

Dreams Come True

Coming from a middle-class background, I enlisted in the Navy almost immediately after graduating high school. I didn't have the faintest idea of what I wanted to do for an occupation, and wanted to go out and see something of the world; in its Infinite Wisdom, the Navy decided I might do pretty good as an electronics technician. After boot camp, they ran me through basic electronics training, followed by several schools on specific electronics devices — radios, radar, and the like. Much to my surprise, me and electronics kind of "clicked": I didn't have any trouble understanding the theory behind it, and had an almost intuitive grasp of how all the different kinds of circuits and parts worked. Once I got out to the Fleet, it didn't take long for me to start earning my place as one of the best techs in the shop. I got promotions just as fast as I qualified for them (part of the process involved a minimum amount of time at one paygrade before promotion was allowed), and even re-enlisted once. Along the way, I got my wish to see a pretty fair chunk of the world.

With the end of my second enlistment, it was time to decide whether to make my future in the military, or head out on a civilian career. I opted for the civilian world, and applied to several colleges with good engineering programs. I didn't have any trouble being accepted, and started at one of the more prestigious ones the fall after my discharge.

As an "older" student and veteran, I didn't connect with the just-out-of-highschool bunch — which meant that I wasn't going out to party all the time. It also meant that I wasn't hooking up with the coeds, either, but I compensated by focusing my attention on my studies. Between heavy courseloads and attending summer sessions, I was able to graduate summa cum laude in three years. There wasn't any problem getting a good paying job, where I easily earned a reputation as a damn good engineer.

With no wife or kids, I was content to buy a small house in a middle-class neighborhood. I got along well with my neighbors — particularly the family renting the house next to mine. Heading the household was Jean, an attractive blonde just a couple of years younger than my thirty; filling the rest of the place were her three daughters: Joanne, the eldest, followed by Tina and Chris. Jean had all three girls pretty much one right after another, so that their ages were actually less than a year apart. When I first moved in to my place, Joanne was nine ("and a half!" she'd emphatically remind me whenever I mis-spoke). The girls weren't much past the toddler stage when Jean divorced her husband after he got addicted to drugs, and either couldn't or wouldn't leave them alone... even after several passes through rehab. She had a decent enough job with some big insurance outfit, but she also had three kids to take care of. As a result, the kids weren't always able to do all the things that she'd liked to have let them. As much as Jean would let me, I tried to help out by attending after-school events for the girls, giving them things I knew they needed (but she couldn't easily afford) when we exchanged Christmas gifts, pulling substitute Authority Figure when Jean had to work overtime, and that sort of thing. Closer in age with each other than we were with the rest of our neighbors, Jean and I quickly became pretty good friends — enough so that when I had something to celebrate, I could take the four of them out to dinner with me; if it was Jean, she'd invite me over to join them for grilled steaks or delivered pizza.

After a couple of years, it wasn't uncommon for one (or more) of Joanne, Tina, or Chris to come over to my place when they needed help with math or science schoolwork or to use my computer for some project or other. In return, Jean was happy to help ME out with anything requiring any kind of "feminine" touch, such as picking out colors and patterns when I got around to redecorating my place

away from Early Bachelor to something a little more consistent through the house. A couple more years, and I was pretty much a father-figure to the girls and absentee husband to Jean (with little more than a few shared kisses and some late-evening cuddling happening between us).

The whole time I'd been in the Navy, I'd been careful and lucky enough that I'd never caught anything from any of the women of negotiable virtue that I'd been with; with an apparent upsurge in the number and variety of sexually transmitted diseases making the news, I became almost paranoid about casual intimacy, nevermind the fact that I wasn't much on doing the bar scene. That left me a fairly limited number of outlets for my needs — one of which was the number and variety of erotic stories that I found on the Internet.

One evening, Joanne had come over to use my computer while I was busy reading some of the trade magazines I got through my job — something that was as normal and routine as it could be. When Joanne was done, I was surprised and baffled by the abbreviated farewell I got from her, as well as an unfathomable look she gave me. She didn't seem outright upset, or anything, so I just figured that if it was anything important, I'd find out soon enough.

It was longer than usual before she came over again, and she seemed a trifle distracted about something, but I just let it slide. When she left a couple of hours later, I noticed that she still seemed to have something on her mind even though she was a lot more like her usual self. The cycle repeated the next several times she came over, but I didn't worry about it.

After Joanne hit puberty, it took a while for me to notice the curves that she started to develop. Even then, it wasn't until she finally talked her mother into letting her get a bikini swimsuit and she showed it off to me that it really hit me. Still, she was the daughter of a good friend and I felt kind of paternal toward her, so I simply told her she looked good in it (which she most certainly did!) and let it go at that. For a while after that, I couldn't help but be surprised every so often when something happened to cause me to re-notice her developing shape — but I never stared or commented, and did my best to put any untoward thoughts out of my mind. Joanne helped by always (as far as I ever noticed, anyway) wearing a bra, not flaunting herself, or doing anything to draw inappropriate attention.

So when she came over early one evening, it surprised the hell out of me when I realized that not only wasn't she wearing a bra, but the old T-shirt she had on was thin enough that I could make out not just the size of her nipples, but the color of them and her areolas. I pulled my gaze away from the sight she was presenting me as soon as I could, and tried to pretend that everything was just as it always was while she and I chatted for a few moments before she made her way to where my computer was. As she headed down the hall toward the spare bedroom I'd fixed up as a home office, I couldn't help looking after her — and noticing that there was no indication whatsoever that she had panties on under the lightweight (and VERY snug!) shorts she had on. I felt myself begin to stiffen in my pants, and quickly sat down again (in case she came back for some reason) and tried to relax myself by sheer force of will... and with only limited success.

My efforts to get and keep my attention on the TV program I'd been watching were greatly hampered by the memory of the sights she'd presented.

She was ready to leave again a bit more than an hour later, and as the two of us stood there talking, I did my best to ignore the sight of how the dark pink of her areolas stared at me, and the way her nipples dented the fabric of the shirt she was wearing. After a couple of minutes, she said goodbye and left. It

was perhaps half a minute before I could move, however, as I replayed the sight she'd presented in my mind.

Joanne's next few visits were close copies of that one: though the color and the style of the clothing she wore changed, it was still readily apparent that she was sans bra or panties. I enjoyed the view, of course, but couldn't help wondering what was going on.

A couple more times of Joanne coming over, and I finally got the answer.

She'd been using my computer for something less than an hour when she came into the living room where I was and took a seat at the opposite end of the couch from me. I was watching something on the TV, and didn't pay any attention to her (as was common) until she cleared her throat during a commercial. I turned to look at her, and noticed that she was clearly nervous about something. The two of us sat there looking at each other for several seconds before she cleared her throat again and told me, "Jeff, I, uh, I've got something to tell you, and then something that I want to ask you. But there's something I need to explain between the telling and the asking, so I need you to understand that what I tell you isn't something you have to worry about, and that I need you to really listen to what I have to explain."

All that accomplished was to leave me even more baffled than I already was. But seeing how nervous she was, I resolved to keep my equanimity as best I could before I answered, "Okay, Jo, I think I can do that. What's up?"

She hesitated a couple of seconds before taking a deep breath and telling me, "What I have to tell you is that I saw those, um, stories that you have. I mean, I've even, you know, read some of them, so I know they're sex stories."

I could feel the blood drain out of my face; she must have seen it, because she quickly added, "No, it's okay! I haven't told anybody about them! That... that's kinda a little bit about what I have to explain to you, before I ask you something."

As I mentally checked to make sure my heart was still beating, I asked her, "You haven't said anything to anyone?"

She shook her head, and I followed up with, "Why not? Or is that part of what you have to explain?"

She nodded her head before saying, "I was waiting for something to download off the Internet a few weeks ago, and I got curious about what kinds of stuff was on your computer — I mean, I know you're some kind of engineer and you design stuff, but I don't really know what that means. So I thought maybe if I looked at what was on your computer, maybe I'd understand it better. I saw those files, and was curious what they were, so I opened one of them. I started reading it, and it didn't take me long to figure out that it was a story about people having sex. I know I shouldn't have, now, but I just had to see if the rest of them were like that, too... and they were. But what really surprised me was when I started reading one about a guy and a bunch of girls — girls MY age, I mean. At first, I was worried that you were some kind of pervert or something that you'd be reading something like that; but then I remembered that you've never ever done or said anything even a little bit sexual to me. That just left me confused, and that's when I figured I'd better stop reading that stuff before you came to see how I was doing or anything. Then I got nervous AND confused, and that's when I went home. I couldn't come over for a while because I was afraid that you'd know that I'd been looking at that stuff, and I didn't know what you'd say or do. I wasn't worried that you'd try to, you know, do anything with me like that,

but I thought you might be angry or upset or something with me. But when I did finally come back again, you just acted like you had no idea."

"I didn't," I told her, "I could tell something was going on when you left, but I didn't have any idea what it was. I just figured if it was anything important, I'd find out soon enough. I guess I have, now," with a wry laugh.

"Well, it took me coming over a couple times before I realized that you weren't going to say anything. You being so smart any everything, I figured you HAD to know, and were just being cool about it — so I finally got up the nerve to look at them again. I found there were a couple more that had girls my age, and it got me thinking. What I finally decided to do was actually read ALL of those particular stories — the ones with girls in them, I mean — and see what they were all about. I had to figure that you liked them, since you kept them and everything. I was actually surprised when I realized that in all of them, the guy that was being with the girls was actually really nice about it. I mean, they were young girls and they wanted him to make love with them, but he was actually careful about what he said to them, and what they did: he was gentle and patient with them, and tried to do what he could to make THEM happy about learning about sex with him. I... I've heard some of the other girls at school... the, um, more experienced ones... talking about what it was like for them when they started having sex, and what was in the stories was a LOT nicer than what they said happened with them."

I nodded, and she continued, "This is the part that I wanted to explain to you, so I need you to listen before you say anything, okay?"

I assured her that I would, and found myself flabbergasted when she told me, "I... I've been thinking about sex. Actually having it, I mean... except that I'm not for certain positive that I want to go THAT far, yet. I don't know anything — I mean, not really — about any of it. Sure, I know what girls look like, but I've never even seen a guy, never mind touching one, any more than a guy has seen or touched ME. What I'd really, really like to do is kind of, um, ease into it. You know, start with something small and easy at first, and then just kinda go from there... but without having anyone pushing me to do more or go faster than I want to."

I nodded again, not trusting myself to speak, and she went on to say, "In those stories on your computer, the guy acted exactly how I'd want someone to be with ME. And... and I figured that if you were reading stories like that, then it was probably because you liked them — and even maybe agreed with how the guy in them acted with the girls... and maybe even that YOU could be like that with someone that needed it."

After taking a deep (if shaky) breath, she added, "So that's what I needed to explain to you. And what I wanted to ask you was if... if YOU could maybe be like the guys in those stories, and help ME learn about sex — looking and touching and maybe even, you know, the rest of it, too."

Taking my own deep (and shaky) breath, I answered, "I can't, Jo."

Before I could continue, she interrupted to tell me, "I know it's against the law. When I read the stories, the guys in them said so. I checked, and I know that there really are laws like that, even here. But Jeff, I want you to help me with this. I know you could get into trouble if anyone found out, but I'd never, ever say anything to ANYBODY! I've really, really thought about this, and I'm sure I want to do this, and with you, because I'm sure that I can trust you not to push me about anything. After I read those stories, I... I tested you, kind of, by coming over here without a bra or panties on, knowing that you'd

be able to see my boobs and my butt — and you never, EVER said or did anything. You hardly looked at me, even! I knew you could see my nipples and everything because I... I could see your, um, penis get bigger, sometimes, so I know you liked it. So why can't you?"

"For several reasons. First, you don't even turn fifteen until next month — and that's STILL young enough for me to get into trouble. Second, because you aren't even fifteen yet, I'm not sure that I believe you're as ready as you say you are. Third, even if you are sure, and really want anything to happen between us, I've got my doubts that your mother would appreciate me getting involved in anything physical with her daughter."

Joanne sat there quietly for several seconds, thinking about what I'd just said, before calmly standing up — and just as calmly reaching for the bottom of the shirt she was wearing and pulling it up over her head and off. That left her standing topless in front of me with an only vaguely nervous expression on her face to accompany the blatant invitation for me to look at her developing mammaries.

And I most assuredly DID look. Each was about the size of half an orange, and the same healthy pale pink as the rest of her torso. Her areolas were a light rose color and a bit more than half a centimeter across. Neatly centered in each was the pencil-diameter protrusion of a nipple that extended just a few millimeters above the surrounding flesh. Even as I was thinking how much her breasts looked like a couple of particularly enticing desserts, I saw her areolas crinkle and her nipples grow a bit longer — whether from the temperature or her arousal, I didn't know and didn't care.

When I finally managed to pull my gaze from her bust to her face, I saw that she'd lost any nervousness, and was supremely confident about what she'd done and what she wanted.

As much as it pained me to do so, I still had to tell her, "You're as pretty and sexy as any guy could want — but you're still young, and I'm not going to do anything that would hurt you or your mother. I'm sorry."

My comment on her attractiveness earned me a brief smile before she casually got herself covered again. Only then did I stand up, too, and take her into my arms. Holding her close, but gently, I told her, "I really do care about you, Jo. But I'm not going to betray the trust your mom has in me, and I certainly don't want to do anything — or let YOU do anything! — that would hurt you."

I heard her sigh before she answered, "It's okay, Jeff. I guess if you weren't the kind of guy you are, I wouldn't WANT to learn that stuff with you."

A moment later, I felt her move, and readily let her step back. She looked up into my eyes for a few moments, then told me, "I guess I'd better go, now."

I managed to smile at her before saying, "If you have to. But you're still welcome to come over any time," and got a relieved grin from her. As she turned to head home, I gave her cute little tush a pat — causing her to turn her head and give me a pleased smile before she continued on her way.

Saturday afternoon a few weeks later, Jean had invited me over to share a grilled lunch with her; the girls had gotten an invitation to go horseback riding, and weren't expected back until nearly evening.

Lunch had been burgers and chips, with cold beer to wash it all down. Afterwards, Jean had let me help clean up, and the two of us were sharing the oversize hammock she'd strung up. As we were lying there slowly swaying, she told me, "I had a damn interesting conversation with Joanne last week."

With her lithe form snuggled into my side, a belly full of lunch, and a couple of beers already in me, the best I could muster in response was, "Howzat?"

"It started off with her asking me if I'd help her get started using birth control, and ended with her telling me she wanted to at least start learning about what really happens with sex. As you can imagine, I was rather... surprised. Particularly when YOUR name came up."

I felt my blood run cold, and waited to hear what else she had to say. I found out when she continued, "I'd already had the talk with her, and signed off on her being part of that first class to get sex education, so I knew that I'd better pay attention and find out what was going on. So I asked if she needed to start using birth control. I could see that it embarrassed her, but she told me that she didn't need it — yet. She wanted to get started using it so that when she WAS ready to start actually having sex, she'd be protected. That was a considerable relief, and I told her that if she was thinking about sex enough to want to be ready, then I'd make an appointment for her with my gynecologist... which I've done. We talked a little more, and that's when she let me know that even with the talk I had with her, and the class she was in, she still doesn't know as much about the subject as she wished she did. As she explained it to me, she understands what's going on with her own body, and how babies are made, and a lot of other things; what she doesn't figure she's actually gotten out of anybody is actual sex education. I asked what she meant, and she told me that all she's ever seen has been drawings and diagrams of girl and boy parts; she knows how different SHE is from those, so she figures that the reality of guys is going to be different, too. And on top of that, she said that the only explanation and description of sex she's ever gotten has been of the 'penis goes here' variety. She knows that she doesn't have the faintest clue of what happens between the time a boy and girl start liking each other and the point when his semen starts trying to find an egg to fertilize. I saw most of the material that the school gave her for the sex ed class, and I have to admit that she has a point. Not that I want them to get any more explicit or detailed, mind you — just that I can understand how she'd still be curious."

Realizing that she certainly wouldn't be lying next to me so calm and relaxed if I was actually in trouble with her, I managed to ask, "And how is it that MY name crept in to all this?"

Jean laughed before answering, "Naturally, I did my best to sympathize with her while explaining that there was only so much that the school could be expected to cover. That's when she dropped the bombshell of telling me she understood that — and that was why she was hoping that I wouldn't be upset if she wanted to actually find out about the rest of it. As she put it, she'd been through the book learning part of it, and now she wanted to get some actual experience with the things that weren't in the class. Of course I had to ask if she had anyone in particular in mind, and that's when she said that she was kind of hoping that YOU would help her."

She raised her head to look at me as she said, "I wasn't real pleased to hear that. The first thing I thought was that you were trying to hustle her into the sack. But then I really heard what she'd said, and how. So just to make sure I was understand her correctly, I had her say it to me again, only differently."

She put her head on my shoulder again, and continued, "She did by letting me know that she'd already tried to get some idea of what you'd say, and that she didn't think you'd do it — not only because of how young she is, but because you wouldn't violate my trust. Rather than dance around it, I straight-out asked her why she was telling ME all that. It threw her a little bit, but she managed to tell me that she was hoping that if I said something to you about it — not just that I didn't think she was too young, but that I'd be okay with it — she thought that if I did, she could talk to you and get you to understand that

she wasn't trying to be like your girlfriend or anything; that she just wanted you to kind of help tutor her about sex, like you did when she was having trouble with math. Of course I pointed out that there's a HELL of a difference between sex and math. She said she understands that; she knows she's going to be nervous and afraid and embarrassed and the rest of it the first time she gets to see a naked guy, or have a guy see HER naked, and the first time they touch, and everything else. But she's also ABSOLUTELY confident that that kind of stuff will be easier with you than it would anyone else: she already knows that you care about her and that you'd never hurt her. When she told me that, I realized that I know it, too. Anyway, I told her that I'd have to think about everything we'd talked about, and that I'd let her know what I decided."

She lay there quietly for several seconds before telling me, "And I DID think about it. Not just about the birth control part — which I'd agree to for the same reasons she gave me — but the rest of it, too. There's some of it that I'm not happy about, and some that I am. And I don't know how many times I flip-flopped between wanting to say 'no' and figuring I'd better say 'yes' before I got everything settled in my mind. As far as Joanne being intimate with you... that was a big part of what kept going around and around in my mind: the idea of someone touching her and doing things with her isn't something that sits well with me; particularly when it's someone that I feel so close to, and know so well. But what finally decided it for me was the fact — FACT, mind you! — that I trust you enough to believe that you'd be as patient and gentle and understanding with her as she needed. A lot of what I learned came to me by way of a lot of trials and too many errors; if I can do or say anything to keep that from happening for Joanne... or any of my girls, for that matter... then that's what needs to happen."

At that point, it was time for ME to lay quietly for a bit before asking her, "Just to make sure I understand, here, what are you telling me, Jean?"

"I'm telling you that IF Joanne comes to you about helping her learn about sex, I'm okay with it. I'm her mother, and hard as it is for me to admit, I think she's grown up enough to know what she's asking. I know there're laws about men and young girls, but as long as Joanne doesn't come home crying, bruised, or bloody, I'm not going to fuss. And I think both of us know that she'd never let it slip; if she ever said anything to anyone about it, it would be on purpose, and only after you'd done something to physically hurt her. I've already told her that I'd let YOU know I didn't object, but it's still HER job to convince you to do it. IF she does, I don't need or want to know any details, either. As long as she's happy, then I'm happy."

"And just how is it that you're so calm about all this? And particularly, how is it that you can tell me that it's okay for someone MY age potentially having that kind of contact with your daughters?"

"Yeah, I'm calm now. But I damn sure wasn't when she first came to me about it, and not for several days afterwards. But like I just said, once I got past being her mother and starting thinking about her as a female coming of age, that settled me down — a lot. As for the other part... I'm telling you that I'm okay with YOU potentially having that kind of contact with them. If it was anybody but you, I'd do everything I could to hang their nuts from my car mirror; but all the times we've talked and about so many different things, the way you've flirted with ME without pushing it, and having seen how you were with them before they started to fill out... I know none of this was your idea, and you probably aren't real wild about it. I think I can trust you not to push it or do anything to hurt them — but if I'm wrong, I will come after you with everything I've got."

I considered what she'd said for a few moments before answering, "No, I'm NOT wild about saying or

doing anything sexual with Joanne or any of them. But if you trust me enough to let them come to me and think that I can help, I'll do the best I can because I care about them, and what happens to them, too. I'd feel better about all of this, though, if I had some idea of what the limits are."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Just what I said. What if she wants to know what it's like if she's with another girl? Should I be telling her to find out for herself, or trying to discourage it? If she gets into her head that she actually wants to start having sex — and particularly with me: how hard am I supposed to fight her off? I'm the one that's likely going to have to actually deal with the situations that crop up, and I'd like to know — or at least have some idea — of what you'd like to happen."

We lay there in silence for a couple of minutes before she told me, "Okay, I see your point, and you're right. If she wants to find out about girls, then she should find out; I don't think there's anything inherently wrong with it, I just want her to be careful about who she's with so she doesn't end up with a bunch of idiots calling her names because of it. As for you... I hope you'll try to keep it from happening; but if she's really THAT determined, then at least be patient and gentle with her. For anything else... all I can really say is that I'm about as liberal about that stuff as I can be — as long as whoever's involved is there willingly and by their own free choice, it's not for me to say whether or not it's right for them. I'd rather you didn't introduce her to S&M, but if she asks, you don't have to be afraid to tell her. Other than that, I'm not sure what to say."

I gave Jean a little hug before telling her, "That's enough, I think. I may not do or say exactly what you would, but I don't think I'll miss it by much, either."

She tilted her head to look up at me, and I could see the smile on her face as she told me, "Thanks, Jeff. I'm still going to worry about them, of course — but now I know I don't have to worry about them too much."

"Sure, I can understand that. Instead of YOU worrying, now I have to. No problem!" I teased. She laughed, and snuggled herself a little closer.

The next couple of hours, the two of us lay there in the hammock — occasionally lightly molesting each other (she didn't mind me caressing her ass through the cutoff jeans she was wearing, for example, and wasn't above slipping her hand under my shirt to put her hand on my chest). We also used the opportunity to chat about how things were going for each of us, as well as the odd bit of question-and-answer about the girls (and particularly Joanne), Jean letting me know approximately where they were in their development, and what I might reasonably expect from each of them: she didn't have the slightest doubt that if Joanne got some special tutoring from me that the other two would want in on it, too. Implicit in all the talking we did on the subject was that I would agree to Joanne's request. Knowing, then, that Jean thought it was appropriate (and perhaps even necessary) and okay with me having a rather open-ended intimate relationship with Joanne (and possibly/probably with Tina and Chris), then there wasn't any real reason for me to turn her down when she asked again (as I was sure she would).

Then it was time for me to drag out my own character and psyche for close examination.

I didn't have any trouble admitting that I found the three girls all attractive. I also had to confess to thinking at different times that if one or the other of them had been some number of years older, I wouldn't have the slightest hesitation about trying to develop a physical relationship with them. That

was when I had to search my soul and motives most carefully, trying to see if I'd had any desires of that kind for them before then, and why I would agree to anything like Joanne wanted now.

Even with my best efforts, I couldn't find any sign within myself that I'd had any physical desires toward any of them. Sure, I'd thought they were cute, and were developing into what would be fairly attractive young women — but I didn't have any such designs on them then. After searching my soul on the rest of it, I finally concluded that the affection and care I felt toward them was more like that of an adopted uncle: while not related to them by blood, I shared a bond with them and their mother that was easily close enough to qualify as familial; and that relationship was strong enough that I genuinely cared for them even more than their own father had: the last thing I wanted to happen to them was for them to be hurt or frightened or traumatized in the process of learning about what could (and should, to my way of thinking) be the most loving and pleasurable activities they could engage in. It wasn't that I thought I was some wonderful teacher or that I knew everything there was to know about sex and sexuality or anything of that nature; simply put, I knew that I'd have the requisite patience and understanding to deal with their questions and their desire to learn and experience new things — and do so without making them feel bad about their lack of knowledge and experience, not doing anything to pressure them to go faster or do anything they weren't comfortable with, and not hurting or frightening them. I certainly didn't want the responsibility being handed to me, and if there had been anyone available that I figured could deal with the situation as good or better, I'd have been delighted to pass on the whole deal. But as near as I could tell, I was "it"... and I cared about them too much to leave them in the (literal) hands of someone that didn't at least match my commitment to their happiness and welfare. Basically, I took the job because I didn't figure I could trust anyone else with it.

Even with the delectable bundle of Jean snuggled next to me and my arm around her, I was silently commiserating with myself at "having" to help at least one pubescent female (and possibly as many as three) learn what she wanted to know about the general subject of sex. While going over the things that I anticipated having problems with (and there were plenty), it finally settled into my mind that the situation didn't necessarily have to be all that bad.

What I'd seen of Joanne hadn't been bad to look at. As a matter of fact, she'd looked pretty good, when I was able to ignore her age. And fast on the heels of that admission was that I couldn't help but figure that the rest of her would be just as appealing — if not more, once I got the opportunity to see her in toto. Joanne's breasts had looked delightfully full and firm; with Traci and Chris being so close in age to her, it didn't seem unreasonable that they'd be any less appealing (though obviously less developed). While I hadn't actually had my hands on any of them other than to pick them up when they were appreciably younger, it was easy enough to see that their skin was as smooth and soft as could be asked for... and the idea of actually getting to find out (and not just on innocent areas such as arms and legs) held an appeal to me that I couldn't deny. From that thought, it wasn't a great leap to understanding that I'd almost certainly be asked to see and touch them in ways that I never had before (nor wanted... until then). I also had to concede that there was a very distinct possibility that was going to be given the opportunity to do things with them that anyone else either wouldn't get the chance to do, or would find himself in deep, deep trouble if he tried them. In effect, I was being given carte blanche to address any questions or concerns they might have about their own bodies or building desires. I certainly had no plans on enticing them into any particular activity or other; that didn't mean that I couldn't take full advantage of those opportunities that DID present themselves, however.

Slowly, but steadily, my mind began to get filled by images that my libido was starting to produce...

and it wasn't such a bad situation to find myself in, after all.

By the time the girls got back from their horseback riding (and as happy as I'd ever seen them), I was actually starting to look forward (at least a little bit) to the job that I'd been entrusted with. Enough so that it wasn't difficult for them and Jean to talk me into driving their barbecue grill for steaks and baked potatoes for supper. Joanne contrived to get herself seated next to me, and whenever the opportunity presented itself, she'd lean against me, gently bump me, or find some other means of making sure I was aware of her — not that I needed it.

It was several days after that when Joanne came over again. Once I let her in through the door to my patio (the usual entry point for her and her sisters), I let her know that I wanted to talk to her. She looked only mildly apprehensive as she took a seat at the opposite end of the couch from me.

I sat looking at her for several moments before finally saying, "Your mom and I had a little talk the other day while you and your sisters were out riding."

She nodded and answered, "She told me."

"I figured she would," I said. I went on by telling her, "First, thank you for not telling her that you'd already tried to get me to help you, and how."

Blushing slightly, she just nodded her head before I continued, "Quite honestly, I'm still not sure about all of this. Something you have to understand is that I've known you since you were just a little girl, and even though I can see that you're starting to grow up, sometimes I can't help but think of you the way you were when I first saw you. BUT!" — she was starting to get visibly agitated, and I needed to head her off — "your mom told me that SHE thinks you're old and mature enough to come to me about the stuff you asked about, and she's told me that she's okay with it. Hearing both of those things from her, I still had to decide what I thought about it. What I finally settled on was that if your mom thinks you're old enough, and she's told me that she doesn't have any problem with it, then I'm willing to give it a try."

Joanne got a look of delight that lasted until I said, "HOWEVER... that means that now it's completely up to YOU how much of what happens between us, and when, and how fast. If you want to learn about sex stuff with me, then I can teach you — but if you want me to treat you like you're almost grown up, then it's up to you to not just act, but THINK like you're almost grown up."

Seeing her confusion, I explained, "If you're going to be grown up enough to do sex things with me, then you're going to have to be grown up enough to accept responsibility for the consequences of your actions: if you say you want to do something and I tell you I don't think it's a good idea, and you want to do it anyway, then YOU'RE the one that might get hurt or feel dumb or embarrassed, not me."

Hearing that, I could see that she was realizing (perhaps for the first time) what she was potentially letting herself in for — that along with the freedom to choose came the responsibility for the consequences of those choices.

"None of what happens or is said between us is going to go anywhere else from ME — not to your mother, or your sisters, or anyone else. Even if you say something about any of it in front of one of them, I'm not going to talk about it. That's me respecting your privacy; since you know what can happen if anyone else hears about us, I can only hope that you'll be just as careful. I'll answer any question you ask as honestly as I can; if I don't know or I'm not sure, I'll say so — and then GET the

answer. If there's something you want to do to or with me, I'll do my best to make that happen; if there's something you want ME to do to or with you, I'll give that my best shot. I'll stop any time you want me to, and explain anything you ask me about. You said that you trust me, and I want you to know that you CAN: I'm not going to do anything that you don't explicitly tell me is okay. And once you tell me something is okay, I'm only going to do it as MUCH as you say, until you tell me differently. You're a very pretty and sexy young woman, and it's probably going to happen that I'm going to respond to seeing you. That does not mean, however, that I'm actually going to try to DO anything, or make anything happen as a result — getting an erection is something that I don't have much more control over than you do about whether or not your nipples get hard when you're cold... and it only means about as much, too."

I waited until she let me know that she'd been listening, and understood what I was saying before I went on, "Your mother told me that she wouldn't have any problem with it if Tina and Chris came over here for the same reasons you do." Joanne interjected, "She told me that, too," and I answered, "That's fine with me, if they want to come over. I'm not suggesting that they SHOULD, only saying that I'm okay with it if they do. It doesn't matter to me if it's just one of you that comes over here at a time, two of you, or even all three — as long as it's by your own choice. But remember what I said about accepting responsibility, too: if there's any fussing or arguing, I'm perfectly willing to send people home until they learn to grow up and play nice."

That drew a smile from her, even though she knew I was serious and meant what I'd said.

The last thing I had to say to her was, "I don't care when or what order you and your sisters start with me. I do need you — all of you! — to understand that I still have a job I have to go to, a life that I'd like to live, and things I'd like to do for myself. That means that even though you can come over here any time it's okay with your mom, that doesn't necessarily mean that I'll automatically be able to do the things that you might want. So if I have to tell you 'no,' it doesn't mean 'no, not ever,' only 'no, not right now,' okay? I told you that I'm not going to do anything to try and push you or your sisters to do anything you don't like or want to do — and I'm going to expect you to show me the same courtesy. I'm taking a big chance by helping you like you want, and if it gets to be too much trouble for me, then I'll stop doing it. Is that fair?"

It took her a few moments to answer, "Yeah, it's fair, Jeff. That, and all the other stuff you said. I — we, I mean... Tina and Chris and I all talked about what Mom said — we know that you're only doing this 'cause you're nice and you care about us, and that you don't HAVE to do it. I even told Tina and Chris what could happen to you if they said ANYTHING to ANYBODY, so they know that this is really, really special; and that you're taking a big chance to help us learn this stuff. We've already worked out some of the things that we could think of, but we know there's going to be more. There were actually a couple of reasons that I came over tonight; one of them was to see if it was okay if I started coming over to get help with sex stuff. But after Mom said that it was all right with her if ALL of us wanted to talk to you, we... we kinda wanted to know if it would be okay if all three of us came over the first few times, 'cause all three of us have pretty much the same questions — at least, to start."

I honestly hadn't considered that they'd ask anything like that, but it didn't throw me off, or anything. I simply told Joanne, "I said it was okay if there was more than one of you here, and I meant it. If there's something that all of you want to know about, then that's a perfectly good reason for all of you to be here — so, yes, it's okay with me."

Her next question was simply, "We, uh... we want to start finding out about sex and stuff, but we don't want to bug you, either. Would it be okay if we came over tomorrow? Mom has to go in to help with some big report, so we'd be home by ourselves, otherwise."

"That'll be fine, Jo. What time?"

Hesitantly, she asked, "Would eleven o'clock be too soon?"

"Not at all. That'll give me time to take care of MY chores before you come over, so we won't have to quit until you girls want to."

Visibly pleased, Joanne stood up and verified that I could expect her and her sisters at eleven the next morning before making her exit.

The three of them made a favorable impression on me the next morning when they waited until a minute or so after eleven to make their appearance. I ushered them in, and to try and break the ice of our first "formal" sex-ed session, I asked if they'd like anything to drink. Sodas were requested, and I told them to go ahead and get comfortable while I was in the kitchen.

When I had beverages for all of us, it was back to the living room; as I turned the corner, I was presented with the sight of all three of them standing there waiting for me.

Stark naked.

Not only stark naked as in not having a single stitch of ANY kind of clothing on, but waiting there without doing anything to cover up any part of their young bodies — their arms were hanging by their sides no differently than if they were simply waiting for a bus.

I didn't break stride, and didn't even give them (much) more than a passing glance. Instead, I used the time I spent getting drinks distributed to collect myself and get my thoughts organized.

When I sat down on the couch, the first thing I had to say to them was, "You didn't have to do this on MY account — but I appreciate that you're willing to share your beauty with me like this. I appreciate it very much, in fact. But why are you doing it?"

It was Joanne that spoke up first, saying, "More than anything, we wanted to show you that we trust YOU, Jeff. We know you're taking a big chance by trusting that we won't say anything to anybody, so this is how we decided to show you that you can trust us, and that we trust you."

To that, Chris added, "We... we figured that we're going to be naked with you sooner or later, so rather than each of us being embarrassed or scared, we decided we'd all do it together at the same time, and get it over with."

Tina finished by telling me, "All three of us have seen the other girls that we have gym class with, and each other of course, but we aren't really all that sure that we're okay — I mean, as far as how big our boobs are, and the hair between our legs, and how we look and all that. All of us asked Mom if we were okay, but of course all she said was that we are. We want to hear from a guy how we look."

I didn't have any problem telling them, "I think all of you are very pretty, and sexy."

Tina made a face before saying, "We don't mean you should just tell us what you think we want to hear. Really look at us!"

Well, if she was going to insist like that...

They were loosely lined up with Joanne on my left, Tina in the middle, and Chris on my right. With Tina's admonition to really look at them, I did just that, starting with her. At maybe 5 feet and a couple of inches, she was between her sisters not only in age, but height. She habitually kept her dark black hair cut in a pageboy style that nicely accentuated the shape of her face. A pair of lovely brown eyes looked at me from above a pert little nose; her mouth was a trifle on the small side, with thin lips — yet it looked just dandy on her. She had a pale (but not white) complexion (all over!), with only a few small moles that only served to accentuate how smooth and clear her skin was. I judged her breasts to be only a little smaller than Joanne's, though they were more round and looked to sit a bit higher on her chest. Each was capped with a chocolate brown areola about the size of a nickel, with half-inch diameter nipples that extended about that same distance. Active in sports, she had a delightfully trim waist and hips that curved "just so". At the base of her belly, I saw a small wedge of dark pubic hair that looked to be denser than I would have expected. Her trim legs were a wonder to look at, and I couldn't help thinking that she should be a dancer. When I brought my eyes back up to hers, she didn't hesitate in the slightest to turn around and let me see the other side, something I'm grateful for even to this day: her ass was small, nicely rounded, and visibly tight and firm. She didn't turn back around again until I'd looked over the rest of her and said, "Thank you."

Chris was next, with her curly blonde shoulder-length hair. Looking at her, I have to think that everyone's first thought on seeing her was that she was cute as the proverbial bug's ear: green eyes sparkling, a little button of a nose, and slightly full coral pink lips. Chris's bust was naturally the smallest of them, but not by a whole lot. Her breasts were more pear-shaped, and sported decidedly puffy quarter-sized areolas that were a dark pink, with pencil-diameter nipples just barely protruding from their surface. The youngest of the three, Chris had yet to finish developing her womanly curves — but she had a damn good start on them, I have to say. Her mons sported a small patch of sparse hair that was just a shade or two darker than what was on her head; it was bracketed by a pair of slim, somewhat coltish legs that I KNEW would fill out very nicely. Chris, too, turned around without prompting, and displayed what had to be one of the cutest little tushes on the planet. Though I looked most carefully, I couldn't spot a blemish of ANY kind anywhere on her; all there was to see was a delightful expanse of smooth, healthy young girl flesh.

That left Joanne for last — and she was every bit as lovely as I remembered. Her straight black hair was tied back in a loose ponytail that hung to the middle of her back, leaving her oval face exposed. Her brown eyes looked at me, unashamed of her nakedness; a small straight nose led my eyes to her full mouth with its light rose lips. Her breasts, now that I was free to really look at them, were generally conical and plainly as smooth and firm as could be. Her areolas were the same color as her lips, and protruding from each was a nipple that grew a little bit longer even as I looked at her. As was the case with both of her sisters, Joanne's belly was as flat and trim as a young woman's could be. With a little more curve to her waist and hips, Joanne was plainly more developed... looking at her, I figured I had a pretty good idea of how her sisters would look at her age. Nestled between her smooth and obviously firm thighs was a narrow wedge of black pubic hair. Though it wasn't as thick or dense as Tina's appeared to be (I could just make out the underlying skin), it looked to be trifle longer. Her thighs fairly flowed into her knees and on to her calves, forming a series of gentle arcs that appealed to me greatly. Joanne readily turned around when I raised my eyes to hers, leaving me with a view of what I was convinced was one of the finest asses on the planet: neither too large nor too small, it was nicely rounded, as smooth and flawless as the rest of her, patently firm, and sporting a couple of cute little dimples that simply BEGGED to be worshiped.

After Joanne turned around again so that all three of them were facing me once more, I took the time to look each of them over again. As I did, it crossed my mind that accepting the job of tutoring them in matters sexual would almost be worth it just for the opportunity to continue seeing them nude — together, and individually.

Starting with my attention on Tina, but shifting my focus so the others knew I was speaking to them, too, I said, "Thank you for letting me look at you like this. Not only for the courage that I know it took for you to do it, but for the trust and everything else that you're showing me. All of you..." I hesitated a moment, then resumed, "Each of you is lovely, for several different reasons: you don't just have pretty faces, but you're all physically fit, with absolutely lovely smooth skin. I want you to know that I think each of you is a delight to look at, and very pretty and sexy — as much for how each of you is different than your sisters, as for the ways that you're similar. ALL of you are attractive young women, and I can easily see how much more beautiful you're going to be when you finish growing."

That little spiel earned me three pleased and appreciative smiles, and I continued, "I just said that you're young women — and that's something I want to talk about for a moment. Yes, you're women — with hair between your legs, and breasts, and having periods and the whole deal. But don't forget that 'young' part, either: even though any one of you could conceivably get pregnant, I think you'd agree that letting that happen now would be a bad idea."

All three nodded in agreement before I went on, "You agree that it would be a bad idea, but I'd bet cash money that the reasons YOU think it would be bad are different than the ones I have in mind. As young as you are, your bodies aren't fully developed yet... which means that if you DID get pregnant, your body would be trying to grow a full-sized baby inside a body that is MAYBE half as big as it should be for something like that. Second, if you got pregnant now, you'd have the problem of finishing school: you'd either have to keep going to school while you were pregnant — and have to listen to all the things people would say to you — or drop out of school long enough to have the baby, and then try to go back and get started again with the added problem of having to take care of a baby AND doing all the work that's involved in school. I know that all of you have done babysitting, and that sometimes it has been for infants; think about how much 'fun' it was to change dirty diapers, have the baby throw up on you, trying to get it to stop crying, and all of the other things that you had to deal with. Now think about having to do that not just for a few hours, but ALL day, EVERY day because it's YOUR baby; nobody's going to come home and take it back, or so you can have a break. YOU would be the one that would have to make sure it had enough food, that you had enough diapers, that the baby didn't get sick, and all the rest. Sure, you could maybe find someone to babysit for you, but you'd have to pay that person — so what would you pay them WITH? You'd have to work someplace to earn the money to pay a babysitter — but you'd have to have a babysitter so you COULD get a job... to earn the money to pay for a babysitter... who would watch your baby while you were at work... earning the money for the babysitter... I think you can see where that's going, right?"

My question was met with three very solemn nods, and I went on, "You COULD avoid almost all of that, but that would mean you'd have to choose between giving the baby — YOUR baby! — up for someone else to adopt it, or getting something like an abortion — effectively killing the baby before it gets big enough to be born."

The horrified expressions on their faces was all I needed to tell them, "I think you can see that the very best thing to do is avoid getting pregnant in the first place... right?"

All three of them quickly (and emphatically) declared that not getting pregnant was the best route; I went on to tell them, "THAT'S why I'm going to tell you right here and right now that I will expect each and every one of you to figure out how you're going to deal with the problem of birth control. You might think it's unfair for YOU to have to deal with it, and it probably is — but that doesn't change the fact that you're the one that would have a baby inside you if even ONE sperm cell happened to be in the right place at the right time of the month. While you're checking into birth control, there's something you need to keep in mind: even if something says it's 75 per cent effective, that doesn't mean you'd only be 25 per cent pregnant if it didn't work."

That last part drew smiles from them, as I hoped it would. I was trying my damndest to impress how serious all this was on them, but without scaring them into lives of celibacy.

I finished up by telling them, "I wanted to tell you about all of that now, before we get started, so that you'll have plenty of time to really think about it — and decide what you want to do about it. When Joanne came over here last night, I told her that I am never ever going to do anything that you don't want me to, or try to get you to do anything you aren't comfortable about; that means that if any of you decides that you want to stop learning about boys and girls with me without actually having sex, that's fine with me. And if that's what you decide is right for YOU, then there's no need for you to worry about birth control while it's just you and me. I also told Joanne that if you're going to be grown up enough to learn about boys and girls with me, then I'm going to expect you to BE grown up enough to think about what you want and how to get it — and what might happen. That means that if you absolutely, positively decide that you aren't going to have sex until later, there's no need for you to worry about the possibility of getting pregnant. But if you AREN'T sure, if there's even a maybe in there anyplace, the smart and careful and grown-up thing to do would be to protect yourselves 'just in case'." They all nodded their agreement, and I ended by saying, "I expect that it's going to be a while before any of us gets close to anything like that. So what do you want to do? This is the first time we're together, and Joanne told me that there are some things that all of you want to know — so how can I help you? Is there something you want to ask me, or me to do, or what?"

Realizing that I was handing control of what happened next to them, it took a few seconds of them looking back and forth at each other before Joanne told me, "We... we haven't seen how guys are different once they start to grow up — I mean, after puberty starts. So we were hoping that it'd be okay if... if we could, you know, see how you're different."

"Do you just want to see, or did you want to look closer, and maybe touch and move things around?"

All three of them blushed, and all Joanne could do was nod that that was something they'd like to do.

Gently and patiently, I told them, "It's okay, ladies. That's why you're here: so you can ask and learn. You don't have to be afraid or nervous or ashamed to ask me what it is that you really want. I'm not going to think you're bad or anything like that. Okay?"

On getting embarrassed grins from all of them, I calmly stood up and began to take my clothes off. I didn't try to turn away from them, nor did I try to do it as any kind of strip-tease. They wanted to see me naked, so I got naked. I carefully didn't notice the gasps when I slid my shorts down, so I didn't have to comment on them; once I was unencumbered by clothing, I stood up and walked over to where they were still standing up. I stopped in front of Chris first, then leaned over to give her a tender and affectionate kiss on the lips before looking into her eyes and telling her, "It's okay, Chris. The last thing I want to do is hurt you, or make you embarrassed or afraid. Okay?"

Relieved as much by what I said as she was touched by my kiss, Chris nodded and smiled back at me. Then I went on to give Tina her own kiss and verbal reassurance, and finally Joanne. With the three of them appreciably calmer, I took a couple of steps back and told them, "Go ahead and look at me, if you want. Touching me won't kill me, so don't be afraid to do that, if you want. When you're done, I'll lay down on the floor, and you can start touching and moving things around."

I simply waited there, standing with my arms hanging at my sides, as all three slowly walked around me for the next few minutes. As I'd expected, they simply had to find out for themselves how firm my butt was, along with my abdomen and pecs. There wasn't anything even faintly sexual about the contact, so I didn't have any issues about remaining "passive" as they compared notes and opinions in whispers.

Once they'd settled their minds about the general structure of the adult human male, it was on to investigating certain specific details. It was Joanne that told me, "Okay, you can, um, lay down now, Jeff."

I did so, and after letting them know I was ready to answer any questions they had, tucked my hands behind my head and left them to it.

For the first minute or so, I could hear them whispering back and forth along with feeling them moving around (they'd all settled themselves in the general vicinity of my pelvis, of course). About an equal amount of time passed quietly, then I felt a thumb and finger ever so carefully and delicately take hold my penis and lift it up. I didn't say a word, or react to what was happening in the slightest; a few moments later, whoever had hold of me was satisfied that nothing was going to catch fire or explode, and the investigations began in earnest. I'm pretty sure that I could tell the difference between the different sets of fingers that held, poked, prodded, tugged, stroked, squeezed, or otherwise came in contact with me. Which set belonged to who, I had no clue; but I'm fairly confident that all three of them had direct physical contact with me at various points.

When they were done, it was Tina that told me so, and added, "If you want to sit up, there're some things we'd like to ask you."

I raised up, and found a comfortable position to sit in; young and limber as they all were, the girls were all sitting on their feet with their legs demurely together. Once I was settled, the question-and-answer session began. They were a trifle embarrassed about the questions they had at first, but as I continued to respond calmly and impersonally, they relaxed considerably. They also became more willing to ask (and say) what was really on their minds; I simply had to keep going as I already was.

The adult male genitalia simply aren't all that complicated, and it didn't take long for them to get the answers to the questions they had about particulars. From there it was on to more general questions — though they were still of a sexual nature.

As the discussion progressed, they started asking about various aspect of sex: was it really true that sometimes people actually let someone else touch them the same way they touched themselves? Did people really use their mouths on each other there? And wasn't that kinda gross? It sounded like sex was kind of messy, what with girls having to be wet inside, and a guy squirting his semen in her; was it? If two girls kissed, did that mean they were lesbians? How did gay guys have sex? What was the difference between having sex and making love? What WAS love?

Those questions, and many more, kept us occupied for a couple of hours. I answered not only the

questions they asked, but the questions they weren't asking, as well. That was why I went from people letting someone else touch them the same way they touched themselves to HOW people touched themselves, and then onto masturbation and why it wasn't anything to be embarrassed or ashamed about — only kept private, or with someone REALLY special. Using your mouth on someone else wasn't gross as long as the other person was clean and healthy — it doesn't matter what parts are used, as long as both people are doing it because they want to. Two girls kissing didn't mean they were lesbians; lesbians only want to have sex with another woman, if a girl liked other girls AND guys, then she was bisexual, which only meant that she could be happy with either one. Yes, sex could be messy; it didn't have to be, but if it was, that was just part of what happened — and if both people were happy afterwards, did it really matter?

The explanation of how gay men have sex got us talking about anal sex, and it was necessary to remind them that the parts two people use to share their bodies with each other shouldn't matter to anyone else — that the decision was up to the two people involved, and wasn't any else's business.

It was when Chris wanted to know the difference between having sex and making love that I found myself in something of a quandary: I could try to explain it to them, but to really make it clear, about the only thing I could do was include some of my own Navy experiences — something I wasn't sure was entirely appropriate. So I started out trying to describe the difference, and hoped that I wouldn't have to provide any more detail or personal experiences than necessary.

"The way I think of it, 'having sex' is when two people share their bodies with each other for the purpose of feeling good. 'Making love' is when they share what's in their hearts through a physical act," I explained.

"Those sound almost like the same thing," Tina complained.

I sighed, and admitted, "They almost are. But the difference is in why they do it. Note that I said sex is to feel good; making love starts in their hearts. It isn't really that simple, because otherwise the two are a lot alike, and the difference can be hard to find and identify."

"What do you mean? Can you give us an example," Chris wanted to know.

"I can give you an example and explain it better, but it won't be quick."

The three of them shared a look before Joanne told me, "We don't mind; we really want to know."

"Okay, here we go then. I don't want you to just take my word on any of this, though, okay? Think about it, and ask other people, and make up your own minds. Will you do that?"

They all nodded, and I began, "The physical part of two people being together can be anything from just the two of them holding hands, and get more intimate and personal from there — they can kiss, they can touch each other through clothes, they can get naked and touch each other, they can be together and give themselves orgasms, they can use anything BUT their sex parts to give each other orgasms, or they can use their sex parts together — or anything in between any of those, a lot or a little. If all they're doing is having sex, then it's only the physical part of it that matters to them; how they feel about the other person doesn't matter so much. If they're making love, then the part that matters to them is how they feel about the other person, and how that person feels about them in an emotional sense; it's the physical part that doesn't matter. 'Having sex' and 'making love' are a LITTLE bit like opposites, depending on whether it's the physical or the emotional that matters most."

"What is love, then? And how does it work with that other part — the having sex and making love?" Joanne asked.

"Again, you'll have to check this yourself, but I think of 'love' as being when someone else's happiness and what's best for them is at least as important to you as your own. I can give you an example of that very easily: you know how hard your mom has to work sometimes, and that she can't always be there when you want her. As much as she'd like to be able to stay home so that she could take care of you, she puts her own happiness aside so she can do the things she has to to make sure that you have food and clothes and a place to live and all the other stuff you need. Sure, she says she likes her job — but that's only a small consolation prize for the fact that she DOES have to go out and work. And when you were little, she took you in for all the vaccine shots that she was supposed to; as much as it hurt her to see you get hurt and cry, she loved you so much that she was willing — eager, even — to have you suffer that relatively small pain so that you wouldn't have to risk an even bigger and harder pain in the future."

Taking a breath, I went on, "As for how that works with the 'having sex' and 'making love', I think I can explain it best with another example: a man and woman that love each other SO MUCH that they stay married even though there's some reason that they can't actually have any kind of physical relations with each other. In their case, what they have is pure love because there's nothing sexual happening between them. Compare that to two dogs mating in the street: all they're doing is sex, because as soon as it's over, each of them will go their own way. That's why I said that having sex and making love get confused all the time: because with people, there's usually at least a little bit of an emotional bond, if they're having physical relations with each other. Sometimes it can be a pretty tiny bond, but it's there."

It was Tina that observed, "You say that like you really know. Would you tell us, so we know, too?"

It was then that I had a sudden inspiration: since they seemed to be in a fairly receptive frame of mind, perhaps I could use my Navy experience as the basis to tell them something that I thought was pretty darn important. After collecting my thoughts for a moment, I answered, "You know that I was in the Navy, and that I spent a lot of time away from home. Well, when the ships I was on got to land, I'd have physical desires that I wanted to take care of. To do that, I'd find a girl in a bar or some other place that would let me be with her. Basically, I would find a prostitute and have sex with her in exchange for money. Even though I just wanted to have sex, and she was someone that would have sex for money, each of us still felt a tiny bond with the other — even though ALL that bond was was each of us found the other attractive and pleasant enough to be with. And that brings up the last thing that I wanted to be sure you understand: whether you're having sex or making love with someone, there should be some kind of personal relationship between you. If there isn't, then you really won't be much different than the prostitutes that I used to use — and the guy that you're with won't have any reason to care for you or respect you. And as young as you are, and that you're still in school where what other people think matters a whole lot, getting a reputation like that isn't something you want. If you don't respect yourselves enough to be 'picky' about who you're with, and why, then any guy that you're with is almost certainly going to feel the same way about you... and if HE doesn't care about you, then he won't have any reason not to tell his friends and anybody else that will listen about what you and he did, because it'll make him look more important to his buddies. I know this because I was like that when I was young: having sex with a girl was a big status symbol. It wasn't until I got a LOT older that I understood the hurt and dishonor that I'd caused the girls that I'd talked about. Sex isn't a shameful thing, but it should be something special, because you're sharing something as special as your body

with someone else. Okay?"

They all shared another look, and it was Chris that answered, "Yeah, Mom told us that sex should be something special, too — but she didn't explain WHY like you just did. I know I sure don't want people talking about ME like I hear them talking about some of the other girls at school."

When she was done speaking, Joanne and Tina both nodded their agreement; I could see from their expressions that I'd had the desired effect on them, and that all three would be more than a little "choosy" about who they were with.

It was then that Joanne noticed the time, and pointed out that their mother would be home before long. With some playful groans and complaints, the four of us got up off the floor. Before I could do or say anything, Chris came over and wrapped her arms around me and gave me a surprisingly fierce hug before releasing me and saying, "Thanks, Jeff. Not just for letting us come over here and all that, but for being honest with us, letting us know you care what happens to us."

Doing my best to ignore the fact that both of us were naked and I had felt her tight little body pressing against mine, I told her, "You're welcome, dear. Just promise me that you won't forget any of the things I tried to say."

She didn't hesitate to say she would; she'd barely taken a step before Tina was following her example of hugging me, and thanking me. Last was Joanne, who also whispered, "We talked about a lot of stuff, and were here longer than I thought we would. I don't know if it'll be all three of us next time, or not."

"Three or two or one, it's fine with me," I whispered back. When she moved away from me, she graced me with a smile and a mouthed, "thanks!" I just smiled and nodded. It was late enough that I figured I wouldn't bother with getting dressed again before I went in for a shower. Instead, I just went back to where I'd been sitting on my couch earlier, and watched as the girls got dressed. I expect they were fully aware that I was watching them, but they gave no indication that they were bothered by it. When they'd gotten everything back on again, each came over to give me a little kiss on the cheek by way of a farewell — and gave me a pleased grin when I gently patted her on the butt.

Once they were gone, I spent quite a while just sitting on my couch, thinking about all that had gone on that day and what might lay in store for me. As polite and courteous as the girls had been, I wasn't worried or particularly concerned about what might happen next; still, I didn't doubt in the slightest that I had "interesting" times ahead of me.

It was a couple of days before Joanne stopped by on her way home from school. Once she'd rid herself of her book bag, she moved close and put her arms around me; I didn't dawdle about reciprocating. After a few moments, I said, "I'm not complaining, mind you, but what brought this on?"

With her face all but buried in my chest, I could barely hear it as she told me, "All the things you told us when we were here — answering our questions without making us feel stupid or bad, and telling us all that stuff so we'd understand that there's more to learning about guys and girls and sex and stuff than we thought there was, and letting us know that you cared about what happens to us. I know you didn't have to, but you even told us about you being with girls while you were in the Navy, to make sure we knew we had to be careful so we didn't get reputations like some of the other girls at school. Ever since we left that night, I've been thinking about all the stuff you said... and I've realized how much you must care for me and Tina and Chris. One of the FIRST things you told us — after you said how pretty you think we all are! — was that we should take care to make sure that we don't get pregnant. And

almost everything else you said to us, it was to help us learn that doing stuff with other people didn't have to be bad or nasty or anything like that — that it was up to US to figure out what kinds of things were okay, and that we shouldn't be afraid to try something new just because it was different. I finally realized that when I came over here that first time and asked you to help me learn about sex, I really shouldn't have done it the way I did; and I'm glad that you told me 'no,' even though it really hurt at first. 'Specially after I showed you my boobs and everything. But after all of us talked, I began to understand that you care about us, even though you're not related to us or anything. I don't figure that helping us learn about sex and everything is easy for you, even after Mom said she thought it was okay — but you're doing it anyway, and I don't think that it's so you can see us naked and touch us or anything like that. You really do care about us. I... I think it's even love, 'cause you're putting what WE need ahead of what you're happy about — just like you told us about how Mom works to take care of us. So I just want you to know that I understand what you're doing, and why, and that I appreciate it even more than I can tell you. Okay?"

It was a hell of an answer to what I thought was a pretty simple question; but from the tone of her voice and the way she'd said it, I didn't doubt for a moment that she meant every word of it. All I could do was give her a gentle hug before saying, "I'm glad you know what I'm trying to do, and why. Yeah, I'm still not completely relaxed about this, but the way you and your sisters acted, it won't take me long. I'm just so much older than you are, and it isn't easy for me to get my mind to change from wanting to protect you because of how old you are; don't take this the wrong way, but I'm going to have to tell myself — probably a lot — that it's okay to touch you and do things with you, at least at first."

She was silent for a few moments, then told me, "No, I don't take it the wrong way. Because you haven't tried to touch me or do things with me is why I know I can trust you. I guess I shouldn't be surprised if it takes a while for you to be comfortable about it, even though you know it's okay now, when it wasn't before."

I continued to hold her for a bit longer, until she began to step back. I released my gentle hold on her, and let my hands fall to my sides. Much to my surprise, she took them and lifted them up — placing them squarely on the full mounds of her bust. In response to the shocked and surprised expression I know I must have had, she impishly told me, "I think maybe if I put your hands on me and do things, it'll help you learn a little faster."

After taking a deep breath, I had to admit that that was certainly a possibility — drawing a small laugh from her before she squeezed my hands on her breasts, and moved them around a little in encouragement for me to do so on my own.

I didn't need a second invitation.

Slowly and gently, I explored the most obvious symbols of her femininity; it took only a few seconds for me to decide that IF she had a bra on underneath the blouse she was wearing, it was the lightest and thinnest material ever invented. I could almost detect where the edges of her areolas were, and had NO trouble detecting the rubbery pebbles of her nipples — which seemed to grow even as I was giving them a tactile exam. A few careful squeezes let me learn that her mammaries were delightfully full and firm. By the time I finally let my hands fall to my sides again, I was looking forward to the opportunity to do it again without the damn cloth in the way.

With a self-satisfied grin on her face, Joanne told me, "I only stopped by for a minute to see if it would be okay if one of us comes over tonight."

Unable to resist grinning back at her, I answered, "Sure, that's fine... one, two, three... hell, it doesn't matter," making her grin even wider.

After collecting her book bag and getting it slung over her shoulder again, Joanne flashed me a smile and said, "Later, then..." before making her way the rest of the way home.

I was sitting on the couch, idly wondering what the evening would bring when I saw Tina and Chris appear by the patio door. I got up and went over to let them in, and after I'd closed the door behind them, I asked, "Where's the rest of the Terrible Trio?"

Knowing that I was just teasing them, both grinned at me as Tina answered, "Joanne didn't need to come over for what we wanted to talk to you about, and see if you could help us with."

Disappointed (I was hoping to get my hands on Joanne again, after all), I kept the smile on my face and said, "That's her loss, I guess. Let's get comfortable, and you can tell me what's going on."

With my suggestion that we get comfortable, we got into a brief discussion about where and how to get ourselves settled. What we decided to do was spread an old (and VERY soft and comfortable) blanket I had out on the floor, and then use the cushions from the couch and chairs in the living room to prop ourselves up with. Once we got all that set up, Tina and Chris promptly began taking their clothes off — something that surprised me a bit. When they were both bare as the day they were born (if considerably improved), I asked if they wanted me naked, too. They shared a look before Chris hesitantly told me, "I... I think we'd both feel a little better if you didn't. What we wanted to be here about... it's kinda embarrassing for us, and um, intimate. We know you won't say or do anything, but we figure you might not be able to help, uh, reacting — and we don't think we're ready for that, yet."

Hearing that left me both baffled and intrigued, but all I did was answer, "Sure, no problem. That's why I ask — so we can do what's right for YOU, okay?"

Assured that I wasn't offended or upset, they smiled and nodded before settling themselves on the floor. Lacking their youth and flexibility, I had to content myself with simply sitting with my legs off to the side. It was a pleasure looking the two of them over as we chatted about a variety of things for the next several minutes. I could tell that both were aware that I was looking, but I was polite about it, so they didn't mind. If anything, they seemed pleased that I was looking.

There had been a lull in the conversation that Tina broke by telling me, "Jeff, remember when we were here last time? And you told us that touching ourselves was normal and everything, and that nothing bad would happen?"

"Of course. There's still people that think it's sinful, or that you should be ashamed of it, or something else equally silly; but that's just a bunch of ignorance talking. Why?"

They shared another look before Chris answered, "Well, we've been, you know, touching ourselves—" she paused to see what my reaction would be; I didn't have one, so she continued, "—and even though it feels good and everything, Tina and me... we, uh, we aren't feeling anything special from it."

Tina picked up there by adding, "We've talked to each other about it, and Joanne says she has orgasms like we've heard about, and sometimes I have these times when it feels really, really good, but those aren't like what Joanne says happen with her."

Chris spoke up again, saying, "And I haven't even had as much as Tina has."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I directed to Chris, followed by telling Tina, "I'm pretty sure that if you don't think what you've felt was an orgasm, it wasn't." Then, looking back and forth between them, I said, "I guess that's the part you wanted to talk to me about?"

Both nodded, and I asked, "You said you wanted to see if I could help you — about this?"

Again, both nodded, looking more than a little embarrassed — not from what they'd been doing, I figured, but from failing to get the expected results.

I considered it for few moments before telling them, "You know that I'm willing to help, if I can; I'm just not sure HOW. What is it you want from me?"

Visibly relieved that I was at least willing to TRY to help them, both perked up a bit before Tina told me, "We" — she gestured to and from Chris and herself — "talked about it, and thought that maybe because you've already been with girls, you'd have some idea of what was happening... and maybe how to make it better."

Though I'm sure my face didn't show it, what Tina had just said left me stunned. How the hell was I, an adult male, supposed to "help" a pair of pubescent teenage females learn how to masturbate to orgasm? As far as I was concerned, it was like asking a carp how to fly.

But the expressions on their faces was all I needed to pull myself together and try to think of a way of addressing their problem. Knowing how clueless I was, I told them, "Give me a minute to think about it, okay?" to get some time to try and deal with their request.

They seemed to realize how unprepared I was for what they'd asked, and readily agreed to letting me think about it for bit.

Desperately trying to figure out something that I could tell them, I remembered how things were when puberty steamrolled me — and among those memories were a few things that I realized I could use. Since I was dealing with my own memories, instead of having to invent something, it didn't take anywhere near as long for me to flesh the whole thing out into something plausible; after organizing my thoughts, I was ready to talk to them again.

Tina and Chris were both looking at me expectantly after I cleared my throat, and listened closely as I told them, "I'm going to start by trusting that if there was anything physical, you'd say so."

Tina calmly told me, "We, uh, compared — all of us, I mean — and it didn't look like there was any big difference between us. Compared to the drawings they gave Joanne, we've got the right parts in the right places; we're a little different between our legs, but we don't think it's any more than how our boobs are different."

Despite the images that tried to crowd into my mind, I just nodded and continued, "That's perfectly normal. What I figure is going on is one, or both, of a couple of things. On the first one, we have to start with the obvious: Joanne is older than you. Yeah, it's not even a year for you, Tina, but she's still older. Think about this for a second — Joanne, the oldest, is able to have orgasms. Tina, the next oldest, is feeling what I'm going to call 'almost-orgasms'. Chris, as the youngest, it feels good for you, but nothing more."

They both got expressions of understanding, quickly followed by disappointment. Their attention focused on me again when I said, "The second thing is kind-of related to the first one: because you're

young and don't have much experience with sex, you don't yet know enough to be able to give yourself the right kinds of stimulation and pleasure to be able to have orgasms."

They considered that for a few seconds before Chris plaintively complained, "It sounds like we can't have orgasms until we have experience, and it's the orgasms that GIVE us the experience!"

Sympathetically, I answered, "I know it sounds like that, but that's not how it really works. Remember, your bodies are still developing; and as they develop, they'll be able to feel the kinds of stimulation and pleasure that you'll need to be able to make yourself feel as good as possible."

Clearly disappointed, Tina wanted to know, "That's it? That's all we can do, is just wait until we're older?"

Smiling, I answered, "That's ONE solution, yes."

The way I said it clued both of them in that I was about to pull a rabbit out of a hat, and it was Chris that wanted to know, "What's another solution?"

"I said that it would take time for your bodies to learn how to give you pleasure by yourself. Something else you can try is to see if somebody else can give you the kinds of stimulation you can't make by yourself."

Confused, Tina asked, "What do you mean?"

"I know that there's only so much that you can do to make yourself feel good by yourself. It might be that somebody else, doing something YOU can't, will make you feel good enough in a different way to let you have an orgasm."

Understanding the general solution, but not how to implement it, Chris asked, "Like how?"

"You can't kiss yourself, for example; so somebody else kissing you might help. You can touch your own body, but somebody else touching it might make a difference. That kind of thing."

They sat there in silence for several seconds, thinking over what I'd just told them. I was hoping (even expecting) that they'd seize the obvious solution that I was dangling in front of them.

I knew something was going to happen when Tina suddenly perked up, then leaned over to whisper something to Chris — who promptly brightened in response before the two of them got into a whispered conversation that I was carefully not noticing when they turned their attention back to me.

It was Tina that spoke first, getting my attention by asking, "Jeff?"

Turning to face her, I kept my expression neutral as I asked, "What is it, dear?"

"You said that it might work if somebody else did stuff with us, instead of us just waiting until we're a little older?"

"Yeah, it might."

"Would... would you help us?"

I pretended to consider it for a few seconds before answering, "I could, if that's what you really want. But before then, you need to really think about what you're asking. For me to help you like that, we'd probably do stuff like kissing, which is okay — but if that isn't enough, then for me to help you any more, I'd have to actually touch you. So you need to think about that, and decide if it's okay — and if it

is, how much touching, and where."

I waited patiently as she and Chris got into another whispered conversation; it lasted only a few seconds, and when they were looking at me again, Tina told me "We... we'd be okay with that. Kissing, and even touching — at least, a little bit."

"What do you mean by 'a little bit'?" I asked.

"It's okay with me if... if you have to touch my boobs; but I don't think I'm ready to have anybody else touching me, you know, between my legs."

Only mildly disappointed (I really hadn't expected anything else, but I could hope), I calmly answered, "That's fine, Tina, I can do that. If it'll make you feel better, I'll even promise to only touch you as much or... personally as I have to to help you have an orgasm."

I could see that I'd addressed her biggest concern, and she readily answered, "Yeah, it does help me feel better."

Chris spoke up then, saying, "I'd like you to help me, too, Jeff. Would it be okay if you didn't touch me any more than you did Tina?"

I smiled at her and answered, "Of course it would, Chris," to her visible relief.

Nothing was going to happen until and unless one of them was ready to begin doing something that had, until then, been a private and personal act. After several seconds, I saw them communicating with their eyes; it ended with Tina looking at me and saying, "I, uh, I guess I'll, um, go first."

I just smiled as reassuringly as I could, and said, "Whenever YOU decide you're ready is fine with me."

After a couple of false starts, Tina eventually got herself moving; it took only a few seconds for her to get herself stretched out on the blanket, with me on one side and Chris on the other. I got myself situated close enough that I could lean over and kiss her, but no closer, before lying down. She looked at me, and I quietly told her, "It'll be okay, Tina — you'll see," before leaning down and giving her a soft, chaste kiss on the lips. When I raised my head, I could tell that she was appreciably calmer. I kissed her again, and kept my face close to hers when it was over so I could look into her eyes as I said, "You told me how much was okay with you, and I promise you that that's the most that will happen, no matter what. You want me to help you find out what an orgasm is like, and that's what I'm going to do — and I'm going to try to do as little as possible until that happens. You really are important to me, and I love you enough to only do as much to help you as you've told me is okay. I know you're kinda nervous, but you'll see that you don't have to be."

I knew she was more than 'kinda' nervous; but I also knew that once she realized that I was only going to do as much as she said was acceptable, she'd relax considerably.

She smiled up at me, and I said, "If you can accept it, I can use just my lips to tell you how much you mean to me. Is it okay if I do that?"

Her smile got a trifle wider as she silently nodded her head. Touching my lips to hers again, I put all the affection and tenderness I felt toward her into our kiss. It took a few moments, but she began to respond to the message that I was trying to send. A few more seconds ticked by, and I didn't have any doubt that she was answering me in kind.

With the end of our kiss, I lifted my head just enough for us to see each other's faces. I could hear the

awe in Tina's voice as she whispered, "I could feel it... when you started kissing me, I could tell how much you love me... and how much you care about me... and it made me feel so good, inside, to know you feel that way. And when I tried to do the same thing, so you'd know how I feel about you... I could tell that you felt it, too. Now, knowing that both of us know how the other one feels... is this what love feels like?"

"Yeah, that's what it's like."

"After that... now I know, way deep down inside, that I can trust you — completely and totally. I'm not afraid to tell you it's okay if you touch me between my legs, 'cause I know you wouldn't do that unless you really had to, to help me have an orgasm."

"No, I wouldn't, Tina. But let's see what we can make happen before that first, okay?"

She gave me an amused smile before answering, "I can do that — if you'll keep kissing me."

I returned the smile before bringing my lips to hers again. As our kiss progressed, I could feel her moving, and knew that she had started pleasuring herself.

We continued exchanging small, brief kisses as Tina gradually got more and more involved in what she was doing. Commensurate with her increasing pleasure, I began to get a feel for her increasing desire through her lips, too — and using only our kisses, encouraged her to let it grow even more.

As her passion increased apace, I shifted my lips away from hers so she could breathe better. That didn't mean an end to my kisses, however; I simply applied them to other locations... her eyes, her cheeks, her shoulders, even the upper slopes of her breasts. I really had no idea of the specifics of what she was doing to herself, since I was keeping my attentions well above her waist. That didn't mean that I didn't have a pretty good idea of how she was progressing, however.

She'd been pleasuring herself long enough that I could easily detect the aroma of aroused female in the air when I noticed that she seemed to have reached some sort of plateau. Taking that as my cue to begin MY involvement, I gently laid my hand on her belly and began using just my fingertips to begin softly stroking her skin. It didn't take long for me to understand that while I was having the desired effect, she needed more attention from me.

Over the course of the next few minutes, I slowly and carefully expanded my efforts; when I progressed to tenderly caressing her from waist to shoulders (but deliberately detouring around her breasts), there was a significant increase in her passion — but even that was insufficient to her needs. It was when I finally allowed my fingertips to lightly trace a path up one of her breasts and ran them across her nipple that I felt her suddenly freeze beneath my hand; a fraction of a second later, she began to release a deep groan that was cut off by a powerful spasm coursing through her. Knowing what had finally happened, I contented myself with simply holding the warm mound of her pubescent breast in my hand as several more waves of release washed through her, each accompanied by a moan of pleasure.

After a bit, the spasms running through her young body began to taper off, and soon came to an end. Perhaps as many as thirty seconds later, I watched as Tina's eyes opened and a stunned expression took over her face. She looked up at me, and after a false start, managed to whisper, "I had no idea... I never thought... that was an orgasm, like I heard about, wasn't it?"

I couldn't help smiling as I answered, "Yeah, it was. Now you know why I said that if you weren't sure

you'd had one, you hadn't."

Her eyes got big, and in something closer to her normal voice she told me, "I guess! I thought that an orgasm sounded pretty good, but I never expected it to feel anything like that!"

We were reminded of Chris's presence when she tentatively asked, "Was it good, Tina? Like Joanne tried to tell us?"

Both of us turned our heads to look at the youngest of the sisters as Tina answered, "It was way better than just 'good'! It was so much more that I really can't even begin to explain how it feels, it was so wonderful. Now I know why Joanne had such a hard time trying to explain it — and you'll know, too, Chris, when Jeff helps you have one, too!"

On hearing that last part, Chris looked at me and I could see the eager anticipation on her face. But before either of us could say anything, Tina wanted my attention again.

"Jeff?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Thank you. That doesn't even begin to count toward how I feel about what you did, but that's the only thing I can think to say, right now. After what you said to me before, I wasn't embarrassed about touching myself that way; and you knew when I started to have a problem, and you did just what you said you would — you tried just putting your hand on me, and when that didn't work, you only did a little bit more. And you kept doing a little bit more and waiting to see if it was going to be enough before making it even more. I couldn't believe how excited it made me when you were moving your hand on me; you weren't touching my breasts AT ALL, and that only made me feel them and how you were touching me even more. I could feel how close I was getting, and it was SO much more than I've ever felt by myself; and then when I felt you finally actually touch my boob, and then my nipple... it felt so wonderful and made me SO excited that I finally got to find out what an orgasm is like. I know you kept your hand on my boob, and it just felt so right. I'm glad you did it, and I want you to know that it's okay with me if you want to hold my boob in your hand ANY time."

I lowered my head to give her a soft kiss on the forehead before raising up again and telling her, "Thank you, Tina."

Tina all but radiated her joy at what I'd done; the two of us were content to simply look at each other for a while. Our bonding was interrupted when Tina told me, "I like laying here with you like this, and I can't begin to tell you how good that orgasm felt — but I think it's time for you to help Chris, now."

I looked over at the youngster, and saw that she was paying close attention to us — that she'd not only heard what her sister had said, but witnessed what had happened before then, as well. When Chris saw that I was looking at her, she blushed faintly, but didn't look away. Keeping my amusement concealed, I asked her, "Are you ready for your turn? Or do you want some more time?"

Almost instantly, she answered, "I'm ready now!" then DID blush because of her overabundance of enthusiasm. After sharing an amused smile with Tina, I moved myself over so that I was in much the same position next to Chris.

She was already on her back, and as I looked down at her, she quietly told me, "I saw how you were with Tina, and I know you aren't going to do anything to hurt or scare me. I'm a little bit nervous,

because I haven't done anything like this before — but I'm not afraid even a little bit, 'cause I know I can trust you."

I smiled down at her before answering, "No, I'm not going to do anything like that — not even a little bit. You say you're a little bit nervous, and I can understand that. If you let me, I can kiss you so you know how I feel about you."

"I... I'd like that."

I touched my lips to hers softly and tenderly — and just as I'd done with her sister, tried to let her know through our kiss how much she meant to me, and how much I loved her. For whatever reason, Chris seemed to accept it a bit faster and easier than Tina had; and went on to return it in kind just as quickly.

For whatever reason, neither Chris or I felt any need to interrupt our exchange of kisses for anything as mundane as talk; just as had happened with Tina, Chris reached the point where she was ready to begin masturbating. And as she began to feel the effects of her self-stimulation, the desires and passion she was experiencing began to flow from her lips to mine — and I just as readily encouraged her, without words, to give those feelings free rein. Between what she was doing to herself, and the contributions I was making, we had a fine time with each other. Still, there came a point where I noticed that she seemed to get into some kind of loop: she'd reach a certain level of arousal and seem to hold there for several seconds, fall back a little ways, then start working her way back to that same level again. After she'd gone through that a few times, I heard her start to make small noises of frustration — and knew that the time had come for me to get more involved.

When I first laid my hand on her belly, Chris responded with a soft sound of pleasure; but keeping my word to only do as much as necessary, I did nothing more than tease the smooth, soft surface of her skin. Still, as time passed and it became clear that she needed more help, I moved on to begin caressing her between waist and shoulders... careful to avoid getting too close to her lovely mammarys.

It was easy enough to tell that the added stimulation I was providing had increased her arousal; it was soon apparent that still more was needed from me. The inclusion of her breasts in my caresses easily brought her to the point that she had a distinct flush on her face, and she was arching herself up off the floor as she began audibly moaning her desires.

The scent of her, and the moist sounds of her activities, were plain as could be by the time I reluctantly concluded that I needed to do still more for her. Keeping my hand busy on her bust and sides, I was able to shift myself down a little bit so I could implement the next stage.

Chris had started making her little frustrated noises again when I lowered my head and took the peak of one of her young breasts between my lips. I'd only been sucking on it for a few seconds when she cried out just ahead of her pubescent body seizing up beneath my hand. Knowing that it was the first orgasm she'd ever had, I contented myself with caressing and gently squeezing the mammary I had in my hand while ever so gently sucking on the nipple I had in my mouth as her young form went through a number of near-seizures. The waves of relief wracking her body tapered off quickly, leaving her lying there to gasp with the need for air. I let her nipple slip from between my lips, but continued to cup her breast in my hand as I waited for her to get her breath (and senses) back.

It was easily a full minute before Chris opened her eyes again; as soon as she saw me, she reached up with both arms and somehow managed to pull me down enough to wrap her arms around me and begin sobbing.

Despite my suspicion that she was crying because she was happy, I still took her in my arms and rolled over so that she was laying on top of me; with her face buried in my chest, that left my shirt to soak up the tears (and mucus she was undoubtedly leaking) as I gently stroked her back and tried to reassure her. When I looked over to where Tina was sitting, I could see that she was as surprised by Chris's reaction as I was. Seeing that I was looking at her, Tina indicated that she thought Chris was crying because she was happy, too.

After a few minutes, I could feel it as Chris's sobs began to wane; a few more, and it seemed that she'd stopped completely. She didn't indicate any desire to move, so I continued to hold her in my arms and stroke her back while telling her it was okay. We stayed like that for a while before she turned her head and told me, "Oh, Jeff! That was so... so... wonderful! I thought that an orgasm sounded like it was pretty good, and after I saw Tina have one, I just knew I'd like it, too — but I never expected that it could be ANYTHING like that!"

I ran my hands from her shoulders down her back and ended with cupping her cute little ass in my hands as I told her, "I'm glad I was able to help you find out how good you can feel, sweetheart."

She raised her body off me enough to look down into my face as she said, "And I'm glad, too! When we were just kissing, I knew that you love me, and you really do care about what happens to me. And then when I was masturbating, and it started feeling good, somehow I could tell that you were letting me know that it was okay, and that I should just let it happen. You waited until you knew that I kinda got stuck, and it wasn't until then that you started touching me. And just like you did with Tina, you only did a little bit and waited to see if it was enough before doing anything more. And as long as I was getting more excited and everything, but still not having anything happen, you kept doing a little more and a little more, trying to help me by only doing as much as you really had to, just like you promised. When it was just your hand on me, it felt good, and the more you touched me, the better it felt, and I kept feeling better and better. I knew I was getting close to something happening, and that was when... when you started sucking on my boob. It really surprised me; but also felt SO good, that the next thing I knew, I was like, in heaven or something!"

A glance toward Tina told me that she was as amused by Chris's enthusiasm as I was, though she was free to show it more than I could.

I lifted my head to give Chris a quick kiss on the lips, delighting her, then let it fall back again before asking her, "Do you think that was enough experience with having an orgasm to help you have them from now on?" teasing.

She got a mischievous grin before answering, "I'm not sure, yet. I think I might need to practice and maybe get some more help before I'm okay just doing it by myself."

"Really? Who are you going to get to help after this?" I asked, completely deadpan.

My apparent seriousness completely left Chris at a loss how to respond; all she could do was just lay on top of me, staring at me. The sight of her speechless was funny enough that I couldn't hold my expression for as long as I'd have liked, and I finally gave in to the need to laugh. Tina started laughing, too, and it was only then that Chris realized that I'd been teasing her.

"You rat!" she exclaimed. "That was MEAN, talking like you weren't going to do anything like that with me any more! If you're going to be like that, maybe I need to tell YOU that you can't hold my butt like you are — how does that sound, mister?!"

I pretended to consider it for a few moments as Tina giggled at the turn of events, and finally answered, "Well, if it means I get to hold your butt in my hands more, I guess I can kiss you and play with your boobs and such. For a WHILE, anyway."

Seeing right through my feigned reluctance, Chris declared, "You'd just better!", prompting a renewed fit of giggles from Tina. When Chris went to lay her head on my chest again, she realized that the entire front of my shirt was soaked — and immediately knew why. Looking embarrassed, she said, "I'm sorry for making your shirt a mess, Jeff. It's just that I was so happy, and that orgasm felt so good, and I knew that I probably wouldn't have known what anything like that could feel like for maybe a long time if it hadn't been for you, and that's when I wanted to hold you and when I started crying."

"It's okay, sweetheart," I told her. "I figured that was what was going on. I'm waterproof and snotproof, and I can wash the shirt, so it's okay."

Hearing that I knew she'd gotten mucous on me embarrassed her all over again, but she didn't say anything other than, "If you'll let go of my butt, I can get off you now. I think Tina and me probably have to get home before too long, don't we?" the last part directed toward her sister.

Tina responded by saying, "Yeah, we don't even have a half hour before we're supposed to be home."

"Well, if that's the case, I guess I'd better let go of your butt," I told Chris. When my hands stayed where they were, she looked at me with a "Well?" expression. Faking as though it was taking all of my effort (and including the appropriate sound effects), I contrived to hold on to her ass for a few more seconds before finally "breaking free" — to her amusement. All three of us stood up, and after Chris headed for the bathroom with the obvious intention of wiping her face, I went over to Tina, who readily let me take her into my arms. I told her, "I'm glad I was able to help YOU feel good, too, Tina," then slowly eased my hands down so she'd have time to object before I got them on HER tight little tush. When I gave her ass a gentle squeeze, she tilted her head back to look up at me in amusement as she said, "Yeah, it's okay if you hold MY butt, too."

I took the opportunity to give her a quick kiss on the lips and say, "You're welcome to come over for more help, too — even if it's only because you just WANT it, and don't need it."

Smiling, she said, "I kinda figured, but it's still nice to hear you say it," before letting her head fall forward and hugging me. I happily hugged her back, and we were content to stay like that until Chris came back. Chris didn't have anything to say about seeing my holding Tina the way I was; all she did was walk over to where her clothes were and begin dressing again — which was all the prompting Tina needed to do the same. When they were done, both came over to give me a kiss and accept one in return... along with a little pat on the butt. Smiling, they let themselves out and quickly disappeared from sight.

From the way she'd acted, and because of her youth and exuberance, I figured it was pretty much a foregone conclusion that Chris would be the first one to come back with a request for more "help". Even so, it surprised me when she turned up the very next evening. Not only didn't I have anything else planned, the previous experience with her had been nice enough (!) that the idea of getting to do it again — and possibly even more — were enough that she didn't have any difficulty convincing me to help her have another orgasm.

The second session went appreciably faster than the first, due primarily to the lack of any need to explain what was wanted and that both of us already knew what was to happen. As I'd hoped, Chris was

agreeable to letting me touch her however and whenever and wherever I wanted — other than between her thighs. I took full advantage of the situation by running both of my hands over as much of her body as she'd made available, along with licking and sucking on her breasts and nipples. Figuring I could use the excuse that I was trying to make her orgasm "better" if she had any objections afterwards, I also deliberately took my time about what I was doing to her, and shifting my attentions often enough to keep from adding too much to her pleasure. By the time she had a climax that easily outstripped the first, I had a familiarity with her body that I doubted could be matched by her mother and her doctor together. Not only didn't she object to the somewhat longer time it took before she orgasmed, she actually THANKED me for making her feel so much better. It also took more time for her to recover, so I got to keep my hands on her wonderful little ass that much longer as she lay on top of me. It was certainly a major improvement over the evening I'd initially anticipated.

For the next couple of weeks, all of the visits I got involved one or both of Tina and Chris. Early on, I told them that as they had more and more orgasms, they'd find it easier and easier to have climaxes by themselves — that it was like once their bodies learned how, the more they practiced, the easier it got. That proved to be the case, and once they got past a certain point, their visits to me were more about having a little extra fun, as opposed to any actual need. Even so, their time with me gave us the means and opportunity to address some other issues, such as kissing.

Once Tina and Chris's visits had tapered off to something approximating reasonable, Joanne began coming over again. It was usually so she could ask me about something she'd heard or read about, and the resulting conversations were quite likely to have one or the other of us feeling somewhat embarrassed before they were finished. Other times, she'd come over for the express purpose of the two of us kissing and making out a little. I was always careful to pay close attention to her response to what I was doing, and so never got too close to whatever intimacy threshold she'd established. She demonstrated her appreciation of my forbearance with a patient amusement at how much of the time one of my hands spent on one of her breasts on on her ass.

As nice as it was to spend time with them in our various activities, it was also a getting more than a little frustrating for me: getting my hands and lips on their nubile young bodies was one thing, actually getting some sexual relief was something else. So to get things moving MY direction a little, I started making casual and innocuous comments intended to gradually shift their attentions away from just their own pleasure and satisfaction. It was never anything too blatant or direct ("Hey, Tina — how about at least giving me a handjob?" seemed a bit much), but more of a subtle underscore of the fact that I was doing things that made them happy... and then leaving them to realize that a little activity going the other direction might be a good idea.

I knew it was starting to work when Joanne came over one Friday evening. We were stretched out on the couch with her in front of me (my arm around her and my hand cupping one of her breasts because SHE put it there) chatting and various things when she initiated a dramatic change of subject by saying, "Jeff? There's something I've been thinking about, and I'd like to find out what it's all about with you — except there's something about it that I'm not sure of."

As I was running my thumb across her nipple, I asked, "What's that, sweetheart?"

She hesitated a moment before answering, "I've been thinking that I'd like to learn what oral sex is all about. I... I think you'd be okay with doing it to me, 'cause of the things that you've said before. And if I'm going to do it with anybody, I want it to be with YOU, first. Except..."

When she didn't continue after a couple of moments, I asked, "Except what?"

"Well, all of us have been coming over here and you've been so nice about not pushing us or trying to get us to do anything we're not ready for — but none of us has done anything to make YOU feel good, too. I want to do something that would help you have a climax, too, after everything you've done for me, and I think me doing oral sex with you would work. But the problem I have is that I know that your stuff, your semen, comes out of your penis — but that's where your pee comes out, too, and I'm afraid it would be gross or something. And because I don't know how a guy has a climax, I don't know how much of it there is, or hard it comes out, or any of that," she finished, apologetically.

With the prospect of getting something resembling a blowjob from her, I had all the motivation I needed to try and find a solution to her problem. As I continued to toy with the nipple under my hand, I put my mind to work; breaking the situation down into more discrete pieces and re-ordering them, it didn't take long for me to come up with something that would work. Adding a little "creative fiction" to it let me include a little bonus for myself.

After giving her a little hug to make sure I had her attention, I told her, "I think I've got something that lets you learn about oral sex AND find out about how a guy has a climax."

I could hear the interest in her voice as she asked, "How's that?"

"What you need to know first is why my idea should work — and that's because us guys, we don't have climaxes the same way girls do."

"Well, DUH!"

"No, I mean something else. You women, even though it takes a little longer before you get excited enough to have an orgasm, once you are, you can have about as many as you want, one after the other, almost. With us guys, we get excited easier and faster, but once we have a climax, it takes longer before we can get excited again. And each time that happens, it takes even longer before we're ready again."

"What do you mean?"

"A guy might be able to go from nothing to excited enough to have a climax in only fifteen minutes, for example. But once that happens, it might take half an hour before he can get excited enough to become erect again; and even then, it might take another fifteen minutes for him to climax again. After THAT, it could be maybe an hour or more before he could get hard, and THIRTY minutes to have another climax. Even IF he could keep going after that, it would keep taking longer and longer before he could get erect again, and longer AFTER he got erect before he could climax. Understand now?"

"Sure. So how does that help ME?"

"What I was thinking was that if you got to see me have a climax first, you could find out the things that you don't know about. Then, during the time it would take before I could be ready again, I can help you find out what oral sex feels like for you; after that, if you wanted to, you could learn how to do that with me. And because you would have found out about what happens with guys, you'd know what you wanted to do. You don't even have to tell me what you decide, because I can promise that I'd tell you before anything happened with me."

She remained silent as she thought about what I was proposing, and what I'd told her about male (my) limitations. As I'd always been careful to do, I refrained from trying to talk her into doing something;

instead, I contented myself with gently caressing the breast under my hand and giving it an occasional tender squeeze.

Barely a minute passed before she told me, "Yeah, I think that sounds like it would work," followed a second later with her asking "Um... what, uh, do I have to do? For the first part, I mean."

That was where my little bit of creative fiction came into play: I carefully answered, "For a guy around your age, he can have an erection almost any time, for any reason. For someone older, it isn't so easy — so it would help if you could do something that would help stimulate me. If you're not sure about touching me or anything at first, it would be enough if I could just look at you."

"You mean looking at me naked, right?"

"Yeah — and if you were actually doing something, it would be even better."

"Doing something like what?" She didn't sound upset or offended, only curious.

"Well, if you're not touching me, then I'll be touching myself; if you were doing that, too, I think it would be really sexy."

She considered that in silence for a couple of seconds before turning her head to look at me. I could see the somewhat lecherous grin on her face as she told me, "I think that'd be sexy, too — watching you while you're watching me. I'll do it."

I moved my head and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek; I'd no more than pulled my head back when she declared, "That's enough of that. Let's go!"

That she was so willing — even eager — to let me see her masturbating, and watch me doing the same, both amused and delighted me. She was off the couch and standing up in nothing flat; I'd barely gotten to my feet when she was pulling off the T-shirt she had on (sans bra). She was completely nude well ahead of me, and took care of getting The Blanket (as we'd taken to calling it) spread out and a few cushions transferred to it. By that time, I was nude as well, and both of us got ourselves situated and settled in short order... careful, of course, to make sure we each had (and presented) a clear view.

All three of the girls already had some familiarity with my workings, while I'd never gotten even a brief look at their sex. I expect that Joanne was aware of that latter fact, because she seemed to take a particular delight in slowly drawing her knees up, and then moving her feet and legs apart to finally leave me with a clear and unimpeded look at her most intimate area.

Nestled at the bottom of the narrow vee of her pubic thatch, I could easily see the cleft of her sex; her labia were about medium-thick, plainly soft, and only a trifle darker than the pink of her nipples. They were already slightly parted, and as I watched, I saw them lengthen and darken slightly as they separated a bit more. Between them, it was easy enough to see that Joanne was already aroused by the prospect of what we were about to do — though not obviously wet, there was still a clear and distinct glistening at her opening. At the top of the divide, I could just make out where her clitoris was... and the fact that it was already starting to make an appearance.

Seeing her like that for the first time, I was grateful and delighted that I was finally going to get my face between her smooth thighs. Shortly after that thought ran through my mind, my nose caught the first faint whiff of her... which only got my mouth watering in response to the spicy/sweet scent of her.

When I was finally able to begin dragging my eyes up from the sight she presented, I saw that her

lovely breasts were visibly tight, and her dark pink areolas were puckered slightly, while her nipples were longer than I'd ever seen them. It was when I got my eyes as far as her face that I saw the expression on her face — a mixture of amusement at my reaction to finally getting to see ALL of her, and arousal... whether that arousal was a result of what she was doing, or anticipation of what I was going to do, I don't know. It was when she raised an eyebrow that I was reminded that I was supposed to be making my own contributions to the situation.

It was an oversight that I quickly and readily corrected by taking my stiffening penis in my hand and beginning to stroke it. As I did, I watched as Joanne's areolas crinkled even more, and her nipples grew longer.

While I was slowly bringing myself to full hardness, Joanne contented herself with using her hands to cup and squeeze her breasts, and gently pinch and pull on her nipples. Once it was clear that I was as hard as I was going to get (and ever had been, from my perspective), she began slowly caressing herself in an eccentric pattern that gradually moved her hand lower and lower — until, finally, her fingertips slid past the upper line of the dark delta of her pubic hair.

Once she'd reached that point, her progress slowed even more; she deliberately paused frequently to draw her fingers through the dark forest covering her mons, as though savoring the soft feel of it before letting her hand drop a bit lower... and repeating the process. I was feeling a bit faint by the time she was ready to lay her middle finger along her cleft and between her labia; it took a moment for me to realize that I'd been holding my breath ever since she'd first made contact with the covering over her mons.

When Joanne slowly curled her finger, drawing the end of it across the entrance to her vagina and then up between her vaginal lips, I caught myself holding my breath again — and had to deliberately force myself to breathe as I watched her finish the movement with a light caress of her exposed clitoris. A second later, she'd returned the digit to where it had been, followed a moment later with a repeat of the cycle.

Knowing that she was deliberately trying to tease me didn't help much in my fight to keep my desire and arousal under control; all I could think of to do was to try and tease her back. Toward that end, I reached down and cupped my balls in the hand that wasn't busy with my cock; then deliberately angling what I was doing so she could see it as clearly as possible, carefully rolled them back and forth for several seconds before hefting them in such a way that she could see how large and heavy they were. While I was doing that, my gaze remained focused on the core of her womanhood; in response to my humble efforts, I could see the area between her labia glisten even more. As I continued doing what I could to tease her back, I watched as the end of the finger she was moving became visibly wet with her oils.

I'd let my scrotum slip out of my hand in favor of steadily sliding my hand up and down my shaft when Joanne upped the ante considerably by moving her hand up so she could begin focusing her attentions on her erect clitoris — while using the other hand to gently spread the mounds of her vulva and exposing herself to me completely. I didn't have the slightest difficulty in seeing the entrance to her vagina almost winking at me with her every movement; each time the tight ring of it clenched again, a drop or two of her nectar was forced out. Even though she harvested her oils fairly often so she could keep her clitoris lubricated, there was almost always a small pool of them collected at the bottom of her divide... where they were easily visible to me.

I watched as Joanne's arousal grew along with my own, as evidenced by the slow increase in the movement of her finger across her clitoris and the rapidity of her breathing.

Any hope I had of watching her climax before I did was dashed when she expanded her efforts to begin pressing the first digit of her middle finger into her opening and then back and forth for several seconds before returning to her clitoris. About the second time she did that, I started visualizing it being my cock sliding into her like that; it was an image I couldn't rid myself of, and the thought of it actually happening some day was all it took to push me well past the point of no return.

Though I tried to fight it as best I could, Joanne seemed to realize that she'd stumbled on something that I couldn't withstand. Even though I could tell that she was approaching her own release, she somehow managed to continue finger-fucking herself often enough to push me farther and farther toward a climax. The last straw came when she'd finished wetting the end of her finger and instead of returning it to her clit, raised her hand and stuck the woman-wet end of it into her mouth and blatantly sucked her own essence off it.

On seeing that, it took only a few fast, furious strokes before I groaned with the eruption of the first wad of my jism.

As I felt myself tense before the second spray, I heard a high-pitched noise from Joanne; I managed to open my eyes, and watched as she began to climax, her fingers again busy dancing on her clitoris. The sight was enough to make the second load of semen rocket out of me even harder than the first had.

While my climax wasn't any longer than usual, it was easily more intense and powerful than anything I'd experienced in recent memory; all I could think to do when it was over was to lie down and breathe; if I lived long enough for that to take effect, then I'd figure out what to do next.

I'd decided that I was probably going to live, and was actually thinking about moving some time soon when I heard Joanne croak, "God! That was so sexy — and it made me cum SO hard!"

Realizing that she was already well ahead of me in recovering, I was struck with the urge to strangle her before it occurred to me that she was probably in good enough shape to kick my ass if I tried it. Crap.

Since putting her out of my misery wasn't a viable option, I did the next best thing by telling her, "If you want to find out about my semen, you'll want to get over here before long."

I found it satisfying that it took a few seconds before I heard her start to move; even so, it wasn't long until I could see her sitting next to my hip, looking down at where my cum had landed on my belly. I stayed passive as I watched her reach down and collect some of it, then rub it between her fingers as she tested it for slipperiness, consistency, and so on. Only when she was satisfied she'd cataloged the material and structural characteristics of semen did she collect another dollop and raise it to her nose. A tentative sniff convinced her it didn't have any odor; that was followed by a hesitant touch of her tongue. She considered the results for a few moments, then calmly proceeded to stick her fingers in her mouth and clean them off. She gathered another, larger, sample for taste-testing, and appeared to conclude that it was at least tolerable.

When she looked down at me and saw that I'd watched what she'd done, she blushed slightly before telling me, "I... I figured that if I'm going to do oral sex on you, then I should know what your stuff tastes like, so I know if it'd be okay if you squirt in my mouth."

"And?"

"It's okay. It tastes a little salty, but it's not gross or anything. I can see that there isn't, like, oodles of it, and it didn't look like it came out too hard or anything, either."

Hearing that delighted me: it sure sounded like I had every reason to think that she wouldn't pull her mouth off when I climaxed — assuming that she was actually ready to go down on me. From what I knew of her at that point, I didn't expect that she'd disappoint me.

Rather than say any of that to her, I said, "Well, whenever you're satisfied that you've learned enough, you're welcome to lay down next to me, and we can cuddle for a little bit."

"What about your stuff... your semen?"

"It won't take long for it to pretty much dry up. I can wash it off when I get up, before we do anything else."

She considered that for a moment, then said, "I'll just go get a washrag and wipe it up now. Then if we, uh, get started doing something else, we won't have to stop for anything." With that, she stood up and headed in the general direction of the bathroom. I heard the water run, and a few seconds later, she was kneeling next to me again. She wasn't over fastidious about wiping me off, but neither did she slack off; when she was done, she calmly made her way back to the bathroom — where she rinsed out the washrag before coming back and stretching herself out next to me. It took only a little nudging to get her to lay on her side; once she did, she realized how comfortable she could be if she rested her head on my shoulder and let her uppermost arm and leg drape across me. That also let me put an arm around her with my hand on her waist. I gave her a gentle hug, followed by a soft kiss to the top of her head before saying, "I heard what you said, and yeah, it WAS sexy. Thank you for letting me see that — it helped a LOT."

She giggled before answering, "Yeah, I could tell. It made me feel so good, and so sexy, knowing that you were watching me do that, and that you liked seeing me."

I gave her another brief hug, and the two of us were content to simply lay there for a while.

Several minutes had passed when Joanne told me, "I've read and heard enough about oral sex that I know what happens — that the guy uses his mouth on the girl between her legs and she uses her mouth on his penis, I mean, but I'm not real sure I understand how they get to that, or why."

"Okay, let's get a few things straight, and maybe that'll help. For starters, having sex isn't just about a man's penis in a woman's vagina. Instead, it helps if you think of sex as kinda being like a puzzle."

I could hear the confusion in her voice when she asked, "How does that work?"

"Think of sex as being like maybe two really big puzzle pieces that you can put together, and see what the picture is supposed to be — except there's a little bit of an empty place in the middle where other pieces would fit. Now, the other things that two people can do are kind of like those other pieces that could fit into the puzzle, but don't have to be there. So things like the people touching each other to feel good... that's something they CAN do as part of having sex, but they don't HAVE to do. And when they're touching each other, they can only do it enough to make each other feel extra happy, and THEN have sex; or they can do it until both of them climax, instead of having sex. It's the same way with oral sex — they can use it to get each other even more excited before they have sex, or they can use it

instead of having sex. There are other things that you might have heard of that can be used the same way; it's really up to the couple what they want to do. So the 'why' part is that it can either be just to make each other even more excited before sex, or IN PLACE OF having sex."

She was silent for a few seconds, then told me, "Okay, I understand that. Like if the girl wanted to stay a virgin, or wasn't on birth control, or something, they could use the touching or oral sex to help each other have climaxes. But if they wanted to, they could just use those to have fun and make each other feel good as part of all the rest of it."

"That's right. As for how they get there, it's pretty simple. Once a couple start kissing and touching a little bit, and they start feeling good and excited, then they can do either one, or even both, any time they want. It might happen that they start kissing and all that, and one time they start touching each other and making each other even more excited before they have sex. Another time, they might start out the same way, but instead of touching, they begin kissing each other on their bodies until they're in a place where oral sex is what they want to do. It's kind of like going from our town to another one: you don't have to go the same way every time; you can stop at different places along the way or go around them; you can go one way and come back another; and you can switch things around whatever way you like, whenever you want."

She snuggled herself next to me a bit more before saying, "Yeah, that sounds nice — getting to do whatever you want, whenever you want, and not just having to do things a certain way all the time. I guess how much time you spend doing different stuff can change around to whatever you like, too?"

"Sure does," I assured her.

After that, she was content to lie next to me for a while longer and let me gently caress her from hip to shoulder, being careful not to tickle her.

When a little more time had passed, I moved my head so I could kiss her on top of her head again; then did it again and again until she tilted her head back to look up at me — which gave me the opportunity to do what I wanted to do all along: give her a soft, tender kiss on the lips. She smiled in return, and when I did it again, she readily kissed me back. Several more kisses followed, each a bit longer and more involved than the one before. As we continued, it wasn't difficult to get her to roll off of me and onto her back — leaving me free to roll onto MY side and freeing my hand to begin softly caressing her. I started slowly enough by lightly caressing her belly for a bit before gradually extending the range and intimacy of my touch. When I finally got around to cupping her firm mammary in my hand, she moaned softly and pressed herself upward to increase the contact.

Using only my kisses and the feather-light touch of my fingers, I carefully went about pleasuring her and raising her arousal; when I'd brought the peaks of her breasts to full extension, I gradually began touching her lower and lower as part of my caresses. While careful to continue my attentions to the warm, firm mounds of her bust, I was able to extend my reach so that I could begin drawing my fingertips ever so lightly up the tops of her thighs. Each time I moved my hand to the inside of one of her knees, the upward movement of my hand was marginally closer to the inside of her thigh; as I'd hoped, she was the one to move her legs apart, giving me easy access to the soft and smooth flesh between her knees and pelvis. By the time I'd run my hand along her inner thighs a few times, there was the distinct aroma of aroused Joanne to accompany her soft panting.

Shifting the focus of my kisses from her lips was easily accepted by her, since that meant that I was

paying attention to her delicate ears, her soft shoulders, her throat, and more. By the time I'd kissed my way low enough to take the hard pebble of one of her nipples between my lips, she was making almost continuous moans of both pleasure and desire; when I began nursing at the peak of her mammary, she groaned her pleasure at what I was doing, and moved her hands to my head to hold it where it was. While I spent the next few minutes orally tending her bust, my hand remained busy farther down: even though I touched every square millimeter of skin between her knees and pelvis, I was careful to never come in contact with the mound of her sex — both to avoid worrying her that I was going to "do something," and to make her as aware of the area as possible because I wasn't doing anything to it.

It wasn't until she began a slight lifting of her hips each time my hand approached her womanhood that I began the slow and meticulous process of kissing my way down her body in as erratic (and erotic!) a path as I could conceive. By the time my lips were brushing the upper edge of her pubic hair, she was moaning and panting almost continuously. Knowing that she was ready, I carefully lifted myself up and eased my side between her legs... and without hesitating or saying a thing, she moved her legs apart to make room for my body. Nearly in my final position, it took only the slightest pressure against the back of her knees to get her to bring them up — leaving her fully exposed to my gaze.

There was no way in hell that I wasn't going to take a few seconds to really look at her virginal snatch; what I'd seen of it when she was masturbating for me made that an imperative. That close to her, and with her that aroused, I didn't have any problem seeing that she was easily as tender and delicate as she'd first appeared. Her clitoris was medium-sized, and was proudly showing itself. It was easy enough to see that her labia were even softer than I'd thought, and perhaps a bit thinner and more delicate. At the bottom of the divide, her labia were parted enough that I could not only see the opening of her womanhood, but make out the fragile ring that was the very definition of her innocence. I also learned that the hair at the base of her belly was as long as I'd first thought — and soft as the fur on a cat's belly.

A slight motion caught my eye, and when I looked up, I could see that she'd raised her head and was looking down at me uncertainly. I didn't have the slightest qualm about smiling at her and telling her, "Even here, you're beautiful."

I suspect that she was experiencing too many other feelings to do anything but accept my declaration, since she let her head fall back to rest on the floor again.

That close to the source, the scent of her was almost overpowering... but in a good way. Spicy and sweet at the same time, there was also no mistaking that it was female, and hers. It was all I could do to try and memorize the sight of her for a few seconds before giving in and lowering my head between her warm thighs.

Extending my tongue, I slid the end of it between the soft folds of her labia and got my first taste of her nectar — and promptly thanked all the divine beings in the universe for the opportunity. The flavor of her was virtually the same as her aroma, and I delighted in drawing my tongue across her opening and gathering her oils before moving it high enough to pay homage to her clitoris. My first contact with that fleshy pearl was enough to draw a deep groan from her as she lifted her pelvis up in welcome to my effort. The second pass of my tongue along the channel of her femininity was as much of a pleasure as the first, and ended with a longer and more involved lingual exploration of her clitoris.

That second effort was even more appreciated than the first, and the response I got was more than enough motivation to get me started tending the nubbin of her woman's pleasure.

I don't know how long I stayed busy between Joanne's thighs — and frankly don't care. Teasing her erect clitoris by softly fluttering my tongue across it; trying to see if I could get my tongue through the tight ring of her opening; simply licking up the oils she produced; putting my mouth over her clitoris and softly sucking on it — I tried anything and everything I'd ever learned about eating pussy to see what worked on her, and what she liked best. It was a pleasure and labor of love to slowly raise her desire and pleasure, and steadily move her closer and closer to what I sincerely hoped was the biggest and bestest orgasm of her young life — I wanted her coming to me so I could continue providing her with this most personal of services, as much for MY sake as hers.

Despite that goal of mine, I knew better than to tease and torment her into something that would overwhelm or frighten her; I had to satisfy myself with "just" eating her tasty young snatch slowly and long enough to ensure that the resulting orgasm was something she'd never forget. So when I knew that she was but a few seconds from finding the relief I knew she wanted, I resisted the temptation to draw things out and gave her sensitive nub a furious tongue-lashing that all but threw her into the chasm of release.

Her attempt to scream her pleasure was cut off by her body seizing up — leaving her unable to move. She managed to draw a deep (if ragged) breath that was similarly cut off by a second seizure. Somehow, she managed to both exhale AND inhale before freezing up a third time; after that, the spasms that coursed through her were progressively milder, allowing her to gasp and groan from the intensity of them. After the last one, she gave a small shudder before her entire body seemed to collapse.

I gave the entrance to her vagina one last lick to gather the oils that had gathered there before raising myself up and carefully getting her legs together and straightened out. From there, it was but a few seconds to position myself next to her, then get her head resting on one arm while I used the other to hold her. Happily, it didn't take long before she opened her eyes and looked up at me; when she did, her eyes got large as saucers and a couple of seconds passed before she softly told me, "I thought it sounded like it might be nice, someone doing that to me — but I never expected anything like that!"

I gave her a quick, soft kiss on the lips, and responded, "I'm glad you liked having it done as much as I liked doing it to you."

It took a second before she asked, "You... you like doing that? I mean, you don't just do it 'cause you think you should or have to? Why?"

Smiling, I said, "Yeah, I like it. Most guys think that a girl smells really nice and sexy when she's excited; and as much as I like how you smell, I think you taste even better. And besides, I enjoy being able to make YOU feel excited and sexy when I do it, so that just makes it even better."

"You like how we smell when we're excited? And the way we taste down there? Really? I mean, I like the way I smell, and I thought MY juice tasted okay, but I figured it was just because it was mine."

"Yeah, really. Don't you think I liked what I was doing? Do you really think I would have done all the things I did, for as long as I did, if I didn't enjoy what I was doing?"

She considered that for a bit, then looked at me again and asked, "Does... does that mean it's okay if I come over so we can do it some more," her voice betraying her hope what the answer would be, and the eager anticipation she felt about the answer.

I couldn't even think about doing anything but grinning at her as I answered, "That's what it means, all right."

The idea that she could experience anything like what she'd just been through more than just the one time... that it was available to her virtually any time she wanted... it seemed to be more than she could hold in her mind, just then. She had a happy smile on her face when she closed her eyes to rest a little more.

For my part, I used the opportunity to begin caressing her nubile young body — not with the intent of getting her fired up again, but simply to enjoy the feel of her smooth, warm skin under my touch.

After a couple of minutes, Joanne told me, "I like the way you touch me; 'specially like now. It's soft and nice, and feels good. You're not tickling me even a little, and you're not just playing with my boobs or anything," without opening her eyes.

I kissed her forehead and answered, "I like touching you like this. I like the way your skin feels, and it's nice to know that you care for me and trust me enough to let me do it."

Eyes still closed, she smiled before saying, "I do care for you, and trust you. And I know that you feel the same way because of HOW you're doing it."

The next few minutes passed quietly; the silence was only interrupted when Joanne opened her eyes to look up at me and say, "Before, I only wanted to know what oral sex was like — I was going to do it to you just so I could find out what it was about. But now... after what we did before, and what you did for me, and knowing that you did it because you like it... now I want to try to make you feel as happy and good as you did for me."

Looking down at her, I replied, "Jo, I really truly do hope that that's the only reason you ever have any kind of sex with someone else: because you want to. Anybody that ever tries to get you to have sex for any other reason isn't someone that you want to be with. I told you before that there can be just 'having sex' or 'making love'; what we've been doing tonight is 'making love' — because of the way we feel about each other. If you ever feel like you HAVE to be intimate with someone, then that's probably a real big clue that you shouldn't — because if you feel that way, there's a pretty big chance that they're someone that doesn't really care about you the way you deserve. So will you promise me that you'll be careful about who you're with, and why?"

Smiling, she didn't hesitate to answer, "Of course I will, Jeff. I guess you didn't realize it, but that's something that you've helped me and Tina and Chris all learn, and understand. Because YOU treat us so special, none of us wants to be with anyone that doesn't."

It did my heart and mind wonders to hear that from her; regardless of how much fun and pleasure I had with them, I wanted and needed them to understand the need to be selective about who they shared their bodies (and hearts) with.

Still smiling, Joanne told me, "If you think an old man like you has had enough time, I'd like to see how good I can make YOU feel..."

Feeling my cock twitch slightly in anticipation, I answered, "Well, I don't know of any reason you can't try...", making her smile even wider.

It took only the gentlest of nudges for her to get me to roll over onto my back; almost before I could

blink, she'd slithered her way on top of me, unashamedly and totally without concern straddling my waist. Nothing was said — nothing needed to be said — as she leaned forward and supported herself over me with her arms. The two of us looked into each other's eyes for several moments before she slowly lowered her head and kissed me... her lips telling me how much I meant to her. I responded in kind, and our kiss went on longer than I would have expected. When she lifted her head and looked down at me again, I could see that we both knew that what we felt for each other was more than just "care"... a lot more. She lowered herself a little farther, supporting herself on her elbows; that left her warm and firm breasts pillowed against my chest and her hardening nipples boring into my skin. As we began kissing again, I raised my hands to her hips and then began caressing her from the rounded firmness of her ass to her shoulders, arms, and neck then back again. It didn't take long for our kisses to grow longer and more impassioned; as they did, Joanne began a slow, sinuous motion that had her caressing me with nearly the entire front of her body. Between the feel of her underneath my hands, the sensation of her body rubbing against mine, and the near-incendiary level of our kisses, it didn't take long to get my cock nearly fully erect — and lightly brushing against the bottom of her pudendum.

Rather than exhibiting even the slightest concern about the nearness of my member to her womanhood, Joanne surprised the hell out of me by opening her mouth slightly and brushing her tongue across my lips. Trying to give her the chance to change her mind and "back off" a little, I didn't respond to her prompting until about the third time she did it; after that, I was more than willing to send my tongue out to introduce itself to hers. The next little while, our kisses became even deeper and more intense.

After having to remind myself to breathe several times, I began to notice the unique and delicious aroma of Aroused Joanne. Not long after that, she gradually shifted the target of her kisses from my lips to other places — my throat, my shoulders, even my ears, before beginning to inch herself down my body. As she did, I could feel my erect penis drag through the soft thicket covering her mons and then along the smoothness of her skin.

While easing herself lower and lower on my body, Joanne treated my body much the same as I had hers: softly biting at me with her lips, kisses, licking and sucking on MY nipples, dragging her tongue along my skin in random paths, and anything else she could think of. When she'd gotten far enough that the head of my cock was close enough, she even raised up enough to try and use her breasts and hard nipples to toy with it — something I'd never experienced before. Finally, at long last, she was face-to-face (as it were) with my erect manhood. I couldn't help watching as she used her cheeks and face to caress it for some time. Looking up at me, she smiled before opening her mouth and extended her tongue; after placing the tip of it against the base of my erection just above my scrotum, she slowly drew it toward the head. Once she'd gotten that far, she used her tongue to hold my cock steady while she lowered her head, and then took the head into her mouth. A second later, I could feel her begin massaging the underside with her tongue. After a minute or so of that, she started "walking" her lips down the shaft, taking more and more of me into her warm mouth.

Much to my surprise, she got nearly three quarters of me between her lips before stopping; that was when she returned to rubbing her tongue along the bottom of my manhood while she began a soft, rhythmic suction.

I have to think that whatever or wherever she heard or read about oral sex, it had to have included extensive detailed examples of what to do and how to do it — that, or she had some kind of genetic, instinctive, or psychic-based knowledge or predisposition to how to give outstanding head. I spent the

next little while unable to do anything but savor and suffer the variety of things she did with her mouth as she gently fondled my balls with one hand. It seemed that if I started even THINKING about cumming, she'd stop whatever she was doing and move on to something else that didn't QUITE feel as good. I was starting to wonder if she wasn't actually trying to drive me crazy when she finally had mercy on me by taking as much of me as she could into her mouth and then simply bobbing her head up and down (and sliding her tongue up and down the bottom while doing so). I doubt that it took as long as a minute before I felt my balls draw up and my cock harden even more; Joanne responded by taking me fully in her mouth again and deliberately using the tip of her tongue to "milk" the underside of my cock — which was the last straw.

Nearly bellowing with the intensity of my release, I felt the first jet of cum leave me with enough force that I half-expected it to force Joanne's mouth off of me. Not only didn't that happen, but she went on to begin sucking on me as though that was the only way my semen would come out. That only made the rest of my climax even better than the first one I'd had with her earlier... and that's saying something.

By the time I'd emptied my balls, I was wondering if I'd be able to cum again anytime in the next month. When I was able to open my eyes and look down to where Joanne was, I saw that she was as happy as she could be: after swallowing what I was SURE was at least a quart of semen, she calmly proceeded to use her lips to squeeze my cock clean while gently sucking the last little bit of cum out of me. When she let my deflating manhood slip from between her lips, she held it in her cool hand long enough to ensure she'd gotten everything by licking it clean. Only then did she raise her head enough to see that I was watching her; with a self-satisfied smile on her face, she happily asked me, "I don't have to ask if you liked that, do I?" rhetorically.

Smiling back, I answered, "No, you don't. And 'liked' doesn't even begin to describe how you made me feel."

With that, she crawled her way back up my body; when she got close enough, I tried to kiss her, but she turned her head away briefly. When she looked back at me again, she said, "What I read... it said that guys don't like to taste their own stuff — and I'm not sure I swallowed all of it, or got it all off."

"Sweetheart, I don't mind, really. But if you don't want to take the chance, then that's okay, too."

She gave me an uncertain smile, and when I moved to kiss her again, she didn't turn away — but didn't look any too happy, either. I settled for a quick peck, which was enough to earn me a small smile before she softly lowered her body onto mine. I welcomed the chance to wrap my arms around her and give her a hug, followed by a kiss to the top of her head. I could almost FEEL her smile into my chest before she released a soft sigh of satisfaction and happiness.

It took a while for me to get the rest of my breath, and my energy, back. When I had, though, I gave Joanne a soft hug before saying, "I don't think we want you getting home late, and it would probably be a good idea to clean up a little bit. If you want, you're welcome to use the shower here — with or without me helping."

She answered, "I guess I should get home before too long." Only then did she seem to catch the last part of what I'd said, and raise up enough to look at me as she asked, "We can clean up together? Both of us, at the same time?"

I had to laugh as I answered, "That's what together means: both of us at the same time."

She stuck her tongue out at me, then quickly clambered off me and stood up. Looking down at me in impatience, she demanded, "Well come on!"

Chuckling, I stood up next to her, and let her take me by the hand and lead the way back to the bathroom. I let her adjust the shower to her choice of temperature, and the two of us had a friendly, happy time "helping" each other clean up, then dry off. Back in the living room, she couldn't help giggling as I assisted her in getting dressed by cupping her breasts in my hands while she got her panties on, smoothing her dress over her ass and holding her butt in my hands as she put her blouse on, and that sort of thing. When she was done, I contrived to get a disappointed look on my face when she turned around — causing her to outright laugh. She stepped close to me and pulled me down for a kiss (long and loving) before heading out the door — helped along with a pat on the butt from me.

I expected that the three girls were sharing information with each other, and that was pretty much confirmed when it took less than a week for Chris and Tina to separately approach me for their own oral sex lessons.

Chris was first (just a couple of days after Joanne), and exhibited all the subtlety of a circus pony in letting me know what she wanted. She readily agreed to my suggested curriculum (same as Joanne and I had used); it was her suggestion that she could "touch herself" if I thought it would help me get aroused and have a climax. She sat appreciably closer (we were almost side by side), and it was as easy as it could be for me to see that her pale pink labia were small and thin... almost delicate looking; her clitoris was a small nodule of flesh at the top of her slit. The hair on her pelvis was a little sparse, making it easy for me to see the underlying skin.

She wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to begin masturbating for me, and I watched as her slightly puffy areolas swelled enough to stand well out from the surrounding flesh. From each a small nipple stood out farther than I'd seen before. When she'd gotten herself aroused enough, she moved her hand to her mons, where almost all of her activity was focused on her clitoris — meaning that I could watch her vaginal lips slowly grow marginally longer and thicker, and darken slightly. As her arousal steadily increased, the surplus of her oils that she wasn't using to lubricate her clitoris were transferred to her labia, bringing them to a high sheen. Several times, she raised her hand from her pelvis to her mouth so she could suck her own nectar off her fingers before putting them to work again. Close as she was, it was easy enough to detect the scent that was uniquely hers; fresh and light, it was also surprisingly musky, considering her age. I found myself looking forward to finding out if she tasted as good as she smelled!

When we climaxed (she ahead of me), I was surprised with something that I'll treasure forever: the sight of the entrance to her vagina clenching — almost winking at me! — with each spasm of pleasure that coursed through her young body. Each time it happened, a minute amount of her nectar was pushed out; by the time her orgasm tapered off, there was enough of it that it had begun to trickle down toward the dark pink rosette of her anus. She readily investigated my semen, and cheerfully informed me that she actually kinda liked the way it tasted.

After we'd recovered enough for me to teach her what it was like to have her young snatch eaten, she surprised me again by indicating a willingness to give French kissing a try — and shortly on the heels of that, demonstrating a considerable enthusiasm for continuing. When I finally got my head between her slender thighs, she wasn't concerned in the slightest about the brief delay while I tried to memorize the sight of her. She also willingly spread her legs far enough to open herself to me that I could see the

delicate ring of her hymen. Then it was on to learn that her oils were rather thin and light... and easily as delectable as they'd smelled. I also discovered that her inner lips were small enough that I couldn't quite get even the edges of them into my mouth, though she seemed to appreciate the attempt; instead, I had to content myself with "just" licking them clean of the nectar that had accumulated on them before going on to encouraging her to produce even more. The first touch of my tongue to her clitoris revealed that that little bit of flesh was quite sensitive. That meant that I had to be a little more careful about what I did with and to it — something that happily slowed my efforts to bring her to what was clearly a powerful orgasm for her. As I'd done with Joanne, I moved to hold and comfort Chris as she recovered; I'd figured she'd gotten accustomed to having orgasms by that point, but once again, she latched onto me and had a (thankfully shorter) crying jag. With both of us naked, it seemed prudent to get up and get her a damp cloth and small towel when it was over; I also used the opportunity to clean off my front, of course.

Due to her eagerness for what was next, the time we spent snuggling was somewhat shorter; to my mixed pleasure and dismay, she had her own ideas about what she was willing to do to go about getting me hard again. The only thing that kept me from blowing my load before she even got her mouth on me was the simple fact that she was SO eager, she didn't keep anything up long enough for it to have the effect it COULD have.

She was still small enough that she could get "only" about half of my erect cock in her mouth — but made up for that trivial inadequacy with a combination of enthusiasm and willingness to experiment that I sincerely hope I never have to experience again. It was only when she apparently began to tire and settled into softly sucking on me while sliding her lips up and down my aching erection that I finally got the relief I'd almost been praying for. The only reaction she had to having my cock firehosing what felt like gallons of cum into her eager mouth was to pull her head back a little and swallow it as fast as she could — except for the last few spurts, which she held in her mouth while milking me of the last few drops, then plainly rolled it around in her mouth as though savoring it before finally swallowing. Before I could say anything, she let me slip from her mouth and grabbed the can of soda she'd been drinking so she could use a big sip of it to rinse her mouth out before clambering up and kissing me full on the mouth.

When it came time to clean up, she simply stood and announced, "If you want to shower with me, you'd better get moving."

I did; and enjoyed it immensely.

I got to rest for three whole days before Tina made her appearance. Though she was considerably more subdued than Chris had been, there still wasn't any mistaking what she was there for.

She was the one to suggest that if it was okay with me, it might be fun for us to touch each other. I felt obliged to say something about that meaning that I'd be touching HER between the legs, too, and got the answer, "I know that, silly. I know I can trust you to just touch, and not do anything else."

It was an offer I wasn't about to turn down, of course. We got ourselves positioned on The Blanket, and rather than go straight for her tits or pussy, I laid my hand on her thigh... and was glad I did. The sports and other physical activities she was involved in had resulted in her having absolutely phenomenal muscle tone; the leg under my hand was as firm as it could be underneath a thin cover of smooth, warm girl-flesh. Tina looked at me in patient amusement while I just HAD to run my hand up and down her thigh several times; when she'd had enough of that, she let me know through the simple expedient of

reaching out and taking my semi-erect penis in her cool, slender fingers. Reminded of what I was supposed to be doing with her, I casually moved my hand back up her thigh — and then beyond, until I was using it to cup one of her breasts. I gave the breast I was holding a slight squeeze, and confirmed that it was still as sponge-rubber firm as always before beginning to tease the dark pebble of her nipple with my thumb. With my attention back on track, she looked down between my legs and watched as she began slowly and gently stroking my penis.

There isn't a doubt in my mind that she'd never done anything like that before; she was simply too hesitant and uncertain about what she was doing. But as she began to get the kind of reaction she wanted, her confidence began to grow and she gradually got more comfortable about trying different things.

In the mean time, I was absolutely certain about what I wanted to do — and did it. Though the angle was a little awkward, I compensated by simply focusing my attention on what I was doing, and doing more OF it. I'd had the pleasure of manually bringing her somewhat large nipples to attention from the puckered chocolate surrounding them, and begun investigating the area between the legs that she'd spread for me. Watching what my fingers were doing, it was just possible for me to see that Tina's labia were a pale pink (though starting to get darker) and possibly a bit longer than Joanne's had been. My fingertips told me that they were likely medium-to-thin in thickness, and as soft and pliable as could be wished for. I didn't have any difficulty deciding that her pubic hair was as dense as I'd first thought — and softer than I would have expected. After letting my middle finger come to rest along the slit dividing her mound, I slowly curled it so I could draw the tip across her opening — which didn't draw any visible reaction from her, at all. In doing so, I learned that she was already somewhat wet; that left me with some of her lubrication on my finger to use when I reached the top of her cleft and her clit. Remembering how sensitive Chris's had been, my first contact with the nub of Tina's clitoris was as delicate as I could manage. Tina's reaction was simply to tell me, "I'm not as sensitive there as Chris is; it's okay if you touch me a little harder." Grateful for the advisory, I also filed away the little tidbit that she knew something like that.

After moving my finger back to where it had started, I repeated the gesture... with the exception of letting my fingertip dip a little farther into her, and making the caress of her clitoris firmer. That latter action resulted in her closing her eyes for a moment and moaning briefly before moving her legs a little farther apart. The next pass, I dared to lightly brush against the actual entrance to her womanhood before using my fingertip to twiddle her clitoris for a couple of seconds — earning myself a pleased smile from her before she turned her attention back to where her hand was lightly grasping my erect penis.

As the seconds ticked by, Tina proved to be not only as trusting as she'd said, but more receptive to my efforts that I'd hoped: she was perfectly agreeable to having me pressing against (but not into; I never even tried) the entrance to her vagina, and more than appreciative of my ministrations to her clitoris. Those weren't the only parts of her that I tended to, however. It pleased me greatly to shift my attentions every so often and include her breasts and nipples, lightly caress the insides of her thighs, and even just lightly draw my fingertips along random parts of her body. Knowing that she could see what I was doing, I even got the end of my finger well-coated with her essence and casually licked it off. In the process, I was able to fully appreciate the scent of her: amazingly light while being vaguely "earthy". If you've ever taken a handful of rich, dark farmland and smelled it, that's what it reminded me of — while not being the least bit unpleasant. The taste of her was similar, but with a slight

tanginess that appealed to me greatly. After I'd done that a few times, she used her free hand to take my wrist one time, and moved my hand up so she could take the glistening finger into her mouth and suck the oils off herself (with a smokey look in her eyes) — and a lusty grin after my stiff dick told her what I thought of the sight she'd presented.

Between the pleasure I was getting from what I was doing to (and with) her, and her increasing talents with her hand, I was steadily moving closer and closer to giving her the education she wanted about male ejaculation. But after all I'd done with Joanne and Chris so recently, I knew that I was going to have to see Tina have an orgasm to get the last bit of stimulation that I needed at that point. So with that in mind, I went about trying to get HER worked up a little faster than she was doing to ME.

I had her pubis cupped in my hand and was rhythmically teasing the opening to her womanhood when she shifted her weight slightly — and promptly made a noise that let me know she'd experienced something particularly pleasurable. It took only a little experimentation for me to figure out that slightly pressing against her clitoral hood while my finger was busy farther down was what did the trick. With that established, I readily began doing it to her on purpose: while the pad of my finger was engaged in tormenting the entrance to her vagina, I began regularly raising and lowering the pressure I applied against the area of her clit with the palm of my hand. I started slowly, to make it as subtle as I could before gradually and carefully increasing the frequency. In a matter of just a few minutes, I had her moaning almost continuously while the end of my finger got wetter and wetter from the ever-increasing flow of her juices.

As the rhythmic pressure of my finger against the tight ring of her opening and the cyclic pressure of my hand on her clitoris moved her arousal to greater heights, there were more and more times that she'd lose track of what she was doing to me: from an occasional hesitation at first, there came the point that her hand would remain still around my shaft for several seconds at a time because she was so distracted by the sensations emanating from her pubis.

There finally came the point that her hand stilled on me and didn't move again. I could see that her entire focus was on what my hand was doing between her legs as she began making slight whimpering noises while trying to arch her pelvis toward the source of her pleasure. A little more time, and she started making a small keening sound along with a couple of light shudders running through her body. Realizing that she was getting close to an orgasm, I stepped my efforts up a bit; I doubt that it took even a minute until she released a soft, brief cry just ahead of her body convulsing slightly with the start of her release. In response, I deliberately slowed the frequency of my actions so that they synchronized with the spasms of pleasure that followed the first. Her reaction was enough to tell me that though I wasn't making her climax any stronger, it was affecting her more deeply. Though I couldn't see it, I could feel the clenching of her vagina pushing out small wavelets of her juices that I knew just had to be trickling down toward her anus.

When the minor seizures running through her had tapered off and ended, Tina shuddered for a couple of seconds before opening her eyes. It took a moment for her to get her wits back and realize where she was and what was happening. Once she did, though, the expression on her face was priceless as she told me, "I know I haven't had THAT many orgasms until now — but that was the best one yet," awe in her voice.

I couldn't help grinning as I answered, "I'm glad... I was trying to make YOU happy, too."

Hearing that, she realized that I'd been masturbating her — and that she was supposed to be doing the

same for me. I saw as she blushed faintly before doing her best to focus her attention and efforts on making ME climax, since that was we were ostensibly there for. With a renewed inspiration and dedication, she set herself to work ensuring that my cock was erect (it was, only moreso after watching her) and then proceeding to do whatever she could to make ME climax, too.

With the memories of watching her orgasm running through my head, it didn't take long for her hand stroking my manhood to get me moving appreciably faster toward cumming. Then she remembered how I'd reacted when she'd licked her own juices off my finger, and began going through a cycle of getting her own finger coated, erotically sucking her nectar off it while looking into my eyes, and then dipping her hand between her legs again before starting the whole thing over again — except that every so often, she'd offer her finger to ME. It was incredibly sexy, and all I needed to finish what she'd started. Just a few minutes after she first brought her glistening finger to her lips, I felt my balls start to draw up; somehow managing to remember that she wanted to see what happened, I gasped out, "Tina! I'm going to cum... soon!"

Her only reaction was to shift her eyes from looking into mine, and down to where her cool hand was steadily sliding up and down my shaft. A few seconds later, I watched her eyes become large as saucers when she saw the first jet of semen erupt from me. Whether she already knew to continue, or simply didn't think to STOP, she kept her hand in motion on me the whole time.

It wasn't until it was clear that I was shrinking in her hand that she finally released me. She didn't even spare me a glance before raising her hand so she could give her cum-coated fingers a sniff before tentatively sticking the end of her tongue out and touching it to my jism. That was soon followed by her unabashedly licking her hand clean before using her fingers to collect the remaining wads of semen on me for similar disposal. Only when she was done did she turn to look at me and say, "Your juice doesn't have any smell, and it doesn't taste bad, or anything. I kinda like it, even. I was surprised at first, but then I realized it wasn't coming out all THAT hard. There's more of it than I thought there'd be, but it's not too much. I'll be okay with keeping my mouth on you when it's my turn."

That she was so accepting and matter-of-fact about it pleased me tremendously, for obvious reasons.

After I'd recovered a bit, I wanted to be ready for later, and got up to wipe off the residue of semen that Tina hadn't thought worth bothering with. When I told her that I was going to clean up a bit, she decided to get up with me and do the same; when we got to the bathroom, I wanted to lick her clean, but she just laughed and said she could take care of it herself. Unconcerned about my presence, she dampened a washcloth and calmly wiped up the surplus of fluids that had escaped her — even those that had wandered away from the source. Following that, she was adamant about wiping ME off, which she was quite meticulous about — due in large part, I think, to the fact that it gave her the excuse and opportunity to fondle my works in the process.

Back in the living room, she was delighted with my suggestion that we spoon together while we rested up a bit. As I cupped her breast in my hand, she contrived to get my package neatly nestled along the crack of her ass. I didn't object.

For better than half an hour, the two of us were content to just lie there and talk quietly about a variety of things: from how things were going for her at school (both academically and socially) to what movies we'd each enjoyed. We'd been enjoying just being close to each other for several minutes when Tina told me, "Jeff, I'm really glad you decided it was okay for us to come over here like this — me and Chris and Joanne, I mean, so we could talk to you and learn about sex and stuff. I mean, the whole time

we were growing up, Mom wasn't afraid to talk to us about stuff, and before we started having periods and everything, she talked to each of us and told us what was going to be happening and how we were going to be changing. It was a little scary at first, and felt kinda weird, but it turned out okay. And the sex ed stuff they had in school... it helped by explaining a little bit about why I was changing — you know, about puberty and all that — and they even talked a little bit about our changing 'feelings' and stuff. It took me a while to understand that they were trying so hard to not actually have to say anything about boys and girls actually getting horny... and trying even harder not to even THINK about us wanting to do anything about it. They showed us those goofy drawings and diagrams about how boys and girls are different, like none of us have ever played doctor or knew what the other had. And even then, the stuff they showed us like that was so lame that it barely looked like anything we'd ever seen before and didn't show enough for us to see how it related to US. The drawing they gave us to show girl parts was so simple that Joanne and I finally decided that we'd see how we compared to each other to figure out if we were weird or anything between our legs. We even got Chris to do it with us, so she wouldn't have to worry about it, either. THAT was how we finally got to see how we're different from each other, and how some stuff is pretty much the same — not because of anything we got out of that stupid sex ed class."

She took a breath and went on, "We kinda did the same thing about guys — except that we didn't dare actually look at real guys... not live in front of us, anyway. One of our friends let us look at a couple of her sister's 'Playgirl' magazines so we could learn the guy stuff. After that, we still didn't know as much as we really wanted to, but at least we weren't as dumb as we were before. But we still had the problems like feeling horny, worrying about touching ourselves even though Mom told us it was normal, wondering what orgasms were like, and wanting to know more about the other sex stuff that we'd heard about. After a while, it was like we couldn't stop thinking about that stuff because we kept hearing little bits about it all over the place, but there didn't seem to be any way that we could ask questions and get real answers, and maybe start trying things a little bit so we could learn. We didn't know WHAT to do until Joanne got the idea of trying to see if there was someone that we could go to that would help us."

She turned her head for a moment to look at me before saying, "It took a while, and her and I must have tried to think of somebody to go to like, a hundred times when she finally thought that YOU might do it. Once she did, both of us figured that since you've known us for so long, and know about what happened with Mom and Daddy, she might be able to at least talk to you ABOUT it. All three of us, we know you'd never hurt us, and you've always been so nice and patient and everything with us, we knew way deep down inside that we could trust you. I wasn't sure when, but I knew that Joanne was going to see if you'd help us learn about sex, and boys and girls. Boy, were we surprised when you said you couldn't! Joanne was really embarrassed about it, but she said that if you were going to give her a reason why you couldn't, then she was going to find a reason why you COULD. That's when she went to Mom. I don't know what all they talked about or what they said, but whatever it was, it worked. There were like, weeks when we could tell that Mom had something she was thinking really hard about. Finally, she sat down with just Joanne and her one night, and they were alone like that for HOURS before Joanne came in and told me that Mom had said it was okay with her if Joanne wanted to start learning about sex and stuff. She also told me that Mom said she'd talk to you and tell you that SHE was okay with it if we wanted to come to you. Boy, was I surprised! But I was glad, too, 'cause I knew I'd finally start learning something about boys and girls and sex, 'cause like I said, I knew I could trust you — that you'd help me learn what I wanted to know without making me feel bad or like I was

dumb or you know, trying to DO anything with me. And that's just exactly how you've been, and now I feel a whole lot better about everything. I already knew that you cared about all of us because of all the times you do stuff like go to after school things, and giving us things for Christmas that Mom can't, and taking us out to eat and all that. But since we've started coming over here and doing stuff with you, I realize that it's more than just caring — that maybe it's even... love."

She was silent after that, as though afraid of how I might react. To put her mind at ease, I scooted back a little bit and got her to roll over onto her back so I could look at her (and she could see me) as I told her, "I do love you, Tina. And Joanne and Chris, too. All three of you are smart and friendly and playful and all the other good things that people should be. If I had kids, I'd want them to be like you or any one of your sisters. I felt that way about you way before Joanne wanted to know if I'd help her find out about all the things that we've talked about, and been doing. In fact, it's BECAUSE I loved you as much as I did that I didn't want to do anything with Joanne the first time she came over — because I didn't want to do anything that could hurt her... either her body, or in her heart or in her mind. The same way, I wouldn't do anything to hurt you or Chris — or your mom, for that matter. I'm not a girl, and never have been" — she giggled — "so I really wasn't sure that Joanne was old enough to really understand what she was asking me for; or that she'd thought about it the way she should. For instance, when you and Chris came over to see if I could help you learn how to have orgasms: if I hadn't been careful about what I said and did, it would have been pretty easy for me to help that happen for you — but do it in a way that made you scared, or hurt you. Remember when all of you came over the first time, and how Chris told me that all of you had decided to get naked right away so you could get being embarrassed and everything over with?"

I saw her ears darken with a slight blush as she nodded, and I went on, "When she told me that ALL of you had decided to do that, and why, I knew that you were starting to do what I needed and wanted you to: not just coming to me with your questions and asking me for help, but thinking for yourselves about how to make things happen, and what to do if things didn't go the way you expected them to. Basically, you were all showing me that you WERE starting to think like the grownups you wanted to be."

She considered that for a couple of seconds, then said, "And if we hadn't shown you we were grown up enough, you would have stopped by now, wouldn't you?"

"Yes. I probably would have told you to come back and try again later, though. But all of you HAVE shown me that you're ready to be responsible for the choices you make — which has us right where we are: you and me laying here naked after helping each other have climaxes."

She grinned up at me and asked, "And you helping me learn what oral sex is all about?"

"If you still want to learn..."

"Oh, I want to learn, all right," she quickly declared.

"I guess class is back in session, then," I told her as I brought my head down and gave her a tender kiss on the lips.

She readily kissed me back, and there was no mistaking that the love and affection I felt toward her was reciprocal. Several more kisses followed, each longer and a trifle more intimate than the one before, before I moved my hand from where it had been resting on her belly and began caressing her in small, soft strokes. As our osculations continued, I gradually expanded the range and intimacy of my caresses; it wasn't long until I traced my fingertips from along the line of her jaw, down her upper chest and on

between her breasts, then circled around and back up to the peak of one of them — where I found her areola already tight, and the dark cylinder of her nipple hard under my touch.

Certain that she wouldn't upset if I tried, I opened my mouth slightly and touched my tongue to her lips; it was only a moment before she sent her tongue out to introduce itself to mine. After a rather extended wrestling match, our lingual members began an extended game of tag that ranged from my mouth to hers and back... over and over and over again. As they played, I used my hand to make sure that both of her breasts got as tight and firm as I could get them, and her nipples as long and hard as I could manage.

When I'd succeeded in getting her aroused to the point that she was panting as much as she was kissing, I slowly shifted my attentions from her lips to her cheeks and nose and forehead — and then onto her ears (the nibbling of which earned me a pair of heartfelt groans), followed by her neck and shoulders. While my path remained generally southward, it was by no means quick or direct; quite the opposite, in fact. Virtually every square centimeter of her front was visited by either my lips or my tongue. Some of the more interesting topographical features got multiple detailed visits, but the tour included all of her.

As I got close to my goal, I eased my "upper" leg between hers as I prepared to move my body. What I didn't expect was that she would respond by quickly moving her legs apart enough to make room for me between them. Still, I did move, and a couple of minutes later my lips had reached the dark cloud at the base of her belly. I slowed my advance considerably so I could run my lips through the soft and surprisingly lush forest she sported; it was only when I was that close to her that I was able to barely make out the skin underneath. Pressing against the surface of it felt like I was trying to compress a sheep's fleece, and about as productive. More than satisfied with what I'd learned, I continued the voyage and eventually reached home port.

When she felt my breath on her mons, Tina didn't delay in bringing her knees up and opening herself to me. Her erect clitoris was easily visible at the top of her mons, and her labia flowed down and out from there. Looking at them, I could see that the inner surface of each was already shiny with her oils. Farther down, I found that it was possible to see the glistening ring of her womanhood bracketed by the fading edges of her pelvic covering. That close to the source, the scent of her proved to be too enticing for me to resist for much longer than it took to try and memorize the sight of her; letting my head ease down, I gently kissed the soft petals of her inner lips before sending my tongue out to delve between them.

The taste of her was easily as good as the scent, and it was a treat for me to be able to gather the abundant supply of her nectar before proceeding to slide my tongue up between her delicate labia and use the tip of it to do a few laps around her clitoris — something that earned me an impassioned moan as she lifted her hips in welcome to my efforts.

It didn't take me long to reach the conclusion that it wouldn't be difficult to satisfy Tina... not in the slightest. Virtually everything I did brought a favorable response from her; some things worked better than others, of course, but she seemed to like everything. I figured the only "problem" I was going to have was not bringing her to a climax too soon — something that I figured I could deal with easily enough.

So for the next little while, all I really had to do was simply take my time about enjoying myself: taking her labia and tenderly milking them with my lips, not just trying to see how much of my tongue I could slip past the ring of her opening (damn little, as it turned out — though I tried several different times)

but rhythmically pressing it against her opening, gratefully lapping up the ample supply of her nectar, teasing and tormenting her clitoris in a variety of ways, and even fitting my mouth over the entrance to her vagina and trying to see if I could suck more of her juices out (I could, a little bit, but not as much as I would have liked; she seemed to appreciate the attempt tremendously, however). All told, I expect I spent better than half an hour enjoying myself as I slowly ratcheted her desire and arousal to ever-increasing levels.

I'd easily gotten her to the point that the only part of her body that wasn't writhing in her desire was her pelvis when she began making small whimpering noises intermixed with soft moans of frustrated desire. Realizing that I might be taking things a little far, I settled down to simply bringing her to completion: between bouts of dancing my tongue on and around her clitoris, I made infrequent side (bottom?) trips to where her vagina was leaking an almost continuous small trickle of her oils. It didn't take but a very few minutes of that before I felt her body begin to tense up under my hands and mouth; knowing how near she was to completion, I kept my attention on her clit until I heard her make the same keening noise she had before, just ahead of her body convulsing appreciably more than it had when I'd been using my hand on her. Her clitoris quickly disappeared under its cover as she was overtaken by another spasm — but that didn't prevent me from continuing to apply gentle pressure to the general area in sync with the spasms I could feel happening. After a couple more smaller seizures, all that was left was her body going through a series of progressively smaller and briefer shuddering. When the last one had faded, I heard her take a deep, gasping breath and figured that as my cue to move up and hold her as she recovered from an orgasm that was plainly more powerful than the last.

Her head was on my arm as I spooned behind her when I felt her move slightly just ahead of asking, "That's what can happen when somebody just uses their mouth on me?" incredulously.

I gave her a hug before answering, "Yup. I could have tried to make it even more, but I didn't know if you were quite ready for something like that, just yet."

She contrived to get her head and body turned enough to look into my face for a moment before turning back and asking, "You're serious, aren't you? About you could have made that even stronger for me?"

"Of course I'm serious. Making someone else feel like like that, or making love with them, is too much fun for kidding around."

It took her a second to catch the joke, but when she did, she laughed for a moment before telling me, "Well, I'm glad you showed at least a little bit of restraint, then. As wonderful as all the stuff you were doing felt, I don't know that I could stand it if you got serious about making me have an orgasm!"

I cupped her breast in my hand and used my thumb to toy with its nipple as I told her, "Honey, I'm never, ever going to do anything that I know you can't handle. If I ever make a mistake about what I think you can do, TELL ME so I know better, okay?"

She put her hand over mine before answering, "I know you wouldn't do that, Jeff — and yes, IF you make a mistake, I'll let you know. But so far, you've been doing just fine!" with a giggle.

I nuzzled her ear (making her giggle even harder as she scrunched her shoulder), then told her, "I'm glad to hear that."

A few moments passed, and she surprised the hell out of me by saying, "The stuff we've been doing... you've been real nice about it, even if it's only been you doing stuff to make US feel good so far. I mean

this is the first time that I've done anything that made you climax, even though you've made me feel so good so many times. Haven't you wanted us to do things for you before now? Don't you want to do anything with US because YOU want to?"

I thought about what I wanted to say for a few moments before answering. "I need you and your sisters to understand that the most important thing to me is that I don't do anything to hurt any of you in ANY way."

"I... all of us know that."

"With that as THE most important part to me, then when all of us were first starting, then it was enough for me to just help you in whatever way you needed and wanted so you wouldn't get worried or anything. Then, once I could tell that you were okay with being naked around me and that you were comfortable with how I was touching you and what we were doing, I figured it was okay if I didn't wait until you said it was okay for me to start touching you differently in little ways — like when I started holding your butt after you and Chris were here. I've already told all of you that I think each of you is very pretty, and very sexy; so far, it has been enough for me to just touch you and hold you."

"And now?" she asked.

"Now that you're all actually asking me about sex stuff — things that people do together or with each other, I mean — it's different. I still like touching you and holding you, but now that it's more than before, I feel like I have to be careful again. Not like at first, but just reminding myself TO be careful while we're doing new things. I'm willing to do them, I just don't want to mess up."

She considered that in silence for a bit, then wanted to know, "What about you doing stuff that YOU want to? I mean, you say you think we're pretty and sexy, but I don't think that you've EVER actually suggested anything that one of us hadn't already said something to you about. I know you wouldn't actually DO anything without telling us, but you haven't even said anything."

Sighing, I told her, "That was something that I really had to think about after your mom told me it was okay if you and your sisters wanted to learn about sex from me. The talking about it and explaining things part of it didn't bother me too much, but the chance that we'd actually do things — even the little beginning ones — together meant that I had to think about how I felt about it, and how much of what I was willing to do with you, and most importantly, WHY. I'm sure you've heard about guys that only like young girls... not just like Chris, but even younger." She said she had, and I went on, "The idea of looking at all of you, and touching you... I actually liked the idea. For as long as I can remember, I've thought that girls your age — I mean all of you — were very pretty and sexy; but it was only in a nice to look at kind of way, and as part of thinking how much nicer you'd look when you got older. Even though I was looking at girls like that, I never thought about having sex with one until she was old enough — and I mean mature enough in her emotions and thinking — to understand what having sex and making love were all about. There are probably a LOT of guys that have fantasies about being the one to teach a young girl about sex; but for most of them, that only means that they want to be the first and only one to have sex with the girl for a little while — not that they actually want to teach her about how to feel good and all the other things that WE'VE talked about. So when it was suddenly possible that you and your sisters and I could be intimate like that with each other, I had to really look at what MY reasons were for being with you."

A couple of seconds went by before she quietly asked, "I know you decided it was okay, but why?"

"What it finally came down to was the fact that you and your sisters are old enough to understand what you're asking, and what you want me to do, and what the consequences might be. THAT was the important thing to me before, and it still is. That you and your sisters are as young as the ones I was happy to just look at before doesn't matter to me as much as the fact that you're as mature as you are. If you weren't, I'd still be talking and explaining and doing a little bit of stuff with you, but it wouldn't be anything like tonight, for example."

She considered that for a bit, then wanted to know, "How about you being the one to start things with us?"

"I promised all of you that I wasn't going to do or say anything to 'push' you, and I won't. But I don't have any problem with answering your questions or explaining things you ask about and then hoping one of you gets the idea of maybe wanting to learn more about something I only talked about. I figure that's part of all of you being responsible for thinking about what you want and how to get it — just like I told you that first night all of you were over here."

Reminded that I'd already told them that very thing (and more than once), she blushed slightly before saying, "I think we need to start paying better attention to the stuff you tell us. I bet you've already said things that we heard, but didn't think about the way we should have."

"I have. But before you ask me what they were, I'll tell you that I've already said them. If you weren't paying attention, then it's up to YOU to go back and try to figure out if there was anything you wanted to try."

She turned long enough to make a face at me and call me a rat before saying, "Okay, you're not some perv trying to have sex with little girls, and even though you're being careful and not trying to GET us to do anything with you, you're okay with doing stuff with us that WE think of. So I'm going to remind you that I came over here tonight to find out about oral sex. You did great about teaching me what it was like when it happened to me, but I haven't learned anything about doing it to YOU yet. I still have to get home SOMETIME tonight, so I think it's time that we finished the rest of my, uh, education, don't you?"

"Well, I certainly wouldn't want to be the one that prevented you from having a complete and well-rounded education, or impaired the learning process for you, so you're probably right..."

With a big grin plastered to her face, she wriggled around enough to give me a soft push — letting me know that she wanted me to roll over and lie on my back. I did, and she quickly clambered on top of me so she was straddling my waist. Looking up at her, I had to take a moment to marvel at how lucky I was to not only have her entire family as neighbors, but that her mother would have the fortitude to let her daughters actually engage in the kinds of activities that would give them real 'sex education' — and more to the point, that I'd been selected to provide that education so that I had the chance to see the young nymph currently sitting on me.

After resting my hands on her hips for a few seconds, I gently stroked Tina's sides for a bit before moving my hands around to cup her breasts and run my thumbs over her nipples. They stiffened in response before she put her hands over mine and told me, "I like it when you touch me — but it's even nicer when you touch me like this."

She was content to let me gently squeeze and caress her lovely mammaries for a bit before taking hold of my wrists so she could move my hands to her cute ass with the comment, "Maybe you can figure

something else to do while I start getting you ready..." with an impish grin.

I allowed as how I figured I could, making her laugh for a moment; then she calmly leaned forward and brought her face close to mine. Looking into my eyes, she told me, "You've done so much for me, and made me so happy. Now I get to do something for you, and I'm glad," before lowering her head a little farther so she could kiss me. We'd barely gotten past using it to share our affection when Tina separated her lips; knowing what she wanted, I mirrored her actions so our tongues could get reintroduced. As our tongues danced and dueled, I felt her nipples grow harder amid the pillows her breasts formed against my chest. It took a bit before I remembered that I had the incredibly firm globes of her ass in my hands; when I did, I didn't delay in applying myself to fondling and molesting them for a while before taking a break by caressing as much as I could reach of Tina's lithe form before going back and playing with her ass some more.

I don't know how long I'd been toggling between amusing myself with her ass and enjoying the feel of her young body under my hands while the two of us continued kissing when Tina got it into her head to do something different: by arching her back upwards a bit, she was able to keep her lips fused to mine while gaining enough distance between our bodies that she could begin sliding her breasts around on my chest. She was able to raise herself up enough, in fact, that the only contact seemed to come from her areolas and nipples; knowing that was all that was touching me did wonders for my libido, and it didn't take long to get me nearly fully erect. As had happened with Joanne, my cock reached the point that it was brushing against the bottom of Tina's mons and right over the decidedly wet entrance to her pussy. Unlike her sister, Tina didn't simply ignore it. Rather, she somehow managed to begin arching her hips in such a way that she was caressing the upper side of it with her pelvis — and in the process, getting ME wetter and wetter with HER lubrication.

Between knowing what was going on and feeling it as it was happening, I couldn't help but get fully erect... something that only seemed to allow Tina to increase the pressure of the contact and get more of her nectar distributed along my length. While I didn't think that she'd do anything like try to get my cock and her vagina matched up, I'll confess to being more than a little relieved when she finally pulled her head away from mine and began kissing and licking her way down my body in much the same way as I'd done to her. In the process of doing that, she took advantage of every opportunity to get or keep some part of her body in contact with my erect penis.

Even with all the detours and delays she included in the journey, there finally came the point where she was kneeling between my spread legs with her head just a few inches over where she had a gentle (but secure) hold on my manhood. After giving me a look that let me know I was about to have an experience, she lowered her head and took me between her lips — stopping only when she had something over half my erection in her mouth. After running her tongue around it in different ways (I can only guess she wanted to see if the top tasted different than the bottom, or something similar), she began the learning process of finding out what she could do that made me feel good.

She didn't have the well-developed talents that Joanne did, but she didn't suffer the almost overwhelming exuberance Chris had shown. That meant that I was left as the willing and grateful subject as she learned how to give head. Willing and eager, she wasn't the least bit reluctant to try anything that she thought might work — and if it didn't, she was perfectly fine with trying it a little differently to see if the problem was that what she was doing simply didn't work, or if she just wasn't doing it right; that's why I say that I was grateful: even if what she was doing didn't work to stimulate

me sexually, it still felt good. After a while, she seemed to get an understanding of what kinds of things worked, and which ones didn't; then she settled into finding out which things worked better than others. Once she got past THAT point, there was nothing for me to do but lay back and enjoy as she deliberately went about trying to bring me as much pleasure as she could.

I don't recall that she did anything "special", or that I hadn't already experienced somewhere along the line. What really made the difference with her was that she demonstrated a single-mindedness of purpose that had to be experienced to be believed. My attention was naturally kept on what she was doing, and it's my firm and sincere belief that she didn't slow down in the slightest; and I know that she never stopped until she was done.

That meant that the climb to my climax was slow and steady; the pressure in my cock and balls was building constantly, a little at a time. I was incredibly close, and KNEW that it was going to be a hell of a climax for me when Tina reached under my balls (again), and instead of simply cupping them or softly rolling them in her hand as she had before, she dragged her fingernails along the underside.

THAT was something that had never happened to me before, and the unique sensation of it was more than enough to get me started unloading myself into her warm oral cavity — and doing it hard enough that I thought my balls were going to end up in her mouth, too.

By the time my cock was done trying to spray nonexistent semen on her tonsils, all I could manage to do was lay there and pant. I was simply too wrung out from the intensity of the climax she'd produced to do anything but lay there. As my breathing slowly began to return to something approximating normal, I felt Tina swallow the cum she'd gotten from me before she used her mouth and lips to extract the last few drops from my wilting member. That accomplished, she was kind enough to use her tongue to lick my penis clean before releasing her hold on it in favor of moving back up my body.

I was simply too exhausted to try to kiss her, and she didn't show any inclination to kiss ME; instead, she once again straddled my waist before carefully letting her body come to rest on mine.

After a bit, I was able to bring my arms up and hold her after giving her a gentle hug (all I had the energy for). Following that, I mustered the energy it took to give her a kiss on the top of her head and softly tell her, "Thank you, Tina. That was even better than I hoped it would be."

She tilted her head back, and I could see the pleased and satisfied smile on her face as she answered, "I'm glad you liked it, Jeff. I liked doing that, and I wanted to try and make you feel as good as you've made me feel."

I managed to kiss her forehead and assured her, "Believe me, dear, you did," making her smile even wider before she let her head move forward again. Whether she knew how she'd tired me out or was just content to have me hold her, Tina didn't seem to feel any need for the two of us to talk.

I expect she knew I'd recovered when I began caressing her body and playing with her butt. That went on for a minute or so before she moved to rest on her side so she could look at me as she said, "If you can grab my butt, I think you can get up and help me clean up in the shower — I don't think Mom would appreciate me coming home smelling like I do."

With the prospect of showering with her ahead of me, I decided that getting up was worth it. Once I was standing next to her, she took me by the hand and led the way back to the bathroom. It's a good thing she already knew where it was, because my eyes were locked on her tight little ass clenching as

she walked. Once both of us were under the spray, I felt appreciably rejuvenated — enough so that Tina found it appropriate to laughingly chastise me for all the different things I was doing to her. She didn't hesitate to do much the same to me when she got the chance, though.

Dried and dressed again, Tina moved into my arms and hugged me fiercely before telling me, "It was really nice being here with you tonight, Jeff. As nice as the stuff that we did together was, what made it special was the way we talked, and the things that we got to say to each other."

I hugged her back, and answered, "I'm always glad to have you or your sisters over here — but tonight was special to ME, too, for the same things."

She hugged me again before releasing me; I let her go, too, and she took a step back and looked up at me to say, "I want you to know that I... I love you, Jeff."

I leaned forward enough to give her a soft kiss on the lips before saying, "I love you, too, dear."

Pleased (and somewhat relieved, I think) by what I'd said, Tina was smiling as she said, "I wish I could stay longer, but I'd better get home."

I nodded my understanding, and when she turned to leave, I gave her a pat on the butt. She turned her head to flash me a grin before making her way back home.

The several weeks that followed that night are among the finest of my life, for a couple of reasons. First, it was during that period that the three of them got into a rotation of coming over to "practice" oral sex every two or three days — which resulted in ME not only getting to sample fresh young pussy several times a week, but getting blowjobs to go along with the rest. The second reason is that I was getting blowjobs every couple of days for over a month and a half; as enthusiastic as they were, I was left feeling drained (no pun intended) after each visit. On top of that, even after I introduced them to the idea of "69", it still took up a fair amount of time to satisfy each of them. It finally got to the point that I had to tell them (much as I hated to) that they could only come over for help with schoolwork or to use the computer for a while. Needless to say, they were all disappointed, but realized on their own that they were beginning to overload me.

From the time that Jean and I had shared her hammock, we'd continued our casual relationship. There were only a few times that she said anything to me about what was going on between me and the girls. The first time was just a week or so after their first visit, and what she told me was, "I don't know what's going on with you and the girls — and don't want to know! — but I can tell you that I've never seen them so consistently happy. And it's flowing over into other things, like them keeping their rooms a lot cleaner than I'm used to, not fussing about their homework so much, and that kind of thing. So whatever you're doing, please keep doing it!"

Another was about halfway into the oral sex semi-marathon, when she simply observed, "I know the girls have been coming over to see you a lot the last few weeks. I don't know or care what's going on between you and them; I just hope you don't let them wear you out because you don't want to disappoint them. If they're grown up enough for what they're coming to you for, they're grown up enough to understand that there's THREE of them and just the ONE of you. Okay?"

Once the girls understood that I needed a little time off, they returned to only coming over for other things. School had let out, so there wasn't any homework assistance needed, and that cut down on the number of visits as well.

I'd gotten a full week of normal living when I was assigned to a project to develop a new product at work. The week after that, almost all of my time was occupied with working out the specifications and details of the new product — including spending a pretty fair amount of my time at home teaching myself some of the new technology that was to be included along with familiarizing myself with some of the other fields that the product was to deal with: as an electronics engineer, I was having to learn far more than I wanted to about biochemistry, for example. At the beginning of the project, Chris came over once to use my computer, and I explained to her that I was starting on something new at work, and had to use it myself because of how busy I was. She took it well enough, but got me into a little bit of a necking session with her before she left.

Several days later, on a Saturday afternoon, Joanne and Tina turned up — which surprised me a little. But I was taking a break from learning how to differentiate between protein shapes (lord, how I was starting to hate biochemistry by that point!), and went ahead and invited them in. It didn't take much for them to talk me into sitting between them on the couch... particularly when both took off the light shirts they were wearing and revealed that neither one had a bra on. Both opted to snuggle as close to me as they could get before pulling one of my arms around their shoulders and getting my hand on a breast. It was certainly a pleasant enough diversion having two very different but equally appealing mammaries to fondle as the three of us chatted a little bit.

The relaxation factor of having them there began to drop when they started asking me how soon we could start "doing other stuff again". When I reminded them that I was busy with my job, which paid my bills and all that, it got them started complaining that it had been "days and days and days" since we'd had any fun together. Despite their protests that they missed me and all the other justifications they came up with, the conversation began to get more than a little tiresome. I was on the verge of losing my patience (and temper) with them when I reminded myself that even though they had matured enough to become physically involved with me, they were still young enough that being patient still didn't come easily to them. After taking a deep breath to calm myself, I levelly asked them, "Instead of being upset that I can't do anything with you to make you feel good, why aren't you seeing if there isn't another way you can make it happen?"

"But we don't know anyone else that we could do stuff with!" Tina protested.

"Sure you do," I answered. "I can think of two people that might be able to help, and I'll bet you haven't even thought to find out yet."

"Who?" Joanne wanted to know.

"Your sisters," I replied.

Both of them looked at me in surprise before Tina objected, "But we're all girls!"

"Yes, you are — and delightfully so."

Joanne wanted to know, "If we did stuff with each other, wouldn't that mean we were, you know, lesbians or something?"

I snorted my derision before answering, "Just because someone is different by being gay or lesbian, it doesn't automatically mean they're bad or anything — only different. Besides, as much as you seem to like being with ME, I don't think you can be lesbian; so all it would mean is that you don't just like being with guys... that you can have just as much fun, only in a different way, with another girl."

Both of them still looked more than a little doubtful, so I told them, "Look, I've seen you taste your own juice, and you didn't think it was yucky or gross or anything. Why not find out if another girl tastes okay, too? If it turns out you don't like it, you can stop, and don't have to do it again. You like it when I use my mouth on you between your legs, and suck on your tits, and all that; so what's wrong with finding out if someone else can do it and make you feel good, too? Besides, your sister is another girl — don't you think she's going to know exactly what it feels like when someone sucks on your nipple, or touches you a certain way? And because she DOES know, she's going to be able to do those things differently... and maybe even better in some ways? You love me and trust me; don't you love and trust your sisters even MORE?"

They thought that over for a bit before Joanne told me, "I... I guess it would be okay to at least try, and find out..." with a nervous glance toward Tina, who accepted what her sister had said by telling me, "I don't think I'd even know how to start..."

"If you're both willing to find out, then why don't you finish getting naked while I get the blanket ready? Then I think I can help you get things moving," I offered.

It took a second or two, but both of them got up and reached for the waistbands of the shorts they were wearing. I got up, too, and had the blanket spread out and ready for them by the time they'd finished. Since they were looking a bit nervous, I asked them to remain standing while I took a position where I could see them and still be out of the way.

I started out by telling them, "You've grown up with your sister, and maybe you've gotten so used to seeing her that you haven't paid attention to how she looks. So what I want you to do is really look at her now. Not just her face, but all of her: how her body is shaped different — her neck and shoulders and sides and on down. I've already told you that I think you're pretty and sexy, so you shouldn't be comparing the two of you... just seeing how she's DIFFERENT than you." After giving them time to do so, I said, "Look at the different parts of her, now; the way her breasts are a different size and shape than you have, and how her nipples aren't the same as yours. Honestly, her breasts look pretty nice, don't they? If you didn't have the breasts YOU do, wouldn't hers be good to have? Move your eyes a little lower, and see how her belly looks. She's just as trim and smooth as you are, isn't she? And it looks good, doesn't it?"

After giving them a few seconds to think about it, I went on, "Lower down, you can see her hair — it's different than yours, but doesn't it still look sexy? You know what YOUR hair feels like, there... don't you wonder what hers is like? Wouldn't you like to find out? Between her legs, you know she looks a lot like you do — you can remember when you looked at each other and saw how you were the same and how you were different; now remember how she looked, and think about it. You didn't do anything then, but wouldn't you like to really look at her closer now, and even find out if her parts feel the same way yours do? Don't you think that she'd like to be touched in the same places and in the same ways that make YOU feel good?"

I let them think that over for a bit before saying, "She's your sister. You love her, and you KNOW you can trust her — why not give her a kiss? Use just your lips to try and tell her how important she is to you, and how much you care for her."

After a false start, they did as I suggested; leaning forward, they brought their lips together. I could tell that they were a little hesitant at first, but it took only a few seconds for them to get into the spirit of the thing; once that started, it was but a few moments before it was clear that they were doing just what I

wanted them to: each of them using her lips to express her love for the other.

When they finally pulled apart, they were looking at each other in a different way. Softly, so as not to draw too much of their attention away from each other, I told them, "Now she knows you love her — and you know that she loves YOU. Go ahead and kiss her again, if you want — and don't be afraid to touch her, and feel how smooth and soft her skin is, and how nice it feels."

They did as I bid them, each raising a hand to lightly caress the other. They started by just touching the other's side, but easily moved to include waists and hips before moving apart again. Still keeping my voice low, I continued, "That felt GOOD, didn't it? Not just the way your sister's skin felt, but the way she was touching YOU, too. Don't you think she might like it if you touched her breast the same way you like YOURS touched? Wouldn't you like to learn how HER breast feels different and the same as yours?"

Without my prompting, they leaned into another kiss — and without the slightest hesitation by either one of them, each raised a hand and cupped the other's breast for a moment before going on to gently explore it: hefting it slightly, carefully squeezing it, and softly exploring each other's areola and nipple. From where I was, I could easily see both pairs of nipples begin to erect, which only prompted them to continue their respective explorations. When they finally broke apart, both had developed a light flush and were panting slightly. The last thing for me to do was offer, "If it felt that good to just touch her breast, doing more would probably feel even better. Go ahead and see how much nicer it can be."

That little bit of prompting got them to stand right in front of each other and begin kissing again while their hands wandered all over each other's bodies. I began to detect the aroma of aroused female, and it wasn't much longer before they were helping each other move to the floor. Once there, they got even more involved (and intimate) with each other: even as their kisses were becoming more and more impassioned, Tina released the tender hold she had on one of Joanne's breasts and began caressing Joanne's body — except that the movement of her hand looked to be slowly but inexorably toward her sister's pelvis. Sure enough, her hand finally slipped between Joanne's thighs and began investigating the treasures waiting there. Not only didn't Joanne object, she parted her legs to give Tina easier access... followed by unashamedly moving her touch to the younger girls pelvis, in return.

As I watched, both of them began cautiously stroking the other; it couldn't have taken as much as a couple of minutes until they were plainly using their hands to caress vaginal entrances and tease clitorises — and visibly getting wetter and more aroused the longer it went on. As much as I wanted to stay and see how much of what they'd do to and with each other, and for how long, I still had to get back to work — which made me hate biochemistry even more. Forcing myself to leave the sight of them, I made my way back to where my computer was.

Somehow, I managed to keep my attention and efforts on what I was supposed to be doing, instead of what I knew had to be happening in the other room. When I finally looked up from what I was doing, nearly two hours had gone by. After standing up and stretching hard enough that I heard joints crackle, I went off in search of something to eat and drink, and as I passed the living room, I was shocked to see that Joanne and Tina were still there. Moving closer, I could see that both were asleep — holding each other, their legs akimbo, the lower halves of their faces still shiny, but asleep. On top of that, the air in the room was still thick with the smell of their arousal. Amused and aroused by the sight of them, I knew that they still had to get home before too much longer; I made my way into the kitchen and got some prepackaged lasagne going in the oven before collecting sodas for all of us and going back to the

living room. After setting the sodas where they'd be handy for all of us, I went about waking them up as gently as I could, consistent with having a little fun of my own. Extending both hands, I began softly caressing one of each pair of breasts until both of them had opened their eyes. On seeing that it was me, both of them got expressions of mixed embarrassment and delight. I sat on the floor facing them, and told them I'd brought them something to drink before opening my own soda. Both sat up and found their respective drink before unconcernedly sitting cross-legged facing me. The view was nice, so I didn't complain.

Once we'd all taken a drink I couldn't help asking, "So, I guess being with another girl wasn't so bad, after all?" teasing them.

Both blushed and shared a look before Tina answered, "Not even a little bit," followed by Joanne telling me, "It was a lot better and nicer than I thought it could be, once we got going," followed by a blush at the implication of that last bit.

I just smiled and told them, "That was for you two, not me; that's why I left after you laid down on the floor. I don't know what happened after that."

They looked like they weren't entirely sure I wasn't just trying to make them feel better; after a few moments, Joanne asked, "You really didn't see?"

"Nope. Like I said, I left right after you laid down; I was working on my computer from then until about" — I checked my watch — "not even ten minutes ago. That's when I got up and came in to start some supper and get something to drink. I was pretty surprised to see that you were still here." After a few moments, I told her, "I told you, I knew this was the first time for something like that for you, and I figured it was just for the two of you. If you ever start having fun together like that while I'm around, which I hope you'll do some day, I'd love to see it. But I'm not going to try to spy on you or get in the way of whatever you're doing."

It was Tina that asked, "You... you'd want to see us doing stuff together? Why?"

"I'd like very much to see it. As for why... all I can tell you is that I think both of you are very pretty and very sexy, and I think it would be really sexy to watch the two of you making each other feel good. Watching two women together is a pretty common fantasy and turn-on for most guys, anyway; seeing two sexy young women that I know and have been with — well, that would make it extra special for me," I answered. A moment later, I added, "Even better if it was okay for me to join in," with a smile — and making both of them laugh.

A few moments later, they leaned toward each other and had a brief whispered conversation. Curious, but unconcerned, I waited until they were done. When they sat up again, Joanne spoke first, asking, "You said you stopped what you were doing so you could have some supper?"

I said that I had, and she wanted to know, "Does that mean you've got some time that you don't really have to DO anything?"

After I told them it did, Tina said, "We were wondering... if you had the time, and you wanted to... if it you'd like to be with US. We know there's two of us, and that you probably still have work to do, but if you can, it'd be nice. We had fun together, but both of us still prefer you."

Regretfully, I told them, "I'd like to — I really would. But I've already got my supper in the oven, and like you said, there's two of you."

They leaned over for another whispered conversation, and had sat up again before Joanne said, "Would it work if one of us used her mouth on you, and you did that for the other one? Then when the one you were taking care of had an orgasm, we'd switch. After that, whichever one of us finished first would take care of your supper until you were done."

On first hearing her idea, it sounded plausible. Then as I thought about it a little more, I realized that it probably WOULD work... and sounded like a hell of a lot of fun; the worst I figured could happen was that my lasagna would be a little over-done — which was a pretty small price to pay. I gave them my answer by standing up and getting my clothes off as fast as I could, to their visible delight. Once I was naked, I quickly moved to stretch out on the blanket; Joanne moved toward my head while Tina took station near my pelvis.

Smiling, Joanne carefully got herself situated straddling my head — making it possible for me to see that her pubic hair was still damp, presumably with a mixture of her oils and Tina's saliva. The image THAT thought put into my head had my cock beginning to inflate even before Tina got her hand on it. After only a little minor adjustment, Joanne was in the perfect position for me to lift my head slightly and run my tongue between her visible and slightly parted labia. With my nose practically buried in her muff, it was plain as could be that I'd been right about why it was damp: the smell of her was almost tangible. But that was something for later consideration; just then, I had my hands on Joanne's incredibly cute ass while I tried to see if I could lick her tonsils from where I was. My efforts to see if I could get my tongue through or past the gate leading to Joanne's womanhood uniformly failed, despite my repeated and MOST sincere efforts. It wasn't that I couldn't learn from those failures, but that it was so damn much fun trying — and that Joanne so greatly appreciated the attempts. That left me with nothing better to do than get her as worked up as I could, and happily console myself with the taste of the nectar she gifted me with as a result.

Farther down my body, Tina hadn't stroked my semi-erect cock for very long before taking almost the entire thing in her mouth and going to work on it with her tongue. Between that and the images running through my mind about how and why Joanne's bush smelled so much like her juices, it didn't take much time before she had to let more and more of my growing member slip back from between her lips. Knowing that it was going to be up to her sister to finish me off, Tina dedicated herself to bringing me as much pleasure as she could short of making me climax... and it was a sweet, sweet kind of torture that I gratefully endured.

Above my head, Joanne was showing the effects of my commitment to pleasuring HER: she had started moaning almost constantly, and my hands on her ass were just able to keep the involuntary movements of her pelvis minimized so I could continue my labors of love. Between bouts of licking and softly sucking on her labia and bedeviling her clitoris with my tongue, I had the distinct pleasure and honor of lapping up the juices that were escaping Joanne in an almost constant trickle.

When I realized that I was delaying Joanne's orgasm, it also occurred to me that I was using energy that I'd need for Tina as well as running a very real risk of ruining my supper. While the possibility of losing my meal was only the most trivial of concerns, the risk of somehow disappointing Tina was unthinkable. So rather than continue dawdling with Joanne, I decided that it was better if I got her off — both sexually, and me personally. With that settled in my mind, I went about doing the things that I'd learned she particularly liked and kept at them. It wasn't but a few minutes later that I felt her freeze over me as she began to orgasm.

With the start of her release, her clitoris turned shy and hid from me so that all that was left for me to do was resume lapping up the oils that her clenching vagina had started pushing out as little wavelets in time with the spasms of pleasure coursing through her. Under my hands, I felt the firm muscles in her ass tighten and relax, too.

Since she was a little unsteady afterwards, I moved my hands to her hips to help stabilize her as she slowly moved herself from over my face. Once she had both knees on the same side of my head, she sat back for a few seconds before telling me, "You don't do that better or worse than Tina does, just different... and it feels so good, no matter WHICH one of you it is!"

Tina saw when Joanne moved off of me, and gradually ceased her efforts. After she let my erect cock slip from between her lips, she made her way up next to Joanne; when Joanne realized that Tina was next to her, she casually moved to give her sister a kiss while Tina cupped Joanne's breasts in her hands and teased her nipples. They went on like that for several seconds before breaking apart again. When they turned back toward me, they realized that I'd seen what they'd done and looked a little concerned. I didn't hesitate to tell them, "Yes, I saw — and it's okay. I know you love each other, and it was actually quite lovely watching you. You can kiss and touch as much as you want to, and it won't bother me a bit."

As if to test what I'd just told them, they turned slightly so they were facing each other before kissing again and gently toying with each other's breasts. With the end of their kiss, both looked over to see what reaction I had... and saw that I simply didn't have one. Accepting that I really didn't mind what they did, they moved a little closer and put an arm around each other's waists before Joanne told me "It's up to you if you want to wait until I get myself together a little more and can start taking care of you before you do anything with Tina, or you can start with her whenever you want, and I'll do you as soon as I'm ready."

It took me about zero seconds flat to say, "I'm ready whenever Tina is."

Pleased by my answer, Tina eagerly got to her knees and made her way toward my head. Once she was close enough, she let me help guide her leg over me before getting herself positioned. I raised my hands to her ass and gave it a firm squeeze before moving them around to her waist and then up to her breasts. As I started tweaking her already-erecting nipples, I raised my head and got her dark, soft bush pressed against my upper lip before running my tongue along her cleft; whether because she was still aroused from what she'd been doing with her sister or because she got excited from what she'd been doing to me, Tina's labia were already separated and the area between them (and her vaginal opening) distinctly wet.

With my nose that close to the dense mat of her, there was no mistaking that she'd had as good of a time as Joanne in learning how to be with another girl: her bush wasn't any dryer than Joanne's had been, and smelled just as strongly of her own essence.

Knowing that it wouldn't take long for me to climax once Joanne got started on me, I went to work on Tina with a will. After carefully sucking her nectar off of her smooth labia, I put my tongue to work on her erect clitoris. Going from softly caressing it to firmly circling it to fluttering the tip across it and more, I did everything that I knew pleased her — and did it with a single-mindedness of purpose. It took only a couple of minutes of focused effort until I felt my chin begin to get wet with the overflow of her juices; that was my cue to shift my attentions to that part of her and treat myself to her delectable flavor before trying to see if I could open the mouth of her womanhood with my tongue.

I hadn't been at that little task for long when I felt Joanne settle herself between my legs. A few moments later, and my erect penis was nearly enveloped by the warm, wet cavern of her mouth. She held me still in her mouth, lightly massaging the underside of my penis with her tongue as though she wanted to savor the experience after having done without it for too long.

About the time that I returned my attentions to Tina's clitoris, Joanne decided that she'd had enough savoring and began applying herself to stimulating and satisfying me.

Over the course of the next several minutes, it took a major focus on my part to keep the stimulation and pleasure I was providing Tina ahead of the arousal that Joanne was giving ME. I was approaching the point of no return when I succeeded in pushing Tina into an orgasm with a furious fluttering of my tongue across her clitoris. That little bundle of pleasure promptly hid itself, but that didn't stop me from gently circling the area with a firm pressure to prolong and intensify the waves of pleasure and release I could feel coursing through her young body.

When the spasming of her body had tapered off, Tina leaned forward to support herself with her arms before looking down at me and saying, "You do that way different than Joanne, but it still feels so good!"

While Tina got some of her energy back, I shifted my hands away from her lovely mammaries and back to the firm mounds of her ass — caressing and squeezing it until she was able to move herself off of me and relocate off to the side. That left me free to enjoy the sensations Joanne was generating with her incredible oral talents. Even knowing that I'd finished with Tina, Joanne didn't suddenly start doing her best to make me climax; rather, she ramped up her efforts over the course of a couple of minutes. Somehow, her doing that was far more erotic and satisfying than if she'd done something more dramatic sooner. I could feel my balls slowly pulling up in her hand and my erection getting harder when Joanne applied something she'd gotten from Tina's playbook: lightly dragging her fingernails along my scrotum.

That seemingly simple action pushed me way past my tripping point, and I began to flood her mouth with what felt like firehose-powered jets of my semen. As always, her only reaction was to swallow my cum as fast as she got it while doing her best to make the experience as strong as powerful for me as she could.

When I fell back gasping, I felt her start using her ever so talented lips and tongue to ensure she'd gotten all of the cum that I had to offer before tenderly cleaning my deflating member of any residue. Once she was satisfied with her handiwork, she moved up to lie next to me so she could lay her head on my shoulder. I got an arm around her and gave her a hug before telling her, "Thanks, Joanne. That felt great!"

She giggled, then told me, "I know you liked it, and I was glad to do it for you. I could tell that you haven't done anything for a while because of how much of your juice there was, and how hard it came out. It kinda surprised me — but in a good way," before trying to snuggle a little closer.

Just then, I saw Tina come into the living room; I hadn't noticed her leave (I WAS a bit distracted, after all!), but I figured that she'd checked on the food I'd stuck in the oven. As she moved to mirror Joanne's position next to me, she told me, "Your lasagna was almost done, so I just turned the stove off and left the tray in there so it finished cooking but didn't get cold — I was thinking that maybe you'd like to clean up in the shower with us."

"That's fine, and yes I would. Just as soon as my heart starts again, anyway." I'd teased them several times about how I thought they were insatiable sex maniacs that were likely to give me a heart attack, and both of them laughed briefly before Joanne told me, "Come on, Jeff. We know you liked that."

Seriously, I told them, "Yeah, I did like it — and once again, I'm glad and relieved that I didn't die in the process of trying to satiate you two nymphos," making them laugh again. After a couple of minutes, Joanne got up, quickly followed by Tina. Both of them were looking down at me as Tina said, "Okay, Jeff, time to clean up. We have to get home, and you've got supper waiting. If you can get up by yourself, we'll let you molest us while we clean up, you dirty old man."

With the promise of a reward, I managed to get to my feet under my own power; Joanne and Tina were both grinning at me as each put an arm around my waist and guided me back to the bathroom. True to their word, they let me molest them as we cleaned each other off.

Dried and dressed again, each gave me a loving kiss and received some affectionate ass fondling before they headed home with happy smiles on their faces.

Another week saw me through to the end of the busy part of the project I was on at work. With my time at home my own again, the girls were more than happy to be able to resume their visits — though at a notably less demanding frequency. That left me the time and freedom to introduce them to some of the more sybaritic activities that we could engage in, such as extended bubble baths together, massages (both giving and receiving), and so on.

There was roughly a month left before school started again, and Jean had come over to my place to watch a movie with me on my larger TV set. It was a romantic comedy of some kind, and after it was over she remained nestled into my side while the two of us idly chatted. There had been a lull in the conversation that she ended by asking me, "Jeff, can I ask you a favor? A big one?"

"No, I'm not going to join you on your new career as a bank robber. The retirement plan isn't good enough."

She laughed before telling me, "No, it's even bigger than that."

I turned to look at her and raised an eyebrow; she answered the unspoken question by telling me, "You probably remember that the government did some things that caused big changes in the insurance industry. To comply with some new regulations, my company has been holding classes to make everyone aware of what all the changes mean and let us all know what we're going to have to start doing differently. The classes aren't something everybody has to go to, of course, but it's just my luck that I'm one of those that do. It takes an entire week AND a couple of days of another one; I was able to put it off the first couple of times it was scheduled because of the girls and that it was during the school year. But the next one is in a week, and if I don't make it to THAT one, I'll lose my eligibility for raises and promotions — so I have to get to it. So the favor I have to ask is if you could watch after the girls while I'm gone. They're old enough that I'm not worried about them burning the house down or anything like that, and but they're still young enough that I don't want to leave them alone, either. I'm not asking you to actually stay at my place every night, or for them to stay here; I just need someone I trust to check in on them often enough to make sure everything's okay."

I didn't have to think about it but for a few moments before I told her, "Sure, I can do that. Do you have a whip and chair and pistol I can use to keep them in line?"

She laughed again, then answered, "I don't think it'll be THAT bad. I figured to cook some extra meals and put them in the fridge before I go, so all they'll have to do is warm them up for supper; and I'll leave you some money so you can take them out for fast food a couple of times, too. Of course, it's okay with me if they want to spend a few evenings with you, either here or at my place. They've got plenty to do during the daytime, and I'll be back well before they need to go out shopping to get ready for school."

"That all sounds fine," I told her, "except for the fast food part. Keep your money for while you're at the class, and I'll take them out to get fed."

"No, you won't, either. Dammit, they're my daughters, and it's not up to you to have to feed them," she responded, getting worked up. She invariably protested (vehemently) if I said anything about spending money on her or the girls; if I just went ahead and did it without her knowledge, she always accepted it with grace and appreciation. She was an example of why someone invented the phrase, "it's easier to ask forgiveness than get permission".

"Yes, I will. You know you can't afford to pay for fast food for all of them that many times. You can leave the money if you want, but it'll still be here when you get back. I like taking them out, so it'll be fun. Besides," I sniffed, "there isn't any way you can MAKE me use your money, or be sure that I used it they way you wanted if I did spend it."

I heard her mutter something about my ancestry, but ignored it in favor of giving her a brief hug. After a few seconds, she'd calmed down enough that I felt it was safe enough to tell her, "In fact, if you want to use it to beat them into submission, you can tell them that I might actually take them out to dinner — IF they behave themselves and act responsibly enough. I wouldn't mind celebrating being done with that biochem crap, and that's as good a reason to go out as any."

She said something about "macho" and "asshole" under her breath, but I knew it wasn't about me, so I waited until she told me, "Okay, fine, you can take them out to dinner," still a little peeved.

To settle her down again, I managed to get my mouth next to her ear so I could whisper, "Souhaitez-vous joindre à moi pour certains... hubba-hubba?" using nearly half of the French that I'd ever managed to retain.

She had no idea what I'd actually said, but knowing me, had a pretty good idea of the nature of it. The mixture of French and "slang" amused her (as I'd figured it would), and she couldn't help laughing before playfully slapping at my chest and telling me, "Dammit, Jeff! If you're going to go hitting on me, at least do it in something I understand!"

I started giving her little caresses all over (except the fun bits, of course) while faking undying love and unmitigated desire while saying things like, "Mon amour!" and, "You are such a goddess!" and similar overdone declarations in a deliberately atrocious French accent. That got her laughing even harder as she playfully fended off my "advances". It ended when I slid off the couch, and she fell on top of me ("Mon dieu! Ah ahm ze squished!" I protested, earning myself a jab from her), both of us laughing almost hysterically.

I got my arms around her, and she didn't mind lying on top of me as both of us got our breath back — something that took longer than it should have because I kept trying to nuzzle her neck while continuing the French lover schtick, which gave her a case of the giggles every time I did it.

We were still lying there panting when Joanne came over to see where her mother was. Both of us saw her about the same time, but being in marginally better shape, I declared (still in French accent) "Madame! Please to control yourself! We have ze witnesses!" as though Jean was the aggressor, prompting her to go into another bout laughter before Joanne smiled and walked away shaking her head.

When Jean told the girls about her having to attend the class and what the arrangements were, they were as serious about it as she'd hoped for. But when they came over to ME, they made it more than clear that they were eagerly looking forward to the time that we could have together. I tried to dampen their expectations as best I could, but they were still anticipating that we'd all be having more than the usual amount of fun together.

We all saw Jean off on her trip; after her plane had taken off, the girls looked like they were a little saddened by the prospect of her being gone, so I suggested we stop off for pizza on the way home. Eating "out" or having something delivered was rare enough for them that my offer was no small treat. They all agreed, and cheered up considerably over the course of the meal.

When we got home, however, they realized again that they'd be mostly on their own for over a week. All they wanted to do that first night was listlessly watch television. When it got late enough for them to go to bed, even the kisses they gave me were half-hearted. I figured they'd perk up the next day when they could start enjoying their greater freedom.

That proved to be the case. Though they did check in with me (calling me on my cell phone at work, if necessary) about where they were going and what they were going to do when they got there, they didn't much have to really answer to anybody: they went "shopping" at the mall (without buying anything), hung out with their friends, and generally did the things they usually did during summer vacation. It was when I got home from work and found all three of them waiting for me that I knew they were feeling the absence of Jean. At my suggestion, we went to a video store to get a couple of movies to watch. I let them talk me into getting one that was quite a bit racier than I knew they usually got to see. Back at my place again, Chris and Joanne teamed up to prepare one of the meals their mother had started, leaving me and Tina to sit on the couch and make out. When we'd finished supper, they were adamant that they'd be the ones to clean up — without my help, thank you very much! I willingly left them to it, and it wasn't long before they joined me in the living room. We were all scattered around the living room during the first movie, a comedy. But when it came time to start the second, things changed.

To start with, all three of them casually rid themselves of the clothing they'd been wearing before teasing me into following their example. When I sat down on the couch again, I learned that Joanne and Tina were going to keep each other company while Chris wanted to sit on my lap. And by "sit on my lap", she meant sit on my lap: after planting her fanny on my lap with her back to me, she calmly proceeded to bring her legs up and get them positioned on either side of mine... leaving her straddling my legs. Once she was satisfied with the situation, she reached to take hold of my wrists and pull my arms around herself. At that point, I didn't need to be clubbed on the head any more, and voluntarily got one of my hands on her breast.

For their part, Tina and Joanne had contented themselves with simply snuggling together; I'm sure it was purely coincidental that both had their hands free, and were positioned so as to provide easy access to any interesting parts to the other.

With all of us settled in for the duration, I started the movie. It turned out to be fairly interesting; it's just that any intimacy between male and female characters tended to be rather more explicit than I'd thought it would be. Enough so, in fact, that the combination of watching what was going on on the screen and feeling Chris's tender body next to mine (and shifting around) ultimately brought my cock to something more than semi-erect. Truth be told, it was hard enough that I could feel it starting to lightly press against the bottom of Chris's mons. Rather than being concerned about it, however, the little imp took advantage of the situation to begin slowly rocking herself back and forth on my lap — effectively rubbing herself along the top of it, which only got me that much harder... which only let her press herself against it that much better. After a few minutes of that, I finally quit worrying about it in favor of not just enjoying the situation but making my own contribution by beginning to caress Chris's breasts and teasing her nipples.

As the movie progressed, and the activity between the men and women got more involved, Chris surprised me by taking one of my hands off her breast and unceremoniously moving it down to her pelvis. No further prompting was needed for me to ease my hand between her spread thighs and start giving her the kind of attention she was giving ME. Shortly after I started toying with her clitoris, I realized that the aroma of excited female was a bit stronger than could be explained by what I was doing to Chris; when I looked over to where Tina and Joanne were, I saw that each had a hand busy between the other's thighs. I continued to look at them for a bit, and watched as they shared a few kisses and took turns briefly nursing at each other's breast.

Still, I had Chris on my lap and under my hands, and I returned my attention to where it was supposed to be. While keeping one hand busy between Chris's warm thighs, the other was serving double duty by tending to both of her breasts... caressing them, gently squeezing them, and keeping her areolas swollen and her nipples standing tall.

I'll confess that I'm not sure when the movie was over, or how it ended. At the time, I was rather busy with Chris: she'd gotten aroused enough that she was depositing a healthy film of her oils along the top of nearly the entire length of my erection, and I was collecting samples of it often enough to ensure that the tip of my finger stayed lubricated as I used it on her exposed clitoris. When I managed more than a casual glance over to where Joanne and Tina were, I learned that they'd shifted position enough to let each of them get one hand between her sister's thighs and the other on one of her sister's breasts — while the two of them were in what was patently a deep and passionate kiss.

Back on my lap, Chris was starting to wriggle around a little and began making the little noises that signalled she was getting close to having an orgasm. I certainly didn't have any objections, and even went so far as to add even more to the stimulation she was feeling by tilting my head such that I could begin softly nibbling on her earlobes while shifting what I was doing to her nipples from simply teasing and gently pulling on them to firmly squeezing them and even giving them little pinches. The aroused noises she was making increased dramatically in response, and just a couple of minutes of that treatment was all it took for her slide into a clearly powerful orgasm.

She stopped sliding herself on my penis, and with the disappearance of her clitoris, I moved my hand back up so that I could hold her securely as her body shook with the force of the waves of pleasure running through her. Her orgasm hit her hard enough that, from the corner of my eye, I could see that Tina and Joanne stopped what they were doing long enough to look over at us and make sure everything was okay.

With the end of her release, Chris became a little unsteady and I gladly pulled her close and held her against my chest as she panted her way through telling me, "GOD, that was good!"

A moment later, she turned her head enough to look at me and say, "When you started biting my ear, it felt really sexy; but that other stuff you were doing to my boobs got me hotter than I thought anything COULD."

I gave her a tender kiss and answered, "I'm glad you liked it. I figured biting your ears would be okay, and I knew you'd say something if you didn't like the other part."

She thought about it for a few seconds before telling me, "I don't think I'd like it if you did that every time... but sometimes is okay."

"I can do that," I assured her. As I was kissing her again, we heard one of Tina and Joanne cry out with the start of an orgasm; when I pulled my head back, Chris told me, "Now it's my turn to make YOU feel good," eagerly. She started to move, and I released my loose hold on her so she could scramble off my lap and stand on the floor. She quickly turned around and moved to her knees; after pushing my legs apart, she moved close enough to lean down and take the head of my stiff cock between her lips without bothering to use a hand to steady it. Instead, she used one hand to cup my balls as she walked her lips down my shaft until she couldn't get any more of me into her mouth.

After gently sucking on me for a few seconds, Chris let me slip from between her lips far enough that she could begin using her tongue to rub along the underside as she gently rolled my balls in her hand. That was the kind of thing I needed to get me moving well on the way toward having my own climax.

As Chris began slowly bobbing her head up and down, I chanced to turn and look over to where Joanne and Tina were; it was obvious that it had been Joanne that had climaxed because she had her hand busy between Tina's thighs while licking and sucking on the dark erect peaks of the younger girl's breasts. The sight was incredibly erotic while remaining lovingly familial; I found myself wishing I could be present when the two of them really wanted to get each other off.

I felt a change in the way Chris was using her mouth on me. When I looked down at her, I could see that she'd not only noticed where I'd been looking, but had also apparently noticed my involuntary reaction to it. Lifting her head, she quietly told me, "It's okay, Jeff — I like watching them like that, too..." before wrapping her lips around me again and resumed sliding her lips up and down my erection.

Hearing that got my mind thinking about how and when Chris had gotten to watch her sisters; it wasn't much more for me to wonder if she'd engaged in anything like that with either of them. The idea that she had got me imagining what it might have looked like, and my arousal began to increase dramatically. When Chris started gently sucking on me as she moved her lips and tongue up and down my length, it was easily enough to push me past the point of no return. I expect that Chris could tell what was happening to me because she started twisting her head back and forth as it bobbed over my manhood. Watching her, and knowing that she not only wanted me to cum in her mouth but actually liked it... it got to be too much for me, and I could feel myself tense up as I prepared to give her what she wanted.

A few more head-bobs by her, and I felt my balls pull up and my cock suddenly get harder; Chris felt it, too, and took as much of me between her lips as she could just ahead of the first spray of semen erupting into her mouth. As I continued to empty myself into her mouth, she used her tongue to

massage my cock just behind the head, prodding me into dumping as much cum as I could into her oral cavity.

With the end of my release, Chris happily swallowed the semen already in her mouth before tightening her lips around me and using them to both milk me of any last few drops and squeegee my penis clean. Satisfied with her handiwork, she gave the head one last quick lick before standing up and moving to sit on my lap — with her legs off to the side so she could nestle against my chest while I held her as the two of us watched Joanne finally bring Tina to an orgasm.

When Tina's orgasm ended and Joanne sat back against the couch again, Chris indicated she wanted to get up. I took my arms from around her and she headed out of the living room. A minute or so later, she was back, bearing cold sodas for all of us. I helped her distribute them before she climbed back on my lap and pulled my arm around her again. All four of us sat quietly on the couch for several minutes as we got our energy back.

I was the one to break the companionable silence by telling them, "As much as I hate to say this, it's getting late — and I still have to get up and go to work in the morning. So it's probably time for all of us to clean up at least a little bit before bedtime."

After some token complaining, they agreed that it might be a good idea; I suggested that Joanne and Tina use the shower first, which they did. While they were gone, I used the opportunity to chat with Chris a little bit and make sure everything was okay... that she wasn't missing her mother too much, that she didn't think she was being left out of anything, and so on. She was able to assure me that everything was fine by the time her sisters got out of the bathroom. Chris happily accepted my offer to clean up with her and the two of us had a dandy (if brief) shower.

Back in the living room, Tina and Joanne had both gotten dressed again. As Chris got her clothes back on, I made my good nights to them — which involved not just an exchange of kisses but a fair amount of groping and fondling, as well. By the time we were done, Chris was anxiously awaiting her turn, and proved to be as good at extending goodnights as her sisters. Finally, though, the three of them got moving back to their house.

The next night, I went over to their place and got all of them involved in a boardgame. After contriving to be the first one to lose, I used the opportunity to call Jean and have the charges billed to MY phone. Once I had her on the line, I quickly gave her an update on how things were going before letting the girls know their mother was on the phone. I told them to talk as long as they wanted to before settling myself down out of earshot of where they were. Despite Jean's protests to the contrary, I knew that her budget was limited enough that she wouldn't call home while at the class: she'd know that all of them would spend a lot of time talking, putting the expense of the call out of reach. When all of them were done talking, Joanne let me know that their mother wanted to speak to me again. As soon as I said, "Hi, Jean," she lit into me, complaining that she knew I'd billed it to my phone, that they'd all talked too long, and so on. When she wound down, I simply told her, "Look, I know damn well that you miss them, and they miss you. All of you talked, and now all of you feel better. I'll never tell you what it cost, so don't bother saying you'll pay me back; it was worth it to me to make all of you happy."

She called me a name, but I could hear the happiness in her voice when she told me, "Thank you, Jeff," too.

After a bit, the girls got back to the game, and I was content to sit off to the side and watch them — not

just how pretty and sexy they were, but how they interacted with each other, and how their personalities were so different. I got so wrapped up in my thoughts that they had to tell me twice when they'd finished... to their considerable amusement. After kisses and molestations were passed around, I went back to my place to go to bed — but only after I'd let them talk me into letting all of them sleep at my place the next night.

To my surprise, they didn't come over to my house the next day until after I'd had supper. When I asked why, Tina shyly told me, "You're being so nice about making sure we're okay while Mom's gone, and we didn't want to, like, smother you by being around all the time."

I quickly assured them that I wasn't doing anything I didn't want to, and that I really did like having them around. It was Chris that teasingly told me, "Oh, sure you do. You just like to be able to play with our butts whenever you want to!" making all of us laugh.

They weren't interested in watching a movie, and the game the night before had been enough, so they were perfectly fine with the idea of just watching television. I stretched out on the couch at an angle, leaving room for Joanne to lie next to me with my arm around her. Chris and Tina were fine with lying down and snuggling on the floor (once they'd put the blanket down). As the evening progressed, it didn't escape my attention that each of them got a chance to lie on the couch with me while the other two were on the floor. After the late news ended, I announced my intention of going to bed; Chris and Joanne went about collecting a set of sheets and another blanket. When I saw that there were only a couple of cushions going to be used as pillows, I asked who was sleeping in the garage. All of them laughed before Tina told me, "We talked about it before we came over, and if it's okay with you, I'd like to sleep in bed with you tonight. I know nothing's going to happen; I just want to find out what it's like to spend a whole night with a guy."

I knew nothing was going to happen, too, and after thinking about it for a moment, agreed that it was okay before telling her, "But if you start snoring, I'll trade you out for Joanne!", making her and her sister both smile.

I waited until Chris and Joanne had gotten their sleeping arrangements finished and they were ready for bed (that is, naked), wished both of them a good night and pleasant dreams, then put my arm around Tina and walked back to my bedroom with her. She didn't show even a trace of nervousness or apprehension along the way, and when we got to where we were standing by the bed, she calmly got just as naked as her sisters. I followed her example, and the two of us slid under the covers at almost the same time. I rolled onto my side, and just as I thought she would, Tina did the same before backing up to spoon with me. I didn't need to be told to put my arm around her, and cup her breast in my hand. I gave her shoulder a soft kiss, and I heard her sigh in happiness. We laid there quietly for a while before I heard her softly ask, "Jeff? Are you asleep?"

"Not yet, sweetheart. Why?"

"I just wanted to tell you I know how much you've done for me. Not just talking to me about sex stuff, and helping me learn about it, but everything else — coming to school stuff for me, getting me stuff for Christmas and my birthdays that made them extra special, putting up with me when I was a pain in the butt, talking to me when I was little like the stuff I was interested in was important to you as it was to me then, making me feel better when I was unhappy or something was bothering me, and all the rest of it. You've never treated me any different that you did Joanne or Chris, and that means a LOT to me. And now, you're letting me learn how to be grown up by doing stuff like letting me be in bed with you

like this. Mom okayed it for me to start using birth control, too; she told me that she's proud of me for being as mature as I am. But I don't think she'd be like that with me if it wasn't for you — not just for whatever you've said to her, but because, like I said, you've let me learn how to be grown up. You've never pushed me to do anything I didn't want, and you've been willing to let me make mistakes if that was what had to happen. I know there's still a lot more that I have to learn, but you've done so much to help me learn how to learn what I need to know. And most important of all, you've taught me that no matter what else happens, I'm the one responsible for what I do... and it's up to me to make sure of what I want, instead of just doing stuff. I'm actually happy about what I'm like, and I know that I owe a lot of it to you."

Surprised by what she'd said, I remained silent while I worked out how to answer. When I'd gotten my thoughts together, I told her, "The things I've done for you and your sisters and your mom... I did them because I could see that you were already good people, and that you were having a tough time that you didn't deserve. If you think I was nice to you even when you were being a pain in the butt, it's because you spent so little time BEING one, and were so good the rest of the time. Your mom and I... we've both helped each other see and understand that you and your sisters are growing up, and not the little girls that we remember you as. Whatever I've done to help, it's been because I know what kind of young ladies you are and are going to be as you get older. And I've seen how mature and everything you are, and I'm proud of whatever part I've had in that happening, for all of you. I love you, and your sisters, more than I could ever tell you; and if you're happy with the person you are, then that's all I could ask for."

As I finished, I could hear Tina start to sniffle, and quickly got her to roll over so I could hold her in my arms. To my considerable relief, she didn't go into a full crying jag; it was enough for her to shed a few tears before telling me, "I love you, too, Jeff — and I'm never going to forget you and everything you've done."

I caressed her back until she got herself back under control, then gave her a soft kiss and said, "If you're feeling better now, I still need to get some sleep before I go in to work tomorrow."

She happily nodded that she was, gave me a quick peck on the cheek, and rolled over again. In the process of trying to fuse herself to my front, she contrived to get my penis tucked along the cleft of her ass before moving my hand to her breast and holding it there. Finally settled in, she told me, "Good night, Jeff... and thank you."

I heard and felt her breathing slow as she gradually fell asleep — well ahead of when I managed to do so.

I had enough experience with women that I told them over breakfast the next morning that I was taking them all out to dinner that evening; I knew full well that they'd want as much time as they could get to prepare. When asked, I let them know I was celebrating being past the hard part of the new project I was on, and was going someplace "nice" — so I wanted them to get "all gussied up" so I could show them off. I had a fair idea of what kind of clothes they had and what they had available to accessorize with, and had made a reservation at a place where they wouldn't be overwhelmed or out of place. All of them assured me that they'd be ready by the time we had to leave. When I left for work, the kisses I got from all of them were enthusiastic enough to make it clear how ecstatic they were about going out.

They weren't there when I got home, so I went in and took a quick shower before getting ready; I was still getting dressed when I heard them let themselves in. I called out to tell them that I was almost

ready and heard Joanne answer, "Not for us, you aren't!", followed by a chorus of giggles. Knowing that something was up but not what it was, I finished what I was doing and made my way into the living room. There I learned that Joanne had been completely right: I wasn't ready for them.

For starters, I had to wonder if they hadn't spent the entire day getting ready. All three had done something with their hair, making it practically gleam in addition to styling it a bit differently than they usually did. If they had makeup on, it was so little and so subtly done as to not matter. Each was dressed in something I hadn't seen before, and regardless of where it had come from, it simply worked for her in both style and color. Joanne had on a pale yellow dress that was sleeveless and cut low enough to reveal a little bit of cleavage, and do it tastefully. Across her bust, it was snug enough to make it clear she was female without making it look like she was trying to show off her development. It hugged her waist and hips well enough to emphasize her feminine curves quite pleasantly before stopping just a few inches above her knees, leaving her trim calves exposed.

Tina was in a light grey number that somehow managed to nicely accentuate her pale skin and dark hair. Short sleeved, the front of it dropped down enough to reveal just how smooth and flawless her skin was while stopping at the edge of the upper slopes of her breasts. It hugged her closely enough to make it plain even to a blind man that she was female without being skin-tight. The cut and style of it did a fine job of showing off her tight ass to good effect, and stopped about mid-thigh, revealing a most interesting expanse of trim, smooth legs.

Last, and certainly not least, Chris had on a pale blue number that covered her from neck to knees — starting almost transparent at her throat, it gradually became solid over her bustline, then became transparent; only to get solid between her hips and about mid-thigh before fading out again. It hugged her closely enough to nicely accentuate her developing curves.

Not only couldn't I see a bra strap or line anywhere, I was fairly certain that I could detect irregularities in the material of the dresses about where their nipples would be. Each of them did a little pirouette to show off, and there wasn't any sign of pantyines, either. If they had anything on at all under those dresses, it was so small and delicate as to be superfluous. I was always glad to take them out, primarily because they always behaved with perfect grace and dignity; the way they'd gotten themselves "gussied up", it really WAS going to be a case of showing them off!

After looking them over, I was unable to resist teasing them by saying, "See what happens when you actually put your minds to cleaning up? You turn out looking pretty good!"

All of them started to get indignant until they realized that I was teasing; it was Joanne that responded by telling me, "Yeah — and we're even housebroken, too!", making all of us laugh.

With all of us ready, it was into the car and off to the restaurant. Once we got there, they were ready for us, and I was aware of the number of males (of a wide variety of ages) watching as we were shown our table. From the corner of my eye, I saw more than a couple of wives get upset at why they'd lost their husbands' attention.

Seated, the girls all casually looked around before softly commenting to each other about the number of guys looking at them, flattered by all the attention they were getting. To anyone at another table, it would have been impossible to tell that they were paying even the slightest attention to what was going on around them... but I was amused to listen as they revelled in how many men of what ages kept looking at them, or all but staring — and particularly the reactions of the wives and girlfriends of those

same men.

After we ordered and were sipping our wine (I allowed them a single glass each), Joanne let me know that they'd borrowed the dresses from friends — that they didn't quite fit (a point I'd have gladly argued with her). She also admitted that they'd spent a couple of hours in preparation: showers, doing each other's hair, and other details that she (thankfully) didn't go into. I had no qualms whatsoever about telling her and her sisters that I thought all of them looked wonderful... and smelled even better (making them giggle a bit). I also told them to take it easy when supper arrived; there were still things for us to do. I hadn't thought to make reservations or anything anywhere else, but knew a place where we could get in a little dancing without their ages being a problem. As nice as they looked, I wanted to show them off even more than I had before. It also seemed like a perfect opportunity to something even more special with them, making sure they knew how much I enjoyed their company.

Our meals were as delicious as I'd expected, and all of us opted for something light for desert. After we'd finished our coffee (for me) and hot chocolate (them), it was off to the dance floor. Officially, none of them was served anything alcoholic. UNofficially, I poured a little bit of my rum and coke into each of their sodas — enough for them to taste it, but well short of the amount needed to affect them. They were thrilled at the treatment they were receiving, and made every effort to show that it was justified.

They were patiently amused with my efforts at dancing to "fast" tunes, and deeply touched when I asked each out for some slow dancing. When it got late enough to think about heading home, I could see that all of them were disappointed, though none objected.

Once we were back home, they insisted that I come over to their place. I did, and almost as soon as we were inside, they declared the need to change clothes. As they started down the hallway toward their rooms, I took a seat on their couch and patiently waited for them to return. When they did, I learned that they'd swapped their dresses for skin: not a one of them had a stitch of clothing on. Curious, I asked, "I like the view, you understand, but what's going on?"

They all shared a look before Chris told me, "While we were changing, we decided that we wanted to do something special for you. You already did so much for us, and then taking us out like you did tonight... we just wanted to show you how much we appreciate it."

"You don't have to do anything special for me," I told them. "The time you spend with me already is special enough."

"We know we don't have to do anything," Joanne responded. "We want to do this for you."

I didn't have any idea what they had in mind, and really didn't care — I'd given them the chance to call it off, and they were adamant about going through with it. As far as I was concerned, all that was left was to sit back and enjoy whatever the hell happened. With the next day being Saturday, I could sleep as late as I needed or wanted to.

That proved to be wrong when Chris came up to me and politely informed me that I needed to get naked, too. I did as told, and after I sat down again, Chris readily climbed onto my lap and leaned back against my chest before telling me, "You're gonna like this — a LOT."

I put my arms around her and watched as Tina and Joanne quietly got a blanket spread out on the floor. After moving to the center of it, they hugged each other before exchanging a kiss that went on a lot

longer than I thought it would. When the two of them slowly moved to lay on the floor, I began to get the idea of what was going to happen and felt my cock began to stiffen in response. As the next few minutes went by, Joanne and Tina got more and more involved with each other and my penis got harder in response. Things got to the point that it began to press against Chris's mons; her reaction was to look at me with an impish grin on her face before turning back to watch her sisters.

I continued to watch as Tina and Joanne shifted their actions from simply kissing and caressing each other to more overtly pleasuring and arousing each other: Tina started it by gently easing Joanne onto her back, then moving her head down to start licking and sucking on Joanne's erect nipples. While she was doing that, one of her hands began softly caressing its way lower and lower on Joanne's body until it slid between the older girl's thighs. In response, Joanne brought her knees up and let her legs separate, giving free and easy access to the younger girl. I watched, fascinated, as Tina slowly ran the end of her finger between Joanne's extended labia several times before easing it up to begin softly stroking Joanne's clitoris. It didn't take long for Tina to have her sister visibly wet and moaning softly in response. A little longer, and I saw Joanne use her hand to cast around for Tina's leg; when she found it, she slowly moved her fingertips up the front of Tina's smooth thigh, then inward, where she began slowly running her fingertips through Tina's dark thatch. After a couple minutes of enjoying the luxurious feel of her sister's muff, Joanne eased her fingers between Tina's slightly parted thighs and began to return the digital delights she was already receiving.

It wasn't much of a surprise to me when Chris moved my hands to her breasts and gave them a little squeeze to let me know to do more than just hold her. I was happy to do as she wanted, and began reacquainting myself with her lovely young mammaries. It was a pleasure for me to learn that they were still as firm as the first time I'd gotten to hold them, as well as smooth and warm as always. With the sight of Tina and Joanne before us, it didn't take much for me to tease her puffy areolas into swollen arousal and get her small nipples to stand out from the flesh around them. Keeping one hand busy at her bust, I used the other to lightly trace a path down her body; when I got close to her pelvis, she didn't hesitate to open her legs and tilt her pelvis up so I could reach the area between her trim thighs.

I found that she was already starting to get wet, and it was an easy matter to transfer some of her oils to her clitoris and begin gently circling it. After moaning softly in response, Chris shifted her weight slightly, and started a small, slow rocking of her hips that had her sliding against where my erect penis was pressed against her. There was no reason for us to hurry ourselves, and we didn't — my touches on Chris's body and between her legs were only enough to slowly increase her pleasure and desire; rather than getting her off or having a climax myself, I was much more interested in being able to hold her, and feel her young body on my lap and under my hands for as long as possible... a goal that Chris tacitly shared.

As Tina and Joanne slowly got each other more and more excited in front of us, Chris's arousal increased along with theirs. When Tina moved to straddle Joanne's head with the obvious intention of getting into a '69', Chris's breathing got even more rapid and shallow. The way she was sitting in front of me, I didn't have any trouble seeing that her shoulders and the upper slopes of her breasts had turned a pale pink. Under my hand, I could feel how tight her breasts had gotten; her areolas and nipples were standing out farther than I'd seen before. We watched as Tina's head moved between Joanne's parted thighs, and I heard Chris release a soft groan followed by seeing her lick her lips — which made me suspect that she'd had a chance to find out how Joanne tasted, too. The two of us continued to sit there, watching as Joanne and Tina orally tended to each other's womanhood. It was as plain as it could be

that they weren't sharing their bodies with each other for the physical pleasure of it (though it was easy enough to see that they were enjoying what they were doing), but from affection and love for each other.

It wasn't long before the liquid sounds of what they were doing were mixed with the sounds they made as a result of what they were feeling. They were at a little bit of an angle to where Chris and I were, and I didn't have any trouble seeing that Joanne's labia were as long and dark with her excitement as I'd ever seen them. They were also shiny as could be from a mixture of her own juices and Tina's saliva; I knew that was the source because I watched as Tina ran her tongue across Joanne's opening, obviously collecting the nectar there before shifting her attentions to Joanne's exposed clitoris.

As the seconds ticked by, Joanne and Tina lovingly pleased each other as their arousal and desire steadily increased. Chris and I could both see that they were both getting close when we saw Tina lift her head and heard her soft cry as her body began to spasm with the start of her orgasm. Farther down, we could see that Joanne continued her attentions to Tina's womanhood even as the younger girl was shuddering above her. In front of me, I heard Chris whimper slightly, and figured that it wouldn't hurt to help her find her own release. Keeping my hand busy on her developing mammaries, I slowly increased the speed and pressure of the motions of my fingertip against, across, and around her clitoris as she continued to rub herself against my erect cock. It didn't take but a couple of minutes before I could tell that she was nearly there; her wet labia were spreading the overflow of her oils all along my length as she repeatedly made small noises of desire. A minute more, and she briefly stilled in front of me, then began shuddering herself as waves of release washed through her. Her orgasm didn't seem to last as long as they usually did for her, but it seemed clear that it was more intense for her in spite of that.

When it was over, she was little more than a quivering mass on my lap; I had to wrap her in my arms and hold her close to keep her from falling over, she appeared so weak. She sat there gasping for a bit before she was able to say, "That was incredible!" in a soft croak. Realizing what she'd sounded like, she turned to look at me in surprise and concern. I gave her a soft hug followed by a kiss to the lips before telling her, "It's okay, honey. Your mouth and throat are just dry, is all. Give it a little bit, and you'll be fine. If you want, you can get off my lap for a bit, and I'll go get you something to drink."

She considered it for a moment, then nodded and answered, "Yeah, I think I need it," still croaking somewhat. I helped ease her off my lap, and stood up — only to see her smiling. It took me a second to realize that she was amused by the sight of my erect penis waving in the air in front of me; knowing that she'd enjoy it, I deliberately clenched it, making it bounce up and down a little bit. Her eyes got big, and a second later, her smile got even wider.

While I was in the kitchen, I went ahead and grabbed sodas for Joanne and Tina, figuring that they wouldn't mind having tepid sodas handy when they needed something to drink. As I walked back into the living room, Chris's eyes were locked on my swaying and bobbing penis. I saw her lick her lips as I got close, but didn't think anything of it. I carefully set a couple of drinks where they'd be handy when Joanne and Tina wanted them before going back to the couch. When I was standing in front of her, Chris accepted the can I offered her and set it aside so she could put her hands on my hips and apply enough pressure to let me know that she didn't want me going anywhere. Once she was satisfied that I'd stay where I was, she quickly opened the can and took a couple of health swallows before carefully setting it aside again. Then, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes, she leaned forward and used one

hand to tilt my slightly-flagging penis up to where she could get her mouth on it. Surprised, I could only stand there holding my own unopened drink while she slid her lips farther and farther down my manhood. I'd softened enough that she was able to take nearly three quarters of me into her mouth before she had to stop. Pleased with how much she'd accomplished, she smiled up at me from around my manhood, then went to work getting me hard again — and reluctantly let more and more of me escape her oral hold as she succeeded.

With enthusiasm and eagerness that were a close match to what she'd shown the first time she'd used her mouth on me, and the benefit of some experience, she applied herself toward trying to get ME off as strongly as she had. And she did a damn fine job of it, too; it couldn't have taken but a very few minutes for her to have me looking forward to emptying myself into her talented and greedy mouth. A little more time, and I knew that I was damn close to doing just what she wanted. That was when I heard one of the girls on the floor (it sounded like Joanne) slip into an orgasm. That prompted the image of what Tina was doing to make it happen to fill my mind, and that was all the stimulation I needed. Chris felt my balls draw up from her hand, and did her best to take as much of my hard cock between her lips as she could, and applied a light suction just ahead of my penis erupting in her mouth. I couldn't help groaning at the intensity of it, only to have Chris respond by using the tip of her tongue to massage the underside of my spewing manhood — making the rest of my climax nearly as intense as it had begun.

When she felt me softening in her mouth afterwards, she sucked on me for several seconds longer before tightening her lips around my penis and pulling her head back, leaving my shrinking penis almost dry when it popped out of her mouth. Not entirely steady on my feet after what she'd done, I quickly sat down and opened my soda, watching her recover hers and take several sips from it after making sure I saw her doing so. Knowing why she'd do that, I readily pulled her into a kiss that had our tongues dueling for a bit before it ended. She was visibly pleased with herself when I told her, "That was really nice, Chris. Thank you."

Giggling a little bit, she answered, "My pleasure!"

I smiled at her little (but old) joke, and we both turned to see how Joanne and Tina were doing. As I'd thought, it had been Joanne that had climaxed — and strongly, from the look of her. Tina had shifted around so the two of them could hold each other and exchange small kisses as they got their energy back. When they saw that I was looking at them, I gestured toward where the sodas were and told them, "I figured you'd be thirsty, so there's something to drink when you're ready."

Tina nodded, and they remained where they were. After a couple of minutes, both sat up, and Tina was the one to collect the cans, handing one to her sister. Both took lengthy drinks before coming up for air again.

After a bit, Tina smiled at me as she asked, "Did you like what you saw, Jeff?" while Joanne grinned next to her. I smiled back as I answered, "It was every bit as lovely and sexy as I figured it would be."

Joanne wanted to know, "Okay, the sexy I understand easy enough — but lovely?"

Looking at both of them, I explained, "It was pretty obvious that you were trying to make each other feel good—" they blushed only faintly — "but I could see that you were doing it because you love each other, too. You were being so gentle and affectionate with each other, and that's what made it lovely. That, and how pretty both of YOU are, of course!"

Pleased and touched by what I'd said, both of them looked at me with love in their eyes.

A little later, Chris got up with the obvious intention of disposing of her empty soda can; when she came back from the kitchen, she moved to go over and sit with her sisters. I could see all of them clearly, and was perfectly content to just sit there and look at all of them together. The differences in shapes, coloring, and looks were enough to keep me looking back and forth between them as I marveled not only at their beauty, but that they would be so willing to share it with me the way they did.

They didn't have any problem about just sitting there as I looked at them. I'd learned that each of them was willing to agree that SHE thought she was pretty, and I'd certainly told them often enough how attractive I thought they were, so they were comfortable enough with their appearance. They appreciated it when I'd hold them and do things like caress their skin with my fingertips while keeping my hand in one place, and they'd easily gotten used to having me just looking at them. As Joanne had explained to me one time, "When you're looking at us like you do, we know you're not thinking about you and us doing anything sexual. It's more like when you're touching us, except you're just using your eyes. We can almost feel it when you do that, and it's nice, so we don't mind."

Joanne was the last of us to finish her soda; when I saw that she was done, I started to get up with the intention of collecting all the empty cans and putting them in the trash. But before I could move much, Joanne told me, "No, I'll get them in a second. You just stay there."

I did as I was told, and a few seconds later, she got to her feet. After getting the empties from her sister and me, she headed into the kitchen. When she came back, she angled herself toward me; after getting me to move to the floor, she got herself settled on my lap, with her legs off to one side so that she was facing where Chris and Tina were still sitting. Seeing that I was unsure of what was going on, she told me, "We're not done yet. There's still plenty more for you to see," with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. With her on my lap and her sisters on the blanket, I figured I had a pretty good idea of what was next — and was looking forward to it.

Sure enough, it wasn't but a couple of minutes until Chris and Tina turned to look at each other for a moment, and then leaned forward to share a kiss.

I put my arms around Joanne, and she leaned against my chest as we watched the two of them exchange several more progressively longer osculations. As they began another one, Chris raised her hand and moved it to Tina's breast — softly cupping it for a few seconds before giving it a tender squeeze and then going on to start caressing it and running her fingertips across its nipple. The way they were sitting, I could see Tina's labia begin to lengthen as both of her nipples began to spring up in response to Chris's touch. After a couple more kisses, Tina returned Chris's touch in much the same way and got much the same results.

With each of them having a hand on the other's bust, their kisses quickly grew even longer and decidedly more intense; it wasn't much longer until they'd shifted around slightly so each could get BOTH of her hands on her sister's mammaries... which only served to prod them into even more intense and involved kisses.

As Joanne and I sat there watching the two younger girls getting progressively more involved with each other, I started caressing the young body in front of me. At first, it was just a matter of holding my hand still on her and applying small, light touches with my fingertips; but as time passed, I was gradually

expanding the range of my touch and eventually moving my hand from Joanne's knees to her neck and face, and coming into contact with everything in between. After I'd lightly drawn my hand up along the inner surfaces of her thighs a few times, Joanne let me know that more intimate contact would be welcome by moving her legs apart so I could include the area between them. For several passes, I was content to simply enjoy the feel of her soft dark bush as I drew my fingertips through it before finally giving in to the desire to begin more personal contact by tracing the folds of her labia. With the inclusion of her sex, I had no reason not to increase the sexuality of my attentions to her firm breasts.

While I was occupied with my ministrations to Joanne's pubescent body, Chris and Tina were engaged in their own activities: by the time I turned my attention to them again, their lips were all but fused together while each of them had both hands in nearly constant motion on the other's body. Both were gently caressing, squeezing, touching and generally fondling or molesting anything and everything they could lay their hands on while softly moaning their desires.

I was starting to wonder how the two of them were managing to stay upright when they helped each other to lie down — Tina on her back and Chris on her side next to her sister. Entranced, I watched Chris begin sucking on one of Tina's nipples while using one hand to caress a path down Tina's body. Well before Chris's hand got past Tina's navel, Tina moved her legs apart, opening herself to the younger girl's touch. In front of me, I heard Joanne's soft panting quicken.

Figuring it was worth a try, I deliberately waited until we saw Chris's finger slip between Tina's glistening vaginal lips and move upward, so that I touched Joanne's exposed clitoris at the same time Chris was doing the same to Tina; to my infinite surprise, Joanne promptly had what I can only figure was a miniature orgasm as her body went through a couple of mild spasms. When they'd passed, she had the presence of mind to turn her head and look at me, blushing slightly as she told me, "I was watching them, and when you touched me at the same time Chris touched Tina..."

I gave her a quick hug and kiss before answering, "Good for you, then," smiling.

She managed to smile back for a moment before turning to watch her sisters again.

In the brief time that took, Chris had gotten the entire first digit of her middle finger thoroughly coated with Tina's oils as she alternated between teasing Tina's visible vaginal opening and toying with the erect clitoris farther up. For her part, Tina had a hand on one of Chris's cute ass cheeks, and was apparently enjoying playing with it as much as I did. After just a couple of minutes of that, however, Joanne and I watched as Tina moved her hand so she could apply a slight pressure to one of Chris's legs. Knowing what Tina wanted, Chris raised the leg in question and let Tina guide it to a position next to her head; once that was accomplished, Chris finished the job of getting the other similarly positioned. A few moments more, and each of them had her face buried in the other's muff and had begun gathering the nectar she found there.

Just as it had been with Joanne and Tina, the sight of the two of them happily pleasuring each other was incredibly erotic — not just because it was two girls, but also the fact that they were so young, and sisters. Like I'd told Tina: that they were so obviously trying to make each other feel good was one thing; seeing how loving and gentle they were with each other only added another aspect that made what they were doing so profoundly lovely to see. I actually felt honored that they loved and trusted me enough to let me witness something so intimate and personal.

As the two of them slowly and steadily raised each other's desires, Joanne told me, "That first time,

when it was me and Tina at your house... we were kissing and touching and everything, and I could feel how excited I was getting. But when we got like that" — meaning in the "69" Tina and Chris were in — "I was still kinda nervous. I mean, I'd never thought about putting my mouth there on another girl, and it seemed kinda weird, a little. But then I could see that Tina looked the way I felt... and I really noticed how she smelled. It was so good, and I felt my mouth start to water, thinking that she might taste as good as she smelled. I was still kinda scared, but I just had to find out, so I finally licked her a little bit and got some of her juice on my tongue... and it was even better than I THOUGHT it could be — she was delicious! So I kept licking her and licking her, and then I realized that she was getting even more excited and getting wetter. That's when I knew that she liked what I was doing, and I started trying to see if I could do some of the stuff that you'd done to me. I don't think I got it exactly the same, but that was okay because then Tina started doing stuff back to me, and it felt really good. We kept doing stuff to each other, and both of us kept feeling better and better until we had orgasms."

She turned her head and told me, "We kept going like that, helping each other have orgasms over and over again, until you came in and found us. After we got home, we talked to each other about it. We weren't ashamed or embarrassed or anything like that, just surprised that we'd been able to have that much fun. We decided that you were right: being with another girl was just another way that we could make each other happy. And both of us decided that the way we made each other feel good, and the way YOU did it... they were different, but neither one was better than the other. Me and Tina... we'd rather be with you, but being with another girl is fine, too."

Looking to where Chris and Tina were occupied with each other again, she continued by telling me, "It was a few days later and we were just starting with each other again when Chris found us. She was surprised at first, but not in a bad way. She wanted to know what it was like, so Tina did it to HER first, and when they were done, Chris wanted to know the other part and did it to me. Then we switched around, and I did it to Chris, and she did it to Tina. Ever since then, we've been doing stuff with each other. Not all the time or anything, but like if we have trouble getting to sleep or something."

When she was done, I responded by telling her, "I told you, and your mother told you, that there wasn't anything wrong with being with another girl — and both of us meant it. If you and one of your sisters can be together and make each other happy, then that's all that matters. There are people that would go crazy if they heard something like that, so it's best if you don't talk about it except with someone you really trust — but you shouldn't EVER feel bad about it. Okay?" I knew she'd pass along what I said to her sisters, and wanted to make sure THEY knew to be careful.

She turned to give me another smile before nodding her head, then we went back to watching the other two.

Over the course of the next several minutes, it became clear that Tina and Chris were both getting closer and closer to completion. It had been long enough since Chris had given me a blowjob that the sight and smell and sounds of the two youngsters pleasuring each other began to have an effect on me. It wasn't that I developed a full erection, but I got close enough to it that Joanne felt it start pressing against her ass. Without looking at me, she said "Good... You're close to being hard again. I think you'll be wanting to use that thing before long."

Amused that she'd take having my cock nudging her butt in stride that way, I was content to continue gently molesting her as we watched Tina go through an orgasm. As soon as she was able, she raised her head and returned to her previous activities, getting Chris off shortly afterwards.

They were lying there getting their breath and energy back when Joanne softly told me, "I'm starting to understand why you like to just sit and look at us, sometimes. They're laying there, and both of them are so pretty and sexy — and then I think about what it's like to be with them, and I feel so lucky that they're MY sisters... and that just makes me want to look at them even more."

I gave her a soft hug, but didn't say anything for fear of causing her to lose an idea that I hoped she'd keep with her forever.

A few minutes later, Chris and Tina both began to show signs of life again. Joanne got off my lap and went out of the living room; she came back a minute later with something in her hand. She sat down next to her sisters, and took one of the two damp washcloths she had and began tenderly wiping Chris's face. That revived the youngest of the three enough to take the material and sit up before using it to clean the area of her pelvis — patently unconcerned about my presence or that I might be watching. As soon as Chris had taken the one washcloth, Joanne used the other to perform a similar service for Tina... and then went on to finish the cleanup herself without Tina's input or assistance. When both girls were sparkly clean and alert, Joanne took the cloths again, and left. On her return, she unhesitatingly went to take a spot on the blanket next to Chris.

Again, all three were fine with just lounging on the blanket for a while, letting me look them over once more. With them in a different arrangement and in different positions than last time, they made for entirely new scenery — not that it mattered to me.

After all that had happened that far, I expected that the next part of the evening would begin when Tina came over to be with me while Joanne and Chris were together. Aware that she'd had at least two orgasms already, I was content to give Tina however much time she needed.

I wasn't disappointed in the slightest when Joanne and Chris moved a little closer to each other and, after looking into each other's eyes for several moments, leaned toward each other so they could kiss briefly. After a few seconds, they did it again — and a few moments later, again. It was then that Tina got up and came over to take a seat on my lap, her legs outside of mine as she leaned back against me. I happily put my arms around her waist and held her as we watched Joanne and Chris slowly increase the length and intensity of the kisses they shared. Even before either of them had touched the other, two pairs of nipples were beginning to erect in anticipation of even more intimate contact.

On my lap, Tina squirmed a little before telling me, "The first few times we were with each other by ourselves... after we were at your house, I mean... Joanne and I, we kinda hurried a little bit to start doing stuff with each other — except that it didn't quite FEEL right, and we started wondering if we were doing something wrong. Then we remembered how you always start so slow and easy with us, and that we were the same way with each other the first time. That's when we realized that it really was best to take our time and enjoy things... not just what we were doing to each other, but what we were feeling, too. After that, every time we're together, it feels better and better. The touching part is nicer, and it's easier to remember how much we love each other, so that part of it is better, too. I don't think Chris has ever tried to hurry things with either one of us; she just seems to understand that slow is better."

Before us, Chris and Joanne had progressed to having a hand on each other's waist while kissing deeply and lovingly. For my part, I began slowly and softly caressing Tina's body from hips to shoulders while deliberately avoiding her breasts; I was more interested in just enjoying the feel of her soft, smooth skin, rather than trying to arouse her. After I'd run my hands along her body a few times, Tina turned

her head to give me a smile before saying, "I always like it when you touch me like that. You never tickle, and it feels nice — 'specially 'cause I know you're doing it because you just like touching me, not 'cause you're trying to do anything sexy with me."

I took the opportunity to give her a soft kiss on the lips, and her smile grew wider before she turned back to her sisters.

Both of us watched as Chris and Joanne slowly increased their efforts with each other: hands that gradually approached tender young breasts as we could see their kisses expand to trying to lick each other's tonsils. Soon enough, each of the two sisters had her hand on the other's breast and was delicately mapping its surface, paying particular attention to its peak. Both were audibly breathing faster and shallower as a result of their high levels of arousal. Even as I was taking note of those facts, I watched Chris shift her kisses from Joanne's lips to the older girl's throat.

As we continued watching her sisters, I began to detect the aroma that was uniquely Tina's. Knowing that she was starting to become aroused by the sight before us, I began edging my caresses of her body onto the fringes of her lovely young mammaries — and then onto them far enough to include her erecting nipples and puckered areolas. From there, it wasn't long until I'd shifted my attentions from her entire body in favor of focusing them on the most obvious symbols of her developing womanhood. My efforts were received with a small moan of pleasure as she pressed her breasts into my hands in encouragement for me to continue. I did so gladly, and didn't have the slightest difficulty in getting the peaks of her warm mounds standing proud from the surrounding flesh.

The scent of Tina's arousal was deep into my nose while my eyes took in the sight of Chris nursing at Joanne's bust; beneath my hands, I could feel Tina responding to my touches as I listened to aroused pants and soft moans of pleasure from all of them. The combination of all those inputs was enough to start arousing me again, and it wasn't long until I could feel my semi-erect penis brushing against Tina's cute ass.

A little more time passed, and I became even longer and harder; when Tina realized what had happened, I heard her mutter, "Oh, god, yes! That's what I've been waiting for!" before easing herself out of my arms. She reversed the direction she was facing, then moved to get a leg on each side of mine before backing up far enough that she could lean forward and take my stiffening cock into her mouth. With one hand cupping my balls, she used the other to begin stroking me as she applied a combination of gentle suction and inspired tongue work to encourage my member into further extension. Her efforts certainly had the effect she was after, and achieved the desired results soon enough. Satisfied that I was fully erect and likely to stay that way for a while, Tina slid her mouth off of me, leaving a film of her saliva behind.

Back on her knees again, Tina walked her way forward until her body was right in front of mine. Thinking that she wanted me to use my mouth on her breasts, I started to move in to fasten my lips around one of her achingly-erect nipples — only to have her stop me before I could reach my target. I looked up at her in confusion, and heard her say, "Jeff... I want you to make love with me."

Stunned (!), I could only ask, "Here? Now?"

With her looking into my eyes, I could see how serious she was as she told me, "Here and now is FINE with me — as long as we make love. Chris and Joanne already know that I was going to try and get it to happen, and I know they'd have like, a million questions afterwards — so if they see us actually

making love, then they won't have to ask me so many things. I wanted it to happen last night, when I was in bed with you... I mean, I told you how I feel about you and everything, and after I told you I was on birth control, I thought you'd want to be with me then. But you didn't; I guess I should have realized that you wouldn't do anything with me unless I hit you over the head with it. So that's what I'm doing: I'm telling you that I want us to make love — that I want you to be the one I give my cherry to, and that I want us to be able to keep making love even after this. Joanne and Chris are probably going to want to be with you, too, and that's fine... I love them too much to be upset that they want to make love with the same guy I do. I want us to make love, Jeff — but I'm not going to bug you about it, either. If you tell me you can't or won't, then I'll never come to you about it again. But I won't come to you about anything else involving sex, either. I'm not sure, but I don't think Joanne or Chris would, either. I don't think that you'd die or anything if you couldn't do anything with us — but I know you'd always wonder how we were doing, and worrying that something would happen that hurt us. So you need to decide, now and tonight, how you're going to answer me."

I normally don't respond well to threats. But I was actually listening to what Tina told me, and understanding where it was coming from. Honestly, it had never occurred to me that she'd been suggesting that the two of us consummate our relationship the previous night... but as I replayed it in my mind, it was easy enough to see that it SHOULD have prompted me to do more than what I had. I also had to face the fact that as much as I (mostly) and their mother(not so much) had told her and her sisters that they needed to be grown up and be responsible, this wasn't the time to chuck all that out the window and go all Authoritarian on her. In effect, she was telling me that it was time to either put up (make love with her) or shut up (effectively lose all meaningful contact with her — and possibly her sisters). So I did what any mature, right-thinking, independent adult male of my age SHOULD do when pressed, and under those circumstances.

I surrendered, unconditionally.

"I'd be honored and delighted to make love with you, Tina. Now and however many other times there are for as long as you want."

For the life of me, I never have been able to figure out what all was in the expression on her face at hearing that. Even so, it took only a moment for her to tell me, "I... I've already found out everything I wanted to know about this — my first time, I mean. I left you slippery on the outside, and I can feel how wet I am inside, so the only thing I'm really concerned about is my hymen. I know you wouldn't do anything to hurt me, but I'd still feel better if... if I was the one in charge. That's why I want you on the bottom, so I can try to get you inside however fast or slow I need to. Okay?"

"Of course it's okay, sweetheart," I answered, putting my hands on her hips. I looked into her eyes as I told her, "I'm glad that you want us to make love instead of just having sex, Tina. It makes me proud of you, and love you that much more, knowing that you want this to be extra special for both of us. Take however much time you need, and whatever you do, don't hurt yourself, okay?"

Touched that I understood, she had a couple of tears in her eyes as she shook her head to let me know that she'd do as I asked. She managed to blink them away before she reached between her thighs and then a little farther to take my erect penis in her hand. Holding it gently but securely, she kept it steady as she sat back slightly and got the head of it nestled between her slick labia and lightly pressing against her vaginal opening. Still looking at me, but without saying anything, she began to let more and more of her weight be applied to where our genitals were touching. I could feel the incredibly tight ring

guarding her womanhood begin to expand to accommodate the head of my cock trying to slip through — but progress was slow, and it didn't feel to me like she was opening up enough.

After a minute or so, she seemed to reach the same conclusion and raised up enough to relieve the pressure (and discomfort, I suspected). A couple of minutes went by before she was ready to try again; her second attempt wasn't any more successful than the first even though it lasted longer. As she was catching her breath again, I got her attention and told her, "Tina, sweetheart... I know you want it to happen, and I'd be happy if it happened, too. But it looks to me like maybe you're hurting yourself a little bit, the way you're going. How about instead of trying to push yourself ON to me, maybe it would be easier for you if you tried to relax yourself, and let me in."

It took her a few seconds to really get what I was telling her, but when she did, she gave me a happy smile of understanding and said, "Yeah, I think that'd be better, too, Jeff."

Several moments later, I felt her try a third time — but with a difference. Instead of trying to use her weight force herself onto me, I could feel her willing her opening to accept the stretching it was experiencing without trying to fight it. From the feel of things, she was learning to be a lot more comfortable about what was happening to her, and using her weight to maintain the gains she was making, as opposed to trying to force progress. About the time that I felt her approaching the crown of my manhood, I also felt a slight pressure against the end of my cock. I quickly realized that it could only be the ring of her hymen I felt, and looked closely at her face to see if I could spot any pain or discomfort. After a couple of seconds, she realized that I was watching her; after a second, she managed a small smile at me and said, "I can feel it, too — how your penis is pushing my cherry. It doesn't actually hurt or anything; I just feel it kinda pulling at me inside, is all. I'm okay — really."

Slightly reassured by her tone as much as what she'd said, I remained quiet... but continued to keep an eye on her as she slowly got herself closer and closer to getting the head of my man-sized cock through her virginal portal.

I'm sure that both of us could feel how incredibly close she was when a small shift of her weight resulted in her slipping down the last millimeter needed to get her past the largest part of my manhood. The suddenness of it surprised me, and I heard her release a small squeak before she was able to support her weight again. Once more, I was looking closely at her when she did some kind of internal damage analysis. Only when she'd finished it did she realize I was watching her again; the smile she gave me far outstripped her previous meager effort. Apparently seeing some change in my expression, she quickly explained, "I was really surprised when that happened — I mean, I could feel you suddenly kind of POP into me. When that happened, I felt something inside, too. It was a sudden sharp pain... kinda like somebody suddenly poked me with a pin or something. But it was real quick, and it didn't hurt that much, either. The way I feel inside, now... with some of your penis in me and everything... I'm pretty sure it was my cherry breaking that I felt. It doesn't hurt now, and it doesn't feel like I'm being pulled inside like it was before. All I can feel is you inside, stretching me — but that part feels good!" that last part with big self-satisfied grin.

As if demonstrating just HOW fine she felt, she wriggled her hips around a little bit — and surprising both of us when it resulted in her settling a little farther onto my erection. Visibly pleased by what had just happened, she promptly did it again and got slightly less in the way of results. She looked at me in question, and I told her, "It's been a little bit since you used your mouth on me, so I'm starting to dry off a little bit. I'm sure you're plenty wet inside, but the wetness isn't where you need it right now. I think

you need to move yourself around a little bit to help your juices get to where you need them to be."

She considered that for a few moments, then did as I suggested. Starting with simply raising and lowering herself a fraction of an inch, she succeeded in getting enough of her oils moved around to make it possible for her to do a few other things, as well — such as rocking her pelvis forward and back several times before switching to a side-to-side motion... then moving on to trying to draw circles.

In addition to distributing her lubrication thoroughly, her movements also served to ratchet up my arousal, since the sensation of her warm, tight vagina moving around on the head of my cock was something different than I'd ever experienced.

She didn't have any more difficulties getting herself settled on and around my manhood. Any time she began to feel over-stretched, she'd stop for a bit and we'd contrive to get her relaxed and comfortable again — my primary contribution being to play with her breasts and toy with her nipples until she told me to stop (until the next time, anyway). When she started to feel a bit too much "drag", she'd pause long enough to do a few SpiroGraph™ moves with her pelvis and be ready to go again. It wasn't but a few minutes until I felt her tight buns come to rest on my thighs. It felt like there was still perhaps an inch of my cock still outside her, but I had every confidence that it would get the opportunity to enjoy the tight, wet confines of her formerly-virginal snatch before all was said and done.

As she sat there with my hard cock deep in her, Tina got an expression that bordered on ecstasy before she was able to tell me, "I just knew that having a guy inside me had to feel good... I mean, that's what penises and vaginas are FOR, right? But I never expected that it would feel like this! It was a little uncomfortable at first, because you felt HUGE in me — but now... I'm getting used to it, and it just feels so, so right... having periods and all that is worth it if this is what I get to do!"

I couldn't help but be amused by her reaction to the feeling of being filled by a hard cock the first time, and as much as I wanted to enjoy it with her, there was something else for us to do that I suspected she'd like even more.

She looked at me in confusion when she felt my hands pressing upward from her waist, and asked, "What is it?"

Without saying a word — anticipating the reaction I knew she'd have — I kept doing it until she got the idea that I wanted her to raise up. She did, a little, then kept going as long as she felt my hands nudging her further and further upwards. Only when I felt that just the head of my manhood was still in her did I take my hands completely off her waist. Still looking at me in confusion, she started to settle herself on me again; the confused look she had changed to one of awe as she continued downward, feeling me slipping into her in a single continuous motion that ended only when her ass settled on my thighs again. With the end of her vertical journey, she shuddered for a moment before declaring, "Oh, god, that was good!" and started to raise up again on her own. Just as I'd guided her to do, she stopped when she felt the head of my cock pressing against the back of her vaginal opening, then lowered herself onto me again, a little faster than she'd done the first time. She neither shuddered nor commented on the experience, but there was no mistaking that she'd enjoyed it.

After she'd repeated her actions several more times, I put my hands on her hips and got her to stop long enough for me to tell her, "You don't have to go all the way up every time. Try seeing if anything else feels good, too."

With a happy smile, she did just that — spending the next few minutes sliding herself up and down my glistening erection for a variety of distances and at an assortment of speeds. I had some idea of how deep her capacity for pleasure was, and wasn't surprised at all that she gave every indication of enjoying every combination that she tried. Beginning to pant slightly from her exertions, she happily told me, "I like that — a lot! But I'm getting a little tired like this... can we do it another way that's easier?"

From the first time I'd seen her cute ass naked, I'd wanted to fuck her from behind, so I could look at it while feeling her tight pussy around my cock. It took only a moment for me to suggest, "If you're on your hands and knees, I can be behind you — that's easy on BOTH of us."

She caught the implications of that, and I saw her nipples extend a little more as she answered, "Yeah, I'd like that!"

I put my hands on her waist again, and helped steady her as she lifted herself off of me. Tight as she was, there was a faint "pop!" as the head of my cock pulled free — prompting her to blush until she realized that I was moving to my knees. She put her embarrassment aside in favor of turning and leaning forward until she was supporting herself. I moved behind her, and paused for a moment to savor the sight of her stretched opening, glistening with her oils, bracketed by the shiny parentheses of her dark and extended labia. Levering my throbbing penis down, I eased myself close enough to get the end of it wedged against the entrance to her girl chamber; with my manhood securely positioned, I held her steady as I arched my hips forward, filling her in a single slow stroke as she moaned her pleasure.

The change in our position meant that I was able to get that deprived last inch of my cock through the clenching portal of her womanhood. In doing so, I felt the end of my penis graze the deepest part of her vagina — and knew that I truly had filled her.

I don't know that Tina quite realized what had happened, or why having my erection in her felt different; all she did was release a lusty groan of satisfaction before trying to press herself back at me. That didn't accomplish anything, of course, but I got the message easily enough. Still holding her steady, I eased my way back out of her, paused for only a moment, then filled her again. After several more such cycles, I could feel the entire length of my manhood was thoroughly coated with her juices... and that was when I set about discovering how best to please and arouse her.

Just as when she'd been doing it, almost any movement of my stiff member moving in her was acceptable; but I gradually found out that some things I could do were more acceptable than others: she liked a medium pace more than a faster or slower one; moving roughly half my length in and out of her aroused her better than more or less; sliding myself into her at one particular angle worked better for her than others, and so on. Even as I was experimenting, Tina was getting more and more excited, and moving ever closer to her first-ever vaginal orgasm. I knew these were happening because not only was she slowly getting wetter, but I could feel her slightly clenching around me more often. Fortunately, the climax I'd had with Chris was still recent enough that no matter how good it felt to be in Tina's hot, wet pussy, there was simply no way that I was going to climax again any time "soon".

That estimation of my situation was put to the test just a few minutes after I'd settled into a motion that not only pleased Tina greatly, but felt pretty damn good to me, too. As I'd promised myself I would, I was looking down at Tina's incredible ass and shifting my attention every so often to watch my glistening cock slide back and forth between her shiny labia; I was entranced by the sight of the globes of her ass clenching in counterpoint to my penetrations when I suddenly felt her clamp down on me,

becoming almost painfully tight. Before I could do anything, she suddenly released a loud cry that was cut off as I felt her vaginal muscles begin a rhythmic relax-and-reclench that ran from the end of my cock to the base before starting again. It was the damndest thing I'd ever felt, and the sensation it created around me was incredible; all I could do was hold myself inside her and marvel at the feelings she was creating.

From the time it started until it finally tapered off couldn't have been as much as fifteen seconds — but those seconds are forever etched into my memories. When her orgasm ended, I slowly began moving in her again — slowly because I was still somewhat in shock at what I'd just experienced, and because I was half-afraid that if I picked up where I'd left off, she'd do it again... and I wasn't entirely sure I could withstand it.

To my relief, though, Tina didn't exhibit any tendency or intention to repeat what she'd just experienced; instead, she simply went back to getting progressively more aroused as I continued to piston myself in and out of her tight, wet sheath. After a while, I began to feel the effort of doing something that I hadn't done for entirely too long. That's when I started changing things up every little bit: after sliding myself into her as far as I could go, I'd gently bump my pelvis against hers while I leaned over her so I could cup her breasts in my hands and gently pinch and pull on her nipples; I'd back my way out of her, then slowly slip the head of my cock back and forth through the tight ring of her opening; or simply shift over to sliding nearly my entire penis in and out of her several times before resuming my previous actions.

All of the things that I did to her pleased her — and to my surprise, even seemed to help her enjoy what I did afterwards even more.

I was plunging myself in and out of her in a steady rhythm again when she suddenly slipped into another orgasm. I felt her vagina clench around me again, but there wasn't a repeat of the previous reverse-milking of her internal muscles; instead, there was just a regular tightening of her insides for a second or two before she relaxed again... followed by another tightening as another wave of release washed through her.

The end of her second orgasm since we'd changed positions left her gasping and her head hanging down. Leaning forward, I put my arm around her and got my mouth near enough to her ear to quietly ask her, "Do you need me to slow down, or stop? What can I do?"

I could hear the tired lust in her voice as she answered, "No, I don't want you to stop or slow down, exactly. Even this way, I'm getting a lot more tired than I thought I would — mostly from those wonderful orgasms you're giving me. Would... would you mind if we change again? So you're on top?"

I nibbled her earlobe a little bit, making her shudder and moan, before answering, "No, I don't mind, sweetheart. If you want me on top of you now, than that's what we'll do," and raised up again. As I carefully eased myself out of her, I realized that she'd gotten wet enough that the overflow of her juices had nearly soaked both her pubic thatch AND mine. I quickly made a mental note to make sure she got plenty to drink after we were done to replace all the fluids she'd lost.

With my penis free of her intimate embrace, I was able to help her lie down; she rolled over onto her back under her own power, and looking up at me with a lusty gleam in her eyes, brought her knees up and spread her legs — unashamedly showing me her slightly drooling opening nestled amid the dark wedge of her muff. I was more than willing to get myself positioned over her, and she readily reached

between us to take my slick shaft and get me positioned where she wanted me. That much accomplished, we looked at each other as I pressed myself into her again, slowly burying myself in her as she groaned her pleasure at the sensation.

Feeling bad about getting her that tired without realizing it, I started out by slowly moving myself in and out of her, giving her a little more time to get her energy back, while lowering my head so I could suck on the peaks of her breasts and bring both of them to shiny erectness. My plan to give her more time to pull herself together was negated when I felt her arch her pelvis up toward me accompanied by a mild complaint: "Dammit, Jeff! I want you to FUCK me!"... words that I'd never heard her use before.

Having already accepted that she'd matured enough to make love if she wanted to, it wasn't much farther to leaving her to decide for herself how much lovemaking was enough or too much — so I did as she wanted me to.

I released the hard cylinder of her nipple from my lips, and in short order I was shafting in and out of her appreciably faster than I had been. As my speed increased, so did the sounds of pleasure coming from Tina; after lowering my body and supporting my weight on my elbows, I could feel her firm breasts shifting against my chest in time with my thrusts into her tight channel. The two of us managed to exchange several kisses before I lowered my head far enough to gently nibble on her ear again. That earned me not only a deep moan of arousal, but the sensation of her getting wetter around my hard cock as she arched herself up in welcome to my penetrations.

As I continued thrusting myself into her, Tina brought her legs up and wrapped them around my waist; some time later, she reached up to begin running her hands up and down my back. Some time later, I felt her using her heels to press against my ass to encourage me to penetrate her farther and harder.

Like most men, I only had a finite amount of manhood to work with; and I was reluctant to enter her with the kind of force that she seemed to be wanting. I was able to satisfy her request by sliding myself into her, then bumping my pelvis against hers... increasing the pressure against her engorged clitoris, and dramatically raising her arousal and desire. It didn't take much of that until I felt her vagina begin an intermittent light tightening around me, along with her fingernails beginning to dig into my back. By that point, I'd pretty thoroughly recovered from the fine blowjob Chris had given me, and had been enjoying the fell of Tina's tight, wet womanhood long enough that the added snugness of her was starting to feel pretty damn good. Good enough, in fact, that I figured there was a better-than-fair chance that her next orgasm would be enough to set ME off — and I was about ready for it, since making love with her so long was tiring me out more than a little bit.

So having a good idea of how close she was, and knowing that her release would be the end of things for the two of us for the evening, I concentrated my efforts on doing what I could to ensure that her next orgasm would be soon and strong enough to satisfy BOTH of us.

A few more minutes, and Tina had stopped pressing her heels into my ass in favor of simply locking her legs around my waist and lifting her pelvis off the floor so I could penetrate her as deeply and easily as possible, along with digging her nails into my back even harder as she groaned almost constantly. The clenching of her vagina got strong and frequent enough that just about the only thing that made it possible for me to keep pistoning in and out of her was how incredibly wet she was: I could feel that my balls were soaked with the surplus of her oils, and the slapping of our loins had a distinctly liquid tone.

It seemed like it took almost no time at all before I heard Tina start to cry out, only to have it cut off at the same time I felt her hot sheath clamp down around me. At the ragged edge of release myself, I tried to stuff as much of my hard cock as I could into her, as much to enjoy the feel of her as anticipation of finding my own release.

The sensation of her wet insides rhythmically clenching around me easily moved me to the edge of my own climax; when her internal muscles began a slight fluttering when they relaxed, the novelty of the sensation was more than sufficient to trigger my attempt to fill her woman's chamber with the hot jets of my cum.

I don't know if Tina actually felt my cum hitting the back wall of her vagina, or just the changes in my erection, but she opened her eyes briefly and groaned, "Oh, god..." about the time the second spray of semen erupted from me.

My climax tapered off only shortly ahead of the end of the tremors that had coursed through her fading. Both of us were more than a little sweaty, panting, and flushed from what we'd experienced together. I was somehow managing to hold my weight off of her when a soft voice told me, "When you can, if you can get off her, we can help both of you."

I actually had to turn my head and see Joanne sitting on her feet nearby before remembering that she and Chris had been involved with each other when Tina let me know she was ready to become a woman.

Thoughts about anything else would have to wait until later; just then, all I could manage to do was nod my understanding to her before letting my head hang down as I tried to get my breath back. I was gathering my energy to do as Joanne had suggested when I felt Tina begin to move slightly. Wanting to make sure that she was okay and got whatever help she might need was all it took to get me started. Slowly, and with somewhat exaggerated movements because I didn't trust my fine motor control, I got myself from over Tina and off to the side before lowering myself to one side and then letting myself roll over onto my back.

Almost immediately, I saw Joanne's head appear, and she wanted to know what she could do. The first thing out of my mouth was, "Make sure Tina has plenty to drink."

Joanne smiled wryly in response before answering, "Um, yeah... we kinda figured that one out already. What about you?"

"Big glass water first. Thirsty. Sandwich soda good, too — tired."

"I'm not surprised by either one of those. Hold on a bit, okay?"

I nodded, and she disappeared from view. I turned my head and saw that Tina was close by. I got an arm close enough to her that I was able to take her hand in mine. I saw her eyes open, and a second later, she turned her head to look at me. I will always remember the expression she had on her face — a mixture of absolute joy, physical satiation, and unconditional love all let me know how she felt about giving her virginity to me. It wasn't until a few moments had passed that she seemed to realize that I had her hand in mine, but when she did, she gave me a beatific smile that touched my heart.

We couldn't have been lying there very long when I heard someone come into the living room. Turning my head again, I was able to see that it was two someones: Joanne and Chris. When they split up, I realized that I'd drawn Joanne as my caretaker while Chris tended to Tina.

Sitting on the floor next to me, Joanne picked up a large glass of water with one of those bendy hospital-type straws sticking out of it. She got it close enough that I could latch onto the straw, and nothing my life has ever tasted as good as the first sip of the deliciously cool water that hit my tongue.

I knew better than to try and drink all the water at once, and after a few swallows, rid myself of the straw so I could tell Joanne, "Make sure Tina only gets a little bit to drink at a time; otherwise she might get sick or stomach cramps."

"We know," Joanne answered. "But tell us anything else you think of, in case we forget anything."

With my straw back in my mouth, I nodded before taking a few more swallows and pausing again.

Seeming to recognize that I was alert (if nowhere near fully recovered), Joanne told me, "I don't know when you and Tina, uh, started, 'cause Chris and I were pretty involved ourselves. We didn't even know anything was going on with you and Tina until after we'd finished. I mean, I was kinda wondering why nobody was there to help us when we'd helped you, so I looked around to see where you were. I never even thought I'd see you and Tina together like that, and it surprised me a LOT. I looked over at Chris, and saw that she was just opening her eyes, so I got over next to her and kept her quiet until I could tell her what was going on. She was even more surprised than I was! Neither one of us was going to do anything that might, um, disturb you, so we just sat there and stayed quiet. Except that neither one of us could help watching," the last accompanied by a blush.

"S'okay," I told her, and after a moment, she went on, "God, it was SO sexy, watching you, and both of us got SO excited that we started touching each other again... you know, between our legs. And when we had our orgasms, it was all we could do to stay quiet, 'cause they were incredible for both of us from being able to see what you and Tina were doing. We could tell that she really liked it a LOT, and both of us are so happy for her. She told us that she wanted you to be the one she gave her virginity to, but we didn't know when it was going to happen — or even IF it was. Anyway, Chris and I kept watching you and Tina, and we could tell that both of you were probably going to need way more help than we did, so we were ready when you and Tina... finished. Even before you said anything to me, we'd already seen how wet Tina had gotten — it was really surprising — and figured that she'd need a lot to drink to make up for all THAT."

I'd been taking a couple swallows of water every so often as Joanne had been talking, so by the time she'd let me know what had gone on, I was nearly finished. She saw that the glass was almost empty, and took it from me, saying, "If you can sit up a little bit, I brought you a PBJ and a soda. While you're taking care of those, I'll clean you up." The last part of that was accompanied by a mischievous smile, but I was still feeling too wrung out to care. With a little bit of assistance from Joanne, I found that I was able to sit up about halfway and lean back against the couch. After handing me half my sandwich and a cold can of soda, Joanne scooted back a little bit — then casually leaned forward and took my shrunken and sticky cock in her hand, lifted it up, and proceeded to lick and suck it clean of my and Tina's juices. I heard a small gasp next to me, and turned to see that Tina was in a similar position, with Chris happily providing an equivalent service.

Even though I was utterly incapable to responding, I greatly appreciated Joanne's efforts, as well as her thoroughness and attention to detail. When she was done, I'd have easily passed any shortarm inspection ever given.

With both of us fed, watered, and groomed, there wasn't anything to prevent Tina and me scooting

toward each other so I could put my arm around her as she snuggled into my side. I gave her a soft hug, and when she looked up at me, matched it with a kiss to her lips. There was no mistaking the happiness in her eyes when she lowered her head again and rested it against my chest.

After a bit, I heard her tell me, "Thank you, Jeff. I wanted my first time to be special, and trusted that you could make that happen — and you did... even more than I would have dared ask. It didn't hurt anywhere near what I was afraid it would, and getting you inside me was easier and faster than I'd expected — and I'd have been happy with just that much. But you helped me find so much more to enjoy and be happy about. And not only that, but gave me three WONDERFUL orgasms along the way. I can already tell that I'm going to be a little bit sore inside tomorrow... but it's okay, because it's from you making me a woman, and every time I feel it, I'll remember how good you were to me, and how you made me feel. I've said this before, and I'll say it again now, because there's nothing else I could say that would come even close to meaning the same thing: I love you."

I hugged her close to me and leaned my head over to press my cheek against her head before answering, "I love you, too, sweetheart. I wanted to make things good for you, and I'm glad I did — not for me, but for you."

Nearby, I could see that Chris and Joanne were both blinking back tears. From the way they were looking at Tina, then me, it was easy enough to tell that they were happy for her and touched by what we'd said to each other. They remained quiet and still while Tina and I held each other, but after a while I saw them starting to fidget a little bit. It only took a moment for me to realize that they were most likely anxious to get the chance to quiz Tina about all that had happened. I wasn't only not upset, but willing to encourage Tina to do just what they wanted so that they'd have the chance to learn that much more before deciding to take that final step.

It was when I heard and felt Tina yawn next to me that I remembered that we were undoubtedly staying up much later than they usually did. Claiming to be old and worn out, I took responsibility for calling an end to the evening. All three of them protested, but it was obvious that their hearts weren't really in it. The three of them unabashedly watched as I got dressed again (at least enough to get home), then proceeded to give me goodnight kisses that made it MORE than clear how happy I'd made them that evening. Before leaving for my house, I gave each of them got their usual pat on the butt.

The next day was pretty much like any Saturday — with the exception of Tina's coming over shortly after lunch. When I asked, there wasn't anything in particular that she wanted other than to sit on my lap. She was perfectly content to stay there with my arms around her for nearly the entire afternoon, releasing the occasional pleased/happy sigh. Chris and Joanne both stopped by as well, and on seeing their sister, just smiled and left her alone.

The rest of the time before Jean came back home, the girls kept to themselves most of the time. They came over at my invitation to join me for supper and a movie on Monday evening, but went back to their house as soon as it was over.

I knew when Jean got home, but didn't actually see her until a couple of days later when she came over to thank me for keeping an eye on the girls. She told me that she'd been surprised and pleased to come back and find the place in as good of a shape as she'd ever seen it. We were sitting at opposite ends of my couch each sipping on a beer when she told me, "The only thing that threw me off was something I didn't notice until yesterday afternoon."

"What's that?" I asked, unconcerned.

"There was a spot of some kind in front of the couch. I tried vacuuming it, but it just didn't want to come up. I finally got a damp cloth and went after it; it was after I'd been working on it for a few minutes that I realized what it was: semen."

Keeping my equanimity as best I could, I silently said a brief prayer of thanks that I was holding my beer instead of drinking from it when she'd said that. I was watching her closely as she went on to say, "Jeff, I'm about as sure as I can be that something happened between you and one of the girls — and I think I've got a pretty good idea of what it was. I told you that as long as none of them came home crying or bleeding, I wouldn't say anything about what happens between you and them, and I won't. Whatever it was, there isn't a doubt in my mind that not only was it consensual on both sides, but that it was... satisfactory to whichever one of them it was. NONE of them gives even the slightest indication that anything is different about her, or that anything wrong has happened. If anything, they're happier than I think I've ever seen them. After being away from them like that, since I've gotten home, it really hit home for me how different they are from this time a year ago. Every one of them is more thoughtful — in BOTH connotations — and mature and responsible. And on top of that, they seem more confident in themselves, more affectionate, and more patient. All in all, it's a major change in them, and one I'm glad to see. I'm absolutely certain that you're at the source of most of it, and I want you to know that I'm as grateful as I can be that you've helped turn my three female hellions into young ladies that I'm MORE than just proud of."

With that, she lifted her bottle and tipped it toward me in salute; I returned the gesture and smiled before telling her, "Whatever I may have done that helped them turn out the way they have, it only happened because they were good girls to start with — I was just lucky enough to be able to point them in the direction they needed to go."

Jean snorted and told me, "I'm not going to believe that any more than any other story you come up with — but it doesn't sound like you want to talk about it, either, so I'll just drop it after I tell you one last thing: whatever you've done, and whatever you do, I'm glad that I trusted them with you." With a grin, she added, "Just try not to stain anything else, okay?"

It was my turn to salute her, after that; then I got the subject changed by asking her how the classes had been, and if she'd had any fun.

From then until over a month after school started, the visits I got from the girls were much the same as before... the sole exception, of course, being Tina. The first time she came over after her defloration, she was perfectly fine with the two of us necking for a little while, and then engaging in a leisurely period of "69". But it was when I guided her off of me and turned around so I could position myself between her parted legs that she really came alive — practically radiating her joy as she hesitantly told me, "I... I was afraid that it was just that one time... that you were with me like that just because I asked you to, and it was my first time."

I used my lips on hers to make it clear as could be how I felt about her before saying, "Sweetheart, I told you I'd make love with you however many times you want, and I meant it. You found out the other night what it's like to make love completely. Now you can start putting together everything else you've learned so you can get the MOST out of making love — and I'm here to help you with that part, too."

Pleased to hear that, she looked both eager and ecstatic as she reached out and pulled my head down so

she could kiss me to within an inch of my life. When our lips finally separated, I began teaching her what making love was really all about. After we were done, she was still a bit unsteady in the shower, but had gotten herself back together by the time she finished getting dressed again. When she was ready to leave, I picked her up in my arms and kissed her fiercely before letting her down again and giving her the customary pat on the ass.

From then on, it was entirely up to her whether the two of us made love or not. If we did, she proved to be an enthusiastic lover, willing to learn, and eager to apply her lessons.

The beginning of October, Jean was over to visit and while the two of us were talking, she mentioned that the employees at the company where she worked were having a big Halloween party; they'd made arrangements to rent a club, and were going so far as to offer prizes for the best costume: \$500 for best costume, \$350 for second place, and \$250 for third. Judging would be based half on how the costume looked at work and half on how it looked in the club. She said something several times about wishing she could think of something really good so she'd have a chance at one of the prizes. That got my attention, and I asked her if she had anything in mind — that if she wanted, I'd help her any way I could. We got started talking about it, and finally settled on fitting her out as an android. She wasn't entire sure it would work, but I was confident enough to promise her that if she didn't win one of the prizes, I'd give her a couple hundred dollars just for trying.

Over the course of the next couple of weeks, she was coming over almost every night so we could work on it. I was providing most of the "technology" we were going to include, by way of the inevitable scrap materials from our fabrication facility. In addition, I paid some of the fab people out of my own pocket to do a little enhancement on surplus bits of aluminum and the like — a bit of light machining to reshape various bits of aluminum stock scrap to suggest or resemble human joints or bones, making a "slug" from a sawed hole look like an access panel, and so on. With those, some scraps of mylar film, a few repurposed circuit boards, and a negligible amount of engineering on my part, it didn't take much to make her costume actually plausible. With that accomplished, it was on to settle on the human part of the costume. By the time we were done, we had something that was going to knock people's socks off.

A couple of days before the party, we got the girls over to my place easily enough with the promise that they could finally see the whole costume the way Jean was going to wear it. Seated in my living room, they were nearly vibrating in place as Jean and I went back to get her decked out. Once we were done, she followed me down the hallway, but waited out of sight so I could talk to the girls a moment and give her a proper build-up.

When she finally walked in, all three of the girls could only sit there in stunned silence; the stuff I'd brought home from work served to make it look like Jean's shoulder and hip joints were metallic, and a combination of a few other aluminum bits and the scrap boards (modified to have small blinking LEDs) gave whoever looked at her every reason to believe that they were actually part of her, they blended in with her skin so well. It had been easy enough to give one of her hands the appearance of being entirely artificial, and the addition of a few small concealed touch switches let her do things like turn on a laserpointer that was pointed at a piece of reflective plastic in front of one eye (it had a small hole drilled in it that she could see through) — giving the appearance that she had a laser beam coming out of that eye. Another of the switches caused a couple of small hidden speakers to emit a random assortment of beeps and boops for a few seconds, sounding like she was possibly uploading or

downloading data. The last turned on a VERY small motor that was hidden behind a short section of "wiring" at her throat; when turned on, it was enough to vibrate her vocal cords, making her voice sound artificial. With the plain black shift she'd come up with to wear while at work (she'd take it off when she got to the club), she gave every indication of being from an android factory, and that someone had just tossed clothing on her for the sake of propriety. When she undid the buttons on the shoulder straps, however, and let the shift fall to the floor, she made an entirely different impression on the viewer: that her primary android occupation was as a sex droid: she had on a surprisingly brief pair of bikini bottoms that showed off her waist, hips, and ass to DAMN good effect; her bust was covered with mylar film that hugged her shape well enough that it should have been clear to a blind man that she was female. In between were just a few more circuit board and aluminum bits... enough to continue the android theme, but not enough to get in the way of a nice expanse of smooth, flawless skin. When she turned around, it took only a couple of shaped aluminum pieces along her spine to complete the android effect.

As the girls sat there staring at her, Jean used the switches to run through the various effects she could employ; all of them jumped when the laser seemed to come out of her eye, and the robotic effect added to her voice made their jaws drop. She was standing there waiting to hear what they thought when Joanne finally found her voice and said, "Wow. I mean... wow. You look like something that came out of the MOVIES... except you're way sexier than anything I've ever gotten to see!" making Jean laugh; the motor at her throat was still on, and she sounded seriously creepy. She quickly turned it off, and sounded like a real person again when she answered, "Good! That's just what I'm shooting for." A second later, she asked, "It looks okay with the dress on?"

Chris answered with, "Yeah, you look great. I mean, I know you don't REALLY look like that, but still..." unable to take her eyes off Jean.

To that, Tina added, "Seriously, Mom: you really do look like you belong in some outer space movie, or something — at least, with the dress on. When you take it off, you look sexy as all get-out!"

She still looked a trifle uncertain, so I took her by the (non-metallic) hand and led her back to my bedroom. After telling her to close her eyes, I got her facing the bedroom door which had a full-length mirror on the back of it. After making sure she'd be able to see herself, I had her open her eyes again — and she gasped when she got the full effect of the entire costume. She'd naturally seen bits and pieces of it as we got them sized and shaped to fit her, but I'd deliberately avoided having all of it together until then. As she stood there staring at herself, Joanne came in with the dress; I had Jean close her eyes again, and she readily complied, knowing what I was going to do. When it was hanging from her shoulders again, she opened her eyes and saw for herself that the WORK costume part of things looked just fine; it was when the dress was off of her that the whole orientation of things changed.

The day of the party (Friday; Halloween was the next day), she called ME at work during her lunch hour, ecstatic with how well her costume was going over. Several people had come right out and asked her how she was keeping all the parts on, and her company's IT people kept coming by and asking to see if they could figure out how she was doing the different effects. She claimed that a few people didn't seem entirely certain that they weren't seeing the REAL her, laughing. I laughed with her and said I'd expect to hear how she did with the contest before we ended the call.

Shortly after I'd finished supper, I heard from her again. She was at the party, and they'd already conceded that she'd won first place; they were still trying to figure out who would get second and third.

She told me (and I could easily believe) that the entire place had gotten quiet when she walked in without the dress she'd had on at work. Much to her amusement, a couple of guys from work that frequently tried to get her to go out with them were too shaken up by her appearance to approach her at the party. I congratulated her on winning, and she laughed again before telling me, "I guess you're off the hook for that money you promised me. Thanks, Jeff!"

I laughed with her, and after she told me she'd be staying there for a while (I got the impression that "for a while" translated into "until closing time"), and that was the end of the call.

The next day, Jean came over again, and practically hugged the life out of me while holding the check they'd given her. I congratulated her again, and took advantage of the opportunity she was giving me to hug her and slide my hands up and down her body (not including the more interesting parts, sadly). She also showed me a picture of the three winners of the costume contest; it was plain as could be that she'd far outclassed anyone else. She promised me a copy of the photo, and after giving me a kiss that left no doubt about how happy she was, she left again.

Halloween was actually kind of a non-event for me: I wasn't into looking at the various costumes, and didn't care for the idea of getting up every few minutes to issue everyone a ration of candy — so I'd rigged a few effects out in my yard and along the walkway to the street, set up an automatic candy dispenser, and called it good enough. That left me with my entire evening free to do whatever the hell I wanted, undisturbed.

I'd heard from the girls that they'd all been invited to different Halloween parties, and figured that I'd be absent their company. I found out differently when Joanne surprised me by turning up shortly after dark. I let her in, and she told me that she'd decided that she didn't want to bother with going to any parties... that there were other things she'd rather do. I didn't ask what those were, figuring she'd have told me if she wanted me to know. I sat down on the couch again, and she seemed perfectly happy to tuck herself into my side and watch TV with me.

When it got late enough, I said that I thought it was about time for bed; Joanne readily stood up when I did. I wished her good night, only to have her take one of my hands and hold it between hers. Looking at her in curiosity, I asked, "What is it?"

She took a deep breath and answered, "It's only good night if you want it to be, Jeff. I came over hoping that I'd be able to spend the night."

"Sure, you can spend the night, if you want. Let me get you a pillow, though..."

Her hold on my hand kept me from going anywhere while she told me, "No, I don't mean just stay out here. I want to spend the night... with you. And... and if you will, I'm hoping that you'll make love with me."

I knew I was staring at her, but couldn't help myself as she explained, "I was thinking about this even before Tina decided she wanted her and you to be together. But I know that sometimes I kinda start thinking I want to do something that I don't really want to. So I kept quiet about it, and started really thinking about it like I knew I should. That's why I can tell you that I'm not here because of what you did with Tina, or anything she's said, or because I'm afraid you'd be with Chris before me or anything else. I want to sleep and make love with you tonight because I know that this is what's right for ME."

Looking at her, I asked, "Isn't your mom going to be worried about you being over here all night?"

She smiled and answered, "I don't think so. I asked her if it would be okay if I stayed over here tonight, and she said it was okay with her if it was okay with you. I think she knew I wanted something to happen, because she gave me a hug and told me she loved me and not to worry or be afraid."

That sure sounded to ME like Jean figured what Joanne was after, too, which set my mind at ease — mostly.

Putting my other hand outside of hers so I could hold it, I told her, "Joanne, if you're sure this is what you want, and I'm the one you want it to happen with, then I'll do the best I can to make it good and right for you."

She brightened considerably for a bit, then looked hesitant as she told me, "I know you wouldn't hurt me or anything, but I don't think that I'm ready for anything like what happened with Tina..."

I smiled in reassurance before telling her, "That's fine, honey. I knew I'd gotten a little carried away after that, too. I promise, I'll just try to make you happy — but not too much."

She smiled back, and each of us let an arm fall to our sides so we could hold hands as we made our way back to my bedroom. Once there, she helped me turn down the covers before we began undressing. I could see that she was a little nervous, but there wasn't any indication that she was actually afraid.

As each of us finished getting naked, we slipped into bed; Joanne was there waiting for me, and I didn't hesitate to move behind her and put an arm around her as we spooned. Perhaps a minute went by before she told me, "I'm not afraid of being with you — I mean, I'm not worried about when my cherry breaks, or that you'll be too big for me, or anything like that. It's just that this is all new to me — of course! — and I'm not sure what to expect. I'm pretty sure you'll be okay, but I don't know how I'll do."

I gave her shoulder a soft kiss and hugged her close as I told her, "I'm glad you're not afraid, honey. But you don't have to be nervous about anything, either. You'll be fine... and I know that because I'm going to do whatever I have to to make SURE you're fine. I know how to make you happy and feel good, and that's just what I'm going to do. It won't be making love unless both of us like what happens, and more than anything else, I want YOU to be happy when we're done. Okay?"

I could hear the trust and confidence in her voice when she answered, "Okay, Jeff. You've never lied to me before, and I know you aren't doing it now."

She rolled over onto her back, and moved my hand to her breast before telling me, "I looked up a whole bunch of stuff when I started thinking about not being a virgin any more, and I found out a lot of things that I had to think about. I learned about the different positions we could be in, and what ways would be easiest for me, and what other women wished had been different and how, and a lot more. I thought about all the stuff I learned, and figured out how much of it I could use to make things happen the way I want them to. I knew what parts you'd already do, so all I want to do is tell you the little bit that's left over."

I gave her breast a gentle caress as I answered, "Of course, dear."

"The first thing... I know I don't have to, but I was hoping you'd be okay with being the one on top of me. You know, the one they call the missionary position. That isn't the easiest one, but I want to feel like you're there protecting me, and so we can kiss and everything. The other thing is that after you, you know, climax in me, I'd like it if you could try to stay inside me as long as you can unless I say different. I... I'm pretty sure I'm going to like having you inside me, and I was hoping we could stay

like that as long as we can."

After a soft kiss to her lips, I told her, "Neither one of those is even a LITTLE problem, sweetheart."

I waited a little bit, but there didn't seem to be anything else she felt she needed to say; she just lay there looking up at me in complete trust and confidence. When I realized that she was waiting for ME (just as I was waiting for her), I lowered my head and touched my lips to hers as softly and chastely as I could. Our kiss wasn't long, but there was no mistaking the love we shared with each other. Pulling my head back from hers, we looked at each other as she told me, "Please, Jeff... make love with me, and help me learn what it's like to be a woman."

I kissed her again, doing my best to let her know that I found her to be attractive and desirable. In return, she made abundantly clear what it was she wanted. As our kisses continued to grow in length, they also grew in intimacy and desire; along the way I began moving my hand on her lithe young body, softly stroking whatever parts of her happened to strike my fancy — her belly, her waist, her bust, the soft fur of her pelvis... even her shoulders and throat felt my tender touch.

She didn't say or do anything to indicate she wanted me to move any faster, and I wasn't about to try to hurry her in the slightest. That meant that I got to continue enjoying the feel of her young body under my hands as our kisses became even more intimate and impassioned.

When I figured she was sufficiently aroused, I gradually shifted my lips away from hers so I could try to increase her desire even more by kissing her throat and shoulders, gently nibbling her earlobes, and then on to begin applying soft kisses all over her torso, intermixed with softly nibbling at her skin with my lips. It wasn't until I heard her start softly moaning her desire that I focused my attentions on the delightful mounds of her breasts — giving random spots on the brief licks, tenderly sucking on them at various places OTHER than her erect nipples and crinkled areolas, taking the firm shafts of her nipples and rolling them between my teeth, and finally taking the hard peaks of her mammaries into my mouth and carefully 'chewing' on them as I tried to suck them to even greater extension.

Her hands were in my hair most of the time as she held my head close to her bust; once I'd brought her areolas and nipples to full attention, I started kissing and licking my way down her body. Once it was clear where I was going, she lifted my head to tell me, "I want us to do that together."

It was her time, so I simply nodded my head and smiled before moving to lie on my back. It took her only a few moments to get herself positioned over me; before I could lift my head, she'd taken hold of my semi-erect penis and moved it around so she could take the entire length of it between her lips.

Before I could extend my tongue to make initial contact with Joanne's labia, she was using HER tongue to begin teasing and massaging my penis. As her efforts began to have their effect, I was doing my best to get her ready for the loss of her virginity. Two things needed to happen to make getting my full-sized erection into her still-young womanhood: having her as relaxed as possible to minimize any discomfort, and for her to be as wet and lubricated as could be managed to make it possible. While she was busy getting me erect so I could make love with her, I went about doing the things that I knew affected her most with the goal of getting her through at least one orgasm — figuring that that would leave her in a condition to accept the loss of her hymen and the introduction of my cock to her unused vagina as easily as could be managed.

Over the course of the next little while, I was still happy to lap up any of her nectar that I could find... but I was careful not to make any effort to draw it out of her. For her part, Joanne was content to apply

herself to getting me erect without stimulating me any more than necessary — something that I was grateful for.

My activities between Joanne's smooth thighs included such things as licking and gently sucking on her engorged labia, tonguing her clitoris in a variety of ways and at an assortment of pressures and speeds, and pressing the end of my tongue against her opening as part of lapping up the overflow of her oils. Along with that, I was moving my hands from the firm globes of her ass in favor of caressing as much of her body as I could... even reaching between us so I could tend to her warm mammaries. I was having the desired effect on her, and she began arching her pelvis slightly as her pleasure steadily approached the breaking point.

I was fluttering my tongue across her clitoris when she went over the edge into an orgasm. Though her clit promptly hid itself from me, I continued to use my flattened tongue over the general area while her body spasmed over mine; I stopped only when the last wave of her release had faded.

When I could feel that her breathing was more-or-less back to normal, I put my hand on her hip and gave it a little nudge; I had to do it a second time before she started to move. I helped guide her leg over my head, but after that she was able to move off of me on her own on her way to sitting up. I matched her position next to her (but facing the other way) before putting my arms around her and giving her a hug as I softly kissed her forehead, then her lips. When I pulled my head back, we looked at each other for a second before I told her, "Joanne, we can stop now, or we can go on... it's up to you, and I'm fine with either one."

She didn't hesitate a moment to tell me, "I want to go on."

I shifted myself around a bit so we were facing the same direction, and carefully guided her down onto her back before stretching myself out next to her. Lowering my head, we exchanged several kisses — starting at gentle and loving, and rapidly moving up the scale before I broke them off in favor of nibbling her ear for a bit, then slowly kissing my way down her body until I could take the peak of one of her breasts between my lips. I happily spent a few minutes bringing both mammaries to hardened peaks before slowly moving my legs between hers.

Once I was laying over her, she looked up at me in complete trust as she softly told me, "I love you, Jeff — more than I thought I could love someone that wasn't family. I'm positive this is what I want to do, and there isn't a doubt in my mind that you're the one I want to do it. Please... make me a woman, and show me what making love is all about."

Having said that, Joanne brought her knees up and parted her legs, making herself as available to me as she could. I reached between us and got the head of my erection between the fleshy gates bracketing her opening. I moved the end of my cock up and down a little bit to get it wetted with her oils, only to have it nearly saturated before I could get myself softly wedged against the entrance to her sheath. With me ready to start, she moved her hands to my sides and nodded that she was ready.

We looked into each other's eyes, and I watched her closely as I began to press myself into her — starting out mildly so she'd know that I wasn't going to hurt her. As I slowly increased the force I applied, I felt her trying to get control of the tight ring of her opening — and as she did, begin to accept the stretching that my erect penis was causing. I continued to watch her, and didn't see any indication that she was in pain; she started to look uncomfortable a couple of times, but as soon as she did, I eased up until it passed.

Slowly, in fits and starts, more and more of my manhood began to slide into her. when we got to the point that over half the head of my cock was in her, I felt the slight pressure of her maidenhead against the end of it; as I edged my way even farther into her, the pressure increased... but only slightly, and without seeming to bother her.

Finally, with only a slight nudge, I felt the entrance to her womanhood slip past the crown of my erection, clenching around me right behind the head. I backed off immediately, and to my surprise, she looked a bit more relaxed after that happened than she had before. Seeing the expression on my face, she told me, "Just a second ago... right before you stopped, I felt something change inside me — it was like all of a sudden, everything relaxed. I never actually hurt or anything, it's just that it was easier than it was before."

I wiggled around slightly, and realized that I couldn't feel her hymen against the end of my penis any longer. I smiled as I looked down at her and said, "You probably know this already, but I think that was your hymen giving up. I could feel it at first, but not now."

She gave me a Mona Lisa smile before saying, "Yeah, that's what I figured, too. That was a lot easier than I was afraid it was going to be. Now that that's out of the way, all that's left is for you to finish getting inside me and we can start making love."

Giving her time to get used to having even just that much of me inside her formerly unused womanhood, I waited until Joanne arched herself up at me to start pressing myself into her again. With the largest part of me already past the smallest part of her, and the more than ample supply of her oils to smooth the way, it didn't take very long until my pelvis was pressed against hers — to her obvious satisfaction. As I again held myself still so she could adjust to being thoroughly filled with my erection, she absently said, "It feels so good... so right..." before looking up and telling me, "You feel huge in me — but now I know what it's like to be a woman... and I'm glad."

Hearing that she was happy and (apparently) comfortable, I started to ease myself out of her... slowly, so she could let me know if she was having any problems. She wasn't, and I stopped when about half my manhood had escaped her incredibly tight and hot confines. As I pressed myself back into her, she closed her eyes and released a soft moan of pleasure at the sensation of being completely filled again. Her reaction was enough to get me to do it again, but not stopping until only the head of my cock was encased in her before reversing direction; the sound that drew from her was of deep satisfaction.

It took just a couple of minutes to get into a slow rhythm of pistoning myself in and out of her hot, wet sheath as she moaned her pleasure and arched herself up at me in welcome to each penetration.

I lowered my head, and the two of us were able to exchange several kisses before her need to breathe gave me the excuse and opportunity to shift my oral attentions farther down her body; it was a bit awkward and uncomfortable, but I was able to capture the dark summits of both of her breasts in turn, licking and sucking them to firm, glistening peaks as I steadily increased the pace of my thrusts. By the time I finally had to straighten up again, I was moving in Joanne much as I would a grown and experienced woman while listening to the assorted pleased and aroused sounds that she was making.

Without the distraction (pleasant though it was) of nursing at Joanne's breasts, I was able to move myself in her with a bit more regularity and steadiness. That's all she seemed to need to slip into what I knew was a relatively small orgasm for her. Still, it was an orgasm, and her vagina got even tighter around me before beginning to go through a series of what I can only describe as ripples: starting just

inside her opening, a narrow band of her vagina clenched around me — then as that one relaxed, another one next to it clamped down; when it started to release, the next one in line got tight, and so on.

Thankfully, it WAS a small orgasm for her, and the experience didn't go on long enough to affect me too much... though I was hoping to feel it again when I was ready to climax.

Joanne recovered quickly and easily enough, and brought her legs up so she could wrap them around my waist. That opened her up to me even more, and made it possible for each of my thrusts to slide into her just a little farther. Enough farther, in fact, that I could sometimes feel the end of my cock touching the deepest part of her — to our mutual pleasure.

I don't know how much longer I'd continued to pistoning in and out of Joanne when she went into another orgasm... one that was appreciably more powerful than the first since I'd entered her. Just as before, the tight sheath of her womanhood tightened around me for a bit before starting the rippling sensation again, as though her vagina was trying to pull my cock even further into her. It was more of a struggle that time, but I still managed to keep sliding myself in and out of her despite the temptation to stuff as much of my dick in her as I could and enjoy it for as long as possible.

The end of her climax left Joanne panting underneath me, but the feel of my hardness moving in her seemed to bring her around faster than I'd seen happen before: it wasn't even a couple of minutes until she was groaning as she arched herself up at me again and her ankles were locked behind my back. A few minutes more, and I felt her hands on my back as she tried to pull me closer while my shaft moved even faster. Each time my pubic area met hers, there was a distinct squelching noise caused by the surplus of her juices that had saturated both our bushes. I continued to cycle myself in and out of her hot box, and it briefly ran through my mind to wonder if I'd ever get the smell of her out of my bedroom... and deciding that having it there wasn't such a bad thing...

Both of us had gotten hot and a little sweaty, our bodies sliding against each other, when I hit the point that I knew I was going to cum — and that it wasn't far off. Trying to delay the inevitable, I changed the pace of my thrusts into her by taking longer and slower strokes. Trying to help HER have another orgasm before I gave it up, I also started pressing my pelvis against hers at the end of each thrust, applying that extra little bit of stimulation to her clitoris. I began to feel the pressure building, and tried everything I could think of to delay my climax... to get one more turn of sliding out and back into her tight, wet womanhood.

I don't know if it was good karma, pure luck, or a particularly kind and benevolent deity, but I knew I was just a couple of strokes from emptying myself into her when Joanne went into her third and last orgasm. I was more than happy to simply hold myself as far into her as I could get while her already tight womanhood got even tighter; when the second cycle of her internal rippling began, that was all I needed to begin spraying her insides with my hard, hot jets of semen in counterpoint to the sensations she was creating around me.

With the end of my own climax, I realized that Joanne had lifted herself completely off my bed so that I was supporting both of us. Even as I was wondering how long I could do so, I felt her begin to lose her grip, and quickly lowered my body so that I only had to support myself instead of both of us; moments later, her arms and legs slipped from around me just ahead of her body going through a few quickly fading shudders.

With my erection still embedded in her, I continued to hold myself over her as she panted and quivered

slightly beneath me. After several moments, she opened her eyes, but didn't look like she was completely aware of where she was or what we'd been doing. To help her get her focus back, I gave her a tender kiss on the forehead, followed by softly touching my lips to hers. A couple of seconds later, I could see it as everything came back to her: the widening of her eyes was accompanied by a sudden deep intake of breath as she looked up at me in something akin to awe for several moments before reaching up and wrapping her arms around me again and hugging me tightly enough to almost cut off my breathing.

When she finally released me, I raised up enough to look into her lovely face as she told me, "Oh, Jeff! That was so wonderful! I knew you wouldn't hurt me, and that having you inside me would feel good... but I never ever dreamed that it could be like THAT — that I'd have even one orgasm, never mind more than that. And now... I can still feel you, inside me just like I asked, and it feels so good, even if you aren't hard all the way like you were. And you're holding me now, and staying over me so I don't get cold or anything. I knew you cared about me and everything, but I didn't expect you to do anything like this! You're such a dear," her eyes starting to fill with tears.

I did my best to kiss them away before telling her, "It's okay, sweetheart. You loved me enough to give yourself to me this way, and I wanted you to know how much I love YOU."

She managed to blink the last of her tears away and answered, "I already knew that, Jeff. But it's still nice to hear you say it."

We remained like that, giving each other occasional soft kisses, as my penis slowly deflated — a process that was greatly impaired by the frequent minor tightening or clenching of her vagina around me whenever she moved. Still, there wasn't anything that could stop it completely; it finally reached the point that neither of us dared move enough to break the seal that had formed where we were joined. I expect that both of us knew it was going to happen — and soon — when Joanne told me, "I'd stay here like this with you forever, if we could... but I know that isn't going to happen. I don't want to stay here and make a big mess, so if you'll hurry and get off me when... when it happens, I can make sure I don't."

"If you want to stay here, I can get you a towel fast enough," I offered.

She smiled and answered "I know you could. But there's still some of this that I have to learn."

"You want to learn in private, too, I suspect."

Her smile didn't change a whit before she told me, "This first time... yeah. I'm sorry."

I made a noise of derision and told her "There's nothing for you to be sorry about. This is your time, and I just wanted to make sure I didn't try to follow you into the bathroom if you didn't want me there, is all."

She started to giggle, and that was all it took to uncouple us; it took only a second for me to relocate so that I was out of her way. She quickly cupped a hand over her mons and used her fingers to provide a barrier against the semen that tried to run out of her. After getting to the edge of the bed, she got up and serenely made her way toward my bathroom.

As soon as I heard the door close behind her, I got up and had a look at the bed. That it was rumpled was a non-issue; what mattered to me was that it was slightly damp from the sweat we'd shed, and there was a distinct wet spot that testified to just how wet she'd gotten. While she was occupied in the

bathroom, I quickly got the bedding changed — then went into the kitchen and got some sodas for us, expecting that she'd want to replace the missing fluids.

I'd just set the sodas where they'd be convenient when the bathroom door opened and I heard her say, "We can clean up a little bit now, if you want to."

"Now or later, whichever you want," I answered.

A second later, she offered, "I think now is probably better. I'm feeling kind of tired, and I'm not sure I could stay awake to do it later."

I grinned to myself, because I was having the same problem; I quickly joined her in the bathroom, and we had a dandy time rinsing ourselves and each other off, as well as drying off. When we came into the bedroom again, she saw what I'd done. Though she didn't say anything, the look she gave me let me know that she appreciated it.

Spying the sodas, she realized how thirsty she was, and the two of us sat leaning against the headboard as we rehydrated ourselves. She found that she could sit next to me, but still lean back and over enough that I could put my arm around her. A couple of minutes had gone by in comfortable silence when she told me, "Thank you, Jeff. I knew I could trust you to make love with me the first time and make it as easy and all that as it could be — and you did just that. You've been patient and gentle and understanding and everything else I've needed; and you've done it in a way that made everything that's happened tonight seem perfectly normal and reasonable. I've heard some of the other girls at school talk about what THEIR first time was like, and I know how incredibly lucky I am that I could have you as the first person to be with. From all the things you've said, and Mom has told us, and I've read and heard and everything else, the rest of my sex life is only going to get better from here — and I can't tell you how grateful I am to get such a pleasant and satisfactory introduction. I'm going to remember this, and you, for the rest of my life."

There was nothing for me to say to that except, "Thank you, sweetheart. All I ever wanted was to do the best I could for you, and it's nice to know that I got it right," and give her a hug. She turned to smile up at me for a moment before snuggling herself a little closer.

When we were done with our sodas, we set the cans to the side and got comfortable under the covers with her spooning in front of me and my hand cupping her breast. I gave her a tender kiss on the shoulder and told her, "I love you, Joanne," and heard her answer, "I know that, Jeff... just like you know I love you."

A little while later, both of us were fast asleep.

I woke up the next morning flat on my back with Joanne on her side next to me, her head on my shoulder and an arm and a leg draped across me. Carefully, so as not to wake her, I got my arm free so I could put it around her. With my hand on her hip, I was content to simply caress the little bit of her soft skin that I could reach just by moving my fingers. After a while, Joanne woke up; after stretching hard enough that I could hear joints pop, she looked up at me looking as happy as I'd ever seen her before letting her head come to rest on my shoulder again. She started idly toying with some of the hairs on my chest before telling me, "I wish I could wake up like this every morning."

I caressed her side as I asked, "You're okay? No problems?"

She sighed happily before answering, "I'm fine. I can feel that you were there, but nothing hurts and I'm

not even sore, really."

We stayed like that for several minutes until Joanne said, "Well, I guess I should probably get up and go home before long. I know Mom wouldn't actually worry about me, but she'd probably feel better knowing I'm okay."

I agreed that was probably true, and suggested that if she thought she could behave herself, I was okay with the two of us taking a shower together. She giggled and wanted to know where the fun was if she behaved herself. I countered by pointing out that I hadn't said anything about ME behaving, making her laugh outright. She agreed that a shower was a good idea, and after a fair amount of kissing, molesting, fondling, and horseplay, the two of us were under the hot spray. She mostly behaved herself; I didn't.

After we'd had breakfast, Joanne went home; a couple of hours later, Jean came over to ask if I could help her with a few things around her place — fixing a leaky faucet and a couple more such items. While I was working, Jean stayed with me to provide whatever assistance she could: handing me tools or parts and so on. While we were busy, the only thing Jean had to say to me about Joanne spending the night was, "I saw Joanne when she came home this morning. Whatever happened last night, it's pretty obvious that she's as happy and satisfied with it as she could be... and a damn sight better with it than I was. I'm happy for her, and grateful to you for leaving her that way."

"All I did was treat her the way she deserves, Jean."

"Even so, that's better than I think most guys would have."

After that, I had both Joanne and Tina coming over (sometimes together!) to spend the night with me — always with Jean's knowledge and permission — every so often. Chris continued her visits, as well; after several weeks, she hesitantly asked if it would be okay if SHE spent the night, too... taking care to say that she just wanted to sleep, and not for "anything else". I said it was fine with me if her mother said it was okay, and the following Friday night found the two of us snuggled in my bed. The next morning, the two of us got into a lengthy and VERY satisfying session of "69", but that was the extent of our intimacy.

The next several months were an unmitigated pleasure for me.

Spring had arrived, and one Saturday afternoon Jean and I were stretched out on her couch listening to some music while the girls were off at some hunky-guy movie marathon. We were lying there just listening to the music when Jean told me, "Since Joanne spent the night with you, and I expect it was Tina that you had a special time with while I was at that class... all of them have gotten a lot more mature and responsible than the kids of anybody else that I know — or have even heard of. It used to be that I was after them almost constantly about their rooms, their homework, and anything else that they didn't want to bother with. Now I can't remember the last time I had to say anything to any of them; they're taking care of things themselves without me having to. That tells me that there's more than just one thing that goes on when they're with you, too; and that's as reassuring to me as knowing that you're treating them right. I'm fine with how often the girls have been going over to your place, whether it's just for a little while or to spend the night; I know you'd say something to them if it got to be a problem. I know they aren't always there for the same reason, too. But it's easy enough to tell when they go over for one particular thing: they come back looking too damn happy for their own good. That alone tells me that you're not doing anything to them... at least, nothing bad. But it's starting to be a little bit of a problem for me, and I'm not sure what to do about it."

Curious, I asked her, "What problem?"

She hesitated for a few moments before answering. "I... I'm actually getting a little jealous of them."

Confused, I wanted to know, "Jealous? Of what?"

"That they can go over to your place and be with you doing whatever, and come back home looking the way they do — so happy, so satisfied, so... everything."

That was the first time that Jean had ever said anything so openly and directly about the sexual aspect of her life. She'd always skirted around it or changed the subject or simply refused to speak about it before, so hearing her say that she was jealous about her daughters' sex lives was something of a shock. It took several moments before I could ask, "Why would you be jealous? I'm not asking for any details, you understand, but isn't YOUR personal life satisfying?"

I heard a brief wry laugh before she answered. "I wasn't a virgin when I got married, but I didn't miss it by much, either — I'd only been with one other guy, and then only just a few times. I didn't enjoy it at first, but after I got married, it eventually got better. There were even a couple of times that I had small orgasms with my ex... before he got started with that crap. After the divorce, I wasn't interested in meeting any other guys for the simple reason that I had three kids to take care of and not enough time or money to be getting involved with anyone. I started spending more and more time with my friends when I could, and it finally happened that I just... unloaded on one of them one night. I mean, I bitched about my ex, how bad my life sucked, how miserable and lonely I was... all of it. I must have gone on for over an hour, and when I was done, I was completely in tears and a total wreck. My friend held me and patted my back and tried to get me settled down again. I don't know why, but we kissed for some reason... and it was nice, and we did it again... and kept going. It was the first time I'd ever done anything like that with another girl, and I was scared to death. But it felt good, and after a while, I wasn't scared any more and started doing the same things to her that she was doing to me... and I could tell that I was making her feel as good as she was doing for me. When it was over, I felt happier and more content laying there with us holding each other than I ever had with anyone before."

Both of us were silent for a bit before she spoke up again, saying, "Since then, I've been with her several more times... and it has gotten better and better each time. That's why I was so okay about telling the girls that there wasn't anything wrong with being with another girl. But I had orgasms with my ex, too, so I've tried to be careful not to do anything to keep them from being willing to be with a guy, too — which is another part of why I figured that them coming to you and learning about sex wasn't bad; I knew I could trust you not to say or do anything that would mess them up about it." She laughed briefly and went on, "If you've messed them up any, it's because you've spoiled them for anybody else. And that gets us back to me being jealous of them. I feel every bit as good after being with someone as they do... except that for me, it only happens when I'm with another woman. I'm not embarrassed or ashamed about liking to be with another woman, I just don't want it to be the ONLY way I can feel that happy — there's just too many people that seem to lose their damn minds when it comes to two people of the same sex being with each other."

She was silent for a second, then released a heavy sigh, saying, "What I'm trying not to say is that I'd prefer to be with other women, but don't want to have to put up with the crap of being labelled a lesbian — even if I was one. To keep that from happening, people have to think that I'm with a guy — except that I don't enjoy sex with men enough to be with one long or often enough for it to work as the... camouflage, I guess you'd call it, that I need. Basically, I want to be with girls, but without being

hassled; to keep from being hassled, I'd have to be with a guy — which I don't like enough to want to do often enough for it to work as a disguise."

Both of us sat there quietly for a while, until Jean spoke up again to ask, "Jeff? Would... would you have sex with me? The way you do with Joanne and Tina, so I can find out if being with a guy can be as good for me as it is for them?"

Stunned that she'd just come out and ASK that way, it took several seconds before I could answer, "I don't know that I could just 'have sex' with you, Jean. I like you too much for that to be all there is to it for me. I don't mean that I think we should get married first or swear undying love for each other, but I think it'd be better if it meant something... even a little bit. I think what matters with the girls as much as anything else is the fact that they know I love them, and care about them."

She didn't say anything for a bit, then finally told me, "Actually, it would mean something to me. I've wished for years that my ex had been more like you. I already know how much you mean to Joanne and Tina, and even Chris — and it IS because they know you love them, and they love you back for it. I... I even love you. Like you said, not to get married or anything like that, but for what you've come to mean to me and the girls. You're a hell of a nice guy, and you're somebody I know I can come to for help with damn near anything; you must know how much I trust you if I'm okay with my teenage daughters going over to your place the way they have. All you've done to help them, and me... yeah, you've come to mean a lot to me over the years. So... so if you'll bed me like you do them, it won't be 'just' having sex. I can't promise you that I'll enjoy it as much as they seem to, but you must already know that; what I do need to find out is if what I can feel from it is anything like what they do. Can you do that for me?"

If Jean had ever given me any indication that she was agreeable to the two of us getting hot and sweaty together, I'd have been glad for the opportunity. But hearing all that from her made the prospect somewhat less appealing, and I had to decide (fairly quickly) how I wanted to proceed from there. Jean seemed to realize that she'd hit me with something I'd been totally unprepared for, and waited patiently for me to answer.

When I'd finally gotten it all worked out in my mind, I told Jean, "Quite honestly, I'd have been a whole lot happier about this if you hadn't told me all that other stuff — particularly that bit about why you'd be with a guy: you're more than attractive enough that I'd have been glad to jump your bones anyway. That you prefer to be with other women doesn't mean squat to me; I've got enough trouble being in charge of MY life, and I don't have the time or inclination to try to run someone else's. I can only hope that us being together helps you as much as you think it can."

Hearing that I'd agreed to her request, Jean sat up on the couch and turned to face me. With a serious look on her face, she quietly told me, "Thanks, Jeff. I know better than to think it matters to you whether I'm gay or straight or somewhere in between... I knew it was those other things I said that bothered you. While I was waiting to see what you'd say, I realized that I'd said more than I needed to, and that it probably sounded pretty mercenary when I really didn't mean it that way." With a slight smile, she added, "I think I can show you that I'm really not like that, at all."

I raised an eyebrow in question, and she promptly began to prove it by reaching for the bottom of the T-shirt she had on and lifting it up... and continuing the move until she'd removed it completely. That left her sitting there completely topless; she casually tossed the shirt aside and sat there with her hands in her lap, giving me my first-ever clear and unimpeded look at her bust.

With Chris looking so much like her mother, it wasn't much of a surprise to me that Jean's breasts were similar, as well: generally pear-shaped, but with areolas that didn't cover as much of the ends, and nipples that were a trifle larger and longer. Jean being a grown woman, her breasts were larger — enough so that each would overfill my cupped hand rather nicely, I thought. As I was looking at them, I saw her areolas swell slightly, telling me that she was getting at least a little aroused from having me look at her.

When I raised my eyes to look into her face again, I simply said, "Lovely!" to let her know I liked them. She smiled wider, and stood up next to the couch. Without batting an eyelash, she unfastened the shorts she was wearing, unzipped them, and with a little wiggle of her hips, let them fall to the floor. She had on what I suspected may have been the briefest pair of panties on the planet, since they barely covered the mound between her trim thighs. I didn't get to see them long, since she quickly slid her thumbs under the gossamer threads that kept them on her hips and proceeded to slide them down her legs. After she stood up again, what surprised the hell out of me was the discovery that she kept herself shaved — there wasn't a hair, or the slightest sign of there ever having been one, anywhere I could see on her pudendum. In the gap between her thighs, I could make out the cleft of her sex and the edges of her labia. After several seconds, she calmly turned around so I could have a look at her ass. A bit large because of the sedentary nature of her job, it certainly wasn't TOO big for my tastes... and it was still nicely rounded and as smooth as could be hoped for.

She stepped out of the puddle of clothing at her feet and took a step toward the hallway leading back to her bedroom before turning slightly and asking, "If you'll follow me?" — and laughing briefly when I answered, "Gladly!"

In her bedroom, I started to undo the buttons on my shirt, but Jean took my hands in hers and said, "Let me... I've wanted to do something like this with you for years, but never dared let it happen."

Once she got the buttons of my shirt undone, she slid her hands under the fabric and ran them over my chest and stomach; satisfied with what she found, she moved her hands to the waistband of my pants. She had a little bit of trouble getting my pants unfastened and unzipped, but got it done — then knelt down in front of me as she slid them down my legs. I stepped out of them as she practically stared at the bulge filling my shorts; after a few seconds, she slid her thumbs under the waistband of my shorts and began slowly pulling them down. When she'd gotten them pulled down enough that my cock sprung free, she gasped slightly and hesitated a moment before continuing lowering my shorts down my legs. Standing up again, she looked into my face as she said, "I told you that I started enjoying sex more after I got married, and even since the divorce, there have been a lot of times that I wanted to make love. But after the way my marriage ended, and... and what started happening with me and my friend, I wasn't sure who I could trust for anything like that. It wasn't until the girls wanted to go to you that I really understood how much I do trust you — but then I didn't want to get in the way of whatever was going on between them and you; it just seemed like you helping them learn about sex and the two of us being involved would have complicated everything too much."

She took a breath before continuing, "What I didn't expect was the way I'd feel seeing them coming back here looking the way they did... and still do, for that matter. The thing is, I've faced the fact that they're probably going to keep wanting to see you. Not just for the physical things that go on between you, but for all the other things they get from you — the love and affection and caring and all that. Now that Joanne and Tina have more experience with real life, I'm hoping that they'll be able to

understand some of what I've been going through before now. And if they find out that I was with you, too, then maybe they'll be able to accept it without too much trouble... because I do want to be with you, no matter what it sounded like before."

With that, she stepped close and reached up to pull my head down so the two of us could kiss. The first touch of her lips to mine was soft, but after only a few seconds the truth of what she'd said came through, and there was no mistaking what she felt toward me. I started out by putting my hands on her hips, but was soon sliding my hands along her entire body from shoulders to ass.

When our lips separated, we looked into each other's eyes and walked together to her bed. I helped pull the covers down, and we moved to lie next to each other — she on her back, me on my side and propped up on my elbow. I put my hand on her belly (to her visible surprise) before telling her, "Jean, you really do mean something to me, and you have for some time now. I'm not going to treat you the same way I do the girls for the simple reason that you aren't like them: you're a fully grown woman, with experience that both of us can only hope they never have to go through. And you already know things that they still have to learn. What I can, and will, do is show you how I feel about you."

She nodded her understanding, and I lowered my head, kissing her. That kiss picked up a little before the other had left off, and then quickly grew. As it did, I began moving my hand over Jean's body, enjoying the feel of her soft skin from her knees to her neck and all points in between. With her being a full-grown woman and not much younger than I was, there wasn't any reason for me to worry about moving too fast for her for any reason other than physical... and THAT part I knew how to deal with.

I didn't focus my attentions on any particular area, but didn't leave anything out, either. When my hand was on her breasts, her areolas got even puffier and her nipples grew even longer and harder; my gentle caresses along the insides of her thighs had her spreading her legs in encouragement for me to continue — and even increase the intimacy of my touch. Lightly drawing my fingertips across random areas of her body drew soft sounds of pleasure, while gently nibbling her earlobes earned me heartfelt groans of arousal. Our tongues roamed back and forth between each other's mouths and across whatever bits of skin that presented themselves, and our lips and mouths issued affection of varying intensities. When I finally focused my oral attentions on Jean's mammaries, she arched her back to lift them upward in welcome. As I slowly nursed at both peaks, I settled my hand between her thighs and began tending her hairless mound... first lightly drawing a fingertip across her damp opening, then up between her soft labia, and ending with a brief and gentle investigation of her clitoris.

That small effort was enough to have her bring her knees up and spread them, completely opening herself to my touches. I didn't hesitate to take advantage of the opportunity she was presenting me, and soon had her moaning almost continuously as she lifted her pelvis up in appreciation of my ministrations. When I'd gotten her aroused enough that she was almost dripping her juices, I began slowly and carefully working a finger into her, accompanied by her vocal encouragement. While she wasn't virgin tight inside, it was easy enough to believe that she hadn't been intimate with a man since her divorce: she was wonderfully tight inside, as well as more than sufficiently wet and incredibly hot. I was looking forward to being able to sink my cock into the cavity that encased my finger so well.

As I was manually plundering Jean's treasure, she'd taken my penis in her hand and brought me to full erection. I'd been alternating between teasing the entrance to her womanhood with my finger and using the oils I gathered in the process to torment her clitoris when she finally told me, "Stop teasing me, dammit! I need you IN me now!", with a groan.

That was all the prompting I needed, and after I'd moved between her legs and gotten myself positioned, she wrapped her legs around my waist before reaching between us and taking my erect cock in her hand. She slid the head of it along her cleft a few times before getting the head nestled against the tight ring of her opening, then lifting her hips slightly to hold me in position after she released her hold. Looking up at me, her desire was clear as it could be; I began to press myself into her and felt her opening spread to accept me. Slowly and carefully, I eased myself farther and farther into her hot, wet sheath — pausing and even pulling back a bit every so often to make it as easy for her as I could. When my pelvis was firmly pressed against hers and the entrance to her womanhood was clenched around the base of my erect cock, Jean closed her eyes and absently said, "Oh, GOD, that's good..."

When she opened her eyes again, I slowly slid most of my length out of her before once again embedding myself in her tightness as she groaned her pleasure. Over the course of the next couple of minutes, the speed of my movement in her increased steadily until I found a pace that she seemed to particularly enjoy. As I continued to plunge my manhood in and out of her, I lowered myself so that I was supporting my weight on my elbows... which brought us close enough that I could kiss and nibble at her neck and shoulders and (her favorite) her earlobes.

While that was going on, I could feel the hard tips of her breasts moving against my chest as her breasts swayed in response to my thrusts; from the way she acted, I think she found it as erotic and stimulating as I did.

Between the way she was responding to my erection sliding in and out of her wet channel and the additional stimulation my mouth was providing, I could feel her getting progressively wetter around me in confirmation that her arousal was increasing apace. The slapping of our loins had taken on a distinctly liquid tone when I felt her vagina begin an intermittent tightening around me: it was slight and infrequent at first, but as I kept plundering her treasure, it became more frequent and noticeable. It eventually got to the point that I knew I was going to cum, it was only a question of how soon.

Trying to hold off so that she could climax, too, proved to be enough of a distraction that I almost made it. I could literally FEEL how close she was by the severity and intensity of the tightening of her sheath, but the added stimulus proved to be more than I could withstand. With a deep groan of pleasure, I buried myself in her just ahead of the first spray of seminal lava erupting from my cock.

Before the second deluge of cum left me, though, I heard her cry out as her hot womanhood clamped down on me and began a series of spasms that felt like her insides were trying to milk my cock — making the next spray of semen nearly as strong as the first. When I was done emptying myself into her, I couldn't help noticing that her release was pretty much finished, as well: she went through just a couple of minor shudders as I held myself over her while the two of us got our breath back.

I felt her remove her legs from around my waist, and she gave me a strong hug before sliding her hands up and down my back, saying, "That was as good as anything I've ever experienced before..."

Careful to keep my pubic area pressed against hers, I raised up enough to be able to look at her as I said, "That felt really good — I could tell you were getting close, but you just felt too good and I couldn't keep from cumming any longer. If you want, next time will be better for you, I promise."

I could see the confusion on her face before she asked me, "Why would tomorrow be any different than today?"

It took me a moment to understand that she didn't understand what I meant, so I explained to her, "No, I

meant next time today — but only if you want to, of course."

She remained silent for a couple of seconds, then hesitantly asked, "You... you can make love more than once a day?"

"Well, sure. Most guys can, I expect."

"My ex... he'd want us to be together once, but after that, he'd claim he was too tired — if he wasn't already asleep. I... I thought all guys were like that."

"Not from what I've heard, we're not. Sure, when we get older it takes longer for us to recover each time, but a couple of times over a few hours isn't weird or anything. We can't do that every day, of course, but often enough."

She was looking at me uncertainly, and I assured her, "Really. If you're not sure whether or not to believe me, give it an hour or so and find out for yourself!" with a lecherous grin.

She couldn't help grinning in response, and told me, "Okay, we'll see if you're fibbing to me, or not. Until then, I really appreciate that you're not squashing me and helping me stay warm, but... but I'm not really comfortable having you inside me now. I guess I should say that I don't mind having you inside me as much as I don't care for having your cum in me for so long. I wasn't on birth control when I started having sex, and I always wanted to get semen out of me as soon as I could to minimize the chance of getting pregnant. I'm on the pill now, but I'm still happier when I can get it out sooner rather than later," the last apologetically.

I promptly uncoupled from her and moved off to the side so she could get up. As she did, I told her, "Not a problem, Jean. Now that I know, I can make it easier for you next time."

She gave me a small smile, and as she made her way to her bathroom, I told her, "If you'll let me know when you're ready, we can clean up a little bit together."

Before closing the door to the bathroom, she told me, "I'd like that..."

I got up and went to collect the clothing she'd discarded, and brought it back into the bedroom. I'd just set it aside when the bathroom door opened a bit and I heard her say, "I'm up for a shower if you are."

I went in to join her, and the two of us had a fun (if brief) time rinsing off. Once we'd helped each other dry off, it was back to her bed so she could spoon against my front.

She seemed to enjoy my casual caresses as the two of us idly chatted about different things. After a while, I worked up the nerve to ask, "I couldn't help noticing that you're completely bare. I think it's sexy as hell, but I'm curious if there's any particular reason for it."

I saw her ears darken a bit as she blushed before telling me, "It's something my girlfriend and I tried once. We kind of egged each other into letting us shave each other, and not only was it sexy, but it actually felt better, too. So ever since then, we've kept each other completely bare. She and I are lovers, and we really care for each other, but it's not like we're a couple, or anything; sometimes she's with other women, and she tells me that some of them like it so much they're shaving themselves, too. I'm still kind of nervous about being with another woman — besides her, I mean — so I don't know how another woman will react to ME being shaved... but I know a couple of women that I'd like to find out with."

Hearing that last bit got my mind going with images of Jean and another woman together, and that was

enough to start rejuvenating my cock. As it started to get longer and thicker, Jean felt the increased pressure of it against her ass and turned her head to look at me. I gave her a little smile, and she smiled back before saying, "I guess you weren't kidding, after all."

"Not even a little bit," I assured her. "Of course, that's just a start; but I think if we helped each other along, we could get something going, though."

Her face clouded a little bit, and she asked, "How do you mean 'help'?"

"I was thinking a little '69' might be fun," I answered. "I'd like to find out if you taste as good as you smell."

"I was afraid of that," she said. "I don't mind, uh, helping you that way, but I'm not a big fan of doing it, either. The few times I did it to my ex, he climaxed in my mouth without warning me — and I don't like the taste of cum."

"I can understand why you'd feel that way, after those kind of experiences," I assured her. "What's different about this time is that I want us to be able to make love again, so I actually DON'T want to climax yet. Second, I've already had a climax, so it's going to take longer before I can have another one — long enough that I expect you'd get tired way before it happened. Finally, I'm not your ex... I'm me, so when I promise you that I wouldn't do anything like that, you know you can believe me."

She considered that for a few moments, then relaxed before telling me, "No, you've never lied to me about anything. Okay, I'm up for 'helping' each other."

Having said that, she eased herself away from me and sat up on the bed. A soft push against my hip let me know that she wanted me to lie down, which I did. She didn't hesitate to get herself positioned over my head and lean forward so that she was laying on top of me — leaving us in the classic "69" position.

With her knees planted on either side of my head, I had a clear and unimpeded view of the unforested expanse of her pelvis — the smooth plain of her lower belly, and the cleft dividing her pudendum. At the top of that divide, the hood covering her clitoris was visible, with the pearl of flesh beneath it beginning to make an appearance. At the bottom, I could see her labia... slightly thick, but still soft-looking and dark pink; between, they glistened distinctly, though the opening they bracketed was already shiny as could be.

Raising my head, I first extended my tongue to collect some of the nectar available between the petals of her flower; her juices had a slight tang that I found quite pleasant, and I didn't delay in sampling them again before running my tongue between her soft vaginal lips on the way toward her clitoris so I could encourage it to come out and play.

As I was doing that, Jean took my semi-erect penis in her hand and tilted it up; after a moment, I felt her mouth surround the head of it. She paused for some reason, but when I continued doing laps around her clitoris with the tip of my tongue, she took more of me between her lips and began returning the favor with HER tongue and the head of my penis. As I grew even longer and harder under her tender mercies, I could easily believe that she didn't have much in the way of experience giving head: while she wasn't doing anything to outright hurt me, she wasn't overly successful at arousing me, either. I couldn't help thinking (but knew better than to say) that she would benefit from getting blowjob lessons from any one of her daughters...

Still, what she was doing was enough to move me along; I, on the other hand, was having a FINE time — not just enjoying what I was doing, but steadily getting her more and more aroused in the process.

By the time she got me fully erect, I knew that I had her nearly ready to orgasm; with the passage of just a few more minutes, I succeeded in pushing her over the edge. Letting my hard cock slip from her mouth, she raised her head and released a deep groan as she tried to bring her thighs together — through the minor impediment of my head. Her clitoris, which I'd been fluttering the tip of my tongue across, disappeared back under its flesh cloak; that left me with nothing else to do but cheerfully lap up the light oils leaking out of Jean's pussy, and see how much of my stiffened tongue I could worm into her chamber.

It may have just been my imagination, but it sure seemed like Jean's orgasm was stronger than the one she'd had when I fucked her; what I was sure of was that it went on longer. When it ended, Jean was left panting and coated with a fine sheen of perspiration; as she recovered, I amused myself by softly kissing the insides of her thighs and her mons, lightly lapping up any of her oils that appeared, and using my lips and tongue to toy with her soft labia. I didn't get a lot of time to play, however; it took only a very few minutes until Jean let me know she was ready for us to go on by taking my hard cock in her mouth again and spending a couple of minutes making sure I was fully erect... and leaving a coating of her saliva on me when she was done.

She didn't have to say anything to let me know she was ready: when she finished licking the entire surface of my cock, she lifted herself off of me and swung herself around so she was sitting next to me. When I sat up, she told me, "I... I want you to do me from behind..." huskily.

As I got to my knees, Jean did the same before leaning forward and putting her hands on the bed. Before I moved behind her, I could see that her areolas were easily as swollen as they'd been before, and her nipples standing fully erect. Settling in behind her, I levered my erection down with one hand while holding her steady with the other; she arched her back down, which made an even easier target of her parted and shiny labia. It was only a moment's work to get myself positioned at the entrance to her vagina, then for her to press herself back to keep me in place. I got my other hand on her hip and arched my self forward — only to be surprised at how easily I was sliding into her. She was still incredibly hot and wonderfully tight inside, but she was also extremely wet; between the saliva she'd left on me and her intimate lubricant, I was able to fill her in a single stroke.

With the ring of her opening clenched around the very base of my manhood, I heard Jean groan deeply. Looking down, I could see that she had the bedcovers clenched in both hands so tightly that her knuckles were white while she pressed herself back against me as if to confirm that she had ALL of me buried in her tight wet sheath. While still looking down, I shifted my focus to where Jean and I were coupled, then watched her labia as I slid nearly the entire length of my erection out of her. Despite how wet and slippery she was, she was still tight enough around me that I could see her opening being pulled out slightly (as were her vaginal lips). After pausing for the briefest of moments, I pressed myself back into her, watching as everything that had tried to follow my cock OUT reversed direction and guided me back IN. It was a fascinating and erotic enough sight that I repeated my actions a few more times before I heard Jean's faint whimper of frustration as she wiggled her ass slightly.

Reminded of my obligations, I began gradually pumping myself into her more quickly. It was easy enough to find a combination of pace and force that pleased both of us, and I soon had her moaning her increasing arousal as I enjoyed sliding myself in and out of her.

As I was pistoning my penis back and forth through the ring of her entrance, the dark rosette of her anus caught my attention — particularly the way it seemed to wink at me each time I thrust into her. To this day, I don't know what got into my head, but I couldn't resist collecting some of the abundant supply of lubrication she was providing and transferring it to that orifice... something that dramatically increased the pleased noises she was making. Then when I began rubbing my thumb across it and firmly pressing against it, she nearly went wild; it took only a couple of minutes of that for me to feel her already tight vagina tightening around me as she quickly moved toward having an orgasm. Waiting until I knew how close she was, I finally pressed hard enough for my thumb to slip through her most intimate opening — immediately followed by her having an orgasm that put the previous ones to shame. She nearly screamed at the start of it, her body frozen in place in front of me as I felt her clamp down on me hard enough to be almost painful; that was followed by her internal muscles relaxing with fluttering kind of sensation. Unable to resist the temptation, I moved my thumb in her ass and she promptly clamped down on me again, almost as tightly as the one before.

I'll confess to wanting to keep overstimulating her that way, but I somehow managed not to give in to it. Instead, I kept my thumb and my cock still in her as she went through a series of several progressively less intense spasms around my manhood and through her body. There was a brief "relapse" of sorts, though, when I pulled my thumb back out of her anus.

As she was gasping for air, I used the opportunity to go back to enjoying the sight of how her labia clasped at me when I slowly pulled my cock out of her, and then all but disappeared when I moved the other direction. I likely got a couple of minutes worth of that entertaining sight before I heard Jean softly tell me, "I don't know what possessed you to do that, and I don't know if I should thank you or kill you for trying it. That's the first time anybody has done anything like that to me, and the orgasm I just had would have been the LAST reaction I'd have expected to have to it. It was fucking incredible — but don't do it again, okay," more than a little shakily.

"Sure thing, Jean," I assured her. "At least, not until you tell me."

She turned her head and gave me a baleful look before saying, "I'm not going to rule that out, mind you, but don't expect it to happen any time soon. In the mean time, can we get back to the plain-old fucking?"

I answered by pressing myself as far into her as I could, followed by quickly resuming my previous pace. I even leaned over so I could kiss her shoulder and cup her breasts in my hand while gently pinching and pulling on her nipples. She moaned her appreciation of my efforts, and after several seconds I raised up again so I could put my hands back on her hips.

One of the side-effects of sticking my thumb in her ass was how much wetter she got; in turn, that meant that my pubic hair had to try to soak up the overflow — without a lot of success. So as I continued fucking into her, there was a distinctly liquid sound each time my pelvis met hers. And last but certainly not least, the unique aroma of hot-and-ready female was damn near thick enough to cut with a knife; I figured anybody with even a passing acquaintance with fresh air was going to know what had happened in her bedroom just as soon as they came inside the house.

But that wasn't my problem, then or ever. My problem was that I was starting to get a little tired. Rather than try to tough it out, I slowed my thrusts into Jean until she noticed what was going on (about ten seconds, I think) and turned her head to look at me. I wasn't the least bit bashful about telling her, "I'm getting a little tired. How about if you're on top for a while?"

To MY surprise, she looked surprised for a couple of moments before asking, "You're okay with me being on top?"

"Sure, why not?" I answered, using the three words that got me into a lot of "situations" in the Navy ("Hey, Jeff... wanna go see how much beer we can drink?" "Sure, why not..." — "Jeff... how about if we go out and see how much fun we can have before the local cops get upset." "Sure, why not..." and so on).

She nodded her willingness, and as we were moving ourselves into position, she said, "My ex, he only wanted to be behind me or on top. I've never been with a guy like that before..."

Once I was on my back and she was squatting over me, it didn't take her long to figure out how to get herself positioned over me and then settled onto my erect penis. The look on her face when her ass settled onto the tops of my thighs was priceless.

Satisfied with her self-impalement, she had a fine time learning what she could do with the two of us in that position: how changing her angle over me changed the way I felt in her, discovering that she could lean over and let me use my mouth on her breasts while she moved herself on me, having me playing with her breasts while we made love, and generally finding out how doing different things felt. And I enjoyed the hell out of every minute of it.

In the process of Jean's trying to make up for everything she'd missed out on up until then, she had another orgasm. It wasn't as strong as the one resulting from having my thumb up her butt, but it was appreciably more powerful than she'd experienced when I'd been in her the first time. For my part, the feeling of her climaxing around my cock again did a lot to move me toward my own release as I continued playing with her breasts and gently pinching her erect nipples.

When her orgasm ended, Jean leaned forward again; that was when she finally got around to looking at where we were joined. She hesitated a moment, then slowly cycled herself off and back onto me a couple of times before looking at me in awe and saying, "I... I've never looked before. I had no idea it could look so... so... incredible — it's so beautiful and so sexy at the same time. And getting to watch it happen while I'm feeling it... it was AMAZING!"

I smiled and answered, "Yeah, it is," before lifting my head and fastening my lips on the peak of one of her breasts so I could begin nursing at it while gently dragging my teeth across her areola. She groaned her pleasure at what I was doing, then went back to sliding herself up and down my shaft much as she'd done before her discovery.

Jean was again covered by a fine sheen of perspiration when I noticed that she was starting to get tired. I put my hands on her waist and applied a little pressure to get her to stop. When she did, I told her, "You're tired now, and I'm rested — how about if I take over again? We can move around again or stay like this, whichever you prefer."

She considered it for only a moment before telling me, "I kinda like this."

I smiled up at her and arched myself up to let her know how far I could move; she raised herself up a little bit at first, and as I continued to thrust up into her, fine-tuned her position until she got the most pleasure from my penetrations. She also leaned forward again so I could orally assault her breasts while holding and softly squeezing them with my hands.

Able to hold still and simply experience what I was doing with her mammaries while fucking up into

her, it wasn't long until Jean started getting the full benefit of the stimulation I was providing her; but once she did, it quickly took effect. I was starting to feel the approach of my own climax when she again signalled the imminence of her release by starting the intermittent tightening around me that I enjoyed so much. From that point on, the only question was which one of us was going to climax first.

As luck would have it, Jean slid into her orgasm just ahead of me; the sudden and dramatic tightening of her wet vagina around me was enough to push ME over the edge almost immediately. I somehow managed to force the entire length of my stiff cock into the too-small grip of her womanhood even as the first spray of semen was rocketing through my shaft.

Her orgasm was both stronger and longer-lasting than the one before, which meant that my release ended before hers. That meant that I was alert enough to prevent her from all but collapsing on top of me when hers was over; once I'd guided and lowered her to lay on my chest, I got my arms around her and held her as I listened to her labored breathing. It took a few minutes, but she did finally get her breathing and senses back. I could tell that she was still a little weak, so when I felt her push against me as though she wanted to get up, I simply held her close and said, "Forget it. I know you're still too tired and wrung out to be able to do anything by yourself, anyway — so just relax for another couple of minutes. Then you can get up if you really want to."

Several seconds passed without a second effort from her, so I knew she'd decided to take my advice. A bit later, in a soft voice, she told me, "You're right... I am too damn tired to get up. What we just had — it was way better than anything I ever experienced with that shithead I was married to. Any one of the orgasms I had with you was better than any I ever had with him, never mind that I've had so many of them. And on top of everything else, you were so much nicer than he ever even THOUGHT of being... you were careful not to get into me too fast, you were patient and understanding with me, and so much more. Is that how you are with the girls?"

"Yeah. I took more time with them since they had to learn more along the way, but that's about it."

She was quiet for a moment, then told me, "Now I understand why they come home looking as happy and satisfied as they do. I'll probably look the same way!"

I gave her a hug and nuzzled her ear, causing her to scrunch her shoulder as she told me, "No, don't go starting on me again. I don't know if I could survive another round with you," with a small laugh. I pulled my head back and satisfied myself with a soft kiss to the top of her head; both of us were content to lie there for a little while before Jean started to get up again. I pulled my arms from around her, and she sat up easily enough. Looking down at me, she said, "Even though that was the best sex I've ever had with a guy, I still want to be with other women, too. If I thought for a minute you'd be okay with that, I'd marry you in a heartbeat."

I smiled up at her and answered "Jean, you already know that I am okay with you being with other women. You told me before we came in here, remember? Don't you think I already knew what two women do together? Did I do or say anything to give you the idea that I wanted to be your one-and-only?"

She didn't say anything in response to that; instead, she just continued to look at me as she lifted herself off my mostly-deflated penis and cupped her hand at her crotch as she made a quick trip into her bathroom. There wasn't anything for me to do except lie there, thinking about what she'd said until she opened the door again and announced, "Shower time!"

Once we'd dried off and were spooning on the bed again, several minutes passed with the two of us just lying there before she asked, "You're serious about not minding if I want to be with other women?"

"No more than you mind that I'm with other women, too — specifically, underage YOUNG women... and more specifically, your daughters. Probably less, even: you're another female, so you can understand what's going on between me and them a whole lot better than I could understand what there is about you and another woman. See, the thing is, I already know that I'll never understand it the way you or the other woman or women do — not only don't I have the right plumbing, but I only know what it's like to be a guy. So because I know I don't know, I'm willing to accept that there would be things that I'll likely never ever comprehend. And because of that, I'm fine with you doing things that are beyond my ability to understand completely — like buying shoes, or going shopping without buying anything, and that sort of stuff. It's not that I'm GIVING you freedom, because that isn't something I can give or take away; instead, I'm ready to accept that you're going to USE the freedom that's inherently yours in ways that I can't fully appreciate. It's just like I enjoy being an engineer, and even though you don't understand what it is that I get from it, you'd never try to tell me to get some other kind of job for some reason or other. In fact, I think two women being together is pretty sexy; if you and the other person were okay with it, I'd enjoy the hell out of just being able to watch — and if both of you were agreeable, I'd damn sure like to join in. I'm telling you I'd like it, but only so you know that an invitation wouldn't be turned down; I'd NEVER pressure you or her to make it happen... and that's assuming anything DID happen here, as opposed to somewhere else so that I never knew if anything happened or not."

She was silent again for a while, then told me, "It wasn't long after you moved in and we got to know each other a little bit that I realized what kind of guy you are. You're not perfect, but you're a hell of a lot closer to it than any other guy I've ever seen or met — you're incredibly patient, WAY smarter than anyone else I know, forgiving, honest almost to a fault, polite, playful, and a whole bunch more. I started out liking you, and as time passed, it grew into something more — love, even. I know you like me — even love me, maybe — and that you think I'm pretty and sexy. You've made it pretty clear that if I was of a mind to, you'd like the two of us to spend some intimate time together; but you were NICE about it, and didn't make a nuisance of yourself. Yeah, we've played around with it, but I always knew that's just what it was... playing. I think any woman that you took a fancy to the way you did with me would consider herself damn lucky."

Hearing that, I hugged Jean before answering, "Yeah, I do love you. Not the idealized see-no-evil kind, but grown adult love, accepting that you're another human being with your own personality and thoughts and ideas and foibles and faults and everything else. But I learned about that part of you as we went along; it was your character and your... spirit, I guess you'd call it that I noticed first. One of the things I got out of being in the Navy was a dislike for people that simply won't take responsibility for themselves; the ones that always have an excuse of some kind about things. You got a crap deal for a marriage, but you didn't let it get in the way of doing the best you could for yourself and the girls. And you DAMN sure didn't use it as any kind of excuse, either. Even when you were bitching at me about doing too much for you or the girls, I respected the guts and independence you showed BY bitching at me. But through everything that's happened with and between us, I've cared... about you, and about them."

The silence between us lasted several minutes, and was only broken when Jean wanted to know, "Jeff? Would... would you want to marry me?"

From what she'd said before going into the bathroom, and the things we'd told each other, I knew that we were having a discussion unlike any we'd ever had before — but to have her come right out and be the one to propose we get married... it was a surprise. Enough of one that I had to really think about it for a few seconds before I could answer, "Yeah, I would, Jean. I haven't thought about it in quite that way before, but... yeah, I'd like that very much."

She moved away from me a little bit, then rolled over to face me; when she did, I could see the tears of happiness in her eyes. She quickly latched onto me, and the two of us shared a lengthy hug before exchanging several tender kisses. What followed that was a couple hours worth of discussion and preliminary planning. When the girls got home, we broke the news to them, thrilling them beyond belief.

That was a lot of years ago. Jean and I got married, as agreed, after she got the promotion she was up for at work — she was adamant about contributing as much as she could to our financial stability. Our marriage was a small, private event attended by us, the girls, and a FEW close friends. Our honeymoon was on a ten-day cruise in the Carribean with the girls and a couple of Jean's woman friends. I had a 'honeymoon' night with each of the girls, including Chris who used the event to have me deflower her (easily done, and quite satisfactory for her) while Jean spent a night with each of HER friends. Then Jean and each of her friends had a honeymoon night with ME, which all of us enjoyed thoroughly.

Once back home, we easily got the details of our various personal relationships worked out. Whenever one of the girls (infrequently) wanted the two of us to spend the night together, it was done in her room; on such occasions, Jean would either sleep alone in our bedroom (rarely) or make arrangements to spend the night with one of HER friends (usually). The times that I or one of the girls just wanted a little bit of "fun time" together, it was accomplished while the others were out of the house; they knew what was going on, and invariably cooperated by giving us plenty of time to get things worked out.

Sometimes, Jean would invite one of her woman friends to stay with us for a night or even a weekend; the girls accepted such occasions as perfectly reasonable.

As the years passed, Jean gradually showed less and less interest in intimacy with other women — not because of any prowess I had as a lover, but rather because she was able to release more and more of her inhibitions and rid herself of habits and attitudes that interfered with her enjoyment of being with me. For example, the girls were all in high school when Jean was able to give up her compulsion to get rid of my semen as soon as possible after we made love; she found uninterrupted snuggling FAR more pleasant.

As the girls went off to college, the intimacy between me and each of them quickly tapered off: the first year or so for each of them, we'd continue to make love whenever they came home to visit, but once they started finding boyfriends...

Once the girls were out on their own, Jean and I discovered the advantages of having the entire house to ourselves — and in the process, proving that an active and varied sex life can continue WELL past middle-age.