Is... is it like that every time? Or was that something special because it was the first one?"

I couldn't help laugh for a moment before telling her "You'll *remember* it better because it was the first one. As to whether it's like that every time... that's up to you. That's part of what I meant about you making it special to be with someone — if you're with somebody because you like them, or love them, and that's how they feel about you, too... yeah, it can feel like that. I even think that it should feel like that, or else why bother?"

After a few seconds, she wanted to know "Do you think I can feel like that by myself now?"

"I think so. From what I understand, the first time is kind of the hardest because your body doesn't know *how* to have an orgasm. Once you have the first one, it gets easier and easier for you to have them. And giving them to yourself makes it easier for you to have one when you're with someone else, so there really isn't any reason you can't have however many of them you like — at least, as long as that's not **all** you want to do. Of course, if you have trouble, or just want to, I can help you some more, too."

That last part drew a small laugh from her before she told me "I'd like that. You can do stuff *I* can't do, like licking and sucking on my boobs, and it felt **really** good when you were doing that. When I heard about that, I thought it sounded nice, but I didn't know it could FEEL that good. I guess you like doing that, huh? Even though my boobs aren't so big?"

"Em, dear, I told you before — *I* think your boobs are just fine; I like them a **lot**. So yes, I like doing that. And the other stuff I was doing, too, in fact."

"You like touching me like that? Why?"

"Yes, I like touching you that way. And kissing you, and sucking on your boobs. Why? I'm not sure I can really explain it all the way. Part of it is because of how pretty you are. Some of it is just because you're a girl, and I can see what you're going to look like when you get older. More than a little bit of it is because of how I feel about you — the loving you, like I told you about. The rest of it... it's just that I've always thought that girls your age were pretty and sexy, and it's nice being *able* to help you learn about sex."

Almost immediately, she had to know "You really think I'm pretty, and sexy?"

After another brief hug, I told her "Yes, I really do. Gail, too."

"But... *why*? We don't hardly have any hair, and older women have **way** bigger chests!"

"I know. I think that's part of it, actually. From what I've read, and hearing other guys talk, I think

it's pretty common for guys to have the dream or fantasy of teaching a young woman about sex, and making love. For most guys, they think about girls that are a little older than you and Gail. For me, I've always thought of girls *your* age. So when I get to touch you, I'm getting to experience something I've only dreamed about. I still love you, and that's what is MOST important to me; getting to actually do things like this with you... well, that makes it something special in a way that I think you'll only understand when you get older."

Reasonably satisfied with my explanation, Emma was content to lay there and let me hold her for a little while longer. Eventually, though, she told me "I think Gail is going to be getting home before long, so I suppose I have to get up and get dressed again, now."

I patted her butt, and gave it a little caress, before answering "I think you're probably right.", and releasing my gentle hold on her. She stayed next to me for several seconds, then rolled over and got to her feet. She didn't have any more problems with getting dressed in front of me than she'd had about getting naked; when she sat down to put her shoes back on, I got up and folded the blanket and put it away; the pillow went with me when I went to take a seat on the couch again. After I was settled, Emma moved to sit next to me, then pulled my arm around herself before snuggling into my side. As we sat there, she had some questions about some of the other things that she'd heard the older girls at school talking about. I answered her as best I could, though she didn't seem entirely sure that I wasn't pulling her leg about some things. We were still sitting there when Gail turned up from her after-school activities. Both of them took seats at the dining room table to study, and I went in to get a start on supper for all of us.

After that day, Emma wasn't bashful about pulling my arm around herself and positioning my hand on her breast when it was just the two of us. I welcomed such opportunities to toy with her firm mounds, but never instigated such activities with her. I'd told her it was up to her how much of what we did, and I was *meticulous* about keeping my word.

There were a few more times when she indicated that she wanted my help in having another orgasm; I was always delighted to do so, and even managed to help her have *two* of them during one session. Whenever there was anybody else around, Emma acted as though I was simply a good neighbor to her and her mother and sister.

Something I noticed as the days and weeks passed was that Gail was starting to look at me differently, when she didn't know I could see her. It wasn't in a way that made me nervous or anything; simply as if she were seeing me in a different way. I finally found out what was going on when she came over to visit one Saturday when Andrea had to work.

I was sitting there watching an old movie on TV, with Gail on the opposite end of the couch from me. When there was a commercial break, I heard her ask "Gary? Can... can I talk to you? For just a minute?"

The way she asked, and the tone of her voice, told me that she needed my full attention, so I shut the TV off and turned to face her before answering "Of course, honey. What is it?"

"I'm kinda having a problem with something. I've kind of talked to Emma about it, and what she's told me had helped, but not enough. She told me that maybe if I talked to you, and told you what it is, maybe you could help."

"If I can. What's going on?"

Blushing slightly, she told me "It... it's kinda personal, and embarrassing, even."

"Sweetheart, I sincerely doubt that you've invented anything all that new at thirteen. But if it helps any, I promise that I won't think that you're weird or disgusting or anything, okay?"

Somewhat reassured, she managed to tell me "I... I've kinda been touching myself. You know, my boobs and even *there*, between my legs. It feels good and everything, but after I've been touching myself like that for a while, it starts feeling like something is going to happen — except that it never does. Happen, I mean. Em told me that what would happen is an orgasm, like what I've heard about. It sounds like it would be **really** nice, and I WANT it to happen. Except that it doesn't, like I said, and it's kinda starting to make me crazy. I don't think I look much different than the other girls I see in gym class, and Emma said that maybe YOU would be able to help — like... like maybe see something that I can't about how I look. And... and if I'm okay, then maybe... maybe you could watch and see if I'm doing anything wrong, or... or even help me."

I'd told Emma that she could direct Gail to me if she liked, but I didn't have any idea that she'd suggest that her sister masturbate for me; the idea had my cock tenting my pants almost instantly.

After a few seconds, so Gail would get the idea that I was thinking about what she'd said, I gave her much the same spiel I'd told Emma. Just like her sister, Gail was aghast at the idea of me going to jail for helping her, and was just as careful to think about it before telling me that she was ready and willing to keep any activity with me a secret.

Knowing that I was willing to help her, but that I wasn't going to "push" her to do anything, Gail sat at the end of the couch for several moments before getting up and starting to take her clothes off. She seemed a trifle embarrassed; I finally decided that it was because of her less-developed figure. To help make it easier for her, I made sure I was looking some other direction when she happened to glance my way, so that I wasn't overtly watching her — which I was actually doing, of course.

Once she was nude, I pretended to be looking at something outside until she told me "Okay, you can look now."

I only had to turn my head a little bit to be looking at her straight on. Standing there with her arms at her sides, she was a pleasure to look at. She had the same blond hair as her sister and mother, though her pubic thatch wasn't as large as her sister's, and even more sparse — the surface and details of her pudendum were easily visible. She was just starting to develop the curves of a woman, so her waist and hips were only slight arcs. With her holding still like that, it was easy to see that her breasts were a trifle larger than they'd been when she'd first shown them to me. Her nipples were a rosy pink, as were her slightly puffy areolas. I looked into her eyes and

told her "You're very pretty — I can see how lovely you're going to be as you get older."

She gave me a pleased smile before turning around so I could see how she looked from the back, and I was glad she did. Her butt had a slightly more rounded shape than Emma's, and was easily as nice to look at. Her legs were long and slender, and fairly *flowed* into her cute little heart-shaped ass.

When I cleared my throat, she turned around and moved to sit at the end of the couch from me again. She turned to face me before slowly spreading her legs, lifting one of them to rest on the back of the couch, so that she was fully exposed to me. Quietly, she told me "Emma said that I should ask you to make sure there isn't anything wrong with me *there*, either, and that I should tell you it's okay to look closer if you want to. I... I'm kinda embarrassed about it, 'cause nobody's ever looked at me there before, but Emma told me it was okay; she said you wouldn't say or do anything to make me feel bad."

I smiled at her before answering "No, I wouldn't. Is it okay?"

Somewhat relieved at my assurance, she nodded. I leaned forward enough to get a closer look at her sex, but still far enough away not to cause her to worry. With her legs spread the way they were, she was opened up to my gaze as completely as she could be. I didn't have any problem seeing the damp entrance to her vagina, or her labia, which were small and somewhat thicker than I would have expected. At the top of her slit, I could see that her clitoris was starting to make an appearance; it looked to be about the size of a small kernel of corn. Close as I was to the source, I could detect the slightest hint of her fresh and vaguely tangy essence wafting into my nose. Right at that moment, what I wanted to do more than anything else in the world was bury my face between her smooth thighs and help her experience her first orgasm by eating her thirteen-year-old snatch...

But the big head somehow managed to control the little head, and I sat back again before she started to get nervous. Looking directly at her, I told her "I don't see anything wrong with you there, either. You've got all the right parts in the right places, and it looks to me like you're developing just the way you should be."

My words seemed to settle her mind, and several moments passed before she hesitantly asked "Would you... would you watch me while I touch myself? See if maybe I'm doing something wrong, or that I could do better?"

Maintaining my equanimity as best I could, I answered "If you think it would help, sure."

She hadn't closed her legs after I'd sat up, so all she had to do was lean back against the arm of the couch as she moved her hand up to begin caressing one of her breasts. Over the next few minutes, I watched as she played with both of her mammaries, and slowly got both of her nipples standing well clear of her puckered areolas. Only then did her hand make its way down her body and come to rest on her mons. Again, her actions were slow and deliberate as she used the tip of one finger to softly tease her glistening opening, and begin collecting some of her increasingly available oils to her clitoris. I caught myself holding my breath as I watched her begin teasing

herself — toying with her erecting clit, teasing the entrance to her vagina with the tip of her finger, and moving her hand up to gently pinch and pull on her nipples.

As I looked on, her labia got slightly thicker and darker; the small knot of her clitoris came completely out from under its protective cover, and the opening between her thighs got visibly *wet* from the fluids escaping her. Her face had developed a faint blush, and I could hear her softly panting with her increasing arousal. Several minutes went by like that, with me watching in silence as she pleased herself, moving closer and closer to an orgasm.

I had a pretty good idea of how aroused she was from the sounds she was making, and the ways she was touching herself — and knew that she was starting to get frustrated at how near she was to the point that would allow her to find the release she so clearly wanted... even *needed*. Still, I wasn't expecting it when she opened her eyes to look at me and plead "Gary? Help me? **Please?**"

Even with her plea seeming to come out of nowhere, it took only a few moments for me to move so that I was kneeling on the floor next to her. After we'd shared a couple of impassioned kisses, I lowered my head and began kissing her breasts, and licking them, and softly sucking on the hard pebbles of her nipples. That brought a distinct increase in her excitement — but wasn't enough.

Remembering how she'd started masturbating, I had a sudden inspiration; reaching down between her legs, I used the pad of one finger to begin a soft, rhythmic pressure against the entrance to her vagina... not trying to get my finger *into* her, only on the outside of her. That proved to be the last bit of stimulation she needed; it wasn't but a couple more minutes before I felt her body freeze as she started to make a high-pitched keening sound that was interrupted by several spasms running through her body. Underneath my finger, I could feel the ring of her opening clenching in time with the waves of pleasure coursing through her; between those periods, small wavelets of her juices would leak out of her, as though they were being pushed out.

Gail had arched off the couch a bit at the beginning of her orgasm; when it was over, she all but collapsed. I held her in my arms as she panted, and shuddered a couple of times with after-shocks. I knew it was really over for her when she wrapped her arms around me and gave me a fierce hug before declaring "Oh, Gary! That was **wonderful**! I never even THOUGHT I could *feel* like that! No wonder they talk that way about orgasms — that has to be the best thing since... since... well, EVER!"

I couldn't help smiling at her enthusiasm as I told her "Now that you've had one, I don't think you'll have too much trouble doing it by yourself from now on."

She pulled back from me a little bit, and her eyes were wide when she asked "Really? I can do that by myself, now?", awed at the idea.

"Maybe not THAT easy at first, but yeah, I think so. Of course, you don't *have* to do it by yourself; if you want, I can still help you sometimes."

A bit shyly, she told me "I think I want. I... I liked what you were doing — you know, with my boobs, and *there*. Not all the time, of course, but sometimes, like you said."

I smiled, and gave her a soft kiss on the lips before she moved into my arms again. I happily held her next to me for several minutes. Only when my back began to complain about supporting her additional weight (remember, I was kneeling next to the couch, and she WAS still thirteen years old) did I give her a pat on the butt, and tell her "Okay, if you think you're recovered now, I think it's time you got dressed and went home. I think your mom will be home before long, won't she?"

Gail looked over to where I had a clock on the wall, and answered "Yeah, she will.", with regret. Several seconds went by without her moving, so I gave her ass a little caress before telling her "Come on, Gail. You don't want me to get in trouble because your mom came over here and saw us like this, do you?"

I could hear the resignation in her voice when she answered "No.", followed by easing herself away from me. After she'd sat up, she looked at me in anticipation as she asked "I can still come over for more help though, can't I? Sometimes?"

"*Sometimes*", I agreed. "Just remember that BOTH of us have to be careful so nobody starts thinking anything is happening, okay?"

Solemnly, she said she would; then she stood up and went over to where she'd left her clothes. My presence, and watching, didn't phase her in the slightest as she got herself dressed again. She came over to where I was sitting at the end of the couch again, and leaned over to kiss me on the cheek before saying "Thank you, Gary. You really helped me a **lot**, and I feel a lot better, now. Not just from the orgasm, but knowing that there isn't anything wrong with me — you know, my body, or between my legs."

I gave her little tush another caress as I answered "I'm glad I was able to make you feel better, dear — BOTH ways!", teasing her.

She just smiled, kissed my cheek again, and stood up. As she walked away, I watched her cute little buns moving under the shorts she was wearing.

Over the next few weeks, both girls continued to come over every so often, for various reasons. Sometimes it was both of them, other times, it would be just one of them. In those latter cases, I wasn't the least bit reluctant to be as intimate with them as they indicated they wanted. When time permitted, both of them grew more and more willing to talk to me about what they were feeling and doing, and different aspects of sex. I always answered their questions the best I could, after reminding them that I wasn't the final authority on such things — that they had to learn and decide about some things for themselves. Even so, I had the distinct impression that what *I* was telling them counted for more than anything else. I also took the opportunity to let each of them know that it was okay with me if they wanted to talk to each other about me — and specifically, about what we did together. It didn't take long for me to know that they were doing just that by the different things each of them said and did.

Gail got involved in some project or other with some other kids at school, which usually had Emma and I alone those afternoons that she didn't opt to stay at home to do her schoolwork. One such afternoon, she was snuggling with me on my lap when she asked me "Remember when I told you about some of the things I heard the girls at school talking about?"

I assured her that I did, and she went on "And you know how you had to tell me what they meant by 'eating pussy' and 'blowjobs'? And how I asked you if that was *really* what people did?"

I answered that in the affirmative, too, and she said "You told me how I could find out for myself that you weren't just teasing me, and that I should probably think about it — what I'd do if anybody ever said anything to ME about them. Well, I did look that stuff up, and I know you weren't just playing a trick on me or anything. And I thought about that stuff, too, like you said. At first, I thought they sounded kinda gross; but after a little while, I figured that maybe they weren't so bad. But you've always told me and Gail that sometimes there are things that we have to find out about ourselves before we can really decide what we think about them, and I've thought about *that*, too. So I was wondering...", her voice trailing off.

I pretty much **knew** that she wanted to actually try one or the other (or maybe even both — be still, my beating heart!), but I needed for her to actually come out and say what she had in mind. So I played dumb and asked "Wondering what, sweetheart?"

"I was wondering if... if maybe I could learn that stuff with you. You know, us actually doing it, I mean."

"Just so I understand, what do you mean by 'that stuff'?"

"Um... both, I think. The, um, eating pussy, and probably blowjobs, too. I guess you know I don't know anything about that stuff... I mean, I've never even seen a guy naked before. I know that boys have penises and testicles, but I think you're different there when you grow up, just like I'm different from when I was little. So could we?"

Once again, I pretended to be thinking it over so that I wouldn't seem too eager about the idea of finally getting naked with her, and getting each other off. Several seconds ticked by before I answered "I suppose we can do that, as long as you understand something, first."

"What's that?"

"I'm going to figure you know that both of those can end with the person receiving the oral sex having a climax. I don't figure you'd mind that happening with YOU, but what about it happening with ME? Do you really think you're ready to find out what happens when *I* climax?"

A trifle hesitantly, she asked "That's... that's when you squirt your stuff — your semen, right?"

"Yes. And before that happens, I'll have to be sexually excited, so that I have an erection. I think you know that means my penis is going to be bigger and harder than usual; are you ready for THAT?"

"I'm ready to find out what it's *like*, yeah. I can't know if I'm really **ready** for it until it happens,

can I? I'm going to have to find out what happens when a guy has a climax sooner or later; at least if it happens with you, I know that it'll be okay — I mean, I know you're not going to try to DO anything with me, and that I won't have to be scared or nervous or anything. If... if I'm okay with *your* erection, you being a grown man and everything, then I know everything will be okay when it's a guy MY age. Really, Gary — I want to find out about eating pussy and blowjobs, and with you."

It sure *sounded* like she'd thought about it, like she claimed to have. And I had to admit that I thought she had good points about finding out about erections and male ejaculation. Even if I wasn't already looking for us to be together like that, she'd made a good argument for it happening.

I pretended to be thinking about what she'd said as I tried to relax my cock from its half-erect state by sheer force of will — I didn't doubt for a moment that an adult male erection would be a surprise to her, and if I could possibly manage it, I wanted to her to see as it happened so that she wouldn't be as surprised (or scared, if it came to that).

When I'd finally gotten myself to a more-or-less normal state, I told her "As long as you remember we can stop any time you need or want, I guess it'll be okay. I suppose you want to find out now?"

"Um, yeah, if it's okay..."

I didn't bother saying anything; I just gave her butt a little pat to let her know to get off my lap. When both of us were standing, I told her "This might take a little while. I think we'd both be more comfortable on my bed, but if you want, we can get the blanket out and stay in here, too."

She was surprisingly calm as she answered "Your bed is okay. I know I don't have to worry about anything happening."

Taking her hand in mine, I led the way back to my bedroom. She'd seen it in passing a few times, but this was going to be the first time that both of us were going to be on it — never mind with us nude, and actually involved with each other.

Emma helped me pull the bed covers down so that we'd be comfortable; then both of us quietly began to take our clothes off. Although she tried to play it calm, I could still tell that she was considerably interested in how I'd look when I was nude. I didn't bother trying to arrange things so that we both finished undressing at the same time; I was able to shed my under shorts before Emma was quite done riding herself of her bra. I calmly got onto the bed, then stretched out, making no bones about the fact that I was watching her as she finally slid her panties down her legs — something that was complicated by her attempt to look at my package while pretending she wasn't. When she'd finally managed to get her panties untangled from her ankles, she didn't hesitate to climb onto the bed with me. I could see that she was nervous, but not afraid; I simply waited patiently until she was able to focus her attention on me, and not just my cock and balls.

When she was looking into my face again, I calmly suggested "Since you've never seen an adult

penis and everything, why don't you do ahead and find out about me, first. Look, touch, whatever you want to do until you're comfortable about what I have. Then when you're ready, we can go from there."

Blushing slightly, she nodded her head, and then sat up and turned herself around so that she could lean over far enough to really *look* at me. After a couple of minutes, she worked up the courage to reach out and begin touching me — very tentatively at first, but when I didn't express any discomfort or even interest in what she was doing, she quickly became comfortable enough to move things around, and generally find out what she wanted to know. She asked a few questions, and I answered them calmly and impassionately, trying to help her understand that there wasn't anything inherently "magical" or mysterious about male genitalia. Her manipulations had a little bit of an effect on me, getting me to semi-erect, but I managed to keep myself from developing a full erection.

When she was satisfied, she calmly returned to laying next to me before telling me "Thanks, Gary. I was kinda embarrassed at first, and I didn't know what to expect. But you really made it okay for me to learn what guys have, and how you're different from us girls, and I feel a lot better, now. You didn't make me feel bad, even when I was asking you stuff that was maybe kinda dumb."

"Em, the *only* dumb question is the one you **don't** ask. If there's something you don't know, I'm glad to be able to help you find an answer. Okay?"

She gave me a pleased smile, and I moved my head in to give her a soft kiss on the lips. She eagerly returned it, and after it was over, I asked "You said you aren't completely sure whether you want to learn about using your mouth on me?"

She nodded before telling me "I *think* I do, but I'm not **sure**, yet.", a trifle apprehensive.

"That's fine, honey. How about if I do it to you, first; then if you don't want to do that, you don't have to?"

"Yeah, that'd be okay.", she answered. I could tell that she was feeling a certain amount of eager anticipation, even though she was trying to play it cool. I just gave her a small smile before moving my lips to hers again.

As we exchanged a number of progressively longer kisses, I put my hand on her waist, then began gently petting her abdomen and belly with my fingertips. When she started revealing some of her increasing desire, I expanded my touch to include her breasts — and when she parted them for me, the insides of her thighs. With us about to try something new for her, I was deliberately keeping the level of my contact with her body a little bit *behind* the arousal she exhibited.

Her desire was clear as it could be when she did something new — parted her lips slightly, and briefly touched her tongue to my lips. I'd avoided that kind of kissing with her up until then for fear of frightening her; but with her making the first move that way, I was quite willing to follow her lead. I separated my own lips, and sent my tongue out in search of hers, and it wasn't but a

few seconds before they were introducing themselves to each other. As our tongues slowly danced from my mouth to hers and back again, I could feel her desire growing. When I let my hand finally come to rest on her mound, I could feel the warmth emanating from her opening. It took only a few moments for me to collect enough of her oils on my finger so that I could begin toying with her clitoris — something that had her moaning into my mouth.

We continued to kiss for as long as we could while I slowly and gently tended to the little knob of flesh at the top of her cleft; when her breathing became impassioned enough that she needed her mouth to breathe with, I simply shifted my oral attentions to the warm mounds of her breasts, and the inviting targets of her puckered areolas and erect nipples.

I could have easily, and happily, stayed like that with her; I already knew that it wouldn't be difficult to help her have a perfectly dandy orgasm that way. But what *both* of us wanted was for her to find out what it was like to have her virginal young snatch eaten. So I didn't spend as much time using my mouth and hand on her as I had before; in fact, I doubt that I paid her much more than token attention that way, because I was so eager to finally get my head between her firm, smooth thighs.

She didn't have any noticeable reaction when I eased my hand away from her mons, but she opened her eyes to watch me when she felt me begin to kiss my way down her body. When I moved my body over hers, and between her spread legs, she didn't exhibit even the slightest concern about what I *might* do... she was simply too focused on what I **was** doing, and where she knew I was going.

At her navel, I spent a few seconds tonguing her slight "innie" before continuing my journey. When my lips reached her small pubic thatch, I used my lips to gently pull on the fine, pale strands of her soft bush as I slowly and steadily moved my head closer and closer to my goal.

With my head finally between her silken thighs, she let me guide her into bringing her knees up and spreading her legs a little more — leaving her open to whatever I might subject her to. A quick glance up told me that she was a little concerned about what I might think about being so close to such an intimate part of her body. Lowering my head, I applied a soft kiss to her mons before looking up at her and saying "This part of you is as pretty as everything else."

She was surprised at what I said, but pleased by it, too; when I lowered my head and kissed her again, she let her head lower to the pillow again, ready to accept what I was about to offer her.

Not only did I have a better view of her than when she'd exposed herself to me on my couch, but I also had the pleasure of seeing her in no small state of arousal. Her labia weren't as thin as the first time I'd seen them, and a bit darker, too — no doubt from her excitement. Between them, I could see the obviously wet entrance to her vagina. The scent of her was clear as could be; light, fresh, and somehow spicy and sweet at the same time, it made my mouth water in anticipation. Her pubic hair was thin and sparse enough that I knew that there weren't going to be any problems with it. She didn't flinch when I cupped her cute ass cheeks in my hands, and used my thumbs to slightly open her up a little more so that I could see her half-exposed clitoris. In the

few seconds I figured I had before she'd begin to get nervous again, I memorized the sight of her as best I could before lowering my head and running the tip of my tongue across her opening.

Her juices were light and thin, and proved to be every bit as tasty as they'd smelled... I happily collected another sample of them before drawing my tongue upwards and lightly tracing it across her clitoris — and having her arch her pelvis upwards slightly in response.

Slowly, patiently, and with great pleasure, I spent the next little while teaching her the pleasures of being the recipient of oral sex. I put my mouth over her opening and tried to gently suck her oils out; I softly "nibbled" her soft labia with my lips; I teased and generally bedeviled her clitoris with my tongue; I licked her as though she were an ice cream cone; I even tried (unsuccessfully) to see if I couldn't worm the tip of my tongue through the tight ring of her vaginal entrance. As her excitement and arousal grew, so did the availability of her woman's oils, which I greedily lapped up; there was no doubting that she enjoyed my efforts.

As she got closer and closer to orgasm, I concentrated my attentions more and more on her clitoris (though I DID make sure none of her escaping essence was wasted). Though I'll confess to the temptation, I restrained myself from trying to make her rapidly-approaching climax any stronger than it was going to be — young as she was, and that being her first time, I didn't want to ruin a good thing by frightening her with something she likely wasn't ready for.

So when I felt the tension building in her, I simply continued what I was doing by twirling the tip of my tongue around her clitoris until she found her release.

I was half-afraid that her legs were going to meet at the middle of my head, she tried to slam them together so hard as the first powerful wave of her orgasm overwhelmed her. It wasn't that I minded having my head trapped between her firm thighs, but I was worried whether or not she'd broken an eardrum...

As she practically convulsed with the power of her orgasm, her vagina pushed out small waves of her juices for me to lick up, being careful to avoid stimulating her any more than I had to as I gave my taste buds that last little treat. When the force of the spasms coursing through her began to taper off, her legs fell apart again; I was relieved to discover that I could still hear. After giving her one last pass with my tongue, I crawled up to where I could take her into my arms and hold her as she got herself back together again. As she panted, I could clearly see that she was a little stunned at what had just happened to her. More than a little pleased, but stunned.

It was probably close to a couple of minutes before she could tell me "I thought that would maybe feel good — but I wasn't expecting anything like *that!* I mean, your tongue and everything... it felt **way** different than just fingers. Now I know why the older girls say they like that so much!"

Grinning, I hugged her before answering "I kinda figured you'd like it. I know I sure liked doing it!"

"I could tell. I... I was kinda surprised, a little, when you kept licking me like that. I mean, when

I tasted the juice that comes out there, I thought it was kind of nice, but I didn't know if *you'd* like it." Promptly on the heels of that, I felt her blush with the realization of what she'd just admitted to doing.

I just hugged her again before telling her "It's okay, Em. I'd be surprised if you didn't wonder what you tasted like. Whether or not you like it... well, that's up to you. *I* like how you taste, so there isn't any reason you shouldn't like it, too."

Somewhat mollified, she asked "Really?"

"Yeah, really.", I assured her.

I was content to hold her like that for however long she needed or wanted, and several minutes passed before she pulled back from me enough to look into my face and tell me "I decided that I want to do that for you, too. As good as you made ME feel, I... I want to see if I can do that for you."

I'd been fudging things a bit when I told her that I'd go first, and that she didn't "have" to reciprocate — I'd figured that once she found out what it was like to receive oral sex, she'd be more willing to have a try at giving it. I felt my penis twitch at the thought of having her lips wrapped around it before I told her "I'm not going to tell you 'no', because I have to admit that it *would* feel good if you helped me have a climax that way. You know that my semen will come out when I climax, and you're going to be using your mouth on me. You think about those two things, and let me know what you want to do."

I watched as she put those two little details together in her mind, and then considered them. It didn't take long before she said "If I'm using my mouth on you, then I might get your semen in it."

I nodded, and she asked "I could only get pregnant if I got semen in my vagina, right?"

"That's right.", I answered. She thought for another moment, and told me "I guess it would be okay if you squirted in my mouth, then. I... I was wondering what *your* stuff tasted like, too, so I'll just find out that way." A second later, she looked up at me and asked "Is there a lot of it? Does it squirt out REAL hard?"

"There's only a couple tablespoons of it, from what I understand. It feels like it's coming out hard to **me**, but I'm told that it isn't that much — not like somebody suddenly turns on a garden hose, or anything."

Satisfied with my answers, she just nodded before moving close to me again.

Another few minutes went by before she gave me a little nudge to let me know to release her from my arms. When I did, she moved back from me far enough to sit up. Looking down at me, she said "As nice as you made me feel, I want to do that for you, too, before Gail gets home."

"Whenever you want to, Em. It doesn't have to be now or today if you want to wait."

She shook her head before answering "No, I don't want to wait. I really do want to try it; I'm just

not sure what to do, and I don't want you to be disappointed after what you did for me."

"Emma, honey, I'm not going to be disappointed — not even if you change your mind and decide you don't want to. I told you, you're someone special to me; and I love you and care about you enough that I don't want you to do anything you're not comfortable with, okay?"

She gave me a pleased smile, then said "But I *am* comfortable with this ... at least, that I want to do it. I'm just not sure how to **start**."

Hearing that, I realized that it was, quite literally, the truth. Feeling like an idiot, I patiently told her a couple of things to help get her going, then let her know that I wouldn't mind if she wanted to try other things to see what happened. That was all she needed, really.

Leaning over me, she took my penis in her hand and lifted it up so that she could give the head of it a somewhat tentative lick. Learning that it didn't taste bad, she took the head in her mouth and began softly sucking on it as she started to stroke the shaft. It was a little slow going at first, but as I began to grow in her hand, she got the feedback and confidence she needed to continue. It didn't take her long to realize that the head of my penis was pretty much like her clitoris as far as how sensitive it was, but that applying her growing skills to the rest of my cock worked, too. As I'd hoped, the transition from starting with my flaccid penis and then proceeding until she got me completely hard was enough to keep my erection from being something frightening to her. If anything, the knowledge that she'd been the one to get me to that state only seemed to please her.

Her lack of skill actually proved to do as much to help my arousal and enjoyment of her efforts as if she'd been far more experienced, for the simple reason that the mistakes she made accomplished what a much more talented woman would have to do deliberately — and I loved every minute of it. I only had to caution her about a couple of things, and make one small suggestion; the rest of it she pretty much figured out on her own by how I responded to what she did.

Her enthusiasm grew in proportion to her learning, and it wasn't all *that* long before she had me as aroused as I'd ever been, and a good way toward my release. When I finally told her that I was getting close, she increased her efforts; the rapid bobbing of her head on my hard cock as she softly sucked on it and ran her tongue along the underside were the final straw. Despite my efforts to enjoy her handiwork for as long as possible, there was simply no way to keep it from happening; when I managed to gasp out "Em! It's gonna happen!", she took me as far into her mouth as she could before using her tongue to tickle the underside of my erection right behind the head. That was all it took, and I felt it as the first wad of my cum raced through my cock to erupt against the back of her throat. Her eyes widened when it happened, and she let a little bit of my manhood slip from between her lips, but didn't react otherwise as I continued to empty my balls into her warm mouth. Only when the last trickle of semen dribbled out of me did she swallow my cum — while looking up at me with a pleased and self-satisfied expression on her face. As my penis began to shrink, she tightened her lips around it and pulled her head back, milking the last few drops of cum out of me.

When I gestured for her to come closer, I could see how happy she was that she'd made me climax; I held her body on top of mine and put my arms around her before giving her a kiss and a hug. Smiling down at me, she asked "I did okay? You liked that?"

I just smiled as I told her "Considering what just happened, I think you already know that you did just *fine*, and that I liked it a **lot**."

She laughed before telling me "Well, I thought so, but I just wanted to make sure. I was *really* surprised at how hard it came out, though — I know you said it wasn't like a hose, or anything, but still...!"

I chuckled and gave her a hug before asking "I guess you thought the taste was okay?"

She crinkled her nose as she answered "Yeah. I didn't expect it to taste salty like that, but it wasn't **bad**, or anything. If we do this some more, you don't have to tell me when it's going to happen, like that; I know what to expect, now, so it's okay if you want to squirt in my mouth."

"I'm glad to hear that", I told her, "because for guys, it makes our climax better when the girl does for them what you did for me. If you didn't want to have me in your mouth when that happened, you could have used your hand to finish me, and I still would have had a climax — it just wouldn't have been as good. Kind of like the difference for you when we use our hand, or when I use my mouth."

She nodded her understanding before lowering her head to rest on my chest. I softly kissed the top of her head, and she raised up enough to smile at me, letting me know that she liked what I'd done.

Several minutes went by with me just holding her lithe young body before I remembered that she'd expressed some concern about us finishing before Gail got home. Softly caressing one of her firm ass cheeks, I told her "I like having you lay on me like this, but you said you wanted to make sure we were done before Gail got home. If you want to, we can take a quick shower together; or you can take one by yourself, if you want."

She quickly lifted her head to look at me, and eagerly asked "I can take a shower with you? Both of us naked, together?"

Laughing, I answered "Well, I'm *pretty* sure 'with me' means we'd be together, yeah. And I don't think that getting dressed for it would make a lot of sense, so I suppose we'd better be naked, too."

She stuck her tongue out at me, and I mimed kissing it, to her amusement, before she clambered off of me. As she moved toward the edge of the bed, she informed me "I most certainly **do** want to take a naked shower with you. What are you waiting for?"

Amused at her demeanor, I was soon standing with her next to the bed; she led the way into the bathroom, where she took charge of getting the water started, then adjusted to a satisfactory temperature. With the admonition to be careful not to get her hair wet, she got the two of us

under the spray — where we had a brief, but certainly enjoyable, cleanup that included a fair measure of rubbing up against each other and mutual molestation.

Once we were dried off and dressed again, we resumed our seats on the couch, where she snuggled into my side while holding my hand over her breast as I softly caressed it.

We were still like that when Gail turned up from school. Gail didn't have any visible reaction to seeing me with my hand on her sister's breast; when Emma got up and told Gail to go ahead and sit next to me if she wanted, the younger girl was just as willing to draw my hand down so that I could do the same thing to her, as Emma looked on.

It took less than a month for Gail to decide that she wanted to find out about oral sex, too. Her labia were a bit thicker than Emma's, but just as small and soft. Her female oils had a slightly tangy taste, though they were still light and fresh. To my pleasure, it took a little longer before she had her orgasm. She wasn't sure she was ready to have me cum in her mouth, so she used her hand to finish me; when I was done, she collected a dollop of my semen for taste-testing. On deciding that she liked it, she quickly transferred all she could to her mouth with a happy smile. There was a period there that I was feasting on fresh, young pussy at *least* once a week, sometimes a couple or more — and getting blowjobs just as often.

Then there was a sudden and dramatic increase in the amount of business I had. Several companies that I'd done work before all wanted to come out with new products at pretty close to the same time, which had me as busy as the proverbial one-armed paper-hanger. That didn't leave me with as much time for Emma and Gail as I would have liked... something that left them more than a little unhappy.

I'd finished a tricky bit of code, and was taking a break one Monday morning when the two of them came over to see me. It was some school holiday, and they'd gotten bored trying to watch daytime television; despite knowing that I was busy with work, they'd come over anyway. Cute as they were, I couldn't get upset with them, though I did tell them that I couldn't take too much time away from my work — I simply had too much to do. Both said they understood, and were just glad I could talk to them.

We chatted for a little while, then each of them let me know that they'd like to have some "private" time with me. With me leaving it up to them how much of what we did, it had always worked out that I was intimate with just one of them at a time; that day, **both** of them wanted to be with me, and they started to disagree about which one of them it would be. While it was a little flattering to have two nubile teeny-boppers arguing over which one got to have me, it was also rather annoying listening to them — particularly when they actually started to argue about it. Hoping they'd settle down again, I waited a couple of minutes; but when they kept at it, I finally figured I had to put an end to it.

"All right, you two! Settle down!", I commanded, a bit loudly. I'd never been that loud or forceful with them before, so they immediately quieted down, and began to stare at me.

At a more normal tone, I told them "You should listen to yourselves! Both of you arguing with each other about which one of you I'm going to be with. Neither one of you has bothered to ask what *I* might want; you've just assumed that I'll do whatever you want me to. And that's despite the fact that I've **already told you** that I'm just too damn busy with work. So all you're doing is getting mad and fussing at each other about something that isn't going to happen ANYWAY. Now what, exactly, is the problem with you two?"

Abashed, they looked at each other for a moment before Emma told me "Both of us *really* like it when you use your mouth on us, 'cause you make it feel so much better than when we just take care of ourselves. It's been **weeks** since you were with us, and both of us want to feel good like that again."

To that, Gail added "We both like to give you blowjobs, too, and we wanted to do that for you to help you maybe relax a little bit about all the work you're doing. And we just miss being with you, too, and doing stuff like getting cleaned up after we're together."

Patiently, I asked them "Did it ever occur to either of you that you could help *each other* while I'm busy?"

Both sat there, looking at me with blank expressions. Realizing that they literally didn't know what I was getting at, I told them "There isn't a reason in the world that you two can't do things **together**, just like you do them with me. Both of you have told me that you don't think your own juices taste bad; has it ever crossed your minds to see if maybe your sisters taste okay, too? That if you like the way *I* touch you, then maybe you could do the same thing for your sister?"

Once I'd pointed out the option, both of them turned their head to look at the other and consider the possibility. When they were facing me again, Gail asked "Wouldn't that mean we were, like, lesbians?", followed by Emma's plaintive "What happens if someone finds out?"

I snorted before answering "You can't know if you're lesbians until you know whether or not you like to have sex with a guy; lesbians only want to have sex with other girls. If you like to do stuff with girls AND guys, then you're what they call 'bi-sexual', which just means that you like both. There isn't anything wrong with being bi-sexual, or even a lesbian; it's just *different*, is all. If it turns out you like it, and you can make each other feel good, does it really matter? And who's going to find out, and how? If you're doing things with each other, I don't think **you're** going to say anything, and you know *I'm* sure not going to... so who's going to know, except you?"

They looked at each other again for several seconds before turning back to me and Emma saying "I... I guess we could, um, *try*." A moment later, Gail asked "Gary? Could you... could you maybe be with us at first? Kind of help us get started?", followed by Emma nodding her agreement.

I *really* hadn't expected to be asked to help them find out what it was like to be with another girl; but once the question had been asked, the idea of watching and being involved as they got intimate with each other did wonders for my libido. My answer was delayed only by the necessity of calming myself before I told them "Sure, I can do that."

After they'd shared another look, both of them got up to stand next to the couch; I followed their example, and each of them took one of my hands before leading the way back to my bedroom. When all three of us were naked and on the bed, we sat there in a rough triangle for a few moments before I leaned over to give Gail a soft kiss on the lips — then did the same for Emma. Looking at each of them in turn, I told them "I can understand that this maybe feels kind of weird, but it shouldn't. Yeah, both of you are girls — but that only means that both of you know and understand what it feels like for the other one. You shouldn't worry about being sisters, either, since that just lets you know that you love and trust each other."

They considered that for a moment, then smiled in acceptance of what I'd said. Next, I told them "Both of you have told me that you love me — but I'll bet that each of you loves your sister even more. How about if you try something simple, and easy first, like kissing your sister? I don't mean like you usually do; what I'd like you to try to do is use your lips to tell her how MUCH you love her. No touching or anything, just kissing. Can you do that?"

It took them a moment to start, but once they'd brought their lips together, I could tell as each of them tried to do what I asked. Their first kiss was brief and tentative, but after they'd looked at each other, they tried it again; only a few seconds passed before it was clear to me that they had managed to connect. Their second kiss lasted appreciably longer, and they were seeing each other in a new light when they finally broke apart. They were still looking at each other when I suggested "Maybe you should look at each other. I'm sure you've seen each other naked before, but have you ever really *looked*? Take some time and really *see* your sister — not just what her face looks like, but the rest of her, too. Really look at what her skin is like, and the size and shape of her breasts, and what her nipples look like, and how her body is different than yours, and how it's the same."

From the side, I watched them as they really *looked* at each other — probably for the first time in their lives. Even as they were checking each other out, I was taking the opportunity to do the same with both of THEM; their different bodies, breasts, profiles, and all the rest. As I watched, both pairs of nipples began to erect as each of them started to recognize how pretty and sexy the other was. After several minutes had passed, I could see that they were looking into each others eyes; quietly, so that I didn't break the bond between them, I told them "Look at her. She's your *sister*, and you know you love her, and think she's pretty. Don't you think she'd like it if you did things that would make her feel good? Go ahead and touch her — use your hands and fingers to tell her how pretty you think she is..."

With that, it took only a moment for Emma to raise her hand; she'd barely lifted it off the bed before Gail was doing the same thing. I watched as both of them slowly reached out to softly touch one of her sisters breasts — and both sets of nipples erect even more at the contact. The two of them spent several minutes touching each other; mostly on the others breasts, but also caressing shoulders, and necks, and waists, and hips. I didn't have to say anything for Gail to start to lean toward her sister with the obvious intent of kissing her again; Emma saw what Gail was doing, and didn't hesitate to meet the younger girl halfway. It was a matter of just a couple of seconds before they were kissing with much more affection and intimacy than they had the first

time. As their lips stayed together, each began touching the other more, and longer, and more passionately. Emma was the first to cup her sister's breast and begin gently squeezing and caressing it, but Gail readily followed the older girl's example.

I watched, entranced and incredibly aroused, as the two of them gradually increased the intimacy of their contact; Gail let one hand slowly drift down and come to rest on the inside of one of Emma's thighs; it took only a second for Emma to open herself in invitation for the younger girl to explore even farther — which she did, *after* parting her own legs.

Over the next several minutes, I continued to witness the steadily growing love and desire between them as they took turns nursing at each others breasts, kissing each other on the lips and shoulders, and tenderly caressing each others bodies and more intimate areas. It was Emma that eased her sister onto her back, and spent a few minutes orally tending Gail's bust before starting to slowly kiss her way down the younger girl's body. I remained still and quiet, and both of them completely forgot about me as Emma's lips eventually drifted into the soft down of Gail's sparse bush. A minute or so later, Emma gradually eased her head between her sister's thighs; a few moments went by before Emma raised her head to tell Gail "Gary was right — we *are* pretty here, too!"

Hearing that, I was half-afraid they'd remember where they were, and that I was there with them — but they were apparently so focused on what they were doing with each other that it never seemed to cross their minds. Instead, Emma simply lowered her head; I watched as she took a breath through her nose, savoring the unique aroma of her sister, before extending her tongue and drawing the tip of it across Gail's visibly wet opening. The expression on her face as she got her first taste of another woman's essence was one of surprised pleasure, followed by a look of anticipation as she moved to do it again. In less than a minute, she was eagerly applying herself toward stimulating Gail into producing even more as her sister began to moan in response to what Emma was doing.

Despite the press of work and the deadlines facing me, I simply *had* to continue to sit there as Emma slowly, but steadily, moved her younger sister closer and closer to an orgasm. I'd learned the little signs that told me Gail was close to her release when Emma changed what she was doing (I couldn't see what it was, dammit!); less than a minute later, Gail froze in place with the start of her climax. I saw Emma's head move slightly, and figured she was doing what *I* would have — lapping up the surplus fluids that escaped Gail whenever she had an orgasm.

As Gail's orgasm tapered off, Emma raised her head from between her sister's thighs; her face was glistening from lips to chin, telling me that she'd been doing what I'd thought she had. Carefully, Emma moved to lay next to Gail again, facing her so that the two of them could look at each other as Gail got her breath and senses back. When she could, Gail tilted her head forward enough for them to exchange several brief, gentle kisses. Only when they were just looking at each other again did Emma remember that I was there with them. She turned her head to look at me, followed by Gail doing the same. Both of them blushed slightly, but simply waited to see what my response would be.

Smiling, I looked from Emma to Gail and back again before telling them "There, now, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

It was Gail that told me "Not even! It felt *good*!"

Emma told me "I was kinda nervous about kissing that first time, but after that it was easy. It felt a little funny to be touching each other at first — but it felt nice, too. After we started kissing **and** touching, I just kinda forgot about anything else..."

"You think you'll be okay with helping each other, now?", I asked.

They looked at each other and grinned before Gail told me "Yeah, we'll be okay. But we still want to be with you when we can!", accompanied by Emma's nod of confirmation.

"I want that, too... when I can. But right now, I **have** to get back to work. You can stay here as long as you want; I'll check back with you in a little while, if that's okay."

Both of them assured me that it was, and after I got out of bed and got dressed again, I stood at the edge to tell them "You don't have to take turns making each other feel good; you can help each other at the same time, if you want."

They looked at me uncertainly, and I used my hands and forearms to indicate what I was talking about — they got the idea of "69" easily enough. The look they gave each other *really* made me want to stick around to watch what happened, but I did have those blasted deadlines...

After giving each of them a kiss, I turned and left them alone to enjoy themselves.

Back at work, I got wrapped up in my code, and it was nearly two hours before I came up for air. When I left my office, I thought I could hear something back in my bedroom; when I got close to the door, the air of aroused female was plain as it could be. I figured that if the smell was THAT strong, they must have really enjoyed themselves before they wore each other out and went home — only to discover that they might have gotten worn out, but they hadn't gone home yet, when I walked into my bedroom. Both of them were flushed, a trifle sweaty, and nearly bombed out on endorphins from the number of orgasms they must have given each other. Standing there looking at them tangled up on the bed, I could only marvel at their capacity for pleasure, if they'd actually been at it since I'd left.

It took several seconds for them to notice that I was there; when they did, both gave me tired, but pleased, grins.

"Have you two been having fun the whole time I was gone?", I had to ask.

Emma managed to answer "We rested a few times... but mostly, yeah."

Gail wanted to know "Why? Is something wrong, or did we stay too long?"

I had to laugh before I answered "No, nothing's wrong, and you haven't stayed too long. But I've been gone for *two hours*!"

Surprised at hearing how long they'd been together, they looked at each other before Gail

answered "We didn't know...", followed by Emma's tentative "It felt *really* good, and we were having fun..."

I laughed again, and replied "I guess!"

Another few seconds went by, and Emma asked "Does this mean you can spend some time with us now?"

Surprised, I wanted to know "Do you even want me, now? Aren't you too tired? Haven't you had enough fun for one day?"

Emma told me "Of *course* we want you; and no, we're not too tired!". When she was done, Gail informed me "This was *really* nice, but we still like being with YOU more."

It certainly didn't hurt my ego any hearing that two young girls still wanted me, even after spending the last couple of hours pleasuring each other. I smiled at them, and when I started to undress, both of them sat up before Emma told me "Here, let us do that!", followed by the two of them coming over and helping me get undressed. When I was as naked as they were, they led me onto the bed, then got me laying down. They playfully argued over which one did what with me until a quick game of paper-rock-scissors settled the matter — I'd get to use my mouth on Emma while Gail got (and kept) me hard. After Emma had an orgasm, they'd switch so Emma could finish me off while I took care of Gail. I certainly didn't have any objections, and it took little more than a minute for us to be in our assigned positions. With Emma straddling my face, I gladly lifted my head and began licking up the small amount of her oils that were still available. A moment later, Gail lifted my flaccid penis up and took the whole thing into her mouth before starting to tease the head with her tongue.

The next little while was as close to heaven on earth as I ever expect to get — my hands all over one young teenybopper, and my mouth full of her young pussy, while her sister's mouth was wrapped around my rising cock.

With all that the two of them had been doing, it was pretty quick work getting Emma well and truly aroused again. I barely had to move my head, even, because the slow arching of her pelvis gave me ample opportunity to stimulate her erect clitoris, but also enjoy teasing her labia and lick up her increasingly abundant oils as she moved. Farther down, Gail had gotten me fully erect, and was basically just marking time by using her *very* talented mouth and lips to try different things with me — seeing how much of her mouth she could get around me from the side, or *gently* making minuscule nibbles at my cock with her teeth, or even just trying to see how much of my cock she could fit into her mouth without doing anything else to me. She even tried a couple of things that I'd never even thought of before...

It **had** been a couple of weeks since I'd been with either of them, and I was feeling a certain amount of biological back-pressure; it was something of a relief to discover just how quickly and easily I was going to be able to help Emma have an orgasm — I *really* wanted to blow my load into one of their eager mouths. So when I felt Emma getting close to her climax, I wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to keep teasing her clitoris between bouts of collecting her tasty juices. It

took only a couple more minutes for her to almost fall forward and support herself on her arms just ahead of the first wave of her release causing her young body to arch with the force of it. Getting my hands on her tight little ass, I was able to ease her forward enough that I could lap up the juices that began to leak out of her in quantity as she gasped and moaned her way through the rest of her orgasm.

I felt Gail's mouth leave my cock, and heard her tell me "You make her orgasm *real* good, Gary! I only made her do like that a couple of times..." before wrapping her lips around me again.

I pulled my mouth back from Emma's crotch long enough to answer "I guess you'll just have to practice more, and try harder, won't you?". I swear I could feel Gail smiling at me around my erection as I went back to collecting Emma's decreasing supply of nectar.

As Emma's climax tapered off, I saw a slight tremor in her arms — it wasn't surprising in the least that she'd be a little weak after basically doing nothing but having multiple orgasms for the last few hours. It was an awkward position for me, and took a fair amount of my strength, but I managed to help Emma get off my face without hurting me, and then laying on the bed.

Gail had let me slip from her mouth, and when I turned back to see what she was doing, I discovered that she'd moved up to my head — where she promptly went about licking my face clean of any of her sister's juices. Once she was satisfied with her handiwork, she asked me "Could you suck on my boobs? Maybe until Em's ready? I really like it when you do that."

Well, if she was going to ask all nice and polite like that, and compliment me on my tit-sucking, I suppose it wouldn't *hurt*...

Putting my hands on her sides, I guided her up so that she was straddling my chest; when she leaned over a bit, I could easily raise my head far enough to do what she wanted. A few minutes of carefully bathing her bust with my tongue, and gently sucking at random spots on her mounds, and teasing her areolas and nipples with my lips and tongue had her softly panting. I was about to start seeing what kind of mischief I could get into with her erect nipples when I felt a hand grasp my cock, followed by it being surrounded by a warm mouth. Looking up at Gail, I told her "Em's doing her part now; do you want me to keep doing this, or use my mouth on you?"

Gail's almost instantaneous answer was "Use your mouth!"

I grinned at her, and she blushed slightly at her surplus of enthusiasm. When I lowered my head to the bed, she quickly got herself situated so that her tasty snatch was right over my mouth. A second later, and I had her soft pubic hairs brushing my nose as I began sampling her female wares.

From how wet and aroused she already was, I had to figure that she really did like having my mouth on her breasts, or that she enjoyed using her mouth on me — or both, since she'd shown herself to be eager and willing, once we'd gotten past her initial hesitance. Either way, there was enough of her essence already present for me to get the full delectable flavor of her before I "had" to begin stimulating her into producing more.

As I was tending to Gail's arousal and desired, Emma was taking care of mine. Using the end of her tongue, she was drawing some rather interesting (and erotic) designs along the underside of my cock to get me back to full hardness. Satisfied that I was as hard as she could get me, she shifted over to applying a gentle suction as she slowly bobbed her head up and down on me while cupping my balls in her hand. When she started twisting her head as it moved, and pressed the very tip of her tongue against me, I discovered just how good life could be. The feeling was good enough that it prompted me to apply myself toward getting Gail off so that I could focus my attentions on the indescribable pleasure Emma was giving me.

Figuring that if Gail liked me to suck on her tits, then it would probably help if I played with them while I was eating her, I reached up to put my hands over her breasts. As I put my mouth over her clitoris and began softly sucking on it, I started gently squeezing her firm mammaries. I could only marvel at how firm they were before moving my hands so that I could begin toying with their peaks. My fingertips told me that her areolas had swollen slightly, and formed small hills at the peaks of the greater masses of her breasts; further exploration revealed that her nipples were as long as they could get, forming rubbery little pebbles that I delighted in softly pinching and pulling on, and rolling between my fingertips.

Trying as best I could to keep my attention off the feeling of Emma's warm mouth sliding up and down my cock, I tried to see if I couldn't get at least a little bit of my tongue worked through the tight ring of Gail's vaginal opening. Try as I might, though, I couldn't get it to happen — though Gail's reaction told me that she appreciated the attempt. Her oils were leaking out of her slowly, but almost constantly; I was spending as much time licking them up as I was titillating her clitoris. I'd gotten Gail to the brink, and was softly fluttering my tongue across her clitoris when I got an idea. After I'd collected the accumulation of her juices again, I began slowly circling her clit with my tongue — and gradually increasing the pressure that I applied to it as I started pinching her hard little nipples more and more firmly. It took only a little bit of that simultaneous stimulation for her to find her release; with a deep groan, she froze over me. Her clitoris quickly disappeared under its protective cover, leaving me free to move my tongue where it was most needed, and begin gathering the juices that her virginal womanhood was pushing out to me.

My taste buds had their own little parties as they were treated to the flavor that was uniquely Gail's; I was kept busy enough supplying them with her nectar that I actually got distracted from what Emma was doing to me for a little while.

Still, young as she was, Gail could only climax for so long — particularly after all she'd been doing the previous couple of hours. Her fluids had slowed to little more than a faint trickle when I felt her begin to wobble slightly. I got my hands on her sides to help support her, then after giving her slit one last pass with my tongue, lowered my head enough to tell her "If you want to get off of me, I can help."

Looking up at her along the front of her body, I could see her nod her agreement; much as I'd done with Emma, I helped Gail get herself off my face, and then laying down. When she turned to face me, I could see the happiness and pleasure she felt. I gave her a smile, which she

returned, before turning my head back so I could watch my glistening erection sliding back and forth through the circle of Emma's soft lips.

Seeing that I was looking at her, she somehow managed to smile at me around my hard cock — then calmly proceeded to try to make me cum... as hard as she could, apparently.

As noted, she'd already been doing a *fine* job of getting me worked up; with nothing to distract me from what she was doing, her increased efforts only had that much more of an effect. Her actions left me with mixed feelings — there wasn't a doubt in my mind that I was going to cum like gangbusters; but what she was doing felt so damn good that I didn't want it to stop.

She cupped my balls in her hand, and was softly stroking my scrotum with her thumb, and it felt pretty good. But when she raised her head enough that she could begin swirling her tongue around the head of my cock, any illusions I might have had about having any control over what happened next were left in tatters. I could feel the tension in my cock and balls growing steadily as Emma's tongue continued to do laps around my glans; I somehow managed to hold out for nearly a minute before it was simply too much to withstand. I heard myself grunt as the first hot jet of my cum erupted from the end of my manhood; Emma responded by taking me as far into her mouth as she could and rubbing her tongue along the bottom of me — virtually guaranteeing that the next spray of my semen was as strong as the first, and that the ones that followed were stronger than usual, too.

When it was over, I opened my eyes to look down at her, and saw the pleased and self-satisfied expression on her face as she milked the last few drops of cum out of me in the process of letting me slip from her mouth. After my semi-erect penis had cleared her lips, she sat up — only to turn her head to Gail, so the two of them could share not only a kiss, but my cum. It was the damndest thing I'd ever seen, and incredibly erotic and arousing; enough so that I felt my penis twitch in a futile effort to get hard again.

I watched as the two of them deep-kissed and shared my semen for several seconds before their lips separated, and both visibly swallowed what she had of my jism. Both graced me with cat-that-ate-the-canary smiles before Gail leaned forward and began using her tongue to clean my penis. As Gail was dealing with her self-appointed task, Emma moved up so that she was next to me. I readily kissed her, and she told me "While Gail and I were alone, we kinda talked about you a little bit — what we like that you do, and what we like to do with you. I'm starting to like the taste of your stuff, and after we decided we'd tell you thank you for helping us today like this, both of us wanted to taste you. So we decided that whoever got to finish you would share. You don't mind?"

"Not in the *slightest*," I assured her. "What you were doing to me felt really, **really** good, and watching you two do that was incredibly sexy."

Gail was close enough to hear what I said, and smiled at me before I gave her her own kiss. I put an arm around each of them, and both happily snuggled into my sides. All of us were content to just lay there and rest for quite some time.

When my conscience began to bother me, it wasn't about what we'd all done, or the fact that I was laying there naked with two cute little pubescent girls nestled against me — it was the fact that I still had work to do, and deadlines to meet. Never before had I felt it quite as much as I did then... the fact that being an adult really **sucks**, sometimes.

I knew both girls could hear in my voice how much I regretted the necessity of getting up and going back to work. I made things a little easier on all of us by offering to clean up with them... something they eagerly agreed to. A few minutes later, and I was being pampered by both of them as we helped get each other in the shower. With their soap-slickened bodies rubbing against me, it was all I could do not to haul them back into the bedroom for an extended bout of debauchery; they left me no doubt that they'd willingly participate. But I **was** an adult, and I *did* have work and deadlines that needed my attention, so I had to content myself with repeatedly molesting them in different ways — which they not only didn't mind, but enjoyed.

Once we were all dried and dressed again, both of them gave me kisses that let me know how they felt about me. I kissed them back the same way, and added some fondling and groping. When they left, both knew that I wasn't ignoring them because I wanted to. I'd also promised them that I would set aside *some* time so that we could still have fun with each other until I was done with my overload of work. It wasn't as much as either wanted, but they accepted it with good grace — due in part to the fact that they could turn to each other when they needed, I'm sure.

I got my projects done, on schedule, and earned myself a nice collection of bonuses. To celebrate, I invited Andrea and the girls to go out to dinner with me. With Andrea's limited income, they considered delivered pizza to be no small treat, so all three of them were nearly ecstatic at the idea of actually going out to a restaurant for a meal.

When I went over to collect them, I found out just *how much* of a deal it was for them when I found all three pretty well dolled up. I'd always thought that Andrea had a nice shape, but when I saw her in the black sleeveless number she had on, I mentally kicked myself for not giving her the credit she deserved. While she didn't have a particularly large bust, she certainly had enough to make the cleavage she was showing more than a little interesting to look at. The style of her dress showed off her trim waist and hips to good effect, and stopped far enough above her knees to reveal a nice expanse of very pleasant legs.

The girls outfits weren't as revealing as Andrea's, but certainly succeeded in making it clear that they were attractive young females. When I saw them, I clapped and whistled several times, pleasing and embarrassing all of them. I'd told them that I wasn't planning on going anyplace "fancy", so they hadn't bothered putting on fancy jewelry or anything — but they were still dressed up better than I'd have thought or expected.

I escorted them out to my car, and the two youngsters headed straight for the back seat, leaving Andrea up front with me. I was glad to have her there, since she was not only nice to look at as I was driving, but she had on a nice, light perfume that made her smell **REAL** good.

I don't know if Andrea said anything to Emma and Gail beforehand, or not; all I know is that both of them made selections from the menu that were roughly in the middle of the price range, as did Andrea. But I didn't say anything about it, and simply went ahead and got a better bottle of wine to go with the food. Both girls were allowed ONE glass of wine, while Andrea and I dealt with the rest. Supper was excellent, and all three of them were nearly giddy with the choices available to them for dessert. We finished the meal off with coffee for Andrea and me, and *fresh* hot chocolate for Emma and Gail.

When the three of them trooped off to the ladies room, I took the opportunity to call a couple of clubs I knew. By the time they got back, I'd made arrangements for a little more entertainment that night.

When we left the restaurant, it was Emma that noticed I wasn't heading home; when Andrea asked, I simply said that the night wasn't over yet — something that earned me a Look. When I pulled into the parking lot of the club, Andrea told me "They won't let the girls in there!"

I laughed, and told her "Yes, they *will* let the girls in there — as long as neither of us gives them anything with alcohol in it. So come on and have some fun!"

Unsure whether to believe me or not, Andrea got out of the car when I did; the girls followed a second later. When we got to the door, the owner had already let the doorman know that the girls could come in. We were shown a table, and after we'd all ordered something to drink (mixed for me and Andrea, sodas for Emma and Gail), I got Andrea out on the dance floor for a couple of tunes.

For the next couple of hours, the four of us had a blast. While I spent most of my dancing time with Andrea, I didn't neglect to take each of the girls out a couple of times, too. When it got late enough that I saw the two youngsters yawn, I gestured to them as I told Andrea "I suppose it's about time we headed home, don't you?"

Laughing, she agreed, and over the protests of the girls that they were fine, we went back out to my car and headed home. Emma was able to make it inside under her own power, but it proved to have been too much of an evening for Gail; I carried her inside in my arms, to Andrea's amusement. After I'd set her on her bed, I beat a hasty retreat so that Andrea could get her undressed and tucked in.

I was sitting on the couch when Andrea showed up a few minutes later — having shed the dress she'd had on in favor of some old walking shorts and a tee shirt. As she walked toward me, I saw the slight wobbling of her breasts that let me know she didn't have a bra on.

She got each of us a soda from the fridge, and after handing me one, she took a seat on the couch not far away from me. We opened the sodas and each took a sip before she told me "Gary, I — all of us! — had a *great* time tonight. Thanks for including us in your little celebration — even if I *do* think you did more than maybe you should have. That's the best time I've had in, oh, *ages*, it seems. And you can bet that those two aren't going to forget it any time soon, either!"

I just smiled and waved it off, but Andrea told me "No, really, I mean it. I was just thinking, and it's been *years* since we've been able to afford to go out to eat — particularly that kind of place, never mind the club afterwards. I'd almost forgotten what it was like to go out and just have **fun** like that — a good meal, drinks, a little dancing... and with such nice company, too."

"Well, it was fun for me, too. Sometimes I don't realize how much time I spend inside my house, staring at a screen and abusing a computer keyboard. I had a great time, and three lovely ladies to enjoy it with me."

Andrea suddenly got serious, and told me "I don't mean to spoil things, but there's something I've got to ask you."

Wondering what could be on her mind, I asked "What is it?"

"Do... do you know anything about the girls... *being* together?"

Rather than lie to her, I dodged the question by asking "Why do you ask?"

"I had to stay up later than I usually do a few nights ago. The girls had already gone to bed, but when I went back to my room, I thought I heard something from Gail's room. I thought maybe she was having a bad dream or something, and I turned the handle and opened the door a little bit — real quiet, so that I wouldn't wake her if I didn't have to. Except that instead of seeing her laying there asleep, I found the two of them in her bed — both of them stark naked, with Gail on top as they... did things to each other. I guess you can imagine how shocked I was when I saw them; I'm still not sure how I managed to close the door, instead of going in there and breaking them up!"

I took a sip of my soda and stayed silent for a few seconds before asking "You said that Emma was in Gail's room?"

Andrea nodded, and I queried "But it was Gail on top?"

She told me that was true, and I remained quiet for a bit before asking "So Emma was in Gail's room — meaning that she must have gone in there on her own. Gail was the one on top, but Emma wasn't fighting her; you said they were doing things to *each other*."

"That's right."

"So what's the problem?"

"What do you mean 'what's the problem'? My two daughters were... **doing** things to each other — using their hands and... and mouths in places they shouldn't have been!"

"Yeah, I understand that they were doing things with each other. What I'm not understanding is why it's a problem. Emma was in *Gail's* room, and not only wasn't she complaining, she was actually participating while Gail was on top of her. It doesn't sound like either of them had forced the other one to be there, and if they were doing things **with each other**, then I have to figure they were both doing it because they wanted to. You didn't say anything that indicated they were hurting each other or anything, so I have to figure they weren't. If they were there because they

wanted to be, doing things that they wanted to, and weren't hurting each other... how is it a problem?"

The look I got from Andrea let me know in no uncertain terms what she thought of my question before she told me "Girls shouldn't be doing things like that with each other! Besides, they're barely even teenagers; what would be getting into them to be *doing* things like that?!"

I couldn't resist asking "You mean, besides each other?", earning myself a withering glare from Andrea before I went on "Andrea, what, exactly, are they doing to hurt each other? You said you saw them using their hand and mouths on each other — I'm going to guess that there wasn't any... penetration?"

She shook her head reluctantly, and I continued "So everything was happening on the outside — which means that both of them are probably still virgins. Surely, you don't think *that's* bad?"

Andrea grudgingly said that she didn't, and I told her "Maybe they're barely teenagers, but it sure sounds like they're old enough to know what sex is; at least, enough to know what feels good to them, so that doesn't matter... at least, not at this point. I think you know that they love each other — as sisters — so you can probably figure that they aren't going to do anything to actually HURT each other. From what you've said, that was the only time you've seen them, so you don't know if that was the first time for them — which I doubt — or not; if not, you have no idea how many times, or how long they've been doing that stuff."

Andrea admitted that she didn't, and listened to me ask "You and me and Bill never really talked about this kind of stuff, and I obviously don't have the faintest idea of what YOUR lives were like together. So what is it, *really*, that bothers you about them?"

Andrea sat there in silence for several seconds before hesitantly telling me "My own folks were pretty strict and conservative about... physical matters. When my mom told me about becoming a woman, she actually used the term 'wifely duties' instead of saying the word 'sex'. Growing up, both of them made it pretty clear to me that sex was only between men and women, and **meant** to be for making babies. It wasn't until after I got out of high school and moved away from home that I started learning that there were... other things that could happen. Not just between a boy and girl, but between girls, and... and even boys. I mean, I'd heard about homosexuals, and I kinda knew that they were guys that didn't like girls, but nothing more than that — at least, not until I got to college. Then when I started finding out the things that I didn't know before... well, it really threw me. A *lot*. Bill... Bill wanted me to do different things with him, sometimes, but after the way I grew up, I just **couldn't**; I think that's part of the reason that he was willing to be with that other woman. So when I saw the girls, and what they were doing, the first thing that I thought was that there was something wrong with ME, for me to have two daughters that would DO things like that with each other. Since Bill left, I've tried to be understanding and all that with them, but there's still too much of how *I* grew up inside me for me to really make it work. That's why I told you that I'd be okay with YOU talking to them about it — I was hoping that if they went to you, then I wouldn't have to do it. But if you don't know anything about them being together, then... then I guess I'm going to have to talk to them, anyway."

She was nearly in tears by the end, and I could tell that it hadn't be easy for her to tell it to me. Still ignoring the bit about whether or not I'd known about the girls, I asked her "Andrea, if you're still uncomfortable talking about stuff like that, what are you going to talk to them *about*? And more importantly, what are you going to **say**? Are you happy with the things that YOU were taught?"

Sniffing, she answered "No."

"Then why would you hurt your daughters by dumping all that garbage on THEM? Don't you think you'd be doing more for them by just giving them the *facts*, and telling them about other viewpoints, and helping them learn to make their own decisions? If you love them, why would you judge them so harshly for just being who they are — two intelligent, loving, pretty girls? All it sounds like they're doing is comforting each other, and making each other feel good and happy — is that **really** so wrong? Can you honestly think that your own daughters that you gave birth to, and raised, and love, could be THAT bad?"

The tears were in full force when Andrea plaintively demanded "But what else can I DO? I don't *know* anything else!"

Taking her hands in mine, I told her "Listen to me, Andrea. They aren't *my* daughters, but after watching them grow up, it almost feels like they are, sometimes. I know you don't know any better! But if you'll let me, I can help you figure this out. I'm probably as tolerant as it sounds like your folks were conservative — you don't have to tell the girls that you *approve* of what they're doing; I doubt that you could, anyway. But if you'll let me help you, I'll bet you can get rid of enough of the stuff you're still carrying around from your parents that you can at least be able to tell them that you know, and that you still love them anyway. I've been here to help before, so let me help with this, too; you said that you hoped they'd come over to me with their questions so you didn't have to deal with it, so tell THEM that it's okay, too. I'll probably end up making them more open about this stuff than you are, and more willing to talk and all that — but don't you think that's better than having them all tied up in knots about it like you are?"

She considered what I'd said for a couple of minutes before asking "You... you'd do that? Help me that way, with MY problems? And even talk to them, and help them understand why it's you talking to them instead of me, without making me sound like some kind of crazy person?"

"Well, I can't guarantee how it'll turn out, but I'm willing to *try*.", I assured her. "Don't you think that's better than the alternative?"

The waterworks had mostly dried up, but she was still sniffing as she told me "I think they'd be a LOT better off learning even a little bit of what you think and know, than they would getting everything from me. Bill wasn't dumb, by a long shot, but even he thought it was good to listen to the things you had to say."

I got her to look into my face as I cautioned her "I told you, Andrea, there aren't any guarantees. There's no telling where this will go, what will happen along the way, or how it'll turn out. I can only promise you three things — that I'll never lie to them, that I'll never try to trick them, and

that I'll never hurt them. Beyond that..."

She continued to look into my face for several seconds before telling me "Okay, I'll accept that. You've made me those three promises, and as long as you keep them, I'm willing for Em and Gail to come over to you for the things that I know *I* shouldn't be talking to them about. As messed up as I know I am about sex and all that, I'm not going to bother you about what you talk to them about or what they learn from you. Unless they come home crying or upset, I'm going to figure that they're okay with you and not come looking for them or worrying about them. I know that leaves you — and them! — a pretty big opening, but I'm going to take your promises at face value. And so that nobody gets put into the position of having to lie or cause any hurt feelings, I'm only going to ask questions if I see that one of them is bothered about something, and only enough to help if I can."

Even though she didn't come out and say it, I knew that if I did anything to actually abuse either of the girls, she'd have my scrotum for a coin purse — and I wouldn't have blamed her in the slightest. Still looking into her eyes, I said "I can live with that.", answering both what she'd said, and what she hadn't.

That was all she needed to hear on the subject of the girls, and a couple of minutes passed before she started telling me how things were going at work for her. In return, I told her how I was doing, and the two of us sat there and chatted for over an hour. When I asked, she said that she still had to go in to work the next day, so I excused myself and went home after we'd agreed to get together the next evening to work out how to deal with her immediate problem with the girls. As I went to bed, I thought about all that had been going on the last few months — not just between me and the girls, but what I'd seen and heard of Andrea, her job, and all of them.

Neither Andrea or I expected to find a quick or easy solution for how she could talk to Emma and Gail about what she'd seen — and we didn't. Andrea easily admitted that the single biggest problem was her own upbringing and attitudes; recognizing the problem wasn't the same as dealing with it, however. Still, with no small effort and plenty of patience and commitment, we finally managed to get her to the point that she was able to accept that while she didn't *like* what the girls had been (and almost certainly were) doing, she was able to at least *consider* it without going off the deep end. With some more work, and careful preparation beforehand, she was finally ready to sit down with the two of them and talk to them about it.

Naturally, both of them came over to tell *me* about it afterwards — something Andrea had told me she expected, and was fine with. Both girls were embarrassed that their mother had seen them, and nearly dumbfounded at her (apparent) equanimity. As I'd agreed with Andrea, I told them that while there wasn't anything to be *embarrassed* about, they should still take care not to do anything when or where their mother might find them — that even though she hadn't told them that it was bad, or that they had to stop, that didn't mean that she actually **approved** of it. I went on to suggest that unless they *wanted* her to say anything like that, they needed to be a lot more careful; then went on to tell them that they could come over to my place to be with each

other, if they wanted to. Both were delighted, and didn't have much (any) trouble talking me into letting them show their appreciation with a repeat of what we'd all done after their first afternoon together.

Slowly, and carefully, Andrea let them know over the course of the next couple of weeks that she was okay with the idea of them coming over to my place not only more often, but for longer periods of time. After that, she got them clued in that she wasn't going to be terribly inquisitive about why they came over, or what happened.

When Andrea got an invitation to attend a special three-day, two-night seminar, Gail and Emma were overjoyed when she agreed that they could just stay with me while she was gone, rather than having me running back and forth between the two houses. To my relief, the girls didn't insist on any kind of sex marathon. We certainly had our share of fun with each other, and both of them stayed in my bed at night, but that was about the extent of it. When Andrea got back, both of them were considerably happier and more chipper than they'd been when she left; Andrea mentioned it only in passing a couple of days later.

With Emma and Gail coming over more often, together and individually, I had even more opportunities to slowly increase the level of intimacy I had with them. From using only their hands and mouths on my cock, it didn't take long for them to begin finding pleasure at having it between their legs — and then actually having it rubbing against the outsides of their vaginas.

Along with that, it was easy enough to get them to accept the idea of carefully using their fingers to touch each others opening, and even start pressing against it. When they inquired about their virginity, I dug out a hand mirror I had, and I sat down with the two of them and helped them open themselves and each other enough for them to see the barrier that defined them as virgins. Neither hymen appeared to be much more than a thin ring to me, and didn't think that either one would be much of a problem when the time came. Both of them wondered aloud what all the fuss was about; I took the opportunity to explain a bit of history to them, and how the presence of a maidenhead was considered a sign of purity to the husband — who was considered to be all but her owner. Both were more than a little indignant at that idea, and expressed the attitude that nobody was going to own *them*... something that was music to my ears.

Each knowing the particulars of her situation, they were willing to begin *careful* experimentation with the idea of penetration. Their first efforts were extremely brief and tentative, but they slowly got more used to the idea, and comfortable with the act. To my infinite delight, I was called on to assist several times, and privy to witnessing many more. I was there to watch when Gail succeeded in getting nearly her entire finger inside her older sister, and the near-ecstasy on Emma's face that resulted. That only prompted Gail to greater willingness for Emma to do the same to her, with almost identical results. Both girls took great care not to actually *break* their (or each others) hymen — but they weren't above stretching the hell out of them.

As the weeks passed, two different aspects of their sexuality became closer and closer for both girls — their comfort with having something inside themselves, and their willingness to have my erect cock directly stimulating their genitals. Not once did I suggest to either of them that

anything should happen between us, nor did I ever attempt anything like coitus with them; it was invariably at *their* suggestion that they would rub themselves against my erection, or that I would gently ease the end of my finger through the portal of their womanhood. I was also taking every opportunity to increase and prolong their arousal and pleasure; rather than just help them have increasingly stronger orgasms, I would also take a little more time in how long it took for those orgasms to happen. In return, they learned to take *their* time about bringing me, and each other, to climax, as well.

There was going to be a movie on cable TV that all of us wanted to see, so I invited the three of them over to watch it on my big-screen TV, instead of the smaller one that they'd had to settle for after the divorce. Andrea also let me spring for pizza with only a token amount of protest, which delighted the girls.

It wasn't too late when the movie finally ended, and Emma and Gail sat and listened when Andrea and I started talking. She said something about Emma's upcoming fifteenth birthday (just a couple of weeks distant), and I turned to ask Emma what she wanted. I was a little surprised when she told me "There's only one thing I want, but it's something Mom would have to help me with."

When I looked at Andrea, I could see that she was even more surprised than I was before she asked "Then what **do** you want, Em?"

Looking straight at her mother, Emma calmly dropped a bombshell into the middle of my living room by answering "All I want for my birthday is for you to make an appointment for me so I can start using birth control."

Andrea immediately turned to look at me — and must have seen that I didn't have any more idea of where Emma had come up with it than *she* did. Turning back to Emma, Andrea asked "Do you *need* birth control?", more than a little suspiciously.

Emma remained calm, and simply answered "No, not yet. But I want to be ready, for when I **do** need it."

"Don't you think maybe you're a little young?", Andrea wanted to know.

"I don't think I am. Mom, I'm not having sex yet — I'll go to the doctor any time you want, and he can tell you that I'm still a virgin. I'm asking you to let me start using birth control so that I can make sure that there aren't going to be any problems or anything before I stop being a virgin. I've heard you talk, sometimes, and I've heard you say that you had to change *your* prescription three times before you and the doctor found the right thing. If **I'm** going to have problems like that, then I want to get them over with as soon as possible, is all. I just want to be ready for when I am ready to start having sex."

Andrea looked like she wanted to argue the matter, but I cleared my throat, and when she looked at me, I gave my head a minute shake to let her know not to. She turned back to Emma (and a visibly stunned Gail), and told her "You're asking for something pretty serious, you know. I'll

have to think about it before I can say what I'll do. For now, I think it's time you two went home."

Gail and Emma both looked at me, and I gave them as reassuring a smile as I could before they started toward the door. When they were gone, Andrea turned to me and demanded "Why did you want me to stop talking to her?"

"Because it looked like you were about to make a pretty big mistake, and do something that I don't think you would have been very happy about afterwards."

"What do you mean?"

"It looked like you were about to start arguing with her about it, and I don't think it would have done you any good. You'd probably *keep* trying to argue with her about it, and not getting anywhere, until you finally said something that would probably sound like a threat to her. I've got the distinct impression that she's pretty damn serious about what she wants; I think you'd know it, too, if you'd stop and think about it. So if you DID say something like that, she wouldn't back down — which means that you'd either have to back down yourself, or actually follow up on what you said. I don't expect that you'd be willing to back down, being her mother and all, so you'd do what you said you would. Except that she's as serious about what SHE wants as you are about what YOU want, so she wouldn't figure that she had any choice but to do what she meant to in the first place. That wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the fact that what we're talking about here is so damn serious, and potentially irreversible."

"How so?"

"Andrea, we're talking about your *daughter* here, and whether or not she has **birth control** when she needs it. Think about it, dammit! If she's thinking about sex seriously enough to ask YOU to help her get birth control, do you honestly think that she's going to give up on the idea just because you tell her 'no'? Or do you think she'll just go with whatever she *can* get hold of, and roll the dice? I looked it up one time, and the Pill and IUDs are **the** most reliable methods available; everything else comes in pretty far back. So if she can't use something that she needs a doctor visit for, the chance that she actually gets pregnant goes up pretty damn fast — and I'm sure you realize that 'pregnant' isn't a 'little bit' kind of thing; she can't be only forty percent pregnant because the foam or gel or whatever she used was sixty percent effective. I think if I hadn't stopped you then, you'd probably have ended up in an argument with her, and finally told her you wouldn't do it. Then when she decided she was ready, she'd have to settle for something that didn't work as good as she could have gotten if you'd helped her — and she'd almost certainly find herself pregnant way sooner than she'd be ready to take care of a baby. I think you'd better stop thinking about her like she's still your little girl, and realize that she's becoming a young *woman*, and that she's going to want — **have!** — to start learning how to make her own decisions so she can *grow up*. She's damn near FIFTEEN, Andrea, and if she'd having periods, then she's at least **physically** able to get pregnant and have kids. You can't keep treating her like she's still five years old, because she isn't, and never will be again. Are you *really* ready to start being called 'Grandma' just because you got pissed off and told her something you shouldn't

have?"

I could see I'd stunned her, and took a deep breath before continuing "I'm telling you what I think, but I'm only going to tell it to you once; if you can't or won't help her learn how to be an adult, then you're either going to lose her completely because she feels like she has to get away by running away or moving out — sooner than she should, probably — so she isn't smothered by you, or you're going to have her for the rest of your life because you won't turn her loose. From the day you gave birth to her, your job was to teach her how to become an *adult* — responsible, mature, and **thinking**. She told you she wanted to get started on birth control, and why; and from where I sat, it sure as hell sounded like she was doing just what you should be wanting her to. You need to decide if you're going to help her BE those things; or if you're going to let the fact that you don't LIKE what she wants get in the way, and fuck everything up."

It was the first time I'd ever spoken to Andrea that way — either tone or language, and it definitely got her attention. How much impact it had, or good it would do... those were remained to be seen. But from the expression on her face, I knew that she couldn't deny to herself that the problem wasn't REALLY as simple or obvious as she thought it was, or pretend she didn't know just how high the stakes were.

She also knew what *I* thought — not just about what Emma had asked, but what she, Andrea, was doing... and how, and why. When she looked into my face and eyes, she also knew that I wasn't going to apologize for what I'd said, or how I'd said it; and that I *damn* sure wasn't going to "discuss" it.

Saying that she needed to get home and make sure the girls had finished their homework, she excused herself and left. I knew there was a distinct possibility that I'd completely pissed her off... but if it got her *thinking* before she gave Em an answer, I figured it was worth it. I spent the rest of the evening deep in my own thoughts.

Emma came over by herself the next afternoon, and as she was sitting on my lap, I told her "Em, if you'd said something to me before last night, maybe I could have helped by talking to your mom, first. I think you know that you surprised her pretty bad. Surprised me, too, but her the worst."

"I know I could have talked to you first, Gary. But it's my life, and body, and everything; and I have to learn to start learning the being grown up and responsible stuff that you talk to me and Gail about. I'm just sorry that Mom started to act the way she did. I was afraid she was going to tell me 'no', and that I was, like, *grounded*, or something!"

I gave her a hug, and told her "You have to remember that even though you're ALMOST fifteen, you're still her daughter; and no matter how old you get, sometimes she's still going to think of you as her little girl. That's just part of being a parent, I think. After last night, I think she's maybe starting to understand that you *are* growing up — at least, a **little** bit" — that earned me a dirty look, until she realized I was teasing her — "but it's still going to take a little while before she really understands it in her heart, and not just in her head. Just like there are times when you

wish you could have done something differently, it wouldn't surprise me if she wishes she could have talked to you differently last night. I know it isn't easy, but try to remember that just like it's hard for you to get her to understand that you're growing up, it's hard for her to accept."

She sat there in silence for a little while, then looked up at me to ask "What did *you* think about what I wanted for my birthday?"

That was the thing that had been on my mind most after Andrea left, so I was able to answer "After you and Gail left, I told your mom that *I* thought you were being mature and responsible, and that I thought it showed you were really **thinking** about things before you did them. Like you said, it's your life and your body, and you have to be responsible for them. I know you're still a virgin, and it's not for me to say when you decide not to be, or who you're with. I just want to ask you to make sure, first, and be careful about who and when and how. From what I've heard from other women, your first time should be something *special*, so that you're happy to remember it afterwards. I told you I love you, and I mean it; and it would hurt me, too, if you did it before you were really ready. Okay?"

Pleased by what I'd said, Emma gave me a quick kiss on the cheek before resting against my chest while I held her. A little while later, Gail came over and the two of them got it into their heads to go skinny-dipping for a little while. They shed their clothes right there in the living room, and went out to the pool. I stayed inside, content to watch their lithe young figures playing.

Several days later, and I had to answer a knock at the door late one morning — only to find that it was Andrea. I didn't hesitate to invite her in, and we were soon sitting in chairs in the living room, generally facing each other. I asked if she wanted anything to drink, and she declined. After a couple of false starts, she managed to tell me "I was pretty surprised by what you told me the other night, after the movie. After I got home, and the girls went to bed, I even started to get mad about how you talked to me — but I couldn't *stay* mad. I kept thinking about what you said... about what you thought would have happened if you hadn't interrupted me; and what Emma asked, and why; and... and even about what you said about ME. I didn't like it — any of it; but I had to admit that you were right. I *don't* like it that Emma's asking me to help her start using birth control — but that doesn't change the fact that if she *IS* going to start having sex, it's best if she can make sure she doesn't get pregnant. And you were right that I should be **helping** her learn to be grown up, instead of pretending it isn't happening the way I've been doing. I've been trying to raise her, and Gail, the same way my parents raised ME; and that wasn't right back then, and it's even LESS right, now. I haven't been doing them, or myself, any favors by how I've been trying to bring them up. I've seen changes in them since I told them they could come over here, after we talked that night — and they're *good* changes, so I know that whatever you've been saying to them — which I'm not asking you to tell me, now or ever! — is good for them. I dearly wish that I'd brought them up to be as happy and forgiving and tolerant as you've helped them become, but I haven't, and I have to admit it."

I simply nodded for her to continue, and after she'd taken a deep breath, she told me "A few weeks ago, my boss told me that the company is going to be opening a branch office in a town a couple states away, and asked me if I would be interested in managing it. I told him I wasn't sure, that I'd have to think about it. He said there wasn't any real hurry, since the office wouldn't open until right before school starts again. Well, I've been thinking about it ever since he told me about it; I'd just about decided to tell him I wasn't interested when we were over here that night. After you talked to me, and I really thought about everything you said, I realized that there are a lot of things that I need to deal with in my life. As much as I love Emma and Gail, I have to face up to the fact that you're a better parent for them than I am, or could be; I'm still carrying around a LOT of... **crap** from the screwed-up way my folks raised ME, and I'm dumping a lot of that nonsense onto them, when I shouldn't. I've checked a few things, and talked to my boss some more, and done a lot of *very* serious thinking. I've figured out that what would probably be best for me, and the girls. It's not something I'm happy about, not by a long shot — but it's what I honestly think is BEST. But what I have in mind, it isn't something I can do all on my own... not if it's going to help Emma and Gail, most importantly, or me. I... I'm going to have to ask if you think you'd be willing to try and help."

For the life of me, I couldn't figure out what she was talking about, or where she was going with all of that. It was obvious as could be that it was serious, and that what she had to say wasn't easy for her; she'd asked me for help, but what kind? How much? For how long?

"Andrea, I think you know I'll do what I can, but you haven't told me yet what's going on that you need my help *with*."

Another deep breath, and she said "What I think might be best all the way around is... is if I don't try to raise Emma and Gail any more."

Stunned, I could only sit there for several seconds before asking "You want to tell me the rest of it? What else is going on?"

"I've had a couple of sessions with a psychiatrist, and she thinks that it would be best if I went through some therapy. Not just a few sessions, or once a month for a couple of years, or anything like that; she suggested that I see someone **several** times a month for a few *years*, to start with. I... I told her about my parents, and me and Bill, and even about some of the problems I've had dealing with Emma and Gail. I told her I was worried about how I was affecting them and she said that it sounded like it would be best if I didn't have to worry about them while I was going through therapy. I was afraid that I was going to have to give them up for adoption, or turn them over to foster care, but she told me that I didn't have to give them up permanently; that if there was someone I could trust, I could simply give them guardianship. So... so that's what I came here to ask you — if you would agree to... to take my daughters, and watch after them while I get some help with all the problems I have. I know it's a lot to ask, but if it will help any, I'll be able to help with their expenses — clothes, and medical, and that sort of thing. You see, I've told my boss that I'm interested in managing the new office, and if I get it — which he thinks I will — then between the increased salary and the medical program I'll have, I'll be able to pay most

of their out-of-pocket expenses, but keep them on my medical coverage so you wouldn't have to worry about them getting hurt or sick. The town where the new office is isn't very big, so me going there to manage it would be a good reason for the girls to stay here, where the schools are better, their friends are, and all that. I know it won't be easy for them, but I think I can help them understand how and why it's *best*. It's only a few more years until they're both out of high school, and by that time, maybe... maybe they'll be grown enough, and things will be better enough with me, that... that we'll be okay together. But until then, it would be best if they were with someone that could take proper care of them. You're the one person I trust the most in the world, and I hope that you won't mind doing it. Like I said, I know I'm asking a **lot**, so if this is something you can't do, or don't want to get involved in, I'm not going to be angry or upset — really. There are some other people that I can ask, if I have to."

Needless to say, I was pretty much overwhelmed by all that she'd told me. After she'd told me about how her parents were, and how they'd raised her, I knew that there were things about families that she wasn't good at; but I'd never even suspected that the situation was anything like what she'd just described. If she'd asked me to look after them for a few days or weeks, or even a couple of months, I'd have agreed in a heartbeat. But **years**?

After sitting there in silence for several seconds, I told her "I'm going to have to think about it, Andrea, before I can give you an answer."

"Of course, Gary. I'd be worried if you didn't."

"If I was a blood relative, I'd do it without question; but this way..."

She gave me a wan smile before saying "I know. As hard as it is for me to ask, I can only imagine what it's like from *your* side. If you don't mind, I'll go on back to work now..."

"Of course not.", I answered. We'd gotten to the door, and she'd said goodbye, when I told her "I'll have an answer for you by tomorrow evening, Andrea."

She gave me a half-smile and said "Thank you, Gary. Whatever you decide, you made a good neighbor."

I was still thinking about what she'd asked, and what she'd said, when Emma and Gail turned up late that afternoon. They spent a little while playing in the pool (topless, of course) before coming inside and ridding themselves of their wet suits to sit with me. After they'd directed me to the middle of the couch, they parked themselves on each side before leaning against me and pulling my arm around themselves. Gail put my hand on her breast, but Emma was content to simply hold my hand between both of hers as the three of us watched television.

As I sat there with their nude bodies next to me, I thought about us — them and me, I mean. How cute I'd thought they were when I first saw them. Going with Bill (sometimes) and Andrea (almost always) to some of their various activities. Watching them as they'd grown up — and out. How my benign and private lechery for them had come to be at least partially fulfilled.

I thought of what I knew of them — their characters and personalities; their intelligence and

honesty and good humor. I remembered telling them that I loved them... and only later coming to realize how true that was. I also remembered the times that I'd been witness to some of the tantrums and fits they'd thrown, and how I knew that either of them could turn into a genuine Class-1 pain in the ass, if it suited her. The way I'd felt when I'd talked to Andrea after the movie came back to me, too. With one hand on a firm young breast, and the other between a pair of soft, cool hands, I thought about them and me — and what I wanted and hoped for them.

Neither of them had any idea of how deep and troubled my thoughts were, since I kept enough of my mind "on watch" to be able to respond to their questions and comments, jokes and gentle teasing. When it was time for them to go home, both simply got up and got dressed; when they came over to give me a kiss on the cheek, I gave each their usual soft pat on the butt before kissing them back. Once they were gone, I was soon lost in my thoughts again.

I think that Andrea might have given Gail and Emma some reason to stay home the next day; I spent it by myself until Andrea came over a little after supper. I made each of us a drink, and we sat at opposite ends of my couch facing each other. After we'd each taken a sip of our drink, I told her "I've got to tell you, Andrea, that was some kind of request for help you made yesterday. I thought about it until I went to bed last night, and damn near all day today. I don't know how many times I swung back and forth between 'yes' and 'no', and how many reasons I thought of why I should or shouldn't do it. But when push got to shove, I only had one thing that I needed to use to figure out how to answer — and that was 'which would be best for THEM?'. When I used that as the most important question, there was only one thing that I could say — I'll do it. I'm scared I'm gonna fuck it up, I don't have the faintest idea if I'm going to get it right with them, and I *damn* sure haven't got a clue of how it's going to work out. But what I *do* know is that I love them, and want the best possible for them, and that I'm ready to do whatever it takes to help them become the best people they can be."

Andrea's relief was plain on her face, and I took a breath before telling her "I know you're worried that you've somehow screwed them up, but I don't think you have. I said that I want to help them become the best they can, and I think I'm getting a couple of winners to start with; I think all I'm going to be doing is putting the final polish on a couple of very smart, very pleasant, very pretty young *ladies* — you've already taken care of the hard part for me. I can only hope that whatever I accomplish with them, it's what YOU would do."

"Thank you, Gary. Right now, that means a lot to me, coming from you."

"You haven't told me, yet, how much contact you want to have with them; all you really told me yesterday is that it's best if they're not WITH you. So I'll tell you right now, before either of us says anything else, that as far as I'm concerned, the three of you have as much contact and communication with each other as you need or want — you can call them, write, email, send smoke signals, use carrier pigeons, or whatever else as often and as long as you want, just as they can. I'm going to take my cues from you — if you tell me you're having a rough time, I'll find a way to get them to back off as much as you need, for as long as you need; or if you need to cut back or stop for a while, then I'll help them understand that it's not because of THEM. Ditto for

visits... come here, or bring them there, either is fine with me. I'm seeing myself as a substitute parent, not a *replacement*, and I **will** be acting that way."

She started to snifle, and I got up to get her a small hand towel from the kitchen. When I handed it to her, she managed to smile at me. After she'd blown her nose and dried her eyes a bit, she told me "I... I *was* a little worried about that — that my problems might make you think they'd be better off without me. I guess I should have known better than that; I'm sorry."

"No, don't apologize. I thought you might BE worried about it; that's why I made sure and told you what I did. Andrea, *both* of us want what's best for those two. Obviously, we don't agree exactly on what that 'best' IS, so I think we're going to have to make sure we don't start just *assuming* things. I'm damn sure going to let you know what's on MY mind, and I'm going to trust you to let me know where we differ, and how much. To give you an idea of how I'm going to go at this, let me say that this is how I'm *figuring* to go at this, for now; if you or your therapist think something else would work better, then that's what we'll do. Okay?"

She gave me a smile, and said "That sounds fine, Gary — I know we're going to be making up a lot of this as we go along, and that things may well change one way or another along the way. I just want you to know that I *do* trust you to decide on your own what's right for them, when all else fails."

I simply nodded my head in acknowledgment of her trust; a moment later, she said "While I'm here, I think we'd better figure out how to make all this happen. I know they aren't going to be happy about me going away, and we're going to have to try to make this as easy and painless for them as we can. I... I should tell them *why* I have to be away from them — at least, a little bit, so they know that I'm not leaving because I don't love them, or they don't start thinking that **they've** done anything wrong. I think it's going to be hardest on you, since you're the one they'll be coming to with the questions I can't answer, or that they don't want to ask me — on top of trying to comfort both of them. You being a programmer and everything, I've always known that you're more organized and structured about things like that than I am, so I'd like to hear what you think, and then we can work it all out."

I said that was fine, and after going over it in my mind for a little bit, gave her a rough outline of how I thought things should go. Over the course of the next couple of hours, we went through it over and over, working out details, filing off the rough edges, shuffling things a bit, and generally getting ourselves working together. When we were done, we went through the finished plan a couple more times, making sure that both of us were using the same words to mean the same things, and that we were in complete agreement on the various details. Unsurprisingly, we still had to clarify a couple of things and explain what each of us meant by some things, but we got it done. All that was left was to actually put the plan into action; it was a simple matter for us to agree on when Andrea would kick things off with a talk to Emma and Gail.

As Andrea and I had both known would happen, the Gail and Emma came over to see me not long after she had her talk with them. Both were unhappy and miserable, and wanted to talk to me about what was going on.

I answered their questions as best I could, and tried to get them to understand that Andrea leaving them for a little while wasn't because of *them*, or anything they'd done or not done. Using some of the things that they'd told me about themselves, I managed to pretty much get the idea across that sometimes people just have a problem that they can't take care of by themselves. I also helped them understand that even though she knew she was hurting them by leaving them with me, she was actually trying to help them — using the example of getting a shot (that hurt now) so that they didn't get measles (which would hurt even more) later, they got the idea. They still didn't like it, of course, but they at least had a different perspective by the time I was done.

For over a week, the girls were saddened by Andrea's planned departure before they began to accept it. A couple of times, I had each of them crying on my lap as I tried to console them — with limited success. But as they eventually started to get used to it, they gradually got their spirits back. That I was actively soliciting their input about what to change about my house to accommodate them helped, somewhat.

With it being just myself, my house wasn't all that big — two bedrooms (the master with its own bathroom), an additional bathroom, living room, kitchen, dining room, and den. Since the two of them were going to have to share a bedroom anyway, I decided to go ahead and give them the master; my thinking was that not only was it bigger, but its private bathroom would help convince any visitors that they had the privacy they "needed" and weren't forced to run around the house half-naked. I didn't figure that anyone would stop to think that they might *want* to do such a thing...

My office was in the second bedroom; if I was going to sleep there, then I had to move everything into the den — including network wiring, and all the rest. I also opted to go ahead and put a door on the den, so that I could shut it when I needed uninterrupted quiet to work.

Once I'd gotten my office moved into the den, and then MY bedroom moved, I got the girls involved in getting the master bedroom and bathroom redecorated to suit them — which helped improve their spirits considerably. With occasional input from me, Andrea helped them figure out how much of what they could bring over from their existing bedrooms; as little as they had, it turned out to be most of it. One change was that they had to settle for single beds at my place, versus the full size they had; both agreed that they wouldn't have enough room, otherwise. Once the beds were delivered, and we'd gotten one of their dressers (each) moved over, they started spending an occasional night.

Andrea did get the job to manage the new office, and as her departure date approached, we started getting more and more of the girls' stuff moved over. They also began to spend more and more nights at my place; the last week before Andrea left, both girls were essentially living with me full time, and spending almost all of every evening with Andrea. Having accepted the inevitability of what was happening, they'd settled down considerably. Neither one was happy about it, of course, but Andrea and I had done everything we could to make it as easy and painless as we could.

The three of them spent their last night in the house together — without me, at my request. I

knew that Emma and Gail were going to have a hard enough time when Andrea actually left, and I didn't want to get in the way of their last evening together.

Late the next morning, the girls were quietly crying when they came over, which nearly broke my heart to see. Emma told me that their mother had sent them over, and told them that she wanted to see me before she left.

I immediately went to find out what Andrea wanted, only to discover that she was in tears herself, and basically just needed someone to cry on. The front of my shirt was pretty well saturated with tears and mucous by the time she got herself together. I helped her get her little bit of luggage into her car, and we were standing just inside the front door when she told me "I can't thank you enough, Gary. Not just for everything you did after Bill and I moved in here, but how good of a friend you've been since the divorce — and most of all for taking my daughters in the way you have. I *could* have sent them off to be with one of my relatives, but that only would have screwed things up even more for them; staying here with you, they've at least still got some continuity to hang on to. They've both told me how you've helped them understand that this is something I **have** to do, and that I'm not leaving them behind like this because I want to. You've been a lot of help and support during all this, and you've given me a lot of the strength I've needed to make it happen. If you ever get married, your wife is going to be one *seriously* lucky woman to have you. I don't have the words or time to say anything else to you, except... **thank you**, for *everything*."

"I'm just glad I was able to help, Andrea."

She suddenly wrapped her arms around me and gave me a fierce hug before letting me go again to say "If you'll get the girls, we can say our goodbyes, and I'll get going."

I did as she asked, and stood off to the side as she gave each of her daughters a hug and spoke with them for a few seconds. After a grateful look at me, she got behind the wheel of her car as Emma and Gail came over to stand next to me. I put an arm around each of them, and both put one around me before taking my hand where it rested on her hip. With a last wave to all of us, Andrea backed out of the driveway and headed down the street. All three of us watched her until she was out of sight.

Emma and Gail were crying, of course, and I had to guide both back into my house because they couldn't see with the tears in their eyes. I got us seated on the couch, and did what I could to comfort them. Even after their tears dried, both were listless for the rest of the day and evening, despite my best efforts to draw them out of their funk. It was when they were ready to go to bed that I had an idea, and told them "If you want to, I suppose it would be okay if you wanted to stay with me tonight."

That was enough to get them smiling as they started back toward their room.

When I went to bed a little later, I found both of them stark naked as they lay next to each other — obviously waiting for me. When they saw me, they moved apart before Emma told me "Both of us want to be next to you, so you're in the middle."

It didn't take me long to strip down to my undershorts; when I saw the looks of disappointment on their faces, I figured "to hell with it", and shed even those before clambering into bed with them. Both quickly fastened themselves to my sides, and I put my arms around them again before telling them "I know it's not going to be the same as having your mom here, but I want you both to know that I *do* love you, and that I'm going to be here for you — no matter what you need.", and giving each a soft kiss on the forehead. Each tilted her head to look at me, and I could see that they were both comforted and touched by what I'd said.

It was Gail that answered "We know you love us, Gary. No, it's not going to be like if Mom was here, but it'll be *close*. It's going to take a little time, but we'll be okay here with you — you'll see."

I gave them a gentle hug, and the three of us silently lay there in the dark until we fell asleep.

I didn't mean for it to, but that night established a precedent for the ones that followed.

Three or four nights a week, I would have one or both of them sharing my bed; sometimes they wanted a little mutual pleasuring, other times it was simply for the comfort and reassurance of having another person next to them... I was fine with either, and it was always their call which it was. After school started, the girls were drawn the rest of the way out of their doldrums by the various activities they were involved in. Both remained better-behaved than nearly all the other kids their ages, and about the only time I had to "get after" them was for perfectly normal teenage girl things — letting their room get too messy, not wanting to do a particular homework assignment, and that kind of thing; but even those didn't happen often. For their part, they readily assumed the kinds of duties that they'd had when living with Andrea — cleaning up after supper, doing laundry, and helping with housework.

The school knew (approximately) what had happened, and we got a visit from one of the school counselors to make sure everything was on the up-and-up; as I'd figured, the girls having the master bedroom and bathroom immediately settled any concerns — just as it did when I got visits from two of Andrea's relatives in the months that followed. Both told me that if Andrea had asked, they'd have taken the girls in, though it would have been something of a challenge for them; after seeing how Emma and Gail were living, and how happy they were, both relatives admitted that it probably *was* best that they were staying with me.

It was a Thursday night, and I'd let the girls stay up later than usual because of a school holiday the next day. Both had left to go to bed while I stayed up a little longer — but not by much.

When I went into my bedroom, I found Emma waiting for me; they never said anything to me about whether or not one or both of them would be spending the night, so it wasn't a major surprise to find her there. I got undressed and into bed with her, and we were spooning with her in front of me and my arm around her when I heard her ask "Gary? Would... would you make love with me?"

I'd completely forgotten about any plans or designs on them after Andrea had asked me to take

care of them, so hearing her ask me that was *totally* unexpected.

After scooting back a little, and then getting her to roll over onto her back so I could look at her, I asked "Is that what you really want, Em? Are you *sure*?"

Her expression was solemn, and her gaze steady, when she answered "Yeah, I'm really sure that's what I want."

"I'm sorry, dear, but... why?"

Her voice was calm as she told me "Because I've realized how much you love me, and how much I love you. When they were here, Uncle Ed and Aunt Betty both told me and Gail that they would have taken us in if Mom had asked them to, so I know you didn't *have* to do it — and that means that you really do love us, even more than you say you do. This bedroom isn't that much smaller than ours is, so we could have stayed in here; but you gave us that one so we'd have a little more room, and so we'd have our own bathroom. The bathroom isn't that big of a deal, really, except that with me and Gail having one to ourselves like that, people don't bother us about being here — they see that we have our own bathroom and everything, and they just figure nothing is going on with you and us, and leave me and Gail alone about it. You didn't have to get new beds for me and her, but you did, so we'd have even more room. When we've had to get clothes or stuff for school, or anything like that, you spend more money on us than Mom did; I know Mom didn't **have** as much, but that doesn't mean that you have to spend as much as you do. And... and now that we're staying here with you all the time, I see how you treat us different than Mom did. She never BEAT us or yelled at us or anything like that, but you're still nicer to be with than she was — I'm kinda starting to understand what she meant when she told us that she hadn't been raising us as good as she should have, now. I'm not *glad* she's gone, 'cause she's still Mom, but it IS nicer being with you than it was her. So, because of all the stuff you do for me — and Gail, too — I know how much you love us, because you take such good care of us. And that makes me love YOU, too, even more than I did before. When you talked to me about when I stop being a virgin, you told me that it should be something special, and that I should make sure it's with someone I care about, and that you wanted me to be happy about it afterwards. I've really, really thought about it, and what I want is to be with *you* first — because of how much I love you, and you love me; and I know it WILL be special with you, so I'm happy after."

Looking into her eyes, I could see that she meant every word she'd said, and was sincere about why she wanted to give herself to me that way. Still, it took a couple of seconds for me to ask "Aren't you afraid it's going to hurt? I'm a grown man, and you didn't turn fifteen until not so long ago. And what about the chance that I might get you pregnant? I don't think either one of us wants THAT!"

"I know you wouldn't hurt me on purpose, Gary — you'd even try to make the hurt as small as you could, so I know that it'll hurt as little with you as it ever will. And I don't have to worry about getting pregnant; before she left, Mom took me and Gail in to see her doctor. They talked about it, and after he did some tests, he started both of us on birth control. Mom said that if you ever asked about it, I should tell you that you were right, and that she took us in so that you

wouldn't have to explain anything to anybody."

Neither of them had ever said anything to me, and the religious nuts in our area had passed a law requiring parents to be notified of any birth control prescriptions; I hadn't gotten any calls from any pharmacies, so I couldn't figure out how they were being protected. I finally came out and asked "What kind of birth control are you and Gail using, Em? I should have gotten a phone call or something if you were on birth control pills."

"Oh, the doctor told Mom about something new he called Northplant? Norplan? Something like that, anyway. He made this tiny little cut, and put these little sticks under the skin. They're right here, on the inside of my arm. He said that because they work different than pills, they wouldn't do anything to mess up us going through puberty, and that they'll last, like, five years."

Turning on the light, I had her show me; about halfway up the inside of her upper arm, I could see where a small incision had been made. When she pulled the skin taut, I could just *barely* make out the shapes of the "sticks" she'd said were inserted. With the evidence there in front of me, I couldn't doubt that Andrea really had taken them in, and that they weren't going to get pregnant. Still, I resolved that I was going to find out the particulars of what she was talking about the next morning; it seemed prudent to know what she was using, and how it might affect her. Until then, I still had her naked and nubile body stretched out in front of me.

Looking down at her, I saw that she was still waiting for my answer to her original question — would I make love with her? Emma was still easily as lovely and sexy as she'd been when I first began thinking about being intimate with her, and as I looked into her face and eyes, I realized that what I felt for her and Gail had gone from simple lust and affection to actually *loving* them... the kind of love that made me want to take care of them, and protect them against being hurt by the world, and all the rest. She'd said that she knew that I would try to *avoid* hurting her if we made love, and I knew that was true — and that made it just as certain that being deflowered by me would cause her the least amount of pain possible. She wanted to give herself to me because of what I meant to her; knowing how much I cared for her, and cherished her, I knew that if I was the one she was with first, it **would** be special for her, and that I would make her happy about it when it was over.

Looking into her eyes, I smiled as I told her "Em, sweetheart, if you want me to make love with you — to give yourself to *me* your first time... I love you too much to say anything except yes, and that I'm honored that you would pick me."

Her expression immediately changed to one of sheer joy, and she asked me "Would... would it be okay if we did it tonight?"

I leaned over and gave her a tender kiss on the lips before answering "Of course it would, dear."

"What do I have to do?", she asked. From her tone, I knew that she wasn't afraid or worried — she only wanted to know if and how she could help.

I smiled and kissed her again before answering "Just be you. We can just get each other ready

like we usually do — except that you don't make me climax. I'll still help YOU have one so that it's as easy for you as it can be, and then we'll see if we can get me inside you."

She nodded her understanding, and I added "Honey, I'll go as slow and take as much time as I have to, so it's as easy for you as we can make it."

Smiling, she looked up at me in total confidence as she told me "I know you will, Gary."

I smiled back, then lowered my head to give her a soft kiss on the lips; her returning kiss was just as soft, but more inviting. I responded by making the next touch of my lips to hers a bit more firm as I put my hand on her waist. Our kiss lasted longer, and grew more impassioned; when I felt her move slightly, I knew that she wanted my hand on her breasts. Our lips parted, and our tongues came out to get reacquainted even as I was cupping her warm mammary in my hand.

I have to admit that I was more than a little surprised at how quickly and easily her passion and desire increased; it wasn't but a few minutes before she was panting heavily enough that kissing her was nigh impossible — something that I didn't particularly mind, since it gave me the opportunity to move my head down so that I could begin an oral assault on her bust while my hand shifted to her thighs... and the area between them. It was short work to get her areolas puckered, and her nipples erect. I continued to nurse at her breasts while using the tips of my fingers to softly caress the insides of her thighs and the soft flesh of her mound. I'd managed to draw the pad of my finger across the damp entrance to her vagina a few times when she told me "I want to use my mouth on you!"

I withdrew my hand from between her legs, and raised my head from her bust; it took only a moment for her to sit up and face me. I lay down, and barely had time to turn my head her direction before it was necessary to guide her leg as she moved it to the other side of my head. After only a little fine-tuning of her position, Emma leaned forward and took my penis in her hand. Lifting it up, she took virtually all of it into her mouth — her lips were clenched around the base of it, and I could feel the breath from her nostrils tickling my balls.

Turning my attention to the view of herself she was presenting me, I saw that her clitoris was almost completely erect; her labia were already beginning to darken, and the area between them was starting to shine from her oils.

Before I could lift my head enough to get my tongue on her, she had started applying a gentle suction to my cock as she used her tongue to massage it. I could feel myself already starting to grow when I got my first taste of her. It took less time than usual for me to stimulate her into producing a nearly constant supply of her fresh female juices, and get her clit to shed its cloak. I was happily lapping at her opening when I realized that her enthusiasm for (and with!) my cock was something of a side-effect of her *own* increased arousal, and not an attempt to get me ready to enter her — something that I couldn't help wondering about, even while I was enjoying it.

Knowing that her excitement and desire were **that** strong, I knew that it wouldn't take long for me to bring her to an orgasm. I wanted to wait and try to enter her after she'd climaxed so that she would be as wet and relaxed inside as possible; I also hoped to be able to make the attempt

while she was still mentally and emotionally "relaxed", too, so that she wouldn't get any more tense or nervous than could be managed. Still, I wasn't willing to penetrate her without her conscious agreement and awareness of what was happening — which meant that I was trying to walk a *very* fine line within a fairly narrow window of opportunity. I didn't figure that I'd have much more than a minute, **perhaps** as much as two, to not only start getting my erection into her, but get through her hymen, while causing her a minimum of pain. It was having my mind occupied with such thoughts that did more to keep me from enjoying what she was doing with her lips and mouth and tongue than any restraint she might have been showing.

Emma was having a dandy time sucking and licking my erect penis, keeping me hard despite the way my mind was occupied; what was left over of my attention was being applied toward collecting her delicious nectar and moving her closer and closer toward the release that both of us wanted her to have.

I was industriously fluttering the tip of my tongue across her clitoris when I felt her begin to tense up over me. I lightened and slowed my actions, building the tension in her so that her orgasm would be that much stronger; when her young body found the release she was after, the sudden arching of her pelvis could well have broken my nose if I hadn't managed to pull my head back enough when it started. She lifted her head, allowing my erection to fall from between her lips so that she could release a deep groan of pleasure even as I was lifting my head again to collect the increased flow of her essence. In the process of drawing my tongue across her opening, I took the opportunity to press the end of my tongue against it; I doubt that I penetrated her in the slightest, but the noise she made in response let me know that the attempts succeeded in intensifying her pleasure.

When the tensing of her body had faded, I could tell that she was left feeling a bit weak. Still, she was able to provide the energy needed to lift her body off of mine while I guided her to lay next to me — though "aimed" the opposite direction I was. After grabbing a pillow, I got myself turned around and stretched out next to her; lifting her head, I tucked the pillow underneath it so that she'd be comfortable before I took her into my arms. As I held her, I paid careful attention to how alert she was, as well as her physical state.

Much to my relief and pleasure, her alertness returned more quickly than her energy levels. When the time seemed right, I moved myself over her, getting myself positioned between her parted thighs while holding myself over her on my knees and elbows. When I saw her eyes focus on me, I gave her a soft kiss on the lips before asking "Is it okay if I try to make love to you now?"

I immediately got her full attention, of course, and she looked into my eyes as she told me "Yes, Gary. I want you inside me."

When she felt me reach between us and take my erect cock between my fingers, she opened her legs even farther and raised her knees, tilting her pelvis up a little bit. I could feel that I still had a coating of her saliva on the end of my erect cock, so I angled it down and positioned it against the warm, wet ring of her opening. Pressing against her only enough to keep myself in position, I

told her "The more you can relax yourself and let me in, the easier this will be for both of us, Em."

She nodded her head, I could feel her trying to relax herself where the head of my cock was pressed against her. I'd promised that I would go slow, and I did — increasing the pressure I applied against the entrance to her womanhood gradually, and in proportion to her efforts to relax. She did much better than I could have hoped for, and I could feel myself slipping through her tight ring; it couldn't have taken even a minute before the head of my erection was all the way inside her. I rocked my manhood back and forth a few times to make sure it was covered with her oils before beginning to carefully press myself even farther into her. Almost immediately, I reached the blockade of her maidenhead. When I didn't see any reaction from her to that initial contact, I pressed a little harder, then a little more — and suddenly felt myself push through it, accompanied by a small squeak from Emma. I stopped almost immediately, and when I looked down at Em, the expression on her face confirmed that she'd felt *something*; I wasn't quite sure what it had been because I didn't see any tears forming in her eyes, and she really didn't look like she was experiencing any pain.

I knew she could hear the concern in my voice, and see it on my face, when I asked "Are you okay, sweetheart? What do you want me to do?"

"I'll be okay in a second, Gary. When you went in like that all of a sudden, I felt something kind of... snap, like, inside me. It didn't *hurt*, exactly, but it was still pretty uncomfortable. The feeling is starting to go away, now, so if you'll just hold still like that, I'll be okay pretty quick, I think."

I held myself as steady as possible while lowering my head to give her another kiss. She kissed me back, and when I lifted my head again, it was easy to see that that small, simple gesture had pleased her tremendously. That was all the reason I needed to do it again, then again — each additional kiss lasting a little longer than the one before. When the third kiss ended, Emma told me "I think it'll be okay if you want to keep going, now."

"Okay", I told her, "but you let me know if it isn't!"

She smiled and nodded, and we looked into each others eyes as I backed out of her little bit to make sure I stayed lubricated, then gently began pressing myself into her again.

When I saw her looking even the slightest bit uncomfortable, I stopped, and waited for her to let me know it was okay to continue. We went through a few cycles of that before I felt the end of my manhood touch the deepest part of her while the heat of her reached the base. I knew I'd slip into her a little farther once we got going, so I was content to stop there while she got used to having my mans cock in her mid-teen sheath.

As I held myself still in (and over) her, Emma looked up at me in pleased wonder. Nearly a minute went by before she told me "It feels so *good*... like all of sudden I found something I didn't even know was **missing**. You feel HUGE in me, but so *right*, too. I thought it would feel good... but not like this!", awed.

I lowered my head to give her a tender kiss on the forehead, followed by another to her soft lips, before proceeding to intermittently give her brief, soft kisses at various places — a shoulder, her throat, an earlobe, a cheek, or anyplace else I could get my lips in contact with. Between kisses, I watched her carefully to make sure that she was okay, and that I wasn't hurting her. It didn't take long for me to realize that she really was as fine with having me inside her as she'd said; but it wasn't until she tentatively arched her pelvis up that I was willing to start moving in her.

I started with small, slow movements so that she would be able to let me know if she got uncomfortable; as my movements in and out of her vagina got longer and faster, her increasingly faster breathing and more and more frequent noises of pleasure told me that I needn't have worried.

She was as tight as was to be expected — and warmer and wetter inside than I'd thought she'd be. I was steadily pistoning in and out of her in long, steady strokes that let me enjoy the sensation of being in her without over-stimulating myself. After only a few minutes of that, I realized that although I wasn't doing much to please *myself*, the movement of my erection in her vagina was doing wonders for **her** when she had a small orgasm. It wasn't anything even close to what I would have considered "normal" for her — but that it was an orgasm was indisputable; the rhythmic tightening of her vagina around my cock was certainly evidence enough for ME.

As I continued to plunge in and out of Emma, she quickly returned to gasping and moaning her pleasure as she arched her hips up in welcome to my thrusts. When she raised her legs so that she could lock her ankles behind my back, the change in the angle that I was penetrating her was enough to cause our union to begin making a softly liquid sound in time with my thrusts.

I was starting to feel the effects of having her tight and wet vagina to bury myself in when she opened her eyes and lifted her head to look down between us. The way her pelvis was tilted up left her with a clear view of where we were joined; I looked, too, and watched as her labia would clasp at me when I slid my glistening cock out of her, only to disappear when I reversed direction. I could also see that each inward thrust caused a slight pull that caused a slight pressure against her clitoris. I couldn't help but be fascinated (and incredibly aroused) by the vision of my manhood disappearing into the confines of Emma's womanhood. As I continued to watch it, I heard her moan lustily before softly gasping "God, it's as sexy to watch as it is good to feel!"

Watching and feeling as I repeatedly buried myself in her fifteen-year-old pussy proved to be more than I could handle; the increasing pleasure coming from the head of my cock soon had me moving faster and faster in her as I approached my release.

Even while I was increasing the pace of my thrusts into her, Emma was responding — letting her head fall back, she starting making more sounds of pleasure and arousal as I felt her wet sheath begin a faint clenching around me. The added stimulation only got me moving even faster in her, which only seemed to throw gasoline on the fires of HER desire. It couldn't have been but a very few minutes before I knew that I was going to cum; after filling her with my manhood, I tried to push myself even farther inside her as the first spray of semen erupted from me. Before I could

launch the second, Emma cried out her pleasure as her body spasmed hard enough to lift her completely off the bed, hanging from me by her legs wrapped around my waist and her arms around my neck.

I don't know how long I stayed like that, with my cock buried as far as it would go in her while I dumped what felt like *quarts* of semen into her, with her body literally hanging off of mine; I can only say that it was a considerable relief to me when she almost literally fell back onto the bed while her vaginal muscles continued to clench in counterpoint to the pulsing of my cock.

When her orgasm began to fade, Emma's ankles unlocked, and her legs fell from around my waist. Continuing to hold myself in her, I lowered my body enough to make contact with hers — acting as a living blanket for her until she indicated she didn't need/want it any longer. She was panting from her efforts, and looked to be rather stunned from what had happened. As close as I was to her, it was easy (and pleasant, I'll admit) to begin applying a number of soft kisses to her face and shoulders as she began to get her senses back, and breathing under control. I was looking down at her and thinking about how much I cared for her and how special our relationship was when she opened her eyes and looked up at me. The sheer joy on her face told me better than words ever could just how happy she was with what we'd done — and how satisfied she was about it, too.

She quickly reached up to put her arms around my neck again, and pulled my head down so that she could give me a kiss that made it perfectly clear how she felt about me. When she finally let go of me, *I* was left panting for a few seconds.

"Oh, *Gary*! That was **wonderful**! It felt so good, having you moving in me like that, and knowing that you were *making love* with me, and not just... fucking me."

That was the first time I'd ever heard either of them use that word, and she looked at me a bit concerned about what I would say about her saying it. But I knew what she meant, and understood that it was the only way for her to really say it, so I just told her "I'm glad I was able to make you happy, honey — but that's not a word I want to hear you say much, okay? I know why you said it, and why, so I'm not upset... this time."

Relieved, she nodded her head before telling me "I won't, I promise. But you made me feel so *good* by making **love** with me, I just wanted to make sure you knew that you've made me so happy, and WHY. I've heard the older girls at school talking, like I've told you, and that's the word THEY use; what I felt with you was so different from how they talk that I had to let you know that *I* knew the difference. You told me that I should be happy about how I gave up my virginity, and with who, and I am. And now that it's over, you're holding yourself over me, keeping me warm and making me feel so safe, and loved... I can feel you, still inside me, and even though you aren't as hard as before, it still feels so *nice* to have you there. You're still showing me how much you love me, and it just makes me love YOU even more!"

Smiling at her enthusiasm, I gave her a soft kiss on the lips before telling her "I *do* love you, Em, and that's what I wanted to show you; and maybe even how much. If you liked it that much, and

I've made you that happy, then I'm glad."

When she heard that, I saw Emma's eyes get wet as she got ready to cry. She saw me looking at her in concern, and quickly shook her head and smiled, letting me know that they were tears of happiness. Seeing either of them crying always turned me into a big marshmallow, regardless of whether they were crying because they were happy or sad. Trying to head her tears off before they got started, I lowered my head and used my lips to nibble on her earlobe; she giggled and scrunched her shoulder in response. When I raised my head again, I was relieved to see that my ploy had worked — her eyes were still wet, but her tears were being blinked away.

I continued to hold myself over her, and the two of us exchanged a number of soft, loving kisses. When I could feel that my penis was about to slip free of her, I calmly told her what she could expect to happen. She wasn't embarrassed in the slightest about it, and eagerly agreed to my suggestion that we could clean up together.

When my cock did pull loose of her, I quickly got off of her — though I did delay long enough to give her another quick kiss. She was curious about my suggestion that she carefully scoot herself toward the edge of the bed, but she did it without question or comment; she found out why when I scooped her into my arms and picked her up. As she held on to me and rested her head on my shoulder, I carried her into the bathroom; I lifted the toilet lit with my foot, then set her on the seat. Turning around, I told her I'd be back in a few minutes, then left — closing the door behind me. I took my time about getting a couple of sodas from the fridge and taking them into my bedroom, then neatening the bedcovers a little bit. A good five minutes had gone by before I softly knocked on the bathroom door. I heard her tell me it was okay, and went in to find that she was just starting the shower. I stood behind her and "helped" by cupping her breasts in my hands, and tweaking her nipples a little bit, making her laugh.

Once both of us were under the shower, she didn't hesitate in the slightest to use her finger and the flow of water to ensure that all of my semen was out of her. Once that was taken care of, we had a delightful time cleaning each other up, then drying off. I surprised her by carrying her back into my bedroom and setting her on the bed; when I climbed in next to her, she directed me onto my side, then proceeded to try and get every square inch of her back fused to my front before pulling my arm around to cup her breast. I kissed her shoulder and told her I loved her, and when she turned her head to look at me, her eyes told me how much she loved me, too.

When I woke up the next morning, I was flat on my back, with Emma laying on her side next to me. Her head was on my shoulder, and she had an arm and leg draped across me. I turned my head to look at her, and saw that she was already awake; when she saw me looking at her, the smile she gave me easily made my entire *year*.

I asked how she was, and it took her a moment to understand that I was asking if she was experiencing any after-effects from the night before. She assured me she was fine, and when I asked if she was sure, she calmly proceeded to prove it — by sucking me to erection, then impaling herself on my manhood and riding me through two orgasms as I played with her breasts, before I filled her with my seed again.

When it was time for us to clean up again, she unabashedly pressed her fingers against her opening to keep my cum from dripping out of her as she had me follow her into the bathroom. I was directed to get the water started while she "helped" by holding my soft and sticky penis in her hand; I got to hold her water-slick breasts from behind as she cleaned my cum out. Following that, we had a playful, happy time cleaning each other up — though some areas likely ended up much cleaner than others did. Dried and dressed, we met up in the kitchen, where we were joined by Gail. Over breakfast, I saw the two of them exchanging Looks, and knew that Gail was fully aware of why Emma had been in my bed... and what had happened.

When I had to take care of some work, both of them opted to go skinny-dipping in the pool for a little while; I remembered to verify what Emma had told me about her birth control. She'd been half-right on both of the names she'd suggested; the stuff was called Norplant. It used a different chemical, and was claimed to be good for five years, as she'd said. I didn't think that she'd lied to me — not at all; I simply wanted to make sure *I* knew what it was, and how it might affect them.

When I was done for the day, I discovered that they were still out by the pool. I went out to check with them, and let them talk me into going skinny-dipping with them, much to our mutual delight. When we went back inside, Gail didn't seem to mind in the slightest that Emma wanted to cuddle with me while we watched TV.

After that day, I would still find one or the other (or sometimes both) of the girls in my bed at night. Just as before, it was always up to them whether it was for sleep or pleasure. When it was just Emma with me, it was 50-50 whether or not she'd want us to have some fun; if she did, it was also even chances whether or not she'd want me to make love with her. It didn't take long for her to learn how to prolong our physical intimacy, and make her resulting orgasms even better. Where she got the idea I'll never know, but she even wanted to try anal sex, once. I put it off a few times to give her ample opportunity to change her mind; she never did, and I finally gave in. We were even more careful about it than we were about her virginity, as well as much slower. It didn't hurt her, but she decided easily enough that she didn't like it as much as "regular" sex, and she never indicated any interest in trying it again.

When Gail's fifteenth birthday rolled around, she had a novel request of her own for me — that I should be the one to deflower her. After making sure she was sure that was what she wanted, and knew she could cancel her request without hurting my feelings, she gave herself to me the following Friday night. Gail had even less discomfort than Emma did, and proved to be just as capable of enjoying it.

Up until each had graduated high school, I had both of them as more than willing sex partners. Neither one ever tried to use our love-making as any kind of "weapon" to avoid something she didn't want to do, or get something she wanted; our physical intimacy had no impact on my authority, and both of them continued to take care of their various chores and duties without hesitation or complaint.

Once each of them started college, they gradually began to spend less and less time in my bed as

they met (and became intimate with) guys from school. They were adamant that any guy they were thinking of being with should be subjected to my scrutiny — usually several times — before they actually became involved with him.

Shortly after they'd each graduated, they got jobs and moved out to be on their own, though they were careful to keep in touch.

While all of that was happening, Andrea was getting the therapy and help she needed and wanted. She and the girls stayed in contact with weekly phone calls and frequent letters; the first summer after she left, Andrea invited them to come and stay with her during her two-week vacation. They did, and I was actually surprised at how happy they were to get home with me. Emma explained it to me by saying "Now that we've been away from her for a while, and with you, Gail and I can both see what she's like better than we could before. She's still our Mom, and we love her, and she's *better* than we remember — but we can see that there's still stuff bothering her, too. It was actually kind of a relief to leave, so we could get back here."

They went each time she invited them, and each time they got back, they'd tell me that she was better — and a little less relieved about leaving her. The summer before Emma graduated, they told me that she was down to once a month sessions with her therapist, and that they were actually sorry when they had to leave. When Thanksgiving came, Andrea invited ALL of us to come spend it with her; I only had to know that the girls were okay with it to let Andrea know that I'd be glad to accept, too.

When I got there, I found a much different woman than the one that had asked me to finish raising her daughters. The different hairstyle and clothes didn't completely explain that she even *looked* different, somehow. After Gail and Emma had gone to bed, Andrea and I stayed up and talked almost the entire night; most of it was her telling me all that she'd been through, and the help she'd gotten that had let her start dealing with all the assorted issues left over from her own childhood. Before all of us left to come home again, I'd seen and heard enough of Andrea to start believing that she really had begun to rid herself of her demons. After that, she'd sometimes call just to talk to ME, and I began calling HER. After Gail graduated college and moved out, Andrea asked if I'd like to come visit during her vacation. After a bit of thought, I agreed — and had a splendid time. Andrea and I began alternating long-weekend visits to each other; she'd come up to stay with me during her vacation one year, and surprised the hell out of me when the two of us not only started necking, but went on to get into a damn passionate session of "69" — my surprise came afterwards, when I remembered that she'd once told me that she hadn't been able to do such things with her ex-husband Bill.

When I discreetly inquired about it, she readily admitted that that was the first time she'd actually sucked a guy's cock — but that it didn't bother her, and that she'd found the taste of my semen perfectly acceptable. She then volunteered that before then, she'd had some passing experiences with other women. She wasn't a lesbian, but simply found sex with another woman better than no sex at all; she preferred guys, but considered another woman to be a perfectly acceptable substitute.

I'd already found Andrea's personality and character to be as pleasant and enjoyable as I could have wanted; it had already crossed my mind that she might make a good wife, but not knowing if she'd gotten her sexual hang-ups worked out still concerned me. Learning that not only had she gotten rid of any foibles about guys, but was comfortable about being with a woman removed my remaining worries. A couple of months later, I asked her if she would be agreeable to marrying me. She was, and Emma and Gail both attended our informal wedding. Andrea was perfectly happy with her job, and there wasn't anything about MY work that necessitated me staying where I was, so I packed up my stuff and sold the house to go live with Andrea. We found a small house that we liked, and soon had a very happy life together — one that was accentuated by Andrea's former female lovers joining us a for a night or weekend. A couple of them were only interested in other women, and I respected their wishes by limiting my attentions to Andrea. Others were more like Andrea, and were quite willing to accept my involvement with them, too. Either way, such times were thoroughly enjoyed by all of us.

That was a number of years ago. Andrea and I are still married, though we're old enough now that we don't have quite as much fun with her friends quite as often.

If Andrea ever learned how involved I was with Emma and Gail, she never said anything to me; both of them have gone on to find husbands, and start having kids of their own — which Andrea and I spoil mercilessly.