

Friends and Lovers

This story is a continuation of *Second Generation*, which is an extension of my "Jan" series. You *might* want to take the time to read the previous stories in the line just so some of the references make sense. That's just a suggestion, though, not something that is strictly **necessary** for this little tale...

My name is Daniel, and I have a fraternal twin sister named Janet.

From the time we were born, we were friends. Then, shortly after the two of us hit puberty, we willingly became lovers — though we didn't actually consummate our relationship until we were just shy of 15 years old.

I know that the kind of closeness that Sis and I had as we grew up wasn't anything like most kids our age; but then, we grew up in an environment that was so different than anything most other kids had that no comparison is really possible. You see, not only did our parents have a kind of love for each other that was so much more than any other parents that we ever met, they also shared that love with five of our Mom's friends, along with a few others.

Maybe I should explain a little...

Our Dad is Dan Marshall. He met our Mom through a friend of hers, Janet (who Sis is named after; my middle name is from Dad's best friend), when Mom and her friend were still in High School. Dad was able to help Mom and the others learn and understand something *he'd* been able to figure out: how to truly **love** other people. As a result, Dad ended up marrying Mom — and indirectly, all the rest of Mom's friends, too. So when Sis and I were growing up, we had not just our biological parents, but Mom's friends, as well. In effect, we had one Dad, but *six* mothers. And on top of that, there were a few years when we had another of Mom and Dad's friends taking care of us: a girl from the Philippines by the name of Marilyn.

But the real clincher of the whole deal is that not only were all these people sharing the love they had in their hearts and minds, but their bodies, as well.

As a result, while we were growing up, Sis and I never had any reason NOT to think that making love and nudity and all that were anything but perfectly reasonable and normal. In fact, when I started sprouting pubic hair, I was proud to show it to Sis; when she began to develop breasts, she was just as proud to show them to ME. It was when I discovered the results of masturbation that Sis and I became friends AND lovers, as I said before.

It wasn't until we were in High School, though, that the intimacy that Sis and I shared with each other expanded to include other people, as well...

Up through the end of middle school, Sis and I both had the usual assortment of friends: there were the people that we were willing to hang out with at school, a smaller number of people where we were comfortable visiting each other's homes after school, and a much smaller number

of people that we were close enough to that we'd spend the night with.

Through the vagaries of the educational system, the people in each category shifted dramatically when we made the transition from middle school to high school. For one reason or another, Sis and I both lost the kids that were "overnighters" — most ended up going to a different high school, and a few moved away completely. That meant that for both of us, we ended up becoming better friends with some of the kids in the middle category while we were getting to know the people at the new school.

Something else that happened was that Sis and I didn't have any classes together, and had different lunch periods (the school had 2 because the number of kids was so much greater than the cafeteria capacity). We still had time to visit a little bit in the halls between classes, but that was about it.

On the plus side, because of how close we were with each other, we didn't feel the pressure that a lot of the other kids did to find a friend of the opposite gender to match up with. Of course, some of the new people that we met were thrown a bit by how well Sis and I got along, but when they learned that we were fraternal twins, that seemed to settle it for them. The friends we still had from middle school knew that we got along a LOT better than most people would think, but not *how much* better.

I suppose I should have expected that there would be a few bigger kids that just **had** to show off what tough guys they were in Gym class by giving me and a couple of the other new students a hard time. I didn't try to take them on, but I didn't try to run away from them, either; before they got *too* far into bullying me, the teacher got everybody started on what he wanted us to do that day.

After school ended, Janet and I were walking home when the three guys that had been picking on me came out of a convenience store as we went by. One of them recognized me, and that was enough for them to try and pick up where they'd left off at school.

That proved to be a bad idea on their part, for a couple of reasons. First, there wasn't any teacher around to break things up if it got out of hand. Second, they didn't know that Janet and I had started taking martial arts classes a couple of years before; while I was learning Aikido, Janet gave in to her more violent side and started taking Tae Kwon Do. So when they got tired of berating me, and started getting physical, I simply began defending myself. Not being overly bright, they considered their inability to push me around or hit me to be justification for getting even more physical — which left me no choice but to start hurting them. One of them finally took a swing at me, and kind of got redirected into a wall of the store... face-first, breaking his nose. While I was trying to tell him that I just wanted to be left alone, I heard a commotion behind me, followed by Janet demanding "You want some, too?"

When I turned to look, I could see that another one of them had apparently thought to do something while I wasn't looking; Janet had taken care of him with a strike of some kind to the solar plexus, leaving him laying on the ground as he gasped for air. Her question had been

directed to the last one, who was standing there looking as though he couldn't believe what had just happened — while Janet stood there in what was obviously a martial arts defensive position, clearly ready to clobber him if he tried anything.

Turning back to the one that I'd already had to deal with, I told him "Listen, I'm not looking for trouble... but I'm not going to be pushed around, either. You guys should give it a rest before somebody" — I said "somebody", but he knew I meant him and his pals — "*really* gets hurt."

I could see that he was afraid of me then, and he slowly nodded as blood streamed down his face from his nose. Keeping an eye on him, I told Janet "I think we're done here. Let's go home, Sis."

The rest of our trip home was uneventful, and even after Mom and Dad got home and asked us how our day was, neither of us said anything about the "fight" — not because we were afraid we'd be in trouble (we knew we wouldn't, since we'd been defending ourselves), but simply because we didn't figure it was WORTH telling.

The second day after that, one of my friends told me that a couple of other kids had seen what happened, and the whole school knew that Janet and I had "kicked the asses off" the three bullies. When I heard that, I figured I was going to have to deal with the three dummies again, or their friends, or *somebody* else that wanted to be a hard-ass. Nothing ever happened, though... other than I was left alone in Gym class after that. Oh, and **nobody** ever bothered Sis!

As the rest of the school year progressed, a couple of our respective friends went from being *good* friends to best friends, and spent the night with us a few times. They were uniformly surprised to learn just how much "looser" the rules were at our house than at theirs: neither Janet or I had any qualms about going from point "A" in the house to point "B" in our underwear (worn out of consideration for the guest; otherwise, we likely wouldn't have bothered with even that much). Of course, they were somewhat amazed; but because Janet and I didn't think anything of it, they quit paying attention, too. After that, they got to the point that they were willing to follow our example. Naturally, the two of us followed the local customs whenever we were visiting someone else's place — as we'd heard Dad express it, "My house, my rules; your house, your rules."

The end result was that I saw some of Janet's friends in just their bra and panties, and they saw me in just my undershorts; some of my friends saw Janet in just her underwear, and she saw them the same way. Nothing was ever said, and nobody got out of line... though I'd be surprised if the *looking* didn't go on longer than it strictly needed to.

Shortly after New Years, Janet and I had finished studying and I was in her room, sitting on her bed with her sitting in front of me while I held her as we chatted about school. We'd been talking about the one teacher that we had in common when she asked me "Danny, do you think Nadia is pretty?"

With the question seeming to come out of nowhere, it took me a second to realize who she meant: one of the girls that had become one of her best friends, and stayed the night several

times. I didn't have any trouble answering "Sure, she's pretty enough. Why?"

Janet was quiet for a few seconds before telling me "After we had that so-called 'Sex Ed' class in Biology, she's started getting all worked up, worrying that she isn't growing tits and hair right and that she doesn't know anything about guys. I've *tried* to explain to her that she's doing fine, and even shown her a few sites on the Internet... but she still isn't sure she looks okay."

Remembering what I'd seen of Nadia, I couldn't figure why she'd have any worries — she had a cute face and lovely butter-blond hair, a nice shape, and beautiful skin. Her tits weren't as large as Janet's, but she was still well past flat-chested. I'd only seen her with her bra and panties on, so didn't know about her other concern, but figured that if that part of her was as developed as her bust, she was in perfectly reasonable condition. Still, I knew Sis well enough that I just gave her a hug before asking "Yeah, and...?"

"If I can talk her into it, would you be willing to look at her, and tell her that YOU think she's pretty, so she'll stop **worrying** so much?"

I couldn't help laughing before I answered "Well, I *suppose* I'd be willing to look at another naked girl, if I had to", making Sis laugh, too.

A couple of moments later, she asked "If she wanted to, would you let her look at you? Naked, I mean, so she doesn't feel like she doesn't know anything about guys? And maybe even kiss and touch her a little bit, so she knows you really mean it when you tell her you think she's pretty?"

The intimacy that Janet and I shared was something that was known only in our home — Mom and Dad had both been aware of how close Sis and I were, and given us their implicit permission to become sexually active with each other. Nobody outside our "family" (Mom and Dad's special friends knew, too, of course) was aware of just how close Sis and I were. That prompted me to respond by saying "I can, if that's what she wants. But how does it happen? I mean, is it going to be just me and her? Or is she going to want you there, too, as her friend, and to make sure nobody gets carried away with the kissing and touching? If you're there, how do we deal with me being naked in front of you? Would she want you to be naked, too? What about THAT, with me there? What kind of touching — just me touching her boobs, or one or both of us touching sex parts? Is it JUST touching, or is she maybe going to want to find out more? And if so, how much? Sis, you know what kind of problems there could be if anyone found out about us... not just for you and me, but Mom and Dad, too. Like I said, I **can** do that stuff, but Nadia's *your* friend; you're the one that's going to have to make sure that it'll be okay."

Sis was silent for a little while, then asked "Okay, if I can make sure that there won't be any problems, you'll do it?"

I gave her another hug before answering "If you can make sure, I'll do it."

As Janet and I continued to sit there, I knew that my questions weren't the end of it. I would readily admit that Janet was the "faster" thinker of the two of us, just as I knew that she'd concede that I thought "deeper" than she did; I pretty much figured that she'd still come to me to

make sure there wasn't something she wasn't leaving out. That proved to be just what happened over the course of the next few weeks.

Knowing that Sis hadn't given up on the idea, I wasn't surprised when she finally let me know that Nadia was actively interested in the solutions Janet had offered, and that she was prepared to deal with the few issues she hadn't already taken care of. Grinning, I let her know that when Nadia was ready, I'd be available.

I found out how carefully Janet had thought things through when she asked for, and got, permission for Nadia to spend the night when Mom and Dad told us that they would be attending a Saturday trade show related to Dad's engineering business — they'd leave home the day before, spend the night in a hotel, attend the show, and come home that evening.

Mom and Dad's departure wasn't all that big of a deal — they were going to be back the next day, and Sis and I had already demonstrated that we were mature and responsible enough to be left alone. We had a list of phone numbers we could call for different needs or emergencies, as well as Mom and Dad's cell phone numbers, and one of Dad's credit cards for **emergency** use. After making sure that Sis and I still knew the rules (such as they were), each of us got a kiss from Mom before they left. Shortly after we finished supper, Nadia came over; she and Sis quickly disappeared into Sis' room, leaving me to entertain myself with a movie on TV.

After the movie finished, I was waiting to catch the sports reporting on the news when Janet came into the den wearing only a pair of panties. When I looked up at her, she told me "If you're still willing, it's time. She's nervous as all get-out waiting for it, but ready. She decided that she'd feel better if you still had your underwear on when you came in."

I just nodded, and got up; when I went into my room, Janet followed me. As I undressed, she went on to tell me "She's okay with you looking at her, and even kissing and touching her boobs. If it's okay with you, she wants to touch your penis; if she does, she'll be okay with you touching her there, too — a little embarrassed maybe, but okay. What she'd like to happen is to kind of work into it... you look at her first, then she learns about guys, then the kissing and touching. She isn't sure yet, but she might even want to try some sex stuff — just using your mouths on each other."

I looked at her in surprise, and she grinned at me as she said "Yeah, it surprised me, too. Just so you know, we're okay with being naked because we're twins and just grew up that way. I've asked around it enough that if any of the sex stuff happens, I'm **sure** she'll be okay about hearing about us afterwards; if it doesn't happen, then there's nothing to say."

I nodded, and with only my undershorts on, followed Janet back to her room. Nadia was sitting on the bed, resting against the headboard; she had her hands in her lap as she used her arms to cover as much as she could of her bare breasts — she wasn't any more dressed than Janet or me.

With a small gesture, Sis let me know that I should sit in her chair so that she could sit on the bed with Nadia. After the brief glance I'd given her when I came in, I made a point of only looking into Nadia's face to try and help her relax.

Once all of us had been seated for a bit, Janet asked me "Danny, if Nadia stood up and let you look at her without any clothes on, would you tell her what you *really* think she looks like? Not just if you think she's pretty or sexy, but **why**?"

"Sure, if that's what she wants."

Something that Sis and I had kind of absorbed from Dad was that if anyone EXPLICITLY asked us for the truth, then we'd give it to them — plain, and unvarnished. The people that knew us knew that was what happened, so Nadia had every reason to believe that if she stood up and let me look at her, I'd tell her *exactly* what I saw. From the look in her eyes, I could see that she also knew I was giving her one last chance to back out of the whole deal; if she let me look at her naked, she was going to hear my honest opinion, like it or not.

Looking into Nadia's face, I *knew* just how close she came to saying she'd changed her mind before she suddenly scooted to the edge of Janet's bed and stood up. Saying "If I don't do this, I'm **always** going to be worried and afraid, because I won't KNOW", she quickly slid her panties down her legs and stepped out of them. Her ears turned pink, but she didn't show any other reaction as she stood in front of me.

The first thing I did was look into her eyes, and saw how concerned she was. Smiling, I told her "There's nothing to be afraid of, Nadia" before dropping my gaze.

As I'd remembered, Nadia's breasts weren't as large as Janet's — but didn't miss it by a whole lot. Generally conical, they looked smooth and firm; at the tip of each was a dark pink areola about the size of a quarter, and *slightly* puffy. Neatly centered in each were her nipples, a little larger around than a pencil and sticking out roughly a quarter of an inch.

Her belly was a smooth expanse of unblemished light pink skin. Her waist was trim, and flowed nicely into her hips. An "innie" navel emphasized her abdomen and the faint paunch almost all women have; between her thighs, I could see the dark triangle of her pubic hair. From where I sat, it looked somewhat sparse, but slightly larger than the strip that covered Janet's mons. Nadia's thighs were slender, and perfectly proportioned to the rest of her legs.

I enjoyed the view as I moved my eyes up again, and when I looked into Nadia's face, she hesitated only briefly before turning around to show me the obverse side.

I'd never say so to Janet, but Nadia's ass was even better looking than hers — it was comprised of a couple of delightfully small, tight globes that curved *just so*. Nadia's legs were even better looking from the back, which is saying something. Her hips and waist seemed to just naturally draw my attention to her back, and from there to her slender and graceful shoulders. Her hair came down to a little past her shoulders, and when she pulled it out of the way, I immediately wanted to be a vampire so I could nibble on her neck. After taking a few more seconds to marvel at Nadia's ass some more, I sat back in the chair.

A brief word from Janet let her friend know that I was done, and she turned and sat down again without bothering to put on her panties or trying to cover her breasts.

She was looking at me somewhat anxiously when I told her "You're very pretty, and very sexy. Obviously, your breasts aren't as big as Janet's... but *almost*. They have a delightful shape, and it wouldn't take much for me to fall in love with them... they're that nice to look at. Your waist and hips are absolutely **perfect** for you — they make it obvious you're female, but without making you look like some Barbie doll. Your hair down there isn't really thick, but I don't see anything **wrong** with it, either. When the weather lets you, you should wear the shortest skirts or dresses your folks will let you have — your legs look **THAT** good. If I was your boyfriend, you'd need a crowbar to get my hands off of your butt... seriously. When you pulled your hair out of the way, the first thing I thought was that I wished I was a vampire so I could nibble on your neck. Quite frankly, I have **NO** idea why you would be worried about how you look — except maybe for worrying about guys that see you, and walk into trees or walls or something."

As I'd started talking, the anxiety started to leave Nadia's face; she actually smiled when I said the part about her legs, and laughed when I told her about her need for a crowbar. When I was done, it was easy to tell that she felt a **lot** better about how she looked. She only confirmed it when she sincerely told me "Thanks, Danny."

The three of us sat there for several seconds before Nadia and Janet shared some kind of Look with each other before facing me again. I was a little surprised when it was Nadia that told me "I... I've never seen a guy before... you know, there. I mean, I've seen babies and little boys, but I figure it's different for guys like it is for girls. Would... would it be okay with you if... if I wanted to see how boys are different — with **YOU**?"

With no apparent concern, I didn't hesitate to tell her "Sure. You want me to stand up, or lay down, or what?"

She considered it for a moment before telling me "I guess laying down. I don't know how long it'll take...", apologetically.

"No problem", I assured her.

I saw her ears get pink again before she asked "Would you mind if I, um, touched, too?"

Standing up, I answered "Look, touch, move things around... whatever you need, for however long you want."

Realizing that she was in the way of where she wanted me to be, Nadia stood up and moved to the side to make room for me. Calmly and casually, I got rid of my undershorts and moved to lay on the bed. To try and put Nadia at ease, I put my hands behind my head and closed my eyes, as though ready to take an extended rest. Several seconds later, I felt it as she sat on the bed again, then she and Janet got themselves positioned on either side of me at about hip level. From that point on, I was as passive and utterly indifferent to whatever happened as anybody could want. When I started to respond a little bit to what Nadia was doing to me with her hand, it was Janet that explained that what was happening wasn't something I was totally in control of — and that it didn't necessarily mean anything. Janet also answered whatever questions Nadia had; I was there purely as the test dummy.

I don't know how much time passed, and didn't particularly care; it was only when I heard Nadia tell me "Um, I'm done now, Danny" did I open my eyes and sit up again.

Seeing that I wasn't bothered in the slightest by what had just gone on seemed to give Nadia some assurance that she hadn't done anything to be concerned about. With me sitting up and paying attention, she did hesitantly ask me a few questions; I answered them as dispassionately as I could, making sure she knew when I was speaking for myself, and when I was extrapolating to guys in general.

A couple minutes went by with the three of us sitting there in silence when Nadia told me "You've been *real* nice about all this, Danny, and a lot more patient and understanding than I thought you'd be — even though I know I hurt you little bit, just now, even though I didn't mean to. Jan told me that you were a good brother, and that you wouldn't do or say anything to make me feel bad about all this, and she was right. My parents are kind of strict, and I've only been out with guys a few times, and our *parents* had to drive us; so I've never gotten a chance to, um, learn anything with them. I was kinda hoping that maybe... if it was okay, and you wanted to, I mean... maybe I could, uh, learn some stuff with you. I mean, you've been so NICE and everything; and I know I can believe Jan when she tells me that you wouldn't... push things, and that if I wanted to stop, you wouldn't be mad or upset."

"As pretty and sexy as I think you are... yeah, I'd like it if you wanted to learn some stuff with me; and I'm **sure** that it would be okay, 'cause I wouldn't *dream* of doing anything that wasn't okay with you. You're right that I wouldn't be mad or upset or anything, either", I answered. Nadia was sitting close enough to me that I was able to lean forward with the obvious intention of kissing her; she didn't move as I touched my lips to hers in a brief, soft kiss before sitting up again.

When I looked at her, I could see how much that small gesture meant to her, and how much it calmed and reassured her. She didn't hesitate to move a little closer, and I shifted my body so that the two of us were facing each other. Nadia moved her head forward in invitation for me to kiss her again, and I did... continuing it until I felt her pull back slightly. I let the kiss end just as readily as we'd started it, visibly pleasing her. We exchanged several more kisses that way, each one lasting a little longer as we let ourselves get more and more involved in what we were doing.

As we were kissing, I put my hand on Nadia's hip — and felt her stiffen slightly; but when I just left it there and used my fingertips to tenderly caress her soft skin, she quickly relaxed again. More kisses followed, and when I began to move my hand on her side, Nadia readily accepted my caresses so that I was able to move my hand all along her side, from below her hip to even with her breasts. Before much more time had passed, my other hand was duplicating what the first was as our kissing changed from friendly and affectionate to somewhat more impassioned.

I'd said that I wasn't going to try to make things happen any faster than Nadia was comfortable with, and I didn't — but when she indicated she was ready to move things along, I damn sure didn't lag behind her, either. When she worked up the nerve to give my lips a brief, light touch with her tongue, I readily send my own out in welcome; it wasn't but a couple of seconds until

they were in a running wrestling match that ranged from her mouth to mine and back. As that was going on, I slowly moved one of my hands around toward her breast... giving her time to let me know if she wasn't ready for my touch yet. Instead of objecting, she released a soft moan when my hand cupped her young mammary. I was still enjoying the warm mass of it when she pressed it against my hand, letting me know that she wanted me to do more than just hold it.

It wasn't long before I had both of my hands on her tits, running my thumbs across her erecting nipples, gently squeezing them in appreciation of how nice they felt, and softly caressing their smooth surface.

Between how we were kissing each other, and the way I was ministering to her bust, Nadia's arousal grew steadily. When it got difficult to continue kissing her because of her soft panting, she let me gently guide her down so that she was laying on the bed. She looked up at me in complete trust before I gave her another short, soft kiss on the lips — then went on to kiss more and more of her, starting with her face, and gradually including her ears and throat. When I got to her neck, I couldn't resist making a "rowr-rowr-rowr" rabid badger kind of noise and pretending I was biting and chewing the juncture of her neck and shoulder; she scrunched her shoulder up and laughed before relaxing again when I shifted back to simply kissing her as my hand stayed busy on her breasts.

She moaned softly in response to my nibbling on her earlobes with my lips, and had her hands in my hair when I began kissing my way down from her throat. When I finally fastened my lips on the peak of one of her breasts, she gasped and tried to press her chest up toward me.

While I tended to her delightful bust with my mouth and lips, I let my hand drift farther and farther down her body — but stopping short of the dark delta at the base of her belly. Instead, I once again started caressing her sides... and including the terrain between them in the process. I know that there wasn't a single square millimeter of her belly and abdomen that my fingertips didn't come in contact with.

I'd brought the tips of her lovely breasts to glistening peaks before gently easing my hand down the top of one of her smooth, firm thighs. As I slowly traced a return path a little closer to the inside of her thigh, Nadia opened her legs and softly told me "Please, Danny — touch me *there*, too..."

Even with that kind of explicit request, I didn't immediately move my hand between her legs. Instead, I just continued caressing my way closer and closer to her treasure, learning just how soft and fine the thatch on her mons was along the way. By the time I first felt her wispy pubic hair against the side of my hand, I was beginning to detect the faint aroma of aroused female. When I finally cupped her mons in my hand, I could feel the warmth and dampness between her vaginal lips where I knew the entrance to her vagina was.

The first thing I did directly to her womanhood was to **slightly** dip my finger between her labia and draw it upwards along her cleft a short distance, in an effort to let her know that I wasn't going to do anything to hurt her. Even that small, simple touch was enough to draw a moan from

her as she lifted her hips slightly in welcome.

Carefully and gradually, I eased my fingertip a little deeper each time, and brought it a little farther along her slit before bringing it out again. There came the point where I brushed across her opening, causing her to groan and arch herself up even more before my touch ended with a soft and brief brush across her clitoris, making her gasp.

Patiently, as I continued to nurse at her breasts, I transferred the oils that accumulated at her entrance to the small bead of flesh farther up — and began manipulating it. Nadia reacted by drawing her knees up and parting her thighs a little more to give me easier access.

Nadia's arousal increased quickly under my tender touches; the scent of her was thick in the air when I decided that it was time to find out if she tasted as good as she smelled. I'd left her breasts and kissed my way halfway down her belly before she seemed to understand where I was headed; she lifted her head to ask me "You're... you're going to do that?"

Looking into her eyes, I answered "Only if you want me to."

"I do!", she exclaimed, "I just wasn't sure how to ask you."

I just smiled, and went back to what I was doing as she lay her head back again.

When I got low enough on her body, I moved between Nadia's legs; her only reaction was to spread them a bit more to make sure I had enough room. It wasn't much longer until I had my head between her thighs.

Though I figured Nadia had to be a little apprehensive or nervous about having me there, I **had** to take a few seconds to really look at her — her thin and delicate-looking labia, dark with her desire and slightly parted, making it possible for me to *just barely* make out the entrance to her vagina at the bottom and the nubbin of her clit at the top. She made a LOVELY sight before I lowered my head and extended my tongue far enough to make the first pass between her vaginal lips, from bottom to top. The first sample of her juices that I got on my tongue were a delight... thin, light, and both sweet and tangy at the same time.

It didn't take long before I was happily engaged in doing my very best to arouse and please her. She liked it when I used the tip of my tongue to "scoop" her essence out of her opening, just as she enjoyed having me lick her labia and nibble on them with my lips. Everything I tried with her clitoris was a winner — gently circling it with my tongue, softly sucking on it, fluttering my tongue across it, rhythmically pressing on it with my flattened tongue, and anything else I thought of doing pleased her, and increased her arousal. Sooner than I would have liked (she DID taste good, and I was enjoying myself), I could tell that she was getting close to having an orgasm. It crossed my mind to try and delay it so that it would be even better for her, but decided that possibly overloading her probably wasn't a good idea. Instead, I had to be content with "just" helping her have a climax — which wasn't **that** much of a disappointment.

As Nadia's orgasm got closer and closer, her legs slowly drew closer together, too. Her thighs were firmly pressed against my ears when she found her release, but I could still hear the cry she

made when it started. I was delighted to see small wavelets of her juices being pushed out of her in time with the spasms I could feel coursing through her body, and happily devoted myself to lapping them up; her reaction told me that I was also intensifying her orgasm somewhat — but I judged it wasn't enough to cause her any problems, and continued what I was doing.

I'd exhausted the supply of her nectar when her thighs fell away from my ears. Knowing that her climax was all but over, I quickly moved to lay next to her again; taking her into my arms, I held her close as her breathing gradually became more normal. I wasn't prepared when she suddenly gave me a ferocious hug and emotionally told me "Oh, *thank you*, Danny! That felt SO much better than I thought it would, and I never even dreamed that it could make me have an orgasm like that!"

I hugged her back as I told her "I'm glad you liked it, Nadia. I liked doing it, too."

"I could tell", she replied. "I was afraid you were just doing it because I wanted you to, but you kept doing things that felt so **good** to me that I just KNEW you liked it, too."

With that, she moved her head from my shoulder and kissed me — long, and deep. I was glad to return it, and the two of us spent a little time caressing each other's bodies as our tongues got reintroduced.

When our kiss finally ended, Nadia pulled her head back far enough to look into my face as she told me "As good as you made me feel, I want to learn how to do that for you, too. Except that all I know is that I'd have your penis in my mouth, so I wouldn't be very good at it... at least, at first."

"If you want to learn with me, it's okay, Nadia. I'm sure you'll do fine."

Pleased that I'd agreed, and somewhat reassured that I'd told her she'd do fine, Nadia pressed her hand against my chest to let me know she wanted me on my back. Instead, I sat up a little bit and made a little show of using my 'free' hand to take the wrist of the other arm and "forcefully" pulling my hand off her butt — making her smile. When I'd moved to lay on my back, the smoky look in her eyes told me that I was in for an *experience*. I watched her as she sat up long enough to pivot on her cute butt and lower her body so that her head was in the immediate vicinity of my semi-erect penis. Taking me in her hand, she gave me a few gentle strokes before spotting a drop of my pre-cum; I don't think she hesitated in the slightest before lowering her head and using the tip of her tongue to collect it. Once she had it in her mouth, it took only a moment for her to show me a pleased smile.

That began my all-too-brief career as an oral sex training aid. Not that the career itself was brief (it lasted well over half an hour), just that it was a lot briefer than I would have liked.

Nadia didn't know anything about giving a guy oral sex, but KNEW that she didn't know anything — and made up for it with enthusiasm, eagerness, a *definite* desire to please, and a willingness to try about anything that came into her mind. She seemed to know that teeth weren't appropriate, and was careful enough with her enthusiasm that she knew when she did something

uncomfortable to me well before causing any outright pain. Of course, there were only so many fundamental things that she could do, but the variations and combinations of different things that she attempted seemed unlimited. I was amazed when she tried to masturbate me just using her tongue (which I'm sure was twice as long as it was supposed to be), for example... and then at just how good it felt.

I think I may have been a little delirious with pleasure by the time she was satisfied she'd learned all she wanted to, and got **serious** about trying to get me off. To this day, I'm amazed and impressed with myself that I lasted as long as I did — it couldn't have taken two minutes of concerted effort on her part before I gasped out "Nadia! It's gonna happen!". She tried to bury her nose in my pubic hair just ahead of the first jet of my semen rocketing out the end of my cock, quickly followed by the second. Nadia not only kept her mouth on me, but added to my pleasure by using her tongue to tease the head of my penis and inspire me into trying to fill her mouth with my cum. I don't think that actually happened, but it wasn't because I didn't *try*.

Satisfied that she'd gotten everything I had to offer (and then some, as far as I was concerned), Nadia used her lips to milk the last little bit of my cum out of my cock before letting it slip out of her mouth. She was clearly pleased with what she'd done as she swallowed my semen, then licked her lips before smiling at me. As she looked at me, I told her "Nadia, when I said that you'd do fine, I lied to you."

Surprised and somewhat concerned, she listened as I continued "What you did was WAY better than just 'fine' — that was *excellent*."

Relieved, she smiled at my little jest before moving closer to me. I reached out for her, but she seemed reluctant to get too close. Seeing the confusion on my face, she hesitantly told me "I... I don't know if we should kiss. I had your stuff in my mouth, and... and I don't think it would be right for you to get any of it back."

Understanding the problem, I smiled at her and answered "It's okay, Nadia. I saw you swallow it, and lick your lips. I want to kiss you, and I don't think there's enough left to worry about. Besides, it was mine, anyway."

She just shook her head before saying "I still don't think it would be right."

The next thing I heard was Janet saying "Then I'll go get you something to drink, so you can kiss him."

Both Nadia and I turned in the direction of the voice, and saw that Sis had moved to sit in her chair — making me realize that Nadia and I hadn't been limited in how much of the bed we'd had available to us. She'd obviously also remained quiet, since Nadia and I had both completely forgotten she was even in the room.

With Nadia and I both looking at her, Janet calmly got up and left her room, leaving Nadia and I to look at each other in embarrassment that we'd so thoroughly forgotten about her.

Sis quickly got back, bearing cold sodas for all of us. She pointedly handed the first one to

Nadia, then quickly gave me the second. Feeling a little thirsty myself, I followed Nadia's example of opening it and taking a healthy swallow from it. Both of us set our drinks on Sis' night stand, and Nadia readily moved into my arms so we could exchange a lengthy and affectionate kiss. I sat up to rest against the headboard of Sis' bed, and Nadia was happy to settle herself into my side. I put my arm around her and gave her a hug, and got a happy sigh in response.

Since Nadia and I weren't taking up as much of the bed as before, Sis calmly got on it to sit with us — but only after she'd slid her panties off, so that she was as naked as we were.

After taking another sip of her soda, Nadia was visibly embarrassed when she told Sis "I totally forgot where I was, or that you were even here. I'm sorry."

Sis just smiled as she answered "Good — I'm *glad* you forgot. I saw how you and Danny were getting so **focused** on each other, and I didn't want to be in the way, so I just moved. Then when you two got going, I didn't want to mess things up for you, so I didn't say anything, either. There's nothing for you to be sorry about, as far as I'm concerned. You wanted to find out about touching and kissing and the other stuff, and you did — and liked it, from what I could see!", the last part teasingly.

I saw Nadia blush slightly, then she grinned and answered "Yeah, I did!" before turning to look at me with affection. I gave her a quick kiss on the forehead, and she turned to face Janet again. The two of them engaged in "girl talk" for a little while before Nadia gave a little start next to me and said to Sis "You were here the whole time... I mean, you watched while Danny and I were kissing and touching each other, and then when we... did that other stuff."

Janet just looked at her for a moment, then responded by simply saying "Yeah, I did."

When Nadia spoke again, the tone of her voice made it clear that she didn't understand as she asked "How come... what... why did you stay, even though I was doing stuff with Danny? I mean, okay, he's your twin brother and everything, and you two are okay about seeing each other naked and all that; but why weren't you bothered about seeing him, uh, excited like he was?"

Sis looked at me, and knew that the small nod I gave her was in recognition that it was appropriate for Nadia to know about the two of us.

Looking at Nadia again, Janet calmly told her "I wasn't bothered because I've seen him like that before, plenty of times. Just like he's seen me the same way."

Plainly baffled, Nadia asked "How would you see your brother when he was excited like that?"

Still calm, Janet answered "I'd see him like that because we were together, just like he could see that *I* was excited."

It took a couple of seconds for that to really settle into place in Nadia's mind. When it did, though...

"You **have**? You've really done stuff that made both of you feel like that — *together*?"

It didn't sound like Nadia was freaking out on us, only amazed; I wasn't surprised when Janet told her "It wasn't just what you and Danny were doing... it was more, too."

Again, it took a bit before the full implications of that hit Nadia, prompting her to demand "REALLY? You two have..."

"Made love together. Yes." Janet finished for her. Nadia turned to look at me, and I matter-of-factly told her "Yes, Janet and I have made love with each other."

Nadia got quiet then, and looked at each of us several times over the next few minutes before finally saying "Wow. I mean... **wow**. I never would have thought. I knew you were a lot better with each other than any of my other friends are with THEIR brothers, and that you were close" — she blushed furiously about the word she'd used — "but that... Wow."

When Janet and I looked at each other, both of us were amused by Nadia's reaction. We watched her as she got her mind around the fact that Sis and I were physically intimate with each other, and were paying close attention when she came out a little reverie to look at me, then Janet, before asking "When did you... how... what do you... Uh, are you okay to talk to me about it? I mean, I *really* want to know. I've kinda wished that I had a brother, you know, so I could maybe see guy stuff sometimes, but I never thought about anything more than that."

Out of consideration for me, Janet didn't include the details of just exactly *why* we'd gotten together the first time we'd done anything sexual together, but as she told Nadia about how we'd gradually gotten more comfortable with each other, we'd increased the intimacy between us — and made sure that her friend understood that it wasn't just a physical relationship, that we really did love and care for each other, more than anything else. Nadia also got to hear that the things we did with each other were essentially the same as any couple. She also learned that Janet and I didn't *just* make love with each other — that we were as likely to just snuggle or play a little literal grab-ass, or even just SLEEP with each other for the pleasure and comfort of having another person next to us.

As Sis and I explained our relationship to her, Nadia gradually came to understand that the physical part was just one piece of the bigger bond between us. When we were done, she sat quietly for several seconds before telling us "Now that you've told me about it, I can see how it happened, and even kinda understand it. I mean, everybody that knows both of you... we've all said something about how you're not like other brothers and sisters we know — even for twins. And I've been around your mom and dad enough to know that they're **way** more special than my parents, or anybody else's that I know. I don't think it would be okay for anybody else I know to get involved with a brother or sister like you have, but with the parents you've got and the way you've grown up — yeah, it's cool for YOU two."

A moment later, Nadia wanted to know "Jan, didn't it make you *jealous* or anything, me being with Danny? What if he meets a girl at school he really likes, and wants to do stuff with her? And Danny... what Jan being with another guy?"

Both of us just smiled at her before Sis answered "No, I wasn't jealous or anything. Why should I

be? You already know how much we love each other, so what reason would I have to be upset that he still has enough love in him to make YOU feel good, too? If he meets another girl that he likes — loves, really — enough to want to be with her, then I'll be happy for him... and HER, because I know who she'll be getting, and how happy he'll make her."

To that, I added "I'm the same way about Sis being with another guy — I **love** her, not own her, so it isn't up to me to decide anything like that. What she said about me meeting another girl is how I feel about her and another guy. We're brother and sister, and we love each other, and nothing can ever change that — so why be upset or anything if there's other people that each of us loves, too? I wouldn't want to BE with him, physically, 'cause I like girls too much — but I bet I'd like him, because I know that he'd have to be pretty special guy for Sis to love him."

Nadia looked a little uncertain, and Janet explained to her "Look, love isn't something that you only have so much of, like blood in your body, or anything like that. Maybe Danny and I understand it so good because we grew up learning it from Mom and Dad, but love is something that you've *always* got enough of that you can give some to other people. I mean, think about it: you don't love JUST your mom or JUST your dad, do you?"

Nadia shook her head, and Sis went on "With us, it's the same thing, only more. It's even easier for us, too, because we don't love everybody exactly the same way, either."

"What do you mean?", Nadia wanted to know.

I was the one to ask her "Do you love your mom and dad in **exactly** the same way? Or do you love them differently? The same amount, just not the same WAY?"

She considered that for a bit, then smiled at us, saying "Okay, I can understand that. No, I don't love them the same way, but how much I love them is the same."

Janet looked at me and said "I kinda wish Dad had let us keep going to the private school, so we could take Mom's class, or maybe talk to Momma Jan. I'm not sure how to really *explain* everything."

Before I could reply, Nadia wanted to know "Momma Jan?"

Sis laughed before telling her "Yeah, Momma Jan. She isn't *really* our mom, but she's one of Mom and Dad's friends; she's the one I'm named after. There are five of them, and all of them helped take care of me and Danny when we were growing up. They were around so much that we started calling them 'Momma', because they were so much like our real mom. We still call them that, 'cause we know they like to hear us say it."

Intrigued, Nadia asked "Who are they? Why would you want to still be in private school so you could take a class from your mom, or talk to Kelly?"

"Jan still teaches at the high school level at the private school we started at. Mom and Dad each teach a class at that high school, and Mom's is the one where she teaches the kids about love and everything. Dad says it's his losing battle to teach them to think, but we know he doesn't really

mean it", I explained.

"How can she teach people about *love*? Isn't that something you feel in your heart, and either you feel it or you don't?" Nadia wanted to know.

Janet and I looked at each other, and I told her "YOU explain it — you're another girl...", to which Sis retorted "As if THAT matters!" before she faced Nadia again.

Nadia was listening closely as Sis told her "A minute ago, we talked about you loving both of your parents the same amount, remember?"

Her friend did, and nodded. Janet continued by saying "Now think about the other people you love. Do you love ALL of them *exactly* the same amount? Or do you maybe love, like, your grandparents more than you do some of your cousins? Or one of your aunts or uncles more than the rest?"

"Okay, I can see how it would be different amounts." Nadia answered after a few moments.

Janet's next question was "Have you ever really thought about why that is?"

The blank expression on Nadia's face was answer enough, and Sis went on "I may not be explaining this exactly right, but I think I can help you understand — at least a little bit. For starters, loving somebody isn't just what's in your heart."

"It isn't?"

"Nope. What most people call 'love' is really several different things. For almost all of them, love is mostly physical, and a little bit emotional: they see somebody they think is attractive, and as they get to know that person, they start getting stuff back from the other person that makes them feel good, and that's about as far as it goes for them. When the physical part isn't like what it was, or they aren't getting the stuff back that they want, the love goes away. There are SOME people that do that, too, but they also include some of what they know about what goes on in the other person's mind... how they think, and what they know, and like that. For those people, because there's more TO their love, it lasts longer; if they get the proportions close enough, maybe it lasts a long time — but they still don't STAY 'in love'."

Nadia asked "What does your mom teach that's different, then?"

"Mom tries to get the kids in her class to understand that love isn't something that just kinda happens, and that they can actually MAKE it last as long as they want it to if they choose to make that happen."

"How can you choose to MAKE love happen that long?"

"Like I said, I might not be explaining this right, but here goes... How much you love someone, even if it's yourself, is kind of like the receipt you get at a grocery store, where the love is the total of everything else. Just like you go to the store and don't just buy vegetables or dairy, how much love you feel isn't just the physical and emotional stuff you get from someone. If you go to the grocery store and buy ALL the stuff you need, you'll have vegetables and meat and milk and

cheese and bread and cookies and crackers and soup and dessert and all *kinds* of different stuff — and the total on the receipt will be WAY bigger."

Nadia nodded her head that she was following what Janet was saying, and Sis continued "Okay, what's different for me and Danny is that we do that with other people *on purpose*; we CHOOSE to look at what people are like harder and deeper than almost anybody else does. By doing that, it's the same way about loving someone — you can't just go in the grocery store and only fill up the basket while you go down one or two aisles, right? To really **love** someone, you've got to get stuff from ALL the aisles in that person: courage, and honesty, and smart, and funny, and gentle, and strong in their heart, and anything else that's important to you. And just like you look at what's inside the package at the store, and compare prices, you have to do the same thing with people — maybe the other person isn't as smart as you'd like, but that's okay because they're funny enough, and that's more important to you. So when you put their smart and funny and everything in your basket, you know the total by how much you love them."

Nadia sat there and blinked at us a few times before saying "It sounds simple enough, I guess. But love isn't just about one person feeling that way about another; it has to go both ways if it's going to work, doesn't it?"

Janet smiled and said "Of course it does. Just like you're shopping in the other person to see if they have the things that YOU want, they're shopping in YOU, looking for sexy or pretty or affectionate or whatever, and looking at THEIR receipt... how much they love YOU. If you really think about it, love is something that people trade with each other."

Nadia indicated that she understood, and Sis went on "Here's the part that Mom said is the hardest for people to understand and DO: you have to be **absolutely honest** about yourself, so you know what's good about yourself and what you could maybe make better, *and* absolutely honest about what's in the other person — and then decide if what you're getting from them and what you're giving to them are worth the same. I know how kind and gentle and brave and everything Danny is, and I give my love to him for those things because they're important to me. Sure, he's cute enough, and has a strong body, and that kind of stuff; but he isn't always going to look like he does. But as long as he's the way he is in his heart and in his mind, I'll love him."

I spoke up then, telling Nadia "And I love Sis because I know how smart and affectionate and patient and understanding she is — among a whole lot of other things that I like about her. I think she's a babe, but that's just my good luck; I'd still love her even if she didn't look anywhere NEAR as good as she does, because I know what kind of person she is, inside."

Janet went on to tell her "That's how Danny and I could love each other so much that we gave each other our virginity, and why we love each other enough to be happy if the other one finds someone special to them. Something that Dad says is that love is when somebody else's happiness means as much to you as your own. That's how much I love Danny — when he finds another girl he likes, I'll be happy FOR him because he'll BE happy. Remember, I know Danny, and what kind of person he'd like — he tells me that he loves ME, and *why*, so I know that if there's a girl he likes, it'll be because he sees good things in HER, too; so I'll be happy for him

because he found another good person to be with."

Several seconds ticked by before Nadia hesitantly asked Janet "You said that you weren't upset that he had enough love in him to make me feel good, too... is... is that really what he felt?"

Grinning, Janet told her "I'd be willing to bet money on it, but if you want to know for sure, then ask HIM."

Facing me, Nadia wanted to know "Did you really love me, Danny?"

I smiled and gave the tip of her nose a kiss before answering "Yes, I loved you. Still do, if that helps any."

Unsurely, Nadia asked "You... love me? Why? You hardly knew me before tonight..."

Shifting myself around so that we were fully facing each other, I cupped Nadia's face in my hands as I told her "Yes, I love you. I don't think that we should be making wedding plans just yet, but I love you." After moving my hands to my lap, I continued by telling her "As for why... No, we didn't know each other very well before. But what I **did** know about you was good. You try to get people to not gossip about others. You're one of the first to introduce yourself to a new person. You're smart enough to get good grades. When a bunch of people started talking bad about Ophelia last semester, you were one of the few people that was willing to stay friends with her until everybody found out that one of the other girls was just mad and jealous and started the rumor. You don't do what everyone else is just because it's 'popular'. And like I said, you're pretty, and sexy. So I liked you — you could even say loved you, a little bit — before tonight, because what I knew about you was good things that are important to me. Then, tonight, you showed me that you were brave by letting me look at you naked, and asking if it was okay for you to look at ME, so you could learn something you didn't know before. When we started kissing and touching, I found out that you're affectionate and gentle; after that, I learned that you're passionate, too. So because I got the chance to discover that there's even more good stuff in you, I love you even more than I did before. I don't think you realized you were doing it, but while you were learning what kind of person *I* am, you started loving ME more, too. Otherwise, why would you have let us do the things we did?"

Nadia sat there looking at me for several seconds before quietly announcing "Damn. You're right... I did decide it was okay for us to do all of that once I realized that you were as nice and patient as you are, and that I liked it, and you. And I see what you mean about liking or caring about someone being another way of saying you love them. You're right that I DO love you, too — not to get married or anything, but still liking you and caring about you."

A moment later, she asked "You think you're someone that I'd like? Isn't that being kind of... full of yourself?"

Janet started to speak, but when I waved my hand at her, she quieted down so I could tell Nadia "I think I'm someone you *might* like, yes. That's because I know what kind of person I TRY to be: honest, and patient, and nice, and gentle, and other stuff like that. But I'm not full of myself

because I know I'm not like that all the time, or as much as I'd like to be. Like Sis said, you have to be absolutely honest about what kind of person you are — I know what's good and bad about me, and how much; and I'm always trying to make myself better. So I know that there's enough good stuff in me that other people will probably like me once they get to know me, but I also know that there's also enough in me that ISN'T good that I can't start thinking I'm something I'm not."

When I was done, Janet quickly spoke up to add "I think the same way, Nadia, and try to do the same things. Have I ever given you or anyone else any reason to think that I'm full of myself?"

"No, never; Danny, either. I was just surprised when he said that, and wanted to know why he did, is all", she answered, apologetically.

A few moments later, Nadia told us "I think I've learned enough for one night. If you don't mind, I think it's probably time to get some sleep."

"Of course", I told her before moving so that I could get off of Sis' bed. Both of them got up, too, and Nadia moved to stand in front of me so she could tell me "I wanted to thank you again for tonight, Danny. What you said after you looked at me, it really did make me feel a lot better; and the stuff we did after you let me look at you was *really* nice."

I put my arms around her, and she moved close enough for us to give each other a kiss before I told her "I'm glad I could help, and that you're happy with what happened."

After Nadia moved away from me, Sis and I kissed and wished each other a good night — followed by my giving her a pat on the butt. After I left her room, I made a quick trip to the bathroom before going to bed myself.

Several weeks later, Sis and I had enjoyed a nice session of "69" after we got home from school, and were snuggling in my bed afterwards when she told me "After you were with Nadia that night, she's been a LOT more relaxed about how she looks, and even started flirting with guys. She's been asking me a plenty of questions about sex — what it was like for me the first time, what positions I like, what feels good for me, and stuff like that. At first, I just figured she was curious; but when she kept asking me things... well, it wasn't hard to figure out that it was more than that. When I stayed over at her place last weekend, she told me that after her birthday last month, she went to the family planning place and they started her on birth control — an IUD, like what Mom helped me get. I asked her how she could do that if she's never had sex before, and she said that her hymen broke when she was a little girl; that's a lot of why her folks are so strict about her going out, from what she said. I asked her why she did that, and she said she's thinking about starting to have sex."

When Sis was silent, I kind of interrupted her to ask "Let me guess... Nadia wants me to be the first guy she has sex with."

She turned and looked at me in surprise before responding "Yeah, she does. How did you know?"

My answer was to tell her "Sis, sometimes you're about as subtle as a circus pony. I knew you were leading up to *something*, and as soon as you told me that Nadia was on birth control, I pretty much knew what was going on."

Blushing slightly that she'd been found out, Janet told me "After the way you were with her that night, she's sure that she'd be okay with you; and she **knows** that you wouldn't tell anyone, so her folks won't find out. She SAYS she's only *thinking* about it, and wanted me to find out if you'd be willing to go that far with her. If she decides she's ready, she'd be the one to actually ask you; but the way she's been acting, I don't think there's much 'if' to it. Would you be willing to go that far with her?"

I thought about it for a bit before telling Sis "After I told her that I loved her, I'm kinda worried that she thinks I mean it more than I do... you know what I'm talking about. As long as she understands that I'm not looking for a *girlfriend* or anything, then sure, I'll do it 'cause she's your friend and I do love her enough to try and make her first time good."

Wriggling herself a little closer to me, Janet said "She understands what you meant when you told her you loved her; I'm actually kinda surprised at how well she **does** understand. And she isn't looking at you as a boyfriend or anything, either — the way she explained it to me, after the first time, she just wants somebody that she can be with and make each other feel good, sometimes."

"As long as that's the case, then yeah, I'd be willing to go that far with her. I expect we'll need a time when Mom and Dad will be gone again, though. I don't think *they'd* say anything about it, but having them home would probably make her nervous."

I heard the humor in Sis' voice when she asked "Ya think?"

A little while later, the two of us went in to rinse off in the shower before Mom and Dad got home — not that it mattered whether they knew we'd been together, but simply because we liked to be fresh and clean when the family sat down to dinner.

A little over a week later, Dad let me and Sis know that he and Mom were going to look at maybe doing some kind of upgrade to a factory belonging to one of his customers, and that they'd be gone for two nights — leaving Thursday morning, and coming back Saturday afternoon. Just like I figured she would, Sis got permission for Nadia to spend Friday night with us. I don't think that it escaped Mom and Dad's attention that Sis was again asking if one of her friends could spend the night when they weren't going to be home, but they were willing to give us our privacy — right up to the point that we made a mistake that got THEM involved.

The Thursday before Nadia was to come over, Sis and I spent the evening cuddling (and molesting each other) on the couch while watching TV, and spent the night together in Janet's room. The next day, Nadia came over a little before supper, and the three of us sent out for a pizza. After we'd demolished it (I ate almost half, Sis and Nadia easily dealt with the rest), the three of us watched a video that Nadia had brought over. She and Sis sat on either side of me while we watched it, and neither one of them was bashful about pulling my hand down to their

breasts.

When the movie was over, Nadia extracted my hand from the light sweater she was wearing (with no bra on underneath it). Holding it between both of hers, she told me "Danny, I... I've never had sex before; but after I really, *really* thought about it, I've decided that I'm ready to stop being a virgin, even though I actually lost my cherry when I was a little girl. As good as you made me feel before... you know, when you looked at me and everything... and hearing how good you made Janet's first time... I wanted to ask you if you would be the first guy that I'm with like that. Even though I don't have a cherry now, could I give you my virginity?"

Looking into her eyes, and seeing how nervous she was, I told her "If you're really that sure that's what you want to do, then I'll accept the gift you're offering me, and do my best to be worthy of it. Did you want it to happen tonight?"

"If it's okay with you", she answered, uncertainly.

"It's more than just 'okay' with me, Nadia, if that's what you want.", I assured her.

"Can we go now? Before I chicken out?"

"Now is fine", I agreed.

Several seconds passed before she realized that I wasn't going to drag her kicking and screaming into one of the bedrooms. Understanding that I was literally leaving the first move up to her, she gave me a small smile of relief before standing up. I got up, too, and as we started back to where my and Janet's bedrooms were, Sis told us "I'll see you guys in the morning" — smiling at Nadia in reassurance.

When we were in my bedroom, I closed the door before turning and standing in front of Nadia. Cupping her face in my hands, I looked into her eyes as I told her "You just said that you wanted this to happen before you chicken out. I want you to know that it doesn't *matter* to me if you chicken out... or change your mind, or get too scared, or anything else. I'm not going to do anything that you don't WANT to happen, and let happen. If you don't want this, for **any** reason, then it stops when you say so — and I'm not going to be mad or upset or angry or disappointed or anything like that. If you didn't know it already, Janet and I didn't do this until SHE was a hundred percent sure; I didn't push her, or bug her, or do anything to try and make it happen before then. We have *started* this, but it ENDS if and when you say it does. I told you before that I love you. Even though it isn't like we're boyfriend and girlfriend, I still love you enough to NOT do this, if that's what you decide."

Nadia's eyes stayed locked on mine as she answered "I know that, Danny. That's what makes me want to be with YOU my first time — 'cause I know I can trust you to be patient and not do or say anything to make me feel bad if I have to ask you to wait, or slow down, or something. And as nice as you were last time, I know you'll do whatever you can so you don't hurt me. What Janet said to me... I know that you understand how special this is to me, and that you'll do your best to make it as good and happy for me as you can. I'm nervous about this, because it's my first

time — but I'm not afraid of what happens. I... I even got started using birth control, so we wouldn't have to do anything special or different, and can just try to make this as good as possible."

After moving my hands to her hips, I tilted my head forward and gave her a kiss that was as tender and affectionate as I could make it — and Nadia readily kissed me back.

More kisses followed, and our affection evolved into desire... and then into passion. Both of us were breathing heavily when our lips separated by mutual accord.

I slid my hands under the hem of Nadia's sweater, and she responded to my raised eyebrow with a nod. I carefully lifted it up far enough to reveal her lovely breasts, and helped her get her arms free before finally lifting it over her head. After I set it aside on my chair, my hands went to the waistband of the skirt she was wearing; it took only a little exploration to find the closure... and UNclose it. A few more seconds, and I was easing it down her legs — and discovering that she didn't have panties on, either. When I looked at her, she just gave me a mischievous smile before I got the skirt low enough for her to step out of it. As I set the skirt with her sweater, she slipped off the sandals she was wearing, and nudged them out of the way. That left her standing stark naked in front of me, her pretty face and sexy body on full display.

I started to reach for the buttons on the polo shirt I was wearing, then stopped and asked "Unless you want to?"

It took her only a second to decide that she did. Once she'd gotten the buttons undone and my shirt off, she spent several seconds just running her hands across my chest before letting them move down to my waist. I had to help with my belt, but she dealt with the snap and zipper of my jeans on her own before she slid them down my legs. She nudged each of my legs to let me know to lift it so she could slip my loafers off my bare foot and pull my jeans off. Kneeling in front of me, her eyes were locked on the bulge in my undershorts as she slid her hands under their waistband. Slowly, as if teasing herself, she slid my briefs down to reveal my cock and balls; once they were in sight, my shorts quickly joined my pants and shirt. I was as naked as she was when she stood up again and took a step back, giving each of us a chance to look at the other; I figured that the scenery was better for me.

Our eyes returned to each other's faces at almost the same time, and from the look in hers I could tell that she was ready for us to continue. She walked with me to my bed, and helped turn down the bed covers before calmly laying down when I did. We rolled onto our sides to face each other, and after I put my hand on her hip, she told me "Danny, I wanted to make sure you understand that I'm not asking you to do this because I want us to be a *couple*, or anything. I'm ready to start learning about sex and everything, and I know that you're someone I can trust to make it **right** the first time. I... I love you, but it's like you told me that night — it isn't the big stay-together-forever kind of love. Ever since you and Janet talked to me about what you think love is, I've been thinking about it; and I think maybe I'm even kinda-sorta starting to understand it. I mean, I've been watching my parents, I can see what you and her meant about how there are different parts that make up loving someone. I see how hard my dad tries to make sure me and

my mom have all the things we need, and I know how much my mom does to keep our house nice and take care of Dad and me. And... and for the first time, really, I understand how much they love me and care for me; and how hard they try to help me learn to be a good person, and that I have everything I need while I'm growing up — and it makes me love them even more, and try harder to show them that they don't have to worry about me. I know that the way I feel about you isn't anything like how I feel about them, so I know that I don't love you as much as I do them; I still love you, just not as much, because you're so nice and smart and everything. I even realized that I love *Janet*, too, because of how good of a friend she is, and all the good things that I know are in HER. I... I kinda feel bad, a little bit, because I've got such wonderful people like my parents, and Janet, and you, and I don't understand how all of you can be so good and loving and everything with me."

I started caressing Nadia's side as I told her "After you were here, and Janet said she probably wasn't explaining it right, I asked my Mom and Dad how I could help other people understand what we mean about love." Seeing a look of concern on her face, I quickly said "I didn't say anything about who or why or any of that; I just made it sound like something *I* wanted to know. Each of them answered me in a different way, but that actually just helped me understand how to explain it better."

Nadia was listening closely as I continued "You know that we love other people because of the good things we see in them — brave or honest or smart or whatever, and that the more of the good things there are, the more we love them. The thing is, other people love US *the same way, and for the same reasons*. According to Mom, that's something a lot of people have trouble with... really understanding and **accepting**. You said that you loved your folks even more when you realized how much they do; now try to understand that they love YOU because of what kind of person YOU are. They love you because you are smart, and because you are the kind of person that they wanted you to become, and because you are responsible and honest and all the other things they've tried to teach you to be while you were growing up. Nadia, they love you because you **deserve** it by being the kind of person you are, the same way Janet and I do."

Nadia just lay there for several seconds, looking my general direction, but focused on a point about a thousand miles over my shoulder. When she came out of the reverie she was in, I wasn't anywhere near being prepared for it when she suddenly latched onto me and began crying. I was afraid that I'd REALLY messed things up, but Nadia was so busy trying to drown my nipples with her tears and making these big globbering noises that I knew there wasn't any point in trying to get her to tell me what was wrong. All I could do was hold her, and rub her back as I tried to tell her it was okay, that everything was fine, and other such things. Finally, after what seemed like *forever* her tears slowed, and she began to calm down again.

Figuring that Nadia would want us to stay together for a while after the first time, I'd brought a towel into my room. I was able to grab it, and offer the end of it to her. She looked at it blankly for a second, then gave me an embarrassed smile before taking it and dabbing at her eyes. Even after she got her face dried off, she was still snuffling from a runny nose, and I gently told her "Go ahead and use it to blow your nose, too." Her ears turned pink, and I looked away and

pretended I couldn't hear as she got her sinuses cleared before looking back at her again.

"Are you going to be okay now? You want me to take that?", I asked.

She nodded, and after wiping her nose, handed me the towel. Barely holding it between my thumb and finger, I exaggerated tossing it off to the side, making her laugh and playfully slap my chest. When I was looking at her again, she told me "I'm sorry for all of that — but when you told me that all of you love me because I deserve it... I remembered what you said about being honest with yourself, and I kinda looked inside myself and realized that I **do** try to be the things you and Janet said you like in me. And then I understood that I **DO** deserve it when people love me, and I just felt so GOOD and *happy*..."

I hugged her briefly, then said "There's nothing to be sorry for. I can understand that something like that would hit you pretty hard, so if it made you feel better to cry, then that's fine."

"Maybe... but I'll bet I'm a mess now, with my eyes all puffy and my nose red..."

I touched my lips to hers before assuring her "You look fine." and taking her into my arms again.

We lay there in silence for a bit before she said "What you and Janet have... loving each other so much, I mean... is there any way that can happen with me? And maybe my folks?"

"Me and Janet, we grew up with all of this, and it's just much a part of our lives that we hardly ever have to think about it. Because I know I'm not really old enough to explain it right — at least, not in anything less than a couple of days, maybe — I can only tell you things that I've heard Mom and Dad say, and what they've told us."

I felt her nod that was okay, and went on "If you start trying to *tell* people about it, they don't really listen; they'll either figure you're part of some kind of cult or something, or think that you don't know what you're talking about. I mean, you and me and Janet... we're still all just kids the way most adults think of us, and they aren't real good at paying attention to us. What Janet and I have found that seems to work pretty good is to kind of sneak up on adults about this kind of stuff. Don't try to tell them everything you want them to know all at once; instead, you keep mentioning different parts of whatever it is in *little* ways over a period of time. Mom says it's kind of like feeding a baby: you aren't going to give them the whole jar of baby food in ten minutes; it just doesn't work that way — you have to give them tiny little bites every so often while you've got their attention, even if it takes an hour. And Dad says that **THE** most important part of any kind of relationship is communication; people have to be willing to stop assuming things and start making them clear to each other if they want to make the best out of it. I can't tell you how many times I've heard Mom or Dad tell the other one something you'd think they already knew, just to make sure that the other person **DID** know. It's the same way with me and Janet... I **tell** her that I love her, and why. Remember, most people don't really **THINK** about love; so it takes them a little while to understand that they can, and maybe should, be doing it too when another person tells them **WHY** that person likes them or loves them. But once another person knows that you love them for what's inside, they know that as long as they have whatever it is, they'll have your love, too... and that if there's more of the good stuff, then they'll get more

of your love. Remember that trading love stuff we talked about? Almost nobody realizes that's what they're doing, or why they're doing it. Mom and Dad, and Janet and I, we DO — and because we ARE actually thinking about it, it means even more to us. Think about it: which would you spend first... five dollars you found on the ground, or five dollars you had to work for? And which would be more important to you, and make you happier — what you bought with the found money, or the money you earned?"

Nadia told me "I know what you mean. I've got a blouse at home that I bought with money I earned from babysitting; I know if my mom or dad had just given me the money for it, I wouldn't wear it as much as I do."

After that, the two of us lapsed into silence again.

When several minutes had passed, it was Nadia that interrupted the quiet to tell me "Talking to you was nice, and it makes me feel a lot better — but it's not what we came in here and got naked for. Even more that I did before, now I know that I want YOU to make me an ex-virgin."

Releasing her from my arms, I was glad that the two of us could kiss again... particularly after Nadia's enthusiasm and desire skyrocketed after the first one.

As our lips remained in almost constant contact, our hands were all over each other's bodies; it didn't take much longer before both of us were ready to take more immediate and direct action to get each other even more aroused. It was Nadia's idea that we stop kissing (we were panting too hard to have much success with it, anyway) so that she could clamber over me to get her hand and mouth on my semi-erect penis while giving me equal access to the area between her smooth thighs. As she was taking the head of my cock between her lips, I was slipping the end of my tongue between hers...

Even with our rapidly increasing passion, both of us were careful to take our time to *pleasure* each other, as well. With it to be Nadia's first time, she readily let me bring her to an orgasm as she restrained herself to simply getting and keeping me hard.

I'd happily lapped up the overflow of her juices that came about from her climax, and she'd pulled herself together enough to make sure I was still hard when I heard her say "That felt real good — but now it's time for you to be IN me!" before she carefully moved off of me. When she was sitting on my bed, I sat up next to her and asked "Do you want this to happen any way in particular? If you're on top of me, it's probably easier for you because you decide how fast and everything; but I'm okay with whatever you want."

She gave me a smile before answering "I appreciate what you just said about how I could make it easier; but I want you on top of me, so we can kiss and everything, and so I feel like I'm *giving* myself to you the way I want to."

I just smiled and nodded, and she got herself turned around before laying back and getting one of my pillows under her head. When I looked at her, she blushed slightly before telling me "I... I want to be able to see while you make a woman of me..."

When I started to move, she drew her knees up and spread her legs to make room and open herself up to me. Her eyes were locked on my glistening erection as I got myself into position over her. Reaching between us, I levered my cock down and lowered my hips to get the head between her labia and nestled against her opening. She was looking up at me in anticipation as I told her "I really will be fine with it if you want to stop this — at **any** time."

"I know you would, Danny. But I want this, with you, more than anything."

I knew how true that was when I began to press myself against her entrance: I could feel her deliberately trying to relax herself to let me in. Sooner and easier than I thought it would happen, I felt the head of my cock slip through the tight ring of her opening. She gasped when it happened, and I immediately held myself still in her as I asked "Are you okay? Do you need me to take it out?"

"Don't you **dare** pull out of me!" she exclaimed, followed by telling me "Yes, I'm fine — better than that, even... just having *that* much of you in me feels good. I was just surprised when it happened, is all.", more calmly.

Looking at her closely, it didn't appear that she was in any distress; all I could do was wait for her to let me know it was okay to continue — something that happened just a few seconds later when I felt her press herself up against me while her eyes were locked on where we were joined. When I began to press my hips forward again, she released a soft moan as she watched and felt as almost a couple inches of my penis disappear between her vaginal lips. I slid myself in and out of her a little bit to make sure I was coated with her oils, then slowly eased most of what was left of my erection through her portal before I paused to get myself lubricated some more. The next push of my hips ended with my pubic hair merged with hers.

Realizing that I was all the way inside her, Nadia looked up at me in something akin to awe as she softly told me "That was amazing... watching and feeling it at the same time while you got inside me. It feels so *good*, the way you make me feel so... so... full — it's like there was something I was missing and didn't know it, and now I have it..."

I lowered myself to support my body with my elbows so that Nadia and I could kiss — and so I could have a little time to get used to having her around me. It had been a while since the first time I'd been with Sis, and Nadia's tight sheath felt a lot better around me than I was used to. By the time we got through kissing and trying to check each other's tonsils, I was in full control of myself again — and Nadia was *more* than ready for me to start moving in her.

The first few strokes I made in her were long and leisurely, meant to ensure that I was properly coated with her lubrication and to give her the chance to let me know if she was having any problems. The way she arched herself up in welcome to my slow-motion thrusts let me know she was doing fine; from there, it didn't take long for me to get into a rhythm that she plainly found satisfactory. Still supporting myself on my elbows, I could feel the hard peaks of her breasts drawing designs on my chest in time with my motions in her. I also used the opportunity to continue kissing her... not just on her lips, but her eyes and the corners of her mouth and her

shoulders and anyplace else that I could reach. When I managed to nibble on her earlobe with my lips, she released a deep groan as she dug into my back with her fingernails.

When the pressure on my elbows got to be too much, I moved to support myself with my arms as I continued to piston in and out of Nadia's warm, tight channel. From that position, I was able to lower my head and arch my back enough that I could get my mouth on her breasts — much to her enjoyment. When sucking on the ends of her breasts got difficult, I carefully took one of her nipples between my teeth, and let the swaying of her breast create the gentle tugging on it as I held it still. In response, Nadia became even wetter around me as she got even more aroused from the resulting sensations.

Tight and warm and wet as Nadia was inside, I was having a tough time maintaining control of myself as I continued to slide my stiff dick in and out of her more and more quickly. When I felt her vagina begin an intermittent clenching around me as she got closer and closer to what I just **knew** was an approaching orgasm, that "tough time" turned into "real challenge". And as the time between those clenches got shorter and shorter, the challenge increased proportionally — and finally became more than I could withstand. Reluctantly giving myself over to the need to get off, I began pistoning myself in her progressively faster... and harder. In turn, that only accelerated how fast she approached her release, which only made things that much worse for ME. It wasn't long before my room was filled with the liquid-toned slapping of my pelvis meeting hers overlaid with the assortment of pants, gasps, moans, groans, and other sounds each of us was making in our upward spiral of passion and pleasure.

I was reduced to fighting to delay my own climax seconds at a time when Nadia found her release. Wrapping her legs around my waist, she lifted her hips off the bed in an attempt to get as much of my cock inside herself as she could while she nearly screamed with the start of her orgasm. Her vagina got so tight around me that only her abundant lubrication made it possible for me to all but slam myself into her a couple of times before my cock erupted deep inside her.

As I continued to try and fill her with my hot jism, Nadia's wet sheath felt like it was fluttering around me as it loosened slightly — only to clamp down again with the start of the next cycle of her climax. With my previous experience being limited to Sis, the novelty of what Nadia was doing to me greatly amplified the pleasure I was already experiencing, making the rest of my spunk leave me nearly as forcefully as the first spray had. It was an intense and altogether pleasurable experience.

There was only a last feeble spurt of semen to deposit in her when Nadia's orgasm had tapered off enough for her to let her hips slowly drop back onto my bed. Wanting to show her that I really did care about her, I kept my pelvis next to hers so that my *slowly* deflating cock would stay inside her; then I moved to cover as much of her body as I could with my own. Though I was still panting somewhat, I lowered my head and managed to begin kissing her face and shoulders again as a few last aftershocks rippled through her body. Both of us were covered with a fine sheen of sweat, and the lubrication it provided as my body moved against hers further helped slow the shrinking of my penis. I was probably still 90% hard in her when she finally

opened her eyes.

It seemed to take a couple of seconds before she realized that I was associated with the pleasure she'd just experienced; when she did, though, she hugged me hard enough that she nearly managed to keep me from breathing for several seconds before letting up. She still had me in her arms as she began to shower my face with kisses while crying and trying to talk to me at the same time. It took a little doing, but I finally managed to get her to stop trying to kiss me and talk at the same time; from my experiences with Janet, I knew that getting the crying to stop was pretty much a lost cause.

When she let her head fall back to the pillow, Nadia's eyes were still leaking tears as she told me "Oh, *Danny*! I knew that it would be better, having you inside me... but I didn't have any IDEA that it would anything like **that**! It felt so *good* at first, when you were being so careful with me; but then it started feeling better and better when you were moving in me. I could feel it building in me, kind of like you can sometimes feel it when a really big storm is coming, and I kept thinking that it was going to happen for me any second now — except that it **didn't**; it just kept building and building in me. Then you started moving faster and harder, and that felt even better than before... and I could feel it getting even bigger in me until I didn't think I could STAND it any more, and it STILL didn't happen! I thought I was going to go *crazy* from wanting it so bad when it was like a DAM broke open inside me. And then it got even better when I could feel you squirting your stuff in me — it was like you were filling me with liquid FIRE or something, it felt so hot in me! I knew that you'd make my first time good, but that was better than I could have even **hoped** for. And now you're staying with me... holding yourself over me so I don't feel cold or alone, and keeping yourself inside me so I can keep feeling you there for as long as I can. Oh, *Danny*, I love you so much!"

When she was done, I lowered my head and kissed her before telling her "And I love you, too, Nadia", glad to know that I'd brought her the kind of happiness and pleasure that I'd hoped (and tried) to.

Over the next several minutes, Nadia and I exchanged a number of kisses — to each other's lips, faces, and shoulders. Both of us could tell that my penis was gradually getting smaller and smaller in her, and I was the one to address the impending problem by telling her "I think both of us know that my cum is going to start running out of you when I get a little smaller; it doesn't bother ME in the slightest, so it's up to you what happens after that. If you want to go into the bathroom, it can be by yourself so you can do whatever you want to, or I can go with you and we can take a shower together; either one is fine with me. If you want to stay here, I can get a towel to soak it up so you don't feel uncomfortable and so there isn't a wet spot that would make us uncomfortable when we go to sleep. If there's something else you want to do, just let me know what it is, and I'll do my best to help make it happen the way you want. If you don't want to do **anything** for a while, I'm *absolutely* ready to stay here with you for as long as you want — like we are now, or you on top of me, or just next to each other."

Looking up at me in affection, Nadia told me "You're an absolute dear to be so calm about it, and

try to help me not be embarrassed or anything. I knew that if we were together and you squirted your stuff in me, it was going to have to come out SOONER or later. I've already decided what I wanted to do, and that's take a shower — with you, if you want. After the way you made me feel, I'm not going to be ashamed or embarrassed about ANY of this."

I smiled and gave her a kiss before telling her "I'd be *delighted* to take a shower with you. The only question is if you want some time by yourself first, or not."

She giggled before answering "I'm not worried about you seeing your stuff running out of me, or me cleaning it out — YOU put it there!"

I had to grin as I told her "It doesn't bother me any... I think it's kinda sexy, even!"

I could see the humor in her eyes as she exclaimed "Men!", pretending to be disgusted.

A couple of minutes later, I did finally uncork from her; we continued to lay there for several seconds before she told me "Okay, let's go ahead and get this *over* with", her tone of resignation giving lie to the anticipation I saw on her face. I moved off of her, and she didn't hesitate in the slightest to use one hand to cup her mons before taking my hand with the other. In the bathroom, I got the shower started and adjusted to her specifications as she stood next to me. When she was ready, the two of us got in and had a fun time getting each other cleaned up. I was behind her, industriously lathering her breasts when she let my cum run out of her. When she slid one of her fingers inside herself to make sure she was cleaned out, I was watching; after she saw my penis twitch, she released a theatrical sigh before grinning at me.

Once we were cleaned up and dried off, it was back to my room so the two of us could spoon on my bed. I was behind her and holding her breast in my hand as the two of us talked — mostly her asking me different questions about love, and trading values with other people. I made sure that she understood when I told her something I knew from actual experience, and when I didn't. That went on for nearly an hour before Nadia asked "Danny? When you made love with me... it felt so much better than I thought it would, and you made me SO happy, and I know I'll always smile when I remember it... and I don't want to say anything to make you feel bad or embarrassed, but... was... was it just the one time tonight? Or could we, you know, maybe do it again?"

Amused at the change in her, I kissed her ear and answered "It doesn't have to be just the one time tonight if you don't want it to be. It'll take a bit longer for me to climax, though."

I **had** to smile when she told me "I, uh, I'd like that." Feeling my flaccid penis in the crease of her ass, she continued "I'll be glad to get you ready again, if you want — like use my mouth on you again..."

Nuzzling her ear (and making her shiver in response), I told her "That would be nice, but maybe you can think of something that both of us can do to get each other ready. Something we haven't done before that you think would be really fun and sexy at the same time."

She considered that for several seconds, then hesitantly offered "I... I've wondered how... how guys, um, take care of themselves. You know, make themselves, uh, feel good." Blushing

furiously, she continued "I could, you know, do that for you while you do it for me. Would that work?"

I knew I didn't have to answer when my cock started to erect at the idea of the two of us masturbating for each other; it took only a second for her to feel my response, and she turned her head to look at me as she asked "You... you'd like that? You wouldn't think it was gross or anything?"

"Not even a little bit", I assured her. "I'd *really* like to see that."

She searched my face for a few moments, as though needing to make sure that I wasn't joking. When she realized I wasn't, she moved away from me a little bit, then shifted herself closer to the headboard on my bed. Leaning back against it, she brought her knees up and spread her legs before giving me a look that let me know I was lagging too far behind. I quickly mirrored her position by sitting opposite her and leaning back slightly to support myself on my arm. That left each of us with a clear view of the other, and it was Nadia that got things going by putting her hand on her mons and slowly drawing the tip of her finger up through the cleft of her sex.

When I got my hand wrapped around my semi-erect penis, Nadia's eyes immediately locked on the sight — a few moments later, I watched her labia begin to peek out at me from her cleft as they got longer in response to her increasing arousal. Her fingers stayed busy between her thighs as she watched me begin to stroke myself; it was easy to see her clitoris responding to her tender ministrations, and the area between her labia begin to shine as she got more excited. Seeing her getting more and more aroused had the same impact on me; it didn't take long for me to become fully erect. I continued to slowly slide my hand up and down my stiff cock as Nadia pleased herself: dipping her finger into the entrance to her vagina and collecting the oils there to use them as the lubrication she needed while she twirled her fingertip around her clitoris; moaning softly as she slid first one finger, then two, into herself — and leaving her drooling slit not quite completely closed when she pulled them out again; her labia getting a little longer and darker and thicker as her arousal ratcheted higher and higher.

A drop of pre-cum appeared on the end of my cock, and Nadia's excitement grew even faster as she began licking her lips. She had started rocking her hips as her hand became more insistent between her smooth thighs when I used the end of my finger to collect the drop of pre-cum on the tip of my erection; her look of disappointment turned into delight when I lifted my hand and offered her the small sample of my semen. She had to lean forward only a little bit to open her mouth and clean the proffered drop with her tongue; she'd barely pulled her tongue back in and closed her mouth again when her body began to spasm with the start of an orgasm.

Being able to watch as Nadia experienced her release was erotic as all get-out, and made me glad that I'd only masturbated enough to keep myself hard; there isn't a doubt in my mind that if I'd been anywhere near cumming, watching HER do it would have been enough to push me over the edge. Even so, it seemed like a good idea to release my penis to make sure that didn't happen.

When Nadia opened her eyes again, she looked at me blankly for a second or two before her eyes

went to my stiff dick. After releasing a deep, throaty moan, she declared "Oh, *god*, I need that!" before quickly moving to straddle my hips. Reaching between us, she raised my erection to the vertical and got herself positioned so it was pressing against her opening. Holding me steady, she closed her eyes and started lowering herself onto it; she was wet enough that she managed to get nearly half of me inside before she had to raise up a little to spread her juices on me, then easily got her tight little ass settled onto the top of my legs. After a bit of wriggling, she managed to get the last fraction of an inch of my penis through her portal, and groaned her pleasure before opening her eyes again.

She leaned back to support her body with her arms as she began rocking her hips so that she was moving perhaps an inch of my manhood in and out of her vagina. With her tilted away from me, that gave me the opportunity to start using my mouth and tongue on her breasts as I caressed and massaged and squeezed the firm globes of her ass.

Between all the things that I was doing to her, and what she was doing to herself, Nadia's arousal quickly reached its previous level; it didn't take but a very few minutes before she was rocking herself on me almost frantically as I felt her vagina begin tightening around me as it had before. As her internal spasms grew in frequency and duration, I was thankful for my own sexual physiology: having already climaxed with her once not so long before, I was free to enjoy the pleasure and novelty of being inside her when it happened without having to worry that they'd have too great of an impact on me.

A few more minutes, and I had the distinct pleasure to fully experience and delight in the feeling of Nadia's vagina around me as she pressed herself down on me with the start of her second orgasm since we'd cleaned up together. As the waves of pleasure coursed through her body, I amplified them by arching my hips up so that my pubic bone pressed against hers — applying pressure to her clitoris, and intensifying her pleasure and the tightening around my cock.

If I hadn't already had my arms mostly around her, she would have fallen over backwards when her release had tapered off; I was able to support her body as she told me "After two of those so fast, I'm too damn tired to keep going... you're going to have to take over for a while..." between gasps for air.

Managing to keep the two of us coupled, I was able to guide her to lay down on the bed after I got my legs tucked under me and out of the way. A little more re-positioning of myself, and I was able to begin slowly sliding myself in and out of her while she moaned her pleasure. I was essentially sitting on the bed with my legs folded next to me, which meant that my hands and arms were free — which lasted only until I began caressing her body between bouts of playing with her breasts... gently squeezing them, rolling her nipples between my thumb and forefinger, softly pinching and pulling on her nipples, and trying to memorize the size and feel of her areolas with my fingertips, among other things. I would also ease a hand between us so I could brush my thumb across her clitoris, or firmly press on it in time with my thrusts into her. In short order, her head was tossing and her hair flying as I fanned the flames of her lust and desire.

The faint swaying of her firm breasts as I repeatedly plunged myself into her was an appealing

sight, and I eventually gave in to the urge to get my lips on her young mammaries again. When I fastened my mouth on the peak of one of her breasts, her groan of pleasure was deep and long; sucking on it while carefully "chewing" on her nipple enticed her into generating an assortment of throaty sounds of increasing arousal.

As nice as Nadia's tits were, the position I was in was a little awkward; when my back began to complain, I sat up again and went back to simply playing with them (and her body, and her clitoris) as I continued sliding my erection in and out of her. With my strokes being slower and longer than her movements on me had been, it took a bit more time for her to begin to approach her next climax — which gave ME that much more time to enjoy the feeling of burying my hard cock into the tight, wet, and almost hot casing of her womanhood as my bedroom was filled with the sounds and smells of our coupling.

Once again, there was no doubting when she was getting close to having another orgasm — the regular tightening of her vagina around my pistoning penis was a clear signal that she was approaching her release. As tired as she'd been after having two orgasms fairly close together already, I didn't think I'd better do anything to prolong or intensify the next one. Instead, I simply continued thrusting in and out of her in the same rhythm that I'd been using.

Over the course of the next few minutes, Nadia's climax moved steadily closer; when it finally arrived, she nearly screamed as the accumulated pleasure found a release. She all but convulsed with the first wave of it as she got almost painfully tight around me before the cycle of tighten-loosen-tighten-loosen took effect. The addition of more of her juices as she continued to climax were more than could fit in the little bit of her vagina that wasn't filled with my cock... each time I pressed myself into her, I could feel the surplus escape her to try and soak into our pubic hair — and when that was saturated, to be spread onto my balls, and even my thighs.

When she got her breath back again, I was surprised to hear her softly command "Stop. Please stop."

I did, of course, and was looking down at her in concern as she told me "If we keep going like this, I'm afraid the next one will kill me... that one was bigger than the other two together. Going slower like this just lets it build up even more before I orgasm. Is there any way you can be in me that lets you move faster? Even if you finish before I do, it'll be okay, 'cause I still *really* like having you in me."

Lowering my body to bring our heads closer, I softly kissed her before answering "Of course we can do that. Really, I'm not trying to kill you with sex!", trying to draw a smile from her.

I did, before she told me "No, I know you're not trying to kill me... I'm just enjoying this a WHOLE lot more than I thought I would — or could. If I keep going to bed with you, I'm going to have to start working out or something, to build up my stamina, is all. What do you want me to do?"

I kissed her again, then told her "If you can get on your hands and knees, I'll get behind you and we can do it that way."

She considered it for a second, and I saw a gleam in her eye when she asked "That's the same way dogs do it?"

I nodded, and she went on "I always have gotten excited when I saw that..."

I eased myself out of her, making her blush furiously when there was a loud squelching noise as I pulled free. She rolled over and got to her hands and knees before looking over at me and asking "Like this, right?"

"That's it", I assured her before getting up and knee-walking my way behind her. There was no way I wasn't going to take a few seconds to enjoy the view I had of her — her delightful ass and firm thighs surrounding the dark wedge of her pubic hair, which was cleaved by the glistening lips that bracketed the opening between them. I was brought out of my reverie by her wiggling her butt at me as she plaintively asked "*Please?*"

Moving close, I levered my erection down and got it wedged against the entrance to her vagina. As wet as both of us were, I was able to bury myself in her in a single slow thrust after putting my hands on her hips. She tilted her head back and softly moaned as I again filled her with my manhood.

From having my cock all the way inside her, it didn't take long for me to begin pistoning myself in and out of her again. With the change in position, I was able to move farther and faster, which had her responding more quickly in return. Looking down, I could see as the tight ring of her opening was pulled away from her when I slid myself out, only to disappear again when I reversed direction. I also saw that the rosette of her anus was shiny with the overflow of her lubrication, and had to give myself a stern lecture to keep from finding out how she'd respond if I tried anything with THAT part of her.

Able to move more freely, I was able to find my pleasure more easily as I continued to cycle my erection in and out of her — and as my pleasure increased, so did my enthusiasm. Remembering how she'd reacted the first time, I wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to let myself go more and more... trusting that she'd let me know if it got to be too much.

Instead of being too much for her, it only seemed to stimulate and arouse her even more as I thrust myself into her with gradually increasing force. Several minutes passed with her lust and desire growing steadily before I felt the first squeeze of her vagina around my penis. Knowing that she was almost certainly going to climax again only added fuel to the fires of my passion, prompting me to penetrate her even faster and harder... and increasing HER passion apace.

In a race that can't really be "lost", I stuffed as much of myself as I could into Nadia even as my cock began erupting — and just barely ahead of the start of her fourth and last orgasm. Each spray of my semen into her was matched by her vagina clamping around me, and then relaxing slightly. By the time it was over, I knew that I was done for the night... and quite possibly the next day, too — it was simply that powerful and intense.

Nadia slowly lowered herself so that her butt came to rest on her heels as she let the rest of

herself lower the rest of the way to the bed. I stayed with her, keeping my deflating penis inside her and covering her body with mine. That left my head just a little "below" hers, leaving me free to begin applying kisses to her shoulders, and the back and sides of her neck every so often — letting her know that I still cared about her, and how good she'd made me feel.

A couple of minutes went by before she quietly said "Dear god, if anybody had told me that I'd not only have an orgasm the first time I had sex, but go on to have FOUR more before the night was out, I'd have thought they were crazy. But here I am, after having enjoyed every god-damn minute of it. If this is what happens when people love each other, then the rest of the world has **got** to get it's act together and try this — there is no way in *hell* that anybody could have a war while they're feeling like I do right now."

Having gotten my breath back (mostly), I chuckled before telling her "I think maybe this is one of the reasons that Janet and I don't fight — the 'make up' sex would be too much!", making Nadia laugh briefly.

A minute or so later, she told me "I can tell you're going to slip out of me any second now. The way I feel, it'll be all I can do to lay down and *try* not to leak all over everything — so I'd appreciate it if you could get me a towel or something so we don't have to sleep in some HUGE puddle tonight."

Laughing, I answered "Yeah, I can do that."

As predicted, it wasn't but a few seconds before my penis slipped free of her. I hurried to get off of her so she could lay down, then just as quickly made a quick dash to the bathroom for a towel. Back in my room, I saw that Nadia had found the energy to tilt her pelvis up, dramatically slowing the flow of my semen out of her. When we'd gotten the towel situated to her satisfaction, I made a more relaxed trip to get a warm damp washcloth and hand towel. In my room again, Nadia tried to protest when I began wiping her off, but she didn't have the energy to do anything about it. After I'd washed and dried her from knees to navel, I calmly did the same for myself before taking everything to the laundry hamper, followed by a side trip to get cold sodas (a couple each) for us.

Setting the sodas on my night table, I got back into bed with Nadia and moved to snuggle with her — earning myself a pleased smile and sigh of happiness. When I put my hand on Nadia's belly, she quickly moved it to her breast and put her hand over it to hold it there.

We stayed like that for several minutes before Nadia told me "I knew you loved me... I mean, after how nice you were that night, and the way you made me feel so good, and everything. And then I asked you if you'd be the first guy I was with, and you said you would, and you made it **so** nice and *right* for me. Then, after all that, you made love with me AGAIN, and made me feel so much better than I could even imagine. I still know that we're not going to be boyfriend and girlfriend, but that's okay because I know that you still love me — and how much. And even better, I know *why* you love me... and it's not because of what we did tonight. Ever since you and Janet told me why you love me, I've been thinking about it; I know what kind of person I

am, and what kind of person I want to be... and I've started trying to BE that person. Some of my other friends have already told me that I'm different, somehow, and they like me better, so I know that I'm getting it right. My parents are happier with me, too, 'cause I gave up some of the friends that they didn't like when I realized what those people were *really* like. I'm even happier that Janet and I are best friends, because even just being around her, I'm learning how to be a better person. Then when I talk with her about stuff, she helps me understand things. She never, ever tells me what she thinks I should do; she just helps me figure out what's really important to ME so I can decide better. Both of you are so nice to me, I don't know how I can ever pay you back for all the things I've learned from you, or all the good you've done for me."

"If you don't mind hearing something our Mom and Dad say?", I asked.

"Of course not!"

"Instead of trying to pay back me or Janet, see if there are other people that you can help understand what you've gotten from us. You were willing to listen to what we had to say about loving people, so when you find someone else that's interested, explain it to them."

She turned her head to look at me, and solemnly said "I will, Danny. I promise."

In response, I just kissed her and got a smile in return.

A few minutes later, I asked her "Did you want to clean up before we go to bed? It's fine with me if you don't."

She considered it for a few moments, then answered "Yeah, a **quick** rinse would make me feel better." After giving me the Eye, she added "I GUESS it would be okay if you cleaned up with me, if you wanted to — but you've got to promise to not, like, molest me or anything."

Keeping my expression serious, I asked "If there's no molesting, then what's the *point*?" — making her laugh.

With that, the two of us got up and went in to rinse off the rest of the dried residue of our lovemaking. There was some molestation along the way, not all of it by me. We got back to my room, and it was Nadia that observed "This room smells like you've had two or THREE girls in here, not just one!"

"Yeah... great, isn't it?", I asked, making her blush faintly. Once we were in bed, we quickly got situated with her spooning in front of me; I didn't hesitate to hold her breast in my hand as the two of us fell asleep.

After that night, Nadia began visiting Sis and me more often than she did before. It was usually after school, but the frequency that she and Sis spent the night at her house or ours also increased. If she stayed with Sis, there was a distinct possibility that she'd want to spend some time with me — if not the entire night, in my bed. The hallway to my and Janet's rooms, and our shared bathroom, went off in a different direction than the one that led back to Mom and Dad's bedroom, his office, and the "spare" bedroom; I don't **know** that Mom and Dad knew that Nadia

was spending nights with me sometimes, but it isn't something I'd be willing to bet against, either. But neither of them ever said anything to me or Janet; they wouldn't say anything to Nadia because they'd figure it was her decision as to which bedroom she wanted to be in, and her responsibility to make sure that decision was right for HER.

Of course, Nadia wasn't the only one of Sis' friends to visit, or even spend the night. Nor were Janet's friends the only ones; there were several of my buddies that would come over sometimes, too. Just as it was with Sis' friends, the guys that came over got chances to see her in just her bra and panties, and she got to see them. Most of the guys were people that I'd known before starting high school, but some of them were new friends, too; with them, there was a certain amount of explaining on my part before they could really understand that Sis and I were a lot more relaxed with each other than they were with their sisters... and then for them to get used to seeing her.

When a couple of my best friends started bitching and moaning about what passed for sex ed at school, and their ignorance of female anatomy, I naturally inquired as to whether or not Janet would be agreeable to helping them get educated. With the understanding that she had no interest in any kind of additional relationship with them, she agreed. After carefully sounding each of them out about the same things that Sis had to concern herself with, each was separately informed that Janet and I were even more comfortable with each other, and closer, than they'd thought — then given the opportunity to spend some private time with her. Sis found it amusing that guys that were usually so willing to talk and brag wanted their time with her to be just the two of them, while girls that were a lot less outgoing about such things were more agreeable to being together. Other than making sure they behaved themselves (as in not trying anything Sis wasn't agreeable to), I didn't inquire as to what went on; all I know is that neither guy spent more than a couple of hours with her. Just as my ongoing relationship with Nadia didn't have any impact on Sis and me, neither did the limited time my friends spent with Sis. Janet and I loved each other; neither of us felt any jealousy if the other wanted to share their love with someone else.

When school ended, Sis and I had even more time available, of course — not just for each other, but our friends, too. It wasn't uncommon for one or the other of us to have a friend or two over for the day; whichever one of us it was, the other would be considerate enough to not intrude... except, perhaps, to see if the other (and guests) were ready for lunch, needed or wanted anything to drink when we got something, and so on.

It wasn't any big deal, then, for Sis to have a couple of friends visiting one day. One of them was Nadia, the other was a girl by the name of Jade Miller. Jade was Eurasian — her father was an American that had worked in Hong Kong for several years and married a Chinese woman while he was there. The family had moved to our town the summer before, so Jade was "new" to everybody. Sis became friends with her in their shared Physical Education class because none of the other girls wanted anything to do with her (almost certainly due to her incredible beauty, Sis figured). Jade was an example of what happens when the chromosomes of two different ethnicities get together and cooperate: with luxuriously straight black hair that she wore to the middle of her back, a distinct Asian caste to her features, and a naturally pale tan skin tone, that

side of her heritage was plain as could be. What I figured were her dad's genetic contribution was that she was also of about average height, trim (but not slender) build, and a bust that I judged was just a trifle larger than Janet's. Not only did nearly all the girls at school avoid her, her unmitigated beauty tended to intimidate the hell out of the guys, further compounding the problem. I'll admit to being thrown by her appearance at first, too; but after she'd visited a couple of times and I started to get to know her a little better, I found that she was intelligent, had a delightful personality and impish sense of humor, and was generally quite pleasant to be around. She also knew that she was attractive, but didn't try to make anything of it.

Nadia and Jade had come over not long after Mom and Dad had left for work, and they and Sis had disappeared into Sis' room. I didn't see any of them all morning, so when it got close to lunch time, I thought I'd check and see if they had any preferences for what to have. I knocked on Janet's closed bedroom door, and when I didn't get an answer after a few seconds, went ahead and opened it. I wasn't anywhere **near** prepared for the sight that greeted me.

Sis was laying on the bed with Jade straddling her head as Janet industriously licked the area between Jade's thighs; Nadia was on her stomach, performing a similar service for Janet. The way they were positioned, I had a clear view of the front of Jade's body — her generally conical breasts with dark brown nickel-diameter areolas that sported visibly erect nipples. At the base of her abdomen, she had a small narrow triangle of thick, black hair that was parted as a result of her obvious arousal. Jade's hands were cupping her breasts as she teased her nipples; I'd barely had time to take in the sight of them when Jade opened her eyes and saw me. With a loud squeak, she tried to cover her bust and get away from Janet's probing tongue; I immediately apologized and closed the door, then went into the family room with the vision of how Jade had looked before my eyes.

I must have sat there for over half an hour before Sis calmly walked in naked and sat down next to me on the couch. I started to put my arm around her, but she shook her head and told me "We need to talk, first."

Turning myself so that I was facing her more, I waited patiently for Sis to get her thoughts together before she told me "I know that must have been a pretty big surprise, seeing us like that."

"Yeah, it was. I didn't know you liked girls, too", I responded.

"I really wasn't sure I did, until today. Nadia and I had kind of fooled around a little bit... you know, touching and kissing... but it wasn't until she told me that she loved *me* as much as she does you a couple weeks ago that things got more... involved between us. That was when we started using our fingers on each other to get each other off; the next thing after that was licking our own juices off the other person's hand. Of course we had to find out what it was like to lick our OWN fingers and find out what the other one tasted like after that. Both of us liked it, but we were still pretty nervous about doing anything more — not that we weren't **willing**, only that neither of us was sure quite what to do. I thought that it couldn't hurt to find out if Jade knew anything, and after Nadia and I both kind of asked around it a little bit, she finally told us that she

and her best friend before used to 'do stuff' together. After Nadia and I fessed up what we'd been doing, Jade opened up, too, and when we stayed at Jade's house last week, we... we started learning things with each other. We were afraid to go too far, though, because Jade's parents were home. That's when we decided to get together today so we could *really* find out what we wanted to know. Jade helped me and Nadia learn how to make another girl feel good before Nadia practiced on me and I practiced on Jade. That... that's when you saw us."

"Sis, if you can be happy with another girl like you are when it's us, then I don't have any problem with it — I'm just glad that you've got somebody else that you can feel good with, like I do. I'm not going to say anything to anybody about you or Nadia or Jade any more than I would about you and me, or me and Nadia."

"I know that, Danny. Nadia knows it, too, mostly. She isn't afraid that you'll say anything to anybody as much as she's a little worried that you won't like HER as much if you know she likes girls, too."

"And Jade?"

Sis sighed heavily before answering "Jade's scared out of her wits. The way the other girls were still treating her when school ended, she still doesn't have all that many friends. Nadia and I have both tried to explain to her that you wouldn't say anything, but she doesn't seem sure that we aren't just saying it to make her feel better — even after we, uh, told her about you and me, and you and Nadia."

I was surprised to hear that they'd talked about THAT to Jade, but knew that Sis would have made sure it was okay first.

"The thing is", Sis went on, "Is that Jade doesn't really believe that you and I would be together that way. Nadia does, of course, but because *she's* never actually seen it, there's only so much she can say to try and help me talk to Jade. That's a little bit of the reason that I was still naked when I came in here: to at least try to show Jade that you and I really are intimate enough that I'm okay about being naked with you. But what's going to have to happen to **really** convince her that everything is okay is... is if you and I are together."

Smiling, I told Sis "I think I could handle that."

She didn't smile back at me as she replied "I expect you could — except that it has to happen so that Jade knows we aren't just pretending. She has to SEE us, before she'll really believe it."

Needless to say, that threw me off — a lot. The intimacy that I'd shared with Sis, and then Nadia, had been when it was just the two of us. I wasn't real comfortable about the idea of making love with my sister (or anyone, for that matter) with an audience. Sis knew what was going on in my mind, and told me "I know, Danny. I'd like to keep our time together just for the two of us, too. But after what Jade has done to help me and Nadia, and her being one of my best friends... well, I'm willing to do it, if that's what it takes to make sure she understands that she doesn't have to be nervous or afraid about you seeing us, and make her feel better."

Jade was Janet's friend, so I didn't know her **that** well; but what I DID know about her, I liked. It didn't take me long to decide that if Sis was okay with the two of us making love in front of Jade, then there wasn't anything for ME to kick about. Janet saw what my answer was without my having to say anything; she told me "You might as well go ahead and get naked before we go back in — everybody else is!"

After a brief stop at my room so I could get undressed, Sis and I were hand in hand when we went back into her room. Jade and Nadia were sitting at the head of the bed, leaning back against the headboard with their legs crossed in front of them. Both were naked, and I welcomed the chance to look Jade over even more closely. While her nipples weren't erect, they were still a little longer than I was used to; that much nearer her, I could discern that her bush wasn't just thick, but lush and visibly soft. Between her slender thighs, I could see that it was still divided by her labia, which were thin and delicate looking. The area between them still gleamed faintly with her oils, and I didn't have any trouble making out the faint aroma of her — something like citrus, yet tangy, too. I couldn't help wishing for the chance to get MY head between her silken thighs.

As we sat down on the foot of her bed, Janet told Jade "Danny's here, and I know it's because he loves me, just like we told you. I don't think he's ever made love with someone else looking, so I don't know how well this is going to work — but we're going to at least **try**."

Jade nodded her understanding, and Sis and I turned and looked at each other. Even just looking into her eyes, I knew that Sis didn't blame me for the situation we were in... and that she not only felt responsible for it, but that she was the reason *I* was involved, too. Using only my eyes, I tried to let her know that I wasn't upset and that I still loved her, no matter what. I know the message got through because she smiled her relief to me; with her at ease, I leaned over so the two of us could kiss. Through our lips, we reassured each other that it was going to be okay.

When we pulled back from each other a little bit, we looked at each other for several seconds as each of us silently told the other that we loved them. Our next kiss was only a little longer, but much more affectionate.

Several more kisses followed, each lasting a bit longer and getting more involved as Sis and I gradually began to touch each other — faces and arms at first, then gradually including waists and hips and sides. As we got more and more focused on each other, the fact that we had an audience began to slip from our minds; my attention was entirely on Janet when I finally brought my hand up to cup her warm breast, then run my thumb over its nipple several times.

With my touch on her mammary, Janet's kisses began to shift from affection to desire — and I responded in kind. I continue my efforts with Sis' breast by gently squeezing and caressing it, savoring its smooth firmness, and teasing her areola and nipple. Without her having to say a word, I knew that she wanted me to duplicate my efforts on the other; it took only a few moments for me to get myself re-positioned so that both hands were free to do just that.

I'd gotten the light brown peaks of both of her breasts standing proud from the surrounding flesh when Janet and I had to give up kissing each other because both of us were panting too much. By

mutual accord, we eased ourselves over to lay on the bed; Janet rolled onto her back, giving me the opportunity to softly kiss her face several times before expanding my efforts to include her neck and shoulders and throat as I moved my lips closer and closer to the mounds of her bust.

She released a soft moan when I fastened my mouth on the peak of one of her breasts, and moved her hands to my head — like I had any thought or intention of stopping what I was doing just then!

While my mouth and tongue were busy at one end of Janet's body, I was moving the attention of my hand toward the other: softly caressing her sides, and letting my fingertips trace random designs on her flat belly. When my touch expanded enough to include the top of one of her thighs, she readily spread her legs so that I could include their insides... and the area between them.

As I continued to nurse at Janet's bust, my hand eventually found its way to her mons. When I dipped the end of a finger between her labia, I found them already slick with her oils, and the entrance to her vagina almost *radiating* the heat that I knew lay within her. Moving my fingertip higher, I discovered that her clitoris was already starting to make an appearance. I happily spent a few minutes easing the end of my finger into Sis' womanhood before using the lubrication she'd provided to tease her clitoris into coming out farther and farther from under its cloak. While I was doing all of that, Sis began arching her pelvis up in welcome to my tender ministrations. I finally eased my hand from between her thighs, and Sis pulled my arm up so she could take my hand and softly suck her own essence off of the finger that had been inside her while she looked into my eyes. The experience was erotic as hell, and convinced me that it was time for me to sample her essence myself.

After I'd kissed my way down her body, I spent several seconds "combing" her soft, dark pubic hair with my lips before lowering my body between her parted legs. Sis brought her knees up and spread her legs to give me easy access to the core of her womanhood. Both of us had grown since the first time we'd had any kind of intimacy, and Sis' pubic hair had grown to cover her entire mons; at the bottom of the vee, however, it wasn't as thick as farther up — I could still see her cleft, and the labia within. Because I'd used my finger to pleasure her a little bit, the area bracketing her opening was shiny with her juices and smelled delicious to me. After taking a few moments to enjoy the sight of her, I lowered my head and eased the end of my tongue out to collect a sample of her essence... and finished that initial effort with a brief "flip" of my tongue across her clitoris, causing her to arch her hips up slightly as she softly gasped her pleasure. Holding what I could of her cute butt in my hands, I cheerfully began doing what I could to ratchet her pleasure and desire to higher and higher levels — and enjoyed every moment of it. That I'd never succeeded in worming my tongue through the entrance to her vagina didn't stop me from making yet another try, and drawing happy noises from Sis during the attempt. Her clitoris was an easy target, and she reacted favorably to the various forms of devilry I performed on it. In between, I was happy to gather what I could of her nectar before enticing her into producing more of it.

She was almost writhing on the bed and practically dripping her juices when I lifted my head from between her smooth thighs. When I did, she raised her head to look at me as she said "Now it's *my* turn!" in eager anticipation. As I moved my body "up" toward her head, she was moving hers down; when the position was right, I settled onto the bed on my back. It wasn't but a few seconds until Sis had my semi-erect penis in her hand, and no more than a couple more before she had me completely in her mouth.

Knowing me as she did, she was able to apply just the right amount of suction as she used her limber and talented tongue to stimulate me into getting longer and harder between her lips. I was almost completely erect when she began a slow bobbing of her head to arouse me even more. I was as hard as I could be (!) when she raised her head to pull her lips off of my manhood... leaving a film of her saliva behind on me.

Looking at her, I could see the combination of her love and desire for me as she brought herself up to straddle my hips. Reaching between us, she levered my erection up and got it positioned against the tight ring of her opening. We looked deeply into each others eyes as she slowly lowered herself onto my staff; she only had to pause to redistribute her oils on my once before her tight butt was resting on my legs. She leaned forward then, putting her hands on each side of my head to support her body with her arms before she began arching her hips to slide herself up and down. The position she was in, it was easy for me to get my hands on her breasts and begin caressing and gently squeezing them, and softly pinching and pulling on her erect nipples. After a bit of that, I raised up enough that I could start sucking on the tan peaks of her mammaries while continued to use my hands on them.

Sis and I were so attuned to each other that when she began to get a little tired, I took over the activities by thrusting myself up into her while she rested; the transition was gradual and seamless. When I began to tire, Sis was ready to resume her efforts... and again, the transfer was accomplished quickly and easily. As we were making love, Sis and I exchanged a number of kisses — from brief and loving to longer and more impassioned; while we were so engaged, I moved my hands from her breasts to caress her sides and back, and the outsides of her thighs, and to gently massage and squeeze the firm globes of her ass.

Neither of us was trying to draw out our pleasure, but we weren't trying to make it happen any sooner, either... we were simply sharing our hearts and bodies with each other, and enjoying it for however long it lasted.

We'd shifted over to Janet moving herself on top of me for the second time when I began to get the signals that let me know she was getting close to having an orgasm. I was enjoying what we were doing, too, and figured that when she climaxed, so would I. There was a distinctly liquid sound in the room as Sis started moving herself on me farther and faster, and I could see that she'd developed an aroused blush that came all the way down to her chest. Knowing how aroused and close she was only added to MY pleasure, and I was ready to give myself over to my own climax when she practically slammed herself down on me with a deep groan just ahead of her vagina getting wonderfully tight around me as her orgasm began.

It didn't take but a few seconds of her tight, wet sheath spasming around me for me to find my own release; with a groan of my own, I pressed myself up into her as I emptied myself into her.

When it was over for both of us, Sis lowered her body to lay on top of me; I delighted at the closeness of her, and was glad to be able to put my arms around her and hold her as both of us got our breathing and senses back. As nice as she felt around me, it took a little while before my penis finally shrank enough to pull free of her. When it happened, Sis made a small noise of disappointment before letting me know that she wanted to lay on the bed next to me. I gave her what help I could, and it wasn't long before we were laying there holding hands as we looked at each other.

I didn't remember about Nadia and Jade until I felt a pair of lips being wrapped around my wet and sticky penis; next to me, Sis' eyes got big, then closed again as she smiled. When I looked down, I saw that it was Jade that was enthusiastically cleaning the combined residue of Janet's and my lovemaking; Nadia had taken it upon herself to perform a similar service for Janet: her head was between Sis' thighs as she audibly dealt with my cum as it flowed out of Sis.

Jade finished first, and moved to sit at the head of the bed again, blushing slightly when she realized that I'd watched what she'd done. A minute or two later, Nadia sat up as well, then blushed slightly before moving to sit next to Jade again. When I looked at the two of them, it was easy to see that both of them had gotten *extremely* aroused by what they'd just witnessed: I could easily see two sets of parted and shiny labia, as well as dual pairs of erect nipples.

After a bit, Sis and I were both able and ready to sit up again. When we did, we were facing Jade and Nadia when Jade said "After seeing *that*, I can believe that you really do love and care for each other — even more than you've been able to say. After you looked at each other, it was like Nadia and me weren't even here, you were so into each other. I could tell that you weren't doing anything special just because of us; it was **so** easy to see that you were just showing each other your love, and that both of you were trying to make the other one feel good with what you were doing. Watching you was so *romantic* and sexy at the same time... it even kinda makes me wish that I was that close with one of MY brothers."

Following that, Nadia told us "From everything he's said and done, I knew you two loved me. But after seeing *that*, now I know how much more you love each other. When you were done, and I saw Jade start to use her mouth to clean Danny, I knew I wanted to do the same thing for you, Janet — it was like a way to say 'thank you' for letting me see something that beautiful."

Blushing faintly, Jade explained "That was kind of what I felt, too. As much as I like how a girl tastes, I thought a guy's stuff would taste good, too... so when you were done, I wanted to find out with Danny. I... I liked it — a lot! — and if Nadia hadn't beat me to it, I would have cleaned you up, too, Janet."

We only had to exchange a brief glance for Sis to know that I was fine with her speaking first. Looking at Nadia and Jade again, she told them "I don't think Danny and I have *ever* just had sex. Even when all we really want to do is make each other feel good, we both know that we still

love each other. This was the first time that Danny or I have ever been together like that where anyone else could see — not because we're ashamed or anything about it, but because we love each other enough to think of it as something PRIVATE between the two of us. When I went to get him, I told Danny that I was okay about both of you seeing it because I love and care about both of you enough that I'm willing to share what has always been something just for him and me. And because he loves and trusts me as much as he does, he was willing to do what I wanted. Nadia, you already know how much Danny loves you, and that I love you, too. Jade, you're one of my best friends, and because of how much I care about YOU, I wanted to do whatever I could to show you that it really was okay for you and me and Nadia to be together like this... that not only wouldn't Danny say anything about what he saw us doing with anyone else, he wouldn't even say anything to YOU about it unless you said something first. I **know** what kind of person Danny is, and how he thinks about people; I don't doubt for a *second* that he at least LIKES you — and maybe even loves you, the way he does me and Nadia."

Jade looked at me, and the expression on her face (so much for the "inscrutable Oriental", I thought to myself) told me that she wanted and needed to hear it from me. I didn't have any reluctance about telling her "I do like you, Jade. I would, anyway, because you're one of Janet's best friends. But it's even more than that. You're smart, and friendly, and helpful, and patient, and a lot of other things that I think are good — so I love you for them, just like I love Nadia. I don't love you, or Nadia, as much as I do Janet, but I'm willing to do what I can if there's something you need help with... like today. I suppose I could have told Sis that I wanted her and I to keep our lovemaking private, and you would have eventually figured out that I wouldn't say anything about what I saw to **anybody**. But it would have taken time before you understood that, and I figured you'd be pretty nervous, or even scared, until then. I like — which is another way of saying 'love' — you enough that I didn't want you have to go through that... so I agreed to come in here."

"How can you love me that way? And that much?", she wanted to know.

I had to smile before I answered "Sis told me that she and Nadia tried to explain it to you before she came out to get me."

"They did — but I want to hear what YOU say, too."

Taking a deep breath, I asked her "Remember that day that you had to get all those books from the basement to the library at school? How you were trying to figure out how to get that cart up the stairs?"

She nodded, and I went on "How many people saw you, and just kept going?"

I could see the sadness in her eyes as she answered "A lot of them."

"Wouldn't it be fair to say that those people didn't like you, if they were willing to let you keep having as much of a hard time as you were?"

After she nodded, I went on "I saw you, and stopped to help — even before you and Janet

became such good friends. Don't you think it would be fair to say that I *did* like you, because I was willing to help?"

Another nod from her, and I continued "When I did that, I only knew a little bit about you from when you'd been over here. But even then, I knew enough that I liked you... so I helped you, just like I would any other friend. That was way back at the beginning of school last year; since then, I've gotten to know you better, and learned what a good person you are — that smart and friendly and other stuff I already told you. Now, if I was willing to help you with those books when I only knew a *little* bit about you, don't you think I'd be willing to help you with even more now that I know you better?"

"But that still isn't the same as LOVING me", she stated.

"Isn't it?", I asked. "Take what I just told you about helping you, and instead of the word 'like', use the word 'love'. Does that really change anything?"

All of us watched as she considered it for a few seconds before quietly telling me "No, it doesn't — not even a little bit. But aren't 'like' and 'love' two different things?"

Smiling again, I had a question of my own: "Are they?"

Surprised, she listened as I told her "That's something our Mom and Dad — mostly Dad — have helped me and Janet understand... that 'like' and 'love' are basically the same thing, just different... strengths, I guess you could say. 'Like' is just kind of watered-down love, the same way the stuff they serve in the cafeteria at school is watered-down drink mix; if you can get the stuff you don't need or want out of the 'like', then you have love, just like the stuff at school would have more flavor if you could get the extra water out of it."

She sat silently for several seconds, thinking about what I'd said before she wanted to know "You and Janet... you love people like that? Thinking about what kind of person they are and everything, and then loving them on *purpose*? You choose to love someone else the same way you'd choose a car or something?"

"It isn't **quite** like that", I told her. "It isn't like we go shopping for people like we'd shop for a car — trying different ones to see which ones we like most. What we do, really, is just look at the people that we DO meet. When we find the things that we like in that person, we spend more time with them so we can learn what they're really like. If we find even more good stuff in them, then we like them more, and spend more time with them and love them more."

"That really works?"

"Sure. Did you feel the same way about Janet when you first met her as you do now? Think about *why* you feel differently about her now than you did then."

All three of us watched as Jade was occupied with her own thoughts for a while before she focused her attention on me again.

"Okay, I can see what you're saying — but why is it so obviously so much more between you

and Janet?", she wanted to know.

"Because we're doing what you just did *all* the time, and doing it on PURPOSE."

She blinked a couple of times, then got surprisingly intense before asking "Doing that makes that much of a difference? Why?"

Calmly, I answered "Yeah, it really makes that much of a difference. If you're doing it all the time, then when the other person does something, you know what happened and when and why. That way, you have it in the front part of your brain where you can really think about it, and decide whether you like it or not, and how much. And when you can do that, it makes it a LOT easier to choose how to react to it. If you like it, then you can tell the other person so, and it maybe gives them a reason to keep doing it. If you don't, you can think of a nice way to say so, and maybe get the other person to change if they want to. If you're doing it on purpose, then you're never really surprised how things turn out with other people. I mean, think about it — if you're always looking at what someone else is doing, and why, then you've got a pretty good idea of what they think about YOU, too. If you're honest enough to think about what other people are really like, then it's a pretty safe bet that you're going to be JUST as honest about what YOU'RE like, and know why they like or love you in return; and both of you know that as long as you're the kind of person the other one loves, they'll love you. I told you that I like you — love you — for your patience, and how helpful and friendly you are... so you know that as long as you're like that, I'll love you. And because you know that I love you for what's good in you, you know that as you get to be an even better person, I'll love you even more. With Janet and me, **both** of us are doing that all the time, like I said; because we know that both of us are doing it, then we know that the other one loves US, the same way and for the same reasons that we love them."

Taking a breath, I continued "If you'll think about it, I expect you'll understand that loving and knowing someone else that way also builds the kind of *trust* that not many people have with another person. I know and love Janet enough that I was willing to trust her when she said that me coming in here and making love with her would help you. I know and love Nadia enough that I trust she'll understand that just because I made love with my sister, it doesn't mean that I love HER any less — because I know SHE knows and loves *me* enough to trust ME. I know it sounds kind of circular, and it is... because it's the kind of thing that builds on itself. When Nadia first started coming over here, I **know** that she wouldn't have trusted me as much as she does now. Once she got to know me, and find out what kind of person I am — or at least TRY to be — she started to love me. With the good things she has inside, I started to love her, too; and as we started to love each other, each of us payed more attention to the other — and found out that there was even more to love about the other person. As the love between us grew, so did the trust. I'm not perfect, and neither is Nadia... but both of us trust that the other one is always trying to become a better person, because we know and love each other."

At that point, Nadia spoke up to tell Jade "When I first realized that I loved Danny, I thought I was an okay person... not great, but okay. But after he talked to me about this stuff, and I started *trying* to do what I knew he and Janet were, I've realized that I AM becoming better. Like Danny

says, not perfect — not by a long shot; but BETTER... and I never stop trying. Even my parents have noticed, and complimented me on it."

Somewhat hesitantly, Jade told her "When I first met you, I thought you were basically just 'okay', too. Then a few weeks after New Years, I noticed a change in you — a good one, that I really liked."

Nadia just smiled before answering "That was when Danny made love with me the first time, and I started to understand what it is about him and Janet. I wasn't used to being completely responsible for myself, so it wasn't easy for me at first; but once I learned that *I* have to know what I want before I can have it, it got easier. Of course, having Janet and Danny loving me and trying to help when they could did a lot, too."

Jade wanted to know "That was when Danny wanted to be with you the first time?"

Nadia grinned as she answered "No, he didn't want to be with me. *I* wanted him to be the first guy I was ever with like that, because I really liked the kind of guy he is — I mean, I had already started to love him for how patient and gentle and understanding he is, I just didn't know it yet. Then when he was with me, and we made love and talked... that's when I really knew that I **DID** love him, and why, and it was SO much better than I'd thought it would be. Since then, we've made love more; and every time, it's gotten better and better with him. I mean, the physical part... that's good — better than good, even. It's knowing that I love him, and he loves ME, that makes it so wonderful. I still go out on dates with guys and everything, 'cause even though Danny and I love each other so much, I know it's too early for me to think about settling down and having a family and stuff with *any* guy. I know that Danny won't talk about me and him, so my parents won't find out that I'm making love — they'd probably think it was just sex — while I learn about things that I'll need to know when I go off to college, and even after. After he saw us, I **knew** he wouldn't say anything to anybody — EVER. That's why it was Janet *and me* that were trying to tell you it was okay."

Jade looked at Janet, then Nadia again, before asking "What Danny said... it's what you were trying to tell me, isn't it? About love, and knowing someone, and trust, and all of that."

Sis answered "Yeah", followed by Nadia's "Uh-huh."

"And even after you spent all that time trying to tell me, and I wouldn't listen or believe you, you loved me enough to go get Danny and come back in here — giving up the private thing you had with him so Id feel better", looking at Sis.

"Sure. You're one of my best friends, and I love you. I didn't want you to have go around **worrying** like I knew you would if we didn't."

Jade turned to look at me and asked "And you were willing to be with Janet just because she said so, because you love her and trust her **THAT** much."

"I said so, didn't I?"

Then she looked at Nadia to say "You thought enough of him that you wanted him to be the first guy you were ever with — and he made you happy enough that you keep making love with him."

"Well, yeah."

Then, after looking at all of us, she quietly said "And all of you... you're willing to sit here and answer my questions, and explain everything *again*. And while you're doing that, you tell me that you love ME, too... and not just that, but what it is about me that you love — and **not one** of you said ANYTHING about how I look... just what was inside me."

I suppose if Mom or Dad had been there, they'd have recognized what happened to Jade; me and Sis, and Nadia, we didn't have a clue. All we could tell was that she appeared to be off in her own dimension, looking at something none of the rest of us could see while not paying the slightest bit of attention to us.

When she came out of whatever alternate reality she was in, Jade looked at all of us with tears in her eyes as she exclaimed "All of you... you DO love me... and so **much!**", looking like she wanted and needed to hug somebody.

She looked at all of us again before suddenly launching herself at me, surprising the hell out of me; I figured that if she was going to go hugging somebody, it would have been Nadia, maybe, or more likely, Sis — I mean, they were girls, too, and I didn't have any reason to think that she had any interest in ME. That was how it happened that Jade was able to knock me onto my back, and lay with her body on mine as she hugged me and cried into my chest. When I looked at Sis and Nadia, both of them were smiling at what had happened, and looking like they were ready to start crying in sympathy with Jade. As a kid, it hadn't taken me long to figure out that crying was some kind of female group activity... kind of like how they went to the bathroom in bunches in a public place.

So having Sis and Nadia looking as though they were about to start crying, too, was something of a distraction from the feel of Jade laying on top of me. As cool as her body felt, her breasts felt warm where they were pillowed against my chest. I put my arms around her to try and comfort her, and when I started to gently stroke her back, I discovered just how soft and smooth her skin was.

While I tried to settle Jade down again, Sis got up and left her room; when she came back, she had a hand towel from the bathroom. She tried to give it to Jade, but Jade was apparently too preoccupied to notice it. I went ahead and took it, instead, setting it where it would be handy when it was needed. Sis got back onto the bed, electing to sit at the headboard, next to Nadia. The two of them held hands and whispered to each other while I was busy with Jade.

After a while, Jade lifted her head to look at me and say "I'm sorry, Danny."

Well and truly confused, I had to ask "Whatever *for*?"

"For getting all hysterical, and knocking you down and laying on you, and crying on you."

"Like I said — what are you apologizing for? It was pretty obvious that whatever it was that you zoned out on us about, it was pretty serious. If you wanted to hang on to me, and cry on me, and all that, it's okay with me. I was still waterproof when I checked in the shower this morning...", I said, trying to draw a smile from her.

The best she could manage just then was a little half-grin, but that was better than crying, as far as I was concerned. When I offered her the towel Sis had brought back, she readily accepted it and began drying her eyes and face. When she was done with that, she blushed faintly as she dried the tears that had accumulated on me.

"Well, I'm still sorry about it", she told me. "It's just that it all kind of... **clicked** in my mind — what you said, and what Nadia and Janet told me. All of a sudden it all made sense, and I could see how it worked, and how I couldn't *help* but be a better person if I started doing the things that you do. And then on top of that, I realized that you love me — all three of you — and how much... and it made me so sad and happy at the same time I thought I'd just die."

After I gave her a brief hug, I replied "Okay, the happy I can understand. But sad?"

"Yeah. I felt so sad that so many people will never know what it really feels like to love somebody the way you love me, and I love you, and how GOOD that can feel. I mean, to *know* and love and trust another person that much, and to care for them the way you've cared for me before I really understood it... that there's people walking around that are looking for something to make their lives better... and know that THIS would help them so much — yeah, I'm sad for them."

"I can understand that, Jade. But it doesn't have to be that way — at least, not like, forever or anything. What Sis and I know, we learned from our Mom and Dad; they've got some friends that they helped understand this, too. Dad says that if every person that understands all this stuff will pass it along to several other people, it won't take long before anybody that wants to can learn how to be as happy as they want for their whole life, and won't have to worry about the ones that don't."

"That's something else I realized. You and Janet and Nadia... none of you has *ever* tried to tell me what to do or what to think, like you would if you were part of some kind of religion or cult or something. When I had problems with some of the girls at school, all Janet ever did was get me to really think about whatever the problem was so that I could find a solution that would work for ME. That was part of what made me like her, at first: she didn't do stuff to be popular or fit in, she did what she wanted to, no matter what anyone else said."

I had to smile as I told her "That's something else we've learned from Mom and Dad — to do what we know is *right*, no matter what."

"Well, it works pretty good. I was having a hard time when I first started school, but after Janet and I became friends, it was a LOT easier. Some of the kids would ask me such **stupid** stuff, like did I know kung fu, just because they could see that I'm part Chinese; Janet would just ask THEM something to make them realize that they were being assholes... 'scuse me."

I just grinned as I told her "It's okay. I think I know some of the ones you're talking about, and that's pretty much what they are."

"ANYWAY", she said, "I just wanted to make sure that you knew that I appreciate you letting me cry on you and everything. After you and Janet... you know, made love, I wasn't afraid that you'd say anything about me being with another girl. Then when you and Janet and Nadia started talking to me, and I started hearing you tell me what you think of me, it was kind of like being in school and hearing the teacher say something that suddenly helps you understand what they're talking about. I didn't really understand ALL of it, but when I asked, you were willing to keep talking to me and answering all my questions. Then when I **did** understand it, I practically *attacked* you because I needed somebody to hold me right then."

"I was glad to do it — you're nice to hold."

Only then did she seem to realize that she WAS still laying on me... and that both of us were naked. I was surprised at how bashful she looked as she moved to sit up again, then blush when she realized that Janet and Nadia had been witness to everything that had happened. When she turned to look at them, Janet told her "It's okay, Jade. I think that what just happened to you is what Mom calls 'getting it' — when somebody suddenly understands everything that Danny and I grew up learning from her and Dad. She's told us how some of her friends, and some kids that she and Dad taught about this stuff, acted when it happened to them; I don't think that what happened for you was much different that what THEY went through. From what Mom and Dad have said, it's a pretty powerful thing to learn in a short time, and then **know** what it means and how it works. You wanted to hold Danny, and that's fine. If you'd gone for me or Nadia, that would have been fine, too."

Embarrassed, Jade told her "I believe you, about it being fine. Part of the reason that I was willing to try stuff with other girls in the first place was because boys kind of scared me — even my brothers. So when I 'got it' like you said, I realized that I don't have to be. I guess I wanted me and Danny to hold each other to, I don't know, *prove* to myself that I wasn't afraid any more. I just forgot that all of us were naked and everything... not that I'm worried about being naked with Danny, I just didn't want to, uh, bother him."

After taking her hand in mine, I told Jade "Don't worry about it. You're a very pretty girl, but I'm not going to go crazy if you want us to hold hands or each other, naked or not. I liked holding you, and it would make me happy if it happens again... but only if that's what YOU want, too. If you want to practice not being afraid of guys with me, I'd like that — but it's *your* choice, not mine. Okay?"

Jade seemed uncertain, and Nadia told her "Before Danny and I made love, I wanted to learn about guy stuff — you know, his penis and all that. It wasn't just looking, either; he didn't mind if I wanted to touch and move things around, too. It took a while before he even *began* to get excited. After that part was done, I wanted to learn about some boy-girl stuff... kissing and touching, and maybe even using our mouths on each other. Danny was fine with that part, too; he never **ever** did anything to push me or make me feel like there was anything I had to do. From

what he said, and the way he acted, I KNEW that he really wouldn't be upset or angry or anything if I decided I wanted us to stop."

To that, Janet added "He was the same way with me when we started learning this stuff. He never 'tested' me to see if I was ready for something or not, and he always made sure that I knew we could stop any time I wanted to, for ANY reason. The last person in the **world** you should be afraid of is Danny; if you want to learn how to be with a guy, he's the one to start with 'cause you'll have to push HIM a little bit, he's so considerate."

Jade turned to look at me again, and I lifted her hand so I could give her palm a soft kiss before releasing it with a smile.

She seemed to consider something for a bit before telling all of us "I... I think I would like to start learning about being with a guy with him. Maybe just a little bit this time, and more later."

Janet calmly asked "Did you want it to be just you and him? Because Nadia and I can go somewhere else, if you do."

Jade quickly told her "Oh, no, I didn't mean it that way! I still want to be with both of you and do stuff today; I just meant that it's okay with me if Danny's here, too, and... and maybe does stuff with us. I thought it was *really* sexy when he was with you, Janet, and I was thinking that I could, you know, learn about guy stuff while he's with you or Nadia. Then if he wanted to, it would be okay with me if he, you know, touched me. Not just my boobs, but even... even between my legs, and maybe used his mouth on me. I'm just not sure that I could do anything like that for him, though", the last apologetically toward me.

I could see that she felt better when I told her "Thank you for letting me stay. I was surprised when I saw all of you, but I thought it looked really sexy, too. If you want to learn about guy parts with me, that's fine, I don't mind at all; and I'd like to be able to touch you... your skin is so soft and smooth. As for the other stuff — we'll just see how that works out. If you decide you aren't ready to do anything with me, then that's the right decision for YOU, and that's all I need to be okay with it."

Nadia spoke up then, telling her "IF things get to that point, then I or Janet would be glad to take of it if you didn't want to — both of us like the way his juice tastes, too. All of us love each other, Jade... it doesn't matter who does what with who, as long as we're all happy when we're done."

After Nadia was done, Jade looked at Sis, who just smiled and nodded her agreement. Understanding then that she didn't have to worry about anything while she was with any (or all) of us, Jade gave us all a happy smile before simply telling us "Thank you."

It didn't take much discussion for all of us to agree on how to get things started again. I got stretched out on Sis' bed with Nadia straddling my face so that Jade could check out my parts, with Sis providing answers to any questions Jade had. They were done well before Nadia and I decided to give it a rest; when Nadia did a slow-motion crash back onto the bed, I discovered that Jade and Sis were enthusiastically trying to get each other off — and apparently doing a

damn fine job of it, judging from the sounds each was making.

Since they'd started out with the intent of pleasuring each other, I got up and moved to Janet's chair so the three of them would have more room... and so I'd have a better seat while I quietly watched them give and receive so much pleasure with each other.

After Jade and Sis finished and got their breath back, they welcomed the addition of Nadia; it didn't take them long to get themselves arranged much as they'd been when I first saw them with Nadia's head between Sis' thighs while Sis was doing much the same thing to Jade, who was providing the stimulation to Nadia. Much to my amazement (and delight), all three of the climaxed at almost the same time; when they'd recovered, they simply reversed the direction of the ring so that each of them was tending the one that had been pleasuring HER. When *that* cycle ended, all three of them were so obviously bombed in after-sex glow that I left to get drinks and some munchies for everybody; when I got back with a loaded tray, all three had recovered enough to hail me as their savior.

After we were all refreshed again, Jade told me that she'd like it if she and I were to kiss and touch each other. I'm not sure, but I *think* I was in bed with them before any of them could blink. My first considered action was to kiss Jade — as softly and gently and tenderly as I could; in return, she readily showed the love and affection she felt for me. From there, our kisses easily grew longer and more loving, and she didn't react in the slightest when I finally put my hand on her waist. Far from being nervous or afraid of my touch, I learned that she welcomed it... when my hand finally got close to her breast, she pushed her chest out in invitation for me to make contact. I did, and discovered that it was as warm as it had felt against my chest, soft and smooth. Her nipples simply fascinated me, because they were longer than either Janet's or Nadia's, yet surprisingly firm. My fingertips told me that the dark brown areola surrounding each had a completely different feel than the flesh around it, and crinkled **most** interestingly as her arousal increased.

Jade and I were exchanging kisses as I did my tactile exam of her lovely mammaries, and after both had come to points made by her erect nipples, she softly told me "I'd really like it if you sucked on my boobs. And it's okay if you want to touch me, too... you know, between my legs."

After giving her another soft kiss to the lips, I began kissing my way down her body, with side trips to include her ears (where I engaged in a little nibbling, much to her delight) and neck and shoulders. When I finally took one of her nipples into my mouth and began to suck on it, she gasped her pleasure. While my mouth was busy on one breast, my hand was filled with the other; it wasn't until I shifted my oral attentions that I began to move my hand in a slow and *very* indirect path farther and farther down her body. Her belly and abdomen were a delight to my fingertips; her soft, smooth skin had a completely different feel to it than either Janet's or Nadia's, and I treasured it.

I finally reached the forest at the base of her abdomen, and took my time about enjoying how thick and soft and **luxurious** it was. I looked forward to being able to partake of its delights again and again...

Even after I found the cleft of her sex, I spent no little time caressing Jade's smooth and slender thighs, which she readily spread for me. They felt like warm silk under my hand, and I savored every moment I spent touching them. Still, Jade had told me that it was okay to touch her between her legs, and I finally let my hand settle there. Gently and patiently, I went about learning what I could about her through my sense of touch. Her labia felt small and thin, though the area between them was slick with the combination of her oils and any leftover saliva from Nadia and/or Janet. Jade didn't react in the slightest when I dipped the tip of my finger between them and gently touched the entrance to her vagina. She was even wetter there, and I could feel how hot she must be inside before I slowly curled my finger upward along her cleft. At the end of the journey, I found her clitoris; it was almost fully exposed, and felt to be the size of a large pea. It also proved to be sensitive, as evidenced by the groan of pleasure Jade released when I gave it only the lightest and briefest of touches.

As I toggled between nursing at Jade's bust and exchanging kisses with her, my hand stayed busy with her womanhood; it didn't take long before she was slowly arching her pelvis up in response to what I was doing to her with my fingers. Not much longer, and she clamped her thighs together, holding my hand in place as her body began to spasm with the start of an orgasm. I couldn't move my hand, but I was able to apply a rhythmic pressure to where her clitoris had disappeared in time with the waves of pleasure coursing through her. When it was over, she relaxed so suddenly and dramatically that I had to help her lay back on the bed. I was looking down at her in concern when she opened her eyes and told me "That was the biggest one I've ever had. You were touching me so *good*, and sucking on my boobs like that made it SO much better."

Relieved, I told her "I'm glad I could make you feel so good, then."

Realizing how I'd looked when she first opened her eyes, she asked me "You were worried about me? Why?"

"Well, after it was over, you kind of collapsed. I was worried that I did something wrong, like make it too much, or something."

I could see the love in her eyes as she told me "You are such a dear! No, it wasn't too much — not even a little bit. Like I said, it's just that that was the biggest climax I've ever had, and it left me weaker than I'm used to. YOU did just fine... I promise."

With that, I lowered my head and kissed her; she enthusiastically kissed me back, her lips letting me know that I'd made her happy. When our lips parted, we heard a small noise. Both of us turned our heads to see that Janet and Nadia had found a way to keep themselves (and each other) occupied: they were wrapped up in what looked to be a fairly passionate session of "69" nearby. Jade and I looked at each other again, and she asked me "Are you going to be okay about us doing stuff together?"

Grinning, I told her "Sure, as long as I get to watch sometimes", drawing a playful slap to my chest from her before I continued "I love you — all of you. If you're happy, then that's good

enough for me."

"But if we're together, then we're not with you..."

I gave her a soft kiss to the tip of her nose before answering "That's fine with me. I'm a guy, and the sad truth of the matter is that we **can't** have as much sex or orgasms as women do. Why should I be upset or anything if you and Janet and Nadia can still have fun together? Even when it was just Sis and me, we weren't making love with each other all the time... or even MOST of the time. I like to snuggle, and hold hands, and kiss, and all that kind of stuff, too. They're over there helping each other have a climax, and I'm laying here cuddling with you — and I'm glad that I'm HERE. Since Janet came to get me, I've had ONE climax, and all of you have had several; all I feel is happy for you that you're able to enjoy yourselves that much. Okay?"

Hearing and understanding that I really was okay about all of them, Jade told me "You really ARE special... even more than I thought. I just hope that I can be even a little bit like you, some day."

"You already are special, just by being YOU, and that's why we love you."

Her eyes started to get wet, and I quickly told her "No, don't start *crying* again. I've already had TWO showers today!", teasing her. She smiled up at me and laughed while blinking back her tears. I settled myself on my side next to her, and when I put my hand on her belly, she moved it up to her breast with a smile to me. Comfortable, the two of us lay there and watched as Sis and Nadia finished pleasuring each other.

After they were done, Nadia and Sis both looked embarrassed when they realized they'd had an audience. As if speaking to Jade, I observed "Wow... I didn't know that two people could get so *enthusiastic* about making each other feel good, did you?"

Sis and Nadia both blushed slightly as Jade said "Not even! I think Nadia was louder, but Janet **definitely** made more noise", causing them to blush even harder before Sis declared "Like YOU two have anything to complain about! Jade was making enough noise for both of you!"

Amused when I saw Jade's ears turn pink, I archly asked "And what makes you think I was *complaining*, hmmmmmm?" — making all three of them start laughing.

When they'd settled down again, Nadia told me and Jade "It was nice, seeing you two kissing and everything. But when Danny started sucking on your tits, Jade, it was *really* hot. Then he started touching you between the legs, and Janet and I could SEE how much you liked it — and HEAR it, of course. That's when we started kissing and touching each other, and well..."

I just grinned at her before saying "I'm glad you liked what you saw. *I* sure did when we were done!"

Realizing that I was teasing them again, Nadia and Sis both practically radiated Ignore waves at me as they got into a conversation with Jade. Sis and Nadia easily agreed that being with another girl was a perfectly good way to have fun, and thanked Jade for helping them. In return, Jade

assured them that she'd liked being with them, too.

All of us had been laying in a companionable silence for a few minutes when Jade turned her head to look at me as she said "Danny, as good as you made me feel with just your hand, I want to find out what it's like when YOU use your mouth on me. Would you?"

I gave her breast a gentle squeeze before answering "Of course I would. I'd like that very much."

Then Jade turned her head to Sis and Nadia to say "Danny's only had the one climax since he got in here, and we've all had so many. I'm still kind of nervous about doing anything with him, but I don't think it's right that we've had so much fun when he hasn't."

A second or two passed before Sis said "He's already made love with me, so if Nadia wants to do anything with him, I think that'd be fair."

I could see the desire in Nadia's eyes when she thought about the two of us being together as she said "Yeah, I'd like that."

"Hey, don't I get any say in this?", I asked.

Sis just smiled at me with saccharine sweetness before telling me "Sure you can have a say. I think 'Thank you, Jesus' would be appropriate", making us all laugh. Doing as I was told, I looked toward the ceiling and solemnly announced "Thank you, Jesus!", causing another round of laughter.

That was how I ended up with the beautiful Jade neatly straddling my face while Nadia used her talented mouth to get me erect; Janet's contribution was to get Nadia "warmed up".

With Jade's sex right there in front of me, I had the opportunity to really look at her — and found the sight entrancing. Her inner lips were small and thin enough that I had to separate her cleft a little bit to see them... something that made it possible for me to view the entrance to her vagina, and even her intact hymen. She was already aroused, and no small amount of her nectar was visible. The first thing I did was to extend my tongue and collect some of it, expecting that she'd taste as fruity and tangy as she smelled. What I learned instead was that she tasted even *better*, and I applied myself toward collecting as much of her essence as I could with a will. My efforts resulted in her producing even more of them, much to my delight.

Between the enjoyment of having my head between Jade's thighs and what Nadia was doing, it wasn't long before I was fully erect. When Nadia lifted her head and let her lips slide off my cock, I was surprised to hear Jade ask "Can I look at him for a second, first?"

Nadia didn't bother saying anything; she just tilted my saliva-slick erection up so that Jade could see the full length of it. Several seconds later, I felt Nadia move to straddle my hips. Both of Nadia's hands were on my chest, so when a hand levered my cock up and held it steady, I knew that Sis was continuing her efforts to help Nadia. Sis held me steady while Nadia got herself positioned on the end of my cock, then began to settle herself down on it. Once I was securely in place, Sis released her hold so Nadia could lower herself onto me in only a couple of easy

attempts.

Having Nadia's warm, wet vagina wrapped around my penis felt terrific, but it hadn't been all that long before that I'd gotten off with Sis, so the sensation as Nadia began sliding herself up and down on me didn't distract me in the slightest from continuing to use my mouth on tongue on Jade. As I continued to lap at her opening and teased her sensitive clitoris with my tongue, I got my hands onto Jade's ass. Between caressing and gently squeezing it, I learned that it was as smooth and soft on the surface as the rest of her, and that it was as firm as it could be underneath the surface. In addition to letting my hands wander across her body between bouts of playing with her butt, I also enjoyed the feel of the dense, spongy mat of her pubic hair against my lips and nose. All in all, it was one of the best experiences of my young life.

I was happily using the tip of my tongue to toy with Jade's clitoris while my hands were fondling her breasts when another pair of hands joined mine. When I looked up Jade's body, I recognized that they belonged to Sis. Leaving Jade's bust to be tended by Janet, I slid my hands back down to Jade's ass; a few moments later, I felt Janet move to straddle my waist, just ahead of where Nadia was enthusiastically (and yes, loudly) bouncing herself on my erection. With all that was happening, it took a bit before I realized that with Sis on me, too, it meant that HER tits were within reach. Easing my hands up Jade's back, I found Janet's arms and followed them back to her shoulders; from there, it was fairly straightforward getting my hands on her breasts and starting to gently pinch and pull on her nipples. My playtime was interrupted **again** when another pair of hands turned up to start doing things with Janet's mammaries — Nadia's, I had to figure. With Janet in the way, I couldn't get to Nadia's breasts, and gave up playing with tits to go back to enjoying Jade's ass. Some time later, even THAT pleasure was taken away when Jade leaned back so that she and Sis could start kissing.

Deciding that if they were going to be *that* way about it, I set myself to teasing and pleasing Jade as much as I could with the little bit of her that was still left to me. Deliberately, and with full intent, I went about trying to see just how much of her lubrication I could entice her into producing in between periods of patiently bringing her to a high level of arousal before doing something else to her to let her slide back — and then starting the process all over again in a kind of erotic two steps forward, one step back process.

Jade was starting to whimper in frustrated arousal when I felt a hand slip in between my belly, and where Janet's bush was tickling me. While I knew that that meant that one of Janet's breasts had just become available (it seemed a reasonable assumption that the hand belonged to Nadia, since I could see both of Jade's and Janet's), I was too wrapped up in what I was doing to Jade to do anything about it. It wasn't but a couple of seconds before I felt the hand begin to move, accompanied by Janet's pleased moan — telling me that Nadia had started teasing Sis' clitoris. Figuring that if Nadia got SIS off, and I got Jade off, then I'd be free to become a more active partner with Nadia, I decided that it was time to finish with Jade. Getting my mouth over her clitoris, I used the tip of my tongue to begin circling her nubbin with a light pressure. As I heard and felt Jade begin approaching her orgasm (again), I began slowing my efforts to draw the process out even more. The last ten seconds before Jade was able to climax probably actually

took a minute or more because of what I was doing.

There was no doubting when it happened, though. With a noise that was as much grunt as it was groan, Jade's body arched as I felt a wetness begin to coat my chin and begin to slowly run down my jaw. My first thought was that I'd caused her to lose control of her bladder, but a quick sniff told me that wasn't the case, so I continued use the end of my tongue to do laps around where Jade's clitoris was hiding, further intensifying her release. About that time, Jade's body relaxed for a moment before seizing up again — followed by another sensation of something flowing onto my chin. When that seizure had passed, I heard Jade draw a deep, gasping breath before the next one started. It didn't last as long or seem as severe as the first couple, and Jade was able to take another breath ahead of freezing over me again. There were a few more such spasms, but they were progressively shorter and less powerful; after the last one, Jade all but fell over. But Janet was able to hang on to her long enough for me to get my arms and hands up to help, and we managed to get her down onto the bed in a relatively controlled fashion.

As I was trying to get Jade's leg off of my face, I heard Sis start her own orgasm from what Nadia had been doing to and with her. Since I hadn't been "helping", Janet's orgasm was limited to the upper end of "normal" for her, and she was able to get off of me under her own power — leaving me and Nadia to each other.

I could see how tired Nadia was from her activities, and told her "Let me take over now, okay?"

Panting heavily, she just nodded her agreement; it took only a gesture on my part to get her to lay on top of me. We carefully got our positions reversed so that she was underneath me with her legs wrapped around my waist, and I was able to start moving in her. With me being the active partner, it didn't take her long to get her breath back and start making the kinds of noises that let me know she was enjoying having my cock pistoning in and out of her more and faster than she'd been able to manage.

The extra stimulation she was able to get from my efforts was sufficient to trigger an orgasm for Nadia in just a couple of minutes. The feeling of her vagina around me as it happened only gave me the impetus to continue what I was doing; while I was definitely feeling increasing pleasure from having my cock sliding in and out of Nadia, I was still a ways away from my own release.

With the change in our position, I was able to lower my head and shoulders far enough to suck on the peaks of Nadia's breasts. I couldn't do it for as long as I wanted to, but it was enough to get Nadia a lot closer to another orgasm. I continued to plunder her treasure as Nadia arched her pelvis up in welcome, and several minutes later she slid into another climax that was stronger than the one before — and even more stimulating for ME. Feeling that my own climax wasn't as far off after Nadia's hot sheath had worked its magic, I was ready to become a lot more active about reaching it.

Nadia reacted to my faster and harder thrusts with enthusiasm, encouraging me to increase my efforts even more. I was all but pounding myself into her when Nadia started her third and most powerful orgasm since she'd impaled herself on me. The spasms of her tight and wet vagina

provided the last bit of stimulation I needed, and I stuffed as much of my erection in her as I could before the first surge of semen erupted from me. Feeling my hot jism trying to coat her tonsils only intensified Nadia's release... which prompted her channel to create sensations around my manhood that amplified my own.

When my climax had ended, it was all I could do to hold myself over Nadia, my head hanging down as I panted with my need for oxygen. Beneath me, Nadia was also trying to draw in the air she needed, despite the occasional aftershock. I was almost breathing normally when I felt my shrunken penis pull free of her intimate embrace; feeling a certain measure of relief, I moved from between her legs to lay on my back next to her. I caught some motion from the corner of my eye, and turned my head to see that Sis was offering me a damp washcloth. I accepted it from her, and felt surprisingly refreshed after I'd wiped my face off; a moment later, I turned to do the same for Nadia. When I turned to look at Sis again, I was alert enough to see that she was holding a stunned-looking Jade. Seeing that I was able to actually hear what she had to say, Sis told me "Danny, you should be **ashamed** of yourself, making Jade climax that hard. She told me what happened, and I know you were teasing her — and that isn't something you could have done by accident. That was *way* too much for her, and I know YOU know it. If I hadn't seen how she looked after I got myself back together, and gotten that washcloth to wipe her face with, she'd probably still be just laying there."

Jade spoke up then, saying "Danny, I'm not upset with you — not even a little bit. I *knew* you were teasing me, and how big it was going to be for me. I didn't ask Janet to say anything to you, and if I'd known she was going to, I'd have told her not to. Yes, that was a climax like I never even **thought** could happen to anybody, never mind ME; but I wouldn't go back and change ANYTHING about it. I think the only reason you were doing that to me was because all of us were with you at the same time — I mean, I liked the way you were touching my boobs, but when Janet put her hands on them, you moved yours away. I could tell when you started playing with Janet's boobs, but then you stopped, and put your hands on my butt again. When Janet wanted us to kiss, I had to lean back so we could, and I could tell that you couldn't touch me the way you were before. I think maybe you did that to me to make sure I didn't forget that YOU were there, too. I didn't, and wouldn't have, but *you* couldn't know that while all of us were so busy doing things with each other. Danny, I know that you wouldn't have done anything to make me feel like I did after that climax on purpose. I **know** that you were just trying to make me feel as good as you could, and I love you because you would want to do that for me even after how we started earlier."

When I looked up at Sis, I could see that she hadn't considered how her actions might have influenced mine; hearing Jade tell me that she had actually hijacked the pleasure that Jade and I were having made her realize that jumping on me about how she'd found Jade might have been unfair. Apologetically, Sis told me "I'm sorry for getting on you like that, Danny. No, Jade didn't ask me to say anything; and now that I've heard what SHE thinks about it, I'm **so** sorry I did it. I didn't think about what I did maybe getting in the way of what you and Jade had going on — I just saw how she looked afterwards, and didn't like it. Can you forgive me?"

I reached out, and Sis took my hand; looking into her face, I told her "Of course I can."

Looking at Jade next, I told her "You're right — I wouldn't have done *anything* like that if I'd known it would hit you that hard, and **I'm** sorry that it happened. IF I ever do anything like that to you again, I'll be a lot more careful not to, uh, overload you with it, okay?"

Jade didn't hesitate to tell me "Danny, I don't want it to be an 'if' you ever do that again — I want it to be 'next time'. And don't worry too much about overloading me, either; don't forget that I said I wouldn't do anything to change it. Just don't be surprised if I do it to you, too!", grinning.

Sis released my hand, and I brought it to my lips so I could kiss my fingers — then touch them to Jade's, since she was too far away for me to make the direct connection.

A few seconds later, we heard Nadia's voice say "Okay, if you three are all done kissing and making up, could one of you maybe come over here and do CPR or something on me? After what Danny did to ME, I feel like I need some **serious** resuscitation of SOME kind!"

That was enough to lighten the mood considerably, and it was Sis that responded by saying "I *suppose* we could do something to revive you. Although the way it looked from here, you certainly seemed to enjoy it while it was happening! Besides, you said you'd like to make love with him."

To that, a happier Jade added "Yup, she did... I heard her. And as loud as she got, I don't think there's and doubt that she enjoyed it!."

Next to me, I heard Nadia giggle before she answered "You're damn right I enjoyed it — why else do you think I agreed to be with him? But after humping HIM for so long, and then having him humping ME to three orgasms, I think I deserve a little consideration for the sacrifices I've made to get him settled down again."

With that, Sis and Jade both laughed before Sis told her "Well, you did accomplish at least THAT much. Hold on a second, and I'll get some things..." before guiding Jade over to where I could put an arm around her and hold her, then getting up and leaving with the tray I'd used earlier.

She was back in just a few minutes with the tray loaded down with sodas and what turned out to be PBJ sandwiches. She found that the three of us had been able to help each other sit up; Nadia was leaning against me while I had a very happy Jade in my lap.

Sis got the drinks and food distributed before sitting cross-legged where she could see all of us. Between bites of sandwich and sips of our drinks, the four of us casually chatted. For Sis and me, the issue about what I'd done with and to Jade was over with; while neither of us would likely forget it, we'd never bring it up again, either.

Once all of us had our strength and energy back, the next thing to do was get cleaned up. All of us smelled of the various activities we'd engaged in — me even more than the other two. I'd casually been able to determine that the fluid that Jade had anointed me with had been some of her vaginal juices, apparently pushed out by the spasms of her internal muscles. Nadia and Sis

both understood when I offered to help Jade clean up, and she accepted with visible delight. So that Jade would have a little more time to recover (though none of us said so explicitly), Nadia and Sis were the first to head for the bathroom.

When they were gone, I gently hugged Jade and told her "I really am sorry for making you feel like that from having a climax."

She tried to snuggle even closer to me before answering "I know you are, Danny, but you really don't have to be. That whole trust thing you told me about? Believe me when I tell you that I **trust** you, and that I know you had only the very best of intentions when you did it. I told you I knew what you were doing, and that it was going to be a big one for me — and I could have stopped things if I'd thought it was going to be like that. You're being an absolute DEAR to worry about it, but there's nothing for you to be sorry about... really. I'm just glad to have you holding me on your lap and trying to comfort me, even if you DO keep playing with my nipple and touching my butt", followed by a soft laugh.

"I'll have you know that I am NOT playing with your nipple and touching your butt. I'm simply enjoying two of the better examples of the female form. That they happen to belong to you, and are parts of your actual anatomy is purely coincidental."

She pulled away from me enough to give me the Fish Eye before nestling herself against my chest again and saying "SURE, Danny, whatever you say", with a laugh. While we waited for Sis and Nadia to finish in the bathroom, Jade and I sat quietly. While I played with her nipple, and touched her butt.

When it was our turn in the shower, I delighted in washing Jade's nude form with my bare hands; the soft noises she made told me that she liked it, too. Then it was her turn to wash me, and I made a few noises of my own. Clean and feeling a lot better, we had fun drying each other off before holding hands as we went back to Janet's room.

After that day, Nadia and Jade started spending even more time at our house. Jade and Janet understood that Nadia's more strict parents likely wouldn't let them do any of the things that they wanted to (namely engage in various degrees of mutual pleasuring), just as Nadia and Sis understood that Jade's larger family dramatically increased the chances of someone accidentally (or purposely) interrupting them. I was perfectly fine with leaving whatever combination of them there was to themselves, but it wasn't uncommon for me to be invited to join them.

When Jade was one of the participants, I invariably got the opportunity to become more familiar with her body as part of the process of her learning more about MINE. Under the patient tutelage of Sis, Jade learned how to use her hand to get me erect and then bring me to climax. It took a little longer before Jade was willing to try doing the same using her mouth the first time, with Nadia as the guide. I easily kept my promise to warn her before I climaxed, to her visible relief after the fact. After a few more times, she was finally ready to let me empty myself in her mouth; once she did, that was how it happened EVERY time she used her mouth on me.

In return, I was perfectly willing to bring her to a number of powerful orgasms, always careful not to overdo things in the process.

Jade also got to watch whenever I made love with Sis or Nadia, and eagerly vacuumed my semen out of my partner, much to their delight. As part of that, Jade saw the different ways that a man and woman can get together, and heard from both of us what we thought the good and bad points were of the different positions, and which ones each of us liked. Over the course of the rest of the summer, Jade became an extroverted, bawdy, and playful lover with all of us. There were even a few times that she'd come to MY room to sleep, when she was staying the night. She even quit saying anything to me about playing with her nipples, and how much time my hand spent on her butt.

It was coming up on Labor day when Mom and Dad let Sis and me know that the two of them were going to take a couple of days during the holiday weekend to have themselves a brief vacation. I wasn't particularly surprised when Sis asked if she could have Nadia and Jade over to visit; what DID get my attention was that she asked if it was okay for the entire time that Mom and Dad would be gone.

They said they'd have to think about it, and Sis was a little anxious until they told her the next day that it was okay — provided the other parents were okay with it, knowing that Mom and Dad wouldn't be home.

I wouldn't have thought it possible, but BOTH sets of parents were actually okay with the planned visit — and even called Mom and Dad to say so. Jade and Nadia both turned up before Mom and Dad were supposed to leave, and both of them were effusive in their thanks.

After Mom and Dad left, things stayed pretty composed for a couple of hours as the three of them meandered around the house — possibly in case Mom and Dad came back for some reason or other. Once all three of them were sure that it was just us, they didn't dawdle about shedding their clothes — and then promptly started harassing me into doing the same.

The three of them had been playfully fondling and groping each other (and me, when they got the chance) ever since they'd gotten naked shortly after lunch. When we'd dealt with the supper dishes, they settled down for some **serious** molestation and debauchery. Sis got out the blanket we kept in the family room for whenever one of us was home sick, and wanted to lay on the couch and watch TV — except that Sis spread it out in the middle of the floor after pushing back enough furniture to make room for it. In nothing flat, all three of them were in a tangle on the floor.

I managed to stay out of the way and quiet enough that all of them completely forgot about me, giving me the privilege of witnessing something that I *still* treasure in my memories: three young, nubile, attractive, and VERY sexy girls dedicated to the idea of sexually enjoying themselves and each other as much as they could, and giving each other as many orgasms as they could withstand. About the only thing they **didn't** do was break out a box of sex toys and a bottle of cooking oil — and I sincerely believe that if they'd had the former or thought of the latter,

they'd have included them.

The first thing to happen was the three of them forming a circle on the floor, each with her head between someone else's legs so they could engage in a leisurely session of arousing and pleasing each other before orgasms started making the rounds. After they'd recovered, they reversed positions and did it all again. Following that, two of them would team up to tease and torment the third into what were plainly powerful climaxes. Next on their agenda seemed to be something that put me in mind of the phrase "two earthworms making love": the three of them intertwined and wriggling around in ever-changing configuration as they used hands, mouths, fingers, and anything else that could help with the kissing, touching, sucking, fingering, licking, groping, and general fondling of anything and everything of interest on each other. It didn't take long before the mixed aromas of three highly aroused females was wafting in the air. It served nicely to emphasize the assorted moans, groans, gasps, sighs, and other sounds of pleasure and release that emanated from the tangle of female flesh before me.

I was already all too aware of the ability of women to orgasm harder and more often than guys could, but the point was driven home with a vengeance by the time they were done. It was over three hours before they finally fell apart. Between the time they first collected on the floor and when they were "just" three satiated females, I would guesstimate that each of them must have had a dozen orgasms... at least.

Seeing them, and knowing what condition they had to be in after what I'd witnessed, I went into the kitchen and made some snacks for all of them. Those were added to several sodas, and I took the assorted refreshments back into the family room where they were starting to exhibit signs of life again. When they saw what I'd done, all three thanked me profusely as they re-hydrated and re-energized. I was also willing to sit on the floor with them when they asked, since I figured the danger had passed.

As the three of them chatted about different things, I kept looking at each of them and marveling at the life I had. First of all, I had the great fortune to have Janet as my sister. Intelligent, loving, affectionate, thoughtful, attractive, and so much more, I knew that there was a bond between her and I that could never be broken — and I was glad of it. I knew how lucky I was to have Mom and Dad as my parents, so that Sis and I would grow up the way we did, loving and trusting each other *completely*.

Watching Nadia, I could easily understand why she was one of Janet's best friends. Though she wasn't as intelligent as Sis, Nadia made up for it with a willingness (even eagerness) to learn anything she could from anybody she met. As friendly and sociable as anyone I knew, she also had the courage to stand up for what she thought was right while having the rare ability to not tell people "I told you so". Hers was a simple, basic prettiness that made her nice to look at without making her somehow unapproachable.

Looking at Jade, there was no escaping how incredibly beautiful she was. But for anyone that was willing to look closer and deeper, there was a loyal, helpful, smart, and playful person to enjoy being with. Since the four of us had gotten started with each other, she'd become even

more outgoing, and had demonstrated a mischievous sense of humor that the rest of us delighted in. Her beauty was actually something of a burden for her, since it often caused other girls to dislike her, and guys hesitant to approach her. She knew she was pretty, but didn't consider that any reason she should get any kind of special treatment — good OR bad.

Of course, I had to check out my own navel, too. I knew that I was honest, and tried my best to be fair to and with other people; I tried to avoid confrontation if it was possible, but wasn't afraid to make a stand about something if I figured it was called for, either. I wasn't *always* as friendly and helpful as I wanted to be, but I kept trying to get better about it. I was loyal to those that I thought deserved it, and willing to listen to what other people had to say to me until such time as I (reluctantly) decided that they were just assholes — at which point I stopped paying ANY attention to them. I knew that I was loving and affectionate, and didn't figure that it made me any less of a "man". I could be as patient as I needed to be with anyone that was honestly **trying**, and was smart enough that I could actually do a fair job of putting myself in someone else's place and understanding their point of view. I supposed I was nice-looking enough, though Sis and Nadia and Jade had all told me it was better than that.

When I came out of my little reverie, all three of them were looking at me expectantly. Realizing I'd missed something, I told them "Sorry, I was off in la-la land. What was it again?"

It was Nadia that told me "Jade just said there was something important she wanted to ask you."

Looking at her, I could see that Jade was nervous about something, and told her "I'm sorry... really. What was it you wanted to ask?"

After looking around at all of us, she said "Before I can ask, there's something I probably need to explain. Well, a couple of things, I think. You all know my mom is Chinese, and she married my dad while he was working in Hong Kong, and we lived there until it was time for my older brother to start school; that's when Daddy got his company to transfer him back here. My dad isn't so bad about it, but my mom is almost *crazy* about me and my brothers and sisters respecting our Chinese heritage... even though SHE violated Chinese customs by marrying a 'gwai'."

Seeing the looks of confusion on our faces, Jade explained "Gwai means foreigner — except they way it's used, it doesn't JUST mean foreigner. It's tough to explain, but there's a whole lot of other stuff that's included when a Chinese refers to a non-Chinese as 'gwai'... and none of it is good. If you can imagine someone saying 'tourist' like it leaves a bad taste in their mouth, it's like that — only maybe a thousand times worse, okay?"

All of us nodded our understanding, and Jade went on "Okay, knowing how Chinese feel about gwai, you can probably figure out what it was like for Mom after she married Daddy. But despite all that, she still wants all of us kids to honor and respect Chinese ways. That's how bad most Chinese are about BEING Chinese, okay? That why it makes me crazy sometimes, having an American dad and Chinese mom: Daddy is good about how things change, while Mom is stuck in hundreds and thousands of years of tradition."

Taking a breath to settle herself again, Jade went on "One of the really BIG things about being Chinese, and the culture, is that there's this incredible pressure for a girl to be a virgin on her wedding night. It isn't any big deal, really, for guys to go to prostitutes, but the girl they marry has to be 'pure'. Now, I've grown up with all this — Chinese is best, Chinese customs are best, Chinese this or that is best... the whole deal. From the time I was old enough to talk, Mom has been after me about staying 'pure' until I get married — kind of like Janet and Danny grew up hearing about love and everything."

Again, all of us nodded. I figure the expression on my face must have been the same as those on Janet and Nadia: I understand, but where is this *going*?

The next thing Jade had to tell us was "The other thing I want to explain is that the question I want to ask Danny, it's something I've really been thinking about, and that I'm really sure about — and that I'm asking him in front of everybody for a couple of reasons. First, I love all of you and know that you love me, too — and how much. That's a **big** part of *why* I can ask Danny my question. The other reason is that I'd REALLY like your help, Nadia and Janet. What I'm going to ask, I could do it by myself, but I know it would be easier if you two helped. You'll understand why in a second."

Looking at me intently, and nervously, Jade calmly asked "Danny, you know why I feel like I have to stay a virgin until I'm married. Except that what I WANT is to be able to make love with you. What I'd like to ask is if you would make love with me in a way that would let me stay a virgin... by... by putting your penis in my butt."

Even though Sis and I had made love that way a few times (at her request), I wasn't anywhere NEAR ready for Jade to ask me to do the same thing to her.

Seeing how apprehensive Jade was getting, I pulled my thoughts together and told her "Jade, I **do** love you, and all the things that we do together IS making love. You don't have to do that for me to love you."

"I know that, Danny. It's something *I* want to do... for **me**. There's a lot of stuff about being part Chinese that I like — I really do. But this whole virginity thing isn't part of that, and I can't get away from that. But if you'll make love with me the way I asked, it's a way for me to get around it — I'll be able to make love with you, like *I* want, but stay a virgin like my mom wants."

While Nadia sat there looking like she was still trying to get her mind wrapped around the idea of what Jade had asked, I looked over at Sis. Without having to say a word, I was able to ask her to help.

Jade turned to look at Sis when she began to say "Jade, I understand why you're asking Danny to do that... I really do. Before I gave him my virginity, I asked him to do it to me, too." Nadia looked dumbfounded at hearing that as Sis went on "Both of us know that Danny would be as patient and careful as you could ever want, and that you'd probably be okay with it. But what it sounds like to me is that you want to be able to make love with him that way MORE than just the one time. Have you really thought about what it might be like if that happens?"

That wasn't *quite* the kind of help I'd wanted Sis to give, and listened closely as Jade answered "Of course I have. I know that it might be okay the first time, and maybe even a few times after that; but that I **might** decide I don't like it. Except that I know that even if I only wanted him to do it the first time, it would be okay — I know he wouldn't EXPECT to do that to me every time, and that if I told him I didn't like it as much as I thought I would, he'd understand and not be mad or anything. Like I said, I really have thought about this, and I'm *sure* that I want to at least try it. If it isn't as good as I think it'd be, then we don't have to do it again; but I'm almost positive that I WILL like it... I **like** the idea of having Danny in me there."

When Sis turned her head to look at me, she gave me the tiniest of nods, letting me know that SHE thought I should do what Jade wanted.

I'm not going to deny that the idea of having my cock between the cheeks of Jade's ass didn't have a definite appeal; it was the 'what happens AFTER' that concerned me. All three of them sat quietly (though Jade was far more attentive) as I rolled her request around in my mind. When I finally got things worked out, I looked into Jade's eyes and told her "If you're THAT sure you want to, then I'll agree to at least *try*. But dammit, Jade, don't let me hurt you just because you want this too bad!"

Solemnly, Jade answered "I promise, Danny, I won't. If it hurts too much or doesn't feel good or *anything* about it doesn't seem right, I'll tell you."

I wasn't too happy about that 'hurts TOO much' bit, but had to figure that Jade had enough sense to decide how much discomfort she was willing to accept to get what she wanted.

Sis spoke next, asking Jade "You said you'd like help from me and Nadia. What can we do?"

I could see that relief and a trace of embarrassment on Jade's face as she answered "I... um... I get excited when I think about Danny doing that, but I'd like it if one of you could maybe help me get more excited. You know, to help make it easier. And I, uh, brought some baby oil — it's in my purse..."

Nadia spoke first, saying "I'd like to help you, Jade", leaving Sis to smile and say "I'll get the oil, then."

By the time Sis got back, Nadia was stretched out on the blanket with Jade, the two of them already tonguing each other's slits. When Jade realized that Sis was back with the oil, she raised herself so that she was kneeling — but still low enough that Nadia was able to continue her oral efforts. Jade accepted the oil from Sis, then said "Danny, if you'll stand in front of me, I can get you hard and put the oil on you. Then you can put it on me, and we can, uh, try to... you know, see if your penis will go in me okay."

I didn't bother saying anything; I just got up and moved as Jade had suggested. Sis moved to kneel behind Jade and reached under Jade's arms to begin playing with her tits while she started kissing Jade's shoulders and neck.

As I stood in front of Jade, I couldn't help but watch as she used her greatly improved fellatio

skills to get me erect. Watching as her lips slid up and down my manhood while her tongue was busy massaging the underside helped get me going tremendously. When she was satisfied that I was not only hard, but likely to stay that way for some time, Jade pulled her warm mouth off of me. After squirting a generous dollop of the baby oil into her hand, she quickly began to apply it to my erection — making sure that there was sufficient oil on ALL of it. When she was done, she wiped the surplus off on her belly before looking up at me, handing me the oil, and saying "Thank you, Danny. I really DO want to do this."

I squatted down long enough to give her a kiss, then started to move behind Jade. Sis quickly moved out of the way, and then went on to help Jade move to her hands and knees again. That accomplished, Sis straddled Nadia so that she was right in front of Jade before reaching out to gently hold Jade's ass cheeks apart for me. Looking down, I could see that Jade's small labia were darker and thicker than usual because of her arousal about what I was getting ready to do to her. Nadia was able to look up at me, and I could see that she was eagerly anticipating the show she was about to witness. Moving my eyes up, I found the crinkled sphincter of Jade's anus seeming to wink at me.

After getting a healthy puddle of baby oil in my palm, I set my hand at the top of the crack of Jade's ass and carefully poured the oil out so that it would run down to her pucker. When my hand was empty, I gently and patiently made sure the oil was well distributed before beginning to *carefully* work it into, then through, Jade's rectum. I heard her breathing pick up while I was doing that, and it began to settle into my mind that Jade might actually enjoy having my stiff dick in her ass.

With Jade and I both lubricated, the only thing left was to see if she was comfortable about having me sodomize her. I got the head of my cock against the ring of Jade's anus, and carefully applied just enough pressure to make sure she knew I wasn't trying to enter her yet. When I put one hand on Jade's hip, Sis stopped hold her cheeks apart and moved back a little before reaching underneath her friend — apparently so she could start playing with Jade's breasts again, from the soft sound Jade released.

Holding myself in place, I told Jade "You can feel that I'm ready to try this. I'm going to push *against* you, but I'm **not** going to force my way in — it's going to be up to you to LET me in, if this is what you want to do. I'll stop, or back up, or do whatever you want me to, for as long as you say. Jade, I don't want to hurt you, so if you really love me, don't LET me, dammit."

In return, I heard Jade tell me "Please, Danny... I want this."

Sighing internally, I began to push the head of my penis against her most intimate opening — gently at first, and then slowly increasing the pressure. As I did, I could feel Jade's sphincter clench a little, then relax; it took a bit before I realized that there was more relaxing than clenching going on. Only then was I really sure about how serious she was about what I was trying to do, and I was more willing to increase the pressure I was applying. It didn't take long (from my perspective, anyway; Jade's may have been different) for me to feel the tight ring of her nether opening begin to expand. At that point, I chanced a look around and saw that Sis had

lowered her head and was softly talking to Jade, offering words of encouragement and support, I figured. Both of Jade's hands were fists, clenched around small folds in the blanket we were all on. When I looked to where Sis was talking to Jade again, she saw me looking at them and gave me a small nod to let me know it was okay to continue.

I'd started to press myself into her again when I heard Jade tell me "Danny, I know you don't want to hurt me, but I really do need you to push a little harder. I promise, if you start to go too fast or hurt me, I'll tell you."

Hearing that, I was willing to increase my efforts, and began to steadily increase the pressure of my penis against her. I could see and feel it as more and more of the head of my cock disappeared in her pucker. We managed slow but steady progress, and when the last of the head of my cock popped into her, I was able to stop and hold myself still in her even before she was able to give voice to the small squeak she made.

After moving my hand from my penis to her hip, I asked Jade "Are you okay? What do you need me to do?"

It took a couple of seconds before I heard her answer "I'm fine... really. Holding still like that is good — you felt a *lot* bigger than I thought you would, and I was surprised when you suddenly slid into me that last bit, is all. God! You feel **huge** in me... but I... I like it, too."

Beneath us, I heard Nadia say "I'll say! I've never seen you this juicy before, so *I* sure like it!"

Even from where I was, I could see how furious Jade's blush was, and how hard Sis had to fight the urge to laugh. A few seconds later, Janet told her friend "Nadia, dear... that wasn't something that ALL of us needed to hear. And you didn't have to be *quite* that enthusiastic about it, either", as though she were explaining the finer points of high etiquette to a wayward student.

In what I could tell was pretend innocence, Nadia answered "Well, I just wanted to make sure Danny knew she wasn't fibbing, or anything."

I knew Jade wasn't upset when I heard her say "I swear, Nadia, if you ever let him do this to you while I'm around, I'm going to announce **everything** that happens with you using one of those bullhorn things!" Below me, I heard Nadia's soft chuckle.

I could see that Sis was still doing whatever it was to Jade's breasts, so I began softly stroking her sides and back to help her relax as I waited for her to tell me she was ready for me to continue. It also distracted me a little bit from the way her anus was almost painfully clamped around my cock, and how hot her bowels felt.

Only a few minutes passed before Jade let me know that she was ready to continue by pressing herself back against me. Getting my hands on her hips again, I held her steady while I slowly pushed the rest of my oiled erection into her as she began to moan her pleasure at what she was feeling. It didn't take long before my pubic hair was wedged into the crack of her ass and her rectum was clenched around the base of my penis. I held myself still in her again, giving her the time to get used to having me buried in her so intimately. It was only a few seconds before she

quietly announced "God, it feels **so** weird, having you in me like that, Danny — but it feels so *good*, too. The rest of you was a lot easier than the first part, and it was REALLY nice that you were so slow about it. If you're ready to start moving in me, I'd like that..."

Hearing that she'd liked it when I moved slowly, I was careful to take my time about easing myself back out of Jade's tight ass; when only the head was still inside her, I just as slowly got myself embedded in her again. As I continued to slide myself back and forth through her tight ring, I patiently and gradually increased the speed of my strokes so that she would have plenty of time to let me know if I started to cause her any discomfort.

I felt Nadia start to move beneath me, and saw Sis shift her body so that it was easier for Nadia to slide herself out from under Jade. When she was clear, Nadia quickly got herself repositioned so that she was oriented the same way Jade was, but with her head even with Jade's breasts — which she eagerly began to suck on. A moment later, I felt my balls brushing against her fingers as she began teasing Jade's clitoris.

Jade had started pushing herself back at me when I got into a particular rhythm, so I was content to maintain that pace when Sis shifted herself so that she was sitting cross-legged... making it possible for her and Jade to start kissing each other more easily. That and the attentions she was receiving from Nadia contributed to the increased presence of Jade's unique aroma in the air as she got more and more aroused — and more and more vocal about the pleasure she was experiencing. The others teased her about it because it was so true; Jade's moans, gasps, groans, verbal encouragements and exclamations all increased dramatically as her excitement increased. Sis had once observed that she wondered how Jade managed when she wanted to masturbate at home...

My own pleasure was increasing, as well. When I looked down to where Jade and I were joined, I was fascinated by the way her anus would try to follow my penis: pulling out slightly when I withdrew from her, then disappear as though guiding my penis into her bowels when I reversed direction. Each time my balls came in contact with her mons, I could feel the heat coming from her vagina, and some of the overflow of her oils would be transferred to them. Sometimes, Nadia would extend her fingers so that my scrotum would drag along them, too.

I continued to piston myself in and out of Jade's hot and tight back channel in the rhythm that she so obviously found pleasing; as the seconds continued to tick by, her arousal (and my own) increased steadily. To my surprise, Jade's arousal was even happening at something close to a normal rate for her, due in large part to the added stimulation being provided by Nadia and Sis. Of course, their interest was in making sure *Jade* was okay; that I was benefiting from it, too, was an added bonus.

From the sounds she was making, I knew as Jade got closer and closer to having an orgasm — and was starting to look forward to it. The physical sensations of sliding my oiled cock into her bowels was pretty damn good; **knowing** that that was where my penis was *at her request* fueled my pleasure even more. I could feel myself approaching my own release, and wasn't all that sure that I could hold off on my own climax until Jade had hers.

As it turned out, I couldn't. Despite knowing that Jade couldn't be but a couple of seconds from having an orgasm, I couldn't push my climax back any longer; I barely managed to get as much of my stiff dick into her as I could before I felt myself begin to spray her insides with my cum.

Even as my cock tensed to fire the second salvo of my semen, Jade cried out "I can feel it! He's squirting, and it's so HOT!", quickly followed by a spasm coursing through her body as she found her release.

Jade's already-tight anus got even tighter around me as her vaginal muscles began a cyclic clenching that felt like a rippling sensation along the underside of my penis, and stimulated me into emptying myself into her even harder as I groaned my pleasure.

It was actually something of a relief when my cock stopped trying to fill her with cum that wasn't available, and I was able to rescue my rapidly-softening penis from her nether clutches. The tightness of her anus made sure that the last few drops of my semen were milked out of me as I eased my hips back. Despite having found MY pleasure, I wasn't about to abandon Jade — far from it, in fact. Leaning forward, I was able to support myself with one arm (Nadia's position kept me from using both) so that my front was in contact with Jade's back. I got my free arm around her, and began softly stroking her belly and abdomen while kissing her shoulders as she shuddered occasionally with the end of her climax.

It had obviously been a powerful release for her, so I don't think that Sis or I either one were surprised when Jade's arms suddenly gave out; with me supporting most of Jade's weight, Sis told Nadia that we needed to get Jade down onto the bed. Nadia hurriedly got herself out of the way, and Sis provided the fine control we needed as I carefully got Jade lowered onto her stomach. Sis softly said something to Nadia, who quickly headed for someplace out of sight. I got myself onto my side next to Jade, where she could see me. Though she looked more than a little stunned, she was able to smile at me when I pursed my lips in a kissing gesture before putting my arm across her back. We stayed like that for a couple of minutes before I saw Jade's eyes widen; a moment later, Sis told me "You don't have to let go of her, Danny, but if you can turn your hips, I can get most of the oil off of you."

I did as she said, and when I felt a warm washcloth being used to wipe off my pelvis, knew that Nadia was performing a similar service (if in a different location) for Jade.

Jade's breathing was still a little rapid when she softly told me "Thank you, Danny. That was *wonderful*. Even if Nadia and Janet hadn't been helping me feel good, I think I would have had an orgasm from that."

I was able to move enough to give her a soft kiss on the cheek before I answered "I'm glad you liked it."

It was easy to see that my kiss meant a lot to her, so I did it again before going back to laying next to her. When I used my fingers to caress her side, she released a happy and contented sigh.

After a few minutes of the two of us just laying there, both of us felt like seeing if we could

move — and maybe even sitting up.

Nadia and Sis were happy to provide the assistance we needed to actually get vertical, and that was when I saw that Nadia or Sis had put together a collection of sodas and munchies — hopefully for all of us, I thought as I looked at it.

I was close enough to the couch that I was able to use it as a back support; Jade sat next to me and leaned against my side with my arm around her. Sis and Nadia handed us the items we requested from the goodie tray, and waited patiently until we'd refreshed our fluid and energy levels a bit before trying to get us talking.

Nadia was the first to speak, saying "That was THE most **incredible** thing I think I'll ever see in my entire life." Then directing her comment to Jade, she said "I wasn't sure it was actually going to happen, even."

After a slightly guilty look at me, Jade replied "I wasn't either, for a little bit."

A moment later, Jade told Nadia and Sis "I want to make sure and thank BOTH of you for everything you did — it really helped... a **lot**."

Sis just said "I'm just glad we were able to make it easier for you", but Nadia replied "I wouldn't have missed seeing that for *anything*!", causing Jade to blush slightly, and earning her a Look from Sis.

After that, the three of them talked about what had happened. Sis and Jade (mostly) compared experiences, while Nadia seemed more interested in hearing what it was like for Jade. A few questions and comments were directed to me, but I spent most of my time listening to the three of them.

A while later, I noticed that Jade was beginning to squirm around a little bit. I figured I knew what the problem was, and rather than embarrass Jade by saying anything to her, I said that I felt the need to clean up a little more — and asked Jade if she'd trust me in the shower with her. Her happy grin was all the answer I needed, and I helped her get up after I was standing. We put our arms around each other, and made our way to the bathroom, where we had a pleasant time getting each other cleaned up. As I'd figured, some of my semen had escaped, but I pretended not to notice when I helpfully washed Jade's hindquarters; and I certainly wasn't paying any attention when she felt the need to get the rest of it out, too. As we were drying each other off, Jade surprised me by hugging me fiercely before saying "Thank you, Danny, for making love with me. I wanted to share myself with you, and you helped me find a way that I can. I thought I'd like it if you did that, and I did... even more than I expected. You *never* hurt me, and you were so patient and careful with me. I know I'm going to want us to be together like that again — but just the two of us."

"If you're happy with how everything turned out, then I'm happy FOR you", I answered. "I couldn't love you any more, and I wouldn't love you any less, whether we do that again, or not."

"I know. That's part of why I love you so much, and makes me *want* to share myself with you."

When we got back to the others, it didn't take long for all of us to decide that it was time for bed; it was approaching midnight, and all of us had had an active evening. I had an idea, and asked Nadia if she'd like to sleep with ME, instead of the three of them being crowded onto Janet's bed. She happily agreed, and the four of us went back to get some much-needed sleep. The look I got from Sis told me that she knew I was making sure Nadia didn't feel left out, as well as giving her and Jade the opportunity to really talk out their shared experience.

Nadia was nicely spooned against my front with my hand on her breast when she told me "I'm really sorry if I embarrassed you with some of the stuff I said, or any of the questions I had."

I gave her a soft hug before answering "No, you didn't bother ME any — but you might want to tell Jade what you just said to me, though."

Sighing, Nadia replied "I know", her tone making it clear that she really did regret any embarrassment she'd caused. "I don't mean to do stuff like that, but sometimes it just... jumps out before I realize it."

"I understand", I assured her. "Sometimes it happens to me or Sis, too."

"I just don't like it that I have to keep **apologizing** because I keep saying stuff that I shouldn't have."

Kissing her ear, I asked "If I can offer a suggestion?"

"Please!"

"If there's something about yourself that you want to change, then don't let yourself forget it, make it point to do whatever you have to to get into a different habit."

"What do you mean?"

"If you think you keep saying stuff you shouldn't, try doing something different. Maybe keep telling yourself 'Think, THEN talk', or counting to three or five or ten before you say ANYTHING to ANYBODY, every time. If you chew gum, keep it between your front teeth, so you have to move it out of the way before you talk; that'll slow you down a couple of seconds, too. When I was younger, I got into the habit of biting my fingernails, even though I didn't really want to. After I'd bitten them down to the quick a couple of times, I decided it was time to stop. What I did then was to stop and *look* at my fingernails every so often, and how ragged and ugly they were. I'd also go into the bathroom and watch myself in the mirror as I pretended I was biting them like I usually did, and saw how silly it looked. Once I started doing those things, it was only about a week before I had gotten out of the habit."

Nadia turned her head to look at me, and I saw how pleased she was when she told me "Thanks, Danny... those are some good ideas."

I answered "You're welcome" before taking advantage of the opportunity to give her a kiss before she turned her head back. A little while later, both of us were fast asleep.

The next morning, Nadia and I were in the kitchen getting breakfast started when Sis and Jade

came in. From the way she was walking, it was pretty obvious that Jade was feeling some aftereffects from our lovemaking. I saw Nadia start to say something, then stop herself for a few seconds, then simply say good morning. She saw that I'd watched her, and blushed slightly before giving me a little half-grin. I just smiled to her and nodded in recognition of what she'd done. A minute or so later, she seemed to make a point of apologizing to Jade for anything she'd done or said the previous evening that had caused any embarrassment or offense. Sis was only slightly less surprised than Jade, but looked pleased when Jade replied that nothing Nadia had said had been bad enough to need an apology — but that she'd accept it, anyway.

After the breakfast dishes were taken care of, we all sat on the floor in the family room to watch the morning infotainment programs. Nadia and Sis didn't mind at all that Jade wanted to sit on my lap and snuggle; it gave them the opportunity to kiss and molest each other every so often. At one point, I quietly asked Jade "Are you okay this morning?"

Knowing that I'd seen how she'd been walking, she blushed faintly, but assured me that she was. A little sore, she admitted, but it reminded her of what we'd done, so it was okay.

When we were done watching TV, it was decided that a little swimming in our small backyard pool was called for — minus suits, of course. Between that and the sunbathing, Jade was feeling a lot closer to normal by the time we came back inside. When Sis decided that Nadia needed an orgasm to settle her down again, Jade was perfectly willing to assist... and then go on to enjoy a leisurely session of "69" with Sis when the two of them got worked up in the process of getting Nadia off.

Before we went to bed that night, Sis and Nadia had both felt the need for my "invaluable assistance" — that is, I was the only one capable of providing the erect penis that they wanted to use.

The next day was a lot more relaxed, what with Nadia and Jade planning on going home in the afternoon. I had Nadia on my lap while Sis and Jade groped and kissed during the morning TV programs; after a nice swim, we were all comfortable with just laying around and listening to music; Sis and Nadia snuggled, as did Jade and I.

When they were ready to leave, Nadia and Jade both made sure I knew they were sorry to leave. Jade's kiss told me just how much our lovemaking meant to her.

Mom and Dad got home to a clean and organized house, reassuring them that nothing *too* drastic had happened in their absence. Both looked happy and relaxed, making Sis and me glad that they'd been able to have a good time. Both of us knew how hard they worked, and how much time and effort they put into taking care of us.

With the start of school again, the four of us easily got into the familiar routine. Some of the faces that we'd known were gone, replaced by people that were new to our school or town. All of us made a new friend or two, and continued our various activities whenever the opportunity presented itself; I was able to make love with Nadia and Jade often enough to keep them

reasonably happy, and with Sis often enough to make ME happy. The school year ended with Sis and me in the top one percent of the school, academically — something that made Mom and Dad even more proud of us.